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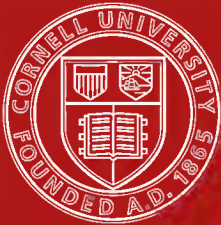
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The comedies, histories, and tragedies o



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RICHARD III.

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THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES,
AND TRAGEDIES OF MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

As presented at the Globe and Blackfriars
Theatres, *circa* 1591-1623

*Being the text furnished the Players, in parallel
pages with the first revised folio text,
with Critical Introductions*

The Bankside Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN



NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

BRENTANOS
PARIS.....NEW YORK.....CHICAGO

The Bankside Shakespeare

XV.

THE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD THE THIRD



*(The Players' Text of 1597, with the
Heminges and Condell Text
of 1623*

With an Introduction touching the
Historical Bases of the Play, its
Motive, Authorship, and
Stage History

BY

ELIAS A. CALKINS, Esq.

*A Corresponding Member of the Shakespeare Society of New
York ; Honorary Member of the Wisconsin State
Historical Society*

NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

1891

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To

W. H. WYMAN, ESQ.,

COMPILER OF THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF
THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE
CONTROVERSY,

This Edition

OF THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD

IS DEDICATED

BY HIS FRIEND,

E. A. C.

INTRODUCTION.

THE period of English history that includes the reigns of the kings of the house of York is more obscure than any other period subsequent to the time when William the Conqueror landed on the coast of Sussex. This is especially true as to the accession and reign of Richard III. The contemporary writers were principally monks, whose narratives were composed in bad Latin, who described events of which they knew but little or nothing except by perverted hearsay, whose fables far exceed their facts, and in whose books uncertain traditions are interwoven with pious homilies and superstitious legends. If better and clearer authorities once existed they were destroyed when the monasteries were sacked and burned under Henry VIII., or rotted in the receptacles where they had been stored, or, if favorable to Richard III., they were suppressed by his successors. Only distorted views of the period were left for the honest historian.

To no writer in any dead or living language, except to Shakespeare, has it been given that his fictions should usurp the place of historical facts, and that an era in the existence of a great nation should be better known by his dramas than from its authoritative annals. The real kings of English history whose names were borrowed by Shakespeare for the titles of his plays are, to the popular intelligence, — and often to scholars, — shadows and myths. The

kings of Shakespeare's plays are real ; they throb with life ; they have animation and a corporeal existence ; "a local habitation and a name."

I.

THE HOUSE OF LANCASTER.

In the year 1267, Henry III., King of England, made Edmund, his youngest son, Earl of Lancaster. Edmund died in 1296, and was succeeded in the title by his eldest son, Thomas Plantagenet. In 1322, Thomas was attainted by act of Parliament and beheaded, when the title became extinct. It was afterward revived and conferred on his brother Henry, descending at his death to his son Henry, surnamed Wryneck from a physical deformity. This Earl was a soldier and statesman of a high order. For his services in the French wars Edward III. elevated him from the rank of earl to that of Duke of Lancaster. Henry Wryneck, Duke of Lancaster, died in 1361, leaving no male issue, but two daughters, Maude and Blanche. The elder, Maude, was twice married but died childless. Blanche married the fourth son of Edward III., John of Gaunt. When Edward III. was fifty years old, in 1362, he celebrated the anniversary by making his third son, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster,—the "old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster" of Shakespeare's *Richard the Second*. William, the second son of Edward III. had died in infancy. Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the third son, was also dead, but had left a daughter named Philippa. The eldest son, Edward, the Black Prince, died in 1376, a year before his father, leaving a son ten years old, afterward Richard II. At the time of Edward III.'s death, therefore, in 1377, John of

Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, was his eldest surviving son. In that age, hereditary rights defined by so narrow limits as those of the surviving eldest son of a monarch, and those of an infant grandson through a deceased elder son, were but little regarded. Neither, up to that era, had the female line been regarded as eligible to the throne, and hence the daughter of Lionel was not supposed to be in the line of succession. It was probable, therefore, that on the death of Edward III., Lancaster might have seized the throne as against the child Richard; and it was anticipated that he would make such an attempt. But he disappointed the public fears and cheerfully acquiesced in the accession of his nephew. During a portion of his subsequent life he was one of the royal advisers.

Lancaster was married three times. His famous son, Henry Bolingbroke, so called from the place of his birth in Lancashire, was the sole issue of his marriage with Blanche, daughter of the first duke. His second wife was Constance, a Spanish princess, in whose name he claimed the crowns of Leon and Castile on the death of her father, Peter, surnamed the Cruel; and he invaded Spain to enforce his claims. He was defeated in the first general battle, and his daughter, from the Spanish wife, having wedded the heir apparent to the two thrones, he withdrew his claims, returning to England. During the life of his second wife, he had for his mistress Katherine Rouet Swynford, the widow of one of his esquires who had died in his service, and sister of Philippina Rouet, wife of the poet Geoffrey Chaucer. The fruits of these illicit relations were four children, the eldest of whom was named John de Beaufort. After the death of Constance he contracted a marriage with his paramour. Their children were subsequently legitimized by decree of Richard II.,

ratified by Parliament, and by the Pope : subsequently it was ratified again by Henry IV., but with a stipulation excluding them and their descendants from the line of royal succession.

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, like his father, Edward III., and his eldest brother, the Black Prince, was a man of heroic mould. In history, and in Shakespeare also, he has the ample proportions of intellectual greatness. He had equal breadth and strength of character. He was less successful as a soldier than as a statesman. He had other less desirable qualities. He was imperious in his temper, loud in council, and arrogant in his general manners. These traits led to the distrust in which he was held by the other nobles and by the people, until after the crisis of Richard II.'s accession had passed, and his return from his foreign campaigns. In his later years he appears to have completely commanded the popular good will, and he was the stateliest bulwark of his youthful nephew's throne. He died in 1399.

Henry Bolingbroke, son of Lancaster, was of the same age as his cousin, Richard II., who, in 1397, made him Earl of Hereford. In 1398, a quarrel occurred between him and Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, and it was determined that a settlement should be made by gage of battle. At the time appointed for the combat it was forbidden by the King, who banished Bolingbroke from the kingdom for five years and Mowbray for life. The latter went to the Holy Land and there died. Bolingbroke went to Paris and was there at the time of his father's death. Richard II. was in great need of money, to procure which he confiscated the vast and rich Lancastrian estates. This fact came to Bolingbroke's knowledge, and he returned to England in violation of the edict of banishment. He raised large forces, but he declared under oath that it was for the sole

purpose of recovering his estates, not to obtain from Richard possession of the crown. Richard was absent at the time with his troops in Ireland, but returned in as much haste as possible on hearing of Bolingbroke's invasion. He found that Bolingbroke was in possession of a large portion of the country. He was defeated in battle, taken prisoner, abdicated the throne, and died, or was assassinated, soon afterward in Pontefract Castle.

Richard II. had no child, but it will have been seen that Lionel, Duke of Clarence, Edward III.'s third son, left a daughter. She had married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, and he had been declared heir to Richard II., if the latter should die without issue. But Mortimer died before Richard, leaving a son, Roger, Earl of March, two years old. The dangers from the accession of another infant king were generally apprehended, and without opposition Bolingbroke was crowned king under the title of Henry IV. He was the first king of the house of Lancaster, and, though an usurper (whom Shakespeare makes reflect "by what by-paths and indirect, crook'd ways I met the crown"), was worthy to found a kingly race. His accession occurred in 1399, the year of his father's death. Henry IV. died March 20, 1413, and was succeeded by his son, the wild Prince Hal, whom Shakespeare made boon companion of Falstaff, but who became one of England's greatest monarchs. In addition to subduing the turbulent and conspiring nobles near his throne, he accomplished the complete conquest of France, where he died in 1422. He had married Katherine, daughter of Charles VI. of France, and by the treaty of marriage was declared heir to the French monarchy. He left a son but nine years old at the time of his death, who was immediately crowned at Paris, as King of England under the title of Henry VI., a

council of regency being appointed to conduct the affairs of the government. As this child progressed towards manhood it became evident that he lacked all the qualities of greatness which had previously distinguished his house. In 1344, when he was twenty-three years of age, he was married to Margaret of Anjou, daughter of the King of Sicily. Margaret was a woman of great pride, energy, and ambition, and is the termagant heroine of Shakespeare's play of *Henry VI*. The reign of this weak king was unfortunate at home and abroad. The people were unquiet, and the nobles often in arms. France was lost, except Calais, and in 1450 the only English soldiers on French soil were those constituting the garrison of that city. In 1454, when Henry VI. had been a long time imbecile in body and mind, Queen Margaret gave birth to a son, who was named Edward and was declared heir apparent to the crown of the Lancasters. There were disputes of a serious character as to his paternity.¹

II.

THE HOUSE OF YORK.

We return to the reign of Richard II. for the purpose of tracing the house of York. John of Gaunt

¹ This historical scandal is countenanced by Shakespeare in the *Henry VI*. The Duke of Suffolk is in love with Margaret when he negotiates the marriage between her and the King. *First Part, Henry VI.*, Act V., Scene iii. In the second part of the play, Act III., Scene ii., is a tender and suggestive love passage between the Queen and Suffolk. In Act iv., Scene i., where Suffolk is assassinated by his captors, the Captain and Whitmore reproach him for his relations with Margaret, showing that the shameful facts were common property. In the third part of the play, Act i., Scene iv., Richard, Duke of York, styles her an "Amazonian trull," and adds,

'T is virtue that doth make them (women) most admired :
The contrary doth make thee wondered at.

had been the young King's wisest adviser and most stalwart supporter. But his haughty bearing and his arrogance towards other nobles of less princely rank, but of equally aspiring purposes, and the violent rivalries between them, caused a desire in Richard to have a counterpoise in his counsels and in the highest ranks of his court. With this object, in 1385, he made another uncle — Edmund Langley, fifth son of Edward III., and next younger brother of John of Gaunt — Duke of York. The eldest son of the new duke was Edward, who died without issue. The second son was Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who married Anne, daughter and heiress of Roger, Earl of March, grandson of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edmund III., and elder brother of Gaunt. To this Richard and Anne was born a son, Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York. He is the character of that name in the different parts of Henry VI. The succession is stated with poetic rhythm and historical accuracy, in the second part of *Henry VI.*, Act II., Scene ii. :—

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence (from whose line I claim the crown), had issue, Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March;
Edmund had issue, Roger, Earl of March;
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne and Eleanor.

Edmund laid claim to the crown in the time of Henry IV. His rising was a feeble one, and he was captured by Glendower, of Wales, who held him in captivity till his death. He left no heirs. In the play York proceeds :—

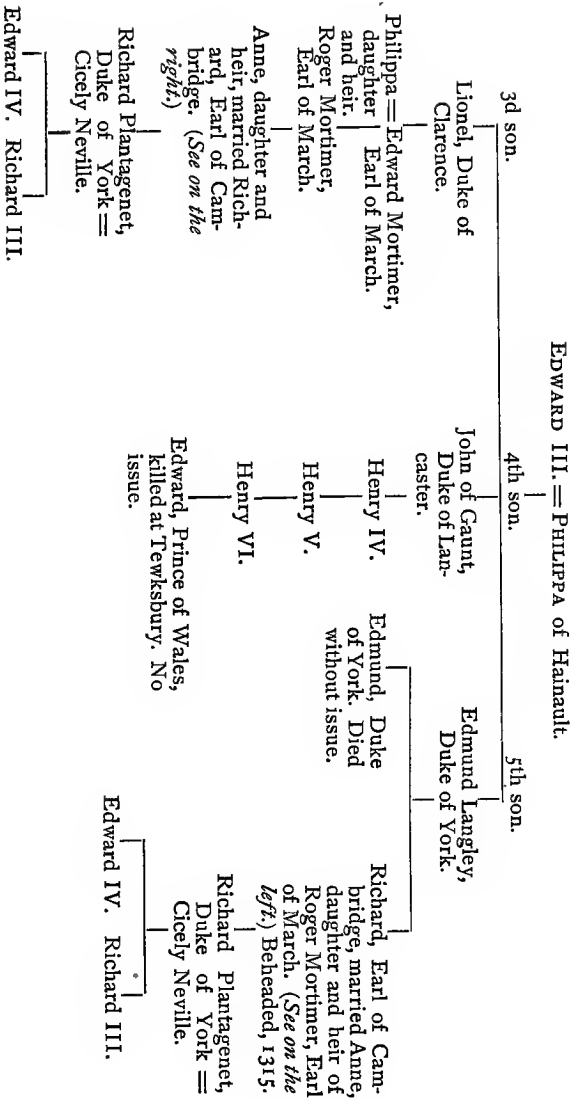
His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom. She was heir
To Roger, Earl of March; who was the heir

Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, Duke of Clarence.
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeeds before the younger, I am King.

The Earl of Warwick, to whom, with others, this argument was addressed, declared that the account of the royal genealogy was accurate, and he indorsed the claim of York to the throne. He said :—

What plain proceedings are more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails his should not reign:
It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.

In order to place more intelligibly before the reader the respective lines of succession from Edward III. to Richard III., somewhat anticipating a portion of the narrative, I submit the following condensed genealogical table :—



Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, was born in 1412, three years before the execution of his father, Earl of Cambridge. His childhood was one of hardship and at times of want. At length when he was thirteen years old, in the councils of the Lancasters it was determined to attach him to their house, if possible, by ties of gratitude and affection. He was knighted, and the great estates of York were restored to his possession. He was placed under Lancastrian care and influences, and at the proper age was married to Cicely, daughter of Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland. York was amiable and humane, but he was also intrepid and had great soldierly qualities. He served in high offices, gave evidence that he possessed unusual accomplishments for leadership and command, and showed his fitness for his exalted rank. Numerous intrigues surrounded him, in view of the weakness of Henry VI. and the lack of a direct heir to the throne, his own superior title to that of Henry himself being constantly recited.

Still, his claim to the crown, through Lionel, John of Gaunt's elder brother, from whom he was but fourth in descent, was weakened by the fact that it came in a female line, while, with but one or two revolutionary exceptions, up to that period the chain of royal succession had uniformly proceeded from male sources. For years, York gave to these uneasy movements no encouragement, but at length it became apparently impossible for him longer to thwart the course of his destiny, and in 1449, when Henry VI. had been four years married and had remained childless, he presented his claim to the throne.

III.

THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

There is no trustworthy record of the time when the white rose and the red rose became respectively the emblems of the house of York and of the house of Lancaster. An old writer says that Edmund, the youngest son of Henry III., "used a red rose where-with his tomb at Westminster is adorned," and that "John of Gaunt, fifth Duke of Lancaster, took a red rose to his device, as it were by right of his first wife, the heiress of Lancaster, grandchild to the above-named Edmund." The same record says that Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, his (Lancaster's) younger brother, adopted as his emblem the white rose.¹ It is entirely unreasonable to suppose that these differently colored roses when chosen — or as gradually by custom they became emblems of two branches of the same house — were regarded as tokens of hostility or of such relations as might lead to hostility. It could not have been foreseen that the two colors of the same flower ever would represent opposite parties in the state or opposite armies in battle. The rose is peculiarly an English flower; and probably, in this case, its different hues were intended to represent the two houses in friendliness and alliance as different stalks and blossomry from the same root, not as products of antagonistic and incompatible plants. That they became hostile emblems was the result of the wars that followed, when rival claims to the throne were arbitrated by the sword.

¹ See Act II., Scene ii., *First Part of Henry VI.* This version of the manner in which the white and red rose became emblems of the two factions is dramatic, but not historical.

York's claim to the throne in 1449 did not lead to immediate hostilities. But intrigues and conspiracies were formed everywhere. The weakness of Henry VI. and the absence of a direct heir added to the general restiveness. York was next in line of inheritance. His great qualities, his high offices, his gentleness, and his urbane manners were regarded as fitting him for royalty. The outbreak of violence was delayed until the battle of St. Albans, May 23, 1455, in which the forces of the King were defeated, and he was taken prisoner by the Yorkists. A truce was then negotiated and confirmed, by the terms of which, as ordained by Parliament, York and his heirs were to succeed Henry VI. on the throne to the exclusion of his son by Margaret, who had been born in the mean time. The Queen with the infant Prince was in Wales, when this compact was made, having fled there for refuge after Henry's defeat and capture. Her indignation was intense when she learned the facts of this agreement, and she procured powerful aid with which she prosecuted a partially successful campaign to regain the royal inheritance for her son. The war raged with greater or less activity until December 31, 1460, when York with his young son Rutland was captured and killed.

This catastrophe, however, did not end nor seriously embarrass the strength of the Yorkist party. Under the leadership of the great Earl of Warwick, whose relative, Cicely Neville, had married York,¹ the war was vigorously prosecuted in the interest of York's son, Edward, Earl of March, and the younger brothers, George and Richard. Warwick used all his influence to control the action of other nobles, and their entire forces were brought into the field. Approaching London, the young Yorkist princes were everywhere cordially received, and March 4,

¹ See Preface to Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton's *The Last of the Barons*.

1461, — but two months and four days after his father's death, — Edward, at the age of twenty years, ascended the throne, and was crowned as Edward IV. Subsequently he had serious disagreements with Warwick. While different negotiations were in progress for his marriage, a Scottish princess at one time, and the French Princess Bona at another, being suggested for his wife, he privately espoused Elizabeth Woodville, the fascinating widow of Earl Gray, a Lancastrian nobleman who had lost his life in the wars. She had a large family of relatives for whom through the favor of the uxorious King she procured high preferment to the exclusion of Warwick's friends and other old adherents of the House of York. This quarrel was reconciled, but other causes for estrangement subsequently are hinted at, — such as a coarse assault by Edward upon a female relative of Warwick's, etc. Edward sank into voluptuousness; he became faithless and untruthful; he lost his sense of gratitude to the great soldier who had been the main pillar of his house and the chief instrument in placing him on the throne. On his accession to the crown he had made his next younger brother, George, Duke of Clarence, and his youngest brother, Richard, Duke of Gloucester. Clarence was not greatly in favor with Edward. Warwick made ample preparations for the outbreak of hostilities between him and the King. He especially courted the favor of Clarence, who finally married Isabel, his eldest daughter. He entered into an agreement with Queen Margaret, which was formed through the influence of Louis XI., King of France. With his own forces, the help of many refractory nobles who enlisted in his cause, the old adherents of the Lancasters and a contingent from France, he at length, in 1469, began hostilities in the north of England. Warwick and Margaret had 60,000 men.

They gained a decisive victory at Edgecote, where Edward himself was captured. (He was not, however, held a close prisoner, and it is denied by some that he was ever imprisoned at all.) In 1470, October 13, Henry was replaced on the throne by Warwick, and Edward Plantagenet, the young Lancastrian Prince of Wales, was married to Lady Anne, youngest daughter of Warwick. (As at this time, however, Edward was but eighteen and Anne but fourteen years old, their extreme youth lends color to the statement quoted by Walpole, that the ceremony was of betrothal only.) She is the Princess Anne of Shakespeare's *Henry VI.* and *Richard III.* Warwick and Clarence were made regents during the incapacity of the King and young Edward's minority, with a reversion of the throne to Clarence and his heirs if Edward should die without issue. The counter-revolution was complete, but it was destined to a short life. Edward IV. and Richard, who had crossed into Flanders, returned to England, gathered the Yorkist forces again, moved with great energy and caution, gathering strength as they went, and met and defeated the Lancastrians, at Barnet, on Easter Sunday, April 14, 1471, Warwick being killed in the course of the bloody day. The Lancastrian troops dispersed, but soon began to reassemble, and twenty days afterward, May 4, again met the Yorkists at Tewksbury. The Lancastrians were again defeated, and this defeat was final. Young Edward was killed. One story is to the effect, that at the close of the action he was approached by Edward IV.; that an altercation ensued, when the King struck him with a gauntlet, after which he was slain "by the King's servants." Another narrative from Yorkist sources says that he was "taken fleeing to the townwards, and slain in the field." Still another account from Lancastrian sources says "there was

slain in the field Prince Edward." There is no proof nor allegation in any contemporary account that young Edward was assassinated by Richard. It does not conclusively appear that the Princess Anne, wife of young Edward, was present at this battle, though Miss Strickland quotes from a "Flemish Chronicler," probably Philip de Comines, who says that Richard was present at the time of Edward's death, but "did not draw his sword," as he was desirous of obtaining the Princess' favor. Margaret of Anjou was captured the day after, and seven days later was imprisoned at Coventry. Henry VI., then a prisoner in the town, died or was murdered in the Tower on the 21st of May, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, seventeen days after the battle of Tewksbury. It is hardly credible that he was killed directly by the hand of either King Edward or Richard. But it was doubtless ordered by them, or at least by the King, to prevent a future revolt in behalf of the Lancastrian line. His funeral was solemnized by a procession which passed through London on Ascension Day, the day after his death. Margaret was kept in custody until 1475, when she was ransomed by Louis XI. of France for 50,000 crowns, and returned to that country. She never again was in England and the character in *Richard III.* bearing her name is purely fictitious. She resided in obscurity at Angiers till her death many years afterward. Edward IV. reascended the throne, which he held till his death, in 1483.

In the Wars of the Roses, according to Haydn (*Dictionary of Dates*), 200,000 men were killed, including 12 royal princes and 200 other noblemen of all ranks. The destruction of property, including the loss of production, from the men engaged in the war, must have been prodigious in amount. When it is considered that at the time of these terrible

wars England had a population less than the white population of the United States at the close of the Revolutionary War, and that all its wealth was the product, not of invested capital nor of manifold machinery, but of human hands and of cattle engaged in daily toil, it will be seen that the proportion of the losses as compared with equal actual losses in our own times is increased in a vastly greater ratio.

IV.

RICHARD AS GLOSTER AND AS KING.

Richard, Duke of Gloucester, or Gloster, was born October 2, 1452. He was, therefore, eight years old when Edward IV. became king. A large portion of his youth was passed at Warwick Castle, and in the society of his cousins, Warwick's daughters, Lady Isabel, who married his brother Clarence, and Lady Anne, wife of or betrothed of Edward Plantagenet, killed at Tewksbury. When the revolution against Edward IV. was undertaken by Warwick, in 1470, Richard, therefore, was eighteen years old. Some authorities, quoted by Walpole in his *Historic Doubts*, convey the idea that the Lady Anne had not been married to young Edward, the ceremony being described as a betrothal only. After the battle of Tewksbury, Lady Anne disappeared, and was not found until some time had elapsed. The authorities hostile to Richard say that she secreted herself for the purpose of escaping from his attentions and courtship. Other authorities say that she was secreted by Clarence, in order that he might control the Warwick estates, of which his wife, Isabel, and Anne were co-heiresses. Richard "discovered the maiden in the attire of a kitchen-girl in London" (Croyland) and caused her to be placed in the sanc-

tuary of St. Martin. His courtship does not seem to have been pressed, but it was decorous and deliberate. Their marriage occurred in 1472. In 1473 their child was born, Edward Plantagenet.

The traditions relating to the deformity of Richard are founded mainly on a remark of a contemporary chronicler, John Rous, a Chantry priest at Guy's Cliff, near Warwick Castle, who said that he was "small of stature, with his right shoulder higher than his left." Other descriptions of his person are that he was "like his father, short and compact," and "in figure slight;" "low of stature;" "his face was always thin;" "mild in countenance;" "his face was handsome;" "lordly in countenance." Walpole (*Historic Doubts*) quotes the authority of an ancient Countess of Desmond, who had danced with Richard, and who said that "he was the handsomest man in the room, except his brother Edward, and was very well made."

Sir Thomas More's description of Richard is the reverse of that given by the other writers. He says: "Richard, the third son, of whom we now entreat, was in wit and courage equal with either of them, in body and prowess far under them both, little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, crooked-backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard favoured of visage, and such as is called in states warlye, in other men otherwise. He was malicious, wrathful, envious; and from before his birth ever froward. It is for truth reported that the Duchess, his mother, had so much ado in her travail that she could not be delivered of him uncut; and that he came into the world with the feet forward as men be borne outward, and (as the fame runneth) also not untoothed; whether men of hatred report above the truth, or else that nature changed her course in his beginnings which in the course of his life many things

unnaturally committed." It will be seen that More does not describe the rumored prodigies of Richard's birth as having been reported on any accepted authority, but only "as fame runneth," and with an intimation that "men of hatred reported above the truth." There is not found in any contemporaneous history a hint upon which the description could be based.

Says James Gardner,¹ "The number of portraits of Richard which seem to be contemporary is greater than might have been expected considering the remoteness of the time at which he lived, and the early age at which he died. The best and most authentic likeness is doubtless the picture in the royal collection at Windsor Castle painted upon panel by some unknown artist, apparently of the Flemish school. Two or three others, including that in the National Portrait Gallery, are copies of it, and probably by the same artist, and besides these there is in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries an ancient picture containing the same likeness, with a few slight variations. The principal differences are that, whereas the face in the other portrait is represented as looking from right to left, here it is looking from left to right, and while in the other picture he is taking a ring off the little finger of his right hand, here he is taking one off, or it may be putting one on, the third finger of the left hand. In the royal portrait and those copied from it, there is a ring on the thumb, and on the third finger of the right hand, besides that which he is taking off the little finger. The face in all the portraits is a remarkable one, full of energy and decision, yet gentle and sad looking, suggesting the idea not so much of a tyrant as of a mind accustomed to unpleasant thoughts. Nowhere

¹ *Life of Richard the Third*. Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1878.



KING RICHARD III. AND QUEEN ANNE.

do we find depicted the warlike, hard-favored visage attributed to him by Sir Thomas More; yet there is a look of reserve and anxiety which, taken in connection with the seeming gentleness, enables us somewhat to realize the criticism of Polydore, Virgil, and Hall, that his aspect conveyed an unpleasant impression of malice and deceit. The face is rather long and thin, the eyes are gray, the features smooth. It cannot certainly be called quite a pleasing countenance, but as little should we suspect in it the man he actually was."

The picture on page xxiii. is copied from the 1768 edition of Horace Walpole's *Historic Doubts*. Curiously enough, in spite of the robes and ornaments of the King, it confirms the tradition that his right shoulder was higher than his left, and indicates also the irregular formation of his back about the shoulder-blades. Walpole says of the picture: "Among the drawings which I purchased at Vertue's sale was one of Richard and his Queen, of which nothing is expressed but the outlines. There is no intimation whence the drawing was taken; but by a collateral direction of the color of the robe, if not copied from a picture, it certainly was from some painted window, where existing I do not pretend to say."

From the return of Edward to the throne in 1471 to his death twelve years afterward, Richard was actively engaged in public affairs. In a partial sense, he filled the picture drawn by himself, in his soliloquy after his interview with Clarence:—

And leave the world for me to bustle in.

He commanded Edward's armies in the Scottish wars and captured the fortified city of Edinburgh. He kept his castle in great state, where his wife remained in charge of their infant son. She appears to have enjoyed the magnificence of his station, and

was obviously a contented, if not an affectionate, wife. He returned from one of his campaigns shortly before Edward's death. During his absence the quarrel between Edward and Clarence had ripened and Edward had decided to adopt extreme measures. There are indications that Richard ineffectually attempted to reconcile his brothers. Clarence was attainted by Parliament and was put to death, February 18, 1478. His wife, Isabel, elder daughter of Warwick, and sister of Richard's wife, had died December 12, 1476, a year and a half before, aged twenty-four years. After Isabel's death, Clarence sought to marry Mary of Burgundy, sole child and heir of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. Edward opposed this match, hence the final quarrel ending in the death of Clarence. There is no evidence that Richard had any part in the death of Clarence, and it is certainly a mere fable that Clarence was drowned in a butt of wine.

On the death of Edward IV., his elder son, Edward, aged thirteen, was strictly kept in the Tower. Queen Elizabeth, widow of Edward IV., had taken refuge in a sanctuary with her younger son. She was induced to surrender this child to the custody of Richard, who had been made Lord Protector, and he was also placed in the Tower. Edward V. had been proclaimed King and was presented to Parliament as such May 19, and his coronation was appointed for June 22. Before the latter date, however, Richard had assembled at London troops from the North devoted to himself. It was then announced in Richard's interest that, previous to the marriage of Edward IV. to Elizabeth Woodville, he had been married to Lady Elinor Butler, daughter of John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, and widow of Thomas, Lord Butler, Baron of Sudely. (The ceremony was performed by Robert Stillington, Bishop of Bath and

Wells, and Edward the Fourth's Lord Chancellor from 1463 to 1467. He informed Richard of the marriage, hoping to prevent Edward's marriage to Elizabeth Woodville. After Edward's second marriage, Lady Elinor retired to a convent, where she died, July 30, 1466.) This fact rendered his marriage to Elizabeth bigamous and their children were illegitimate. On Sunday, June 22, the day set apart for the coronation of Edward V., Dr. Raaf Shaw, a popular London preacher, and brother of the Lord Mayor, Sir Edward Shaw, harangued his congregation on this subject, denounced the dissolute life of the late King, proclaimed the illegitimacy of the young Princes, and pointed to Richard as the rightful heir to the throne. It is entirely improbable that at that or any other time, at Richard's instigation, the marital fidelity of his mother, the distinguished Duchess of York, was assailed for the purpose of creating doubts as to the legitimacy of Edward IV., and consequently as to the legitimacy of his children. The fact as to his children was already established, as their mother had never been the lawful wife of their father; and it could not be strengthened by impeaching the chastity of the grandmother on their father's side. Miss Halstead alleges that the report arose from an obvious mistranslation of the monkish Latin in one of the Chronicles, the allusion being in reality only to the bigamous marriage of Edward.

A meeting of Parliament for June 25 had been called by authority of Edward V., and on that day the three estates assembled at Westminster, though not "in form of parliament," as a writer affirms. To the nobles present, an exhibition was made as to the illegality of Edward IV.'s marriage to Elizabeth, that his sons were illegitimate, that Clarence and his successors had been attainted by Parliament, and that

Richard was, therefore, the legal heir to the crown. This declaration appears to have been adopted, and, June 26, 1483, Gloster became King Richard the Third.

Shakespeare reports Richard as saying at the close of his courtship dialogue with Anne : —

I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.

As a matter of fact, the married life of Richard and Anne continued from 1472 until Anne's death, long after Richard's coronation. When he ascended the throne Anne was in the north of England with their young son. She was summoned to London and, July 6, the ceremonies of their joint coronation occurred. The pageant was of unusual magnificence, the Archbishop of Canterbury placing the crowns on the heads of the King and Queen. July 9, Edward, the young son of Richard and Anne, then between nine and ten years old, was proclaimed Prince of Wales. After the coronation, the King and Queen proceeded on an elaborate tour of the kingdom, and were well received by the people.

The death of the young sons of Edward IV. in the Tower is an event surrounded with mystery. It may be true that they were killed. The assassinations on both sides during the prolonged Wars of the Roses were numerous and atrocious. The object of each house was to destroy and annihilate the other, root and branch. But as these children had been declared illegitimate, there appears to have been no reason why Richard should have destroyed them for his own protection. That Sir John Tyrrell hired the murderers who killed the Princes has been refuted ; or, at least, all the circumstances under which he is said to have procured their sanguinary services are proved to have been fictitious. Walpole (*Historic Doubts*) entirely discredits the story that they were

killed during Richard's reign, and charges that the crime was perpetrated by Henry VII., his successor, who feared that, if they should survive, through them at some future time he might be overthrown, and the house of York restored to power. The theory is a plausible one, but has little or no support in historic authority. Yet, whether this double murder and other murders were perpetrated through one agency or another, the stain and the wrong are the same. The crime is that of a dynasty, not that of an individual. The foundations of every existing human government are cemented in blood. No criminal tragedies are deeper and darker than those in which the origin of English power and freedom reposes. In this inheritance, derived through so much pain that we did not endure and so many sacrifices that we did not make, we are coparceners. But we have been compelled, also, to defend our share of the priceless possession by means similar to those through which it was first acquired, and by which it had its evolution and growth.

There is a tradition to the effect that the pathetic ballad of "The Babes in the Woods" was produced in Richard's lifetime, and veiled in allegory the report that his nephews, confided to his care, he had delivered into the hands of two murderers for the purpose of despoiling them of their inheritance. The passages in the ballad that are parallel to the story told of Richard and the two Princes are copied in an interesting manner in an appendix to the work of Miss Halstead before cited.

The short reign of Richard III. was also a troubled one. Buckingham, who had aided his ascent to the throne, became his enemy. Other powerful nobles were hostile or restless. Many acts of liberality, in remitting taxes, in endowing institutions of learning, and in opening royal lands to settlement and culti-

vation, are credited to his reign. He was conciliatory to the dissatisfied nobles, and endeavored to attach the surviving members of the ex-Queen Elizabeth's family to his fortunes. In these efforts to strengthen his throne, however, he was not successful. His love for his son was one of his strongest passions. In commending the Prince to the care of Parliament, he described him as singularly furnished considering his age, with "excellence of wit and endowments of nature" which portended "great and undoubted hopes, by the favor of God, that he will make a good man." The death of this Prince occurred April 3, 1484, barely nine months after the coronation of his father and mother. Richard appointed the young son of his deceased brother Clarence, known as the Earl of Warwick, his heir and Prince of Wales. This decree was afterward revoked, as the youthful Earl (finally beheaded by order of Henry VII.) showed indications of mental weakness. The Earl of Lincoln, the son of Richard's eldest surviving sister, Lady Suffolk, was then named as his heir. In the middle of March, 1485, Queen Anne died, after a lingering disease similar to that which had carried to the grave her elder sister. The writer of Croyland says that "on the day of the great eclipse of the sun, she died and was buried at Westminster with all honor befitting a Queen." There is no probability that Richard intended to marry his niece, Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV. The report, however, was common; but, according to Croyland, he officially disavowed it, "a little before Easter, in the presence of the Mayor and citizens of London" assembled for the purpose.

Another curious picture of Richard III., Queen Anne, and their son, Prince Edward of Wales, is here presented, copied from a drawing by John Rous, the Guy's Cliff Chantry priest and Warwick antiqua-

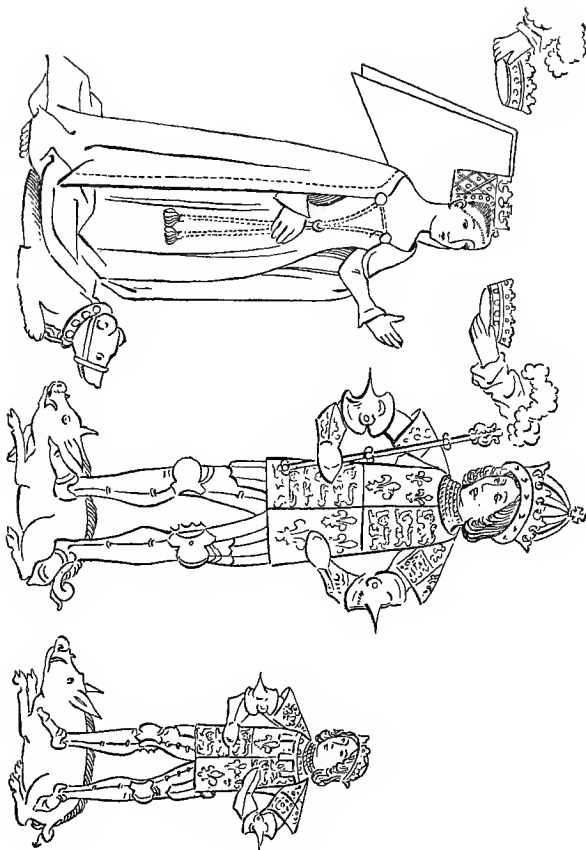
rian. The original illuminated picture is preserved in the College of Arms. Richard and his son are represented as each standing on a wild boar, the cognizance of their house. ("Thou eluifh markt abortiue rooting hog." Q. 649, 694 F.).¹ The faces, as in the Walpole drawing, are all in outline. Queen Anne is represented as standing on a bear muzzled, the cognizance of the house of Warwick. The two hands extending to place crowns upon her head indicate the fact that the queenship was offered her by both the house of Lancaster and the house of York, in allusion to her betrothal to Edward, son of Henry VI., and her marriage to Richard III. It is curious to add, that Rous, who must have seen Richard often in his lifetime, and who is the only contemporary writer who describes his deformity, says that his right shoulder was higher than his left. It is so also in Richard's portrait and in the Walpole drawing. But on this heraldic roll Rous pictures the left shoulder as higher than the right. The language of Rous describing Richard's malformation is as follows: "Parvæ staturæ erat, curtam habens faciem inæquales humeros, dexter superior, sinisterque inferior."

Richard had a taste for gorgeous dresses and ornaments. The heraldic drawings show the magnificence of his robes and of Anne's and his son's. His portrait displays rings on his thumbs and two fingers. He enjoyed long tours among his people, and processions. He appeared in great state with the Queen in many parts of the kingdom. He loved music and liberally patronized musicians and minstrels. He generously endowed religious and educational insti-

¹ So also

And we will both together to the tower,
Where he shall see the boare will vfe vs kindly.

Q. 1655, 1819 F.



my lorde of famous by (unclear) in all haste to sende to lord
 about wnder my great Seale to Sir Harry Wode, priest, &c., and this shall be your warrant.
 Richardus Rex

tutions. From the number of his own portraits he evidently encouraged art, and Flemish painters were well received at his court. It is singular that these graces of character, which were effeminate for the age, should be united to a spirit so martial, ambition so vast, a heart so hard, and to other traits of his remarkable character.

The autographs of Richard are numerous. He wrote a full, plain hand, somewhat clerkly, but as if he wrote with haste and decision. There is an autograph letter of his to the Lord Chancellor preserved among the Records in the Tower of London. This letter, of which the following is a transcript, is given in facsimile in the margin of this page.

My lorde Chaunceler — we pray you, in all haste to send us a pardon under our great Seal to Sir Harry Wode, priest, &c., and this shall be your warrant.

RICARDUS REX.

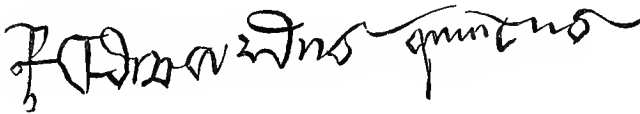
(Master Skipton speed this forth with expedition.

Jo. Oincots.¹)

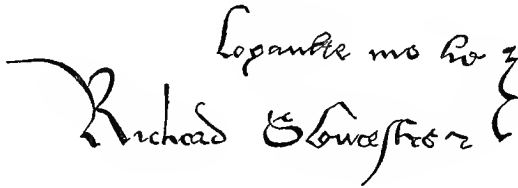
The blot shows, it may be inferred, the special haste of the King. Upon another manuscript among these Records the King's name appears in conjunc-

¹ Perhaps the Chancellor's secretary,

tion with that of Edward the Fifth, the motto "Loyalty Bindeth Me" being in his own handwriting before his coronation.



Edward the Fifth



Richard Gloucester

V.

THE TUDORS.

Owen Glendower or Glendwyr (more properly Glyndyfrdwy) was called in his own time Owain ap Gruffydd. He was born in 1364, went to London, fought with Richard II. by whom he was knighted, and was captured with that King, but was afterwards released. His estates were seized by Henry IV. and he raised the standard of rebellion in 1400. His later history is apocryphal. He probably died in 1415.

Among those who joined Owen's fortunes was one Theodore Tudor, or Teador ("Tudor" is probably itself a corruption of "Theodore"), a Welsh brewer at Beaumaris in Anglesea, who held the humble office of shield-bearer to the Bishop of Bangor. Having killed a man in a quarrel, he fled from justice to hide in the mountains, where he ultimately joined Glendower's band. He was the earliest progenitor of the family of Tudor. No further infor-

mation of him is extant, but his son, named Owen Tudor, is known to have served with a band of Welshmen under Sir David Gam,¹ in Henry V.'s army during the war with France, and gained distinction at the battle of Agincourt, October 25, 1415. For his bravery and address he was made an esquire in the King's body guard. On the King's death he was kept in the service of the infant King Henry VI. until he was transferred to that of Catherine, the widowed Queen of Henry V., as master of her wardrobes. In addition to his soldierly qualities he is described as having "goodly gifts both of nature and of grace." He gained the affections of Catherine, and a secret marriage between them took place in 1428. Neither the precise date nor the place of the marriage, nor the name of the priest by whom it was solemnized, have been preserved. Three children were the fruit of this marriage before it was discovered. When the fact became known Catherine was sent to a convent, where she died, January 3, 1437. Tudor was imprisoned in Newgate jail, from which he escaped and repaired to Wales. Some years afterward he was received into favor by Henry VI. (his uterine brother), his children were acknowledged, and he fought in the Lancastrian army during the Wars of the Roses. He was taken prisoner by Edward IV. in 1460 and was beheaded in revenge for the murder of the Duke of York and his young son, Rutland, a short time before.²

¹ Nicknamed "One-eyed Davy." He was a brother-in-law of Owen Glendower, whom he once planned to assassinate. The plot was discovered and he was imprisoned, being released in 1412. He then raised a body of troops for King Henry V.'s army. He was mortally wounded at Agincourt, and was knighted by the King as he was expiring on that field.

² The histories generally allege that Owen Tudor was a Welshman of rank but without wealth, and he claimed to be a descendant of Cadwaladr, the last King of Britain, as Glendower claimed to be a

The eldest son of Owen Tudor and Queen Catherine was Edmund of Hadham, so called from the place of his birth. He was made Earl of Richmond by Henry VI. and was married to Margaret Beaufort, the daughter of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, who was the son of John de Beaufort, the illegitimate son of John of Gaunt and Catherine Swynford. Margaret was but fourteen years old when she was married, and her husband died within a year. On the 27th of January, 1457, three months after his death, she gave birth to a son who inherited his father's title as Earl of Richmond. His youth and early manhood were spent in Brittany.

Richmond landed in England, August 1, 1485. He marched towards London, his forces increasing as he progressed forward until he had 7,000 or 8,000 men. Richard had at least double that number, but Lord Stanley and his son, both false to him, had command of about half of this entire force. The battle of Bosworth Field was fought August 22, 1485. Richard was killed and Richmond succeeded to the throne. He afterward married Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV. and Elizabeth Woodville, which marriage thus united all the diverse claims to the throne.

VI.

SIR THOMAS MORE'S HISTORY.

It is conceded that Sir Thomas More's repulsive physical and moral portraiture of Richard III. was drawn on lines supplied by John Morton, one of the descendant of Llewelyn the last native Prince of Wales. Tudor was a mere soldier of fortune, as is illustrated by his entering the Lancastrian military service, his father having fought under Glendower against the Lancastrians.

most distinguished prelates and statesmen of the fifteenth century. Morton was born in 1410. His education was the best that could be procured of the teachers and at the schools of the times, and he became a leading and powerful interpreter of the law in the civil and ecclesiastical courts. His vigorous intellect was united to firm honesty of purpose, to a high sense of duty and loyalty, to extraordinary political sagacity, and to an implacable temper. He was faithfully attached to the House of Lancaster, and was appointed by Henry VI. to some minor offices. He retained the favor of Edward IV. who appointed him Master of the Rolls and Bishop of Ely. He was executor of the will of Edward IV. and the confidant and adviser of the widowed Queen Elizabeth. Richard III. attempted to gain his good will, but the overtures were rejected, and he was imprisoned in the Tower. In answer to a petition of the University of Oxford, he was released from confinement, but was placed in the custody of the Duke of Buckingham. Being carelessly guarded, he escaped, possibly by the consent of the King, and after some delay crossed to Brittany, where he joined the court of the Earl of Richmond. He did not accompany Richmond on the invasion of England, but, after the victory of Bosworth Field and the establishment of Richmond on the throne as Henry VII., he repaired to London. He was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, was made a cardinal, and in 1487 became Lord Chancellor of England, serving in that office until his death in 1500, at the age of ninety years. Sir Thomas More was born in 1480, when Morton was seventy years old. When fifteen years old he entered Morton's household as a page, remaining there two years. He then went to Oxford as a student. He began public life in 1502 as under-sheriff of London, and was elected to Parliament in

1504. He opposed some grants of the King, and was compelled to leave the country for his safety. Henry VIII. ascended the throne on the death of Henry VII., in 1509, and More returned to Court. He succeeded Cardinal Wolsey as Lord Chancellor, but, having given serious offence to Henry VIII., he was beheaded in 1535.

Sir Thomas More's life of Richard III. (*The Historie of the Pittiful Life and Unfortunate Death of King Edward V. and the Duke of York, his Brother, with the Troublesome and Tyrannical Government of the Usurpation of Richard III. and His Miserable End*) was published in 1516. More was a precocious youth, in learning, in his associations, in his ambitions and in his entrance to public life. It is probable that for five years he was as intimate with Morton as a very young man could become with a very old one. Some writers believe that Morton actually wrote the book ascribed to More, and that the latter held it in manuscript till the time of its publication. In regard to Morton's close connection with its authorship there is a curious piece of internal evidence. According to More, as sharply followed by Shakespeare, on the morning of the day when Richard evidently had determined to execute the *coup d'état* previously planned by him, there were "many Lords assembled in the Tower and there sat in council devising the honorable solemnity of the King's (Edward V.'s) coronation." Says More: "These Lords so sitting together, commoning of this matter, the protector came in among them, first about nine o'clock, saluting them courteously, and excusing himself that he had been so long, saying merely that he had been asleep that day. After a little talking with them, he said unto the Bishop of Ely: My Lord, you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holberne; I require you let us have

a mess of them. Gladly, my Lord, quoth he, would God I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that. And, therewithal, in all the haste he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries. The protector set the lords fast in commoning, and thereupon praying them to spare him for a little while, departed thence. And soon after one hour, between ten and eleven, he returned into the chamber among them, all changed, with a wonderful sour, angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning, and fretting, and gnawing on his lips, and so sat him down in his place; all the lords much dismayed, and sore marvelling of this manner of sudden change, and what thing should him ail." This minute description of a minor detail of the great event that was at hand is substantially the same as that which Shakespeare gives at Q. 1806, 1989 F.

It is incredible that so trivial an incident, accompanying the great revolution in progress but in no way connected with its progress, could have been preserved in history by any other person than the one solely interested in the inquiry made by Richard. Morton, Bishop of Ely, is the least character in *Richard III*. He speaks but six lines, and those relate only to the manner of Richard in asking about the strawberries in his garden at Holberne. It may be assumed that Richard indulged in this fantastic by-play to disguise his schemes and motives, and to make it appear that his thoughts related solely to obtaining some delicate fruit for the gratification of his palate, when, in fact, he designed to seize, within a few hours, the throne of England. This assumption would give the incident of the strawberries some such artificial dramatic effect as (according to De Quincey) that for which the knocking at the castle gate was interposed in *Macbeth*. But while Shakespeare may have so designed the episode

in the Play, it is evident that Morton, in the narrative adopted by More, had no such conception of its significance. He described the incident in the mere egotistical garrulity of age, and under the senile misapprehension that the pleasant inquiry of Richard in regard to the strawberries was as much a part of the impending events as the imprisonment of the Princes in the Tower or the arrest and execution of Hastings. It was a small part that he played in precipitating the coming catastrophe, but he imagined that he was playing a most important part in it. The passage is of interest only as it identifies Morton with the malevolent inspiration of Sir Thomas More's highly colored narrative.¹

Horace Walpole (*Historic Doubts*) expresses the highest confidence and avows his implicit belief in all that Sir Thomas More actually wrote as history. But he imagines that More's alleged history of Richard III. was written in great part as a work of fiction, or as a sort of historical novel, and that it was no more intended by its author to be accepted as authentic history than was his *Utopia*.

VII.

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY.

It has thus been seen that Shakespeare was very far from following the lines of history. His anachronisms, too, are very numerous. The early scenes in the Play are as of about August, 1471, —

Hath she forgot already that brave Prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I some three months since
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury? —

¹ Richmond became King in plain violation of the decree legitimatizing the children of John of Gaunt and Katharine Swynford, by the terms of which they and their descendants were excluded from the royal succession.

the battle of Tewksbury having been fought May 4, 1471. The Play makes the arrest of Clarence precede the death and funeral of Henry VI., when in fact, Clarence's attainder, arrest, and execution did not occur until 1478, seven years afterward. On the other hand, the death of Henry VI. occurred, not three months, but less than three weeks, after the battle of Tewksbury. Richard is made to meet Lady Anne attending the funeral of Henry VI. three months after his death occurred. Anne did not attend the funeral of Henry VI., and Gloster did not see her until long afterward. Queen Margaret was a prisoner till four years after the battle of Tewksbury, when she returned to France, remaining there till her death. Anne appears in the Play, after the courtship scene, but once, and then only to remonstrate against her own coronation as Queen. The young son of Richard and Anne is not a character in the Play. The venerable Duchess of York, Richard's mother, instead of joining from time to time the group of scolding women who recited their wrongs and united in vituperation and curses of Richard, was upon excellent maternal relations with her son, and was provided for by him in splendid state in one of his London palaces. It does not appear that Buckingham was also of royal descent and a possible heir to the crown; nor that he had other interests hostile to those of Richard. Jane Shore, though a character in the Creede play, does not appear in this, except through the brutal jests of Richard on the subject of her relations to Edward IV. and afterwards to Hastings. In other marked respects the Play lacks historical verisimilitude. Mr. Daniel computes the time of the Play at one month, its dramatic action occupying eleven days, intervals making up the remainder of the time. The historic events on which the Play is founded reach from May

22, 1471, the date of Henry VI.'s funeral, until August 22, 1485, the date of the battle of Bosworth Field, a period of fourteen years and three months. The main features of the plot of the Play, or rather the distinguishing traits of its characters, are taken from Holinshed and Hall, who based their chronicles on the narrative of Sir Thomas More. The great dramatist used to the utmost extent, and embellished with his marvellous fancy, the vulgar traditions embodied in these histories as to the malformation of Richard's person, the pernicious phenomena attending his birth, and his utterly perverse and demoniacal character. His splendid courage and his other martial qualities, with his intellectual acuteness and fertility of thought, are justly represented alike in the friendly and hostile histories and in the Play. But for surly yet brilliant wit, the consummate art in dialogue and controversy, the grotesque yet sublime egotism of his character, —

I am myself alone, —

we seem to have Shakespeare's authority alone. And in making Richard unutterably conscienceless Shakespeare not only followed what was then accepted history, but followed also his own inclinations and interests. Shakespeare loved greatness. He loved rank. He loved royalty.¹ Queen Elizabeth, granddaughter of Richard's enemy and conqueror, Henry the Seventh, was Shakespeare's Patron. In her reign originated all these libels on Richard III. To blacken the character of all the York Kings had been the policy of Henry the Seventh. He wanted no renewal of the fight for the throne, and one of his precautions was to make his predecessor so unutterably odious in the popular mind that no class would

¹ Appleton Morgan, Introduction to vol. i. BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.

arise to demand a Yorkish restoration. This policy descended with his crown to Henry VIII. and his daughter Elizabeth, and Shakespeare could pay no more acceptable flattery to the House of Tudor than by his genius to aid in making the House of York detestable; and he did it, as he did everything else in which his own interest was wrapped up, splendidly and relentlessly.

In the year 1594 a play was printed in London with the title: "THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD THE THIRD wherein is showne the death of Edward the Fourth, with the smothering of the Two Young Princes in the Tower: With a lamentable end of Shores Wife, an example for all wicked Women. And lastly, the coniunction and ioyning of the two noble houses, Lancaster and York. As it was played by the Queenes Maiesties Players. London, Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Newgate Market, neare Christ Church doore, 1594." There has been a modern republication of this play. Collier thinks that "it was evidently written several years before it came from Creede's press," and gives this synopsis of its contents: "The drama itself opens with a scene representing the death of Edward IV., and the whole history is thenceforward most inartificially and clumsily conducted, with a total disregard of dates, facts, and places, by characters imperfectly drawn and ill sustained. Shore's wife plays a conspicuous part; and the tragedy does not finish with the battle of Bosworth Field, but is carried on subsequently, although the plot is clearly at an end. The conclusion is as remarkable as the commencement. After the death of Richard, "Report" (a personification like some of those in the old Moralities) enters, and holds a dialogue with a Page, to inform the audience of certain matters not exhibited; and after a long

scene between Richmond, the Queen-mother, Princess Elizabeth, etc., two Messengers enter, and mixing with the personages of the play, detail the succession of events, and of monarchs from the death of Richard until the accession of Elizabeth. The Queen-mother then comes forward, and pronounces a panegyric upon Elizabeth, ending thus :—

For which, if ere her life be tane away,
 God grant her soule may live in heaven for aye ;
 For if her Graces dayes be brought to end,
 Your hope is gone on whom did peace depend.

This “rude old play,” as Verplanck calls it, contains in the closing battle scene these two lines :—

King. A horse, a horse, a fresh horse !
Page. Ah, fly my lord, and save your life.

These are not unlike Shakespeare :—

Richard. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse.
Catesby. Withdraw ; my lord, I 'll help you to a horse.

But there is something more striking still in the similarity of a passage in this play to a noticeable trick of Shakespeare's in composition. In Richard's last speech before the battle (the Creede play) he says :—

The sun by day shines hotly for revenge ;
 The moon by night eclipseth for revenge ;
 The stars are turn'd to comets for revenge ;
 The planets change their courses for revenge ;
 The birds sing not ; but sorrow for revenge ;
 The silly lambs sit bleating for revenge ;
 The screeching raven sits croaking for revenge ;
 Whole herds of beasts come bellowing for revenge.

In Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, Margaret taunts Elizabeth with her fallen state :—

See what now thou art.
 For happy wife a most distressed widow ;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name :

For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;
 For Queen, a very caitiff crowned with care ;
 For one that scorned at me, now scorned of me ;
 For one being feared of all, now fearing none ;
 For one commanding all, obeyed of none.

In many of Shakespeare's plays, three or four or more lines appear with a short monosyllable at the commencement of each ; repeated, after the manner of alliteration, through the successive lines. It is a Shakespearean mannerism. It is a mere mechanical art acquired by use. It appears in its most peculiar form in the Third part of *Henry VI.*, Act V., scene v. : —

Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
 How many make the hour full complete,
 How many hours bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide my times :
 So many hours may I tend my flock ;
 So many hours must I take my rest ;
 So many hours must I contemplate ;
 So many hours must I sport myself ;
 So many days my ewes have been with young ;
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau ;
 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece ;
 So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
 Pass'd on to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.

Shakespeare did not write for the closet, where these similarities in versification might be considered redundant or even tedious. He wrote for the stage, where in the mouth of a competent actor, the repetitive passages would be opportunity for most effective elocution. Another commentator says that the older play — not especially the play printed by Creede, but a supposititious ante-Shakespearean play on the same subject — contains the line, "My liege, the Duke of Buckingham, is ta'en," which is identi-

cal with a line in Shakespeare's play. But these similarities do not strike me as evidence that Shakespeare founded his play on that of some imaginary or actual predecessor in the same field of dramatic labor. It seems more probable that in his earlier youth he may have had a hand in the previous work,—that he lent out of his riches to the other author, not, like a son of poverty, borrowing from the other to enrich himself.

The entry of the Play on the Stationers' books is as follows:—

1597—20 Octobr.—Andrewe Wise—Entred for his copie, vnder thands of Mr Barlowe and Mr Warden Man, The tragedie of Kinge Richard the Third, with the death of the Duke of Clarence.

The First Quarto, here reprinted, was published in the year of entry, the play having been—according to the title-page—"lately acted." It will be seen that this 1597 title-page bears no author's name. It was supplied as "By William Shakespeare" upon the title-page of the Second Quarto, published in 1598. The title-page of the Third Quarto (1602) is the same as the preceding except that the words "Newly augmented" are prominently added. The two states in which these Quarto title-pages are found are illustrated by the one given in this volume and by that of the Sixth Quarto here reproduced. As a matter of fact, however, no augmentations were actually made, as Andrew Wise, the publisher of all the editions so far, was very well aware. This third Quarto contains more typographical errors than did the preceding two quartos combined. These errors were alternately corrected and perpetuated, and new ones added, in a fourth Quarto (1605), a fifth (1612), a sixth (1622), a seventh (1629), and an eighth (1634,) thus showing for the Play an uninterrupted stage-life of thirty-seven years. Indeed, there is reason

THE
TRAGEDIAE
OF
KING RICHARD
THE THIRD.

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

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

Newly augmented.
By *William Shake-speare.*



LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas Purfoot*, and are to be sold by *Mathew Lam*, dwelling
in *Pauls Church-yard*, at the Signe of the *Foxe*, neere
S. Austlines gate, 1 6 2 2:

to suppose that Richard III. was in a certain way a favorite with its author as well as with the public. Its stage qualities are superior to many of his other plays. The action is rapid and the changes of character and situation are striking. As an actor and a stage expert, Shakespeare, having a total absence of self identification with the Play and its characters, must have seen, as a spectator would have seen, or as posterity sees, its peculiar dramatic excellence. It is significant that the three characters in Shakespeare's plays having the most lines in the text (according to actual count) are Hamlet, with 1,569 lines, Richard III., with 1,161, and Iago, with 1,117. There is thus reason to believe that, in this ratio, Shakespeare regarded Hamlet, Richard III., and Iago as his best characters; and that the play was in constant stage use appears from the emendations, all tending to increased effectiveness, which appear in the Folio, printed from the latest stage copies used in Shakespeare's lifetime. They show a peculiar care and studied effects, such as a fond author creates in mending imperfections of his previous work. Traces of the spirit in which the changes were made often appear. In Act I., Scene iv., following "Relent, and save your souls" (which is 1011 Q.), are 1087 to 1091 F.

Which of you, if you were a Prince's son,
 Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
 If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
 Would not entreat for life, as you would beg,
 Were you in my distress.

The change following 1258 of the Quarto includes a sentiment of peculiar force and tenderness:—

God is much displeas'd,
 That you take with unthankfulness his doing.
 In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,
 With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

(1356 to 1362 F.)

The change at 1977 Q. and 2180 F. includes a message to Dr. Shaw, the preacher who denounced from the pulpit the bigamous marriage of Edmund IV. and the declaration that Richard was of true legitimate descent and rightful heir to the crown. It is a tribute due to history, and brought the lines of the dramatic fiction nearer to those of the authentic annals.

There follow 2316 Q. the lines from 2568 F., which show a greater strength in Elizabeth's character while overwhelmed with grief and despair than in her other hours, in those of her power and splendor, or in those of her earlier comparative obscurity in life:—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls,
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones,
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen play-fellow
For tender princes: use my babies well;
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

Other changes show a constant series of improvements, with greater clearness in unfolding the incidents of the Play, in exemplifying the logic of its conditions, and in precipitating the catastrophe. The most remarkable change consists of the added lines from 3059 to 3113, inclusive, of the Folio. It is an eloquent appeal, addressed to a woman's affections for her child and her ambition for both her child and herself. But it appears to be misplaced. It should have been a part of the conclusion to the dialogue, followed immediately by Elizabeth's surrender to the cogency of its argument and its persuasive force. In rejecting this argument and persuasion — as the text now stands — and in renewing

her petulant refusal to accept Richard as her daughter's wooer, but in yielding acquiescence after a further exhibition of anger and cherished hostility, the harmony of the scene is greatly marred. This passage was doubtless misplaced by the blunder of a careless copyist or a shabby printer.¹ The output or result of the alternate correction and re-blundering incurred in the course of reprinting from 1597 to 1623 will appear sufficiently from our parallelization. A careful collation of all the typographical changes occurring through the eight quartos would be less valuable than curious. But such a collation has been made, and one careful editor (Mr. P. A. Daniel), whose report can be accepted with perfect confidence, holds that—in his opinion—the Folio text was printed from a copy of the Sixth Quarto “enlarged and altered in accordance with the MS. copy of the Folio version which had been preserved in the library of the theatre.” Whether one agrees with the proviso included in the inverted commas, or not, Mr. Daniel's opinion as to the Quarto used to print the Folio from, should not, I think, be lightly dismissed by those of us who have not made the laborious collation with which he prepared for it. It is certainly more probable that the printers of the First Folio in 1623 should set up their text from the text of a quarto printed the year before (in 1622) than from the quartos printed in 1597, 1598, 1601, 1602, 1605, from the very simple proposition that it is easier to

¹ At the close of the play of *Henry VI.* it appears, as it does in history, that Margaret was ransomed by the King of France, not that she was “banished.” But in the First Folio *Richard III.*, line 633, as she comes forward to participate in the dialogue, Gloster assumes that she had been banished:—

Gloster. Wast thou not banished on pain of death?

There appears to be no corresponding line in any of the Quarto versions.

get access to a publication a year old than to one twenty or more years old. And with this conclusion so acceptable, it really seems supererogative to examine all the variants back and forward of the eight quartos, with the alternate restoring and correcting of old errors and making of new ones which went on in those thirty-seven years. All this, however, Mr. Daniel has done, even tabulating his results, and however we may value, we certainly cannot gainsay his minute and laborious devotion to the inquiry.

At lines Q. 2616, 2872 F., after Richard becomes king, Margaret in a soliloquy announces her intention to return to France, and her final exit is soon made. But Shakespeare adds to the other anachronisms of the play by causing her sensational reappearance among its leading characters in England. The effect is very striking, and to his departure from historical lines we are indebted for this interesting dramatic creation.

VIII.

STAGE HISTORY.

Burbage, who had been on the stage with Shakespeare, and who doubtless received from him the make-up of the character, played the leading part in *Richard the Third* in the presence of a generation of theatre-goers. From him descended the stage traditions relating to the Play. In his old age he instructed Betterton how to play Gloster, and so for at least a hundred and twenty years after Shakespeare's death *Richard III.* was played substantially as its author placed it upon the stage. In the first half of the eighteenth century, Colly Cibber changed, compiled, and "adapted" (as the phrase is) this Play for the stage as it then existed. Cibber's version of

the Play is that in which Garrick gathered his first laurels as a tragedian and which Kemble, Edmund and Charles Kean, Junius Brutus Booth, and Edwin Forest made familiar to the modern theatre. It held possession of the English and American stage until recent theatrical managers, and artists with more gorgeous tastes and greater financial resources, have given it a spectacular form, with ballet accompaniments and other meretricious effects. Colley Cibber's *Richard III.* is a strange medley. It contains a limited portion of the original play, scenes and passages transferred from other plays, some new and striking lines, and much rant and fustian by Cibber himself. There must have been a more than common vitality in Shakespeare's play to enable it, in this disguise, to keep for so many years possession of the theatres. The transposition of the scenes from other plays, and especially the interpolations, are a matter for surprise, and but for the depth of the tragic incidents would be ridiculous. The line, —

Off with his head ; so much for Buckingham ;

the line, —

Now by St. Paul the work goes bravely on ;

and the exclamation, —

Richard is himself again ;

are in Cibber, not in Shakespeare. The phrase "off with his head" is an order by Richard as to Hastings, Q. 1849, 2036 F., but nowhere as to Buckingham. The vulgarity of these interpolations is extreme and without redeeming grace to the critical student, however effective they may have been on the stage of the day for which they were interwritten.

IX.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE PLAY.

Dr. James Russell Lowell is quoted as saying: "That," in his opinion, "an examination of the *Richard III.* plainly indicates that it is a play which Shakespeare adapted to the stage, making additions, sometimes longer and sometimes shorter; and toward the end he either grew weary of his work, or was pressed for time, and left the older author, whoever he was, pretty much to himself." Dr. Lowell also remarks that he regards the dialogue between Gloster and Lady Anne as not wholly Shakespeare's, and that the procession of ghosts impresses him as "ludicrous and odd, rather than impressive." To differ with Dr. Lowell is to differ with high authority. But in literary criticism the best judgment must prevail, without regard to the eminence of its origin. It is my opinion that *Richard III.* has, as peculiarly and distinctively, all the features of Shakespeare's style — that is, as to the entire play, its construction, the responsive and spirited tone that animates its dialogue, its vast variety of dramatic characters, and its other qualities — as have *Lear* or *Macbeth*. It is not as great a play as either *Lear* or *Macbeth*, but it is as intensely Shakespearean in all its parts as any play bearing his name. The dialogue between Gloster and Anne has the striking peculiarities of all the other masterly dialogues in Shakespeare, including that between Brutus and Cassius, in *Julius Cæsar*, and that between Othello and Iago, where the malignant suspicions of Desdemona are instilled in the mind of the Moor. The scene between Gloster and Anne is an excited and bristling debate between impassioned minds — Richard excited by the passions

of lust and ambition; Anne excited by the passions of grief and hatred, but at last made a convert to the mingled cunning and magnetism of Gloster's appeals. The deep and sinister humor with which he woos the widow of the man whom he had murdered, and the detestable glee with which afterwards he soliloquized on his success, —

I that killed her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by —

could have originated only in the mind that conceived Iago, Timon, and Faulconridge the Bastard.

The objection brought by Dr. Lowell to the ghosts in the Play has also been taken by other scholars — not to the ghosts perhaps, but to the realistic methods by which they are made to appear in the play. Says Hazlitt: "The introduction of the ghost through the trap-doors of the stage should be altogether omitted. The speeches which they address to Richard might be delivered just as well from behind the scenes. These sort of exhibitions might have been very proper for a superstitious age, but in an age not superstitious they excite ridicule instead of terror." But these ghosts seem to me no more grotesque than the cluster of witches in *Macbeth*, or than Caliban, or than the ghost of Hamlet's father. The poetry of almost every age except our own deals with supernatural things. And the supernatural is fitly joined to that of which it is properly a part if it is derived from the instinct and thought of the age in which it was imagined or conceived. But, whatever may be said of the procession of the ghosts, nowhere else does the action of the Play droop or weaken. It sustains itself everywhere, and the catastrophe is approached with the directness and energy that mark the accomplishment of destiny.

In Shakespeare's play there is certainly no weaker dramatic work, and nothing derived from an older and nameless hand.¹

Another writer² of less general distinction than Dr. Lowell, but whose works are more exclusively devoted to Shakespearean subjects, expresses the opinion that this Play is of mixed or doubtful authorship; that, "metrically and æsthetically," it is unlike Shakespeare, and that "the grandly classical conception of Margaret, the Cassandra prophetess, the Helen-Ate of the House of Lancaster," is evidently that of Marlowe. This and similar theories are unsupported by either known facts or plausible arguments. The character of Queen Margaret cannot be correctly described as grandly classical. She is not like Cassandra. In Henry VI. she is greater and more depraved than in Richard III., — a woman soldier, inflamed with the smell of carnage, a "she wolf," as York well describes her: a mere voluble

¹ As a matter of striking interest, read here Hall's account of the closing scenes in the battle: "The Earl of Richmond perceived well the king furiously coming toward him, and, by cause the whole hope of his wealth and purpose was to be determined by battle, he gladly proffered to encounter with him body to body and man to man. King Richard set on so sharply at the first brunt that he overthrew the earl's standard and slew Sir William Brandon, his standard-bearer (which was father to Sir Charles Brandon, by King Henry the Eighth created Duke of Suffolk), and matched hand to hand with Sir John Cheinye, a man of great force and strength, which would have resisted him, and the said John was by him manfully overthrown, and so he making open passage by dint of sword as he went forward, the Earl of Richmond withstood his violence and kept him at the sword's point without advantage longer than his companions other thought or judged; which, being almost in despair of victory, were suddenly recomforted by Sir William Stanley, which came to succours with three thousand tall men, at which very instant King Richard's men were driven back and fled, and he himself, manfully fighting in the middle of his enemies, was slain and brought to his death as he worthily had deserved." That is to say, that but for the treacherous interposition of Stanley and his forces, breaking up the terrific duel, Richard would have been victor.

² F. G. Fleay.

virago, Frenchy and fantastic, with her mind unbalanced by a woman's disappointed ambition, with but two tender spots in her savage heart, — her illicit love for Suffolk and her affection for her son. There is nothing Cassandrian nor classical in her composition. The character is far from being one of a great excellence, or in any way comparable to Shakespeare's female characters of the greatest excellence. But if Margaret were a grand, classical, and Cassandra-like character, there would be no reason for attributing its creation to Marlowe, nor to anybody else, instead of Shakespeare. It is difficult to see by what process of reasoning or of dramatic interpretation these conclusions, and other similar conclusions, are justified. Marlowe was an inferior artist. His style is inflated and bombastical. He might have been the model on which Ancient Pistol was formed by Shakespeare. In the recognized works of Marlowe there is no character so great and masterful as are even the average of Shakespeare's characters. The modern critical school, that purports to have discovered in Marlowe element of greatness in dramatic production that Shakespeare did not possess, is a false school, straining for effect and not for truth, making a hobby its idol, not paying its devotions at a real and unquestionable shrine. The argument that attributes to Marlowe, or to some other inferior author, a Shakespearean character of the highest dramatic type, and which gives as a reason that, in the nature of things, somebody else besides Shakespeare must have originated the character, is as preposterous as it would be to declare that a diamond of the purest water and of superlative beauty could not have come from a mine prolific of such gems, but must have come from other sources of production, — from a vein of iron ore, or a coal bed, or a dung heap!

Little better can be said of the method of dramatic study which assumes, as relates to the *Richard III.*, for instance, that it could not have originated in all its parts with Shakespeare, but must have been based on some imaginary "previous play," and constructed by the aid of other hands. In this case, so far as the most careful and industrious research has extended, there was no early play from the plan and dramatic action of which Shakespeare could have constructed his play. In some other plays he worked on earlier and inferior models. But in this case we have a copy from the only known play of other authorship founded on a history of the Kings of the House of York. Certainly Shakespeare did not derive from that play the plan, nor a hint as to the characters, of his own drama of *Richard the Third!*

That seems to me a shallow and eccentric habit of thought which attempts to find a spurious authorship for the Shakespearean drama. It is significantly true that no one of the writers who dispute Shakespeare's authorship of all the works critically ascribed to his pen is credited with peculiar superiority in dramatic scholarship, or is regarded as high authority in anything in particular, or even as possessing a familiar knowledge of the stage: its traditions or the details of its attitude and uses. Surely a bank clerk is a better judge of genuine and counterfeit money than any man not an expert by study and experience. A stage expert, if he is intelligent, is beguiled by no vagrant fancies, if he has artistic instincts, if he is an acute and honest student of the great authors whose works he produces with scenic array, is a better judge than a mere amateur, or sciolist, or theorist, of the internal evidence by which dramatic or any other literary authorship is established.

But this line of argument, or any other line of

argument to sustain the claims of the great authors in any language to the paternity of their accredited works, seems to be a labor of supererogation, — a useless exercise of the mental faculties. It is difficult for a plain man — who takes facts for facts, and theories for what they are worth merely in the logic that supports them — to discover where these dreams and phantasms of disputed authorship arose, and why they are regarded as realities. It seems to me that to deny literary history, and to place in question the origin of the great works of human genius, is an offense akin to that which the law recognizes as of peculiar gravity — the spoliation of old title deeds, or the removal of ancient landmarks.

I take my history — literary history and the history of States alike — upon trust, believing the evidence of contemporary witnesses, the infinite chapter of probabilities, the absence of dissent at the time from any authentic source, and the universal judgment of mankind. The record as to Shakespeare was not assailed till two hundred and thirty-five years after his death. Then it had been closed. Every anti-Shakespearean hypothesis is more impossible, if there are degrees in impossibilities, than the accepted belief of centuries, that Shakespeare was the sole author of all the works that bear his name. And there I stand!

E. A. CALKINS.



WE, the undersigned, a Committee appointed by *The Shakespeare Society of New York* to confer and report upon a Notation for *The Bankside Edition* of the plays of William Shakspeare, hereby certify that the *Notation* of the present volume: of which five hundred copies only are printed, of which this copy is No. 87: is that resolved upon by us, and reported by us to, and adopted by, *The Shakespeare Society of New York*.

COMMITTEE { ALVEY A. ADEE, *Chairman*.
THOMAS R. PRICE.
WM. H. FLEMING.
APPLETON MORGAN.





THE TRAGEDY OF
King Richard the third.

Containing,
His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence :
the pittiefull murder of his innocent nephews :
his tyrannicall vsurpation : with the whole course
of his detested life, and most deserued death.

As it hath been lately Acted by the
Right honourable the Lord Chamber-
laine his seruants.



AT LONDON
Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wife,
dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the
Signe of the Angell.

1597.



THE TRAGEDY OF
RICHARD THE THIRD





1 1 *Enter Richard Duke of Glocester, solus.*

2 **N**ow is the winter of our discontent.
 3 Made glorious summer by this sonne of Yorke:
 4 And all the cloudes that lowrd vpon our house,
 5 In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.
 6 Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
 7 Our bruifed armes hung vp for monuments,
 8 Our sterne alarmes changd to merry meetings,
 9 Our dreadfull marches to delightfull measures.
 10 Grim-vifagde warre, hath smoothe his wrinkled front,
 11 And now in steed of mounting barbed steedes,
 12 To fright the soules of fearefull aduerfaries.
 13 He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
 14 To the lasciuious pleasing of a loue.
 15 But I that am not shapte for sportie trickes,
 16 Nor made to court an amorous looking glasse,
 17 I that am rudely stampd and want loues maiesty,
 18 To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph:
 19 I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
 20 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 21 Deformd, vnfinisht, sent before my time



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

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus. 1

Now is the Winter of our Discontent, 2
 Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke: 3
 And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our house 4
 In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried. 5
 Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes, 6
 Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments; 7
 Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings; 8
 Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures. 9
 Grim-visag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front: 10
 And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds, 11
 To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduerfaries, 12
 He capers nimble in a Ladies Chamber, 13
 To the lasciuious pleasing of a Lute. 14
 But I, that am not shap'd for sportiue trickes, 15
 Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse: 16
 I, that am Rudely stamp't, and want loues Maiesty, 17
 To strut before a wonton ambling Nymph: 18
 I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion, 19
 Cheated of Feature by dissembing Nature, 20
 Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time 21

- 22 Into this breathing world scarce halfe made vp,
 23 And that so lamely and vn-fashionable,
 24 That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
 25 Why I in this weake piping time of peace
 26 Haue no delight to passe away the time,
 27 Vnlesse to spie my shadow in the sunne,
 28 And descant on mine owne deformity:
 29 And therefore since I cannot prooue a louer
 30 30 To entertaine these faire well spoken daies.
 31 I am determin'd to prooue a villaine,
 32 And hate the idle pleasures of these daies:
 33 Plots haue I laid inductious dangerous,
 34 By drunken Prophecies, libels and dreames,
 35 To set my brother Clarence and the King
 36 In deadly hate the one against the other.
 37 And if King Edward be as true and iust,
 38 As I am subtil, false, and trecherous:
 39 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd vp,
 40 40 About a Prophecy which saies that G.
 41 Of Edwards heires the murtherers shall be.
 42 Diue thoughts downe to my foule, *Enter Clarence with*
 43 Heere Clarence comes, *a gard of men.*
 44 Brother, good dayes, what meanes this armed gard
 45 That waites vpon your grace?
 46 *Clar.* His Maiesty tendering my persons safety hath ap-
 47 pointed
 48 This conduct to conuay me to the tower.
 49 *Glo.* Vpon what cause?
 49 50 *Cl.* Because my name is George.
 51 *Glo.* Alacke my Lord that fault is none of yours,
 52 He should for that commit your Godfathers:
 53 O belike his Maiesty hath some intent
 54 That you shalbe new christened in the Tower.
 55 But vvhat's the matter Clarence may I know?
 56 *Cl.* Yea Richard when I know; for I protest
 57 As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,

Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp, 22
 And that so lamely and vnfashionable, 23
 That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them. 24
 Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace) 25
 Haue no delight to passe away the time, 26
 Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne, 27
 And descant on mine owne Deformity. 28
 And therefore, since I cannot proue a Louer, 29
 To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes, 30
 I am determined to proue a Villaine, 31
 And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes. 32
 Plots haue I laide, Inductions dangerous, 33
 By drunken Prophecies, Libels, and Dreames, 34
 To set my Brother *Clarence* and the King 35
 In deadly hate, the one against the other : 36
 And if King *Edward* be as true and iust, 37
 As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous, 38
 This day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd vp : 39
 About a Prophecie, which sayes that G, 40
 Of *Edwards* heyres the murtherer shall be. 41
 Diue thoughts downe to my foule, here *Clarence* comes. 42

Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury, guarded. 43

Brother, good day : What meanes this armed guard 44
 That waites vpon your Grace ? 45

Cl. His Maiesty tendring my persons safety, 46
 Hath appointed this Conduct, to conuey me to th'Tower 47

Rich. Vpon what cause ? 48

Cl. Because my name is *George*. 49

Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours : 50
 He should for that commit your Godfathers. 51

O belike, his Maiesty hath some intent, 52
 That you should be new Christ'ned in the Tower. 53
 But what's the matter *Clarence*, may I know ? 54

Cl. Yea *Richard*, when I know : but I protest 55
 As yet I do not : But as I can learne, 56

- 58 He harkens after Prophecies and dreames,
 59 And from the croffe-rowe pluckes the letter G:
 59 60 And faies a wifard told him that by G,
 61 His iffue difinherited fhould be.
 62 And for my name of George begins with G,
 63 It followes in his thought that I am he.
 64 Thefe as I learne and fuch like toies as thefe,
 65 Haue moued his highnes to commit me now.
 66 *Glo.* Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
 67 T is not the King that fendes you to the tower,
 68 My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis ſhe,
 69 That tempers him to this extremity,
 69 70 Was it not ſhe and that good man of worſhippe
 71 Anthony Wooduile her brother there,
 72 That made him fend Lord Haftings to the tower,
 73 From whence this preſent day he is deliuered?
 74 We are not ſafe Clarence, we are not ſafe.
 75 *Cl.* By heauen I thinke there is no man is ſecurde,
 76 But the Queenes kindred and night-walking Heralds,
 77 That trudge betwixt the King and Miſtreſſe Shore,
 78 Heard ye not what an humble ſuppliant
 79 Lord Haftings was to her for his deliury.
 79 80 *Glo.* Humbly complaining to her deity,
 81 Got my Lord Chamberlaine his liberty.
 82 Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way.
 83 If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
 84 To be her men and weare her liuery.
 85 The iealous oreworne widdow and her ſelfe,
 86 Since that our brother dubd them gentlewomen,
 87 Are mighty goſſips in this monarchy.
 88 *Bro.* I beſeech your Graces both to pardon me:
 89 His Maieſty hath ſtreightly giuen in charge,
 90 That no man ſhall haue priuate conference,
 90 91 Of what degree ſoeuer with his brother.
 92 *Glo.* Euen ſo and pleaſe your worſhip Brokenbury,
 93 You may pertake of any thing we ſay:

He hearkens after Prophefies and Dreames, 57
 And from the Croffe-row pluckes the letter G : 58
 And fayes, a Wizard told him, that by G, 59
 His iffue difinherited fhould be. 60

And for my name of *George* begins with G, 61
 It followes in his thought, that I am he. 62
 Thefe (as I learne) and fuch like toyes as thefe, 63
 Hath moou'd his Highneffe to commit me now. 64

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women : 65
 'Tis not the King that fendes you to the Tower, 66
 My Lady *Grey* his Wife, *Clarence* 'tis hee. 67
 That tempts him to this harfh Extremity. 68
 Was it not hee, and that good man of Worfhip, 69
Anthony Woodeulle her Brother there, 70
 That made him fend Lord *Hastings* to the Tower ? 71
 From whence this prefent day he is deliuered ? 72
 We are not fafe *Clarence*, we are not fafe. 73

Cla. By heauen, I thinke there is no man fecure 74
 But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking Heralds, 75
 That trudge betwixt the King, and Miftris *Shore*. 76
 Heard you not what an humble Suppliant 77
 Lord *Hastings* was, for her deliuey ? 78

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie, 79
 Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie. 80
 Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way, 81
 If we will keepe in fauour with the King, 82
 To be her men, and weare her Liuey. 83
 The iealous ore-worne Widdow, and her felfe, 84
 Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen, 85
 Are mighty Gofsips in our Monarchy. 86

Bra. I befeech your Graces both to pardon me, 87
 His Maiefty hath fraightly giuen in charge, 88
 That no man fhall haue priuate Conference 89
 (Of what degree foeuer) with your Brother. 90

Rich. Euen fo, and pleafe your Worfhip *Brakenbury*, 91
 You may partake of any thing we fay : 92

94 We ſpeake no treafon man, we ſay the King
 95 Is wiſe and vertuous, and his noble Queene
 96 Well ſtroke in yeres, faire and not iealous.
 97 We ſay that Shores wife hath a pretty foote,
 98 A cherry lippe, a bonny eie, a paſſing pleaſing tongue:
 99 And that the Queenes kindred are made gentlefolks.
 99 100 How ſay you fir, can you deny all this?
 101 *Bro.* With this (my Lord) my ſelfe haue nought to do.

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

105 *Bro.* I beſeech your Grace to pardon me, and withal for-
 106 Your conference with the noble Duke. (beare
 107 *Cl.* We know thy charge Brokenbury and will obey,
 108 *Glo.* We are the Queenes abieſts and muſt obey.
 109 Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
 113 110 And whatſoeuer you will imploy me in,
 111 Were it to call King Edwards widdow ſiſter,
 112 I will performe it to enfranchiſe you,
 113 Meane time this deepe diſgrace in brotherhood,
 114 Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
 115 *Cl.* I know it pleaſeth neither of vs well:
 116 *Glo.* Well, your imprifonment ſhall not be long,
 117 I will deliuer you or lie for you,
 118 Meane time haue patience.
 119 *Cl.* I muſt perforce; farewell. *Exit Clar.*
 120 *Glo.* Go treade the path that thou ſhalt nere returne,
 121 Simple plaine Clarence I doe loue thee ſo,
 122 That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoule to heauen,
 123 If heauen will take the preſent at our hands:
 127 124 But who comes here the new deliuered haſtings?

We speake no Treafon man ; We fay the King	93
Is wife and vertuous, and his Noble Queene	94
Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not iealious.	95
We fay, that <i>Shores</i> Wife hath a pretty Foot,	96
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a pafing pleafing tongue :	97
And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes.	98
How fay you fir? can you deny all this?	99
<i>Bra.</i> With this (my Lord) my felfe haue nought to doo.	100 101
<i>Rich.</i> Naught to do with Miftris <i>Shore</i> ?	102
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her	103
(Excepting one) were beft to do it fecretly alone.	104
<i>Bra.</i> What one, my Lord?	105
<i>Rich.</i> Her Husband Knaue, would'ft thou betray me?	106
<i>Bra.</i> I do befeech your Grace	107
To pardon me, and withall forbear	108
Your Conferenee with the Noble Duke.	109
<i>Cl.</i> We know thy charge <i>Brakenbury</i> , and wil obey.	110
<i>Rich.</i> We are the Queenes abieets, and muft obey.	111
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,	112
And whatfoe're you will employ me in,	113
Were it to call King <i>Edwards</i> Widdow, Sifter,	114
I will performe it to infranchife you.	115
Meane time, this deepe difgrace in Brotherhood,	116
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.	117
<i>Cl.</i> I know it pleafeth neither of vs well.	118
<i>Rich.</i> Well, your imprifonment fhall not be long,	119
I will deliuer you, or elfe lye for you :	120
Meane time, haue patience.	121
<i>Cl.</i> I muft perforce : Farewell. <i>Exit Clar.</i>	122
<i>Rich.</i> Go treade the path that thou fhalt ne're return:	123
Simple plaine <i>Clarence</i> , I do loue thee fo,	124
That I will fhortly fend thy Soule to Heauen,	125
If Heauen will take the prefent at our hands.	126
But who comes heere? the new deliuered <i>Hastings</i> ?	127

125

*Enter Lord Hastings.*126 *Hast.* Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord:127 *Glo.* As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:128 Well are you welcome to the open aire,

129 How hath your Lordship brookt imprifonment?

130 *Hast.* With patience (noble Lord) as prifoners muft:

131 But I fhall liue my Lord to giue them thanks

132 That were the caufe of my imprifonment.

133 *Glo.* No doubt, no doubt, and fo fhall Clarence too,

134 For they that were your enemies are his,

138 135 And haue preuaild as much on him as you.

136 *Hast.* More pittie that the Eagle should be mewed,

137 While keihts and buffards prey at liberty.

138 *Glo.* What newes abroad?139 *Hast.* No newes fo bad abroad as this at home:

140 The King is fickly, weake and melancholy,

141 And his Phifitions feare him mightily,

142 *Glo.* Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeede,

143 Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,

144 And ouermuch confumed his royall perfon,

148 145 Tis very grieuous to be thought vpon:

146 What is he in his bed?147 *Hast.* He is.148 *Glo.* Go you before and I will follow you. *Exit Haf*

149 He cannot liue I hope, and muft not die,

150 Till George be packt with poft horfe vp to heauen.

151 Ile in to vrge his hatred more to Clarence,

152 With lies well steeld with weighty arguments,

153 And if I faile not in my deepe intent,

158 154 Clarence hath not an other day to liue

155 Which done, God take King Edward to his merc

156 And leaue the world for me to buffell in,

157 For then Ile marry Warwicks yongest daughter :

158 What though I kild her husband and her father,

Enter Lord Hastings.

128

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord. 129

Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine : 130

Well are you welcome to this open Ayre, 131

How hath your Lordship brook'd imprifonment ? 132

Hast. With patience (Noble Lord) as prifoners muft: 133

But I fhall liue (my Lord) to giue them thankes 134

That were the caufe of my imprifonment. 135

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and fo fhall *Clarence* too, 136

For they that were your Enemies, are his, 137

And haue preuail'd as much on him, as you, 138

Hast. More pittie, that the Eagles fhould be mew'd, 139

Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty. 140

Rich. What newes abroad ? 141

Hast. No newes fo bad abroad, as this at home : 142

The King is fickly, weake, and melancholly, 143

And his Phyfitians feare him mightily. 144

Rich. Now by S.Iohn, that Newes is bad indeed. 145

O he hath kept an euill Diet long, 146

And ouer-much confum'd his Royall Perfon: 147

'Tis very greuous to be thought vpon. 148

Where is he, in his bed ? 149

Hast. He is. 150

Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you. 151

Exit Hastings. 152

He cannot liue I hope, and muft not dye, 153

Till *George* be pack'd with poft-horfe vp to Heauen. 154

Ile in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*, 155

With Lyes well steel'd with weighty Arguments, 156

And if I faile not in my deepe intent, 157

Clarence hath not another day to liue : 158

Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy, 159

And leaue the world for me to bufle in. 160

For then, Ile marry Warwicks yongeft daughter. 161

What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father, 162

159 The readiest way to make the wench amends,
 160 Is to become her husband and her father :
 161 The which will I, not all so much for loue,
 162 As for another secret close intent.
 163 By marrying her which I must reach vnto.
 164 But yet I run before my horse to market :
 165 Clarence still breathes, Edward still liues and raignes,
 170 166 When they are gone then must I count my gaines. *Exit.*

167 *Enter Lady Anne with the hearse of Harry the 6.*

168 *Lady An.* Set downe set downe your honourable ^{loved}
 169 If honor may be shrowded in a hearse,
 170 Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
 171 The vntimely fall of vertuous Lancafter:
 172 Poore kei-cold figure of a holy King,
 173 Pale ashes of the house of Lancafter,
 174 Thou bloudlesse remnant of that royall bloud,
 175 Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy ghost,
 176 To heare the lamentations of poore Anne,
 177 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered sonne,
 178 Stabd by the selfefame hands that made these holes,
 179 Lo in those windowes that let forth thy life,
 185 180 I powre the helpelesse balme of my poore eies,
 181 Curst be the hand that made these fatall holes,
 182 Curst be the heart that had the heart to doe it.
 183 More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
 184 That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
 185 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toades,
 186 Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.

The readiest way to make the Wench amends,	163
Is to become her Husband, and her Father :	164
The which will I, not all so much for loue,	165
As for another secret close intent,	166
By marrying her, which I must reach vnto.	167
But yet I run before my horse to Market :	168
<i>Clarence</i> still breathes, <i>Edward</i> still liues and raignes,	169
When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. <i>Exit</i>	170

Scena Secunda.

<i>Enter the Coarse of Henrie the sixt with Halberds to guard it,</i>	171
<i>Lady Anne being the Mourner.</i>	172

<i>Anne.</i> Set downe, set downe your honourable load,	173
If Honor may be shrowded in a Herse ;	174
Whil't I a-while obsequiously lament	175
Th'vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancafter.	176
Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King,	177
Pale Ashes of the House of Lancafter ;	178
Thou bloodlesse Remnant of that Royall Blood,	179
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghost,	180
To heare the Lamentations of poore <i>Anne</i> ,	181
Wife to thy <i>Edward</i> , to thy slaughtred Sonne,	182
Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds,	183
Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life,	184
I powre the helpelesse Balme of my poore eyes.	185
O curfed be the hand that made these holes :	186
Curfed the Heart, that had the heart to do it :	187
Curfed the Blood, that let this blood from hence :	188
More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch	189
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,	190
Then I can wish to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades,	191
Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.	192

187 If euer he haue child abortiue be it,
 188 Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:
 189 Whofe vgly and vnnaturall aspect,
 190 May fright the hopefull mother at the view.

191 If euer he haue wife, let her be made
 192 As miserable by the death of him,
 193 As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
 194 Come now towards Chertfey with your holy load,
 195 Taken from Paules to be interred there:
 196 And still as you are weary of the waight,
 197 Rest you whiles I lament King Henries corfe.

198 *Enter Gloucester.*

199 *Glo.* Stay you that beare the corfe and fet it downe.
 200 *La.* What blacke magitian coniures vp this fiend,
 201 To stop deuoted charitable deedes,
 202 *Glo.* Villaine fet downe the corfe, or by S. Paule,
 203 Ile make a corfe of him that difobeies.
 204 *Gent.* My Lord, stand backe and let the coffin passe.
 205 *Glo.* Vnmanerd dog, stand thou when I command,
 206 Aduance thy halbert higher than my brest,
 207 Or by Saint Paul Ile strike thee to my foote.
 208 And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.
 209 *La.* What doe you tremble, are you all afraid?
 210 Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortall,
 211 And mortall eies cannot endure the diuell.
 212 Auaunt thou dreadfull minister of hell,
 213 Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall body,
 214 His foule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.
 215 *Glo.* Sweete Saint, for Charity be not so curst.
 216 *La.* Foule Diuell, for Gods sake hence & trouble vs not,
 217 For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell:

If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it, 193
 Prodigious, and vntimely brought to light, 194
 Whose vgly and vnnaturall Aspect 195
 May fright the hopefull Mother at the view, 196
 And that be Heyre to his vnhappineffe. 197
 If euer he haue Wife, let her be made 198
 More miserable by the death of him, 199
 Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee. 200
 Come now towards Chertfey with your holy Lode, 201
 Taken from Paules, to be interred there. 202
 And still as you are weary of this waight, 203
 Rest you, whiles I lament King *Henries* Coarfe. 204

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster. 205

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarfe, & set it down. 206
An. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this Fiend, 207
 To stop deuoted charitable deeds? 208
Rich. Villaines set downe the Coarfe, or by S. Paul, 209
 Ile make a Coarfe of him that disobeyes. 210
Gen. My Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe. 211
Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge, 212
 Stand'ft thou when I commaund : 213
 Aduance thy Halbert higher then my brest, 214
 Or by S. Paul Ile strike thee to my Foote, 215
 And spurne vpon thee Begger for thy boldneffe. 216
Anne. What do you tremble? are you all affraid? 217
 Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall, 218
 And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell. 219
 Auant thou dreadfull minister of Hell ; 220
 Thou had'ft but power ouer his Mortall body, 221
 His Soule thou canst not haue: Therefore be gone. 222
Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst. 223
An. Foule Diuell, 224
 For Gods sake hence, and trouble vs not, 225
 For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell : 226

- 218 Fild it with curfing cries and deepe exclames.
 219 If thou delight to view thy hainous deedes,
 220 Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
 221 Oh gentlemen fee, fee dead Henries woundes,
 222 Open their congeald mouthes and bleede a frefh.
 223 Blufh blufh thou lumpe of foule deformity,
 224 For tis thy prefence that exhales this bloud,
 225 From cold and empty veines where no bloud dwells.
 226 Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
 227 Prouokes this deluge moft vnnaturall.
 228 Oh God which this bloud madest, reuenge his death,
 229 Oh earth which this bloud drinkft, reuenge his death:
 230 Either heauen with lightning ftrike the murtherer dead,
 231 Or earth gape open wide and eate him quicke.
 232 As thou doeft fwallow vp this good Kings bloud,
 233 Which his hell-gouernd arme hath butchered.
 234 *Glo.* Lady you know no rules of charity,
 235 Which renders good for bad, blefsings for curfes.
 236 *Lady* Villaine thou knoweft no law of God nor man:
 237 No beaft fo fierce but knowes fome touch of pittie.
 238 *Glo.* But I know none, and therefore am no beaft.
 239 *Lady* Oh wonderfull when Diuels tell the troth,
 240 *Glo.* More wonderfull when Angels are fo angy
 241 Voutfate deuine perfection of a woman,
 242 Of thefe fupposed euils to giue me leaue,
 243 By circumftance but to acquite my felfe.
 244 *La.* Vouchfate defused infection of a man,
 245 For thefe knowne euils but to giue me leaue,
 246 By circumftance to curfe thy curfed felfe.
 247 *Glo.* Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
 248 Some patient leifure to excufe my felfe.
 249 *La.* Fouler then heart can thinke thee thou canft make
 250 No excufe currant but to hang thy felfe.

 251 *Glo.* By fuch defpaire I fhould accufe my felfe.
 252 *Lad.* And by defpairing fhouldft thou ftand excufde,

Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deepe exclames :	227
If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,	228
Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries.	229
Oh Gentlemen, see, see dead <i>Henries</i> wounds,	230
Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afresh.	231
Blush, blush, thou lump of fowle Deformitie :	232
For 'tis thy prefence that exhales this blood	233
From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels.	234
Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnaturall,	235
Prouokes this Deluge most vnnaturall.	236
O God! which this Blood mad'ft, reuenge his death :	237
O Earth! which this Blood drink'ft, reuenge his death.	238
Either Heau'n with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead :	239
Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,	240
As thou dost swallow vp this good Kings blood,	241
Which his Hell-gouern'd arme hath butchered,	242
<i>Rich.</i> Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,	243
Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curfes.	244
<i>An.</i> Villaine, thou know'ft nor law of God nor Man,	245
No Beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie.	246
<i>Rich.</i> But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.	247
<i>An.</i> O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth !	248
<i>Rich.</i> More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry :	249
Vouchsafe (diuine perfection of a Woman)	250
Of these supposed Crimes, to giue me leaue	251
By circumstance, but to acquit my selfe.	252
<i>An.</i> Vouchsafe (defus'd infection of man)	253
Of these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue	254
By circumstance, to curse thy curfed Selfe.	255
<i>Rich.</i> Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue	256
Some patient leysure to excuse my selfe.	257
<i>An.</i> Fouler then heart can thinke thee,	258
Thou can'ft make no excuse currant,	259
But to hang thy selfe.	260
<i>Rich.</i> By such dispaire, I should accuse my selfe.	261
<i>An.</i> And by dispairing shalt thou stand excused,	262

- 253 For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
 254 Which didst vnworthy slaughter vpon others.
 255 *Glo.* Say that I flew them not.
 256 *La.* Why then they are not dead,
 257 But dead they are, and diuelish flaue by thee.
 268 258 *Glo.* I did not kill your husband.
 259 *La.* Why then he is aliue.
 260 *Glo.* Nay, he is dead, and flaine by Edwards hand.
 261 *La.* In thy foule throat thou liest, Queene Margaret saw

 262 Thy bloody faulchion smoking in his blood,
 263 The which thou once didst bend against her brest,
 264 But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
 265 *Glo.* I was prouoked by her slanderous tongue,
 266 Which laid their guilt vpon my guiltlesse shoulders.
 267 *La.* Thou wast prouoked by thy bloody minde,
 268 Which neuer dreamt on ought but butcheries,
 269 Didst thou not kill this King. *Glo.* I grant yea.

 282 270 *La.* Doeft grant me hedghogge then god grant me too

 271 Thou maiest be damnd for that wicked deede,
 272 Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
 273 *Glo.* The fitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.
 274 *La.* He is in heauen where thou shalt neuer come,
 275 *Glo.* Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,

 276 For he was fitter for that place then earth.
 277 *La.* And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
 278 *Glo.* Yes one place els if you will heare me name it.
 279 *La.* Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bedchamber.

 295 280 *La.* Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.
 281 *Glo.* So will it Madame till I lie with you.
 282 *La.* I hope so.
 283 *Glo.* I know so, but gentle Lady Anne,

For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe,	263
That did'st vnworthy slaughter vpon others.	264
<i>Rich.</i> Say that I slew them not.	265
<i>An.</i> Then say they were not slaine :	266
But dead they are, and diuellish flauē by thee.	267
<i>Rich.</i> I did not kill your Husband.	268
<i>An.</i> Why then he is aliue.	269
<i>Rich.</i> Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hands.	270
<i>An.</i> In thy foule throat thou Ly'ft,	271
Queene <i>Margaret</i> saw	272
Thy murd'rous Faulchion smoaking in his blood :	273
The which, thou once didd'st bend against her brest,	274
But that thy Brothers beate aside the point.	275
<i>Rich.</i> I was prouoked by her fland'rous tongue,	276
That laid their guilt, vpon my guiltlesse Shoulders.	277
<i>An.</i> Thou was't prouoked by thy bloody minde,	278
That neuer dream'ft on ought but Butcheries:	279
Did'st thou not kill this King?	280
<i>Rich.</i> I graunt ye.	281
<i>An.</i> Do'st grant me Hedge-hogge,	282
Then God graunt me too	283
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deede,	284
O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.	285
<i>Rich.</i> The better for the King of heauen that hath him.	286
<i>An.</i> He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.	287
<i>Rich.</i> Let him thanke me, that holpe to send him thi-	288
ther :	289
For he was fitter for that place then earth.	290
<i>An.</i> And thou vnfit for any place, but hell.	291
<i>Rich.</i> Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.	292
<i>An.</i> Some dungeon.	293
<i>Rich.</i> Your Bed-chamber.	294
<i>An.</i> Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lye'st.	295
<i>Rich.</i> So will it Madam, till I lye with you.	296
<i>An.</i> I hope so.	297
<i>Rich.</i> I know so. But gentle Lady <i>Anne</i> ,	298

- 284 To leaue this keen incounter of our wits,
 285 And fall fomewhat into a flower methode:
 286 Is not the causer of the timeles deaths,
 287 Of these Plantagenets Henry and Edward,
 288 As blamefull as the executioner.
 289 *La.* Thou art the cause and most accurst effect.
 290 *Glo.* Your beauty was the cause of that effect,
 291 Your beauty which did haunt me in my sleepe:
 292 To vndertake the death of all the world
 293 So I might rest one houre in your sweete bosome.
 294 *La.* If I thought that I tell thee homicide,
 295 These nailes should rend that beauty from my cheekes.
 311 296 *Glo.* These eies could neuer indure sweet beauties wrack,
 297 You should not blemish them if I stood by:
 298 As all the world is cheered by the sonne,
 299 So I by that, it is my day, my life.
 300 *La.* Blacke night ouershade thy day, and death thy life.
 301 *Glo.* Curfe not thy felse faire creature, thou art both.

 302 *La.* I would I were to be reuenged on thee.
 303 *Glo.* It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
 304 To be reuengd on him that loueth you.
 305 *La.* It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
 322 306 To be reuengd on him that slew my husband.
 307 *Glo.* He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
 308 Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.
 309 *La.* His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
 310 *Glo.* Go to, he liues that loues you better then he could.
 311 *La.* Name him. *Glo.* Plantagenet.

 312 *La.* Why that was hee.
 313 *Glo.* The selfesame name but one of better nature.
 314 *La.* Where is he. *Shee spitteth at him.*
 315 *Glo.* Heere,
 316 Why doest thou spitte at me.
 317 *La.* Would it were mortall poison for thy fake.

To leaue this keene encounter of our wittes,	299
And fall something into a slower method.	300
Is not the causer of the timeleffe deaths	301
Of these <i>Plantagenets</i> , <i>Henrie</i> and <i>Edward</i> ,	302
As blamefull as the Executioner.	303
<i>An.</i> Thou was't the cause, and most accurst effect.	304
<i>Rich.</i> Your beauty was the cause of that effect :	305
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleepe,	306
To vndertake the death of all the world,	307
So I might liue one houre in your sweet bosome.	308
<i>An.</i> If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,	309
These Nailes should rent that beauty from my Cheekes.	310
<i>Rich.</i> These eyes could not endure y ^e beauties wrack,	311
You should not blemish it, if I stood by ;	312
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,	313
So I by that : It is my day, my life.	314
<i>An.</i> Blacke night ore-shade thy day, & death thy life.	315
<i>Rich.</i> Curse not thy selfe faire Creature,	316
Thou art both.	317
<i>An.</i> I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee.	318
<i>Rich.</i> It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,	319
To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee.	320
<i>An.</i> It is a quarrell iust and reafonable,	321
To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.	322
<i>Rich.</i> He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,	323
Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.	324
<i>An.</i> His better doth not breath vpon the earth.	325
<i>Rich.</i> He liues, that loues thee better then he could.	326
<i>An.</i> Name him.	327
<i>Rich.</i> <i>Plantagenet</i> .	328
<i>An.</i> Why that was he.	329
<i>Rich.</i> The selfefame name, but one of better Nature.	330
<i>An.</i> Where is he ?	331
<i>Rich.</i> Heere :	<i>Spits at him.</i> 332
Why dost thou spit at me.	333
<i>An.</i> Would it were mortall poyson, for thy sake.	334

318 *Glo.* Neuer came poifon from fo fweete a place.
 319 *La.* Neuer hung poifon on a fouler toade,
 337 320 Out of my fight thou doeft infect my eies.
 321 *Glo.* Thine eies fweete Lady haue infected mine.
 322 *La.* Would they were bafiliskes to ftrike thee dead.
 323 *Glo.* I would they were that I might die at once,
 324 For now they kill me with a liuing death:
 325 Those eies of thine from mine haue drawn falt teares,
 326 Shamd their aspect with ftore of childifh drops:

327 I neuer fued to friend nor enemy,
 328 My tongue could neuer learne fweete foothing words:
 329 But now thy beauty is propofde my fee:
 330 My proud heart fues and prompts my tongue to fpeake,

331 Teach not thy lips fuch fcorne, for they were made
 332 For kifling Lady not for fuch contempt.
 333 If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
 364 334 Lo here I lend thee this fharp pointed fword:
 335 Which if thou pleafe to hide in this true bofome,
 336 And let the foule forth that adoreth thee:
 337 I laie it naked to the deadly ftroke,
 338 And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.

339 Nay, doe not pawfe, twas I that kild your husband,

<i>Rich.</i> Neuer came poyſon from ſo ſweet a place.	335
<i>An.</i> Neuer hung poyſon on a fowler Toade.	336
Out of my fight, thou doſt infect mine eyes.	337
<i>Rich.</i> Thine eyes (ſweet Lady) haue infected mine.	338
<i>An.</i> Would they were Baſiliskes, to ſtrike thee dead.	339
<i>Rich.</i> I would they were, that I might dye at once :	340
For now they kill me with a liuing death.	341
Thoſe eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne ſalt Teares ;	342
Sham'd their Aſpects with ſtore of childiſh drops :	343
Theſe eyes, which neuer ſhed remorſefull teare,	344
No, when my Father Yorke, and <i>Edward</i> wept,	345
To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made	346
When black-fac'd <i>Clifford</i> ſhooke his ſword at him.	347
Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe,	348
Told the ſad ſtorie of my Fathers death,	349
And twenty times, made pauſe to ſob and weepe:	350
That all the ſtanders by had wet their cheekes	351
Like Trees bedafh'd with raine. In that ſad time,	352
My manly eyes did ſcorne an humble teare :	353
And what theſe ſorrowes could not thence exhale,	354
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.	355
I neuer ſued to Friend, nor Enemy :	356
My Tongue could neuer learne ſweet ſmoothing word.	357
But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,	358
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeake.	359
<i>She lookes ſcornfully at him.</i>	360
Teach not thy lip ſuch Scorne ; for it was made	361
For kiſſing Lady, not for ſuch contempt.	362
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,	363
Loe heere I lend thee this ſharpe-pointed Sword,	364
Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this true breaſt,	365
And let the Soule forth that adoreth thee,	366
I lay it naked to the deadly ſtroke,	367
And humbly begge the death vpon my knee.	368
<i>He layes his breaſt open, ſhe offers at with his ſword.</i>	369
Nay do not pauſe : For I did kill King <i>Henrie</i> ,	370

- 340 But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:
 341 Nay now dispatch twas I that kild King Henry:
 342 But twas thy heavenly face that set me on: *Here she lets fall.*
- 343 Take vp the sword againe or take vp me. *the sword.*
 344 *La.* Arife diffembler, though I wifh thy death,
 345 I will not be the executioner.
 346 *Glo.* Then bid me kill my felfe, and I will doe it.
 347 *La.* I haue already.
 348 *Glo.* Tush that was in thy rage:
 349 Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
 382 350 That hand which for thy loue did kill thy loue,
 351 Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue:
 352 To both their deaths fhalt thou be acceffary.
 353 *La.* I would I knew thy heart.
 354 *Glo.* Tis figured in my tongue.
 355 *La.* I feare me both are falfe.
 356 *Glo.* Then neuer was man true.
 357 *La.* Well, well, put vp your sword
 358 *Glo.* Say then my peace is made.
 359 *La.* That fhall you know hereafter.
 360 *Glo.* But fhall I liue in hope.
 393 361 *La.* All men I hope liue fo.
 362 *Glo.* Voutfate to weare this ring.
 363 *La.* To take is not to giue.
 364 *Glo.* Looke how this ring incompaffeth thy finger,
 365 Euen fo thy breaft inclofeth my poore heart.
 366 Weare both of them for both of them are thine,
 367 And if thy poore deuoted fuppliant may
 368 But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
 369 Thou doeft confirme his happines for euer. *La.* What is it?
- 370 *Glo.* That it would pleafe thee leaue thefe fad defignes,
 403 371 To him that hath more caufe to be a mourner,
 372 And prefently repaire to Crosbie place,
 373 Where after I haue folemnly interred

But 'twas thy Beauty that prouoked me.	371
Nay now dispatch : 'Twas I that stabb'd yong <i>Edward</i> ,	372
But 'twas thy Heauenly face that fet me on.	373
<i>She fals the Sword.</i>	374
Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.	375
<i>An.</i> Arife Diffembler, though I with thy death,	376
I will not be thy Executioner.	377
<i>Rich.</i> Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it.	378
<i>An.</i> I haue already.	379
<i>Rich.</i> That was in thy rage :	380
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,	381
This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thy Loue,	382
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer Loue,	383
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.	384
<i>An.</i> I would I knew thy heart.	385
<i>Rich.</i> 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.	386
<i>An.</i> I feare me, both are false.	387
<i>Rich.</i> Then neuer Man was true.	388
<i>An.</i> Well, well, put vp your Sword.	389
<i>Rich.</i> Say then my Peace is made.	390
<i>An.</i> That shalt thou know heereafter.	391
<i>Rich.</i> But shall I liue in hope.	392
<i>An.</i> All men I hope liue so.	393
Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.	394
<i>Rich.</i> Looke how my Ring incompaffeth thy Finger,	395
Euen so thy Breft inclofeth my poore heart :	396
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.	397
And if thy poore deuoted Seruant may	398
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,	399
Thou dost confirme his happineffe for euer.	400
<i>An.</i> What is it ?	401
<i>Rich.</i> That it may please you leaue these sad designs,	402
To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,	403
And presently repayre to Crosbie House :	404
Where (after I haue solemnly interr'd	405

- 374 At Chertſie monaſtery this noble King,
 375 And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
 376 I will with all expedient dutie fee you:
 377 For diuers vnknowne reaſons, I beſeech you
 378 Grant me this boone.
 379 *La.* With all my heart, and much it ioies me too,
 412 380 To ſee you are become ſo penitent:
 381 Trefſill and Barkley go along with me.
 382 *Glo.* Bid me farewell
 383 *La.* Tis more then you deſeure:
 384 But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
 385 Imagine I haue ſaid farewell already *Exit.*

 386 *Glo.* Sirs take vp the corſe.
 387 *Ser.* Towards Chertſie noble Lord.
 388 *Glo.* No, to white Friers there attend my comming.

 389 Was euer woman in this humor woed, *Exeunt. manet Gl.*
 423 390 Was euer woman in this humor wonne:
 391 Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
 392 What I that kild her husband and his father,
 393 To take her in her hearts extreameſt hate:
 394 With curſes in her mouth, teares in her eies,
 395 The bleeding witneſſe of her hatred by,
 396 Hauing God, her conſcience, and theſe bars againſt me:
 397 And I nothing to backe my ſuite at all,
 398 But the plaine Diuell and diſſembling lookes,
 423 399 And yet to win her all the world to nothing. Hah

 400 Hath ſhe forgot already that braue Prince
 401 Edward, her Lord whom I ſome three months ſince,
 402 Stabd in my angry moode at Tewxbery,
 403 A ſweeter and a louelier gentleman,
 404 Framd in the prodigality of nature:
 405 Young, valiant, wiſe, and no doubt right royall,
 406 The ſpacious world cannot againe afford :

At Chertsey Monast'ry this Noble King, 406
 And wet his Graue with my Repentant Teares) 407
 I will with all expedient duty see you, 408
 For diuers vnknowne Reafons, I befeech you, 409
 Grant me this Boon. 410

An. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too, 411
 To see you are become so penitent. 412

Tressel and Barkley, go along with me. 413

Rich. Bid me farewell. 414

An. 'Tis more then you deferue : 415
 But since you teach me how to flatter you, 416
 Imagine I haue faide farewell already. 417

Exit two with Anne. 418

Gent. Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord ? 419

Rich. No : to White Friars, there attend my comming 420

Exit Coarse 421

Was euer woman in this humour woo'd ? 422

Was euer woman in this humour wonne ? 423

Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long. 424

What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father, 425

To take her in her hearts extreamest hate, 426

With curses in her mouth, Teares in her eyes, 427

The bleeding witnesse of my hatred by, 428

Hauing God, her Conscience, and these bars against me, 429

And I, no Friends to backe my suite withall, 430

But the plaine Diuell, and diffembling lookes ? 431

And yet to winne her ? All the world to nothing. 432

Hah ! 433

Hath she forgot alreadie that braue Prince, 434

Edward, her Lord, whom I (some three monthes since) 435

Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury ? 436

A sweeter, and a louelier Gentleman, 437

Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature : 438

Yong, Valiant, Wife, and (no doubt)right Royal, 439

The spacious World cannot againe afford : 440

407 And will she yet debase her eyes on me
 408 That cropt the golden prime of this sweete Prince,
 443 409 And made her widdowto a wofull bed,
 410 On me whose all not equals Edwards moity,
 411 On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus.
 412 My Dukedome to a beggerly denier.
 413 I doe mistake my perfon all this while,
 414 Vpon my life she findes, although I cannot
 415 My selfe, to be a merueilous proper man.
 416 Ile be at charges for a looking glasse,
 417 And entertaine some score or two of taylers,
 418 To study fashions to adorne my body,
 419 Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
 454 420 I will maintaine it with some little cost:
 421 But first Ile turne yon fellow in his graue,
 422 And then returne lamenting to my loue.
 423 Shine out faire funne till I haue bought a glasse,
 424 That I may see my shadow as I passe. *Exit.*

425 *Enter Queene, Lord Riuers, Gray.*

426 *Ri* Haue patience Madame, theres no doubt his Maie-
 427 Will soone recouer his accustomed health. (ste
 428 *Gray* In that you brooke it, ill it makes him worfe,
 429 Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
 430 And cheere his grace quick and mery words,
 431 *Qu.* If he were dead what would betide of me.

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

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

470 434 *Gr.* The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne,
 435 To be your comforter when he is gone.

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,	441
That cropt the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,	442
And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed ?	443
On me, whose All not equals <i>Edwards</i> Moytie ?	444
On me, that halts, and am mishapen thus ?	445
My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier !	446
I do mistake my person all this while :	447
Vpon my life she findes (although I cannot)	448
My selfe to be a maru'llous proper man.	449
Ile be at Charges for a Looking-glasse,	450
And entertaine a score or two of Taylors,	451
To study fashions to adorne my body :	452
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,	453
I will maintaine it with some little coft.	454
But first Ile turne yon Fellow in his Graue,	455
And then returne lamenting to my Loue.	456
Shine out faire Sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,	457
That I may see my Shadow as I passe.	<i>exit.</i> 458

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Rivers,
and Lord Gray. 459
460

Riv. Haue patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Maiefty 461
Will soone recouer his accustom'd health. 462

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worfe, 463
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort, 464
And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes 465

Qu. If he were dead, what would betide on me ? 466
If he were dead, what would betide on me ? 467

Gray. No other harme, but losse of such a Lord. 468

Qu. The losse of such a Lord, includes all harmes. 469

Gray. The Heauens haue blest you with a goodly Son, 470
To be your Comforter, when he is gone. 471

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

442 *Gr.* Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.

443 *Buck.* Good time of day vnto your royall grace.

444 *Dar.* God make your Maiesty ioyfull as you haue been.

445 *Qu.* The Countesse Richmond good my Lo: of Darby.

446 To your good praiers will scarcely say, Amen:

484 447 Yet Darby notwithstanding, shees your wife,

448 And loues not me, be you good Lo. affurde

449 I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

450 *Dar.* I doe beseech you either not beleuee

451 The enuious flanders of her false accusers,

452 Or if she be accusde in true report,

453 Beare with her weakenes which I thinke proceedes

454 From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.

492 455 *Ry.* Saw you the King to day, my Lo: of Darby?

456 *Dar.* But now the Duke of Buckingham and I

457 Came from visiting his Maiesty.

458 *Qu.* With likelihood of his amendment Lords?

459 *Buc.* Madame good hope, his Grace speakes cheerfully.

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

461 *Buc.* Madame we did: He desires to make attonement

462 Betwixt the Duke of Glocester and your brothers,

463 And betwixt them and my Lord chamberlaine,

464 And sent to warne them to his royall presence.

465 *Qu.* Would all were well, but that will neuer be.

466 I feare our happines is at the highest. (*Enter Glocester*)

Qu. Ah! he is yong; and his minority 472
 Is put vnto the trust of *Richard Glouster*, 473
 A man that loues not me, nor none of you. 474
Riu. Is it concluded he shall be Protector? 475
Qu. It is determin'd, not concluded yet: 476
 But so it must be, if the King miscarry. 477

Enter Buckingham and Derby. 478

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby. 479
Buc. Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace. 480
Der. God make your Maiefty ioyful, as you haue bin 481
Qu. The Countesse *Richmond*, good my L. of *Derby*. 482
 To your good prayer, will scarcely say, Amen. 483
 Yet *Derby*, notwithstanding shee's your wife, 484
 And loues not me, be you good Lord assur'd, 485
 I hate not you for her proud arrogance. 486
Der. I do beseech you, either not beleue 487
 The enuious slanders of her false Accusers: 488
 Or if she be accus'd on true report, 489
 Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds 490
 From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice. 491
Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of *Derby*. 492
Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I, 493
 Are come from visiting his Maiefty. 494
Que. What likelihood of his amendment Lords. 495
Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully. 496
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him? 497
Buc. I Madam, he desires to make attonement 498
 Betweene the Duke of Glouster, and your Brothers, 499
 And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine, 500
 And sent to warne them to his Royall presence. 501
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be, 502
 I feare our happinesse is at the height. 503

- 467 *Glo.* They doe me wrong and I will not endure it,
 468 Who are they that complaines vnto the King,
 469 That I forfooth am sterne and loue them not:
 508 470 By holy Paul they loue his grace but lightly,
 471 That fill his eares with such difcentious rumors:
 472 Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,
 473 Smile in mens faces, smoothe, deceiue and cog,
 474 Ducke with french nods and apish courtesie,
 475 I must be held a rankerous enemy.
 476 Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,
 477 But thus his simple truth must be abusde,
 478 By filkenlie insinuating iackes?
 479 *Ry.* To whom in all this preface speakes your Grace?
 480 *Glo.* To thee that hast nor honesty nor grace,
 481 When haue I iniured thee, when done thee wrong,
 482 Or thee or thee or any of your faction:
 483 A plague vpon you all. His royall person
 484 (Whom God preferue better then you would wish)
 523 485 Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
 486 But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
 487 *Qu.* Brother of Glocester, you mistake the matter:
 488 The King of his owne royall disposition,
 489 And not prouokt by any fuitter else,
 490 Ayming belike at your interiour hatred,
 491 Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe.
 492 Against my kindred, brother, and my selfe:
 493 Makes him to fend that thereby he may gather
 494 The ground of yourill will and to remoue it.
 495 *Glo.* I cannot tell, the world is growen so bad
 496 That wrens make pray where Eagles dare not perch,
 497 Since euery Iacke became a Gentl
 535 498 Theres many a gentle person made a Iacke.
 499 *Qu.* Come come, we know your meaning brother Gl.
 500 You enuy my aduancement and my friends,
 501 God graunt we neuer may haue neede of you.

Enter Richard.

504

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not indure it, 505
 Who is it that complaines vnto the King, 506
 Thar I (forfooth) am sterne, and loue them not ? 507
 By holy *Paul*, they loue his Grace but lightly, 508
 That fill his eares with such diffentious Rumors. 509
 Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire, 510
 Smile in mens faces, smoothe, deceiue, and cogge, 511
 Ducke with French nods, and Apish curtesie, 512
 I must be held a rancorous Enemy. 513
 Cannot a plaine man liue, and thinke no harme, 514
 But thus his simple truth must be abus'd, 515
 With filken, flye, insinuating Iackes? 516

Grey. To who in all this preface speaks your Grace? 517

Rich. To thee, that hast nor Honesty, nor Grace : 518
 When haue I iniur'd thee? When done thee wrong ? 519
 Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction ? 520
 A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace 521
 (Whom God preferue better then you would wish) 522
 Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while, 523
 But you must trouble him with lewd complaints. 524

Qu. Brother of Glouster, you mistake the matter : 525
 The King on his owne Royall disposition, 526
 (And not prouok'd by any Sutor else) 527
 Ayming (belike) at your interiour hatred, 528
 That in your outward action shewes it selfe 529
 Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe, 530
 Makes him to send, that he may learne the ground. 531

Rich. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad, 532
 That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not perch. 533
 Since euerie Iaeke became a Gentleman, 534
 There's many a gentle person made a Iacke. 535

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother 536
 You enuy my aduancement, and my friends : (Gloster) 537
 God grant we neuer may haue neede of you. 538

- 502 *Glo* Meane time God grants that we haue neede of you,
 503 Our brother is imprifoned by your meanes,
 504 My felfe difgract, and the nobility
 505 Held in contempt, whilft many faire promotions,
 506 Are daily giuen to enoble thofe
 507 That fcarce fome two daies fince were worth a noble.
 508 *Qu.* By him that raifde me to this carefull height,
 509 From that contented hap which I enioyd,
 547 510 I neuer did incenfe his Maiefty
 511 Againft the Duke of Clarence: but haue beene,
 512 An earnest aduocate to pleade for him.
 513 My Lord you doe me fhamefull iniury,
 514 Falfely to draw me in thefe vile fufpects.
 515 *Glo.* You may deny that you were not the caufe,
 516 Of my Lord Haftings late imprifonment.
 517 *Ryu.* She may my Lord.
 518 *Glo.* She may Lo:Ryuers, why who knowes not fo?
 519 She may doe more Sir then denying that:
 520 She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
 521 And then deny her ayding hand therein,
 522 And lay thofe honours on your high deferts,
 560 523 What may fhe not fhe may, yea marry may fhe.
 524 *Ry.* What mary may fhe.
 525 *Glo.* What mary may fhe, marry with a King.
 526 A batchelor, a handfome ftripling too.
 527 Iwis your Grandam had a worfer match.
 528 *Qu.* My Lo: of Glocefter, I haue too long borne
 529 Your blunt vpbraidings and your bitter fcoffes,
 530 By heauen I will acquaint his Maiefty
 531 With thofe grofe taunts I often haue endured:
 569 532 I had rather be a cuntry feruant maid,
 533 Then a great Queene with this condition,
 534 To be thus taunted, fcornd, and baited at: *Enter Qu.*
 535 Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene. *Margaret.*

<i>Rich.</i> Meane time, God grants that I haue need of you.	539
Our Brother is imprifon'd by your meanes,	540
My felfe difgrac'd, and the Nobilitie	541
Held in contempt, while great Promotions	542
Are daily giuen to ennoble thofe	543
That fcarfe fome two dayes fince were worth a Noble.	544
<i>Qu.</i> By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,	545
From that contented hap which I inioy'd,	546
I neuer did incenfe his Maieftie	547
Againft the Duke of <i>Clarence</i> , but haue bin	548
An earnest aduocate to plead for him.	549
My Lord you do me shamefull iniurie,	550
Falfely to draw me in thefe vile fufpects.	551
<i>Rich!</i> You may deny that you were not the meane	552
Of my Lord <i>Haftings</i> late imprifonment.	553
<i>Riu.</i> She may my Lord, for————	554
<i>Rich.</i> She may Lord <i>Riuers</i> , why who knowes not fo?	555
She may do more fir then denying that :	556
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,	557
And then deny her ayding hand therein,	558
And lay thofe Honors on your high defert.	559
What may fhe not, fhe may, I marry may fhe.	560
<i>Riu.</i> What marry may fhe?	561
<i>Ric.</i> What marrie may fhe? Marrie with a King,	562
A Batcheller, and a handfome ftripling too,	563
I wis your Grandam had a worfer match.	564
<i>Qu.</i> My Lord of <i>Gloufter</i> , I haue too long borne	565
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter fcoffes :	566
By heauen, I will acquaint his Maieftie	567
Of thofe groffe taunts that oft I haue endur'd.	568
I had rather be a Countrie feruant maide	569
Then a great Queene, with this condition,	570
To be fo baited, fcorn'd, and stormed at,	571
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.	572

536 *Qu. Mar.* And lefnd be that fmal, God I befeech thee,
 537 Thy honour, ftate, and feate is due to me.
 538 *Glo.* What?threat you me with telling of the King,
 539 Tell him and fpare not, looke what I haue faid,
 540 I will auouch in prefence of the King:

541 Tis time to fpeake, my paines are quite forgot.

542 *Qu. Mar.* Out diuell I remember them too well:

543 Thou flewft my husband Henry in the tower,
 544 And Edward my poore fonne at Teuxbery.
 545 *Glo* Ere you were Queene, yea or your husband King,

587 546 I was a packhorfe in his great affaires,
 547 A weeder out of his proud aduerfaries,
 548 A liberall rewarder of his friends:
 549 To royalize his bloud I fpilt mine owne.
 550 *Qu. Mar.* Yea and much better bloud then his or thine.

551 *Glo.* In all which time you and your husband Gray,
 552 Were factious for the houfe of Lancafter:
 553 And Ryuers, fo were you, was not your husband
 554 In Margarets battaile at Saint Albones flaine:
 555 Let me put in your mindes, if yours forget
 556 What you haue beene ere now, and what you are.
 557 Withall, what I haue been, and what I am.

558 *Qu. Ma.* A murtherous villaine, and fo ftill thou art.
 559 *Glo.* Poore Clarence did forfake his father Warwicke,
 560 Yea and forfwore himfelfe (which Iefu pardon.)

603 561 *Qu. Ma.* Which God reuenge.

562 *Glo.* To fight on Edwards party for the crowne,
 563 And for his meede poore Lo: he is mewed vppe :
 564 I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,

Enter old Queene Margaret.

573

Mar. And lefned be that fmall, God I befeech him,
Thy honor, ftate, and feate, is due to me.

574

575

Rich. What? threat you me with telling of the King? 576

I will auouch't in prefence of the King : 577

I dare aduerture to be fent to th'Towre. 578

'Tis time to fpeake, 579

My paines are quite forgot. 580

Margaret. Out Diuell, 581

I do remember them too well : 582

Thou killd'ft my Husband *Henrie* in the Tower, 583

And *Edward* my poore Son, at Tewkesburie. 584

Rich. Ere you were Queene, 585

I, or your Husband King : 586

I was a packe-horfe in his great affaires : 587

A weeder out of his proud Aduerfaries, 588

A liberall rewarder of his Friends, 589

To royalize his blood, I fpent mine owue. 590

Margaret. I and much better blood 591

Then his, or thine. 592

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband *Grey* 593

Were factious, for the Houfe of *Lancafter* ; 594

And *Riuers*, fo were you : Was not your Husband, 595

In *Margarets* Battaile, at Saint *Albons*, flaine ? 596

Let me put in your mindes, if you forget 597

What you haue beene ere this, and what you are : 598

Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am. 599

Q.M. A murth'rous Villaine, and fo ftill thou art. 600

Rich. Poore *Clarence* did forfake his Father *Warwicke*, 601

I, and forfwore himfelfe (which Iefu pardon.) 602

Q. M. Which God reuenge. 603

Rich. To fight on *Edwards* partie, for the Crowne, 604

And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mewed vp : 605

I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edwards*, 606

- 565 Or Edwards soft and pittifull like mine,
 566 I am too childifh, foolifh for this world.
 567 *Qu. Ma.* Hie thee to hell for fhame and leaue the world
 568 Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.
 569 *Ry.* My Lo: of Glocefter in thofe bufie daies,
 570 Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
 571 We followed then our Lo: our lawfull King,
 572 So fhould we you if you fhould be our King.
 615 573 *Glo.* If I fhould be? I had rather be a pedler,
 574 Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
 575 *Qu.* As little ioy my Lord as you fuppofe
 576 You fhould enioy, were you this countries King,
 577 As little ioy may you fuppofe in me,
 578 That I enioy being the Queene thereof.
 579 *Qu. m.* A little ioy enioies the Queene thereof,
 580 For I am fhe and altogether ioyleffe,
 581 I can no longer hold me patient:
 582 Heare me you wrangling Pyrats that fall out,
 583 In fharing that which you haue pild from me:
 584 Which of you trembles not that lookes on me?
 585 If not, that I being Queene you bow like fubiefts,
 586 Yet that by you depofde you quake like rebels:
 629 587 O gentle villaine doe not turne away.
 588 *Glo.* Foule wrinckled witch what makft thou in my fight?
 589 *Q. ma.* But repetition of what thou haft mard.
 590 That will I make before I let thee go:

591 A husband and a fon thou oweft to me,
 592 And thou a kingdome, all of you allegeance:
 593 The forrow that I haue by right is yours,
 594 And all the pleafures you vfurpe are mine.
 595 *Glo.* The curfe my noble father laid on thee,
 596 When thou didft crowne his warlike browes with paper,
 597 And with thy fcorne drewft riuers from his eies,

Or *Edwards* soft and pittifull, like mine ; 607
 I am too childifh foolifh for this World. 608
Q.M. High thee to Hell for fhame, & leauē this World 609
 Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is. 610
Riu. My Lord of Glofter : in thofe bufie dayes, 611
 Which here you vrge, to proue vs Enemies, 612
 We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King, 613
 So fhould we you, if you fhould be our King. 614
Rich. If I fhould be ? I had rather be a Pedler : 615
 Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof. 616
Qu. As little ioy (my Lord) as you fuppose 617
 You fhould enioy, were you this Countries King, 618
 As little ioy you may fuppose in me, 619
 That I enioy, being the Queene thereof. 620
Q.M. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof, 621
 For I am fhēe, and altogether ioyleffe : 622
 I can no longer hold me patient. 623
 Heare me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out, 624
 In fharing that which you haue pill'd from me : 625
 Which off you trembles not, that lookes on me ? 626
 If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subiects ; 627
 Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebels. 628
 Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away. (fight ? 629
Rich. Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'ft thou in my 630
Q.M. But repetition of what thou haft marr'd, 631
 That will I make, before I let thee goe. 632
Rich. Wert thou not banifhed, on paine of death ? 633
Q.M. I was : but I doe find more paine in banifhment, 634
 Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode. 635
 A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'ft to me, 636
 And thou a Kingdome ; all of you, allegiance : 637
 This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours, 638
 And all the Pleafures you vſurpe, are mine. 639
Rich. The Curſe my Noble Father layd on thee, 640
 When thou didft Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper, 641
 And with thy ſcornes drew'ft Riuers from his eyes, 642

598 And then to drie them gau ft the Duke a clout,
 644 599 Steept in the faultleffe bloud of pretty Rutland:
 600 His curfes then from bitternes of foule
 601 Denounft, againft thee, are all fallen vpon thee,
 602 And God, not we, hath plagde thy bloody deede.
 603 *Qu.* So iuft is God to right the innocent.
 604 *Haf.* O twas the fouleſt deede to ſlaie that babe,
 605 And the moſt mercieſſe that euer was heard of.
 606 *Riu.* Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported.
 607 *Dorſ.* No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
 608 *Buch.* Northumberland then preſent wept to ſee it.
 609 *Qu. M.* What? were you ſnarling all before I came,
 655 610 Ready to catch each other by the throat,
 611 And turne you all your hatred now on me?
 612 Did Yorkeſ dread curſe preuaile ſo much with heauen,
 613 That Henries death my louely Edwards death,
 614 Their kingdomes loſſe, my wofull baniſhment,
 615 Could all but anſwere for that peeuiſh brat?
 616 Can curſes pierce the clouds and enter heauen?
 617 Why then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curſes:
 618 If not, by war, by ſurfet die your King,
 619 As ours by murder to make him a King.
 620 Edward thy ſonne which now is Prince of Wales,
 621 For Edward my ſonne which was Prince of Wales,
 622 Die in his youth by like vntimely violence,
 668 623 Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
 624 Outliue thy glory like my wretched ſelfe:
 625 Long maieſt thou liue to waile thy childrens loſſe,
 626 And ſee another as I ſee thee now
 627 Deckt in thy rights, as thou art ſtald in mine:
 628 Long die thy happy daies before thy death,
 629 And after many lengthened houres of grieſe,
 630 Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene:
 631 Riuerſ and Dorſet you were ſtanders by,
 632 And ſo waſt thou Lo: Haftings when my ſonne
 633 Was ſtabd with bloody daggers, god I pray him,

And then to dry them, gau'ft the Duke a Clowt, 643
 Steep'd in the faultleffe blood of prettie *Rutland*: 644
 His Curfes then, from bitterneffe of Soule, 645
 Denounc'd againft thee, are all falne vpon thee : 646
 And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed. 647
Qu. So iuft is God, to right the innocent. 648
Hast. O, 'twas the fouleft deed to flay that Babe, 649
 And the moft mercileffe, that ere was heard of. 650
Riu. Tyrants themfelues wept when it was reported. 651
Dorf. No man but prophecied reuenge for it. 652
Buck. *Northumberland*, then prefent, wept to fee it. 653
Q.M. What ? were you fnarling all before I came, 654
 Ready to catch each other by the throat, 655
 And turne you all your hatred now on me ? 656
 Did *Yorke*s dread Curfe preuaile fo much with Heauen, 657
 That *Henries* death, my louely *Edwards* death, 658
 Their Kingdomes loffe, my wofull Banifhment, 659
 Should all but anfwer for that peeuiſh Brat ? 660
 Can Curfes pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen ? 661
 Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quick Curfes. 662
 Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your King, 663
 As ours by Murther, to make him a King. 664
Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales, 665
 For *Edward* our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales, 666
 Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence. 667
 Thy felfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene, 668
 Out-lieue thy glory, like my wretched felfe : 669
 Long may'ft thou liue, to wayle thy Childrens death, 670
 And fee another, as I fee thee now, 671
 Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art ftall'd in mine. 672
 Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death, 673
 And after many length'ned howres of grieffe, 674
 Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene. 675
Riuers and *Dorſet*, you were ftanders by, 676
 And fo waſt thou, Lord *Haftings*, when my Sonne 677
 Was ſtab'd with bloody Daggers:God, I pray him, 678

- 634 That none of you may liue your naturall age.
 635 But by some vnlookt accident cut off.
 636 *Glo.* Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withred hag.
 682 637 *Q. M.* And leaue out the stay dog for thou shalt hear me
 638 If heauen haue any grieuous plague in store,
 639 Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee:
 640 O let them keepe it till thy finnes be ripe,
 641 And then hurle downe their indignation
 642 On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
 643 The worme of conscience still begnaw thy foule,
 644 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liuest,
 645 And take deepe traitors for thy dearest friends:
 646 No sleepe, close vp that deadly eye of thine,
 692 647 Vnlesse it be whilest some tormenting dreame
 648 Affrights thee with a hell of vgly deuels.
 649 Thou eluifh markt abortiue rooting hog,
 650 Thou that wast seald in thy natiuity
 651 The slaue of nature, and the sonne of hell,
 652 Thou slauder of thy mothers heauy wombe,
 653 Thou lothed issue of thy fathers loynes,
 654 Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.
 655 *Glo.* Margaret.
 656 *Qu. M.* Richard. *Glo.* Ha.
 657 *Qu. M.* I call thee not.
 658 *Glo.* Then I crie thee mercy, for I had thought
 659 That thou hadst cald me all these bitter names.
 660 *Qu. M.* Why so I did, but lookt for no reply,
 661 O Let me make the period to my curse.
 707 662 *Glo.* Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret. (selfe.
 663 *Qu.* Thus haue you breathed your curse against your
 664 *Qu. M.* Poore painted Queene, vaine flourish of my for-
 665 Why strewst thou sugar on that bottled spider, (tune
 666 Whose deadly web enfnareth thee about?
 667 Foole foole, thou whetst a knife to kill thy selfe,
 668 The time will come that thou shalt wish for me,
 669 To helpe thee curse that poisenous bunchbackttoade.

That none of you may liue his naturall age, 679
 But by some vnlook'd accident cut off. 680
Rich. Hauē done thy Charme, ȳ hateful wither'd Hagge. 681
Q.M. And leaue out thee? flay Dog, for ȳ shalt heare me. 682
 If Heauen haue any grieuous plague in store, 683
 Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee, 684
 O let them keepe it, till thy finnes be ripe, 685
 And then hurle downe their indignation 686
 On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace. 687
 The Worme of Conscience still begnaw thy Soule, 688
 Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liu'ft, 689
 And take deepe Traytors for thy dearest Friends : 690
 No sleepe close vp that deadly Eye of thine, 691
 Vnlesse it be while some tormenting Dreame 692
 Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Deuills. 693
 Thou eluifh mark'd, abortiue rooting Hogge, 694
 Thou that wast feal'd in thy Natiuitie 695
 The flauē of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell : 696
 Thou slander of thy heaue Mothers Wombe, 697
 Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers Loynes, 698
 Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detested- 699
Rich. Margaret, 700
Q.M. Richard. *Rich. Ha.* 701
Q. M. I call thee not. 702
Rich. I cry thee mercie then : for I did thinke, 703
 That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names. 704
Q.M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply. 705
 Oh let me make the Period to my Curse. 706
Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret.* 707
Qu. Thus haue you breath'd your Curse against your self. 708
Q.M. Poore painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune, 709
 Why strew'ft thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider, 710
 Whose deadly Web enfnareth thee about ? 711
 Foole, foole, thou whet'ft a Knife to kill thy selfe : 712
 The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me, 713
 To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bunch-backt Toade. 714

- 670 *Hast.* Falso boading woman, end thy frantike curse,
 671 Left to thy harme thou moue our patience.
 672 *Q. M.* Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine,
 673 *Ri.* Were you well feru'd you would be taught your duty.
 674 *Q. M.* To serue me well, you all should doe me duty,
 720 675 Teach me to be your Queene, and you my subiects:
 676 O serue me well, and teach your selues that duty.
 677 *Dorf.* Dispute not with her, she is lunatique.
 678 *Q. M.* Peace Master Marques you are malapert,
 679 Your fire-new stampe of honour is scarce currant:
 680 O that your young nobility could iudge,
 681 What twere to loofe it and be miserable:
 682 They that stand high haue many blast to shake them,
 683 And if they fall they dash themselues to pieces.
 684 *Glo.* Good counsell mary, learne it learne it Marques.
- 685 *Dor.* It toucheth you my Lo: asmuch as me.
 686 *Glo.* Yea, and much more. but I was borne so high,
 733 687 Our aiery buildeth in the Cedars top,
 688 And dallies with the winde, and scornes the sunne.
 689 *Qu. M.* And turnes the sun to shade, ala ; alas,
 690 Witnes my son, now in the shade of death,
 691 Whose bright outshining beames, thy cloudy wrath
 692 Hath in eternall darkenes foulded vp.
 693 Your aiery buildeth in our aeries nest
 694 O God that seest it, doe not suffer it:
 695 As it was wonne with blood, loft be it fo.
 696 *Buck.* Haue done for shame, if not for charity.
 697 *Qu. M.* Vrge neither charity nor shame to me,
 698 Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
 699 And shamefully by you my hopes are butcherd,
 746 700 My charity is outrage, life my shame,
 701 And in my shame, still liue my sorrowes rage.
 702 *Buck.* Haue done.
 703 *Q. M.* O Princely Buckingham, I will kisse thy hand
 704 In signe of league and amity with thee:

<i>Haft.</i> Falso boding Woman, end thy frantick Curfe,	715
Least to thy harme, thou moue our patience.	716
<i>Q.M.</i> Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.	717
<i>Ri.</i> Were you wel feru'd, you would be taught your duty.	718
<i>Q.M.</i> To serue me well, you all should do me duty,	719
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects :	720
O serue me well, and teach your selues that duty.	721
<i>Dorf.</i> Dispute not with her, shee is lunaticke.	722
<i>Q.M.</i> Peace Master Marqueffe, you are malapert,	723
Your fire-new stampe of Honor is scarce currant.	724
O that your yong Nobility could iudge	725
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable.	726
They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them,	727
And if they fall, they dash themselues to peeces.	728
<i>Rich.</i> Good counsaile marry, learne it, learne it Mar- queffe.	729 730
<i>Dor.</i> It touches you my Lord, as much as me.	731
<i>Rich.</i> I, and much more : but I was borne so high:	732
Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top,	733
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the Sunne.	734
<i>Mar.</i> And turnes the Sun to shade : alas, alas,	735
Witnesse my Sonne, now in the shade of death,	736
Whose bright out-shining beames, thy cloudy wrath	737
Hath in eternall darknesse folded vp.	738
Your ayerie buildeth in our ayeries Nest :	739
O God that seest it, do not suffer it,	740
As it is wonne with blood, lost be it so.	741
<i>Buc.</i> Peace, peace for shame : If not, for Charity.	742
<i>Mar.</i> Vрге neither charity, nor shame to me :	743
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,	744
And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.	745
My Charity is outrage, Life my shame,	746
And in that shame, still liue my sorrowes rage.	747
<i>Buc.</i> Haue done, haue done.	748
<i>Mar.</i> O Princely Buckingham, Ile kisse thy hand,	749
In signe of League and amity with thee :	750

- 705 Now faire befall thee and thy Princely houfe,
 706 Thy garments are not spotted with our bloud,
 707 Nor thou within the compaffe of my curfe.
 708 *Buc.* Nor no one here, for curfes neuer paffe
 709 The lips of thofe that breath them in the aire.
 710 *Q. M.* Ile not beleue but they afcend the skie,
 711 And there awake gods gentle fleeping peace.
 712 O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
 713 Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,
 714 His venome tooth will rackle thee to death,
 715 Haue not to doe with him, beware of him:
 716 Sinne, death and hell, haue fet their markes on him,
 717 And all their minifters attend on him.
 718 *Glo.* What doth ſhe fay my Lo: of Buckingham?
 719 *Buck* Nothing that I reſpect my gracious Lord.
 720 *Qu. M.* What doeſt thou ſcorne me for my gentle coun-

 721 And footh the diuell that I warne thee from: (fell,
 722 O but remember this another day,
 770 723 When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with forrow,
 724 And fay poore Margaret was a propheteſſe:
 725 Liue each of you the ſubiects of his hate,
 726 And he to your, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
 727 *Haſt.* My haire doth ſtand on end to heare her curſes.
 728 *Ryu.* And ſo doth mine, I wonder ſhees at liberty.
 729 *Glo.* I cannot blame her by gods holy mother,
 730 She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
 731 My part thereof that I haue done.
 732 *Qu.* I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
 733 *Glo.* But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.
 734 I was too hoat to doe ſome body good,
 735 That is too cold in thinking of it now:
 783 736 Marry as for Clarence he is well repaid,
 737 He is franckt vp to fatting for his paines,
 738 God pardon them that are the cauſe of it.

Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble houfe :	751
Thy Garments are not spotted with our blood :	752
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.	753
<i>Buc.</i> Nor no one heere : for Curfes neuer passe	754
The lips of those that breath them in the ayre.	755
<i>Mar.</i> I will not thinke but they ascend the sky,	756
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.	757
O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge :	758
Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,	759
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.	760
Haue not to do with him, beware of him,	761
Sinne, death, and hell haue fet their markes on him,	762
And all their Ministers attend on him.	763
<i>Rich.</i> What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham.	764
<i>Buc.</i> Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.	765
<i>Mar.</i> What dost thou scorne me	766
For my gentle counsell?	767
And sooth the diuell that I warne thee from.	768
O but remember this another day :	769
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow :	770
And say (poore <i>Margaret</i>) was a Prophetesse :	771
Liue each of you the subiects to his hate,	772
And he to yours, and all of you to Gods. <i>Exit.</i>	773
<i>Buc.</i> My haire doth stand an end to heare her curses.	774
<i>Riu.</i> And so doth mine, I muse why she's at libertie.	775
<i>Rich.</i> I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,	776
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent	777
My part thereof, that I haue done to her.	778
<i>Mar.</i> I neuer did her any to my knowledge.	779
<i>Rich.</i> Yet you haue all the vantage of her wrong:	780
I was too hot, to do somebody good,	781
That is too cold in thinking of it now :	782
Marry as for <i>Clarence</i> , he is well repayed :	783
He is frank'd vp to fating for his paines,	784
God pardon them, that are the cause thereof.	785

739 *Ryu.* A vertuous and a Christianlike conclusion,
 740 To pray for them that haue done scathe to vs.
 741 *Glo.* So doe I euer being well aduifde,

742 For had I curft, now I had curft my felfe,

743 *Cates.* Madam his Maiefty doth call for you,
 744 And for your Grace, and you my noble Lo:
 745 *Qu* Catesby we come, Lords will you go with vs.
 746 *Ry.* Madame we will attend your grace. *Exeunt man.Ri*

747 *Glo.* I doe the wrong, and firft began to braule
 748 The fecret mifchiefes that I fet abroach,
 749 I lay vnto the grieuous charge of others:
 750 Clarence whom I indeed haue laid in darkenes,
 801 751 I doe beweepe to many fimple guls:
 752 Namely to Haftings, Darby, Buckingham,
 753 And fay it is the Queene and her allies,
 754 That firre the King againft the Duke my brother.
 755 Now they beleeeue me, and withall whet me,
 756 To be reuenged on Ryuers, Vaughan, Gray:
 757 But then I figh, and with a piece of fcripture,
 758 Tell them that God bids vs doe good for euill:
 759 And thus I clothe my naked villany,
 760 With old odde ends ftolne out of holy writ, •
 761 And feeme a Saint when moft I play the Diuell:

812 762 But foft here come my executioners. *Enter Executioners.*
 763 How now my hardy ftout refolued mates,
 764 Are you now going to difpatch this deede.
 765 *Execu.* We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
 766 That we may be admitted where he is.
 767 *Glo.* It was well thought vpon, I haue it here about me,

Riu. A vertuous, and a Christian-like conclusion
To pray for them that haue done scath to vs. 786 787

Rich. So do I euer, being well aduis'd. 788

Speakes to himselfe. 789

For had I curft now, I had curft my selfe. 790

Enter Catesby. 791

Cates. Madam, his Maiefty doth call for you, 792

And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord. 793

Qu. Catesby I come, Lords will you go with mee. 794

Riu. We wait vpon your Grace. 795

Exeunt all but Gloster. 796

Rich. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle. 797

The secreet Mischeefes that I fet abroach, 798

I lay vnto the greuous charge of others. 799

Clarence, who I indeede haue cast in darknesse, 800

I do beweepe to many simple Gullles, 801

Namely to *Derby, Hastings, Buckingham,* 802

And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies, 803

That stirre the King against the Duke my Brother. 804

Now they beleuee it, and withall whet me 805

To be reueng'd on *Riuers, Dorset, Grey.* 806

But then I figh, and with a peece of Scripture, 807

Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill : 808

And thus I cloath my naked Villanie 809

With odde old ends, stolne forth of holy Writ, 810

And seeme a Saint, when most I play the deuill. 811

Enter two murtherers. 812

But soft, heere come my Executioners, 813

How now my hardy stout resolued Mates, 814

Are you now going to dispatch this thing? 815

Vil. We are my Lord, and come to haue the Warrant, 816

That we may be admitted where he is. 817

Ric. Well thought vpon, I haue it heare about me : 818

768 When you haue done repaire to Crosby place ;
 769 But firs, be suddenn in the execution,
 770 Withall, obdurate, doe not heare him pleade,
 771 For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps,
 772 May, moue your harts to pittie if you marke him.
 773 *Exec.* Tush feare not my Lo:we will not stand to prate,
 774 Talkers are no good doers be affured:
 775 We come to vse our hands, and not our tongues.
 776 *Gl.*Your eies drop milftones when fooles eies drop tears,

829 777 I like you lads, about your bufines. *Exeunt.*

832 778 *Enter Clarence, Brokenbury.*

779 *Brok.* Why looks your grace so heauily to day?
 780 *Clar.* Oh I haue past a miserable night,
 781 So full of vgly fights, of gaffly dreames,
 782 That as I am a christian faithfull man,
 783 I would not spend another such a night,
 784 Though twere to buy a world of happy daies,
 785 So full of difmall terror was the time.
 786 *Brok.* What was your dreame, I long to heare you tell it.
 787 *Cl.* Me thoughts I was imbarckt for Burgundy,

788 And in my company my brother Glocester,
 844 789 Who from my cabbine tempted me to walke,
 790 Vpon the hatches thence we lookt toward England,
 791 And cited vp a thousand fearefull times,
 792 During the wars of Yorke and Lancaster:
 793 That had befallen vs, as we pact along,
 794 Vpon the giddy footing of the hatches:

When you haue done, repayre to <i>Crosby</i> place ;	819
But firs be fodaine in the execution,	820
Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade ;	821
For <i>Clarence</i> is well fpoken, and perhappes	822
May moue your hearts to pittie, if you marke him.	823
<i>Vil.</i> Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,	824
Talkers are no good dooers, be affur'd :	825
We go to vse our hands, and not our tongues.	826
<i>Rich.</i> Your eyes drop Mill-ftones, when Fooles eyes	827
fall Teares :	828
I like you Lads, about your bufineffe fraight.	829
Go, go, difpatch.	830
<i>Vil.</i> We will my Noble Lord.	831

Scena Quarta.

<i>Enter Clarence and Keeper.</i>	832
<i>Keep.</i> Why lookes your Grace fo heauily to day.	833
<i>Cl.</i> O, I haue paff a miferable night,	834
So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly fights,	835
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,	836
I would not fpend another fuch a night	837
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy daies :	838
So full of difmall terror was the time.	839
<i>Keep.</i> What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me	840
<i>Cl.</i> Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,	841
And was embark'd to croffe to Burgundy,	842
And in my company my Brother Gloufter,	843
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,	844
Vpon the Hatches : There we look'd toward England,	845
And cited vp a thoufand heauy times,	846
During the warres of Yorke and Lancafter	847
That had befallne vs. As we pac'd along	848
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,	849

- 795 Me thought that Glocester stumbled, and in stumbling,
 796 Stroke me that thought to stay him ouer board,
 797 Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
 798 Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne.
 854 799 What dreadfull noife of waters in my eares,
 800 What vgly fights of death within my eies:
 801 Me thought I sawe a thousand fearefull wracks,
 802 Ten thousand men, that fishes gnawed vpon,
 803 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heapes of pearle,
 804 Inestimable stoncs, vnualued Iewels,

 805 Some lay in dead mens sculcs, and in those holes,
 806 Where eies did once inhabite, there were crept
 807 As twere in scorne of eies reflecting gems,
 808 Which woed the slimy bottome of the deepe,
 809 And mockt the dead bones that lay scattered by.
 810 *Brok.* Had you such leifure in the time of death,
 811 To gaze vpon the secrets of the deepe?
 808 812 *Clar.* Methought I had, for still the enuious fload

 813 Kept in my foule, and would not let it forth,
 814 To seeke the emptie vast and wandering aire,
 815 But smothered it within my panting bulke,
 816 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
 817 *Brok.* Awakt you not with this fore agony.
 818 *Cl.* O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
 819 O then began the tempest to my foule,
 820 Who past me thought the melancholy fload,
 821 With that grim ferriman, which Poets write of,
 822 Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
 823 The first that there did greet my stranger foule,
 824 Was my great father in law renowned Warwicke,
 825 Who cried alowd what scourge for periury.
 826 Can this darke monarchy afford false Clarence,
 884 827 And so he vanisht, then came wandring by,
 828 A shadow like an angell in bright haire,

Me thought that Glouster stumbled, and in falling 850
 Strooke me (that thought to stay him) ouer-board, 851
 Into the tumbling billowes of the maine. 852
 O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne, 853
 What dreadfull noife of water in mine eares, 854
 What fights of vgly death within mine eyes. 855
 Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes : 856
 A thousand men that Fishes gnaw'd vpon : 857
 Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle, 858
 Inestimable Stones, vnvaiewed Iewels, 859
 All scattred in the bottome of the Sea, 860
 Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes 861
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept 862
 (As 'twere in fcorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes, 863
 That woo'd the slimy bottome of the deepe, 864
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattred by. 865
Keep. Had you such leysure in the time of death 866
 To gaze vpon these secrets of the deepe ? 867
Cl. Me thought I had, and often did I striue 868
 To yeeld the Ghost : but still the eniuous Flood 869
 Stop'd in my foule, and would not let it forth 870
 To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring ayre : 871
 But smother'd it within my panting bulke, 872
 Who almost burst, to belch it in the Sea. 873
Keep. Awak'd you not in this fore Agony ? 874
Cl. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life. 875
 O then, began the Tempest to my Soule. 876
 I past (me thought) the Melancholly Flood, 877
 With that fowre Ferry-man which Poets write of, 878
 Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night. 879
 The first that there did greet my Stranger-foule, 880
 Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke, 881
 Who spake aloud : What scourge for Periurie, 882
 Can this darke Monarchy affoord false *Clarence* ? 883
 And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by, 884
 A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre 885

829 Dabled in bloud, and he squakt out alowd,
 830 Clarence is come, falfe, fleeting, periurd Clarence,
 831 That stabd me in the field by Teuxbery:
 832 Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
 833 With that me thoughts a legion of foule fiends
 834 Enuirond me about, and howled in mine eares
 835 Such hideous cries, that with the very noife
 836 I trembling, wakt, and for a seafon after
 837 Could not beleeeue but that I was in hell,
 895 838 Such terrible impreffion made the dreame.
 839 *Bro.* No marueile my Lo: though it affrighted you,
 840 I promife you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.
 841 *Cl.* O Brokenbury I haue done thofe things,
 842 Which now beare euidence againft my foule
 843 For Edwards fake, and fee how he requites me.
 844 I pray thee gentle keeper ftay by me,

845 My foule is heauy, and I faine would fleepe.

846 *Bro.* I will my Lo: God giue your Grace good reft,

847 Sorrowe breake feafons, and reposing howers
 848 Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night,
 849 Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
 850 An outward honour, for an inward toile,
 851 And for vnfelt imagination,
 852 They often feele a world of reftleffe cares:
 853 So that betwixt their titles and lowe names,
 916 854 Theres nothing differs but the outward fame.

Dabbel'd in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud 886
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periur'd *Clarence*, 887
 That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury : 888
 Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment. 889
 With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends 890
 Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine eares 891
 Such hiddeous cries, that with the very Noife, 892
 I (trembling) wak'd, and for a feason after, 893
 Could not beleeuē, but that I was in Hell, 894
 Such terrible Imprefsiō made my Dreame. 895

Keep. No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you, 896
 I am affraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it. 897

Cl. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I haue done these things 898
 (That now giue euidence against my Soule) 899
 For *Edwards* sake, and see how he requits mee. 900
 O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appease thee, 901
 But thou wilt be aueng'd on my misdeeds, 902
 Yet execute thy wrath in me alone : 903
 O spare my guiltlesse Wife, and my poore children. 904
 Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while, 905
 My Soule is heauy, and I faine would sleepe. 906

Keep. I will my Lord, God giue your Grace good rest. 907

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant. 908

Bra. Sorrow breakes Seafons, and reposing houres, 909
 Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night : 910
 Princes haue but their Titles for their Glories, 911
 An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle, 912
 And for vnfelt Imaginations 913
 They often feele a world of restlesse Cares : 914
 So that betweene their Titles, and low Name, 915
 There's nothing differs, but the outward fame. 916

855

The murtherers enter.

856 In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?

857 *Execu.* I would fpeake with Clarence, and I came hither858 *Bro.* Yea, are you fo briefe. (on my legs.859 *2 Exe.* O fir, it is better to be briefe then tedious,860 Shew him our commision, talke no more. *He readeth it.*861 *Bro.* I am in this commanded to deliuer

862 The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,

863 I will not reason what is meant hereby,

864 Because I wilbe guiltles of the meaning:

930 865 Here are the keies, there fits the Duke a sleepe,

866 Ile to his Maiefty, and certifie his Grace,

867 That thus I haue resignd my charge to you.

868 *Exe.* Doe fo, it is a point of wifedome.869 *2* What shall I stab him as he sleepes?870 *1* No then he will fay twas done cowardly

871 When he wakes.

872 *2* When he wakes,

873 Why foole he shall neuer wake till the iudgement day.

874 *1* Why then he will fay, we stabd him sleeping.875 *2* The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred

876 A kind of remorfe in me.

942 877 *1* What art thou afraid.878 *2* Not to kill him hauing a warrant, for it, but to be dānd

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

880 *1* Backe to the Duke of Glocester, tell him fo.881 *2* I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy humor will

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

Enter two Murtherers.

917

1. *Mur.* Ho, who's heere? 918
- Bra.* What would'st thou Fellow? And how camm'st thou hither. 919
2. *Mur.* I would fpeak with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my Legges. 920
- Bra.* What fo breefe? 921
1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious : 922
- Let him see our Commiffion, and talke no more. *Reads* 923
- Bra.* I am in this, commanded to deliuer 924
- The Noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands. 925
- I will not reafon what is meant heereby, 926
- Becaufe I will be guiltleffe from the meaning. 927
- There lies the Duke afleepe, and there the Keyes. 928
- Ile to the King, and fignifie to him, 929
- That thus I haue refign'd to you my charge. *Exit.* 930
- 1 You may fir, 'tis a point of wifedome : 931
- Far you well. 932
- 2 What, fhall we ftab him as he fleepes. 933
- 1 No : hee'l fay 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes 934
- 2 Why he fhall neuer wake, vntill the great Iudgement day. 935
- 1 Why then hee'l fay, we ftab'd him fleeping. 936
- 2 The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred a kinde of remorfe in me. 937
- 1 What? art thou affraid ? 938
- 2 Not to kill him, hauing a Warrant, 939
- But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which No Warrant can defend me. 940
- 1 I thought thou had'st bin refolute. 941
- 2 So I am, to let him liue. 942
- 1 Ile backe to the Duke of Gloufter, and tell him fo. 943
- 2 Nay, I prythee ftay a little : 944
- I hope this paffionate humor of mine, will change, 945
- It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty. 946

- 952 883 1 How doest thou feele thy selfe now? (in me.
 884 2 Faith some certaine dregs of conscience are yet with

 885 1 Remember our reward when the deede is done.
 886 2 Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.
 887 1 Where is thy conscience now?
 888 2 In the Duke of Glocesters purse.
 889 1 So when he opens his purse to giue vs our reward,
 890 Thy conscience flies out.
 891 2 Let it go, theres few or none will entertaine it,

 963 892 1 How if it come to thee againe?
 893 2 Ile not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,
 894 It makes a man a coward: A man cannot steale,
 895 But it accuseth him: he cannot sweare, but it checks him:
 896 He cannot lie with his neighbors wife, but it detects
 897 Him. It is a blushing shamefast spirit, that mutinies
 898 In a mans bosome : it fills one full of obstacles,
 899 It made me once restore a purse of gold that I found,
 900 It beggers any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all
 901 Townes and Citties for a dangerous thing, and euery
 902 Man that meanes to liue wel, endeuors to trust to
 973 903 To himselfe, and to liue without it.
 904 1 Zounds it is euen now at my elbowe perfwading me
 905 Not to kill the Duke.
 906 2 Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleue him not,
 907 He would insinuate with thee to make thee sigh.
 908 1 Tut, I am strong in fraud, he cannot preuaile with me,
 909 I warrant thee.
 910 2 Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation,
 911 Come shall we to this geere.
 912 1 Take him ouer the costard with the hilts of thy sword,
 913 And then we wil chop him in the malmfey But in the next
 914 2 Oh excellent deuce, make a sop of him. (roome.
 986 915 1 Harke he stirs, shall I strike.

- 1 How do'ft thou feele thy felfe now? 952
- 2 Some certaine dregges of confcience are yet with- 953
in mee. 954
- 1 Remember our Reward, when the deed's done. 955
- 2 Come, he dies : I had forgot the Reward. 956
- 1 Where's thy confcience now. 957
- 2 O, in the Duke of Gloufters purfe. 958
- 1 When hee opens his purfe to giue vs our Reward, 959
thy Confcience flies out. 960
- 2 'Tis no matter, let it goe : There's few or none will 961
entertaine it. 962
- 1 What if it come to thee againe? 963
- 2 Ile not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward : 964
A man cannot steale, but it accufeth him: A man cannot 965
Sweare, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his 966
Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing 967
shamefac'd spirit, that mutinies in a mans bofome : It 968
fills a man full of Obftacles. It made me once reftore a 969
Purfe of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any 970
man that keeps it : It is turn'd out of Townes and Cit- 971
ties for a dangerous thing, and euery man that means to 972
liue well, endeouours to trust to himfelfe, and liue vvith- 973
out it. 974
- 1 'Tis euen now at my elbow, perfwading me not to 975
kill the Dkue. 976
- 2 Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleeeue him not : 977
He would infinuate with thee but to make thee figh. 978
- 1 I am ftrong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me. 979
- 2 Spoke like a tall man, that respects thy reputation. 980
Come, fhall we fall to worke? 981
- 1 Take him on the Coflard, with the hiltes of thy 982
Sword, and then throw him into the Malmefey-Butte in 983
the next roome. 984
- 2 O excellent deuce ; and make a fop of him. 985
- 1 Soft, he wakes. 986
- 2 Strike. 987

916 2 No, first lets reason with him.

917 *Cla.* Where art thou keeper, giue me a cup of wine.

918 1 You shall haue wine enough my Lo: anon.

919 *Cla.* In Gods name what art thou.

920 2 A man as you are,

921 *Cla.* Bnt not as I am, royall.

922 2 Nor you as we are, loyall.

923 *Cla.* Thy voice is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.

924 2 My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.

925 *Cla.* How darkly, and how deadly doest thou speake:

926 Tell me who are you, wherefore come you hither?

927 *Am.* To, to, to.

1001 928 *Cla.* To murther me. *Am.* I.

929 *Cla.* You scarcely haue the hearts to tell me so,

930 And therefore cannot haue the hearts to doe it.

931 Wherein my friends haue I offended you?

932 1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

933 *Cla.* I shall be reconcild to him againe.

934 2 Neuer my Lo: therefore prepare to die.

935 *Cla.* Are you cald foorth from out a world of men

936 To slay the innocent? what is my offence.

937 Where are the euidence that doe accuse me:

938 What lawfull quest haue giuen their verdict vp

939 Vnto the frowning Iudge, or who pronounst

940 The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,

1015 941 Before I be conuict by course of law?

942 To threaten me with death, is most vnlawfull:

943 I charge you as you hope to haue redemption,

944 By Christs deare blood shed for our grievous finnes,

945 That you depart and lay no hands on me,

946 The deede you vndertake is damnable.

947 1 What we will doe, we doe vpon command,

948 2 And he that hath commanded, is the King.

1022 949 *Clar.* Erronious Vaffaile, the great King of Kings,

1	No, wee'l reafon with him.	988
<i>Cl.</i>	Where art thou Keeper? Giue me a cup of wine.	989
2	You fhall haue Wine enough my Lord anon.	990
<i>Cl.</i>	In Gods name, what art thou?	991
1	A man, as you are.	992
<i>Cl.</i>	But not as I am Royall.	993
1	Nor you as we are, Loyall.	994
<i>Cl.</i>	Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.	995
1	My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.	996
<i>Cl.</i>	How darkly, and how deadly doft thou fpeake?	997
	Your eyes do menace me : why looke you pale?	998
	Who fent you hither? Wherefore do you come?	999
2	To, to, to————	1000
<i>Cl.</i>	To murther me ?	1001
<i>Both.</i>	I, I.	1002
<i>Cl.</i>	You fcarfely haue the hearts to tell me fo,	1003
	And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.	1004
	Wherein my Friends haue I offended you?	1005
1	Offended vs you haue not, but the King.	1006
<i>Cl.</i>	I fhall be reconcil'd to him againe.	1007
2	Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.	1008
<i>Cl.</i>	Are you drawne forth among a world of men	1009
	To flay the innocent? What is my offence?	1010
	Where is the Euidence that doth accufe me?	1011
	What lawfull Queft haue giuen their Verdict vp	1012
	Vnto the frowning Iudge? Or who pronounc'd	1013
	The bitter fentence of poore <i>Clarence</i> death,	1014
	Before I be conuict by courfe of Law?	1015
	To threaten me with death, is moft vnlawfull.	1016
	I charge you, as you hope for any goodneffe,	1017
	That you depart, and lay no hands on me :	1018
	The deed you vndertake is damnable.	1019
1	What we will do, we do vpon command.	1020
2	And he that hath commanded, is our King.	1021
<i>Cl.</i>	Erroneous Vaffals, the great King of Kings	1022

- 950 Hath in the tables of his law commanded,
 951 That thou shalt doe no murder, and wilt thou then
 952 Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?
 953 Take heede, for he holds vengeance in his hands,
 954 To hurle vpon their heads that breake his law.
 955 2 And that fame vengeance doth he throw on thee,
 956 For false forswearing, and for murder too:
 957 Thou didst receiue the holy sacrament,
 958 To fight in quarell of the house of Lancaſter.
 959 1 And like a traitor to the name of God,
 960 Didst breake that vowe, and with thy trecherous blade,
 961 Vnript the bowels of thy ſoueraignes ſonne.
 1035 962 2 Whom thou wert ſworne to cheriſh and defend.
 963 1 How canſt thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,
 964 When thou haſt broke it in ſo deare degree?
 965 *Cl.* Alas, for whoſe ſake did I that ill deede,
 966 For Edward, for my brother, for his ſake:
 967 Why ſirs, he ſends ye not to murder me for this,
 968 For in this ſinne he is as deepe as I:
 969 If God will be reuenged for this deede,

 970 Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,
 971 He needes no indirect, nor lawleſſe courſe,
 972 To cut off thoſe that haue offended him.
 973 1 Who made thee then a bloody miniſter,
 974 When gallant ſpringing braue Plantagenet,
 975 That Princely Nouice was ſtroke dead by thee?
 976 *Cl.* My brothers loue, the diuell, and my rage.
 977 1 Thy brothers loue, the diuell and thy fault
 978 Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.
 1053 979 *Cl.* Oh if you loue my brother, hate not me,
 980 I am his brother, and I loue him well:
 981 If you be hirde for meede, go backe againe,
 982 And I will fendyou to my brother Gloceſter,
 983 Who will reward you better for my life,
 984 Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

Hath in the Table of his Law commanded	1023
That thou shalt do no murther. Will you then	1024
Spurne at his Ediēt, and fulfill a Mans ?	1025
Take heed : for he holds Vengeance in his hand,	1026
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law.	1027
2 And that fame Vengeance doth he hurle on thee,	1028
For false Forfweearing, and for murther too :	1029
Thou did'st receiue the Sacrament, to fight	1030
In quarrell of the Houſe of Lancaſter.	1031
1 And like a Traitor to the name of God,	1032
Did'st breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,	1033
Vnrip'ſt the Bowels of thy Sou'raignes Sonne.	1034
2 Whom thou waſ't ſworne to cheriſh and defend.	1035
1 How canſt thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,	1036
When thou haſt broke it in ſuch deere degree ?	1037
<i>Cl.</i> Alas! for whoſe ſake did I that ill deede ?	1038
For <i>Edward</i> , for my Brother, for his ſake.	1039
He ſends you not to murther me for this :	1040
For in that ſinne, he is as deepe as I.	1041
If God will be auenged for the deed,	1042
O know you yet, he doth it publiquely,	1043
Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme :	1044
He needs no indireēt, or lawleſſe courſe,	1045
To cut off thoſe that haue offended him.	1046
1 Who made thee then a bloody miniſter,	1047
When gallant ſpringing braue <i>Plantagenet</i> ,	1048
That Princely Nouice was ſtrucke dead by thee ?	1049
<i>Cl.</i> My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage.	1050
1 Thy Brothers Loue, our Duty, and thy Faults,	1051
Prouoke vs hither now, to ſlaughter thee.	1052
<i>Cl.</i> If you do loue my Brother, hate not me :	1053
I am his Brother, and I loue him well.	1054
If you are hyr'd for meed, go backe againe,	1055
And I will fend you to my Brother Glouſter :	1056
Who ſhall reward you better for my life,	1057
Then <i>Edward</i> will for tydings of my death.	1058

985 2 You are deceiu'd, your brother Glocefter hates you.

986 *Cla.* Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deare,

987 Go you to him from me.

988 *Am.* I, fo we will.

989 *Cla.* Tell him, when that our princely father Yorke,

1065 990 Bleft his three fonnes with his victorious arme :

991 And chargd vs from his foule, to loue each other,

992 He little thought of this deuided friendship.

993 Bid Glocefter thinke of this, and he will weepe.

994 *Am.* I, milftones as he leffond vs to weepe.

995 *Cla.* O doe not flander him for he is kind.

996 1 Right as ſnow in harueft, thou deceiu'ft thy ſelfe,

997 Tis he hath ſent vshither now to ſlaughter thee.

998 *Cla.* It cannot be, for when I parted with him,

999 He hugd me in his armes, and ſwore with fobs,

1000 That he would labour my deliury.

1001 2 Why fo he doth, now he deliuers thee,

1002 From this worlds thraldome, to the ioies of heauen,

1003 1 Makes peace with God, for you muſt die my Lo:

1004 *Cla.* Haſt thou that holy feeling in thy foule,

1080 1005 To counfell me to make my peace with God ;

1006 And art thou yet to thy owne foule ſo blinde,

1007 That thou wilt war with God, by murthering me?

1008 Ah ſirs, conſider, he that ſet you on

1009 To doe this deede, will hate you for this deede.

1010 2 What ſhall we doe?

1011 *Cla.* Relent, and faue your foules.

1012 1 Relent, tis cowardly and womanifh.

1013 *Cla.* Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſauage, diuelifh,

1014 My friend, I ſpie ſome pittie in thy lookes:

2 You are deceiu'd,	1059
Your Brother Gloufter hates you.	1060
<i>Cl.</i> Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere :	1061
Go you to him from me.	1062
1 I fo we will.	1063
<i>Cl.</i> Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke,	1064
Bleft his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme,	1065
He little thought of this diuided Friendfhip :	1066
Bid Gloufter thinke on this, and he will weepe.	1067
1 I Milftones, as he leffoned vs to weepe.	1068
<i>Cl.</i> O do not flander him, for he is kinde.	1069
1 Right, as Snow in Harueft :	1070
Come, you deceiue your felfe,	1071
'Tis he that fendes vs to deftroy you heere.	1072
<i>Cl.</i> It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,	1073
And hugg'd me in his armes, and fwore with fobs,	1074
That he would labour my deliuary.	1075
1 Why fo he doth, when he deliuers you	1076
From this earths thraldome, to the ioyes of heauen.	1077
2 Make peace with God, for you muft die my Lord.	1078
<i>Cl.</i> Haue you that holy feeling in your foules,	1079
To counfaile me to make my peace with God,	1080
And are you yet to your owne foules fo blinde,	1081
That you will warre with God, by murd'ring me.	1082
O firs confider, they that fet you on	1083
To do this deede, will hate you for the deede.	1084
2 What fhall we do ?	1085
<i>Clar.</i> Relent, and faue your foules :	1086
Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,	1087
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,	1088
If two fuch murtherers as your felues came to you,	1089
Would not intreat for life, as you would begge	1090
Were you in my diftreffe.	1091
1 Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanifh.	1092
<i>Cl.</i> Not to relent, is beaftly, fauage, diuellifh :	1093
My Friend, I fpy fome pittie in thy lookes :	1094

1015 Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
 1016 Come thou on my side, and intreat for me,
 1097 1017 A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?
 1018 1 I thus, and thus: if this wil not ferue. *He stabs him.*

1019 Ile chop thee in the malmefey But, in the next roome.
 1020 2 A bloody deede and desperately performd,
 1021 How faine like Pilate would I wash my hand,
 1022 Of this most grienuous guilty murder done.
 1023 1 Why doest thou not helpe me,
 1024 By heauens the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.

1025 2 I would he knew that I had faued his brother.
 1026 Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
 1027 For I repent me that the Duke is flaine. *Exit.*
 1028 1 So doe not I, go coward as thou art:
 1029 Now must I hide his body in some hole,
 1030 Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
 1031 And when I haue my meede I must away,
 1114 1032 For this will out. and here I must not stay. *Exeunt.*

1033 *Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Ryuers, Dorcet, &c.*

1034 *Kin.* So, now I haue done a good daies worke,
 1035 You peeres continue this vnited league,
 1036 I euery day expect an Embassage
 1037 From my redeemer to redeeme me hence:
 1038 And now in peace my foule shall part from heauen,
 1039 Since I haue fet my friends at peace on earth:

O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,	1095
Come thou on my side, and intreate for mee,	1096
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.	1097
2 Looke behinde you, my Lord.	1098
1 Take that, and that, if all this will not do, <i>Stabs him.</i>	1099
Ile drowne you in the Malmefey-But within. <i>Exit.</i>	1100
2 A bloody deed, and desperately difpatcht :	1101
How faine (like <i>Pilate</i>) would I wash my hands	1102
Of this most greeuous murther. <i>Enter 1. Murtherer</i>	1103
1 How now? what mean'ft thou that thou help'ft me	1104
not? By Heauen the Duke fhall know how slacke you	1105
haue beene.	1106
2. <i>Mur.</i> I would he knew that I had fau'd his brother,	1107
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I fay,	1108
For I repent me that the Duke is flaine. <i>Exit.</i>	1109
1. <i>Mur.</i> So do not I : go Coward as thou art.	1110
Well, Ile go hide the body in some hole,	1111
Till that the Duke giue order for his buriall :	1112
And when I haue my meede, I will away,	1113
For this will out, and then I muft not ftay. <i>Exit</i>	1114

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

<i>Flourish.</i>	1115
<i>Enter the King sicke, the Queene, Lord Marqueffe</i>	1116
<i>Dorset, Riuers, Hastings, Catesby,</i>	1117
<i>Buckingham, Wooduill.</i>	1118
<i>King.</i> Why fo : now haue I done a good daies work.	1119
You Peeres, continue this vnited League :	1120
I, euery day expect an Embassage	1121
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.	1122
And more to peace my foule fhall part to heauen,	1123
Since I haue made my Friends at peace on earth.	1124

- 1040 Riuers and Haftings, take each others hand,
 1041 Diffemble not your hatred, fweare your loue.
 1042 *Riu.* By heauen, my heart is purg'd from grudging hate
 1043 And with my hand I feale my true hearts loue.
 1129 1044 *Haft.* So thriue I as I truely fweare the like.
 1045 *Kin.* Take heede you dally not before your King,
 1046 Least he that is the supreme King of Kings,
 1047 Confound your hidden falshood and award
 1048 Either of you to be the others end.
 1049 *Haft.* So prosper I, as I fweare perfect loue.
 1050 *Riu.* And I, as I loue haftings with my heart.
 1051 *Kin.* Madame your selfe are not exempt in this,
 1052 Nor your son Dorset, Buckingham nor you,
 1053 You haue beene factious one against the other:
 1054 Wife, loue Lo: Haftings, let him kisse your hand,
 1055 And what you doe, doe it vnfaignedly.
 1141 1056 *Q.* Here Haftings I will neuer more remember
 1057 Our former hatred so thriue I and mine.

 1058 *Dor.* This enterchange of loue I here protest,
 1059 Vpon my part shalbe vnuiolable.
 1060 *Haft.* And so fweare I my Lord.
 1061 *Kin.* Now princely Buckingham feale thou this league
 1062 With thy embracements to my wiues allies,
 1063 And make me happy in your vnity.
 1064 *Buc.* When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate,
 1065 On you or yours, but with all duteous loue
 1066 Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
 1154 1067 With hate, in those where I expect most loue,
 1068 When I haue most neede to employ a friend,
 1069 And most assured that he is a friend,
 1070 Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
 1071 Be he vnto me, this doe I begge of God,
 1072 When I am cold in zeale to you or yours,
 1073 *Kin.* A pleasing cordiall Princely Buckingham,

<i>Dorset</i> and <i>Rivers</i> , take each others hand,	1125
Dissemble not your hatred, Swear your loue.	1126
<i>Riv.</i> By heauen, my foule is purg'd from grudging hate	1127
And with my hand I feale my true hearts Loue.	1128
<i>Hast.</i> So thriue I, as I truly fweare the like.	1129
<i>King.</i> Take heed you dally not before your King,	1130
Left he that is the fupreme King of Kings	1131
Confound your hidden falhood, and award	1132
Either of you to be the others end.	1133
<i>Hast.</i> So prosper I, as I fweare perfect loue.	1134
<i>Ri.</i> And I, as I loue <i>Hastings</i> with my heart,	1135
<i>King.</i> Madam, your felfe is not exempt from this :	1136
Nor you Sonne <i>Dorset</i> , <i>Buckingham</i> nor you ;	1137
You haue bene factious one againft the other.	1138
Wife, loue Lord <i>Hastings</i> , let him kiffe your hand,	1139
And what you do, do it vnfeignedly.	1140
<i>Qu.</i> There <i>Hastings</i> , I will neuer more remember	1141
Our former hatred, fo thriue I, and mine.	1142
<i>King.</i> <i>Dorset</i> , imbrace him :	1143
<i>Hastings</i> , loue Lord Marquesse.	1144
<i>Dor.</i> This interchange of loue, I heere proteft	1145
Vpon my part, fhall be inuiolable.	1146
<i>Hast.</i> And fo fweare I.	1147
<i>King.</i> Now Princely <i>Buckingham</i> , feale y ^e this league	1148
With thy embracements to my wiues Allies,	1149
And make me happy in your vnity.	1150
<i>Buc.</i> When euer <i>Buckingham</i> doth turne his hate	1151
Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious loue,	1152
Doth cherifh you, and yours, God punish me	1153
With hate in thofe where I expect moft loue,	1154
When I haue moft need to imploy a Friend,	1155
And moft affured that he is a Friend,	1156
Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,	1157
Be he vnto me : This do I begge of heauen,	1158
When I am cold in loue, to you, or yours. <i>Embrace</i>	1159
<i>King.</i> A pleasing Cordiall, Princely <i>Buckingham</i> .	1160

1074 Is this thy vow vnto my sickly heart:
 1075 There wanteth now our brother Glocester here,
 1076 To make the perfect period of this peace. *Enter Glocest.*
 1077 *Buc.* And in good time here comes the noble Duke.

1078 *Glo.* Good morrow to my foueraigne King & Queene,
 1079 And Princely peeres, a happy time of day.
 1169 1080 *Kin.* Happy indeede as we haue spent the day:
 1081 Brother we haue done deedes of charity:
 1082 Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
 1083 Betweene these fwelling wrong infenced peeres.
 1084 *Glo.* A blessed labour, my most foueraigne liege,
 1085 Amongst this princely heape, if any here
 1086 By false Intelligence or wrong furmise,
 1087 Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,
 1088 Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
 1089 By any in this presence, I desire
 1090 To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
 1091 Tis death to me to be at enmity.
 1092 I hate it, and desire all good mens loue.
 1093 First Madam I intreate true peace of you,
 1183 1094 Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.
 1095 Of you my noble Coofen Buckingham,
 1096 If euer any grudge were logde betweene vs.
 1097 Of you Lo: Riuers, and Lord Gray ofyou,
 1098 That all without desert haue frownd on me,
 1099 Dukes, Earles, Lords, gentlemen, indeed of all:
 1100 I doe not know that English man aliue,
 1101 With whom my foule is any iotte at oddes,
 1102 More then the infant that is borne to night:
 1193 1103 I thanke my God for my humility.
 1104 *Qu.* A holy day shall this be kept hereafter,

Is this thy Vow, vnto my fickely heart : 1161
 There wanteth now our Brother Gloster heere, 1162
 To make the bleffed period of this peace. 1163
Buc. And in good time, 1164
 Heere comes Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, and the Duke. 1165

Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloster. 1166

Rich. Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen 1167
 And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day. 1168

King, Happy indeed, as we haue spent the day : 1169
 Gloster, we haue done deeds of Charity, 1170
 Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate, 1171
 Betweene these fwelling wrong incensed Peeres. 1172

Rich. A bleffed labour my most Soueraigne Lord: 1173
 Among this Princely heape, if any heere 1174
 By false intelligence, or wrong surmise 1175
 Hold me a Foe : If I vnwillingly, or in my rage, 1176
 Haue ought committed that is hardly borne, 1177
 To any in this presence, I desire 1178
 To reconcile me to his Friendly peace : 1179
 'Tis death to me to be at enmitie : 1180
 I hate it, and desire all good mens loue, 1181
 Firft Madam, I intreate true peace of you, 1182
 Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice. 1183
 Of you my Noble Cousin Buckingham, 1184
 If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs. 1185
 Of you and you, Lord *Riuers* and of *Dorset*, 1186
 That all without desert haue frown'd on me : 1187
 Of you Lord *Wooduill*, and Lord *Scales* of you, 1188
 Dukes, Earles, Lords; Gentlemen, indeed of all. 1189
 I do not know that Englishman aliue, 1190
 With whom my foule is any iot at odds, 1191
 More then the Infant that is borne to night: 1192
 I thanke my God for my Humility. 1193
Qu. A holy day shall this be kept heereafter : 1194

1105 I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
 1106 My foueraigne liege I doe beseech your Maiesty,
 1107 To take our brother Clarence to your Grace.
 1108 *Glo.* Why Madame, haue I offred loue for this,
 1109 To be thus scorned in this royall prefence?
 1110 Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead,
 1111 You doe him iniury to scorne his corse.
 1112 *Ryu.* Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?

1113 *Qu.* All seeing heauen, what a world is this?
 1114 *Buck.* Looke I so pale Lo: Dorset as the rest?
 1115 *Dor.* I my good Land no one in this prefence,
 1116 But his red couler hath forsooke his cheekes.
 1208 1117 *Kin.* Is Clarence dead, the order was reuert.
 1118 *Glo.* But he poore foule by your first order died,
 1119 And that a winged Mercury did beare,
 1120 Some tardy cripple bore the countermaund,
 1121 That came too lag to see him buried:
 1122 God grant that some lesse noble, and lesse loyall,
 1123 Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blond:
 1124 Deferue not worfe then wretched Clarence did.
 1125 And yet go currant from suspection. *Enter Darby.*

1126 *Dar.* A boone my foueraigne for my seruice done.
 1127 *Kin.* I pray thee peace, my soule is full of forrow.
 1128 *Dar.* I will not rife vnlesse your highnesse grant.
 1129 *Kin.* Then speake at once, what is it thou demaundst.
 1130 *Dar.* The forfeit foueraigne of my seruants life,
 1131 Who slew to day a riotous gentleman,
 1224 1132 Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.
 1133 *Kin.* Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,
 1134 And shall the same giue pardon to a flauel?
 1135 My brother slew no man, his fault was thought,
 1136 And yet his punishment was cruell death.
 1137 Who sued to me for him? who in my rage,

I would to God all strifes were well compounded.	1195
My Soueraigne Lord, I do befeech your Highnesse	1196
To take our Brother <i>Clarence</i> to your Grace.	1197
<i>Rich.</i> Why Madam, haue I offred loue for this,	1198
To be so flowted in this Royall prefence?	1199
Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead?	<i>They</i> 1200
You do him iniurie to fcorne his Coarfe.	<i>all start.</i> 1201
<i>King.</i> Who knowes not he is dead?	1202
Who knowes he is?	1203
<i>Qu.</i> All-feeing heauen, what a world is this?	1204
<i>Buc.</i> Looke I fo pale Lord <i>Dorset</i> , as the rest?	1205
<i>Dor.</i> I my good Lord, and no man in the prefence,	1206
But his red colour hath forfooke his cheekes.	1207
<i>King.</i> Is <i>Clarence</i> dead? The Order was reuerft.	1208
<i>Rich.</i> But he (poore man) by your first order dyed,	1209
And that a winged Mercurie did beare :	1210
Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,	1211
That came too lagge to see him buried.	1212
God grant, that some lesse Noble, and lesse Loyall,	1213
Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,	1214
Deferue not worfe then wretched <i>Clarence</i> did,	1215
And yet go currant from Suspition.	1216
<i>Enter Earle of Derby.</i>	
<i>Der.</i> A boone my Soueraigne for my feruice done.	1217
<i>King.</i> I prethee peace, my soule is full of forrow.	1218
<i>Der.</i> I will not rife, vnlesse your Highnes heare me.	1219
<i>King.</i> Then say at once, what is it thou requests.	1220
<i>Der.</i> The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my seruants life,	1221
Who slew to day a Riotous Gentleman,	1222
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.	1223
<i>King.</i> Haue I a tongue to doome my Brothers death?	1224
And shall that tongue giue pardon to a flauie?	1225
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,	1226
And yet his punishment was bitter death.	1227
Who sued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)	1228
	1229

1138 Kneeld at my feete and bad me be aduifde?
 1139 Who fpake of Brotherhood? who of loue?
 1140 Who told me how the poore foule did forfake
 1141 The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me:
 1142 Who tolde me in the field by Teuxbery,
 1235 1143 When Oxford had me downe, he refcued me,
 1144 And faid deare brother, liue and be a King?
 1145 Who told me when we both lay in the field,
 1146 Frozen almoft to death, how he did lappe me
 1147 Euen in his owne garments, and gaue himfelfe
 1148 All thin and naked to the numbcold night?
 1149 All this from my remembrance brutifh wrath
 1150 Sinfully puckt, and not a man of you
 1151 Had fo much grace to put it in my minde.
 1152 But when your carters, or your waighting vaffailes
 1153 Haue done a drunken flaughter, and defafte
 1154 The pretious image of our deare Redeemer,
 1247 1155 You ftraight are on your knees for pardon pardon,
 1156 And I vniuftly too, muft grant it you:
 1157 But for my brother, not a man would fpake,
 1158 Nor I vngratious fpake vnto my felfe,
 1159 For him poore foule: The proudeft of you all
 1160 Haue beene beholding to him in his life:
 1161 Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
 1162 Oh God I feare thy Iuftice will take hold
 1163 On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (*Exit.*)
 1164 Come Haftings help me to my clofet, oh poore Clarence,

1165 *Glo.* This is the fruit of rafhnes: markt you not
 1166 How that the guilty kindred of the Queene,
 1167 Lookt pale when they did heare of Clarence death?
 1168 Oh they did vrge it ftill vnto the King,
 1169 God will reuenge it. But come lets in
 1263 1170 To comfort Edward with our company. (*Exeunt.*)

Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be aduis'd?	1230
Who spoke of Brother-hood? who spoke of loue?	1231
Who told me how the poore foule did forsake	1232
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me?	1233
Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,	1234
When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me :	1235
And said deare Brother liue, and be a King?	1236
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,	1237
Frozen(almost)to death, how he did lap me	1238
Euen in his Garments, and did giue himselfe	1239
(All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night?	1240
All this from my Remembrance, brutifh wrath	1241
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you	1242
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.	1243
But when your Carters, or your wayting Vaffalls	1244
Haue done a drunken Slaught̄er, and defac'd	1245
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,	1246
You sraight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,	1247
And I (vnjustly too) must grant it you.	1248
But for my Brother, not a man would speake,	1249
Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe	1250
For him poore Soule. The proudest of you all,	1251
Haue bin beholding to him in his life :	1252
Yet none of you, would onee begge for his life.	1253
O God! I feare thy iustice will take hold	1254
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.	1255
Come <i>Hastings</i> helpe me to my Cloffet.	1256
Ah poore <i>Clarence</i> . <i>Exeunt some with K. & Queen.</i>	1257
<i>Rich.</i> This is the fruits of rashnes: Markt you not,	1258
How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene	1259
Look'd pale, when they did heare of <i>Clarence</i> death.	1260
O! they did vrge it still vnto the King,	1261
God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go,	1262
To comfort <i>Edward</i> with our company.	1263

Buc. We wait vpon your Grace.

exeunt. 1264

1171 *Enter Dutches of Yorke, with Clarence Children.*

- 1267 1172 *Boy.* Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?
 1173 *Dut.* No boy. (breast,
 1174 *Boy.* Why doe you wring your hands, and beate your
 1175 And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappy fonne?
 1176 *Gerl.* Why doe you looke on vs and shake your head,
 1177 And call vs wretches, Orphanes, castawaies,
 1178 If that our noble father be aliue?
 1179 *Dut.* My prety Cofens, you mistake me much,
 1180 I doe lament the sicknesse of the King:
 1181 As loth to loofe him, not your fathers death:
 1182 It were loft labour, to weepe for one thats loft.
 1278 1183 *Boy.* Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
 1184 The King my Vnckle is too blame for this:
 1185 God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
 1186 With daily praiers, all to that effect.
- 1187 *Dut.* Peace children, peace, the King doth loue you wel.
 1188 Incapable and shallow innocents,
 1189 You cannot guesse who caufde your fathers death.
 1190 *Boy.* Granam we can: For my good Vnckle Glocester
 1191 Tould me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
 1192 Deuidf impeachments to imprifon him:
 1193 And when he tould me fo, he wept,
 1194 And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kift my cheeke,
 1195 And bad me rely on him as in my father,
 1292 1196 And he would loue me dearely as his child.
 1197 *Dut.* Oh that deceit should steale fuch gentle shapes,
 1198 And with a vertuous vifard hide foule guile:
 1199 He is my fonne, yea, and therein my shame:
 1200 Yet from my duges he drew not this deceit.

Scena Secunda.

<i>Enter the old Dutchesse of Yorke, with the two children of Clarence.</i>	1265 1266
<i>Edw.</i> Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead?	1267
<i>Dutch.</i> No Boy.	1268
<i>Daugh.</i> Why do weepe so oft? And beate your Brest?	1269
And cry, O <i>Clarence</i> , my vnhappy Sonne.	1270
<i>Boy.</i> Why do you looke on vs, and shake your head,	1271
And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Castawayes,	1272
If that our Noble Father were aliuē?	1273
<i>Dut.</i> My pretty Cofins, you mistake me both,	1274
I do lament the sicknesse of the King,	1275
As loath to lose him, not your Fathers death:	1276
It were lost forrow to waile one that's lost.	1277
<i>Boy.</i> Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:	1278
The King mine Vnckle is too blame for it.	1279
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune	1280
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.	1281
<i>Daugh.</i> And so will I.	1282
<i>Dut.</i> Peace children peace, the King doth loue you wel.	1283
Incapeable, and fhallow Innocents,	1284
You cannot gueffe who caus'd your Fathers death.	1285
<i>Boy.</i> Grandam we can: for my good Vnkle Gloster	1286
Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Queene,	1287
Deuis'd impeachments to imprifon him;	1288
And when my Vnckle told me so, he wept,	1289
And pittied me, and kindly kift my cheeke:	1290
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,	1291
And he would loue me deerely as a childe.	1292
<i>Dut.</i> Ah! that Deceit should steale such gentle shape,	1293
And with a vertuous Vizer hide deepe vice.	1294
He is my sonne, I, and therein my shame,	1295
Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.	1296

1201 *Boy.* Thinke you my Vnckle did diffemble Granam?

1202 *Dut.* I boy.

1203 *Boy.* I cannot thinke it, hark what noife is this. *Enter the*

1204 *Qu.* Oh who fhall hinder me to waile and weepe? *Quee.*

1205 To chide my fortune, and torment my felfe?

1206 Ile ioine with blacke defpaire againft my foule,

1207 And to my felfe become an enemy.

1208 *Dut.* What meanes this fceane of rude impatience.

1307 1209 *Qu.* To make an act of tragicke violence ;

1210 Edward, my Lord, your fonne our King is dead.

1211 Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd?

1212 Why wither not the leaues, the fap being gone?

1213 If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:

1214 That our fwiftwinged foules may catch the Kings,

1215 Or like obedient fubiefts, follow him

1216 To his new kingdome of perpetuall reft.

1217 *Dut.* Ah fomuch intereft haue I in thy forrow,

1218 As I had title in thy noble husband:

1317 1219 I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,

1220 And liu'd by looking on his images.

1221 But now two mirrours of his Princely femblance,

1222 Are crackt in pieces by malignant death:

1223 And I for comfort haue but one falfe glaffe,

1224 Which grieues me when I fee my fhame in him.

1225 Thou art a widdow, yet thou art a mother,

1226 And haft the comfort of thy children left thee:

1227 But death hath fnatcht my children from mine armes,

1228 And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,

1229 Edward and Clarence, Oh what caufe haue I

1230 Then, being but moiety of my grieffe,

1231 To ouergo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?

<i>Boy.</i> Thinke you my Vnkle did diffemble Grandam ?	1297
<i>Dut.</i> I Boy.	1298
<i>Boy.</i> I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noife is this?	1299
<i>Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears,</i>	
<i>Riuers & Dorset after her.</i>	1300
	1301
<i>Qu.</i> Ah ! who shall hinder me to waile and weepe ?	1302
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.	1303
Ile ioyne with blacke dispaire against my Soule,	1304
And to my selfe, be come an enemy.	1305
<i>Dut.</i> What meanes this Scene of rude impatience ?	1306
<i>Qu.</i> To make an act of Tragicke violence.	1307
<i>Edward</i> my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.	1308
Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?	1309
Why wither not the leaues that want their sap ?	1310
If you will liue, Lament : if dye, be breefe,	1311
That our swift-winged Soules may catch the Kings,	1312
Or like obedient Subiects follow him,	1313
To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night.	1314
<i>Dut.</i> Ah so much interest haue in thy sorrow,	1315
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband :	1316
I haue be wept a worthy Husbands death,	1317
And liu'd with looking on his Images:	1318
But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance,	1319
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,	1320
And I for comfort, haue but one false Glasse,	1321
That greues me, when I see my shame in him.	1322
Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother,	1323
And hast the comfort of thy Children left,	1324
But death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,	1325
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,	1326
<i>Clarence, and Edward.</i> O, what cause haue I,	1327
(Thine being but a moiety of my moane)	1328
To ouer-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries.	1329

- 1330 1232 *Boy.* Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
 1233 How can we aide you with our kindreds teares.
 1234 *Gerl.* Our fatherleffe distresse was left vnmoand,
 1235 Your widdowes dolours likewise be vnwept.
 1236 *Qu.* Giue me no help in lamentation,
 1237 I am not barren to bring foorth laments:
 1238 All springs reduce their currents to mine eies,
 1239 That I being governd by the watry moane,
 1240 May fend foorth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
 1241 Oh for my husband, for my eire Lo: Edward.
 1242 *Ambo* Oh for our father, for our deare Lo: Clarence.
 1243 *Dut.* Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.
 1244 *Qu.* What stay had I but Edward, and he is gone?
 1245 *Am.* What stay had we but Clarence, and he is gone?
 1246 *Dut.* What staies had I but they, and they are gone?
 1345 1247 *Qu.* Was neuer Widdow, had so deare a losse.
 1248 *Ambo.* Was neuer Orphanes had a dearer losse.
 1249 *Du.* Was neuer mother had a dearer losse:
 1250 Alas, I am the mother of these mones,
 1251 Their woes are parcelld, mine are generall :
 1350 1252 She for Edward weepes, and so doe I :
 1253 I for a Clarence weepe, so doth not she :
 1254 These babes for Clarence weepe, and so doe I:
 1255 I for an Edward weepe, so doe not they.
 1256 Alas, you three on me threefold distrest,
 1257 Poure all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,
 1258 And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Glocest.*

<i>Boy.</i> Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death :	1330
How can we ayde you with our Kindred teares ?	1331
<i>Daugh.</i> Our fatherleffe distresse was left vnmoan'd,	1332
Your widdow-dolour, likewise be vnwept.	1333
<i>Qu.</i> Giue me no helpe in Lamentation,	1334
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:	1335
All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,	1336
That I being gouern'd by the waterie Moone,	1337
May fend forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.	1338
Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord <i>Edward.</i>	1339
<i>Chil.</i> Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord <i>Clarence.</i>	1340
<i>Dut.</i> Alas for both, both mine <i>Edward</i> and <i>Clarence.</i>	1341
<i>Qu.</i> What stay had I but <i>Edward</i> , and he's gone ?	1342
<i>Chil.</i> What stay had we but <i>Clarence?</i> and hee's gone.	1343
<i>Dut.</i> What stayes had I, but they ? and they are gone.	1344
<i>Qu.</i> Was neuer widdow had so deere a losse.	1345
<i>Chil.</i> Were neuer Orphans had so deere a losse.	1346
<i>Dut.</i> Was neuer Mother had so deere a losse.	1347
Alas! I am the Mother of these Greefes,	1348*
Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.	1349
She for an <i>Edward</i> weepes, and so do I :	1350
I for a <i>Clarence</i> weepes, so doth not shee :	1351
These Babes for <i>Clarence</i> weepe, so do not they.	1352
Alas ! you three, on me threefold distrest :	1353
Power all your teares, I am your sorrowes Nurfe,	1354
And I will pamper it with Lamentation.	1355
<i>Dor.</i> Comfort deere Mother, God is much displeas'd,	1356
That you take with vnthankfulnesse his doing.	1357
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd vngratefull,	1358
With dull vnwillingnesse to repay a debt,	1359
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent :	1360
Much more to be thus opposite with heauen,	1361
For it requires the Royall debt it lent you.	1362
<i>Riuers.</i> Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother	1363
Of the young Prince your sonne: fend straight for him,	1364

- 1370 1259 *Gl.* Madame haue comfort, al of vs haue cause, *with others.*
 1260 To waile the dimming of our shining starre :
 1261 But none can cure their harmes by wailing them,
 1262 Madame my mother, I doe crie you mercy,
 1263 I did not see your Grace, humbly on my knee
 1264 I craue your blessing.
 1265 *Du.* God blesse thee, and put meekenes in thy minde,
 1266 Loue, charity, obedience, and true duety.
 1267 *Glo.* Amen, and make me die a good old man,
 1268 Thats the butt end of a mothers blessing:
 1269 I maruell why her Grace did leaue it out.
 1381 1270 *Buck.* You cloudy Princes, and hart-forrowing peeres
 1271 That beare this mutuall heauy lode of moane:
 1272 Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
 1273 Though we haue spent our haruest of this King,
 1274 We are to reape the haruest of his sonne:
 1275 The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
 1276 But lately splinterd, knit, and ioyn'd etogether,
 1277 Must gently be preferu'd, cherisht and kept,
 1278 Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
 1279 Forthwith from Ludlow the yong Prince be fetcht
 1280 Hither to London, to be crownd our King.

Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort liues. 1365
 Drowne desperate sorrow in dead *Edwards* graue, 1366
 And plant your ioyes in liuing *Edwards* Throne. 1367

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, and Ratcliffe. 1368
 1369

Rich. Sifter haue comfort, all of vs haue cause 1370
 To waile the dimming of our shining Starre : 1371
 But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them. 1372
 Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercie, 1373
 I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee, 1374
 I craue your Blessing. 1375

Dut. God blesse thee, and put meeknes in thy breaft, 1376
 Loue Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie. 1377

Rith. Amen, and make me die a good old man, 1378
 That is the butt-end of a Mothers blessing ; 1379
 I maruell that her Grace did leaue it out. 1380

Buc. You cloudy-Princes, & hart-forowing-Peeres, 1381
 That beare this heauie mutuall load of Moane, 1382
 Now cheere each other, in each others Loue : 1383
 Though we haue spent our Haruest of this King, 1384
 We are to reape the Haruest of his Sonne. 1385
 The broken rancour of your high-swolne hates, 1386
 But lately splinter'd, knit, and ioyn'd together, 1387
 Must gently be preferu'd, cherish't, and kept : 1388
 Me seemeth good, that with some little Traine, 1389
 Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be fet 1390
 Hither to London, to be crown'd our King. 1391

Riuers. Why with some little Traine, 1392
 My Lord of Buckingham ? 1393

Buc. Marrie my Lord, leaft by a multitude, 1394
 The new-heal'd wound of Malice should breake out, 1395
 Which would be so much the more dangerous, 1396
 By how much the estate is greene, and yet vngouern'd. 1397
 Where euery Horfe beares his commanding Reine, 1398

- 1281 *Glo.* Then be it so; and go we to determine,
 1282 Who they shalbe that straight shall poist to Ludlow:
 1283 Madame, and you my mother will you go,
 1414 1284 To giue your censures in this waighty busines,
 1285 *Anf.* With all our hearts. *Exeunt man, Glo. Buck.*
 1286 *Buck.* My Lord who euer iourneies to the Prince,
 1287 For Gods sake let not vs two stay behinde:
 1288 For by the way Ile fort occasion,
 1289 As index to the story we late talkt of,
 1290 To part the Queenes proud kindred from the King.
 1291 *Glo.* My other selfe, my counsels consistory:
 1292 *My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cosen:*
 1293 I like a childe will go by thy direction:
 1424 1294 Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behinde.

And may direct his course as please himselfe,	1399
As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant,	1400
In my opinion, ought to be preuented.	1401
<i>Rich.</i> I hope the King made peace with all of vs,	1402
And the compact is firme, and true in me.	1403
<i>Riu.</i> And so in me, and so (I thinke) in all.	1404
Yet since it is but greene, it should be put	1405
To no apparant likely-hood of breach,	1406
Which haply by much company might be vrg'd :	1407
Therefore I say with Noble Buckingham,	1408
That it is meete for few should fetch the Prince.	1409
<i>Hast.</i> And so say I.	1410
<i>Rich.</i> Then be it so, and go we to determine	1411
Who they shall be that strait shall poste to London.	1412
Madam, and you my Sister, will you go	1413
To giue your censures in this businesse. <i>Exeunt.</i>	1414
<i>Manet Buckingham, and Richard.</i>	1415
<i>Buc.</i> My Lord, who euer iournies to the Prince,	1416
For God sake let not vs two stay at home :	1417
For by the way, Ile fort occasion,	1418
As Index to the story we late talk'd of,	1419
To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.	1420
<i>Rich.</i> My other selfe, my Counsailes Confinity,	1421
My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Cofin,	1422
I, as a childe, will go by thy direction,	1423
Toward London then, for wee'l not stay behinde. <i>Exeunt</i>	1424

1295

*Enter two Cittizens.*1296 1 *Cit.* Neighbour well met, whither away so fast ?1297 2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.

1298 1 Heare you the newes abroad?

1299 2 I, that the King is dead.

1300 1 Bad newes birlady, feldome comes the better,

1301 I feare, I feare, twill prooue a troublous world. *Ent. ano-*1435 1302 3 *Cit.* Good morrow neighbours.*ther Citt.*

1303 Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?

1304 1 It doth. 3 Then mafters looke to see a troublous world

1305 1 No no, by Gods good grace his fonne shall raigne.

1441 1306 3 Woe to that land thats gouerned by a childe.

1307 2 In him there is a hope of gouernement,

1308 That in his nonage counsell vnder him,

1309 And in his full and ripened yeres himselfe,

1310 No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.

1311 1 So stode the state when Harry the fixt

1312 Was crownd at Paris, but at ix. moneths olde.

1313 3 Stode the state so? no good my friend not so,

1314 For then this land was famously enricht

1315 With pollitike graue counsell : then the King

1316 Had vertuous Vnckles to protect his Grace.

1317 2 So hath this, both by the father and mother.

1318 3 Better it were they all came by the father,

1319 Or by the father there were none at all:

1320 For emulation now, who shall be neereft :

Scena Tertia.

<i>Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at</i>	1425
<i>the other.</i>	1426
1. <i>Cit.</i> Good morrow Neighbour, whether away fo faft?	1427 1428
2. <i>Cit.</i> I promise you, I fcarfely know my felfe : Heare you the newes abroad?	1429 1430
1. Yes, that the King is dead.	1431
2. Ill newes byrlady, feldome comes the better : I feare, I feare, 'twill proue a giddy world.	1432 1433
<i>Enter another Citizen.</i>	1434
3. Neighbours, God fpeed,	1435
1. Giue you good morrow fir.	1436
3. Doth the newes hold of good king <i>Edwards</i> death?	1437
2. I fir, it is too true, God helpe the while.	1438
3. Then Masters looke to fee a troublous world.	1439
1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son fhall reigne.	1440
3. Woe to that Land that's gouern'd by a Childe.	1441
2. In him there is a hope of Gouernment, Which in his nonage, counfell vnder him, And in his full and ripened yeares, himfelfe No doubt fhall then, and till then gouerne well.	1442 1443 1444 1445
1. So flood the State, when <i>Henry</i> the fixt Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.	1446 1447
3. Stood the State fo? No, no, good friends, God wot For then this Land was famously enrich'd With politike graue Counfell ; then the King Had vertuous Vnkles to protect his Grace.	1448 1449 1450 1451
1. Why fo hath this, both by his Father and Mother.	1452
3. Better it were they all came by his Father : Or by his Father there were none at all : For emulation, who fhall now be neereft,	1453 1454 1455

- 1321 Will touch vs all too neare, if God preuent not.
 1322 Oh full of danger is the Duke of Glocester,
 1458 1323 And the Queenes kindred hauty and proud,
 1324 And were they to be rulde, and not to rule,
 1325 This sickly land might folace as before.
 1326 2 Come come, we feare the worft, all fhallbe well,
 1327 3 When cloudes appeare, wife men put on their clokes:
 1328 When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:
 1329 When the funne fets, who doth not looke for night:
 1330 Vntimely ftormes, make men expect a dARTH:
 1331 All may be well : but if God fort it fo,
 1332 Tis more then we deferue or I expect.
 1468 1333 1 Truely the foules of men are full of bread:
 1334 Yee cannot almoft reafon with a man
 1335 That lookes not heauily, and full of feare.
 1336 3 Before the times of change ftill is it fo:
 1337 By a diuine inftinct mens mindes miftruff

 1338 Enfuing dangers, as by prooffe we fee.
 1339 The waters fwel before a boiftrous ftorme:
 1340 But leaue it all to God: whither away?
 1341 2 We are fent for to the Iuftice.
 1342 3 And fo was I, Ile beare you company. *Exeunt.*

1343 *Enter Cardinall, Dutches of Yorke, Quee. young Yorke.*

- 1481 1344 *Car.* Laft night I heare they lay at Northhampton.
 1482 1345 At Stoniftratford will they be to night,
 1346 To morrow or next day, they will be here.
 1347 *Dut.* I long with all my heart to fee the Prince,
 1348 I hope he is much growen fince laft I faw him,

Will touch vs all too neere, if God preuent not.	1456
O full of danger is the Duke of Gloufter,	1457
And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud :	1458
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,	1459
This sickly Land, might folace as before.	1460
1. Come, come, we feare the worst : all will be well.	1461
3. When Clouds are seen, wifemen put on their clokes ;	1462
When great leaues fall, then Winter is at hand ;	1463
When the Sun fets, who doth not looke for night ?	1464
Vntimely stormes, makes men expect a Dearth :	1465
All may be well ; but if God fort it fo,	1466
'Tis more then we deferue, or I expect.	1467
2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:	1468
You cannot reafon (almost) with a man,	1469
That lookes not heauily, and full of dread.	1470
3. Before the dayes of Change, still is it fo,	1471
By a diuine instinct, mens mindes mistrust	1472
	Enfuing 1473
Purfuing danger : as by prooffe we fee	1474
The Water swell before a boyf'rous storme :	1475
But leaue it all to God. Whither away ?	1476
2. Marry we were sent for to the Iustices.	1477
3. And fo was I : Ile beare you company.	<i>Exennt.</i> 1478

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-bishop yong Yorke, the Queene,
and the Dutcheffe.

<i>Arch.</i> Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,	1481
And at Northampton they do rest to night :	1482
To morrow, or next day, they will be heere.	1483
<i>Dut.</i> I long with all my heart to see the Prince :	1484
I hope he is much growne since last I saw him.	1485

- 1349 *Qu.* But I heare no, they say my fonne of Yorke
 1350 Hath almost ouertane him in his growth.
 1351 *Yor.* I mother, but I would not haue it fo.
 1352 *Dut.* Why my young Cosen it is good to growe.
 1353 *Yor.* Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
 1354 My Vnckle Riuers talkt how I did grow
 1355 More then my brother. I quoth my Nckle Glocester,
 1356 Small herbes haue grace, great weedes grow apace,
 1357 And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast:
 1358 Because sweete flowers are slow, and weedes make haste.
 1359 *Dut.* Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
 1360 In him that did obiect the fame to thee:
 1498 1361 He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,
 1362 So long a growing, and so leifurely,
 1363 That if this were a true rule, he should be gracious.
 1364 *Car.* Why Madame, so no doubt he is.
 1365 *Dut.* I hope so too, but yer let mothers doubt.
 1366 *Yor.* Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
 1367 I could haue giuen my Vnckles grace a flout, mine.
 1368 That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
 1369 *Dut.* How my pretie Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.

 1370 *Yor.* Mary they say, my Vnckle grew so fast,
 1371 That he could gnaw a cruft at two houres olde:
 1372 Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
 1511 1373 Granam this would haue heene a biting ie ft.
 1374 *Dut.* I pray thee pretie Yorke who tolde thee fo.
 1375 *Yor.* Granam his nurse.
 1376 *Dut.* His nurse: why she was dead ere thou wert borne.
 1377 *Yor.* If twere not she, I cannot tell who tolde me.
 1378 *Qu.* A perilous boy, go to, you are too shrewde
 1379 *Car.* Good Madame be not angry with the childe:
 1518 1380 *Qu.* Pitchers haue eares. *Enter Dorset.*

- Qu.* But I heare no, they fay my fonne of Yorke 1486
 Ha's almoſt ouertane him in his growth. 1487
Yorke. I Mother, but I would not haue it fo. 1488
Dut. Why my good Cofin, it is good to grow. 1489
Yor. Grandam, one night as we did fit at Supper, 1490
 My Vnkle *Riuers* talk'd how I did grow 1491
 More then my Brother. I, quoth my Vnkle Gloufter, 1492
 Small Herbes haue grace, great Weeds do grow apace. 1493
 And ſince, me thinkes I would not grow fo faſt, 1494
 Becauſe ſweet Flowres are flow, and Weeds make haſt. 1495
Dut. Good faith, good faith, the ſaying did not hold 1496
 In him that did obieſt the fame to thee. 1497
 He was the wretched'ſt thing when he was yong, 1498
 So long a growing, and ſo leifurely, 1499
 That if his rule were true, he ſhould be gracious. 1500
Yor. And ſo no doubt he is, my gracious Madam. 1501
Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt. 1502
Yor. Now by my troth, if I had beene remembred, 1503
 I could haue giuen my Vnkles Grace, a flout, 1504
 To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine. 1505
Dut. How my yong Yorke, 1506
 I prythee let me heare it. 1507
Yor. Marry (they fay) my Vnkle grew fo faſt, 1508
 That he could gnaw a cruſt at two houres old, 1509
 'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth. 1510
 Grandam, this would haue beene a byting left. 1511
Dut. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this? 1512
Yor. Grandam, his Nurſſe. 1513
Dut. His Nurſe? why ſhe was dead, ere y^e waſt borne. 1514
Yor. If'twere not ſhe, I cannot tell who told me. 1515
Qu. A parlous Boy:go too, you are too ſhrew'd. 1516
Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe. 1517
Qu. Pitchers haue eares. 1518

1381 *Car.* Here comes your fonne, Lo: M. Dorfet.

1382 What newes Lo: Marques?

1383 *Dor.* Such newes my Lo: as grieues me to vnfolde.

1384 *Qu.* How fares the Prince?

1385 *Dor.* Well Madame, and in health.

1386 *Dut.* What is thy newes then?

1387 *Dor.* Lo: Riuers and Lo: Gray are fent to Pomfret,

1388 With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prifoners.

1389 *Dut.* Who hath committed them?

1529 1390 *Dor.* The mighty Dukes, Glocefter and Buckingham.

1391 *Car.* For what offence.

1392 *Dor.* The fumme of all I can, I haue difclofed:

1393 Why, or for what, thefe nobles were com mitted,

1394 Is all vnknown to me my gracious Lady.

1395 *Qu.* Ay me I fee the downfall of our houfe,

1396 The tyger now hath ceazd the gentle hinde:

1397 Infulting tyranny beginnes to iet,

1398 Vpon the innocent and lawleffe throane:

1538 1399 Welcome deftruction, death and maffacre,

1400 I fee as in a mape the ende of all.

1401 *Du.* Accurfed and vnquiet wrangling daies,

1402 How many of you haue mine eies beheld?

1403 My husband loft his life to get the crowne,

1404 And often vp and downe my fonnes were toft:

1405 For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and loffe,

1406 And being feated and domeftike broiles,

1407 Cleane ouerblowne themfelues, the conquerours

1547 1408 Make warre vpon themfelues, bloud againft bloud,

1409 Selfe againft felfe, O prepofterous

1410 And frantike outrage, ende thy damned fpleene,

1411 Or let me die to looke on death no more.

1412 *Qu.* Come come my boy, we will to fanctuary.

1413 *Dut.* Ile go along with you.

Enter a Messenger.

1519

Arch. Heere comes a Messenger : What Newes ?

1520

Mef. Such newes my Lord, as greeues me to report. 1521

Qu. How doth the Prince ? 1522

Mef. Well Madam, and in health. 1523

Dut. What is thy Newes ? 1524

Mef. Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Grey*, 1525

Are sent to Pomfret, and with them, 1526

Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, Prisoners. 1527

Dut. Who hath committed them ? 1528

Mef. The mighty Dukes, *Glouster* and *Buckingham*. 1529

Arch. For what offence ? 1530

Mef. The summe of all I can, I haue disclos'd : 1531

Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed, 1532

Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lord. 1533

Qu. Aye me! I see the ruine of my House : 1534

The Tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle Hinde, 1535

Infuling Tiranny beginnes to lutt 1536

Vpon the innocent and awelesse Throne : 1537

Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Maffacre, 1538

I see (as in a Map) the end of all. 1539

Dut. Accursed, and vnquiet wrangling dayes, 1540

How many of you haue mine eyes beheld ? 1541

My Husband lost his life, to get the Crowne, 1542

And often vp and downe my fonnnes were tost 1543

For me to ioy, and weepe, their gaine and losse. 1544

And being feated, and domesticke broyles 1545

Cleane ouer-blowne, themselues the Conquerors, 1546

Make warre vpon themselues, Brother to Brother; 1547

Blood to blood, felse against felse : O prepoftorous 1548

And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene, 1549

Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more. 1550

Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary. 1551

Madam, farwell. 1552

Dut. Stay, I will go with you. 1553

1414 *Qu.* You haue no caufe.
 1415 *Car.* My gracious Lady go,
 1416 And thither beare your treasure and your goods,
 1417 For my part, Ile refigne vnto your Grace
 1418 The feale I keepe, and fo betide to me,
 1419 As well I tender you and all of yours:
 1420 Come Ile conduēt you to the fanctuary. *Exeunt.*

1421 *The Trumpets found. Enter young Prince, the Dukes of Glo-*
 1422 *ceſter, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c.* (ber.

1564 1423 *Buc.* Welcome ſweete Prince to London to your cham-

1424 *Glo.* Welcome deare Coſen my thoughts foueraigne,
 1425 The weary way hath made you melancholy.
 1426 *Prin.* No Vnckle, but our croſſes on the way
 1427 Haue made it tedious, wearifome, and heauy:
 1428 I want more Vnckles here to welcome me.
 1429 *Glo.* Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeres,
 1430 Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
 1431 Nor more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
 1432 Then of his outward ſhew, which God he knowes,
 1433 Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart:
 1434 Thoſe Vnckles which you want, were dangerous,
 1435 Your Grace attended to their fugred words,
 1436 But lookt not on the poiſon of their hearts:
 1579 1437 God keepe you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends.
 1438 *Pri.* God keepe me from falſe friends, but they wer none.
 1439 *Glo.* My Lo, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

<i>Qu.</i> You haue no caufe.	1554
<i>Arch.</i> My gracious Lady go,	1555
And thether beare your Treafure and your Goodes,	1556
For my part, Ile refigne vnto your Grace	1557
The Seale I keepe, and fo betide to me,	1558
As well I tender you, and all of yours.	1559
Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary.	<i>Exeunt</i> 1560

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

<i>The Trumpets found.</i>	1561
<i>Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Glocester, and Buckingham,</i>	1562
<i>Lord Cardinall, with others.</i>	1563
<i>Buc.</i> Welcome sweete Prince to London,	1564
To your Chamber.	1565
<i>Rich.</i> Welcome deere Cofin, my thoughts So ueraign	1566
The wearie way hath made you Mela ncholly.	1567
<i>Prin.</i> No Vnkle, but our croffes on the way,	1568
Haue made it tedious, wearifome, and heauie.	1569
I want more Vnkles heere to welcome me.	1570
<i>Rich.</i> Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeers	1571
Hath not yet diu'd into the Worlds deceit :	1572
No more can you diftinguifh of a man,	1573
Then of his outward fhew, which God he knowes,	1574
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart.	1575
Thofe Vnkles which you want, were dangerous :	1576
Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,	1577
But look'd not on the poyfon of their hearts :	1578
God keepe you from them, and from fuch falfe Friends.	1579
<i>Prin.</i> God keepe me from falfe Friends,	1580
But they were none.	1581
<i>Rich.</i> My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet	1582
you.	1583

1440 *Enter Lord Maior.*

1441 *Lo:M.* God bleffe your grace with health and happy daies.

1442 *Prin.* I thanke you good my Lo: and thanke you all:

1443 I thought my mother, and my brother Yorke,

1444 Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:

1445 Fie, what a flug is Haftings that he comes not

1446 To tell vs whether they will come, or no, (*Enter L. Haft.*)

1447 *Buck.* And in good time, here comes the sweating Lo:

1595 1448 *Pri.* Welcome my Lo: what will our mother come?

1449 *Haft.* On what occasion, God he knowes, not I:

1450 The Queene your mother and your brother Yorke

1451 Haue taken sanctuary: The tender Prince

1452 Would faine haue come with me, to meet e your Grace,

1453 But by his mother was perforce withheld.

1454 *Buc.* Fie, what an indirect and peeuish courfe

1455 Is this of hers? Lo: Cardinall will your grace

1456 Perfwade the Queene to fend the Duke of Yorke

1457 Vnto his Princely brother presently?

1458 If she deny, Lo: Haftings go with him,

1459 And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.

1608 1460 *Car.* My Lo: of Buckingham, if my weake oratory

1461 Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,

1462 Anone expect him here: but if she be obdurate

1463 To milde entreaties, God in heauen forbid

1464 We should infringe the holy priuledge

1465 Of blessed sanctuary, not for all this land,

1466 Would I be guilty of so deepe a sinne.

1467 *Buck.* You are too fencelesse obstinate my Lo:

1468 Too ceremonious and traditionall:

Enter Lord Maior.

1584

Lo. Maior. God bleffe your Grace, with health and
happie dayes. 1585
1586

Prin. I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all : 1587
I thought my Mother, and my Brother *Yorke*, 1588
Would long, ere this, haue met vs on the way. 1589
Fie, what a Slug is *Hastings*, that he comes not 1590
To tell vs, whether they will come, or no. 1591

Enter Lord Hastings.

1592

Buck. And in good time, heere comes the fweating 1593
Lord. 1594

Prince. Welcome, my Lord : what, will our Mother 1595
come ? 1596

Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I ; 1597
The Queene your Mother, and your Brother *Yorke*, 1598
Haue taken Sanctuarie : The tender Prince 1599
Would faine haue come with me, to meet your Grace, 1600
But by his Mother was perforce with-held. 1601

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course 1602
Is this of hers ? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace 1603
Perfwade the Queene, to fend the Duke of Yorke 1604
Vnto his Princely Brother presently ? 1605
If she denie, Lord *Hastings* goe with him, 1606
And from her ialous Armes pluck him perforce. 1607

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Oratorie 1608
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of Yorke, 1609
Anon expect him here : but if she be obdurate 1610
To milde entreaties, God forbid 1611
We should infringe the holy Priuiledge 1612
Of blessed Sanctuarie : not for all this Land, 1613
Would I be guiltie of fo great a sinne. 1614

Buck. You are too fencelesse obstinate, my Lord, 1615
Too ceremonious, and traditionall. 1616

- 1469 Weigh it but with the groffenes of this age,
 1470 You breake not fanctuary in feazing him:
 1471 The benefit thereof is alwaies granted
 1472 To thofe whofe dealings haue deferude the place,
 1473 And thofe who haue the wit to claime the place.
 1474 This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deferued it,
 1623 1475 And therefore in mine opinion, cannot haue it.
 1476 Then taking him from thence that is not there,
 1477 You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
 1478 Oft haue I heard of fanctuary men,
 1479 But fanctuary children neuer till now.
 1480 *Car.* My Lo: you fhall ouerrule my minde for once:
 1629 1481 Come on Lo: Haftings will you go with me?
 1482 *Hast.* I go my Lord.
 1483 *Prin.* Good Lords make all the fpeedy haft you may:
 1484 Say Vnckle Glocefter, if our brother come,
 1485 Where fhall we fojourne till our coronation?
 1486 *Glo.* Where it feemes beft vnto your royall felfe:
 1487 If I may counsell you, fome day or two,
 1488 Your highnes fhall refofe you at the tower:
 1489 Then where you pleafe, and fhallbe thought moft fit
 1490 For your beft health and recreation.
 1491 *Prin.* I doe not like the tower of any place:
 1492 Did Iulius Cæfar build that place my Lord?
 1493 *Buc.* He did, my gracious Lo: begin that place,
 1494 Which fince fucceeding ages haue reedified.
 1495 *Prin.* Is it vpon record, or els reported
 1496 Succesfiuely from age to age he built it?
 1645 1497 *Buc.* Vpon record my gracious Lo:
 1498 *Pri.* But fay my Lo: it were not regiftred,
 1499 Me thinks the truth fhould liue from age to age,
 1500 As twere retailde to all pofterity,
 1501 Euen to the generall all-ending day.
 1502 *Glo.* So wife, fo young, they fay doe neuer liue long.
 1503 *Pri.* What fay you Vnckle?
 1504 *Glo.* I fay without characters fame liues long:

Weigh it but with the grossefenne of this Age,	1617
You breake not Sanctuarie in feizing him :	1618
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted	1619
To those, whose dealings haue deferu'd the place,	1620
And those who haue the wit to clayme the place :	1621
This Prince hath neyther claym'd it, nor deferu'd it,	1622
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot haue it,	1623
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,	1624
You breake no Priuiledge, nor Charter there :	1625
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie men,	1626
But Sanctuarie children, ne're till now.	1627
<i>Card.</i> My Lord, you shall o're-rule my mind for once.	1628
Come on, Lord <i>Hastings</i> , will you goe with me ?	1629
<i>Hast.</i> I goe, my Lord. <i>Exit Cardinall and Hastings.</i>	1630
<i>Prince.</i> Good Lords, make all the speedie hast you may.	1631
Say, Vnckle <i>Glocester</i> , if our Brother come,	1632
Where shall we fojourne, till our Coronation ?	1633
<i>Glo.</i> Where it think'ft best vnto your Royall selfe.	1634
If I may counsaile you, some day or two	1635
Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower :	1636
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit	1637
For your best health, and recreation.	1638
<i>Prince.</i> I doe not like the Tower, of any place :	1639
Did <i>Iulius Cæsar</i> build that place, my Lord ?	1640
<i>Buck.</i> He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,	1641
Which since, succceeding Ages haue re-edify'd.	1642
<i>Prince.</i> Is it vpon record ? or else reported	1643
Successfiuely from age to age, he built it ?	1644
<i>Buck.</i> Vpon record, my gracious Lord.	1645
<i>Prince.</i> But say, my Lord, it were not registred,	1646
Me thinks the truth should liue from age to age,	1647
As 'twere retayl'd to all posteritie,	1648
Euen to the generall ending day.	1649
<i>Glo.</i> So wise, so young, they say doe neuer liue long.	1650
<i>Prince.</i> What say you, Vnckle ?	1651
<i>Glo.</i> I say, without Characters, Fame liues long.	1652

1505 Thus like the formall vice iniquity,
 1506 I morallize two meanings in one word.
 1507 *Pri.* That Iulius Cefar was a famous man,
 1508 With what his valour did enrich his wit,
 1509 His wit fet downe to make his valure liue:
 1510 Death makes no conqueft of this conquerour,

1659 1511 For now he liues in fame though not in life:

1512 Ile tell you what my Cofen Buckingham.

1513 *Buc.* What my gracious Lord?

1514 *Prin.* And if I liue vntill I be a man,

1515 Ile winne our auncient right in France againe,

1516 Or die a fouldier as I liude a King.

1517 *Glo.* Short fummers lightly haue a forward fpring.

1518 *Enter young Yorke, Haftings, Cardinall.*

1519 *Buc.* Now in good time here comes the Duke of Yorke.

1520 *Pri.* Rich. of Yorke how fares our louing brother?

1671 1521 *Yor.* Well my dread Lo: fo muft I call you now.

1522 *Pri* I brother to our grieffe as it is yours:

1523 Too late he died that might haue kept that title,

1524 Which by his death hath loft much maiefty.

1525 *Glo.* How fares our Cofen noble Lo: of Yorke?

1526 *Yor.* I thanke you gentle Vnckle. O my Lo:

1527 You faid that idle weedes are faft in growth:

1528 The Prince my brother hath outgrowen me farre.

1529 *glo.* He hath my Lo:

1530 *Yor.* And therefore is he idle?

1531 *Glo.* Oh my faire Cofen, I muft not fay fo.

1532 *Yor.* Then he is more beholding to you then I.

1533 *Glo.* He may command me as my foueraigne,

1684 1534 But you haue power in me as in a kinfeman.

1535 *Yor.* I pray you Vnckle giue me this dagger.

1536 *glo.* My dagger little Cofen, withall my heart.

Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquitie, 1653
 I morallize two meanings in one word. 1654

Prince. That *Iulius Cæsar* was a famous man, 1655
 With what his Valour did enrich his Wit, 1656
 His Wit fet downe, to make his Valour liue : 1657
 Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror, 1658
 For now he liues in Fame, though not in Life. 1659
 Ile tell you what, my Cousin *Buckingham*. 1660

Buck. What, my gracious Lord ? 1661

Prince. And if I liue vntill I be a man, 1662
 Ile win our ancient Right in France againe, 1663
 Or dye a Souldier, as I liu'd a King. 1664

Glo. Short Summers lightly haue a forward Spring. 1665

Enter young Yorke, Hastings, and Cardinall. 1666

Buck. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of 1667
 Yorke. 1668

Prince. *Richard* of Yorke, how fares our Noble Bro- 1669
 ther ? 1670

Yorke. Well, my deare Lord, so must I call you now. 1671

Prince. I, Brother, to our grieffe, as it is yours : 1672
 Too late he dy'd, that might haue kept that Title, 1673
 Which by his death hath lost much Maiestie. 1674

Glo. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of Yorke ? 1675

Yorke. I thanke you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord, 1676
 You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth : 1677

The Prince, my Brother, hath out-growne me farre. 1678

Glo. He hath, my Lord. 1679

Yorke. And therefore is he idle ? 1680

Glo. Oh my faire Cousin, I must not say so. 1681

Yorke. Then he is more beholding to you, then I. 1682

Glo. He may command me as my Soueraigne, 1683
 But you haue power in me, as in a Kinsman. 1684

Yorke. I pray you, Vnckle, giue me this Dagger. 1685

Glo. My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my heart. 1686

1537 *Pri.* A begger brother?

1538 *Yor.* Of my kind Vnckle that I know will giue,

1539 And being but a toy, which is no grieffe to giue.

1540 *Glo.* A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Cofen.

1541 *Yor.* A greater gift, O thats the fword to it.

1542 *Glo.* I gentle Cofen, were it light enough.

1693 1543 *Yor.* O then I fee you will part but with light gifts,

1544 In weightier things youle fay a begger nay

1545 *Glo.* It is too heauy for your Grace to weare.

1546 *Yor.* I weigh it lightly were it heauier.

1547 *Glo.* What would you haue my weapon little Lord?

1548 *Yor.* I would, that I might thanke you as you call me.

1549 *Glo.* How? *Yor.* Little.

1550 *Pri.* My Lo: of Yorke will still be croffe in talke:

1703 1551 Vnckle your grace knowes how to beare with him.

1552 *Yor.* You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:

1553 Vnckle, my brother mockes both you and me,

1554 Because that I am little like an Ape,

1555 He thinks that you should beare me on your shoulders.

1556 *Buck.* With what a sharpe prouided wit he reafons,

1557 To mittigate the sorne he giues his Vnckle:

1558 He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe,

1559 So cunning and fo young is wonderfull.

1560 *Glo.* My Lo: wilt please you paffe along,

1561 My selfe and my good Coofen Buckingham,

1562 Will to your mother, to entreate of her,

1563 To meete you at the tower, and welcome you.

1564 *Yor.* What will you go vnto the tower my Lo?

1565 *Prin.* My Lo: protector needes will haue it fo.

1718 1566 *Yor.* I shall not sleepe in quiet at the tower.

1567 *Glo.* Why, what should you feare?

1568 *Yor.* Mary my Vnckle Clarence angry ghof:

1569 My Granam tolde me he was murdred there.

1570 *Pri.* I feare no Vnckles dead.

<i>Prince.</i> A Begger, Brother ?	1687
<i>Yorke.</i> Of my kind Vnckle, that I know will giue,	1688
And being but a Toy, which is no grieffe to giue.	1689
<i>Glo.</i> A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Coufin.	1690
<i>Yorke.</i> A greater gift ? O, that's the Sword to it.	1691
<i>Glo.</i> I, gentle Coufin, were it light enough.	1692
<i>Yorke.</i> O then I see, you will part but with light gifts,	1693
In weightier things you'le fay a Begger nay.	1694
<i>Glo.</i> It is too weightie for your Grace to weare.	1695
<i>Yorke.</i> I weigh it lightly, were it heauier.	1696
<i>Glo.</i> What, would you haue my Weapon, little Lord ?	1697
<i>Yorke.</i> I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you	1698
call me.	1699
<i>Glo.</i> How ?	1700
<i>Yorke.</i> Little.	1701
<i>Prince.</i> My Lord of Yorke will still be croffe in talke :	1702
Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.	1703
<i>Yorke.</i> You meane to beare me, not to beare with me :	1704
Vnckle, my Brother mockes both you and me,	1705
Because that I am little, like an Ape,	1706
He thinks that you should beare me on your shoulders.	1707
<i>Buck.</i> With what a sharpe prouided wit he reafons :	1708
To mittigate the sorne he giues his Vnckle,	1709
He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe :	1710
So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull.	1711
<i>Glo.</i> My Lord, wilt please you passe along ?	1712
My selfe, and my good Coufin <i>Buckingham</i> ,	1713
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her	1714
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.	1715
<i>Yorke.</i> What, will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord ?	1716
<i>Prince.</i> My Lord Protector will haue it so.	1717
<i>Yorke.</i> I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.	1718
<i>Glo.</i> Why, what should you feare ?	1719
<i>Yorke.</i> Marry, my Vnckle <i>Clarence</i> angry Ghost :	1720
My Grandam told me he was murther'd there.	1721
<i>Prince.</i> I feare no Vnckles dead.	1722

- 1571 *Glo.* Nor none that liue, I hope.
 1572 *Pri* And if they liue, I hope I neede not feare:
 1573 But come my Lo: with a heauy heart
 1726 1574 Thinking on them, go I vnto the tower.
 1575 *Exeunt Prin. Yor. Haft. Dorf manet .Rich. Buck.*

- 1576 *Buc.* Thinke you my Lo: this little prating Yorke,
 1577 Was not incensed by his fubtile mother,
 1578 To taunt and fcorne you thus opprobrioufly?
 1579 *Glo.* No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis a perillous boy,
 1580 Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
 1581 He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.
 1582 *Buc.* Well, let them rest: Come hither Catesby,
 1583 Thou art fworne as deeply to effect what we intend,
 1584 As clofely to conceale what we impart.
 1585 Thou knowest our reasons vrgde vpon the way:
 1586 What thinkest thou? is it not an easie matter
 1587 To make William Lo: Hastings of our minde,
 1588 For the instalement of this noble Duke,
 1742 1589 In the feate royall of this famous ile?
 1590 *Cates.* He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
 1591 That he will not be wonne to ought against him.
 1592 *Buck.* What thinkest thou then of Stanley what will he?

 1593 *Cat.* He will doe all in all as Hastings doth.
 1594 *Buck.* Well then no more but this:
 1749 1595 Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off,
 1596 Sound thou Lo: Hastings, how he stands affected
 1597 Vnto our purpose, if he be willing,

 1598 Encourage him, and shew him all our reasons:
 1599 If he be leaden, icie, cold, vnwilling,

<i>Glo.</i> Nor none that liue, I hope.	1723
<i>Prince.</i> And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.	1724
But come my Lord : and with a heauie heart,	1725
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.	1726
<i>A Senet. Exeunt Prince, Yorke, Hastings, and Dorset.</i>	1727
<i>Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.</i>	1728
<i>Buck.</i> Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating <i>Yorke</i>	1729
Was not incensed by his subtle Mother,	1730
To taunt and fcorne you thus opprobriously ?	1731
<i>Glo.</i> No doubt, no doubt : Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,	1732
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable :	1733
Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe.	1734
<i>Buck.</i> Well, let them rest : Come hither <i>Catesby</i> ,	1735
Thou art sworne as deeply to effect what we intend,	1736
As closely to conceale what we impart :	1737
Thou know'st our reasons vrg'd vpon the way.	1738
What think'st thou ? is it not an easie matter,	1739
To make <i>William</i> Lord <i>Hastings</i> of our minde,	1740
For the installment of this Noble Duke	1741
In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile ?	1742
<i>Cates.</i> He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,	1743
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.	1744
<i>Buck.</i> What think'st thou then of <i>Stanley</i> ? Will	1745
not hee ?	1746
<i>Cates.</i> Hee will doe all in all as <i>Hastings</i> doth.	1747
<i>Buck.</i> Well then, no more but this :	1748
Goe, gentle <i>Catesby</i> , and as it were farre off,	1749
Sound thou Lord <i>Hastings</i> ,	1750
How he doth stand affected to our purpose,	1751
And summon him to morrow to the Tower,	1752
To sit about the Coronation.	1753
If thou do'st finde him tractable to vs,	1754
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons :	1755
If he be leaden, ycie, cold, vnwilling,	1756

- 1600 Be thou fo too : and fo breake off your talke,
 1601 And giue vs notice of his inclination:
 1602 For we to morrow hold deuided counfels,
 1603 Wherein thy felfe fhalt highly be employed.
 1604 *Glo.* Commend me to Lo: William, tell him Catesby,
 1605 His auncient knot of dangerous aduerfaries
 1606 To morrow are let bloud at Pomfret Cattle,
 1607 And bid my friend for ioy of this good newes,
 1785 1608 Giue Miftrefle Shore, one gentle kiffe the more.
 1609 *Buck.* Good Catesby effect this bufines foundly.
 1610 *Cat.* My good Lo: both, with all the heede I may.
 1611 *Glo.* Shall we heere from you Catesby ere we sleepe?
 1612 *Cat.* You fhall my Lord.
 1613 *Glo.* At Crosby place there fhall you finde vs both.

 1614 *Buc.* Now my Lo: what fhall we doe, if we perceiue

 1615 William Lo: Haftings will not yeeld to our complots?
 1616 *Glo.* Chop of his head man, fomewhat we will doe,

 1617 And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
 1778 1618 The Earledome of Hereford and the moueables,
 1619 Whereof the King my brother stood poffeft.
 1620 *Buc.* Ile claime that promife at your Graces hands.
 1621 *Glo.* And looke to haue it yeilded with all willingnes:
 1622 Come let vs fuppe betimes, that afterwards
 1623 We may digeft our complots in fome forme. *Exeunt.*

Be thou fo too, and fo breake off the talke,	1757
And giue vs notice of his inclination :	1758
For we to morrow hold diuided Councils,	1759
Wherein thy felfe fhalt highly be employ'd.	1760
<i>Rich.</i> Commend me to Lord <i>William</i> : tell him <i>Catesby</i> ,	1761
His ancient Knot of dangerous Aduerfaries	1762
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Caſtle,	1763
And bid my Lord, for ioy of this good newes,	1764
Giue Miſtreſſe <i>Shore</i> one gentle Kiſſe the more.	1765
<i>Buck.</i> Good <i>Catesby</i> , goe effect this buſineſſe foundly.	1766
<i>Cates.</i> My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.	1767
<i>Rich.</i> Shall we heare from you, <i>Catesby</i> , ere we fleepe ?	1768
<i>Cates.</i> You ſhall, my Lord.	1769
<i>Rich.</i> At <i>Crosby</i> Houſe, there ſhall you find vs both.	1770
<i>Exit Catesby.</i>	1771
<i>Buck.</i> Now, my Lord,	1772
What ſhall wee doe, if wee perceiue	1773
Lord <i>Hastings</i> will not yeeld to our Complots ?	1774
<i>Rich.</i> Chop off his Head :	1775
Something wee will determine :	1776
And looke when I am King, clayme thou of me	1777
The Earledome of Hereford, and all the moueables	1778
Whereof the King, my Brother, was poſſeſt,	1779
<i>Buck.</i> Ile clayme that promiſe at your Graces hand.	1780
<i>Rich.</i> And looke to haue it yeelded with all kindneſſe.	1781
Come let vs ſuppe betimes, that afterwards	1782
Wee may digeſt our complots in ſome forme.	1783
<i>Exeunt.</i>	1784

1624 *Enter a Messenger to Lo: Hastings.*

1625 *mes.* What ho my Lord.

1626 *Hast.* Who knockes at the dore.

1788 1627 *mes.* A messenger from the Lo: Stanley. *Enter L. Hast*

1628 *Hast.* Whats a clocke?

1629 *mes.* Vpon the stroke of foure.

1630 *Hast.* Cannot thy Master sleepe these tedious nights?

1631 *mes.* So it should seeme by that I haue to say :

1632 First he commends him to your noble Lordship.

1796 1633 *Hast.* And then. *mes* And then he sends you word.

1634 He dreamt to night the beare had raste his helme:

1635 Besides, he saies there are two counsels held,

1636 And that may be determind at the one,

1637 Which may make you and him to rewe at the other,

1638 Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure:

1639 If presently you will take horse with him,

1640 Andwith all speede post into the North,

1641 To shun the danger that his soule diuines

1642 *Hast.* Go fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord,

1643 Bid him not feare the seperated counsels:

1644 His honour and my selfe are at the one,

1645 And at the other, is my seruant Catesby:

1810 1646 Where nothing can proceede that toucheth vs,

1647 Whereof I shall not haue intelligence.

1648 Tell him his feares are shallow, wanting instance.

1649 And for his dreames, I wonder he is so fond,

1650 To trust the mockery of vnquiet slumbers,

Scena Secunda.

<i>Enter a Meffenger to the Doore of Hastings.</i>	1785
<i>Meff.</i> My Lord, my Lord.	1786
<i>Hast.</i> Who knockes?	1787
<i>Meff.</i> One from the Lord <i>Stanley</i> .	1788
<i>Hast.</i> What is't a Clocke?	1789
<i>Meff.</i> Vpon the froke of foure,	1790
<i>Enter Lord Hastings.</i>	1791
<i>Hast.</i> Cannot my Lord <i>Stanley</i> sleepe these tedious Nights?	1792 1793
<i>Meff.</i> So it appeares, by that I haue to say :	1794
Firft, he commends him to your Noble felfe,	1795
<i>Hast.</i> What then?	1796
<i>Meff.</i> Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night He dreamt, the Bore had rafed off his Helme :	1797 1798
Befides, he faves there are two Councels kept ;	1799
And that may be determin'd at the one,	1800
Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.	1801
Therefore he fendes to know your Lordships pleasure,	1802
If you will presently take Horfe with him,	1803
And with all fpeed poft with him toward the North,	1804
To fhun the danger that his Soule diuines.	1805
<i>Hast.</i> Goe fellow, goe, returne vnto thy Lord,	1806
Bid him not feare the feperated Councell :	1807
His Honor and my felfe are at the one,	1808
And at the other, is my good friend <i>Catesby</i> ;	1809
Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth vs,	1810
Whereof I fhall not haue intelligence :	1811
Tell him his Feares are fhallow, without instance.	1812
And for his Dreames, I wonder hee's fo fimple,	1813
To trust the mock'ry of vnquiet flumbers.	1814

1651 To flie the boare, before the boare purfues vs,
 1652 Were to incenſe the boare to follow vs,
 1653 And make purfuite where he did meane no chaſe:
 1654 Go bid thy Maſter riſe and come to me,
 1655 And we will both together to the tower,
 1656 Where he ſhall ſee the boare will uſe vs kindly.
 1821 1657 *meff.* My gracious Lo: Ile tell him what you ſay. *Enter*

1658 *Cat.* Many good morrowes to my noble Lo: *(Catef.*
 1659 *Haſt.* Good morrow Catesby, you are early ſtirring,
 1660 What newes what newes, in this our tottering ſtate?
 1661 *Cat.* It is a reeling world indeede my Lo:
 1662 And I belecue it will neuer ſtand vpright,
 1663 Till Richard weare the garland of the Realme.
 1664 *Haſt.* Howe? weare the garland? doeſt thou meane the

1832 1665 *Cat.* I my good Lord, *(crowne?*
 1666 *Haſt.* Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my ſhoul-
 1667 Ere I will ſee the crowne ſo foule miſplaſte: *(ders*
 1668 But canſt thou gueſſe that he doth aime at it.
 1669 *Cat.* Vpon my life my Lo:and hopes to find you forward
 1670 Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
 1671 And thereupon he ſends you this good newes,
 1672 That this ſame very day, your enemies,
 1673 The kindred of the Queene muſt die at Pomfret.
 1841 1674 *Haſt.* Indeede I am no mourner for that newes,
 1675 Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies:
 1676 But that Ile giue my voice on Richards ſide,
 1677 To barre my Maſters heires in true diſcent,
 1678 God knowes I will not doe it to the death.
 1679 *Cat.* God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde.

1680 *Haſt.* But I ſhall laugh at this a tweluemonth hence,
 1681 That they who brought me in my Maſters hate,

To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursues, 1815
 Were to incense the Bore to follow vs, 1816
 And make pursuit, where he did meane no chafe. 1817
 Goe, bid thy Master rife, and come to me, 1818
 And we will both together to the Tower, 1819
 Where he shall see the Bore will vse vs kindly. 1820

Mess. Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you fay. 1821

Exit. 1822

Enter Catesby. 1823

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord. 1824

Hast. Good morrow *Catesby*, you are early stirring : 1825
 What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State? 1826

Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord : 1827
 And I beleue will neuer stand vp right, 1828

Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Realme. 1829

Hast. How weare the Garland? 1830

Doest thou meane the Crowne? 1831

Cates. I, my good Lord. 1832

Hast. Ile haue this Crown of mine cut frõ my shoulders, 1833
 Before Ile see the Crowne so foule mis-plac'd : 1834

But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it? 1835

Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward, 1836
 Vpon his partie, for the gaine thereof : 1837

And thereupon he fendes you this good newes, 1838

That this same very day your enemies, 1839

The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret. 1840

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes, 1841

Because they haue beene still my aduersaries : 1842

But, that Ile giue my voice on *Richards* side, 1843

To barre my Masters Heires in true Descent, 1844

God knowes I will not doe it, to the death. 1845

Cates. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious 1846
 minde. 1847

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelue-month hence, 1848

That they which brought me in my Masters hate, 1849

1850 1682 I lue to looke vpon their tragedy:
 1683 I tell thee Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?
 1684 *Hast.* Ere a fortnight make me elder,
 1685 Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not onit
 1686 *Cat.* Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord,
 1687 When men are vnprepard and looke not for it.
 1688 *Hast.* O Monstrous monstrous, and so fals it out
 1689 With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray, and so twill doe
 1690 With some men els, who thinke themselues as safe
 1691 As thou, and I, who as thou knowest are deare
 1692 To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
 1693 *Cat.* The Princes both make high account of you,
 1694 For they account his head vpon the bridge.
 1862 1695 *Hast.* I know they doe, and I haue well deserued it.

1696

Enter Lord Stanley.

1697 What my Lo: where is your boare-speare man?
 1698 Feare you the boare and go fo vnprouided?
 1699 *Stan.* My Lo: good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
 1700 You may iest on: but by the holy roode.
 1701 I doe not like these feuerall counceles I.
 1702 *Hast.* My Lo: I hould my life as deare as you doe yours,
 1870 1703 And neuer in my life I doe protest,
 1704 Was it more pretious to me then it is now:
 1705 Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,
 1706 I would be so triumphant as I am? (don,
 1707 *Stan.* The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from Lon-
 1708 Were iocund, and supposde their states was sure,
 1709 And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
 1710 But yet you see how soone the day ouercast,
 1711 This sodaine scab of rancour I misdoubt,
 1712 Pray God, I say, I proue a needelesse coward:
 1713 But come my Lo: shall we to the tower?
 1714 *Hast.* I go: but stay, heare you not the newes,
 1715 This day those men you talkt of, are beheaded.

I liue to looke vpon their Tragedie. 1850
Well *Catesby*, ere a fort-night make me older, 1851

Ile fend some packing, that yet thinke not on't. 1852

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord, 1853
When men are vnprepar'd, and looke not for it. 1854

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out 1855

With *Riuers, Vaughan, Grey*: and so 'twill doe 1856

With some men else, that thinke themselues as safe 1857

As thou and I, who(as thou know'ft) are deare 1858

To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*. 1859

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you, 1860

For they account his Head vpon the Bridge. 1861

Hast. I know they doe, and I haue well deferu'd it. 1862

Enter Lord Stanley. 1863

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-speare man? 1864

Feare you the Bore, and goe so vnprouided? 1865

Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow *Catesby*: 1866

You may ieast on, but by the holy Rood, 1867

I doe not like these feuerall Councils, I. 1868

Hast. My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours, 1869

And neuer in my dayes, I doe protest, 1870

Was it so precious to me, as 'tis now : 1871

Thinke you, but that I know our state secure, 1872

I would be so triumphant as I am? 1873

Sta. The Lords at Pomfret, whẽ they rode from London, 1874

Were iocund, and suppos'd their states were sure, 1875

And they indeed had no cause to mistrust : 1876

But yet you see, how soone the Day o're-caft. 1877

This sudden stab of Rancour I misdoubt : 1878

Pray God (I say) I proue a needlesse Coward. 1879

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent. 1880

Hast. Come, come, haue with you : 1881

Wot you what, my Lord, 1882

To day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded. 1883

1716 *Sta.* They for their truth might better weare their heads,

1717 Then some that haue accufde them weare their hats:

1888 1718 But come my Lo: let vs away, *Enter Hastin.*

1719 *Hast.* Go you before, Ile follow presently. *(a Pursuant.*

1720 *Hast.* Well met Hastings, how goes the world with thee?

1721 *Pur.* The better that it please your Lo: to aske.

1722 *Hast.* I tell thee fellow tis better with me now.

1723 Then when I met thee last where now vve meete:

1724 Then was I going prisoner to the tower,

1725 By the suggestion of the Queenes allies:

1726 But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe.)

1727 This day those enemies are put to death,

1728 And I in better state then euer I was.

1899 1729 *Pur.* God hold it to your honors good content.

1730 *Hast.* Gramercy Hastings hold spend thou that, *He giues*

1731 *Pur.* God faue your Lordship. *(him his purse.*

1732 *Hast.* What Sir Iohn, you are wel met, *(Enter a priest.*

1733 I am beholding to you for your last daies exercise:

1734 Come the next fabaoth and I will content you. *He whif-*

1735 *Enter Buckingham.* *(pers in his eare.*

1736 *Buc.* How now Lo:Chamberlaine, what talking with a

1737 Your friends at Pomfret they doe need the priest *(priest,*

1738 Your honour hath no shriuing worke in hand.

Sta. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads, 1884
 Then some that haue accus'd them, weare their Hats. 1885
 But come, my Lord, let's away. 1886

Enter a Pursuiuant. 1887

Hast. Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow. 1888
Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby. 1889
 How now, Sirrha? how goes the World with thee? 1890
Purf. The better, that your Lordship please to aske. 1891
Hast. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now, 1892
 Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet : 1893
 Then was I going Prifoner to the Tower, 1894
 By the suggestion of the Queenes Allyes. 1895
 But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe) 1896
 This day those Enemies are put to death, 1897
 And I in better state then ere I was. 1898
Purf. God hold it, to your Honors good content. 1899
Hast. Gramercie fellow : there, drinke that for me. 1900
Throwes him his Purse. 1901
Purf. I thanke your Honor. *Exit Pursuiuant.* 1902

Enter a Priest. 1903

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Ho- 1904
 nor. 1905
Hast. I thanke thee, good Sir *Iohn*, with all my heart. 1906
 I am in your debt, for your last Exercife : 1907
 Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you. 1908
Priest. Ile wait vpon your Lordship. 1909

Enter Buckingham. 1910

Buc. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine? 1911
 Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Priest, 1912
 Your Honor hath no fhriuing worke in hand. 1913

- 1739 *Hast.* Good faith and when I met this holy man,
 1740 Those men you talke of came into my minde:
 1916 1741 What, go you to the tower my Lord?
 1742 *Buck* I doe, but long I shall not stay,
 1743 I shall returne before your Lordship thence.
 1744 *Hast.* Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.
 1745 *Buck.* And supper too, although thou knowest it not:
 1921 1746 Come shall we go along? *Exeunt.*

1747 *Enter Sir Rickard Ratliffe, with the Lo: Riuers,*
 1748 *Gray, and Vaughan, prisoners.*

- 1749 *Ratl.* Come bring foorth the prifoners.
 1925 1750 *Ryu.* Sir Richard Ratliffe let me tell thee this:
 1751 To day shalt thou behold a subiect die,
 1752 For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
 1753 *Gray.* God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
 1754 A knot you are of damned bloudfuckers.
- 1933 1755 *Ryu.* O Pomfret Pomfret, Oh thou bloody prifon,
 1756 Fatall and ominous to noble peeres,
 1757 Within the guilty clofure of thy wals
 1758 Richatd the fecond here was hackt to death:
 1759 And for more flander to thy difmall foule,
 1760 We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blouds to drinke.
 1761 *Gray.* Now Margarets curfe is falne vpon our heads:
 1762 For standing by, when Richard stabd her sonne.

<i>Hast.</i> Good faith, and when I met this holy man,	1914
The men you talke of, came into my minde.	1915
What, goe you toward the Tower ?	1916
<i>Buc.</i> I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there :	1917
I shall returne before your Lordship, thence.	1918
<i>Hast.</i> Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.	1919
<i>Buc.</i> And Supper too, although thou know'st it not.	1920
Come, will you goe ?	1921
<i>Hast.</i> Ile wait vpon your Lordship.	<i>Exeunt.</i> 1922

Scena Tertia.

<i>Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying</i>	1923
<i>the Nobles to death at Pomfret.</i>	1924
<i>Riuers.</i> Sir <i>Richard Ratcliffe</i> , let me tell thee this,	1925
To day shalt thou behold a Subiect die,	1926
For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.	1927
<i>Grey.</i> God bleffe the Prince from all the Pack of you,	1928
A Knot you are, of damned Blood-suckers.	1929
<i>Vaugh.</i> You liue, that shall cry woe for this heere-	1930
after.	1931
<i>Rat.</i> Dispatch, the limit of your Liues is out.	1932
<i>Riuers.</i> O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prifon !	1933
Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres :	1934
Within the guiltie Clofure of thy Walls,	1935
<i>Richard</i> the Second here was hackt to death :	1936
And for more slander to thy difmall Seat,	1937
Wee giue to thee our guiltleffe blood to drinke.	1938
<i>Grey.</i> Now <i>Margarets</i> Curfe is falne vpon our Heads,	1939
When shee exclaim'd on <i>Hastings</i> , you, and I,	1940
For standing by, when <i>Richard</i> stab'd her Sonne.	1941

1763 *Riu.* Then curst she Haftings, then curst she Bucking-

1764 Then curst she Richard. Oh remember God, (ham:

1765 To heare her praier for them as now for vs,

1766 And for my sifter, and her princely sonne:

1767 Be satisfied deare God with our true blouds,

1768 Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

1949 1769 *Rat.* Come come dispatch, the limit of your lines is out.

1770 *Ryu.* Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace

1771 And take our leaue vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

1772 *Enter the Lords to Councell.*

1773 *Haft.* My Lords at once the cause why we are met,

1774 Is to determine of the coronation:

1775 In Gods name say, when is this royall day?

1776 *Buc.* Are all things fitting for that royall time?

1777 *Dar.* It is, and wants but nomination.

1961 1778 *Ryu.* To morrow then, I guesse a happy time.

1779 *Buc.* Who knowes the Lo: protectors mind herein?

1780 Who is most inwa d with the noble Duke.

1781 *Bi.* Why you my Lo: me thinks you should soonest know

1782 *Buc.* Who I my Lo? we know each others faces: (his mind

1783 But for our harts, he knowes no more of mine,

1784 Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine:

1785 Lo: Haftings you and he are neere in loue.

1786 *Haft.* I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well:

1787 But for his purpose in the coronation:

<i>Rivers.</i> Then curs'd flee <i>Richard</i> ,	1942
Then curs'd flee <i>Buckingham</i> ,	1943
Then curs'd flee <i>Hastings</i> . Oh remember God,	1944
To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs :	1945
And for my Sifter, and her Princely Sonnes,	1946
Be satisfi'd, deare God, with our true blood,	1947
Which, as thou know'ft, vniustly must be spilt.	1948
<i>Rat.</i> Make haste, the houre of death is expiate.	1949
<i>Rivers.</i> Come <i>Grey</i> , come <i>Vaughan</i> , let vs here embrace.	1950
Farewell, vntill we meet againe in Heauen.	1951
<i>Exeunt.</i>	1952

Scena Quarta.

<i>Enter Buckingham, Darby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely,</i>	1953
<i>Norfolke, Ratcliffe, Louell, with others,</i>	1954
<i>at a Table.</i>	1955
<i>Haft.</i> Now Noble Peeres, the cause why we are met,	1956
Is to determine of the Coronation :	1957
In Gods Name speake, when is the Royall day ?	1958
<i>Buck.</i> Is all things ready for the Royall time ?	1959
<i>Darb.</i> It is, and wants but nomination.	1960
<i>Ely.</i> To morrow then I iudge a happie day.	1961
<i>Buck.</i> Who knowes the Lord Protectors mind herein?	1962
Who is most inward with the Noble Duke ?	1963
<i>Ely.</i> Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his	1964
minde.	1965
<i>Buck.</i> We know each others Faces : for our Hearts,	1966
He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,	1967
Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine :	1968
Lord <i>Hastings</i> , you and he are neere in loue.	1969
<i>Haft.</i> I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well :	1970
But for his purpose in the Coronation,	1971

1788 I haue not founded him nor he deliuerd
 1789 His Graces pleafure any way therein:
 1790 But you my noble Lo: may name the time,
 1791 And in the Dukes behalfe, Ile giue my voice,
 1976 1792 Which I prefume he will take in Gentle part.

1793 *Bifh.* Now in good time here comes the Duke himfelfe.

1794 *Glo.* My noble L. and Cofens all, good morrow, (*Ent, Glo.*

1795 I haue beene long a fleeper, but I hope

1796 My abfence doth neglect no great defignes,

1797 Which by my prefence might haue been concluded.

1798 *Buc.* Had not you come vpon your kew my Lo:

1799 William L: Haftings had now pronounft your part:

1800 I meane your voice for crowning of the King.

1801 *Glo.* Than my Lo: Haftings no man might be bolder,

1802 His Lordfhip knowes me well, and loues me well.

1803 *Haf.* I thanke your Grace.

1988 1804 *Glo.* My Lo: of Elie, *Bifh.* My Lo:

1805 *Glo.* When I was laft in Holborne:

1806 I faw good frawberries in your garden there,

1807 I doe befech you fend for fome of them.

1808 *Bifh.* I go my Lord.

1809 *Glo.* Cofen Buckingham, a word with you:

1810 Catesby hath founded Haftings in our bufines,

1811 And findes the tefty Gentleman fo hoat,

1812 As he will loofe his head eare giue confent,

1813 His Mafters fonne as worfhipful he termes it,

1814 Sha I loofe the roialty of Englands throane.

1999 1815 *Buc.* Withdraw you hence my Lo: Ile follow you. *Ex gl.*

1816 *Dar.* We haue not yet fet downe this day of triumph,

1817 To morrow in mine opinion is too fodaine:

1818 For I my felfe am not fo well prouided,

1819 As els I would be, were the day prolonged.

*Enter B.
of Ely.*

I haue not founded him, nor he deliuer'd 1972
 His gracious pleafure any way therein : 1973
 But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time, 1974
 And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my Voice, 1975
 Which I prefume hee'le take in gentle part. 1976

Enter Gloucester. 1977

Ely. In happie time, here comes the Duke himfelfe. 1978
Rich. My Noble Lords, and Coufins all, good morrow: 1979
 I haue beene long a fleeper : but I truſt, 1980
 My abſence doth neglect no great defigne, 1981
 Which by my preference might haue beene concluded. 1982
Buck. Had you not come vpon your Q my Lord, 1983
William, Lord *Hastings,* had pronounc'd your part ; 1984
 I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King. 1985
Rich. Then my Lord *Hastings,* no man might be bolder, 1986
 His Lordſhip knowes me well, and loues me well. 1987

My Lord of Ely, when I was laſt in Holborne, 1988

I ſaw good Strawberries in your Garden there, 1989
 I doe befeech you, fend for ſome of them. 1990

Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart. 1991

Exit Biſhop. 1992

Rich. Couſin of Buckingham, a word with you. 1993
Catesby hath founded *Hastings* in our buſineſſe, 1994
 And findes the teſtie Gentleman ſo hot, 1995
 That he will loſe his Head, ere giue conſent 1996
 His Maſters Child, as worſhipfully he tearmes it, 1997
 Shall loſe the Royaltie of Englands Throne. 1998

Buck. Withdraw your ſelfe a while, Ile goe with you. 1999

Exeunt. 2000

Darb. We haue not yet ſet downe this day of Triumph: 2001
 To morrow, in my iudgement, is too ſudden, 2002
 For I my ſelfe am not ſo well prouided, 2003
 As elſe I would be, were the day prolong'd. 2004

- 1820 *By.* Where is my L. protector, I haue fent for these strawbe-
- 2008 1821 *Ha.* His Grace lookes cheerfully and smooth to day, (cries.
 1822 Theres some conceit or other likes him well,
 1823 When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.
 1824 I thinke there is neuer a man in christendome,
 1825 That can lesse hide his loue or hate then he:
 1826 For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
 1827 *Dor.* What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
 1828 By any likelihood he shewed to day?
 1829 *Hast.* Mary, that with no man here he is offended,
 1830 For if he were, he would haue shewen it in his lookes.
 1831 *Dor.* I pray God he be not, I say. *Enter Gloucester.*
- 1832 *Glo.* I pray you all, what doe they deferue,
 1833 That doe conspire my death with diuinish plots,
 2021 1834 Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild.
 1835 Vpon my body with their hellish charmes?
 1836 *Hast.* The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord,
 1837 Makes me most forward in this noble preference,
 1838 To doome the offenders whatsoever they be:
 1839 I say my Lo: they haue deserued death.
 1840 *Glo.* Then be your eies the witnesse of this ill,
 1841 See how I am bewicht, behold mine arme
 1842 Is like a blasted sapling withered vp.
 1843 This is that Edwards wife, that monstrous witch,
 1844 Comforted with that harlot strumpet Shore.
 1845 That by their witchcraft, thus haue marked me.
 2033 1846 *Hast.* If they haue done this thing my gracious Lo:
 1847 *Glo.* If, thou protector of this damned strumpet,
 1848 Telft thou me of iffes? thou art a traitor.
 1849 Off with his head. Now by Saint Paule,
 1850 I will not diue to day I sweare,

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

2005

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster ? 2006
I haue sent for these Strawberries. 2007

Ha. His Grace looks chearfully & smooth this morning, 2008
There's some conceit or other likes him well, 2009
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit. 2010
I thinke there's neuer a man in Christendome 2011
Can leffer hide his loue, or hate, then hee, 2012
For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart. 2013

Darb. What of his Heart perceiue you in his Face, 2014
By any liuelyhood he shew'd to day ? 2015

Hast. Mary, that with no man here he is offended : 2016
For were he, he had shewne it in his Lookes. 2017

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

2018

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deserue, 2019
That doe conspire my death with diuellish Plots 2020
Of damned Witchcraft, and that haue preuail'd 2021
Vpon my Body with their Hellish Charmes. 2022

Hast. The tender loue I beare your Grace, my Lord, 2023
Makes me most forward, in this Princely presence, 2024
To doome th'Offendors, whosoe're they be : 2025
I say, my Lord, they haue deserued death. 2026

Rich. Then be your eyes the witnesse of their euill. 2027
Looke how I am bewitch'd : behold, mine Arme 2028
Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd vp : 2029
And this is *Edwards* Wife, that monstrous Witch, 2030
Conforted with that Harlot, Strumpet *Shore*, 2031
That by their Witchcraft thus haue marked me. 2032

Hast. If they haue done this deed, my Noble Lord. 2033

Rich. If ? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet, 2034
Talk'ft thou to me of Ifs : thou art a Traytor, 2035
Off with his Head ; now by Saint *Paul* I sweare, 2036
I will not dine, vntill I see the same, 2037

1851 Vntill I see the same, fome see it done,
 1852 The rest that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt.manet*

1853 *Ha.* Wo wo for England, not a whit for me: *Cat. with Ha.*
 1854 For I too fond might haue preuented this:
 2044 1855 Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
 1856 But I disdaind it, and did scorne to flie,
 1857 Three times to day, my footecloth horse did stumble,
 1858 And startled when he lookt vpon the tower,
 1859 As loath to beare me to the slaughterhouse,
 1860 Oh, now I want the Priest that spake to me,
 1861 I now repent I tolde the Purfuant,
 1862 As twere triumphing at mine enemies:
 2052 1863 How they at Pomfret bloudily were butcherd,
 1864 And I my selfe secure in grace and fauour:
 1865 Oh Margaret Margaret: now thy heauy curse,
 1866 Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched head.
 1867 *Cat.* Dispatch my Lo: the Duke would be at dinner:
 1868 Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.
 1869 *Hast.* O momentary state of worldly men,
 1870 Which we more hunt for, then the grace of heauen:
 1871 Who buildes his hopes in aire of your faire lookes,
 1872 Liues like a drunken sayler on a maft,
 1873 Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
 1874 Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.

1875 Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
 1876 They smile at me that shortly shalbe dead. *Exeunt.*

Louell and *Ratcliffe*, looke that it be done : *Exeunt.* 2038
The rest that loue me, rife, and follow me. 2039

Manet Louell and Ratcliffe, with the 2040
Lord Hastings. 2041

Hast. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me, 2042
For I, too fond, might haue preuented this : 2043

Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowfe our Helmes, 2044

And I did fcorne it, and difdaine to flye : 2045

Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horfe did flumble, 2046

And started, when he look'd vpon the Tower, 2047

As loth to beare me to the slaughter-houfe. 2048

O now I need the Prieft, that fpake to me : 2049

I now repent I told the Purfuiuant, 2050

As too triumphing, how mine Enemies 2051

To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd, 2052

And I my felfe fecure, in grace and fauour. 2053

Oh *Margaret, Margaret*, now thy heauie Curfe 2054

Is lighted on poore *Hastings* wretched Head. 2055

Ra. Come, come, difpatch, the Duke would be at dinner: 2056

Make a fhort Shrift, he longs to fee your Head. 2057

Hast. O momentarie grace of mortall men, 2058

Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God ! 2059

Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes, 2060

Liues like a drunken Sayler on a Maft, 2061

Readie with euery Nod to tumble downe, 2062

Into the fatall Bowels of the Deepe. 2063

Lou. Come, come, difpatch, 'tis bootleffe to exclaime. 2064

Hast. O bloody *Richard*, miferable England, 2065

I prophecie the fearefull't time to thee, 2066

That euer wretched Age hath look'd vpon. 2067

Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head, 2068

They fmile at me, who fhortly fhall be dead. 2069

Exeunt. 2070

1877 *Enter Duke of Glocester and Buckingham in armonr.*

2073 1878 *Glo.* Come Cofen, canst thou quake and change thy co-

1879 Murther thy breath in middle of a word, (lour?

1880 And then beginne againe, and stop againe,

1881 As if thou wert diftraught and mad with terror.

1882 *Buc.* Tut feare not me.

1883 I can counterfait thedeepe Tragedian:

1884 Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery side:

1885 Intending deepe fuspition, gaffly lookes

1886 Are at my feruice like inforced f miles,

1887 And both are ready in their offices

1888 To grace my fratagem. *Enter maior.*

1889 *Glo.* Here comes the Maior.

1890 *Buc.* Let me alone to entertaine him. Lo. Maior,

1891 *Glo.* Looke to the drawbridge there.

1892 *Buc.* The reafon we haue fent for you.

2091 1893 *Glo.* Catesby ouerlooke the wals.

1894 *Buck* Harke, I heare a drumme.

1895 *Glo.* Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.

1896 *Buc.* God and our innocence defend vs. *Enter Catesby*

1897 *Glo.* O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby. *with Haft.head.*

1898 *Cat.* Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,

1899 The daungerous and vnfufpected Haftings.

1900 *Glo.* So deare I lou'd the man, that I muft weepe:

2100 1901 I tooke him for the plainest harmeleffe man,

<i>Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour,</i>	2071
<i>maruellous ill-fauoured.</i>	2072
<i>Richard.</i> Come Coufin,	2073
Canst thou quake, and change thy colour,	2074
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,	2075
And then againe begin, and stop againe,	2076
As if thou were diftraught, and mad with terror?	2077
<i>Buck.</i> Tut, I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,	2078
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery side,	2079
Tremble and flart at wagging of a Straw :	2080
Intending deepe fufpition, gaffly Lookes	2081
Are at my feruice, like enforced Smiles ;	2082
And both are readie in their Offices,	2083
At any time to grace my Stratagemes.	2084
But what, is <i>Catesby</i> gone ?	2085
<i>Rich.</i> He is, and see he brings the Maior along.	2086
<i>Enter the Maior, and Catesby.</i>	2087
<i>Buck.</i> Lord Maior.	2088
<i>Rich.</i> Looke to the Draw-Bridge there.	2089
<i>Buck.</i> Hearke, a Drumme.	2090
<i>Rich.</i> <i>Catesby</i> , o're-looke the Walls.	2091
<i>Buck.</i> Lord Maior, the reafon we haue fent.	2092
<i>Rich.</i> Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.	2093
<i>Buck.</i> God and our Innocencie defend, and guard vs.	2094
<i>Enter Louell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.</i>	2095
<i>Rich.</i> Be patient, they are friends: <i>Ratcliffe</i> , and <i>Louell</i> .	2096
<i>Louell.</i> Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor,	2097
The dangerous and vnfulpected <i>Hastings</i> .	2098
<i>Rich.</i> So deare I lou'd the man, that I muft weepe :	2099
I tooke him for the plaineft harmeleffe Creature,	2100

- 1902 That breathed vpon this earth a chriſtian,
 1903 Looke ye my Lo: Maior.
 1904 Made him my booke, where in my foule recorded,
 1905 The hiſtory of all her ſecret thoughts:
 1906 So ſmoother he daubd his vice with ſhew of vertue,
 1907 That his apparant open guilt omitted:
 1908 I meane his conuerſation with Shores wife,
 1909 He laid from all attainder of ſuſpect.
 2108 1910 *Buck.* Well well, he was the couertſt fheltred traitor

 1911 That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
 1912 Or almoſt beleeeue, wert not by great preferuation
 1913 We liue to tell it you? The ſubtile traitor
 1914 Had this day plotted in the counsell houſe,
 1915 To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloceſter.
 1916 *Maior.* What, had he ſo?
 1917 *Glo.* What thinke you we are Turkes or Infidels,
 1918 Or that we would againſt the forme of lawe,
 1919 Proceede thus raſhly to the villaines death,
 1920 But that the extreame perill of the caſe,
 2120 1921 The peace of England, and our perſons ſafety
 1922 Inforſt vs to this execution.
 1923 *Ma.* Now faire befall you, he deſerued his death,
 1924 And you my good Lords both, haue well proceeded
 1925 To warne falſe traitours from the like attempts:
 1926 I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
 1927 After he once fell in with Miſtreſſe Shore.
 1928 *Dut.* Yet had not we determined he ſhould die,
 1929 Vntill your Lordſhip came to ſee his death,
 1930 Which now the longing haſte of theſeour friends,
 2130 1931 Somewhat againſt our meaning haue preuented,
 1932 Becauſe, my Lord, we would haue had you heard
 1933 The traitor ſpeake, and timerouſly confeſſe
 1934 The maner, and the purpoſe of his treaſon,
 1935 That you might well haue ſignified the ſame
 1936 Vnto the Citizens, who happily may
 1937 Miſconfer vs in him, and wayle his death.

That breath'd vpon the Earth, a Chrifitian.	2101
Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded	2102
The Historie of all her fecret thoughts.	2103
So fsmooth he dawb'd his Vice with fhew of Vertue,	2104
That his apparant open Guilt omitted,	2105
I meane, his Conuerfation with <i>Shores</i> Wife,	2106
He liu'd from all attainder of fufpects.	2107
<i>Buck.</i> Well, well, he was the couertft fheltred Traytor	2108
That euer liu'd.	2109
Would you imagine, or almoft beleeeue,	2110
Wert not, that by great preferuation	2111
We liue to tell it, that the fubtill Traytor	2112
This day had plotted, in the Councell-Houfe,	2113
To murder me, and my good Lord of Glofter.	2114
<i>Maïor.</i> Had he done fo?	2115
<i>Rich.</i> What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?	2116
Or that we would, againft the forme of Law,	2117
Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death,	2118
But that the extreme perill of the cafe,	2119
The Peace of England, and our Perfons fafetie,	2120
Enforc'd vs to this Execution.	2121
<i>Maïor.</i> Now faire befall you, he deferu'd his death,	2122
And your good Graces both haue well proceeded,	2123
To warne falfe Traytors from the like Attempts.	2124
<i>Buck.</i> I neuer look'd for better at his hands,	2125
After he once fell in with Miftrefse <i>Shore</i> :	2126
Yet had we not determin'd he fhould dye,	2127
Vntill your Lordfhip came to fee his end,	2128
Which now the louing hafte of thefe our friends,	2129
Something againft our meanings, haue preuented ;	2130
Beaufe, my Lord, I would haue had you heard	2131
The Traytor fpeake, and timoroufly confefse	2132
The manner and the purpofe of his Treafons :	2133
That you might well haue fignify'd the fame	2134
Vnto the Citizens, who haply may	2135
Mifconfter vs in him, and wayle his death.	2136

1938 *Ma.* But my good Lord, your graces word shall serue
 1939 As well as I had seene or heard him speake,
 1940 And doubt you not, right noble Princes both,
 1941 But Ile acquaint your dutious citizens,
 2141 1942 With all your iust proceedings in this cause.
 1943 *Glo.* And to that end we wifht your Lordship here
 1944 To auoyde the carping censures of the world.
 1945 *Buc.* But since you come too late of our intents,
 1946 Yet witnesse what we did intend, and fo my Lord adue.

1947 *Glo.* After, after, coofin Buckingham, *Exit Maior.*
 1948 The Maior towards Guildhall hies him in all post,
 1949 There at your meetst aduantage of the time,
 1950 Inferre the bastardy of Edwards children:
 1951 Tell them how Edward put to death a Cittizen,
 1952 Onely for saying he would make his sonne
 1953 Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeede) his house,
 1954 Which by the signe thereof was termed so.
 1955 Moreouer, vrge hishatefull luxurie,
 2157 1956 And bestiall appetite in change of lust,
 1957 Which stretched to theyr seruants, daughters, wiues,
 1958 Euen where his lustfull eye, or sauage heart
 1959 Without controll listd to make his prey:
 1960 Nay for a neede thus farre, come neere my person,
 1961 Tell them, when that my mother went with childe
 1962 Of that vnfatiate Edward, noble Yorke
 1963 My princely father then had warres in Fraunce,
 1964 And by iust computation of the tyme
 1965 Found, that the issue was not his begot,
 1966 Which well appeared in his lineaments,
 1967 Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
 1968 But touch this sparingly as it were farre off,
 1969 Because you know, my Lord, my mother liues.
 1970 *Buck.* Feare not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
 1971 As if the golden fee for which I pleade
 1972 Were for my selfe.

- Ma.* But, my good Lord, your Graces words shal ferue, 2137
 As well as I had feene, and heard him speake : 2138
 And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both, 2139
 But Ile acquaint our dutious Citizens 2140
 With all your iust proceedings in this cafe. 2141
- Rich.* And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here, 2142
 T'auoid the Cenfures of the carping World. 2143
- Buck.* Which since you come too late of our intent, 2144
 Yet witnesse what you heare we did intend : 2145
 And so, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell. 2146
- Exit Maior.* 2147
- Rich.* Goe after, after, Cousin *Buckingham.* 2148
 The Maior towards Guild-Hall hyes him in all poste : 2149
 There, at your meetest vantage of the time, 2150
 Inferre the Bastardie of *Edwards* Children : 2151
 Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen, 2152
 Onely for saying, he would make his Sonne 2153
 Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his Houfe, 2154
 Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed so. 2155
 Moreouer, vrge his hatefull Luxurie, 2156
 And beaftiall appetite in change of Luft, 2157
 Which stretcht vnto their Seruants, Daughters, Wiues, 2158
 Euen where his raging eye, or sauage heart, 2159
 Without controll, lusted to make a prey. 2160
 Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Person : 2161
 Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child 2162
 Of that infatiate *Edward* ; Noble *Yorke,* 2163
 My Princely Father, then had Warres in France, 2164
 And by true computation of the time, 2165
 Found, that the Issue was not his begot : 2166
 Which well appeared in his Lineaments, 2167
 Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father : 2168
 Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere farre off, 2169
 Because, my Lord, you know my Mother liues. 2170
- Buck.* Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator, 2171
 As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead, 2172
 Were for my selfe : and so, my Lord, adue. 2173

1973 *Glo.* If you thriue well, bring them to Baynards castle,
 1974 Where you shall finde me well accompanied,
 1975 Wyth reuerend fathers and well learned Bishops.
 2177 1976 *Buc.* About three or foure a clocke look to heare
 1977 What news Guildhall affordeth, and fo my Lord farewell.

1978 *Glo.* Now will I in to take some priuy order, *Exit Buc.*
 1979 To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight,
 1980 And to giue notice, that no maner of perfon
 1981 At any tyme haue recourse vnto the Princes. *Exit*

1982 *Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.*
 2188 1983 This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
 1984 Which in a fet hand fairely is engrofft,
 1985 That it may be this day read ouer in Paules:
 1986 And marke how well the fequele hangs together,
 1987 Eleuen houres I spent to wryte it ouer,
 1988 For yest ernight by Catesby was it brought me,
 1989 The president was full as long a doying,
 1990 And yet within these fiue houres liued Lord Hastings,
 1991 Vntaynted, vnexamined, free, at liberty:
 1992 Heeres a good world, the while. Why whoes so grosse
 1993 That fees not this palpable deuce?
 1994 Yet whoes so blinde but sayes he fees it not?
 1995 Bad is the world, and all will come to naught,
 2201 1996 When such bad dealing must be sene in thought. *Exit*

1997 *Enter Gloucester at one doore, Buckingham at another.*

1998 *Glo.* How now my Lord, what say the Cittizens?
 1999 *Buc.* Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
 2000 The Cittizens are mumme, and speake not a word.
 2001 *Glo.* Toucht you the bastardy of Edwards children?

Rich. If you thriue wel, bring them to Baynards Castle, 2174
 Where you fhall finde me well accompanied 2176
 With reuerend Fathers, and well-learned Bifhops. 2176

Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke 2177
 Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affoords. 2178

Exit Buckingham. 2179

Rich. Goe *Louell* with all fpeed to Doctour *Shaw*, 2180
 Goe thou to Fryer *Peucker*, bid them both 2181
 Meet me within this houre at Baynards Castle. *Exit.* 2182
 Now will I goe to take fome priuie order, 2183
 To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of fight, 2184
 And to giue order, that no manner perfon 2185
 Haue any time recourfe vnto the Princes. *Exeunt.* 2186

Enter a Scriuener. 2187

Scr. Here is the Indiçtment of the good Lord *Hastings*, 2188
 Which in a fet Hand fairely is engrofs'd, 2189
 That it may be to day read o're in *Paules*. 2190
 And marke how well the fequell hangs together : 2191
 Eleuen houres I haue fpent to write it ouer, 2192
 For yefter-night by *Catesby* was it fent me, 2193
 The Precedent was full as long a doing, 2194
 And yet within thefe fiue houres *Hastings* liu'd, 2195
 Vntainted, vnexamin'd, free, at libertie. 2196
 Here's a good World the while. 2197
 Who is fo groffe that cannot fee this palpable deuce ? 2198
 Yet who fo bold, but fayes he fees it not ? 2199
 Bad is the World, and all will come to nought, 2200
 When fuch ill dealing muft be feene in thought. *Exit.* 2201

Enter Richard and Buckingham at feuerall Doores. 2202

Rich. How now, how now, what fay the Citizens ? 2203

Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord, 2204
 The Citizens are mum, fay not a word. 2205

Rich. Toucht you the Bastardie of *Edwards* Children ? 2206

2002 *Buck.* I did, wyth the infatiate greedineffe of his defires,

2003 His tyranny for trifles, his owne bastardy,
2004 As beyng got, your father then in Fraunce :

2005 Withall I did inferre your lineaments,
2006 Beyng the right Idea of your father,
2216 2007 Both in your forme and nobleneffe of minde,
2008 Laid open all you victories in Scotland:
2009 Your discipline in warre, wifedome in peace:
2010 Your bounty, vertue, faire humility:
2011 Indeede left nothing fitting for the purpose
2012 Vntoucht, or sleightly handled in discourse:
2013 And when mine oratory grew to an ende.
2014 I bid them that did loue their countries good,
2015 Crie, God faue Richard, Englands royall King.
2016 *glo* A and did they so?

2017 *Buc.* No fo God helpe me,
2227 2018 But like dumbe statues or breathing stones,
2019 Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:
2020 Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
2021 And askt the Maior, what meant this wilfull silence?
2022 His answere was, the people were not wont
2023 To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
2024 Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
2025 Thus, faith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd:
2026 But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:
2027 When he had done, some followers of mine owne
2028 At the lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their caps,
2029 And some ten voices cried, God faue King Richard.

2030 Thankes louing Cittizens and friends quoth I,
2031 This generall applaufe and louing shoute,
2242 2032 Argues your wisedomes and your loue to Richard:
2033 And so brake off and came away.

<i>Buck.</i> I did, with his Contract with Lady <i>Lucy</i> ,	2207
And his Contract by Deputie in France,	2208
Th'vnfatiated greedinesse of his desire,	2209
And his enforcement of the Citie Wiues,	2210
His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Bastardie,	2211
As being got, your Father then in France,	2212
And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.	2213
Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments,	2214
Being the right <i>Idea</i> of your Father,	2215
Both in your forme, and Noblennesse of Minde :	2216
Layd open all your Victories in Scotland,	2217
Your Discipline in Warre, Wisdome in Peace,	2218
Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie :	2219
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose,	2220
Vntoucht, or sleightly handled in discourse.	2221
And when my Oratorie drew toward end,	2222
I bid them that did loue their Countries good,	2223
Cry, God saue <i>Richard</i> , Englands Royall King.	2224
<i>Rich.</i> And did they so ?	2225
<i>Buck.</i> No, so God helpe me, they spake not a word,	2226
But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,	2227
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale :	2228
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,	2229
And ask'd the Maior, what meant this wilfull silence ?	2230
His answer was, the people were not vsed	2231
To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.	2232
Then he was vrg'd to tell my Tale againe :	2233
Thus sayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,	2234
But nothing spoke, in warrant from himselfe.	2235
When he had done, some followers of mine owne,	2236
At lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their Caps,	2237
And some tenne voyces cry'd, God saue King <i>Richard</i> :	2238
And thus I tooke the vantage of those few.	2239
Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,	2240
This generall applause, and chearefull shouw,	2241
Argues your wisdome, and your loue to <i>Richard</i> :	2242
And euen here brake off, and came away.	2243

2034 *Glo.* What tongleffe blockes were they, would they not

2035 *Buc.* No by my troth my Lo: (ſpeake?)

2036 *Glo.* Will not the Maior then, and his brethren come.

2037 *Glo.* The Maior is here at hand, and intend ſome feare,

2038 Be not ſpoken withall, but with mighty ſuite:

2039 And looke you get a praier booke in your hand,

2040 And ſtand betwixt two churchmen good my Lo:

2041 For on that ground Ile build a holy deſcant:

2042 Be not eaſily wonne to our request:

2043 Play the maides part, ſay no, but take it.

2044 *Glo.* Feare not me, if thou canſt pleade aſwell for them,

2255 2045 As I can ſay nay to thee, for my ſelfe?

2046 No doubt weele bring it to a happie iſſue.

2047 *Buck.* You ſhal ſee what I can do, get you vp to the leads. *Exit.*

2048 Now my L. Maior, I dance attendance heare,

2049 I thinke the Duke will not be ſpoke withall. *Enter Catesby.*

2050 Here coms his ſeruant: how now *Catesby* what ſaies he.

2051 *Cateſ.* My Lord, he doth intreat your grace

2052 To viſit him to morrow or next daie,

2053 He is within with two right reuerend fathers,

2054 Diuinely bent to meditation,

2055 And in no worldy ſuite would he be mou'd,

2056 To draw him from his holy exerciſe.

2057 *Buck.* Returne good *Catesby* to thy Lord againe,

2058 Tell him my ſelfe, the Maior and Cittizens,

2059 In deepe deſignes and matters of great moment,

2060 No leſſe importing then our generall good,

2061 Are come to haue ſome conference with his grace.

1623	<i>The Tragedy of Richard the Third</i>	139
	<i>Rich.</i> What tongue-leffe Blockes were they,	2244
	Would they not speake ?	2245
	Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren, come ?	2246
	<i>Buck.</i> The Maior is here at hand : intend some feare,	2247
	Be not you spoke with, but by mightie suit :	2248
	And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,	2249
	And stand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord,	2250
	For on that ground Ile make a holy Descant :	2251
	And be not easly wonne to our requests,	2252
	Play the Maids part, still answer nay, and take it.	2253
	<i>Rich.</i> I goe : and if you plead as well for them,	2254
	As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,	2255
	No doubt we bring it to a happie issue.	2256
	<i>Buck.</i> Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.	2257
	<i>Enter the Maior, and Citizens.</i>	2258
	Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,	2259
	I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall.	2260
	<i>Enter Catesby.</i>	2261
	<i>Buck.</i> Now <i>Catesby</i> , what sayes your Lord to my	2262
	request ?	2263
	<i>Catesby.</i> He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,	2264
	To visit him to morrow, or next day :	2265
	He is within, with two right reuerend Fathers,	2266
	Diuinely bent to Meditation,	2267
	And in no Worldly suites would he be mou'd,	2268
	To draw him from his holy Exercise.	2269
	<i>Buck.</i> Returne, good <i>Catesby</i> , to the gracious Duke,	2270
	Tell him, my selfe, the Maior and Aldermen,	2271
	In deepe designs, in matter of great moment,	2272
	No leffe importing then our generall good,	2273
	Are come to haue some conference with his Grace.	2274

2062 *Catef.* Ile tell him what you fay my Lord. *Exit.*

2276 2063 *Buck.* A ha my Lord this prince is not an Edward:

2064 He is not lulling on a lewd day bed,

2065 But on his knees at meditation:

2066 Not dalying with a brace of Curtizans,

2067 But meditating with two deepe Diuines:

2068 Not fleeping to ingroffe his idle body,

2069 But praying to inrich his watchfull foule.

2070 Happy were England, would this gracious prince

2071 Take on himfelfe the fouerainty thereon,

2072 But fure I feare we fhall neuer winne him to it.

2073 *Maior.* Marry God forbid his grace fhould fay vs nay.

2288 2074 *Buck.* I feare he wil, how now Catesby, *Enter Catef.*

2075 What faies your Lord?

2076 *Catef.* My Lo. he wonders to what end, you haue affembled

2077 Such troupes of Cittizens to fpeake with him,

2078 His grace not being warnd thereof before,

2079 My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.

2080 *Buck.* Sorrie I am my noble Cofen fhould

2081 Suspect me that I meane no good to him.

2082 By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,

2298 2083 And fo once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit Catesby.*

2084 When hollie and deuout religious men,

2085 Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them thence,

2086 So fweet is zealous contemplation.

2302 2087 *Enter Rich. with two bishops a lofte.*

2088 *Maior.* See where he ftands between two clergie men.

2089 *Buck.* Two props of vertue for a chriftian Prince,

2090 To ftaine him from the fall of vanitie,

<i>Catesby.</i> Ile signifie so much vnto him straight.	<i>Exit.</i>	2275
<i>Buck.</i> Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an <i>Edward</i> ,		2276
He is not lulling on a lewd Loue-Bed,		2277
But on his Knees, at Meditation :		2278
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,		2279
But meditating with two deepe Diuines :		2280
Not sleeping, to engrosse his idle Body,		2281
But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule.		2282
Happie were England, would this vertuous Prince		2283
Take on his Grace the Soueraigntie thereof.		2284
But fure I feare we shall not winne him to it.		2285
<i>Maior.</i> Marry God defend his Grace should fay vs		2286
nay.		2287
<i>Buck.</i> I feare he will : here <i>Catesby</i> comes againe.		2288
<i>Enter Catesby.</i>		
Now <i>Catesby</i> , what sayes his Grace ?		2289
<i>Catesby.</i> He wonders to what end you haue affembled		2291
Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him,		2292
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before :		2293
He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.		2294
<i>Buck.</i> Sorry I am, my Noble Cousin should		2295
Suspect me, that I meane no good to him :		2296
By Heauen, we come to him in perfit loue,		2297
And so once more returne, and tell his Grace.	<i>Exit.</i>	2298
When holy and deuout Religious men		2299
Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,		2300
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.		2301
<i>Enter Richard aloft, betweene two Bishops.</i>		
<i>Maior.</i> See where his Grace stands, tweene two Clergie		2303
men.		2304
<i>Buck.</i> Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince,		2305
To stay him from the fall of Vanitie :		2306
And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand,		2307
True Ornaments to know a holy man.		2308

- 2091 Famous Plantaganet, most gracious prince,
 2092 Lend fauorable eares to our request,
 2093 And pardon vs the interruption
 2094 Of thy deuotion and right Christian zeale.
 2313 2095 *Glo.* My Lord, there needs no such a ologie.
 2096 I rather do befeech you pardon me,
 2097 Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
 2098 Neglect the uisitation of my friends,
 2099 But leauing this, what is your graces pleasure?
 2100 *Buck.* Euen that I hope which pleafeth God aboue,
 2101 And all good men of this vngouerned Ile.
 2102 *Glo.* I do fufpect I haue done fome offence,
 2103 That feesmes difgracious in the Citties eies,
 2104 And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
 2105 *Buck.* you haue my Lord, would it pleafe your grace

 2106 At our entreaties to amend that fault.
 2107 *Glo.* Else wherefore breath I in a Christian land?
 2108 *Buck.* Then know it is your fault that you refigne
 2328 2109 The fupreame feat, the throne maiefticall,
 2110 The fceptred office of your auncestors,

 2111 The lineall glorie of your roiall houfe,
 2112 To the corruption of a blemifht stocke:
 2113 Whilft in the mildneffe of your fleepie thoughts,
 2114 Which here we waken to our countries good,
 2115 This noble Ile doth want her proper limbes,
 2116 Her face defac't with fcars of infamie,

 2117 And almost fouldred in the fwallowing gulph,
 2118 Of blind forgetfulneffe and darke obliuion,
 2119 Which to recure we hartily folicit,
 2120 your gracious felfe to take on you the foueraingtie thereof,

 2343 2121 Not as Protector steward fubftitute,
 2122 Or lowlie factor for anothers gaine:

Famous <i>Plantagenet</i> , most gracious Prince,	2309
Lend fauourable care to our requests,	2310
And pardon vs the interruption	2311
Of thy Deuotion, and right Christian Zeale.	2312
<i>Rich.</i> My Lord, there needes no fuch Apologie :	2313
I doe befeech your Grace to pardon me,	2314
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,	2315
Deferr'd the vifitation of my friends.	2316
But leauing this, what is your Graces pleafure ?	2317
<i>Buck.</i> Euen that (I hope) which pleafeth God aboue,	2318
And all good men, of this vngouern'd Ile.	2319
<i>Rich.</i> I doe fufpect I haue done fome offence,	2320
That feemes difgracious in the Cities eye,	2321
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.	2322
<i>Buck.</i> You haue, my Lord :	2323
Would it might pleafe your Grace,	2324
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.	2325
<i>Rich.</i> Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land.	2326
<i>Buck.</i> Know then, it is your fault, that you refigne	2327
The Supreme Seat, the Throne Maiefticall,	2328
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,	2329
Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth,	2330
The Lineall Glory of your Royall Houfe,	2331
To the corruption of a blemisht Stock ;	2332
Whiles in the mildneffe of your sleepeie thoughts,	2333
Which here we waken to our Countries good,	2334
The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes :	2335
His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie,	2336
His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,	2337
And almost fhouldred in the fwallowing Gulfe	2338
Of darke Forgetfulneffe, and deepe Obliuion.	2339
Which to recure, we heartily folicite	2340
Your gracious felfe to take on you the charge	2341
And Kingly Government of this your Land :	2342
Not as Protector, Steward, Subfitute,	2343
Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine ;	2344

2123 But as successefullie from bloud to bloud,
 2124 Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
 2125 For this comforted with the Citizens
 2126 Your verie worshipfull and louing frinds,
 2127 And by their vehement instigation,
 2128 In this iust suite come I to moue your grace.
 2129 *Glo*, I know not whether to depart in silence,
 2130 Or bitterlie to speake in your reproofe,
 2353 2131 Best fitteth my degree or your condition:

2132 your loue deserues my thanks, but my desert
 2133 Vnmeritable shunes your high request,
 2134 First if all obstacles were cut awaie,
 2135 And that my path were euen to the crown,
 2136 As my ripe reuenew and dew by birth,
 2137 yet so much is my pouerty of spirit,
 2138 So mightie and so many my defects,
 2139 As I had rather hide me from my greatnes,
 2140 Beeing a Barke to brooke no mightie sea,
 2141 Then in my greatnes couet to be hid,
 2142 And in the vapour of my glorie smotherd:
 2143 But God be thanked there's no need of me,
 2144 And much I need to helpe you if need were,
 2145 The roiall tree hath left vs roiall fruit,
 2146 Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
 2147 Will well become the feat of maiestie,
 2148 And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,

But as successefully, from Blood to Blood,	2345
Your Right of Birth, your Empyrie, your owne.	2346
For this, comforted with the Citizens,	2347
Your very Worshopfull and louing friends,	2348
And by their vehement instigation,	2349
In this iust Cause come I to moue your Grace.	2350
<i>Rich.</i> I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,	2351
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,	2352
Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.	2353
If not to answer, you might haply thinke,	2354
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded	2355
To beare the Golden Yoake of Soueraigntie,	2356
Which fondly you would here impose on me.	2357
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,	2358
So season'd with your faithfull loue to me,	2359
Then on the other side I check'd my friends.	2360
Therefore to speake, and to auoid the first,	2361
And then in speaking, not to incurre the last,	2362
Definitiuely thus I answer you.	2363
Your loue deserues my thanks, but my desert	2364
Vnmeritable, shunnes your high request.	2365
First, if all Obstacles were cut away,	2366
And that my Path were euen to the Crowne,	2367
As the ripe Reuenue, and due of Birth :	2368
Yet so much is my pouertie of spirit,	2369
So mightie, and so manie my defects,	2370
That I would rather hide me from my Greatnesse,	2371
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea ;	2372
Then in my Greatnesse couet to be hid,	2373
And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd.	2374
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,	2375
And much I need to helpe you, were there need :	2376
The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit,	2377
Which mellow'd by the stealing howres of time,	2378
Will well become the Seat of Maiestie,	2379
And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne.	2380

- 2149 On him I laie what you would laie on me:
 2150 The right and fortune of his happie stars,
 2151 Which God defend that I should wring from him.
 2152 *Buck.* My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
 2153 But the respects thereof are nice and triuiall,
 2154 All circumftances well confidered;
 2155 you faie that Edward is your brothers fonne,
 2156 So faie we to, but not by Edwards wife,
 2157 For firft he was contract to lady *Lucy*,
 2158 your mother liues a witneffe to that vowe,
 2159 And afterward by fubftitute betrothed
 2160 To *Bona* fifter to the king of Fraunce,
 2161 Thefe both put by a poore petitioner
 2162 A care-crazd mother of a many children,
 2163 A beauty-waining and diftreffed widow,
 2164 Euen in the afternoone of her beft daies
 2165 Made priſe and purchafe of his luſtfull eye,
 2166 Seduc t the pitch and height of al his thoughts,
 2167 To baſe declenſion and loathd bigamie,
 2168 By her in his vnlawfull bed he got.
 2401 2169 This Edward whom our maners terme the prince,
 2170 More bitterlie could I expoſtulate,
 2171 Saue that for reuerence to ſome aliuē
 2172 I giue a ſparing limit to my tongue:
 2173 Then good my Lord, take to your royall ſelfe,
 2174 This proffered benefit of dignitie:
 2175 If not to bleſſe vs and the land withall,
 2176 Yet to draw out your royall ſtocke,
 2177 From the corruption of abuſing time,
 2178 Vnto a lineall true deriued courſe.
 2411 2179 *Maior.* Do good my Lord your Cittizens entreat you.
 2413 2180 *Cateſ.* O make them ioifull grant their lawful fuite.
 2181 *Glo.* Alas, why would you heape theſe cares on me,
 2182 I am vnfit for ſtate and dignitie,
 2183 I do beſeech you take it not amiffe,
 2184 I cannot nor I will not yeeld to you.

On him I lay that, you would lay on me,	2381
The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres,	2382
Which God defend that I should wring from him.	2383
<i>Buck.</i> My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace,	2384
But the respects thereof are nice, and triuall,	2385
All circumstances well considered.	2386
You say, that <i>Edward</i> is your Brothers Sonne,	2387
So say we too, but not by <i>Edwards</i> Wife :	2388
For first was he contract to Lady <i>Lucie</i> ,	2389
Your Mother liues a Witnesse to his Vow ;	2390
And afterward by substitute betroth'd	2391
To <i>Bona</i> , Sister to the King of France.	2392
These both put off, a poore Petitioner,	2393
A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes,	2394
A Beautie-waining, and distressed Widow,	2395
Euen in the after-noone of her best dayes,	2396
Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,	2397
Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,	2398
To base declension, and loath'd Bigamie.	2399
By her, in his vnlawfull Bed, he got	2400
This <i>Edward</i> , whom our Manners call the Prince.	2401
More bitterly could I expostulate,	2402
Saue that for reuerence to some aliue,	2403
I giue a sparing limit to my Tongue.	2404
Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall selfe	2405
This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie :	2406
If not to bleffe vs and the Land withall,	2407
Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancestrie	2408
From the corruption of abusing times,	2409
Vnto a Lineall true deriued course.	2410
<i>Maïor.</i> Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.	2411
<i>Buck.</i> Refuse not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue.	2412
<i>Catesb.</i> O make them ioifull, grant their lawfull fuit,	2413
<i>Rich.</i> Alas, why would you heape this Care on me ?	2414
I am vnfit for State, and Maïestie :	2415
I doe beseech you take it not amisse,	2416
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you,	2417

- 2185 *Buck.* If you refuse it as in loue and zeale,
 2186 Loath to depose the child your brothers sonne,
 2187 As well we know your tendernes of heart,
 2188 And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
 2189 Which wee haue noted in you to your kin,
 2190 Andegallie indeed to all estates,
 2191 yet whether you accept our fuite or no,
 2192 your brothers sonne shall neuer raigne our king,
 2193 But we will plant some other in the throane,
 2194 To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
 2195 And in this resolution here we leaue you.
 2429 2196 Come Citizens, zounds ile intreat no more.
 2197 *Glo.* O do not sweare my Lord of Buckingham.
 2430 2198 *Cates.* Call them againe, my lord, and accept their sute.
 2199 *Ano.* Doe, good my lord, leaft all the land do rew it.
 2200 *Glo.* Would you inforce me to a world of care :
 2201 Well, call them againe, I am not made of stonnes,
 2202 But penetrable to your kind intreates,
 2203 Albeit against my conscience and my soule.

 2204 Coosin of Buckingham, and you fage graue men,
 2205 Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
 2206 To beare her burthen whether I will or no,
 2207 I must haue patience to indure the lode,
 2208 But if blacke scandale or foule-fac't reproch
 2209 Attend the sequell of your imposition,
 2210 Your meere inforcement shall acquittance mee
 2211 From all the impure blots and stains thereof,
 2212 For God he knowes, and you may partly see,
 2446 2213 How farre I am from the desire thereof.
 2214 *Mayor.* God bleffe your grace, we see it, and will fay it.

 2215 *Glo.* In saying so, you shall but fay the truth.
 2216 *Buck.* Then I salute you with this kingly title :
 2217 Long liue Richard, Englands royall king.
 2218 *Mayor.* Amen.

Buck. If you refuse it, as in loue and zeale, 2418
 Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers Sonne, 2419
 As well we know your tenderneffe of heart, 2420
 And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorfe, 2421
 Which we haue noted in you to your Kindred, 2422
 And egally indeede to all Eftates : 2423
 Yet know, where you accept our fuit, or no, 2424
 Your Brothers Sonne fhall neuer reigne our King, 2425
 But we will plant some other in the Throne, 2426
 To the difgrace and downe-fall of your Houfe : 2427
 And in this refolution here we leaue you. 2428
 Come Citizens, we will entreat no more, *Exeunt.* 2429

Catesb. Call him againe, fweet Prince, accept their fuit : 2430
 If you denie them, all the Land will rue it. 2431

Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares. 2432
 Call them againe, I am not made of Stones, 2433
 But penetrable to your kinde entreaties, 2434
 Albeit againft my Confcience and my Soule. 2435

Enter Buckingham, and the reft. 2436

Coufin of Buckingham, and fage graue men, 2437
 Since you will buckle fortune on my back, 2438
 To beare her burthen, where I will or no. 2439
 I muft haue patience to endure the Load : 2440
 But if black Scandall, or foule-fac'd Reproach, 2441
 Attend the fequell of your Impofition, 2442
 Your meere enforcement fhall acquittance me 2443
 From all the impure blots and staynes thereof ; 2444
 For God doth know, and you may partly fee, 2445
 How farre I am from the defire of this. 2446

Maior. God bleffe your Grace, wee fee it, and will 2447
 fay it. 2448

Rich. In faying fo, you fhall but fay the truth. 2449

Buck. Then I falute you with this Royall Title, 2450
 Long liue King *Richard*, Englands worthie King. 2451

All. Amen. 2452

2219 *Buck* To morrow will it please you to be crown'd.

2220 *Glo.* Euen when you will, since you will haue it fo.

2221 *Buck.* To morrow then we will attend your grace.

2222 *Glo.* Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:

2458 2223 Farewel good coofine, farwel gentle friends.

Exeunt.

2224 *Enter Quee. mother, Duchesse of Yorke, Marques Dorset, at*

2225 *one doore, Duchesse of Glocest. at another doore.*

2462 2226 *Duch.* Who meets vs heere, my neece Plantagenet?

2469 2227 *Qu.* Sifter well met, whether awaie fo fast?

2228 *Duch.* No farther then the Tower, and as I ghesse

2229 Vpon the like deuotion as your felues,

2230 To gratulate the tender Princes there.

2473 2231 *Qu.* Kind sifter thanks, weele enter al together, *Enter*

2232 And in good time here the Lieutenant comes. *Lieutenant.*

2233 *M.* Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,

2234 How fares the Prince?

2235 *Lieu.* Wel Madam, and in health, but by your leaue,

2236 I may not suffer you to visite him,

2237 The King hath straighthlie charged the contrarie.

2238 *Qu.* The King? whie, whose that?

<i>Buck.</i> To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd.	2453
<i>Rich.</i> Euen when you please, for you will haue it so.	2454
<i>Buck.</i> To morrow then we will attend your Grace,	2455
And so most ioyfully we take our leaue.	2456
<i>Rich.</i> Come, let vs to our holy Worke againe.	2457
Farewell my Coufins, farewell gentle friends. <i>Exeunt.</i>	2458

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

<i>Enter the Queene, Anne Duchesse of Gloucester, the Duchesse of Yorke, and Marquesse Dorset.</i>	2459 2460
<i>Duch. Yorke.</i> Who meetes vs heere ?	2461
My Neece <i>Plantagenet.</i>	2462
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Glofter ?	2463
Now, for my Life, thees wandering to the Tower,	2464
On pure hearts loue, to greet the tender Prince.	2465
Daughter, well met.	2466
<i>Anne.</i> God giue your Graces both, a happie And a ioyfull time of day.	2467 2468
<i>Qu.</i> As much to you, good Sifter: whither away ?	2469
<i>Anne.</i> No farther than the Tower, and as I guesse, Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,	2470 2471
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.	2472
<i>Qu.</i> Kind Sifter thanks, wee'le enter all together :	2473
 <i>Enter the Lieutenant.</i>	 2474
And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.	2475
Mafter Lieutenant, pray you, by your leaue,	2476
How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of <i>Yorke</i> ?	2477
<i>Lieu.</i> Right well, deare Madame : by your patience, I may not suffer you to visit them,	2478 2479
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.	2480
<i>Qu.</i> The King ? who's that ?	2481

2239 *Lieu.* I crie you mercie, I meane the Lord protector.

2240 *Qu.* The Lord protect him from that Kinglie title:

2241 Hath he fet boundes betwixt their loue and me:

2242 I am their mother, who should keepe me from them?

2243 *Du.yor.* I am their Fathers, Mother, I will see them.

2488 2244 *Duch. glo.* Their aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:

2245 Then feare not thou, Ile beare thy blame,

2246 And take thy office from thee on my perill.

2247 *Lieu.* I doe befeech your graces all to pardon me:

2248 I am bound by oath, I may not doe it. *Enter L. Stanlie.*

2249 *Stan.* Let me but meete you Ladies an houre hence,

2250 And Ile falute your grace of Yorke, as Mother:

2251 And reuerente looker on, of two faire Queenes.

2252 Come Madam, you muft go with me to Westminfter,

2253 There to be crowned, Richards royall Queene.

2500 2254 *Qu.* O cut my lace in funder, that my pent heart,

2255 May haue fome fcope to beate, or elfe I found,

2256 With this dead killing newes.

2257 *Dor.* Madam, haue comfort, how fares your grace?

2258 *Qu.* O Dorfet fpeake not to me, get thee hence,

2259 Death and deftruction dogge thee at the heeles,

2260 Thy Mothers name is ominous to children,

2261 If thou wilt outstrip death, go croffe the feas,

2262 And liue with Richmond, from the reach of hell,

2263 Go hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter houle,

2264 Least thou increafe the number of the dead,

2513 2265 And make me die the thrall of Margarets curffe,

2266 Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

2267 *Stan.* Full of wife care is this your counfell Madam,

<i>Lieu.</i> I meane, the Lord Protector.	2482
<i>Qu.</i> The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.	2483
Hath he fet bounds betweene their loue, and me ?	2484
I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them ?	2485
<i>Duch. Yorke.</i> I am their Fathers Mother, I will see	2486
them.	2487
<i>Anne.</i> Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their Mother :	2488
Then bring me to their fights, Ile beare thy blame,	2489
And take thy Office from thee, on my perill.	2490
<i>Lieu.</i> No, Madame, no; I may not leaue it fo :	2491
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.	2492
<i>Exit Lieutenant.</i>	2493

Enter Stanley. 2494

<i>Stanley.</i> Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,	2495
And Ile salute your Grace of Yorke as Mother,	2496
And reuerend looker on of two faire Queenes.	2497
Come Madame, you must straight to Westminster,	2498
There to be crowned <i>Richards</i> Royall Queene.	2499
<i>Qu.</i> Ah, cut my Lace asunder,	2500
That my pent heart may haue some scope to beat,	2501
Or else I swoone with this dead-killing newes.	2502
<i>Anne.</i> Despightfull tidings, O vnpleasing newes.	2503
<i>Dorf.</i> Be of good cheare : Mother, how fares your	2504
Grace ?	2505
<i>Qu.</i> O <i>Dorset</i> , speake not to me, get thee gone,	2506
Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heeles,	2507
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.	2508
If thou wilt out-strip Death, goe crosse the Seas,	2509
And liue with <i>Richmond</i> , from the reach of Hell.	2510
Goe hye thee, hye thee from this slaughter-house,	2511
Left thou encrease the number of the dead,	2512
And make me dye the thrall of <i>Margarets</i> Curfe,	2513
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.	2514
<i>Stanley.</i> Full of wise care, is this your counfaile, Madame:	2515

- 2268 Take all the fwift aduantage of the time,
 2269 You shall haue letters ffrom me to my sonne,
 2270 To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
 2271 Be not tane tardie, by vnwife delaie:
 2272 *Duch. yor.* O ill disperfing winde of miserie,
 2521 2273 O my accurfed wombe, the bed of death,
 2274 A Cocatrice haft thou hatch to thc world,
 2275 Whofe vnauoided eye is murtherous.
 2276 *Stan.* Come Madam, I in all haft was fent,
 2277 *Duch.* And I in all vnwillingnes will go,
 2278 I would to God thar the inchlussue verge,
 2279 Of golden mettall that must round my browe,
 2280 were red hotte steele to feare me to the braine,
 2281 Annoited let me be with deadlie poyfon,
 2530 2282 And die, ere men can fay, God faue the Queene.
 2283 *Qu.* Alas poore foule, I enuie not thy glorie,
 2284 To feede my humor, with thy felfe no harme.
 2285 *Duch. glo.* No, when he that is my husband now,
 2286 Came to me as I followed Henries courfe,
 2287 When scarce the bloud was well washt from his handes,
 2288 Which iffued from my other angel husband,
 2289 And that dead faint, which then, I weeping followed,
 2290 O, when i fay, i lookt on Richatds face,
 2291 This was my wifh, be thou quoth i accurft,
 2292 For making me fo young, fo olde a widow,
 2293 And when thou wedft, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
 2294 And be thy wife, if any be fo madde,
 2295 As miserable by the death of thee,
 2544 2296 As thou haft made me by my deare Lordes death,
 2297 Loe, eare I can repeate this curfe againe,
 2298 Euen in fo fhort a fpace, my womans hart,
 2299 Groffellie grewe captiue to his honie wordes,
 2300 And prou'd the fubiecte of my owne foules curfe,
 2301 Which euer fince hath kept my eyes from fleepe,
 2302 For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
 2303 Haue I enjoyed the golden dew of fleepe,

Take all the fwift aduantage of the howres :	2516
You fhall haue Letters from me to my Sonne,	2517
In your behalfe, to meet you on the way :	2518
Be not ta'ne tardie by vnwife delay.	2519
<i>Duch. Yorke.</i> O ill difperſing Winde of Miſerie,	2520
O my accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death :	2521
A Cockatrice haſt thou hatcht to the World,	2522
Whofe vnauoided Eye is murtherous.	2523
<i>Stanley.</i> Come, Madame, come, I in all haſte was ſent.	2524
<i>Anne.</i> And I with all vnwillingneſſe will goe,	2525
O would to God, that the incluſiue Verge	2526
Of Golden Metall, that muſt round my Brow,	2527
Were red hot Steele, to feare me to the Braines,	2528
Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome,	2529
And dye ere men can ſay, God ſaue the Queene.	2530
<i>Qu.</i> Goe, goe, poore ſoule, I enuie not thy glory,	2531
To feed my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.	2532
<i>Anne.</i> No: why? When he that is my Husband now,	2533
Came to me, as I follow'd <i>Henries</i> Corſe,	2534
When ſcarce the blood was well waſht from his hands,	2535
Which iſſued from my other Angell Husband,	2536
And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd :	2537
O, when I ſay I look'd on <i>Richards</i> Face,	2538
This was my Wiſh : Be thou (quoth I) accuſt,	2539
For making me, ſo young, ſo old a Widow :	2540
And when thou wed'ſt, let ſorrow haunt thy Bed ;	2541
And be thy Wife, if any be ſo mad,	2542
More miſerable, by the Life of thee,	2543
Then thou haſt made me, by my deare Lords death.	2544
Loe, ere I can repeat this Curſe againe,	2545
Within ſo ſmall a time, my Womans heart	2546
Groſſely grew captiue to his honey words,	2547
And prou'd the ſubiect of mine owne Soules Curſe,	2548
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from reſt :	2549
For neuer yet one howre in his Bed	2550
Did I enioy the golden dew of ſleepe,	2551

2304 But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
 2305 Besides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
 2306 And will no doubt, shorthlie be rid of me.
 2307 *Qu.* Alas poore foule, *I* pittie thy complaints.
 2308 *Duch. glo.* No more then from my foule *I* mourne for yours.

2309 *Dor.* Farewell, thou wofull welcomer of glorie.
 2310 *Duch. glo.* Adew poore foule, thou takst thy leaue of it.

2561 2311 *Du.yor.* Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee.
 2312 Go thou to Richard, and good Angels garde thee,
 2313 Go thou to sanctuarie, good thoughts possesse thee,
 2314 I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
 2315 Eightie odde yeares of sorrow haue I feene,
 2566 2316 And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

2575 2317 *The Trumpets sound, Enter Richard crownd, Buckingham,*
 2318 *Catesby with other Nobles.*

2319 *King* Stand al apart. Coofin of Buckingham, .

2320 Giue me thy hand: *Here he ascendeth*
 2321 Thus high by thy aduice *the throne.*
 2322 And thy assistance is king Richard feated :

But with his timorous Dreames was still awak'd,	2552
Befides, he hates me for my Father <i>Warwicke</i> ,	2553
And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.	2554
<i>Qu.</i> Poore heart adieu, I pittie thy complaining.	2555
<i>Anne.</i> No more, then with my foule I mourne for yours.	2556 2557
<i>Dorf.</i> Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory.	2558
<i>Anne.</i> Adieu, poore foule, that tak'ft thy leaue of it.	2559 2560
<i>Du. Y.</i> Go thou to <i>Richmond</i> , & good fortune guide thee,	2561
Go thou to <i>Richard</i> , and good Angels tend thee,	2562
Go thou to Sanctuarie, and good thoughts poffeffe thee,	2563
I to my Graue, where peace and reft lye with mee.	2564
Eightie odde yeeres of forrow haue I feene,	2565
And each howres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.	2566
<i>Qu.</i> Stay, yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower.	2567
Pitty, you ancient Stones, thofe tender Babes,	2568
Whom Enuie hath immur'd within your Walls,	2569
Rough Cradle for fuch little prettie ones,	2570
Rude ragged Nurfe, old fullen Play-fellow,	2571
For tender Princes : vfe my Babies well ;	2572
So foolifh Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.	2573
<i>Exeunt.</i>	2574

Scena Secunda.

<i>Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buc-</i>	2575
<i>kingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Louel.</i>	2576
<i>Rich.</i> Stand all apart. Coufin of Buckingham.	2577
<i>Buck.</i> My gracious Soueraigne.	2578
<i>Rich.</i> Giue me thy hand. <i>Sound.</i>	2579
Thus high, by thy aduice, and thy affiftance,	2580
Is King <i>Richard</i> feated :	2581

- 2323 But shal we weare these honours for a day ?
 2324 Or shall they last, and we reioice in them.
 2325 *Buc.* Stil liue they, and for euer may they last.
 2585 2326 *King Ri.* O Buckingham, now do I plaie the touch
 2327 To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:
 2328 Young Edwardliues ; thinke now what I would say.
 2329 *Buc.* Saie on my gracious foueraigne.
 2330 *King* Whie Buckingham, I faie I would be king.
 2331 *Buc.* Whie so you are my thrice renowned liege.
 2332 *King* Ha : am I king ? tis so, but Edward liues.
 2333 *Buc.* True noble prince.
 2334 *King* O bitter consequence,
 2335 That Edward stil should liue true noble prince.
 2336 Coofin, thou wert not wont to be so dul :
 2337 Shal I be plaine ? I with the bastards dead,
 2338 And I would haue it suddenie performde.
 2598 2339 What saist thou ? speake suddenie, be briefe.
 2340 *Buc.* Your grace may doe your pleasure.
 2341 *King* Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindnesse freezeth,
 2342 Saie, haue I thy consent that they shal die ?
 2343 *Buc.* Giue me some breath, some little pause my lord,
 2344 Before I positiuelie speake herein :
 2345 I wil resolue your grace immediatlie. *Exit.*
 2346 *Catef.* The king is angrie, see, he bites the lip.
 2347 *King* I wil conuerse with iron witted fooles
 2348 And vnrespectiue boies, none are forme
 2608 2349 That looke into me with confiderate eies :
 2350 Boy, high reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.

 2351 *Boy.* My Lord.
 2352 *King.* Knowst thou not any whom corrupting gold
 2353 Would tempt vnto a clofe exploit of death.
 2354 *Boy.* My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,
 2355 Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie mind,
 2356 Gould were as good as twentie Orators,
 2357 And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
 2358 *King.* What is his name.

But shall we weare these Glories for a day ?	2582
Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them ?	2583
<i>Buck.</i> Still liue they, and for euer let them last.	2584
<i>Rich.</i> Ah <i>Buckingham</i> , now doe I play the Touch,	2585
To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed :	2586
Young <i>Edward</i> liues, thinke now what I would speake.	2587
<i>Buck.</i> Say on my louing Lord.	2588
<i>Rich.</i> Why <i>Buckingham</i> , I say I would be King.	2589
<i>Buck.</i> Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.	2590
<i>Rich.</i> Ha ? am I King ? 'tis so : but <i>Edward</i> liues.	2591
<i>Buck</i> True, Noble Prince.	2592
<i>Rich.</i> O bitter consequence !	2593
That <i>Edward</i> still should liue true Noble Prince.	2594
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.	2595
Shall I be plaine ? I wish the Bastards dead,	2596
And I would haue it suddenly perform'd.	2597
What say'st thou now ? speake suddenly, be briefe.	2598
<i>Buck.</i> Your Grace may doe your pleasure.	2599
<i>Rich.</i> Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindeffe freezes :	2600
Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye ?	2601
<i>Buc.</i> Giue me some litle breath, some pause, deare Lord,	2602
Before I positively speake in this :	2603
I will resolve you herein presently. <i>Exit Buck.</i>	2604
<i>Catesby.</i> The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe.	2605
<i>Rich.</i> I will conuerse with Iron-witted Fooles,	2606
And vnrespectiue Boyes : none are for me,	2607
That looke into me with confiderate eyes,	2608
High-reaching <i>Buckingham</i> growes circumspect.	2609
Boy :	2610
<i>Page.</i> My Lord.	2611
<i>Rich.</i> Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold	2612
Will tempt vnto a clofe exploit of Death ?	2613
<i>Page.</i> I know a discontented Gentleman,	2614
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie spirit :	2615
Gold were as good as twenty Orators,	2616
And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.	2617
<i>Rich.</i> What is his Name ?	2618

2619 2359 *Boy.* His name my Lord is Tirrell.

2360 *King.* Go call him hither presentlie,

2361 The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham.

2362 No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,

2363 Hath he so long held out with me vntirde

2364 And stops he nowe for breath? *Enter Darby.*

2365 How now, what newes vvith you?

2366 *Darby.* My Lord, I heare the Marques Dorset

2367 is fled to Richmond, in those partes beyond the seas where he

2368 abides.

2369 *King.* Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.

2370 *King.* Rumor it abroad

2371 That Anne my wife is ficke and like to die,

2372 I will take order for her keeping clofe:

2373 Enquire me out some meane borne gentleman,

2374 Whom I will marrie straight to Clarence daughter,

2636 2375 The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:

2376 Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe giue out

2377 That Anne my wife is ficke and like to die.

2378 About it, for it stands me much vpon

2379 To stop all hopes vvwhose growth may damadgeme,

2380 I must be married to my brothers daughter,

2381 Or else my kingdome stands on brittle glasse,

2382 Murther her brothers, and then marrie her,

2383 Vncertaine vvaie of gaine, but I am in

2384 So far in blood that finne vvill plucke onfin,

2385 Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eie, *Enter Tirrel.*

2386 Is thy name Tirrill?

2649 2387 *Tyr.* Iames Tirrill and your most obedient subiect.

Page. His Name, my Lord, is *Tirrell*. 2619
Rich. I partly know the man : goe call him hither, 2620
 Boy. *Exit.* 2621
 The deepe reuoluing wittie *Buckingham*, 2622
 No more shall be the neighbor to my counfailes. 2623
 Hath he so long held out with me, vntyr'd, 2624
 And stops he now for breath ? Well, be it so. 2625

Enter Stanley. 2626

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the newes ? 2627
Stanley. Know my louing Lord, the Marquesse *Dorset* 2628
 As I heare, is fled to *Richmond*, 2629
 In the parts where he abides. 2630

Rich. Come hither *Catesby*, rumor it abroad, 2631
 That *Anne* my Wife is very grieuous ficke, 2632
 I will take order for her keeping clofe. 2633
 Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman, 2634
 Whom I will marry straight to *Clarence* Daughter : 2635
 The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him. 2636
 Looke how thou dream'ft : I say againe, giue out, 2637
 That *Anne*, my Queene, is ficke, and like to dye. 2638
 About it, for it stands me much vpon 2639
 To stop all hopes, whose growth may dammage me. 2640
 I must be marryed to my Brothers Daughter, 2641
 Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse : 2642
 Murther her Brothers, and then marry her, 2643
 Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in 2644
 So farre in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne, 2645
 Teare-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye. 2646

Enter Tyrrel. 2647

Is thy Name *Tyrrel*? 2648
Tyr. *James Tyrrel*, and your most obedient subiect. 2649

2388 *King* Art thou indeed?
 2389 *Tir.* Proue me my gracious foueraigne,
 2390 *King* Darst thou resolute to kill a fiend of mine?
 2391 *Tir.* I my Lord, but I had rather kill two enemies.

2392 *King* Why there thou hast it two deepe enemies,
 2393 Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbs,
 2394 Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
 2395 *Tirrel* I meane those bastards in the tower.
 2396 *Tir.* Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
 2397 And soone ile rid you from the feare of them.
 2398 *King* Thou singst sweet musicke. Come hither *Tirrel*,

2683 2399 Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare, *he whispers in his eare.*
 2400 *Tis* no more but so, faie is it done,
 2401 And I will loue thee and prefer thee too.
 2402 *Tir.* *Tis* done my gracious lord.
 2403 *King* Shal we heare from thee *Tirrel* ere we sleepe? *Enter Buc.*
 2404 *Tir.* ye shall my lord,

2405 *Buck.* My lord, I haue considered in my mind,
 2406 The late demand that you did found me in.
 2407 *King* Well, let that passe, Dorset is fled to Richmond.
 2408 *Buck* I heare that newes my lord.
 2409 *King* *Stanley* he is your wifes sonnes. Wel looke to it.

2410 *Buck.* My lord, I claime your gift, my dew by promise,
 2411 For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
 2412 The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,
 2413 The which you promised I should possesse.
 2414 *King* *Stanley* looke to your wife, if she conuay
 2415 Letters to Richmond you shall answere it.
 2416 *Buck.* What faies your highnes to my iust demand.
 2417 *King* As I remember, Henrie the sixt

<i>Rich.</i> Art thou indeed ?	2650
<i>Tyr.</i> Proue me, my gracious Lord.	2651
<i>Rich.</i> Dar'ft thou refolue to kill a friend of mine ?	2652
<i>Tyr.</i> Pleafe you :	2653
But I had rather kill two enemies.	2654
<i>Rich.</i> Why then thou haft it : two deepe enemies,	2655
Foes to my Reft, and my fweet fleepes disturbers,	2656
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon :	2657
<i>Tyrrel</i> , I meane thofe Bastards in the Tower.	2658
<i>Tyr.</i> Let me haue open meanes to come to them,	2659
And foone Ile rid you from the feare of them.	2660
<i>Rich.</i> Thou fing'ft fweet Mufique :	2661
Hearke, come hither <i>Tyrrel</i> ,	2662
Goe by this token : rife, and lend thine Eare, <i>Whifpers.</i>	2663
There is no more but fo : fay it is done,	2664
And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it.	2665
<i>Tyr.</i> I will difpatch it ftraight. <i>Exit.</i>	2666

Enter Buckingham. 2667

<i>Buck.</i> My Lord, I haue confider'd in my minde,	2668
The late request that you did found me in.	2669
<i>Rich.</i> Well, let that reft : <i>Dorset</i> is fled to <i>Richmond.</i>	2670
<i>Buck.</i> I heare the newes, my Lord.	2671
<i>Rich.</i> <i>Stanley</i> , hee is your Wiues Sonne : well, looke	2672
vnto it.	2673
<i>Buck.</i> My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promife,	2674
For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd,	2675
Th'Earledome of Hertford, and the moueables,	2676
Which you haue promised I fhall poffeffe.	2677
<i>Rich.</i> <i>Stanley</i> looke to your Wife : if fhe conuey	2678
Letters to <i>Richmond</i> , you fhall anfwer it.	2679
<i>Buck.</i> What faves your Highneffe to my iuft request ?	2680
<i>Rich.</i> I doe remember me, <i>Henry</i> the Sixt	2681

- 2418 Did prophecie that Richmond should be king,
 2419 When Richmond was a little peeuiſh boy:
 2684 2420 A king perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My lord.
 2421 *King* How chance the prophet could not at that time,
 2422 Haue told me I being by, that I ſhould kill him.
 2423 *Buck.* My lord, your promiſe for the Earledome.
 2424 *King* Richmond, when laſt I was at Exeter,
 2425 The Maior in curteſie ſhowd me the Caſtle,
 2426 And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I ſtarted,
 2427 Becauſe a Bard of Ireland told me once
 2428 I ſhould not liue long after I ſaw Richmond.
 2429 *Buck.* My lord.
 2430 *King.* I, whats a clocke?
 2431 *Buck.* I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
 2432 Of what you promiſd me.
 2433 *King.* Wel, but whats a clocke?
 2434 *Buck.* Vpon the ſtroke of ten.
 2435 *King.* Well, let it ſtrike.
 2436 *Buck.* Whie let it ſtrike?
 2437 *King.* Becauſe that like a Iacke thou keepſt the ſtroke
 2438 Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
 2439 I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
 2685 2440 *Buck.* Whie then reſolue me whether you wil or no?
 2441 *King.* Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vain. *Exit.*
 2442 *Buck.* Is it euen ſo, rewardſt he my true ſeruice
 2443 With ſuch deepe contempt, made I him king for this?
 2444 O let me thinke on *Haftings* and be gone
 2690 2445 To Brecknock while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*
- 2446 *Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.*
- 2447 *Tyr.* The tyranous and bloudie deed is done,
 2448 The moſt arch-aſt of pitteous maſſacre,
 2449 That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
 2450 Dighton and Forreſt whom I did fuborne,
 2451 To do this ruthles peece of butcherie,
 2452 Although they were fleſht villains, bloudie dogs,

Did prophecie, that <i>Richmond</i> should be King,	2682
When <i>Richmond</i> was a little peeuiſh Boy.	2683
A King perhaps.	2684

<i>Buck.</i> May it please you to reſolue me in my ſuit.	2685
<i>Rich.</i> Thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. <i>Exit.</i>	2686
<i>Buck.</i> And is it thus? repayes he my deepe ſeruiſe	2687
With ſuch contempt? made I him King for this?	2688
O let me thinke on <i>Haftings</i> , and be gone	2689
To Brecknock, while my fearefull Head is on, <i>Exit.</i>	2690

Enter Tyrrel. 2691

<i>Tyr.</i> The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,	2692
The moſt arch deed of pittious maſſacre	2693
That euer yet this Land was guilty of :	2694
<i>Dighton</i> and <i>Forreſt</i> , who I did ſuborne	2695
To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,	2696
Albeit they were fleht Villaines, bloody Dogges,	2697

2453 Melting with tendernes and kind compassion,
 2699 2454 Wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:
 2455 Lo thus quoth Dighton laie those tender babes,
 2456 Thus thus quoth Forrest girdling on another,
 2457 Within their innocent alabaster armes,
 2458 Their lips were foure red Rofes on a stalke,
 2459 Which in their summer beautie kist each other,
 2460 A booke of praiers on their pillow laie,
 2461 Which once quoth Forrest almost changd my mind,
 2462 But ô the Diuell their the villaine stopt,
 2708 2463 Whilst Dighton thus told on we smothered
 2464 The most replenished sweet worke of nature,
 2465 That from the prime creation euer he framed,
 2466 Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse,
 2467 They could not speake and so I left them both,
 2468 To bring this tidings to the bloudie king. *Enter Ki. Richard.*

2715 2469 And here he comes, all haile my foueraigne leige.
 2470 *King.* Kind Tirrell am I happie in thy newes.
 2471 *Tyr.* If to haue done the thing you giue in charge,
 2472 Beget your happineffe, be happie then
 2473 For it is done my Lord.
 2474 *King.* But didst thou see them dead?
 2475 *Tir.* I did my Lord.
 2476 *King.* And buried gentle *Tirrell*?
 2477 *Tir.* The Chaplaine of the tower hath buried them,
 2724 2478 But how or in what place I do not know
 2479 *Tir.* Come to me *Tirre!* soone at after supper,
 2480 And thou shalt tell the proceffe of their death,
 2481 Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good.
 2482 And be inheritor of thy desire. *Exit Tirrel.*
 2483 Farewel til soone.

 2484 The sonne of Clarence haue I pent vp close,

Melted with tenderneffe, and milde compaffion,	2698
Wept like to Children, in their deaths fad Story.	2699
O thus (quoth <i>Dighton</i>) lay the gentle Babes :	2700
Thus, thus (quoth <i>Forrest</i>) girdling one another	2701
Within their Alablafter innocent Armes :	2702
Their lips were foure red Rofes on a ftalke,	2703
And in their Summer Beauty kift each other.	2704
A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,	2705
Which one (quoth <i>Forrest</i>) almoft chang'd my minde:	2706
But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine flopt :	2707
When <i>Dighton</i> thus told on, we smothered	2708
The moft replenifhed fweet worke of Nature,	2709
That from the prime Creation ere ſhe framed.	2710
Hence both are gone with Confcience and Remorfe,	2711
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,	2712
To beare this tydings to the bloody King.	2713

Enter Richard. 2714

And heere he comes. All health my Soueraigne Lord.	2715
<i>Ric.</i> Kinde <i>Tirrell</i> , am I happy in thy Newes.	2716
<i>Tir.</i> If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge,	2717
Be get your happineffe, be happy then,	2718
For it is done.	2719
<i>Rich.</i> But did'ſt thou ſee them dead.	2720
<i>Tir.</i> I did my Lord.	2721
<i>Rich.</i> And buried gentle <i>Tirrell</i> .	2722
<i>Tir.</i> The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,	2723
But where (to fay the truth) I do not know.	2724
<i>Rich.</i> Come to me <i>Tirrel</i> ſoone, and after Supper,	2725
When thou ſhalt tell the proceffe of their death.	2726
Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good,	2727
And be inheritor of thy deſire.	2728
Farewell till then.	2729
<i>Tir.</i> I humbly take my leaue.	2730
<i>Rich.</i> The Sonne of <i>Clarence</i> haue I pent vp cloſe,	2731

2485 His daughter me anelie haue I matcht in mariage,
 2486 The fonnes of Edward fleepe in Abrahams bofome,
 2487 And Anne my wife hath bid the world godnight,
 2488 Now for I know the Brittainie Richmond aimes
 2489 At young Elizabeth, my brothers daughter,
 2490 And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
 2788 2491 To her I go a iollie thriuing wooer. *Enter Catesby.*

2492 *Cat.* My Lord.

2493 *King.* Good newes or bad that thou comst in fo bluntly?

2494 *Cates.* Bad newes my lord. *Ely* is fled to Richmond,

2495 And Buckingham backt with the hardie Welchmen,

2496 Is in the field, and still his power increafeth.

2497 *King.* *Ely* with Richmond troubles me more neare

2498 Then Buckingham and his rash leuied armie:

2499 Come I haue heard that feareful commenting,

2500 Is leaden feruitour to dull delaie,

2501 Delaie leades impotent and fnaile pact beggerie,

2751 2502 Then fierie expedition be my wing,

2503 Ioues Mercurie and Herald for a king:

2504 Come muster men, my counsaile is my shield,

2505 We must be briefe when traitors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

2756 2506

Enter Queene Margaret sola.

2507 *Q. Mar.* So now prosperitie begins to mellow

2508 And drop into the rotten mouth of Death.

2509 Here in these confines flilie haue I lurkt,

His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage, 2732
 The Sonnes of *Edward* sleepe in *Abrahams* bosome, 2733
 And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night, 2734
 Now for I know the Britaine *Richmond* aymes 2735
 At yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter, 2736
 And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne, 2737
 To her go I, a iolly thriuing wooer. 2738

Enter Ratcliffe. 2739

Rat. My Lord. 2740

Rich. Good or bad newes, that thou com'ft in fo
 bluntly? 2742

Rat. Bad news my Lord, *Mourton* is fled to Richmond,
 And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welshmen 2744
 Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth. 2745

Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere,
 Then Buckingham and his rafh leuied Strength. 2747

Come, I haue learn'd, that fearfull commenting
 Is leaden feruitor to dull delay. 2749

Delay leds impotent and Snaile-pac'd Beggery : 2750

Then fierie expedition be my wing, 2751

Ioues Mercury, and Herald for a King : 2752

Go muster men : My counsaile is my Sheeld, 2753

We must be breefe, when Traitors braue the Field. 2754

Exeunt. 2755

Scena Tertia.

Enter old Queene Margaret. 2756

Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow, 2757

And drop into the rotten mouth of death : 2758

Heere in these Confines flily haue I lurkt, 2759

2510 To watch the waining of mine aduerfaries :
 2511 A dire induction am I witnesse to,
 2512 And wil to Fraunce, hoping the confequence
 2513 Wil prooue as bitter, blacke and tragical.
 2764 2514 Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes here ?

2515 *Enter the Qu. and the Dutcheffe of Yorke.*

2516 *Qu.* Ah my young princes, ah my tender babes !
 2517 My vnblowne flowers, new appearing fweets,
 2518 If yet your gentle foules flie in the ayre
 2519 And be not fixt in doome perpetual,
 2520 Houer about me with your aierie winges,
 2521 And heare your mothers lamentation.
 2772 2522 *Qu. Mar.* Houer about her, faie that right for right,
 2773 2523 Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night.

2779 2524 *Quee.* Wilt thou, O God, flie from fuch gentle lambes,
 2780 2525 And throw them in the intrailles of the Wolfe :
 2781 2526 When didst thou sleepe when fuch a deed was done ?
 2527 *Q. Mar.* When holie *Harry* died, and my sweet sonne.
 2528 *Dutch.* Blind fight, dead life, poore mortal liuing ghofte,
 2529 Woes fceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vfurpt,

2530 Rest thy vnrest on englands lawful earth,
 2531 Vnlawfullie made drunke with innocents bloud.
 2532 *Qu.* O that thou wouldst af wel afford a graue,
 2533 As thou canst yeeld a melancholie feate,
 2534 Then would I hide my bones, nor rest them here :
 2535 O who hath anie cause to mourne but I !
 2536 *Duch.* So manie miferies haue crazd my voice
 2537 That my woe-wearied toong is mute and dumbe.
 2776 2538 *Edward Plantagenet*, whie art thou dead ?

To watch the waining of mine enemies. 2760
 A dire induction, am I witnesse to, 2761
 And will to France, hoping the consequence 2762
 Will proue as bitter, blacke, and Tragicall. 2763
 Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere ? 2764

Enter Dutcheffe and Queene. 2765

Qu. Ah my poore Princes ! ah my tender Babes : 2766
 My vnblowed Flowres, new appearing sweets : 2767
 If yet your gentle soules flye in the Ayre, 2768
 And be not fixt in doome perpetuall, 2769
 Houer about me with your ayery wings, 2770
 And heare your mothers Lamentation. 2771

Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right 2772
 Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night. 2773

Dut. So many miferies haue craz'd my voyce, 2774
 That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute. 2775

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ? 2776

Mar. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*, 2777

Edward for *Edward*, payes a dying debt. 2778

Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from such gentle Lambs, 2779

And throw them in the intrailles of the Wolfe ? 2780

When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done ? 2781

Mar. When holy *Harry* dyed, and my sweet Sonne. 2782

Dut Dead life, blind fight, poore mortall liuing ghost, 2783

Woes Scene, Worlds shame, Graues due, by life vsurpt, 2784

Breefe abstract and record of tedious dayes, 2785

Rest thy vnrest on Englands lawfull earth, 2786

Vnlawfully made drunke with innocent blood. 2787

Qu. Ah that thou would'st affoone affoord a Graue, 2788

As thou canst yeeld a melancholly feate : 2789

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere, 2790

Ah who hath any caufe to mourne but wee ? 2791

- 2539 *Qu. Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
 2793 2540 Giue mine the benefite of ignorance,
 2794 2541 And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
 2795 2542 If sorrow can admitte societie,
 2543 Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine,
 2544 *I* had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him :
 2545 *I* had a *Richard*, till a *Ricard* kild him:
 2546 Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him :
 2547 Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
 2548 *Duch.* *I* had a *Richard* to, and thou didst kill him :
 2549 *I* had a *Rutland* to, thou hopst to kill him.
 2550 *Qu. Mar.* Thou hadst a *Clarence* to, and *Richard* kild him:
- 2551 From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
 2552 A hel-hound that doeth hunt vs all to death,
 2553 That dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
 2554 To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle blouds,
 2555 That foule defacer of Gods handie worke,
- 2556 Thy wombe let loose, to chafe vs to our graues,
 2557 O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,
 2558 How doe *I* thanke thee, that this carnal curre,
 2559 Praies on the issue of his mothers bodie,
 2815 2560 And makes her puefellow with others mone.
- 2561 *Duch.* O, Harries wives triumph not in my woes,
 2562 God witnes with me, *I* haue wept for thine.
 2563 *Qu. Mar.* Beare with me, *I* am hungrie for reuenge,
 2564 And now *I* cloie me with beholding it,
 2565 Thy *Edward*, he is dead, that stabd my *Edward*,
 2566 Thy other *Edward* dead, to quitte my *Edward*,
 2567 Yong *Yorke*, he is but boote because both they
 2568 Match not the high perfection of my losse,
 2569 Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that kild my *Edward*,
 2570 And the beholders of this tragicke plaie,
 2826 2571 The adulterate *Hastings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,

Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent, 2792
 Giue mine the benefit of signeurie, 2793
 And let my griefes frowne on the vpper hand 2794
 If sorrow can admit Society. 2795

I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him : 2796
 I had a Husband, till a *Richard* kill'd him : 2797
 Thou had'st an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him : 2798
 Thou had'st a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him. 2799

Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'st kill him ; 2800
 I had a *Rutland* too, thou hop'st to kill him. 2801

Mar. Thou had'st a *Clarence* too, 2802
 And *Richard* kill'd him. 2803

From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept 2804
 A Hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death : 2805
 That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes, 2806
 To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood : 2807
 That foule defacer of Gods handy worke : 2808
 That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping foules : 2809
 That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth, 2810
 Thy wombe let loofe to chafe vs to our graues. 2811
 O vpright, iust, and true-disposing God, 2812
 How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre 2813
 Prayes on the issue of his Mothers body, 2814
 And makes her Pue-fellow with others mone. 2815

Dut. Oh *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes : 2816
 God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thine. 2817

Mar. Beare with me : I am hungry for reuenge, 2818
 And now I cloy me with beholding it. 2819
 Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*, 2820
 The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*: 2821
 Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they 2822
 Matcht not the high perfection of my losse. 2823
 Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that stab'd my *Edward*, 2824
 And the beholders of this franticke play, 2825
 Th'adulterate *Hastings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*, 2826

- 2572 Vntimelie fmothred in their duskie graues,
 2573 Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
 2574 Onely referued their factor to buie foules,
 2575 And fend them thether, but at hand at handes,
 2576 enfues his piteous, and vnpittied end,
 2577 earth gapes, hell burnes, fiendes roare, faintes praie,
 2578 To haue him suddenly conueied away.
 2579 Cancell his bond of life, deare God I pray,
 2580 That I may liue to fay, the dog is dead.
 2581 *Qu.* O thou didst prophecie the time would come,
 2582 That *I* should wish for thee to helpe me curffe,
 2583 That botteld fpider, that foule bunch-backt toade.
 2584 *Qu Mar.* *I* cald thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune,
 2585 *I* cald thee then, poore shadow, painted Queene,
 2586 The presentation of, but what *I* was,
 2587 The flattering *Index* of a direfull pageant,
 2588 One heaued a high, to be hurld downe belowe,
 2844 2589 A mother onelie, mockt with two sweete babes,
 2590 A dreame of which thou wert a breath, a bubble,

 2591 A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,
 2592 To be the aime of euerie dangerous shot,
 2593 A Queene in least onelie to fill the iceane,
 2594 Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
 2595 Where are thy children, wherein doest thou ioye?
 2596 Who fues to thee, and cries God faue the Queene?
 2597 Where be the bending peeres that flattered thee?
 2598 Where be the thronging troopes that followed thee?
 2599 decline all this, and see what now thou art,
 2600 For happie wife, a most distressed widow,
 2856 2601 For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name,

 2602 For Queene, a verie caitiue crownd with care,
 2857 2603 For one being fued to, one that humblie fues,

Vntimely smother'd in their dusky Graues.	2827
<i>Richard</i> yet liues, Hels blacke Intelligencer,	2828
Onely referu'd their Factor, to buy foules,	2829
And fend them thither : But at hand, at hand	2830
Infues his pittious and vnpittied end.	2831
Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,	2832
To haue him sodainly conuey'd from hence :	2833
Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray,	2834
That I may liue and say, The Dogge is dead.	2835
<i>Qu.</i> O thou did'ft prophesie, the time would come,	2836
That I should wifh for thee to helpe me curfe	2837
That bottel'd Spider, that foule bunch-back'd Toad.	2838
<i>Mar.</i> I call'd thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune :	2839
I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,	2840
The presentation of but what I was ;	2841
The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant ;	2842
One heau'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below :	2843
A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes ;	2844
A dreame of what thou waft, a garish Flagge	2845
To be the ayme of euery dangerous Shot ;	2846
A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble ;	2847
A Queene in leaft, onely to fill the Scene.	2848
Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?	2849
Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein dost thou Ioy?	2850
Who fues, and kneeles, and faves, God faue the Queene?	2851
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?	2852
Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?	2853
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.	2854
For happy Wife, a most distressed Widdow :	2855
For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name :	2856
For one being fued too, one that humbly fues :	2857
For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care :	2858
For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me :	2859

- 2604 For one commaunding all, obeyed of none,
 2605 For one that fcornd at me, now fcornd of me,
 2862 2606 Thus hath the courfe of iuftice wheeld about,
 2607 And left thee but, a verie praie to time,
 2608 Hauing no more, but thought of what thou wert,
 2609 To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
 2610 Thou didft vfurpe my place, and doeft thou not,
 2611 Vfurpe the iuft proportion of my forrow,
 2612 Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
 2613 From which, euen here, I flippe my wearie necke,
 2614 And leaue the burthen of it all on thee :
 2615 Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of fad mifchance,
 2872 2616 Thefe Englifh woes, will make me fmile in France.
 2617 *Qu.* O thou wel skild in curfes, ftaiie a while,
 2618 And teach me how to curfe mine enemies.
 2619 *Qu. Mar.* Forbeare to fleepe the nights, and faft the daies
 2620 Compare dead happineffe with liuing woe,
 2621 Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
 2622 And he that flew them fouler then he is,
 2623 Bettring thy loffe makes the bad caufer worfe,
 2624 Renoluing this, wil teach thee how to curfe.
 2881 2625 *Qu.* My words are dul, O quicken them with thine.
 2626 *Q.Mar.* Thy woes wil make them fharp, & pierce like mine.

 2627 *Du.* Why fhould calamitie be ful of words? *Exit Mar.*
 2628 *Qu.* Windie atturnies to your Client woes,
 2629 A erie fucceeders of intefate ioies,
 2630 Poore breathing Orators of miferies,
 2631 Let them haue fcope, though what they do impart,
 2632 Helpe not at al, yet do they eafe the hart.
 2633 *Duch.* If fo, then be not toong-tide, go with me,
 2634 And in the breath of bitter words lets fmother
 2635 My damned fonne, which thy two fweet fons fmotherd,
 2893 2636 I heare his drum, be copious in exclames.

For the being feared of all, now fearing one : 2860
 For the commanding all, obey'd of none. 2861

Thus hath the course of Iustice whirl'd about, 2862
 And left thee but a very prey to time, 2863
 Hauling no more but Thought of what thou waft. 2864
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art, 2865
 Thou didst vsurpe my place, and dost thou not 2866
 Vsurpe the iust proportion of my Sorrow ? 2867
 Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke, 2868
 From which, euen heere I slip my wearied head, 2869
 And leaue the burthen of it all, on thee. 2870
 Farwell Yorke's wife, and Queene of sad mischance, 2871
 These English woes, shall make me smile in France. 2872

Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curfes, stay a-while, 2873
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies. 2874

Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day : 2875
 Compare dead happinesse, with liuing woe : 2876
 Thinke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were, 2877
 And he that slew them fowler then he is : 2878
 Bett'ring thy losse, makes the bad causer worfe, 2879
 Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to Curse. 2880

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine. 2881

Mar. Thy woes will make them sharpe, 2882
 And pierce like mine. *Exit Margaret.* 2883

Dut. Why should calamity be full of words ? 2884

Qu. Windy Attornies to their Clients Woes, 2885
 Ayery succeders of intestine ioyes, 2886
 Poore breathing Orators of miseries, 2887
 Let them haue scope, though what they will impart, 2888
 Helpe nothing els, yet do they ease the hart. 2889

Dut. If so then, be not Tongue-ty'd : go with me, 2890
 And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother 2891
 My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes smother'd. 2892
 The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclames. 2893

2637 *Enter K. Richard marching with Drummes*
2638 *and Trumpets.*

2895 2639 *King* Who intercepts my expedition?

2640 *Duch.* A she, that might haue intercepted thee

2641 By frangling thee in her accurfed wombe,

2642 From al the slaughters wretch, that thou haft done.

2643 *Qu.* Hidst thou that forehead with a golden crowne

2644 Where should be grauen, if that right were right,

2645 The slaughter of the Prince that owed that Crowne,

2646 And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers :

2647 Tel me thou villaine flauie, where are my children?

2904 2648 *Duch.* Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarence?

2649 And little Ned Plantagenet, his sonne?

2650 *Qu.* Where is kind *Hastings, Riwers, Vaughan, Gray?*

2651 *King* A flourish trumpets, ftrike alarum drummes,

2652 Let not the heauens heare thefe tel-tale women

2653 Raile on the Lords annoited. Strike *I* faie. *The trumpets*

2913 2654 Either be patient, and intreat me faire,

2655 Or with the clamorus report of war :

2656 Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

2657 *Du.* Art thou my fon?

2658 *King.* I, *I* thanke God, my father and your selfe,

2659 *Du.* Then patiently here my impatience.

2919 2660 *King.* Madam I haue a touch of your condition,

2661 Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe,

2662 *Du.* I will be mild and gentle in my fpeach.

2663 *King.* And brieft good mother for I am in haft.

2664 *Du.* Art thou fo haftie *I* haue ftaid for thee,

2665 God knowes in anguifh, paine and agonie.

2666 *King.* And came I not at laft to comfort you?

2667 *Du.* No by the holie roode thou knowft it well,

Enter King Richard, and his Traine.

2894

- Rich.* Who intercepts me in my Expedition ? 2895
Dut. O she, that might haue intercepted thee 2896
 By frangling thee in her acurfed wombe, 2897
 From all the slaughters (Wretch) that thou haft done. 2898
Qu. Hid'ft thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne 2899
 Where't should be branded, if that right were right ? 2900
 The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne, 2901
 And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers. 2902
 Tell me thou Villaine-flaue, where are my Children ? 2903
Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toade, 2904
 Where is thy Brother *Clarence* ? 2905
 And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Sonne ? 2906
Qu. Where is the gentle *Riuers, Vaughan, Gray* ? 2907
Dut. Where is kinde *Hastings* ? 2908
Rich. A flourish Trumpets, ftrike Alarum Drummes : 2909
 Let not the Heauens heare these Tell-tale women 2910
 Raile on the Lords Anointed. Strike I fay. 2911
Flourish. Alarums. 2912
 Either be patient, and intreat me fayre, 2913
 Or with the clamorous report of Warre, 2914
 Thus will I drowne your exclamations. 2915
Dut. Art thou my Sonne ? 2916
Rich. I, I thanke God, my Father, and your selfe. 2917
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience. 2918
Rich. Madam, I haue a touch of your condition, 2919
 That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe. 2920
Dut. O let me fpeake. 2921
Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare. 2922
Dut. I will be milde, and gentle in my words. 2923
Rich. And breefe (good Mother) for I am in haft. 2924
Dut. Art thou fo hafty? I haue ftaid for thee 2925
 (God knowes) in torment and in agony. 2926
Rich. And came I not at laft to comfort you ? 2927
Dut. No by the holy Rood, thou know'ft it well, 2928

- 2668 Thou camst on earth to make the earth my hell,
 2669 A greuous burthen was thy berth to me,
 2670 Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
 2932 2671 Thy schoele-daies frightful, desperate, wild, and furious.
 2672 Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous,
 2673 Thy age confirmed, proud, subtil, bloudie, trecherous,

 2674 What comfortable houre canst thou name
 2675 That euer gract me in thy companie?
 2676 *King.* Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace

 2677 To breake fast once forth of my companie,
 2678 If I be so disgracious in your fight,
 2679 Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

 2680 *Du.* O heare me speake for I shal neuer see thee more.
 2945 2681 *King.* Come, come, you art too bitter.

- 2682 *Du.* Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
 2683 Eeare from this war thou turne a conqueror,
 2684 Or I with grieffe and extreame age shall perish,
 2685 And neuer looke vpon thy face againe,
 2686 Therefore take with thee my most heauy curse,
 2687 Which in the daie of battaile tire thee more
 2688 Then all the compleat armor that thou wearest,
 2689 My praier on the aduerse partie fight,
 2690 And there the little foules of Edwards children,
 2691 Whispe the spirits of thine enemies,
 2959 2692 And promise them successe and victorie,
 2693 Bloudie thou art, bloudie wil bethy end,
 2694 Shame ferues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
 2695 *Qu.* Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
 2696 Abides in me, I saie Amen to all.
 2697 *King.* Staie Maddam, I must speake a word with you.

Thou cam'ft on earth, to make the earth my Hell.	2929
A greeuous burthen was thy Birth to me,	2930
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie.	2931
Thy School-daies frightfull, desp'rate, wilde, and furious,	2932
Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous :	2933
Thy Age confirm'd, proud, fubtle, flye, and bloody,	2934
More milde, but yet more harmfull ; Kinde in hatred :	2935
What comfortable houre canft thou name,	2936
That euer grac'd me with thy company ?	2937
<i>Rich.</i> Faith none, but <i>Hunfrey Hower</i> ,	2938
That call'd your Grace	2939
To Breakefaft once, forth of my company.	2940
If I be fo difgracious in your eye,	2941
Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.	2942
Strike vp the Drumme.	2943
<i>Dut.</i> I prythee heare me fpeake.	2944
<i>Rich.</i> You fpeake too bitterly.	2945
<i>Dut.</i> Heare me a word :	2946
For I fhall neuer fpeake to thee againe.	2947
<i>Rich.</i> So.	2948
<i>Dut.</i> Either thou wilt dye, by Gods iuft ordinance	2949
Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror :	2950
Or I with greefe and extreame Age fhall perifh,	2951
And neuer more behold thy face againe.	2952
Therefore take with thee my moft greeuous Curfe,	2953
Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more	2954
Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'ft.	2955
My Prayers on the aduerfe party fight,	2956
And there the little foules of <i>Edwards</i> Children,	2957
Whifper the Spirits of thine Enemies,	2958
And promife them Successe and Victory :	2959
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end :	2960
Shame ferues thy life, and doth thy death attend. <i>Exit.</i>	2961
<i>Qu.</i> Though far more caufe, yet much leffe fpirit to curfe	2962
Abides in me, I fay Amen to her.	2963
<i>Rich.</i> Stay Madam, I muft talke a word with you.	2964

- 2698 *Qu.* I haue no moe sonnes of the royall bloud,
 2699 For thee to murther for my daughters Richard,
 2700 They shalbe praying nunnes not weeping Queenes,
 2701 And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.
 2702 *King* You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
 2970 2703 Vertuous and faire, roiall and gracious.
 2704 *Qu.* And must she die for this? O let her liue!
 2705 And ile corrupt her maners, staine her beautie,
 2706 Slander my selfe as false to Edwards bed
 2707 Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
 2708 So she may liue vnskard from bleeding slaughter,
 2709 I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.
 2710 *King* Wrong not her birth, she is of roiall bloud.
 2711 *Qu.* To saue her life, ile faie she is not fo.
 2712 *King* Her life is onlie safest in hir birth.
 2713 *Qu.* And onlie in that safetie died her brothers.
 2981 2714 *King* Lo at their births good stars were opposite.
 2715 *Qu.* No to their liues bad friends were contrarie.
 2716 *King* All vnauoided is the doome of destinie,
 2717 *Qu.* True when auoided grace makes destinie,
 2718 My babes were destinde to a fairer death,
 2986 2719 *If* grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

(armes

<i>Qu.</i> I haue no more fonnes of the Royall Blood	2965
For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters(<i>Richard</i>)	2966
They fhall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes :	2967
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.	2968
<i>Rich.</i> You haue a daughter call'd <i>Elizabeth</i> ,	2969
Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious ?	2970
<i>Qu.</i> And muft ſhe dye for this? O let her liue,	2971
And Ile corrupt her Manners, ftaine her Beauty,	2972
Slander my Selfe, as falſe to <i>Edwards</i> bed :	2973
Throw ouer her the vaile of Infamy,	2974
So ſhe may liue vncarr'd of bleeding slaughter,	2975
I will confeſſe ſhe was not <i>Edwards</i> daughter.	2976
<i>Rich.</i> Wrong not her Byrth, ſhe is a Royall Princeſſe.	2977
<i>Qu.</i> To faue her life, Ile ſay ſhe is not ſo.	2978
<i>Rich.</i> Her life is ſafeſt onely in her byrth.	2979
<i>Qu.</i> And onely in that ſafety, dyed her Brothers.	2980
<i>Rich.</i> Loe at their Birth, good ſtarres were oppoſite.	2981
<i>Qu.</i> No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary.	2982
<i>Rich!</i> All vnauoyded is the doome of Deſtiny,	2983
<i>Qu.</i> True : when auoyded grace makes Deſtiny.	2984
My Babes were deſtin'd to a fairer death,	2985
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer life.	2986
<i>Rich,</i> You ſpeake as if that I had ſlaine my Coffins ?	2987
<i>Qu.</i> Coffins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend,	2988
Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,	2989
Whoſe hand ſoeuer lanch'd their tender hearts,	2990
Thy head (all indirec'tly) gaue direction.	2991
No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,	2992
Till it was whetted on thy ſtone-hard heart,	2993
To reuell in the Intrailes of my Lambes.	2994
But that ſtill vſe of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame,	2995
My tongue ſhould to thy eares not name my Boyes,	2996
Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes :	2997
And I in ſuch a deſp'rate Bay of death,	2998
Like a poore Barke, of failes and tackling reft,	2999
Ruſh all to peeces on thy Rocky boſome.	3000

2720 *King* Madam, fo thriue *I* in my dangerous attempt of hostile

2721 As *I* intend more good to you and yours,

2722 Then euer you or yours wereby me wrongd.

3005 2723 *Qu.* What good is couerd with rhe face of heauen,

2724 To be discouerd that can do me good,

2725 *King* The aduancement of your children mightie Ladie.

2726 *Qu.* Vp to some scaffold, there to loofe their heads,

2727 *King* No to the dignitie and height of honor,

2728 The high imperial tipe of this earths glorie.

2729 *Qu.* Flatter my forrowes with report of it,

2730 Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor?

2731 Canst thou demife to anie child of mine.

2732 *King.* Euen all I haue, yea and my felfe and all,

2733 Will I withal endow a child of thine,

2734 So in the Lethe of thy angrie foule,

2735 Thou drown the fadd remembrance of thofe wrongs

2736 Which thou fupposeft I haue done to thee.

2737 *Qu.* Be briefe, leaft that the proceffe of thy kindnes,

2738 Laft longer telling then thy kindnes doe.

2739 *King.* Then know that from my foule I loue thy daughter.

2740 *Qu.* My daughters mother thinkes it with her foule.

2741 *King.* What do you thinke?

3025 2742 *Qu.* That thou doft loue my daughter from thy foule,

2743 So from thy foules loue didft thou loue her brothers,

2744 And from my harts loue I do thanke thee for it.

2745 *King.* Be not fo haftie to confound my meaning,

2746 *I* meane that with my foule I loue thy daughter,

2747 And meane to make her Queene of England.

2748 *Qu.* Saie then, who doft thou meane fhall be her king?

2749 *King.* Euen he that makes her Queen, who fhould be elfe?

2750 *Qu.* What thou?

2751 *King* I euen I, what thinke you of it Maddame?

2752 *Qu.* How canst thou wooe her?

<i>Rich.</i> Madam, fo thriue I in my enterprize	3001
And dangerous fuceffe of bloody warres,	3002
As I intend more good to you and yours,	3003
Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd.	3004
<i>Qu.</i> What good is couer'd with the face of heauen,	3005
To be difcouered, that can do me good.	3006
<i>Rich.</i> Th'aduancement of your children, gentle Lady	3007
<i>Qu.</i> Vp to fome Scaffold, there to lofe their heads.	3008
<i>Rich.</i> Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,	3009
The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.	3010
<i>Qu.</i> Flatter my forrow with report of it :	3011
Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,	3012
Canft thou demife to any childe of mine.	3013
<i>Rich.</i> Euen all I haue; I, and my felfe and all,	3014
Will I withall indow a childe of thine :	3015
So in the Lethe of thy angry foule,	3016
Thou drowne the fad remembrance of thofe wrongs,	3017
Which thou fupposeft I haue done to thee.	3018
<i>Qu.</i> Be breefe, leaft that the proceffe of thy kindneffe	3019
Laft longer telling then thy kindneffe date.	3020
<i>Rich.</i> Then know,	3021
That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter.	3022
<i>Qu.</i> My daughters Mother thinkes it with her foule.	3023
<i>Rich.</i> What do you thinke ?	3024
<i>Qu.</i> That thou doft loue my daughter from thy foule	3025
So from thy Soules loue didft thou loue her Brothers,	3026
And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it.	3027
<i>Rich.</i> Be not fo hafty to confound my meaning :	3028
I meane that with my Soule I loue thy daughter,	3029
And do intend to make her Queene of England.	3030
<i>Qu.</i> Well then, who doft y ^e meane fhallbe her King.	3031
<i>Rich.</i> Euen he that makes her Queene :	3032
Who elfe fhould bee ?	3033
<i>Q.</i> What, thou ?	3034
<i>Rich.</i> Euen fo: How thinke you of it ?	3035
<i>Qu.</i> How canft thou woo her ?	3036

- 2753 *King* That would I learne of you.
 2754 As one that are best acquainted with her humor.
 2755 *Qu.* And wilt thou learn of me?
 2756 *King* Madam with al my hart.
 3041 2757 *Qu.* Send to her by the man that flew her brothers,
 2758 A paire of bleeding harts thereon ingraue,
 2759 Edward and yorke, then happelie she wil weepe,
 2760 Therefore present to her as sometimes Margaret
 2761 Did to thy father, a handkercher steept in Rutlands blood,

 2762 And bid her drie her weeping eies therewith,
 2763 If this inducement force her not to loue,
 2764 Send her a storie of thy noble acts,
 2765 Tel her thou madst awaie her Vncle Clarence,
 2766 Her Vncle Riuers yea, and for her sake
 2767 Madst quicke conueiance with her good Aunt Anne.
 3054 2768 *King* Come, come, you mocke me, this is not the waie
 2769 To win your daughter.
 2770 *Qu.* There is no other waie
 2771 Vnlesse thou couldst put on some other shape,
 3059 2772 And not be Richard that hath done all this.

<i>Rich.</i> That I would learne of you,	3037
As one being beft acquainted with her humour.	3038
<i>Qu.</i> And wilt thou learne of me ?	3039
<i>Rich.</i> Madam, with all my heart.	3040
<i>Qu.</i> Send to her by the man that flew her Brothers,	3041
A paire of bleeding hearts : thereon ingraue	3042
<i>Edward</i> and <i>Yorke</i> , then haply will ſhe weepe :	3043
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometime <i>Margaret</i>	3044
Did to thy Father, ſteept in Rutlands blood,	3045
A hand-kercheefe, which ſay to her did dreyne	3046
The purple ſappe from her ſweet Brothers body,	3047
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.	3048
If this inducement moue her not to loue,	3049
Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds :	3050
Tell her, thou mad'ſt away her Vnckle <i>Clarence</i> ,	3051
Her Vnckle <i>Riuers</i> , I (and for her ſake)	3052
Mad'ſt quicke conueyance with her good Aunt <i>Anne</i> .	3053
<i>Rich.</i> You mocke me Madam, this not the way	3054
To win your daughter.	3055
<i>Qu.</i> There is no other way,	3056
Vnleſſe thou could'ſt put on ſome other ſhape,	3057
And not be <i>Richard</i> , that hath done all this.	3058
<i>Ric.</i> Say that I did all this for loue of her.	3059
<i>Qu.</i> Nay then indeed ſhe cannot chooſe but hate thee	3060
Hauing bought loue, with ſuch a bloody ſpoyle.	3061
<i>Rich.</i> Looke what is done, cannot be now amended :	3062
Men ſhall deale vnaduifedly ſometimes,	3063
Which after-houres giues leifure to repent.	3064
If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,	3065
To make amends, Ile giue it to your daughter :	3066
If I haue kill'd the iſſue of your wombe,	3067
To quicken your encrease, I will beget	3068
Mine yſſue of your blood, vpon your Daughter :	3069
A Grandams name is little leſſe in loue,	3070
Then is the doting Title of a Mother ;	3071
They are as Children but one ſteppe below,	3072

Euen of your mettall, of your very blood :	3073
Of all one paine, faue for a night of groanes	3074
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.	3075
Your Children were vexation to your youth,	3076
But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,	3077
The losse you haue, is but a Sonne being King,	3078
And by that losse, your Daughter is made Queene.	3079
I cannot make you what amends I would,	3080
Therefore accept such kindnesse as I can.	3081
<i>Dorset</i> your Sonne, that with a fearfull foule	3082
Leads discontented steppes in <i>Forraine</i> foyle,	3083
This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home	3084
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.	3085
The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife,	3086
Familiarly shall call thy <i>Dorset</i> , Brother :	3087
Againe shall you be Mother to a King :	3088
And all the Ruines of distressefull Times,	3089
Repayr'd with double Riches of Content.	3090
What? we haue many goodly dayes to see :	3091
The liquid drops of Teares that you haue shed,	3092
Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,	3093
Aduantaging their Loue, with interest	3094
Of ten-times double gaine of happinesse.	3095
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,	3096
Make bold her bathfull yeares, with your experience,	3097
Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale.	3098
Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring Flame	3099
Of Golden Soueraignty : Acquaint the Princesse	3100
With the sweet silent houres of Marriage ioyes :	3101
And when this Arme of mine hath chastised	3102
The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd <i>Buckingham</i> ,	3103
Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,	3104
And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed :	3105
To whom I will retaille my Conquest wonne,	3106
And she shall be sole Victoreesse, <i>Cæsars Cæsar</i> .	3107
<i>Qu.</i> What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother	3108

- 3114 2773 *King* Infer faire Englands peace by this alliance.
 2774 *Qu.* Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.
 2775 *King* Saie that the king which may command intreats.
 2776 *Qu.* That at her hands which the kings king forbids,
 2777 *King* Saie she shall be a high and mightie Queene.
 2778 *Qu.* To waile the title as her mother doth.
 2779 *King* Saie I wil loue her euerlastinglie.
 3121 2780 *Qu.* But how long shall that title euer last.
 2781 *King* Sweetlie inforce vnto her faire lyues end.
 2782 *Qu.* But how long fairely shall her sweet life last?
 2783 *King* So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
 2784 *Qu.* So long as hell and Richard likes of it.
 2785 *King* Saie I her foueraign am her subiect loue.
 2786 *Qu.* But she your subiect loaths such foueraintie.
 2787 *King* Be eloquent in my behalfe to her,
 2788 *Qu.* An honest tale speeds best being plainlie told.
 2789 *King* Then in plaine termes tell her my louing tale.
 2790 *Qu.* Plaine and not honest is to harsh a stile.
 2791 *King* Madame your reasons are too shallow & too quicke
 2792 *Qu.* O no my reasons are too deepe and dead.
 2793 *Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue,*

 3136 2794 *King* Harpe not one that string Madam that is past.
 2795 *Qu.* Harpe on it still shall I till hartstrings breake.
 2796 *King* Now by my George, my Garter and my crown.
 2797 *Qu.* Prophand, dishonerd, and the third vsurped.
 2798 *King* I sweare by nothing.
 2799 *Qu.* By nothing, for this is no oath.
 2800 *The* George prophand hath lost his holie honor,
 2801 *The* Garter blemisht pawnd his knightlie vertue,
 2802 *The* crown vsurpt disgrac't his kingly dignitie,

Would be her Lord ? Or shall I fay her Vnkle ?	3109
Or he that slew her Brothers, and her Vnkles ?	3110
Vnder what Title shall I woo for thee,	3111
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue,	3112
Can make seeme pleasing to her tender yeares ?	3113
<i>Rich.</i> Infferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.	3114
<i>Qu.</i> Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.	3115
<i>Rich.</i> Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.	3116
<i>Qu.</i> That at her hands, which the kings King forbids.	3117
<i>Rich.</i> Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.	3118
<i>Qu.</i> To vaile the Title, as her Mother doth.	3119
<i>Rich.</i> Say I will loue her euerlastingly.	3120
<i>Qu.</i> But how long shall that title euer last ?	3121
<i>Rich.</i> Sweetly in force, vnto her faire liues end.	3122
<i>Qu.</i> But how long fairely shall her sweet life last ?	3123
<i>Rich.</i> As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.	3124
<i>Qu.</i> As long as Hell and <i>Richard</i> likes of it.	3125
<i>Rich.</i> Say I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low.	3126
<i>Qu.</i> But she your Subiect, lothes such Soueraignty.	3127
<i>Rich.</i> Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.	3128
<i>Qu.</i> An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.	3129
<i>Rich.</i> Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale.	3130
<i>Qu.</i> Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style.	3131
<i>Rich.</i> Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quicke.	3132
<i>Qu.</i> O no, my Reasons are too deepe and dead,	3133
Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graues,	3134
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.	3135
<i>Rich.</i> Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.	3136
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.	3137
<i>Qu.</i> Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third vsurpt.	3138
<i>Rich.</i> I sweare.	3139
<i>Qu.</i> By nothing, for this is no Oath :	3140
Thy George prophan'd, hath lost his Lordly Honor;	3141
Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue ;	3142
Thy Crowne vsurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory :	3143

2803 If fomething thou wilt fwear to be beleeu'de,
 2804 Swear then by fomething that thou haft not wrongd.

2805 *King* Now by the world.

3150 2806 *Qu.* Tis ful of thy foule wrongs.

2807 *King.* My Fathers death.

2808 *Qu.* Thy life hath that difhonor'd.

2809 *King.* Then by my felfe.

2810 *Qu.* Thy felfethy felfe mifufest.

3153 2811 *King.* Whie, then by God.

2812 *Qu.* Gods wrong is moft of all,

2813 If thou hadft feard, to breake an oath by him,

2814 The vnitie the king my brother made,

2815 Had not bene broken, nor my brother flaine.

2816 If thou hadft feard to breake an oath by him,

3159 2817 The emperiallmettall circling now thy brow,

2818 Had graft the tender temples of my childe,

2819 And both the princes had bene breathing heere,

2820 Which now, two tender plaie fellowes for duft,

2821 Thy broken faith, hath made a prairie for wormes.

2822 *King.* By the time to come.

2823 *Qu.* That thou haft wrongd in time orepaft,

2824 For I my felfe, haue manie teares to wash,

2825 Hereafter time, for time, by the paft wrongd,

2826 The children liue, whofe parents thou haft flaughterd,

2827 Vngouernd youth, to waile it in their age,

2828 The parents liue, whofe children thou haft butcherd

2829 Olde withered plantes, to waile it with their age,

2830 Swear not by time to come, for that thou haft,

3174 2831 Mifufed, eare vfed, by time mifufed orepaft.

2832 *King.* As I intend to proſper and repent,

2833 So thriue I in my dangerous attempt,

2834 Ofhoſtile armes, my felfe my felfe confound,

If something thou would'st sweare to be beleeu'd,	3145
Sweare then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.	3146
<i>Rich.</i> Then by my Selfe.	3147
<i>Qu.</i> Thy Selfe, is selfe-mifvs'd.	3148
<i>Rich.</i> Now by the World.	3149
<i>Qu.</i> 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.	3150
<i>Rich.</i> My Fathers death,	3151
<i>Qu.</i> Thy life hath it dishonor'd.	3152
<i>Rich.</i> Why then, by Heauen.	3153
<i>Qu.</i> Heanens wrong is most of all :	3154
If thou didd'st feare to breake an Oath with him,	3155
The vnity the King my husband made,	3156
Thou had'st not broken, nor my Brothers died.	3157
If thou had'st fear'd to breake an oath by him,	3158
Th'Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,	3159
Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,	3160
And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,	3161
Which now two tender Bed-fellowes for dust,	3162
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.	3163
What can'st thou sweare by now.	3164
<i>Rich.</i> The time to come.	3165
<i>Qu.</i> That thou hast wronged in the time ore-past:	3166
For I my selfe haue many teares to wash	3167
Heereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.	3168
The Children liue, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,	3169
Vngouern'd youth, to waile it with their age :	3170
The Parents liue, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,	3171
Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.	3172
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast	3173
Mifvs'd ere vs'd, by times ill-vs'd repast.	3174
<i>Rich.</i> As I entend to prosper, and repent :	3175
So thriue I in my dangerous Affayres	3176
Of hostile Armes : My selfe, my selfe confound :	3177
Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy houres:	3178

- 2835 Daye yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
 2836 Be oppofite, all planets of good lucke,
 2837 To my proceedings, if with pure heartes loue,
 2838 Immaculate deuocion, holie thoughtes,
 2839 I tender not thy beauteous princelie daughter,
 2840 In her confistes my happines and thine,
 2841 Without her followes to this land and me,
 2842 To thee her felfe, and manie a Christian foule,
 2843 Sad defolation, ruine, and decaie,
 3188 2844 It cannot be auoided but by this,
 2845 *It will not be auoided but this:*
 2846 Therefore good mother (.I muft call you fo,)
 2847 Be the attorney of my loue to her.
 2848 Pleade what I will be, not what I haue bene,
 2849 Not by defertes, but what I will deferue,
 2850 Vrge the neceffitie and ftate of times,
 2851 And be not pieuifh, fond in great defignes.
 2852 *Qu.* Shall *I* be tempted of the diuell thus.
 3197 2853 *King.* I, if the diuell tempt thee to doe good.
 2854 *Qu.* Shall I forget my felfe, to be my felfe.
 2855 *King.* I, if your felfes remembrance, wrong your felfe.
 2856 *Qu.* But thou didft kill my children.
 3201 2857 *King.* But in your daughters wombe, I buried them,
 2858 Where in that neft of fpicerie they fhall breed,
 2859 Selfes of themfelues, to your recomfiture.
 2860 *Qu.* Shall I go winne my daughter to thy will.
 2861 *King.* And be a happie mother by the deede,
 2862 *Qu.* I goe, write to me verie fhortlie.

 2863 *King.* Beare her my true loues kiffe, farewell. *Exit.*
 3209 2864 Relenting foole, and fhallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*

 3212 2865 *Rat.* My gracious Soueraigne on the westerne coaft,

Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy rest.	3179
Be oppofite all Planets of good lucke	3180
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue,	3181
Immaculate deuotion, holy thoughts,	3182
I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter.	3183
In her, confifts my Happineffe, and thine :	3184
Without her, follows to my felfe, and thee ;	3185
Her felfe, the Land, and many a Chrifian foule,	3186
Death, Defolation, Ruine, and Decay :	3187
It cannot be auoyded, but by this :	3188
It will not be auoyded, but by this.	3189
Therefore deare Mother (I muft call you fo)	3190
Be the Attorney of my loue to her :	3191
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene ;	3192
Not my deferts, but what I will deferue :	3193
Vrge the Necessity and ftate of times,	3194
And be not peeuiſh found, in great Defignes.	3195
<i>Qu.</i> Shall I be tempted of the Diuel thus?	3196
<i>Rich.</i> I, if the Diuell tempt you to do good.	3197
<i>Qu.</i> Shall I forget my felfe, to be my felfe.	3198
<i>Rich.</i> I, if your felſes remembrance wrong your felfe.	3199
<i>Qu.</i> Yet thou didſt kil my Children.	3200
<i>Rich.</i> But in your daughters wombe I bury them.	3201
Where in that Neſt of Spicery they will breed	3202
Selues of themſelues, to your recomforture.	3203
<i>Qu.</i> Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?	3204
<i>Rich.</i> And be a happy Mother by the deed.	3205
<i>Qu.</i> I go, write to me very ſhortly,	3206
And you ſhal vnderſtand from me her mind. <i>Exit Q.</i>	3207
<i>Rich.</i> Beare her my true loues kiſſe, and ſo farewell.	3208
Relenting Foole, and ſhallow-changing Woman.	3209
How now, what newes ?	3210

Enter Ratcliffe. 3211

Rat. Moſt mightie Soueraigne, on the Weſterne Coaſt 3212

2866 Rideth a puiffant Nauie. To the shore,
 2867 Throng manie doubtfull hollow harted friendes,
 2868 Vnarmd, and vnrefolud to beate them backe;
 2869 Tis thought that Richmond is their admirall,
 2870 And there they hull, expecting but the aide,
 2871 Of Buckingham, to welcome them a shore.
 2872 *King.* Some light footefriend, poft to the Duke of Norff.
 2873 Ratcliffe thy felfe, or Catefbie, where is hee?
 2874 *Cat.* Here my Lord.

3222 2875 *King.* Flie to the Duke, poft thou to Salisburie,

2876 When thou comft there, dull vnmindfull villaine,
 2877 Whie ftandft thou fill? and goeft not to the Duke.
 2878 *Cat.* Firft mightie Soueraigne, let me know your minde,
 2879 What, from your grace, I fhall deliuer them.
 2880 *King.* O, true good Catefbie, bid him leuie fraight,
 2881 The greateft ftrengh and power he can make,
 3231 2882 And meete me prefentlie at Salisburie,

2883 *Rat.* What is it your highnes pleafure, I fhall do at Salisbu-

2884 *King.* Whie? what wouldft thou doe there before I goe? (ry,

2885 *Rat.* Your highnes told me I fhould poft before.

2886 *King.* My mind is changd fir, my minde is changd.
 3240 2887 How now, what newes with you?

2888 *Enter Darbie.*

3241 2889 *Dar.* None good my Lord, to pleafe you with the hearing,
 2890 Nor none fo bad, but it may well be told.
 2891 *King.* Hoiday, a riddle, neither good, nor bad;
 2892 Why doeft thou runne fo many mile about,
 2893 When thou maift tell thy tale a neerer way.
 2894 Once more, what newes?

Rideth a puiffant Naue : to our Shores	3213
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,	3214
Vnarm'd, and vnrefolu'd to beat them backe.	3215
'Tis thought, that <i>Richmond</i> is their Admirall :	3216
And there they hull, expecting but the aide	3217
Of <i>Buckingham</i> , to welcome them ashore.	3218
<i>Rich.</i> Some light-foot friend poft to y ^e Duke of Norfolk :	3219
<i>Ratcliffe</i> thy felfe, or <i>Catesby</i> , where is hee ?	3220
<i>Cat.</i> Here, my good Lord.	3221
<i>Rich.</i> <i>Catesby</i> , flye to the Duke.	3222
<i>Cat.</i> I will, my Lord, with all conuenient hafte.	3223
<i>Rich.</i> <i>Catesby</i> come hither, poft to Salisbury :	3224
When thou com'ft thither: Dull vnmindfull Villaine,	3225
Why ftay'ft thou here, and go'ft not to the Duke ?	3226
<i>Cat.</i> Firft, mighty Liege, tell me your Highneffe pleafure,	3227
What from your Grace I fhall deliuer to him.	3228
<i>Rich.</i> O true, good <i>Catesby</i> , bid him leuie ftraight	3229
The greateft ftrength and power that he can make,	3230
And meet me fuddenly at Salisbury.	3231
<i>Cat.</i> I goe. <i>Exit.</i>	3232
<i>Rat.</i> What, may it pleafe you, fhall I doe at Salis-	3233
bury ?	3234
<i>Rich.</i> Why, what would'ft thou doe there, before I	3235
goe ?	3236
<i>Rat.</i> Your Highneffe told me I fhould poft before.	3237
<i>Rich.</i> My minde is chang'd :	3238

Enter Lord Stanley. 3239

<i>Stanley</i> , what newes with you ?	3240
<i>Sta.</i> None, good my Liege, to pleafe you with y ^e hearing,	3241
Nor none fo bad, but well may be reported.	3242
<i>Rich.</i> Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad :	3243
What need'ft thou runne fo many miles about,	3244
When thou mayeft tell thy Tale the neereft way ?	3245
Once more, what newes ?	3246

- 2895 *Dar.* Richmond is on the Seas.
 2896 *King.* There let him sinke, and be the seas on him,
 3249 2897 White liuerd runnagate, what doeth he there?
 2898 *Dar.* I know not mightie Soueraigne, but by guesse.
 2899 *King.* Well fir, as you guesse, as you guesse.
 2900 *Dar.* Sturd vp by Dorset, Buckingham, and Elie,
 2901 He makes for England, there to claime the crowne.
 2902 *King.* Is the chaire emptie? is the sword vnswaied?
 2903 Is the king dead? the empire vnpossessed?
 2904 What heire of Yorke is there alieue but we?
 2905 And who is Englands King, but great Yorkes heire,
 2906 Then tell me, what doeth he vpon the sea?
 2907 *Dar.* Vnlesse for that my liege, I cannot guesse.
 2908 *King.* Vnlesse for that, he comes to be your liege,
 3261 2909 You cannot guesse, wherefore the Welshman comes,
 2910 Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him *I* feare.
 2911 *Dar.* No mightie liege, therefore mistrust me not.
 2912 *King* Where is thy power then? to beate him backe,
 2913 Where are thy tennants? and thy followers?
 2914 Are they not now vpon the Westerne shore?
 2915 Safe conducting, the rebels from their ships.
 2916 *Dar,* No my good Lord, my friendes are in the North.

 2917 *King.* Cold friends to Richard, what doe they in the North?
 2918 When they should serue, their Soueraigne in the West.
 2919 *Dar.* They haue not bin commaunded, mightie soueraigne.
 3273 2920 Pleafe it your Maiestie to giue me leaue,
 2921 Ile muster vp my friendes and meeete your grace,
 2922 Where, and what time, your Maiestie shall pleafe.
 2923 *King.* I, I, thou wouldest be gone, to ioyne with Richmond,
 2924 *I* will not trust you Sir.
 2925 *Dar.* Most mightie Soueraigne,
 3279 2926 You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
 2927 I neuer was, nor neuer will be false.
 2928 *King.* Well, go muster men, but heare you, leaue behinde,
 2929 Your sonne George Stanlie, looke your faith be firme,
 2930 Or else, his heads assurance is but fraile.

<i>Stan.</i> <i>Richmond</i> is on the Seas.	3247
<i>Rich.</i> There let him finke, and be the Seas on him,	3248
White-liuer'd Runnagate, what doth he there ?	3249
<i>Stan.</i> I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by gueffe.	3250
<i>Rich.</i> Well, as you gueffe.	3251
<i>Stan.</i> Stirr'd vp by <i>Dorset</i> , <i>Buckingham</i> , and <i>Morton</i> ,	3252
He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.	3253
<i>Rich.</i> Is the Chayre emptie ? is the Sword vnway'd ?	3254
Is the King dead ? the Empire vnpossfest ?	3255
What Heire of <i>Yorke</i> is there aliué, but wee ?	3256
And who is Englands King, but great <i>Yorkes</i> Heire ?	3257
Then tell me, what makes he vpon the Seas ?	3258
<i>Stan.</i> Vnlesse for that, my Liege, I cannot gueffe.	3259
<i>Rich.</i> Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,	3260
You cannot gueffe wherefore the Welchman comes.	3261
Thou wilt reuolt, and flye to him, I feare.	3262
<i>Stan.</i> No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.	3263
<i>Rich.</i> Where is thy Power then, to beat him back ?	3264
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers ?	3265
Are they not now vpon the Westerne Shore,	3266
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes ?	3267
<i>Stan.</i> No, my good Lord, my friends are in the	3268
North.	3269
<i>Rich.</i> Cold friends to me : what do they in the North,	3270
When they should ferue their Soueraigne in the West ?	3271
<i>Stan.</i> They haue not been commanded, mighty King :	3272
Pleaseth your Maieftie to giue me leaue,	3273
Ile muster vp my friends, and meet your Grace,	3274
Where, and what time your Maieftie shall please.	3275
<i>Rich.</i> I, thou would'ft be gone, to ioyne with <i>Richmond</i> :	3276
But Ile not trust thee.	3277
<i>Stan.</i> Most mightie Soueraigne,	3278
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,	3279
I neuer was, nor neuer will be false.	3280
<i>Rich.</i> Goe then, and muster men:but leaue behind	3281
Your Sonne <i>George Stanley</i> : looke your heart be firme,	3282
Or else his Heads affurance is but fraile.	3283

2931 *Dar.* So deale with him, as *I* proue true to you.

2932 *Enter a Messenger.*

2933 *Mef.* My gracious Soueraigne, now in Deuonshire,
 2934 As I by friendes am well aduertifed,
 2935 Sir William Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
 2936 Bishop of Exceter, his brother there,
 2937 With manie mo confederates, are in armes.

2938 *Enter another Messenger.*

3293 2939 *Mef.* My Liege, in Kent the Guilfordes are in armes,
 2940 And euerie houre more competitors,
 2941 Flocke to their aide, and still their power increafeth.

2942 *Enter another Messenger.*

2943 *Mef.* My Lord, the armie of the Duke of Buckingham.

3299 2944 *He striketh him.*

3298 2945 *King.* Out on you owles, nothing but fongs off death.
 2946 Take that vntill thou bring me better newes.

2947 *Mef.* Your grace mistakes, the newes *I* bring is good,
 2948 My newes is that by sudder floud, and fall of water,
 2949 The Duke of Buckingham's armie is disperft and fcattered,
 2950 And he himfelfe fled, no man knowes whether.

2951 *King.* O I crie you mercie, I did mistake,
 3307 2952 Ratcliffe reward him, for the blow I gaue him,
 2953 Hath any well aduifed friend giuen out,
 2954 Rewardes for him that brings in Buckingham.

2955 *Mef.* Such proclamation hath bene made my liege.

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	<i>Stan.</i> So deale with him, as I proue true to you.	3284
	<i>Exit Stanley.</i>	3285
	<i>Enter a Messenger.</i>	3286
	<i>Mess.</i> My gracious Soueraigne, now in Deuonshire,	3287
	As I by friends am well aduertifed,	3288
	Sir <i>Edward Courtney</i> , and the haughtie Prelate,	3289
	Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother,	3290
	With many moe Confederates, are in Armes.	3291
	<i>Enter another Messenger.</i>	3292
	<i>Mess.</i> In Kent, my Liege, the <i>Guilfords</i> are in Armes,	3293
	And euery houre more Competitors	3294
	Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.	3295
	<i>Enter another Messenger.</i>	3296
	<i>Mess.</i> My Lord, the Armie of great <i>Buckingham</i> .	3297
	<i>Rich.</i> Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,	3298
	<i>He striketh him.</i>	3299
	There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.	3300
	<i>Mess.</i> The newes I haue to tell your Maiestie,	3301
	Is, that by sudder Floods, and fall of Waters,	3302
	<i>Buckinghams</i> Armie is dispers'd and scatter'd,	3303
	And he himfelfe wandred away alone,	3304
	No man knowes whither.	3305
	<i>Rich.</i> I cry thee mercie :	3306
	There is my Purfe, to cure that Blow of thine.	3307
	Hath any well-aduifed friend proclaym'd	3308
	Reward to him that brings the Traytor in ?	3309
	<i>Mess.</i> Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.	3310

2956 *Enter another Messenger.*

2957 *Mef.* Sir Thomas Louel, and Lord Marques Dorset,
 3313 2958 Tis faid my liege, are vp in armes,
 2959 Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
 2960 The Brittainē nauie is disperft, Richmond in Dorshire
 2961 Sent out a boate to aske them on the fhore,
 2962 If they were his affiftants yea, or no:
 2963 Who answered him, they came from Buckingham,
 2964 Vpon his partie, he mistrusting them,
 2965 Hoift fale, and made away for Brittainē.
 2966 *King.* March on, march on, fince we are vp in armes,
 2967 If not to fight with forreine enemies,
 3324 2968 Yet to beate downe, thefe rebels here at home.

2969 *Enter Catefbie.*

2970 *Cat.* My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
 2971 Thats the beft newes, that the Earle of Ricmhond,
 2972 Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,
 2973 Is colder tidings, yet they muft be told.
 2974 *King.* Away towards Salisburie, while we reafon here,
 2975 A royall battell might be wonne and loft.
 2976 Some one take order, Buckingham be brought,
 3333 2977 To Salisburie, the reft march on with me. *Exeunt.*

3334 2978 *Entee Darbie, Sir Christopher.*

2979 *Dar.* Sir Chriftapher, tell Richmond this from me,
 2980 That in the ftie of this moft bloudie bore,
 2981 My fonne George Stanlie is francktvp in hold,

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Enter another Messenger. 3311

Mess. Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lord *Marqueffe Dorfet*, 3312

'Tis said, my Liege, in *Yorkefhire* are in *Armes* : 3313

But this good comfort bring I to your *Highneffe*, 3314

The *Brittaine Nauie* is dispers'd by *Tempest*. 3315

Richmond in *Dorfetfhire* sent out a *Boat* 3316

Vnto the shore, to aske those on the *Banks*, 3317

If they were his *Affistants*, yea, or no? 3318

Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*, 3319

Vpon his partie : he mistrusting them, 3320

Hoys'd fayle, and made his course againe for *Brittaine*. 3321

Rich. March on, march on, since we are vp in *Armes*, 3322

If not to fight with forraine *Enemies*, 3323

Yet to beat downe these *Rebels* here at home. 3324

Enter Catesby. 3325

Cat. My Liege, the *Duke of Buckingham* is taken, 3326

That is the best newes : that the *Earle of Richmond* 3327

Is with a mighty power Landed at *Milford*, 3328

Is colder Newes, but yet they must be told. 3329

Rich. Away towards *Salsbury*, while we reason here, 3330

A *Royall batteil* might be wonne and lost: 3331

Some one take order *Buckingham* be brought 3332

To *Salsbury*, the rest march on with me. *Florish. Exeunt* 3333

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher. 3334

Der. Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me, 3335

That in the fye of the most deadly *Bore*, 3336

My Sonne *George Stanley* is frankt vp in hold : 3337

2982 If I reuolt, off goes young Georges head,
 2983 The feare of that, with holdes my present aide,

2984 But tell me, where is princelie Richmond now?
 2985 *Christ.* At Pembroke, or at Harford-west in Wales.
 2986 *Dar.* What men of name refort to him.

3346 2987 *S. Christ.* Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned fouldier,
 2988 Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanlie,
 2989 Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir Iames Blunt,
 2990 Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew,
 2991 With many moe of noble fame and worth,
 2992 And towards London they doe bend their course,
 2993 If by the way, they be not fought withall.
 3353 2994 *Dar.* Retourne vnto thy Lord, commend me to him,
 2995 Tell him, the Queene hath hartelie confented,
 2996 He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter,
 2997 These letters will resolue him of my minde.
 2998 Farewell.

Exeunt.

3356 2999

Enter Buckingham to execution.

3000 *Buck.* Will not king Richard let me speake with him.
 3001 *Rat.* No my Lord, therefore be patient.
 3002 *Buck.* Hastings, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,
 3003 Holie king Henrie, and thy faire sonne Edward,
 3004 Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
 3005 By vnderhand corrupted, foule iniustice,
 3006 If that your moodie discontented foules,
 3007 Doe through the cloudes, behold this present houre,

If I reuolt, off goes yong <i>Georges</i> head,	3338
The feare of that, holds off my present ayde.	3339
So get thee gone : commend me to thy Lord.	3340
Withall say, that the Queene hath heartily contented	3341
He should espouse <i>Elizabeth</i> hir daughter.	3342
But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now ?	3343
<i>Chri.</i> At Penbroke, or at Hertford West in Wales.	3344
<i>Der.</i> What men of Name resort to him.	3345
<i>Chri.</i> Sir <i>Walter Herbert</i> , a renowned Souldier,	3346
Sir <i>Gilbert Talbot</i> , Sir <i>William Stanley</i> ,	3347
<i>Oxford</i> , redoubted <i>Pembroke</i> , Sir <i>James Blunt</i> ,	3348
And <i>Rice ap Thomas</i> , with a valiant Crew,	3349
And many other of great name and worth:	3350
And towards London do they bend their power,	3351
If by the way they be not fought withall.	3352
<i>Der.</i> Well hye thee to thy Lord : I kisse his hand,	3353

My Letter will refoleue him of my minde.	3354
Farewell.	<i>Exeunt</i> 3355

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

<i>Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution.</i>	3356 3357
<i>Buc.</i> Will not King <i>Richard</i> let me speake with him?	3358
<i>Sher.</i> No my good Lord, therefore be patient.	3359
<i>Buc.</i> <i>Hastings</i> , and <i>Edwards</i> children, <i>Gray & Riuers</i> ,	3360
Holy King <i>Henry</i> , and thy faire Sonne <i>Edward</i> ,	3361
<i>Vaughan</i> , and all that haue mis-carried	3362
By vnder-hand corrupted foule iniustice,	3363
If that your moody discontented foules,	3364
Do through the clouds behold this present houre,	3365

- 3008 Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction.
 3367 3009 This is Alfoules day fellowes, is it not?
 3010 *Rat.* It is my Lord.
 3011 *Buck.* Whie then Alfoules day, is my bodies domeſday:
 3012 This is the day, that in king Edwards time,
 3013 I wiſht might fall on me, when I was found,
 3014 Falſe to his children, or his wiues allies:
 3015 This is the day, wherein I wiſht to fall,
 3016 By the falſe faith, of him I truſted moſt:
 3017 This, this Alfoules day, to my fearefull foule,
 3018 Is the determind reſpit of my wrongs:
 3377 3019 That high al-ſeer, that I dallied with,
 3020 Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,
 3021 And giuen in earneſt what *I* begd in ieſt.
 3022 Thus doeth he force the ſwordes of wicked men,
 3023 To turne their owne pointes, on their Maifters boſome:
 3024 Now Margarets curſe, is fallen vpon my head,
 3025 When he quorh ſhe, ſhall ſplit thy hart with forrow.
 3026 Remember, Margaret was a Propheteſſe,
 3027 Come firſ, conuey me to the blocke of ſhame,
 3386 3028 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the dew of blame.

3388 3029 *Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.*

- 3030 *Rich.* Fellowes in armes, and my moſt louing friendes,
 3031 Bruifd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
 3032 Thus farre into the bowels of theland,
 3033 Haue we marcht on without impediment,
 3394 3034 And here receiue we, from our Father Stanlie,
 3035 Lines of faire comfort, and encouragement,

Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction.	3366
This is All-foules day (Fellow) is it not?	3367
<i>Sher.</i> It is.	3368
<i>Buc.</i> Why then Al-foules day, is my bodies doomfday	3369
This is the day, which in King <i>Edwards</i> time	3370
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found	3371
Falfe to his Children, and his Wiues Allies.	3372
This is the day, wherein I wisht to fall	3373
By the falfe Faith of him whom most I trusted.	3374
This, this All-foules day to my fearfull Soule,	3375
Is the determin'd respit of my wrongs :	3376
That high All-feer, which I dallied with,	3377
Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,	3378
And giuen in earnest, what I begg'd in iest.	3379
Thus doth he force the fwords of wicked men	3380
To turne their owne points in their Masters bosomes.	3381
Thus <i>Margarets</i> curfe falles heauy on my necke :	3382
When he (quoth she) shall split thy heart with forrow,	3383
Remember <i>Margaret</i> was a Prophetesse :	3384
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of shame,	3385
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.	3386
<i>Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.</i>	3387

Scena Secunda.

<i>Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.</i>	3388 3389
<i>Richm.</i> Fellowes in Armes, and my most louing Friends	3390
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of Tyranny,	3391
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,	3392
Haue we marcht on without impediment ;	3393
And heere receiue we from our Father <i>Stanley</i>	3394
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement :	3395

3036 *The wretched, bloudie, and vſurping bore,*
 3037 *That ſpoild your fomer-fieldes, and fruitfull vines,*
 3038 *Swils your warme bloud like waſh, and makes his trough,*
 3039 *In your inboweld boſomes, this foule fwine,*
 3040 *Lies now euen in the center of this Ile,*
 3041 *Neare to the towne of Leyceſter as we learne:*
 3042 *From Tamworth thether, is but one dayes march,*
 3403 3043 *In Gods name cheerelie on, couragious friendes,*
 3044 *To reape the harueſt of perpetuall peace,*
 3045 *By this one bloudie triall of ſharpe warre.*
 3046 *1 Lo. Euerie mans conſcience is a thouſand ſwordes,*
 3047 *To fight againſt that bloudie homicide.*
 3048 *2 Lo. I doubt not but his friendes will flie to vs,*
 3049 *3 Lo. He hath no friendes, but who are friendes for feare,*
 3050 *Which in his greateſt neede will ſhrinke from him.*
 3051 *Rich. All for our vanrage, then in Gods name march,*
 3052 *True hope is ſwift, and flies with Swallowes wings,*
 3413 3053 *Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings. Exit.*

3054 *Enter King Richard, Norffolke, Ratcliffe,*
 3055 *Catesbie, with others.*

3417 3056 *King. Here pitch our tentes, euen here in Boſworth field,*
 3057 *Whie, how now Catesbie, whie lookſt thou ſo bad.*
 3058 *Cat, My hart is ten times lighter then my lookes.*
 3059 *King. Norffolke, come hether.*

3060 *Norffolke, we muſt haue knockes, ha, muſt we not?*

3424 3061 *Norff. We muſt both giue, and take, my gracious Lord.*
 3062 *King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lie to night,*
 3063 *But where to morrow, well, all is one for that:*
 3064 *Who hath diſcrid the number of the foe.*
 3065 *Norff. Sixe or feuen thouſand is their greateſt number.*
 3066 *King. Whie our battalion trebles that account,*

The wretched, bloody, and vsurping Boare,	3396
(That spoyl'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)	3397
Swilles your warm blood like wafh, & makes his trough	3398
In your embowel'd bofomes : This foule Swine	3399
Is now euen in the Centry of this Ifle,	3400
Ne're to the Towne of Leicefter, as we learne :	3401
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.	3402
In Gods name cheerely on, couragious Friends,	3403
To reape the Harueft of perpetuall peace,	3404
By this one bloody tryall of fharpe Warre.	3405
<i>Oxf.</i> Euery mans Confcience is a thoufand men,	3406
To fight againft this guilty Homicide.	3407
<i>Her.</i> I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs.	3408
<i>Blunt.</i> He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,	3409
Which in his deereft neede will flye from him.	3410
<i>Richm.</i> All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,	3411
True Hope is fwift, and flyes with Swallowes wings,	3412
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.	3413
<i>Exeunt Omnes.</i>	3414
<i>Enter King Richard in Armes, with Norfolke, Ratcliffe,</i>	3415
<i>and the Earle of Surrey.</i>	3416
<i>Rich.</i> Here pitch our Tent, euen here in Bofworth field,	3417
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you fo fad ?	3418
<i>Sur.</i> My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.	3419
<i>Rich.</i> My Lord of Norfolke.	3420
<i>Nor.</i> Heere moft gracious Liege.	3421
<i>Rich.</i> Norfolke, we muft haue knockes :	3422
Ha, muft we not ?	3423
<i>Nor.</i> We muft both giue and take my louing Lord.	3424
<i>Rich.</i> Vp with my Tent, heere wil I lye to night,	3425
But where to morrow ? Well, all's one for that.	3426
Who hath defcried the number of the Traitors ?	3427
<i>Nor.</i> Six or feuen thoufand is their vtmoft power.	3428
<i>Rich.</i> Why our Battalia trebbles that account :	3429

3067 Besides, the Kings name is a tower of strength,

3068 Which they vpon the aduerse partie want,

3069 Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,

3070 Let vs suruey the vantage of the field,

3434 3071 Call for some men of sound direction,

3072 Lets want no discipline, make no delaie,

3073 For Lordes, to morrow is a busie day.

Exeunt.

3074 *Enter Richmond with the Lordes, &c.*

3075 *Rich.* The wearie sonne hath made a golden fete,

3076 And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,

3077 Giues signall of a goodlie day to morrow,

3442 3078 Where is Sir william Brandon, he shall beare my standerd,

3449 3079 The Earle of Pembroke keepe his regiment,

3080 Good captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,

3081 And by the second houre in the morning,

3082 Desire the Earle to see me in my tent..

3083 Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goest :

3084 Where is Lord Stanlie quarterd, doest thou know,

3085 *Blunt.* Vnlesse I haue mistane his coulers much,

3086 Which well *I* am assur'd, *I* haue not done,

3087 His regiment, lies halfe a mile at least,

3088 South from the mightie power of the king.

3089 *Rich.* If without perill it be possible,

3090 Good captaine Blunt beare my good night to him,

3091 And giue him from me, this most needefull scrowle.

3092 *Blunt.* Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it,

3464 3093 *Rich.* Farewell good Blunt.

Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,	3430
Which they vpon the aduerse Faction want.	3431
Vp with the Tent : Come Noble Gentlemen,	3432
Let vs suruey the vantage of the ground.	3433
Call for some men of found direction :	3434
Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay,	3435
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day.	<i>Exeunt</i> 3436

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorset.

<i>Richm.</i> The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set,	3439
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,	3440
Giues token of a goodly day to morrow.	3441
<i>Sir William Brandon</i> , you shall beare my Standard :	3442
Giue me some Inke and Paper in my Tent :	3443
Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaile,	3444
Limit each Leader to his feuerall Charge,	3445
And part in iust proportion our small Power.	3446
My Lord of Oxford, you <i>Sir William Brandon</i> ,	3447
And your <i>Sir Walter Herbert</i> stay with me :	3448
The Earle of Pembroke keepes his Regiment;	3449
Good Captaine <i>Blunt</i> , beare my goodnight to him,	3450
And by the second houre in the Morning,	3451
Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent :	3452
Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me :	3453
Where is Lord <i>Stanley</i> quarter'd, do you know ?	3454
<i>Blunt.</i> Vnlesse I haue mistane his Colours much,	3455
(Which well I am assur'd I haue not done)	3456
His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least	3457
South, from the mighty Power of the King.	3458
<i>Richm.</i> If without perill it be possible,	3459
Sweet <i>Blunt</i> , make some good meanes to speak with him	3460
And giue him from me, this most needfull Note.	3461
<i>Blunt.</i> Vpon my life, my Lord, Ile vndertake it,	3462
And so God giue you quiet rest to night.	3463
<i>Richm.</i> Good night good Captaine <i>Blunt</i> :	3464

3094 Giue me some inke, and paper, in my tent,
 3095 Ile drawe the forme, and modle of our battel,
 3096 Limit each leader to his feuerall charge,
 3097 And part in iust proportion our small strength,

3098 Come, let vs consult vpon to morrowes busines,
 3099 In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold.

3100 *Enter king Richard, Norff, Ratcliffe*
 3101 *Catesbie, &c.*

3470 3102 *King.* What is a clocke.

3103 *Cat.* It is fixe of clocke, full supper time.

3104 *King.* I will not fup to night, giue me some inke and paper,

3105 What? is my beuer easier then it was?

3106 And all my armour laid into my tent?

3107 *Cat.* It is my Liege, and all things are in readines.

3108 *King.* Good Norffolke, hie thee to thy charge,

3109 Vfe carefull watch, chuse trustie centinell.

3479 3110 *Norff.* I goe my Lord.

3111 *King.* Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle Norffolke:

3112 *Nor.* I warrant you my Lord.

3113 *King.* Catesby.

3114 *Rat.* My lord.

3484 3115 *King.* Send out a Purfuiant at armes

3116 To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him bring his power

3117 Before sun rising, leaft his sonne George fall

3118 Into the blind caue of eternal night.

3119 Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,

3120 Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,

3121 Looke that my staues be found and not too heauy Ratcliffe.

3122 *R. t.* My lord.

3123 *King.* Sawft thou the melancholie Lo. Northumberland?

3493 3124 *Rat.* Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himfelfe,

Come Gentlemen,	3465
Let vs confult vpon to morrowes Bufineffe ;	3466
Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.	3467
<i>They withdraw into the Tent.</i>	3468
<i>Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolke, & Catesby.</i>	3469
<i>Rich.</i> What is't a Clocke ?	3470
<i>Cat.</i> It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.	3471
<i>King.</i> I will not fup to night,	3472
Giue me fome Inke and Paper :	3473
What, is my Beauer eafier then it was ?	3474
And all my Armour laid into my Tent ?	3475
<i>Cat.</i> It is my Liege : and all things are in readineffe.	3476
<i>Rich.</i> Good Norfolke, hye thee to thy charge,	3477
Wfe carefull Watch, choofe trusty Centinels,	3478
<i>Nor.</i> I go my Lord.	3479
<i>Rich.</i> Stir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.	3480
<i>Nor.</i> I warrant you my Lord.	<i>Exit</i> 3481
<i>Rich.</i> <i>Ratcliffe.</i>	3482
<i>Rat.</i> My Lord.	3483
<i>Rich.</i> Send out a Purfuiuant at Armes	3484
To <i>Stanleys</i> Regiment : bid him bring his power	3485
Before Sun-rifing, leaft his Sonne <i>George</i> fall	3486
Into the blinde Caue of eternall night.	3487
Fill me a Bowle of Wine : Giue me a Watch,	3488
Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow :	3489
Look that my Stau'es be found, & not too heauy. <i>Ratcliff.</i>	3490
<i>Rat.</i> My Lord.	3491
<i>Rich.</i> Saw'ft the melancholly Lord Northumberland ?	3492
<i>Rat.</i> <i>Thomas</i> the Earle of Surrey, and himfelfe,	3493

- 3125 Much about cockfhut time, from troupe to troupe
 3126 Went through the army cheering vp the foldiors.
 3127 *King.* So I am fatisfied, giue me a boule of wine,
 3128 I haue not that alacrity of fpirit
 3129 Nor cheere of mind that I was wont to haue:
 3130 Set it down. Is inke and paper ready?
 3131 *Rat.* It is my lord.
 3132 *King* Bid my guard watch, leaue me.
 3133 Ratliffe about the mid of night come to my tent
 3503 3134 And helpe to arme me: leaue me I fay. *Exit. Ratliffe*

3135 *Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.*

- 3505 3136 *Darby.* Fortune and victorie fet on thy helme.
 3137 *Rich.* All comfort that the darke night can afford,
 3138 Be to thy perfon noble father in law,
 3139 Tel me how fares our louing mother?
 3140 *Dar.* I by attorney bleffe thee from thy mother,
 3141 Who praies continuallie for Richmonds good,
 3142 So much for that the filent houres steale on,
 3143 And flakie darkeneffe breakes within the east,
 3144 Inbriefe, for fo the feafon bids vs be:
 3145 Prepare thy battell e arelie in the morning,
 3146 And put thy fortune to the arbitrement,
 3147 Of bloudie strokes and mortal ftaring war,
 3517 3148 I as I may, that which I would, *I* cannot,
 3149 With beft aduantage will deceiue the time,
 3150 And aide thee in this doubtful fhocke of armes,
 3151 But on thy fide I may not be too forward,
 3152 Leaft being feene thy brother tender George
 3153 Be executed in his fathers fight.
 3154 Farewel, the leafure and the fearefull time,
 3155 Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
 3156 And ample enterchange of fwet difcourfe,
 3157 Which fo long fundried friends fhould dwel vpon,
 3158 God giue vs leifure for thefe rights of loue,
 3523 3159 Once more adiew, be valiant and fpeed well.

Much about Cockfhut time, from Troope to Troope	3494
Went through the Army, chearing vp the Souldiers.	3495
<i>King.</i> So, I am fatisfied : Giue me a Bowle of Wine,	3496
I haue not that Alacrity of Spirit,	3497
Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to haue.	3498
Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready ?	3499
<i>Rat.</i> It is my Lord.	3500
<i>Rich.</i> Bid my Guard watch. Leauē me.	3501
<i>Ratcliffe,</i> about the mid of night come to my Tent	3502
And helpe to arme me. Leauē me I fay. <i>Exit Ratclif.</i>	3503
<i>Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.</i>	3504
<i>Der.</i> Fortune, and Victory fit on thy Helme.	3505
<i>Rich.</i> All comfort that the darke night can affoord,	3506
Be to thy Perfon, Noble Father in Law.	3507
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother ?	3508
<i>Der.</i> I by Attourney, bleffe thee from thy Mother,	3509
Who prayes continually for Richmonds good :	3510
So much for that. The filent houres steale on,	3511
And flakie darkeneffe breakes within the East.	3512
In breefe, for fo the feafon bids vs be,	3513
Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning,	3514
And put thy Fortune to th' Arbitrement	3515
Of bloody ftroakes, and mortall staring Warre :	3516
I, as I may, that which I would. I cannot,	3517
With beft aduantage will deceiue thet ime,	3518
And ayde thee in this doubtfull shocke of Armes.	3519
But on thy fide I may not be too forward,	3520
Least being feene, thy Brother, tender <i>George</i>	3521
Be executed in his Fathers fight.	3522
Farewell : the leyfure, and the fearfull time	3523
Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loue,	3524
And ample enterchange of fweet Difcourfe,	3525
Which fo long fundred Friends should dwell vpon:	3526
God giue vs leyfure for these rites of Loue.	3527
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and fpeed well.	3528

3160 *Rich.* Good lordsc onduct him to his regiment:
 3161 Ile striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
 3162 Least leaden slumber peife me downe to morrow,
 3163 When *I* should mount with wings of victorie,
 3164 Once more good night kind Lords and gentlemen, *Exunt.*

3535 3165 O thou whose Captaine I account my selfe,
 3166 Looke on my forces with a gracious eie:
 3167 Put in their hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
 3168 That they may crush downe with a heauie fall,
 3169 The vsurping helmets of our aduerſaries,
 3170 Make vs thy miniſters of chaſtifement,
 3171 That we may praife thee in the victorie,
 3172 To thee I do commend my watchfull foule,
 3173 Eare *I* let fal the windowes of mine eies,
 3544 3174 Sleeping and waking, oh defend me fill!
 3175 *Enter the ghoſt of young Prince Edward, ſonne*
 3176 *Harry the fixt, to Ri.*
 3177 *Ghoſt to Ri.* Let me fit heauie on thy foule to morrow.
 3178 Thinke how thou ſtaſt me in my prime of youth,
 3179 At *Teukesburie*, diſpaire therefore and die.
 3180 *To Rich.* Be cheerful *Richmond* for the wronged foules

3181 Of Butchered princes fight in thy behalfe,
 3182 King *Henries* iſſue *Richmond* comforts thee.
 3183 *Enter the ghoſt of Henry the fixt.*
 3184 *Ghoſt to Ri.* When *I* was mortall my annointed body,
 3185 By thee was punched full of deadlie holes,
 3557 3186 Thinke on the tower and me diſpaire and die,
 3187 Harrie the fixt bids thee diſpaire and die.
 3188 *To Rich.* Vertuous and holie be thou conqueror,
 3189 Harrie that prophifed thou ſhouldſt be king,
 3190 Doth comfort thee in thy ſleepe liue and flouriſh.
 3191 *Enter the Goaſt of Clarence.*
 3192 *Ghoſt.* Let me ſet heauie in thy foule to morrow,
 3193 I that was waſht to death with fulſome wine,

<i>Richm.</i> Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment :	3529
Ile striue with troubled noife, to take a Nap,	3530
Left leaden slumber peize me downe to morrow,	3531
When I should mount with wings of Victory :	3532
Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.	3533
<i>Exeunt. Manet Richmond.</i>	3534
O thou, whose Captaine I account my selfe,	3535
Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye :	3536
Put in their hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,	3537
That they may crush downe with a heauy fall,	3538
Th'vsurping Helmets of our Aduerfaries :	3539
Make vs thy ministers of Chafticement,	3540
That we may praise thee in thy victory :	3541
To thee I do commend my watchfull foule,	3542
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes :	3543
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me still. <i>Sleeps.</i>	3544
<i>Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to</i>	3545
<i>Henry the sixt.</i>	3546
<i>Gh.to Ri.</i> Let me sit heauy on thy foule to morrow :	3547
Thinke how thou stab'ft me in my prime of youth	3548
At Teukesbury : Dispaire therefore, and dye.	3549
<i>Ghost to Richm.</i> Be chearefull Richmond,	3550
For the wronged Soules	3551
Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe :	3552
King <i>Henries</i> issue Richmond comforts thee.	3553
<i>Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixt.</i>	3554
<i>Ghost.</i> When I was mortall, my Annointed body	3555
By thee was punched full of holes ;	3556
Thinke on the Tower, and me : Dispaire, and dye,	3557
<i>Harry</i> the sixt, bids thee dispaire, and dye.	3558
<i>To Richm.</i> Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror :	3559
<i>Harry</i> that prophesied thou should'ft be King,	3560
Doth comfort thee in sleepe : Liue, and flourish.	3561
<i>Enter the Ghost of Clarence.</i>	3562
<i>Ghost.</i> Let me sit heauy in thy soule to morrow,	3563
I that was wash'd to death with Fulfome Wine :	3564

- 3194 Poore Clarence by thy guile betraid to death:
 3195 *To* morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
 3196 And fall thy edgeles sword, dispaire and die.
 3197 *To Rich.* Thou ofspring of the house of Lancaster,
 3198 The wronged heires of yorke do pray for thee,
 3570 3199 Good angels guard thy battaile liue and florish.
 3200 *Enter the ghosts of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan.*
 3201 *King* Let me fit heauie in thy foule to morrow,
 3202 Riuers that died at Pomfret, dispaire and die,
 3203 *Gray.* Thinke vpon Graie, and let thy soule dispaire.
 3204 *Vaugh.* Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guiltie feare,
 3205 Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die.
 3578 3206 *All to Ri.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in Richards bosome,

- 3207 Wel conquer him, awake and win the daie.
 3208 *Enter the ghosts of the two yong Princes.*
 3588 3209 *Ghost to Ri.* Dreame on thy Coofens smothered in the tower,

 3210 Let vs be lead within thy bosome Richard,
 3211 And weigh thee down to ruine, shame, and death,
 3212 Thy Nephewes foules bid thee dispaire and die.
 3213 *To Rich.* Sleepe Richmond sleepe, in peace and wake in ioy,

 3214 Good angels guard thee from the bores annoy,
 3215 Liue and beget a happie race of kings,
 3597 3216 Edwards vnhappie sonnes do bid thee florish.
 3217 *Enter the ghost of Hastings.*
 3218 *Ghost* Bloudie and guiltie, guiltie awake,
 3219 And in a bloudie battaile end thy daies,
 3220 Thinke on lord Hastings, dispaire and die.

Poore <i>Clarence</i> by thy guile betray'd to death :	3565
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,	3566
And fall thy edgeleffe Sword, dispaire and dye.	3567
<i>To Richm.</i> Thou off-spring of the house of Lancafter	3568
The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee,	3569
Good Angels guard thy battell, Liue and Flourish.	3570
<i>Enter the Ghosts of Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan.</i>	3571
<i>Riu.</i> Let me fit heauy in thy foule to morrow,	3572
Riuers, that dy'de at Pomfret : dispaire, and dye.	3573
<i>Grey.</i> Thinke vpon <i>Grey</i> , and let thy foule dispaire.	3574
<i>Vaugh.</i> Thinke vpon <i>Vaughan</i> , and with guilty feare	3575
Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.	3576
<i>All to Richm.</i> Awake,	3577
And thinke our wrongs in <i>Richards</i> Bosome,	3578
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.	3579
<i>Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.</i>	3580
<i>Gho.</i> Bloody and guilty : guiltily awake,	3581
And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.	3582
Thinke on Lord <i>Hastings</i> : dispaire, and dye.	3583
<i>Hast. to Rich.</i> Quiet vntroubled foule,	3584
Awake, awake :	3585
Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands fake.	3586
<i>Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.</i>	3587
<i>Ghosts.</i> Dreame on thy Coufins	3588
Smothered in the Tower :	3589
Let vs be laid within thy bosome <i>Richard</i> ,	3590
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame, and death,	3591
Thy Nephewes foule bids thee dispaire and dye.	3592
<i>Ghosts to Richm.</i> Sleepe <i>Richmond</i> ,	3593
Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Ioy,	3594
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,	3595
Liue, and beget a happy race of Kings,	3596
<i>Edwards</i> vnhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourish.	3597

- 3221 *To Rich.* Quiet vntroubled foule, awake, awake,
 3222 Arme, fight and conquer for faire Engiands sake.
 3223 *Enter the ghoft of Lady Anne his wife.*
 3600 3224 Richard thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,

 3225 That neuer flept a quiet houre with thee,
 3226 Now fils thy fleepe with preturbations,
 3227 To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
 3228 And fall thy edgeles fword despaire and die.
 3229 *To Rich.* Thou quiet foule, fleepe thou a quiet fleepe,

 3230 Dreame of successe and happie victorie,
 3608 3231 Thy aduerfaries wife doth praie for thee.
 3232 *Enter the Goaft of Buckingham.*
 3233 The first was I that helpt thee to the crown,

 3234 The laft was I that felt thy tyrrannie,
 3235 O in the battaile thinke on Buckingham,
 3236 And die in terror of thy giltineffe,
 3237 Dreame on dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
 3238 Fainting, despaire, desparing yeeld thy breath,
 3239 *To Rich.* I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,

 3240 But cheare thy heart, and be thou not difmaid,
 3620 3241 God and good angels fight on Richmons side,
 3242 And Richard fals in height of all his pride.
 3243 *Richard starteth vp out of a dreame.*
 3244 *King Ri.* Giue me another horfe, bind vp my wounds,
 3245 Haue mercie Iefu: loft, I did but dreame,
 3246 O Coward confcience, how doft thou afflicte me?
 3247 The lights burne blew, it is now dead midnight,
 3248 Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
 3249 What do I feare?my felfe?theres none elfe by,
 3629 3250 Richard loues Richard, that is I and I,
 3251 Is there a murtherer here? no. yes I am,
 3252 Then flie, what from my felfe? great reafon whie?

<i>Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife.</i>	3598
<i>Ghost to Rich.</i> Richard, thy Wife,	3599
That wretched Anne thy Wife,	3600
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,	3601
Now fill's thy sleepe with perturbations,	3602
To morrow in the Battaile, thinke on me,	3603
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye.	3604
<i>Ghost to Richm.</i> Thou quiet foule,	3605
Sleepe thou a quiet sleepe :	3606
Dreame of Successe, and Happy Victory,	3607
Thy Aduerfaries Wife doth pray for thee.	3608
<i>Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.</i>	3609
<i>Ghost to Rich.</i> The first was I	3610
That help'd thee to the Crowne :	3611
The last was I that felt thy Tyranny.	3612
O, in the Battaile think on Buckingham,	3613
And dye in terror of thy guiltinesse.	3614
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,	3615
Fainting dispaire ; despairing yeeld thy breath.	3616
<i>Ghost to Richm.</i> I dyed for hope	3617
Ere I could lend thee Ayde ;	3618
But cheere thy heart, and be thou not difmayde :	3619
God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds fide,	3620
And <i>Richard</i> fall in height of all his pride.	3621
<i>Richard starts out of his dreame.</i>	3622
<i>Rich.</i> Giue me another Horfe, bind vp my Wounds :	3623
Haue mercy Iesu. Soft, I did but dreame.	3624
O coward Conscience ! how dost thou afflict me ?	3625
The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight.	3626
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh.	3627
What ? do I feare my Selfe ? There's none else by,	3628
<i>Richard</i> loues <i>Richard</i> , that is, I am I.	3629
Is there a Murtherer heere ? No ; Yes, I am :	3630
Then flye ; What from my Selfe ? Great reason : why ?	3631

3253 Leaft *I* reuenge. What my selfe vpon my selfe?
 3254 Alacke *I* loue my selfe, wherefore? for anie good
 3255 That *I* my selfe haue done vnto my selfe:
 3256 O no, alas *I* rather hate my selfe,
 3257 For hatefull deedes committed by my selfe,
 3258 *I* am a villaine, yet *I* lie *I* am not,
 3259 Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,
 3260 My conscience hath a thousand feuerall tongues,
 3261 And euerie tongue brings in a feuerall tale,
 3641 3262 And euerie tale condemns me for a villaine,
 3263 Periuurie, periuurie, in the highest degree,
 3264 Murther, sterne murther in the dyrest degree,
 3265 All feuerall finnes, all vſde in each degree,
 3266 Throng to the barre, crying all guiltie, guiltie.
 3267 *I* shall dispaire, there is no creature loues me,
 3268 And if *I* die, no soule will pitie me:
 3269 And wherefore should they, since that *I* my selfe,
 3270 Finde in my selfe, no pitie to my selfe.
 3271 *Me* thought the foules of all that *I* had murtherd,
 3272 Came to my tent, and euery one did threat,
 3652 3273 To morrows vengeance on the head of Richard.

3274

Enter Ratcliffe.

3275 *Rat.* My Lord.
 3276 *King.* Zoundes, who is there?
 3277 *Rat.* Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis *I*, the earlie village cocke.
 3278 Hath twise done salutation to the morne,
 3279 Your friendes are vp, and buckle on their armor.
 3280 *King.* O Ratcliffe, *I* haue dreamd a fearefull dreame,
 3281 What thinkst thou, will our friendes proue all true?
 3282 *Rat.* No doubt my Lord.
 3659 3283 *King.* O Ratcliffe, *I* feare, *I* feare.
 3284 *Rat.* Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of shadowes.
 3285 *King.* By the Apottle Paul, shadowes to night,
 3286 Haue stroke more terror to the soule of Richard,

Left I Reuenge. What? my Selfe vpon my Selfe? 3632
 Alacke, I loue my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good 3633
 That I my Selfe, haue done vnto my Selfe? 3634
 O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe, 3635
 For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe. 3636
 I am a Villaine : yet I Lye, I am not. 3637
 Foole, of thy Selfe speake well : Foole, do not flatter. 3638
 My Conscience hath a thousand feuerall Tongues, 3639
 And euerie Tongue brings in a feuerall Tale, 3640
 And euerie Tale condemnes me for a Villaine ; 3641
 Periurie, in the high't Degree, 3642
 Murther, sterne murther, in the dyr't degree, 3643
 All feuerall finnes, all vs'd in each degree, 3644
 Throng all to'th'Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty. 3645
 I shall dispaire, there is no Creature loues me ; 3646
 And if I die, no foule shall pittie me. 3647
 Nay, wherefore should they ? Since that I my Selfe, 3648
 Finde in my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe. 3649
 Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd 3650
 Came to my Tent, and euerie one did threat 3651
 To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*. 3652

Enter Ratcliffe. 3653

Rat. My Lord. 3654

King. Who's there? 3655

Rat. *Ratcliffe* my Lord, 'tis I : the early Village Cock 3656
 Hath twice done salutation to the Morne, 3657
 Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour. 3658

King. O *Ratcliffe*, I feare, I feare, 3659

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadows. 3660

King. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadoves to night 3661
 Haue stroke more terror to the foule of *Richard*, 3662

3287 Then can the substance of ten thousand souldiers,
 3288 Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow Richmond.
 3289 Tis not yet neere day, come, go with me,
 3290 Vnder our tents Ile plaie the ease dropper,
 3667 3291 To see if any meane to shrinke from me.

Exeunt.

3292

Enter the Lordes to Richmond.

3293 *Lo.* Good morrow Richmond.
 3294 *Rich.* Crie mercie Lordes, and watchfull gentlemen,
 3295 That you haue tane a tardie sluggard here.
 3296 *Lo.* How haue you slept my Lord?
 3297 *Rich.* The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
 3298 That euer entred in a drowfie head,
 3678 3299 Haue I since your depature had my Lordes,
 3300 Me thought their foules, whose bodies Richard murtherd,
 3301 Came to my tent, and cried on victorie,
 3302 I promise you, my foule is verie locund,
 3303 In the remembrance of so faire a dreame.
 3304 How farre into the morning is it Lordes?
 3305 *Lo.* Vpon the stroke of foure.
 3306 *Rich.* Whie, then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
 3307 *His oration to his souldiers.*
 3308 Morethen I haue said, louing countriemen,
 3309 The leasure and inforcement of the time,
 3689 3310 Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
 3311 God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
 3312 The praiers of holy Saints and wronged foules,
 3313 Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,
 3314 Richard, except those whome we fight against,
 3315 Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
 3316 For, what is he they follow? truelie gentlemen,
 3317 A bloudie tirant, and a homicide.

1623	<i>The Tragedy of Richard the Third</i>	225
	Then can the substance of ten thousand Souldiers	3663
	Armed in proofe, and led by shallow <i>Richmond</i> .	3664
	'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me,	3665
	Vnder our Tents Ile play the Ease-dropper,	3666
	To heare if any meane to shrinke from me.	3667
	<i>Exeunt Richard & Ratliffe,</i>	3668
	<i>Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting</i>	3669
	<i>in his Tent.</i>	3670
	<i>Richm.</i> Good morrow Richmond,	3671
	<i>Rich.</i> Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,	3672
	That you haue tane a tardie sluggard heere ?	3673
	<i>Lords.</i> How haue you slept my Lord ?	3674
	<i>Rich.</i> The sweetest sleepe,	3675
	And fairest boading Dreames,	3676
	That euer entred in a drowfie head,	3677
	Haue I since your departure had my Lords.	3678
	Me thought their Soules, whose bodies <i>Rich.</i> murther'd,	3679
	Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory :	3680
	I promise you my Heart is very iocund,	3681
	In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,	3682
	How farre into the Morning is it Lords ?	3683
	<i>Lor.</i> Vpon the stroke of foure.	3684
	<i>Rich.</i> Why then 'tis time to Arme, and giue direction.	3685
	<i>His Oration to his Souldiers.</i>	3686
	More then I haue said, louing Countrymen,	3687
	The leysure and inforcement of the time	3688
	Forbids to dwell vpon : yet remember this,	3689
	God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,	3690
	The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,	3691
	Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, stand before our Faces,	3692
	(<i>Richard</i> except) those whom we fight against,	3693
	Had rather haue vs win, then him they follow.	3694
	For, what is he they follow ? Truly Gentlemen,	3695
	A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide :	3696

3318 One raifd in bloud, and one in bloud eftablifhed,
 3319 One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
 3320 And flaugtered thofe, that were the meanes to helpe him
 3321 A bafe foule ftone. made precious by the foile,
 3701 3322 Of Englands chaire, where he is falſely fet,
 3323 One that hath euer bene Gods enimie.
 3324 Then if you fight againſt Gods enimie,
 3325 God will In iuſtice, ward you as his ſouldiers,
 3326 If you doe ſweate to put a tyrant downe,
 3327 You ſleepe in peace, the tyrant being flaine,
 3328 If you doe fight againſt your countries foes,
 3329 Your countries fat, ſhall paie your paines the hire.
 3330 If you doe fight in ſafegard of your wiues,
 3331 your wiues ſhall welcome home the conquerors.
 3332 If you doe free your children from the ſword,
 3333 your childrens children quits it in your age:
 3334 Then in the name of God and all theſe rightes,
 3335 Aduauce your ſtandards, drawe your willing ſwordes,
 3336 For me, the raunſome of my bold attempt,
 3716 3337 ſhall be this cold corps on the earths cold face.
 3338 But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
 3339 The leaſt of you, ſhall ſhare his part thereof.
 3340 Sound drummes and trumpets boldlie, and cheerefullie,
 3341 God, and Saint George, Richmond, and victoric.

3342

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

3343 *King.* What ſaid Northumberland, as touching Richmond.
 3344 *Rat.* That he was neuer trained vp in armes.
 3345 *King* He ſaid the trueth, and what ſaid Surrey then.
 3346 *Rat.* He ſmiled and ſaid, the better for our purpoſe,
 3347 *King.* He was in the right, and ſo in deede it is:
 3727 3348 Tell the clocke there. *The clocke ſtriketh.*
 3349 Giue me a calender, who ſaw the Sunne to day?
 3350 *Rat.* Not I my Lord.
 3351 *King.* Then he diſdaines to ſhine, for by the booke,

One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establisht ;	3697
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,	3698
And slaughter'd those that were the meanes to help him :	3699
A base foule Stone, made precious by the foyle	3700
Of Englands Chaire, where he is falsly set :	3701
One that hath euer beene Gods Enemy.	3702
Then if you fight against Gods Enemy,	3703
God will in iustice ward you as his Soldiers.	3704
If you do sweare to put a Tyrant downe,	3705
You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine :	3706
If you do fight against your Countries Foes,	3707
Your Countries Fate shall pay your paines the hyre.	3708
If you do fight in safeguard of your wiues,	3709
Your wiues shall welcome home the Conquerors.	3710
If you do free your Children from the Sword,	3711
Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.	3712
Then in the name of God and all these rights,	3713
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.	3714
For me, the ranfome of my bold attempt,	3715
Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face.	3716
But if I thrive, the gaine of my attempt,	3717
The least of you shall share his part thereof.	3718
Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,	3719
God, and Saint <i>George, Richmond, and Victory.</i>	3720

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby. 3721

<i>K.</i> What said Northumberland as touching Richmond ?	3722
<i>Rat.</i> That he was neuer trained vp in Armes.	3723
<i>King.</i> He said the truth : and what said Surrey then ?	3724
<i>Rat.</i> He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.	3725
<i>King.</i> He was in the right, and so indeed it is.	3726
Tell the clocke there. <i>Clocke strikes.</i>	3727
Giue me a Kalender : Who saw the Sunne to day ?	3728
<i>Rat.</i> Not I my Lord.	3729
<i>King.</i> Then he disdaines to shine : for by the Booke	3730

3352 He should haue braud the East an hower agoe,

3353 A blacke day will it be to some bodie Rat.

3354 *Rat.* My Lord.

3355 *King.* The Sunne will nor be seene to day,

3356 The skie doeth frowne, and lowre vpon our armie,

3357 I would these dewie teares were from the ground,

3358 Not shine to day: whie, what is that to me:

3359 More then to Richmond, for the selfe-fame heauen,

3739 3360 That frownes on me, lookes fadlie vpon him.

3361

Enter Norffolke.

3362 *Norff.* Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

3363 *King.* Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my horse,

3364 Call vp Lord Standlie, bid him bring his power,

3365 I will leade forth, my souldiers to the plaine,

3366 And thus my battaile shall be ordered.

3746 3367 My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,

3368 Consisting equallie of horse and foote,

3369 Our Archers shall be placed in the midt,

3370 Iohn, Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,

3371 shall haue the leading of this foote and horse,

3372 They thus directed, we will follow,

3373 In the matne battle, whose puissance on either side,

3374 shall be well winged with our chieftest horse:

3755 3375 This, and Saint George to bootes what thinkst thou Norffolke?

3376 *Nor.* A good direction warlike soueraigne, *he sheweth him*

3377 This found I on my tent this morning. *a paper.*

3378 *Locky of Norffolke be not so bould,*

3379 *For Dickon thy master is bought and sould.*

3380 *King* A thing deuifed by theemie.

3381 Go gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,

3382 Let not our babling dreames affright our soules:

3383 Conscience is but a word that cowards vse,

3384 Deuifd at first to keepe the strong in awe,

He should haue brau'd the East an houre ago, 3731
 A blacke day will it be to somebody. *Ratcliffe.* 3732
Rat. My Lord. 3733
King. The Sun will not be seene to day, 3734
 The sky doth frowne, and lowre vpon our Army. 3735
 I would these dewy teares were from the ground. 3736
 Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me 3737
 More then to Richmond? For the selfe-same Heauen 3738
 That frownes on me, lookes sadly vpon him. 3739

Enter Norfolke. 3740

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field. 3741
King. Come, buffle, buffle. Caparison my horse. 3742
 Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power, 3743
 I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine, 3744
 And thus my Battell shal be ordred. 3745
 My Foreward shal be drawne in length, 3746
 Consisting equally of Horse and Foot: 3747
 Our Archers shal be placed in the mid't; 3748
Iohn Duke of *Norfolke*, *Thomas* Earle of *Surrey*, 3749
 Shall haue the leading of the Foot and Horse. 3750
 They thus directed, we will follow 3751
 In the maine Battell, whose puissance on either side 3752
 Shall be well-winged with our cheefest Horse: 3753
 This, and Saint George to boote. 3754
 What think'st thou *Norfolke*. 3755
Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne, 3756
 This found I on my Tent this Morning. 3757
Iockey of Norfolke, be not so bold, 3758
For Dickon thy maister is bought and sold. 3759
King. A thing deuised by the Enemy. 3760
 Go Gentlemen, euery man to his Charge, 3761
 Let not our babling Dreames affright our soules: 3762
 For Conscience is a word that Cowards vse, 3763
 Deuis'd at first to keepe the strong in awe, 3764

3385 Our strong armes be our conscience swords, our law.

3386 March on, ioine brauelie, let vs to it pell mell,

3387 If not to heauen then hand in hand to hell.

3388 *His Oration to his army.*

3389 What shal I faie more then I haue inferd?

3390 Remember whom you are to cope withall,

3391 A fort of vagabonds, rascols and runawaies,

3771 3392 A fcum of Brittaines and base lacky peasants,

3393 Whom their orecloied country vomits forth,

3394 To desperate aduentures and affurd destruction,

3395 You sleeping safe they bring to you vnrest,

3396 you hauing lands and blest with beauteous wives,

3397 They would restraine the one, distaine the other,

3398 And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow,?

3399 Long kept in Brittain at our mothers cost,

3779 3400 A milkesopt, one that neuer in his life

3401 Felt so much colde as ouer shooes in snow:

3402 Lets whip these stragglers ore the seas againe,

3403 Lash hence these ouerweening rags of France.

3404 These famisht beggers wearie of their liues,

3405 Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,

3406 For want of means poore rats had hangd themselues,

3407 If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,

3408 And not these bastard Brittaines whom our fathers

3409 Haue in their own land beaten bobd and thumpt.

3410 And in record left them the heires of shame.

3411 Shall these enioy our lands, lie with our wiues?

3412 Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,

3793 3413 Fight gentlemen of England, fight bold yeomen,

3414 Draw archers draw your arrowes to the head.

3415 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in bloud,

3416 Amaze the welkin with your broken staues,

3417 What faies lord Stanley, wil he bring his power?

3418 *Mf.* My Lord, he doth deny to come,

Our strong armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law. 3765
 March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too't pell mell, 3766
 If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell. 3767

What shall I say more then I haue inferr'd? 3768
 Remember whom you are to cope withall, 3769
 A sort of Vagabonds, Rascals, and Run-awayes, 3770
 A scum of Brittaines, and base Lackey Pezants, 3771
 Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth 3772
 To desperate Aduentures, and assur'd Destruction. 3773
 You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest: 3774
 You hauing Lands, and blest with beauteous wiues,
 They would restraine the one, distaine the other, 3776
 And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow? 3777
 Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers cost, 3778
 A Milke-sop, one that neuer in his life 3779
 Felt so much cold, as ouer shooes in Snow: 3780
 Let's whip these straglers o're the Seas againe, 3781
 Lash hence these ouer-weening Raggies of France, 3782
 These famish'd Beggars, weary of their liues, 3783
 Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit) 3784
 For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themselues. 3785
 If we be conquered, let men conquer vs, 3786
 And not these bastard Brittaines, whom our Fathers 3787
 Haue in their owne Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd, 3788
 And on Record, left them the heires of shame. 3789
 Shall these enjoy our Lands? lye with our Wiues?
 Rauish our daughters? *Drum afarre off* 3791
 Hearke, I heare their Drumme, 3792
 Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen, 3793
 Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head, 3794
 Spurre your proud Horses hard, and ride in blood, 3795
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staues. 3796
Enter a Messenger. 3797
 What sayes Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power? 3798
Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come. 3799

3419 *King* Off with his sonne Georges head.
 3420 *Nor.* My lord, the enemie is past the marsh,
 3421 After the battaile let George Stanley die.
 3422 *King* A thousand harts are great within my bosome,
 3423 Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes,
 3424 Our ancient word of courage faire faint George
 3425 Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
 3426 Vpon them victorie fits on our helmes. *Exeunt.*

3808 3427 *Alarum, excursions, Enter Catesby.*

3428 *Cates.* Rescew my lord of Norffolke, rescew, rescew,
 3429 The king enacts more wonders then a man,
 3430 Daring an opposite to euerie danger,
 3431 His horse is flaine, and all on foot he fights,
 3432 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,
 3433 Rescew faire lord, or else the daie is lost.

3434 *Enter Richard.*

3435 *King* A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.
 3436 *Cates.* Withdraw my lord, ile helpe you to a horse.
 3437 *King* Slaue I haue fet my life vpon a cast,
 3438 And I will stand the hazard of the die,
 3439 I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the field,
 3440 Fiue haue I flaine to daie in stead of him,
 3824 3441 A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.

3442 *Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slain*
 3443 *then retrait being founded. Enter Richmond, Darby, bearing the*
 3444 *crowne. with other Lords, &c.*

3445 *Ri.* God and your armes be praïsd victorious freends,

1623	<i>The Tragedy of Richard the Third</i>	233
	<i>King.</i> Off with his sonne <i>Georges</i> head.	3800
	<i>Nor.</i> My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh :	3801
	After the battaile, let <i>George Stanley</i> dye.	3802
	<i>King.</i> A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.	3803
	Advance our Standards, set vpon our Foes,	3804
	Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. <i>George</i>	3805
	Inpire vs with the spleene of fiery Dragons :	3806
	Vpon them, Victorie fits on our helpes.	3807
	<i>Alarum, excursions. Enter Catesby.</i>	3808
	<i>Cat.</i> Rescue my Lord of Norfolk,	3809
	Rescue, Rescue :	3810
	The King enacts more wonders then a man,	3811
	Daring an opposite to euery danger :	3812
	His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,	3813
	Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death :	3814
	Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.	3815
	<i>Alarums.</i>	3816
	<i>Enter Richard.</i>	3817
	<i>Rich.</i> A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.	3818
	<i>Cates.</i> Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a Horse	3819
	<i>Rich.</i> Slaue, I haue set my life vpon a cast,	3820
	And I will stand the hazard of the Dye :	3821
	I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the field,	3822
	Five haue I slaine to day, in stead of him.	3823
	A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.	3824
	<i>Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard</i>	3825
	<i>is slaine.</i>	3826
	<i>Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the</i>	3827
	<i>Crowne, with diuers other Lords.</i>	3828
	<i>Richm.</i> God, and your Armes	3829

3446 The daie is ours, the bloudie dog is dead.

3447 *Dar.* Couragious Richmond, wel haft thou acquit thee,

3448 Loe here this long vsurped roialtie,

3449 From the dead temples of this bloudie wretch,

3450 Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,

3887 3451 Weare it, enioy it, and make much of it.

3452 *Rich.* Great God of heauen faie Amen to all,

3453 But tell me, is yong George Stanley liuing.

3454 *Dar.* He is my lord, and fafe in Leicefter towne,

3455 Whether if it pleafe you we may now withdrawvs.

3456 *Rich.* What men of name are flaine on either fide?

3457 *John Duke of Norffolke, Water Lord Ferris, fir*

3458 *Robert Brookenbury, & fir William Brandon.*

3459 *Rich.* Inter their bodies as become their births,

3460 Proclaime a pardon to the foldiers fled,

3461 That in submission will returne to vs,

3848 3462 And then as we haue tane the sacrament,

3463 We will vnite the white rofe and the red,

3464 Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,

3465 That long haue frownd vpon their enmitie,

3466 What traitor heares me, and faies not Amen?

3467 England hath long been madde and fcard her felfe,

3468 The brother blindlie fhed the brothers bloud,

3469 The father rashlie flaughterd his own fonne,

3470 The fonne compeld ben butcher to the fire,

3471 All this deuided vorke and Lancafter,

3472 Deuided in their dire deuifion.

3859 3473 O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,

3474 The true fucceeders of each royall houfe,

3475 By Gods faire ordinance conioine together,

3476 And let their heires(God if thy will be fo)

3477 Enrich the time to come with fsmooth-fafte peace,

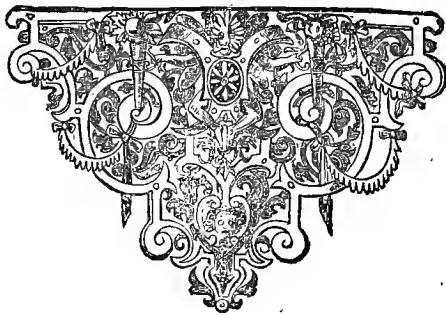
3478 With fmiling plentie and faire prosperous daies,

3479 Abate the edge of traitors gracious Lord,

Be prais'd Victorious Friends ;	3830
The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.	3831
<i>Der.</i> Couragious Richmond,	3832
Well haft thou acquit thee : Loe,	3833
Heere thefe long vfurped Royalties,	3834
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,	3835
Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.	3836
Weare it, and make much of it.	3837
<i>Richm.</i> Great God of Heauen, fay Amen to all :	3838
But tell me, is yong <i>George Stanley</i> liuing ?	3839
<i>Der.</i> He is my Lord, and fafe in Leicefter Towne,	3840
Whither (if you pleafe) we may withdraw vs.	3841
<i>Richm.</i> What men of name are flaine on either fide?	3842
<i>Der.</i> <i>John</i> Duke of Norfolke, <i>Walter</i> Lord Ferris,	3843
Sir <i>Robert Brokenbury</i> , and Sir <i>William Brandon</i> .	3844
<i>Richm.</i> Interre their Bodies, as become their Births,	3845
Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers fled,	3846
That in fubmiffion will returne to vs,	3847
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,	3848
We will vnite the White Rofe, and the Red.	3849
Smile Heauen vpon this faire Coniunction,	3850
That long haue frown'd vpon their Enmity :	3851
What Traitor heares me, and fayer not Amen ?	3852
England hath long beene mad, and fcarr'd her felfe ;	3853
The Brother blindely fhed the Brothers blood ;	3854
The Father, rafhly flaughtered his owne Sonne;	3855
The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire ;	3856
All this diuided Yorke and Lancafter,	3857
Diuided, in their dire Diuifion.	3858
O now, let <i>Richmond</i> and <i>Elizabeth</i> ,	3859
The true Succeeders of each Royall Houfe,	3860
By Gods faire ordinance, conioyne together :	3861
And let thy Heires (God if thy will be fo)	3862
Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,	3863
With fmiling Plenty, and faire Proſperous dayes.	3864
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,	3865

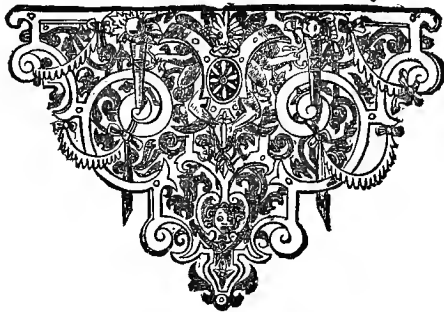
3480 That would reduce theſe bloody daies againe,
3481 And make poore England weepe in ſtreames of bloud,
3482 Let them not liue to taſt this lands increaſe,
3483 That would with treaſon wound this faire lands peace,
3484 Now ciuill wounds are ſtopt, peace liues againe,
3871 3485 That ſhe may long liue heare, God ſaie *Amen*.

FINIS.



That would reduce these bloody dayes againe, 3866
 And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood ; 3867
 Let them not liue to taste this Lands increafe, 3868
 That would with Treason, wound this faire Lands peace. 3869
 Now Ciuill wounds are stopp'd, Peace liues agen ; 3870
 That she may long liue heere, God fay, Amen. *Exeunt* 3871

FINIS.



THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE
THIRD.

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE 1597 QUARTO AND THE FIRST FOLIO.

SIGNATURE.	THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.	
	AT QUARTO LINE.	AT FOLIO LINE.
A 2	30	30
A 3	106	109
A 3 (v.) or blank.	182	187
B	258	268
B 2	334	364
B 3	409	443
B 3 (v.) or blank.	485	523
C	561	603
C 2	637	682
C 3	713	759
C 3 (v.) or blank.	789	844
D	865	930
D 2	941	1015
D 3	1017	1097
D 3 (v.) or blank.	1094	1183
E	1170	1263
E 2	1247	1345
E 3	1323	1458
E 3 (v.) or blank.	1399	1538
F	1475	1623
F 2	1551	1703
F 3	1627	1788
F 3 (v.) or blank.	1703	1870
G	1779	1962
G 2	1855	2044
G 3	1931	2130
G 3 (v.) or blank.	2007	2216
H	2083	2298
H 2	2159	2391
H 3	2235	2478
H 3 (v.) or blank.	2311	2561
I	2387	2649
I 2	2463	2708
I 3	2540	2793
I 3 (v.) or blank.	2616	2872
K	2692	2959
K 2	2768	3054
K 3	2844	3188
K 3 (v.) or blank.	2920	3273
L	2996	3342
L 2	3072	3435
L 3	3148	3517
L 4	3224	3600
M	3299	3678
M 2	3375	3775
M 3 (blank in quarto.)	3451	3837
M 3 (v.) or blank.	3485	3871

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE FIRST FOLIO.

FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.	FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.
1st column, page 173	44	1st column, page 189	2008
2d " " 173	90	2d " " 189	2069
1st " " 174	154	1st " " 190	2133
2d " " 174	193	2d " " 190	2198
1st " " 175	276	1st " " 191	2260
2d " " 175	342	2d " " 191	2322
1st " " 176	408	1st " " 192	2388
2d " " 176	467	2d " " 192	2454
1st " " 177	528	1st " " 193	2508
2d " " 177	592	2d " " 193	2573
1st " " 178	658	1st " " 194	2632
2d " " 178	724	2d " " 194	2692
1st " " 179	790	1st " " 195	2754
2d " " 179	846	2d " " 195	2813
1st " " 180	910	1st " " 196	2879
2d " " 180	974	2d " " 196	2944
1st " " 181	1040	1st " " 197	3010
2d " " 181	1106	2d " " 197	3076
1st " " 182	1165	1st " " 198	3142
2d " " 182	1228	2d " " 198	3209
1st " " 183	1286	1st " " 199	3271
2d " " 183	1350	2d " " 199	3327
1st " " 184	1414	1st " " 200	3377
2d " " 184	1472	2d " " 200	3434
1st " " 185	1529	1st " " 201	3497
2d " " 185	1587	2d " " 201	3561
1st " " 186	1651	1st " " 202	3627
2d " " 186	1715	2d " " 202	3689
1st " " 187	1779	1st " " 203	3751
2d " " 187	1835	2d " " 203	3815
1st " " 188	1897	1st " " 204	3842
2d " " 188	1951	2d " " 204	3871

