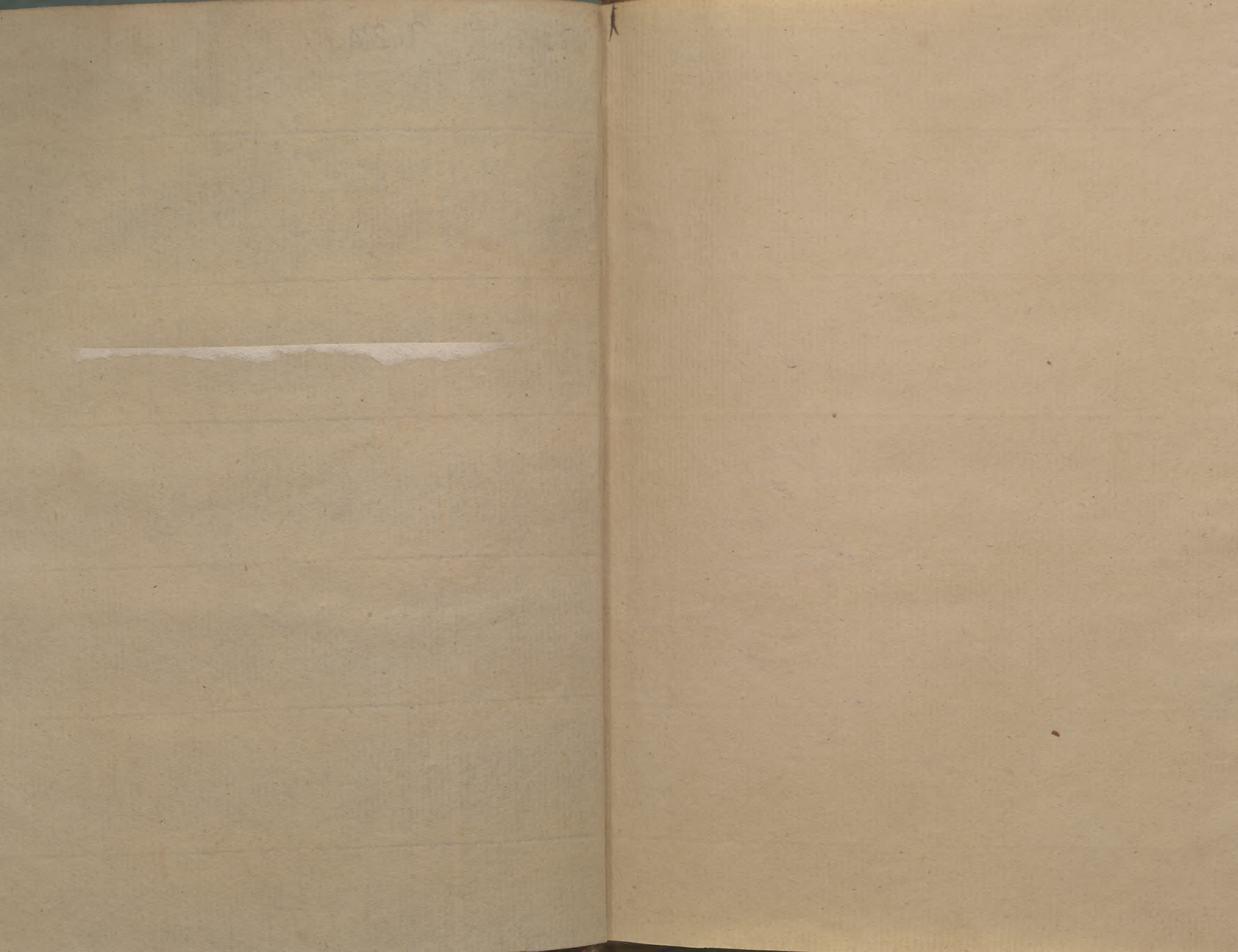
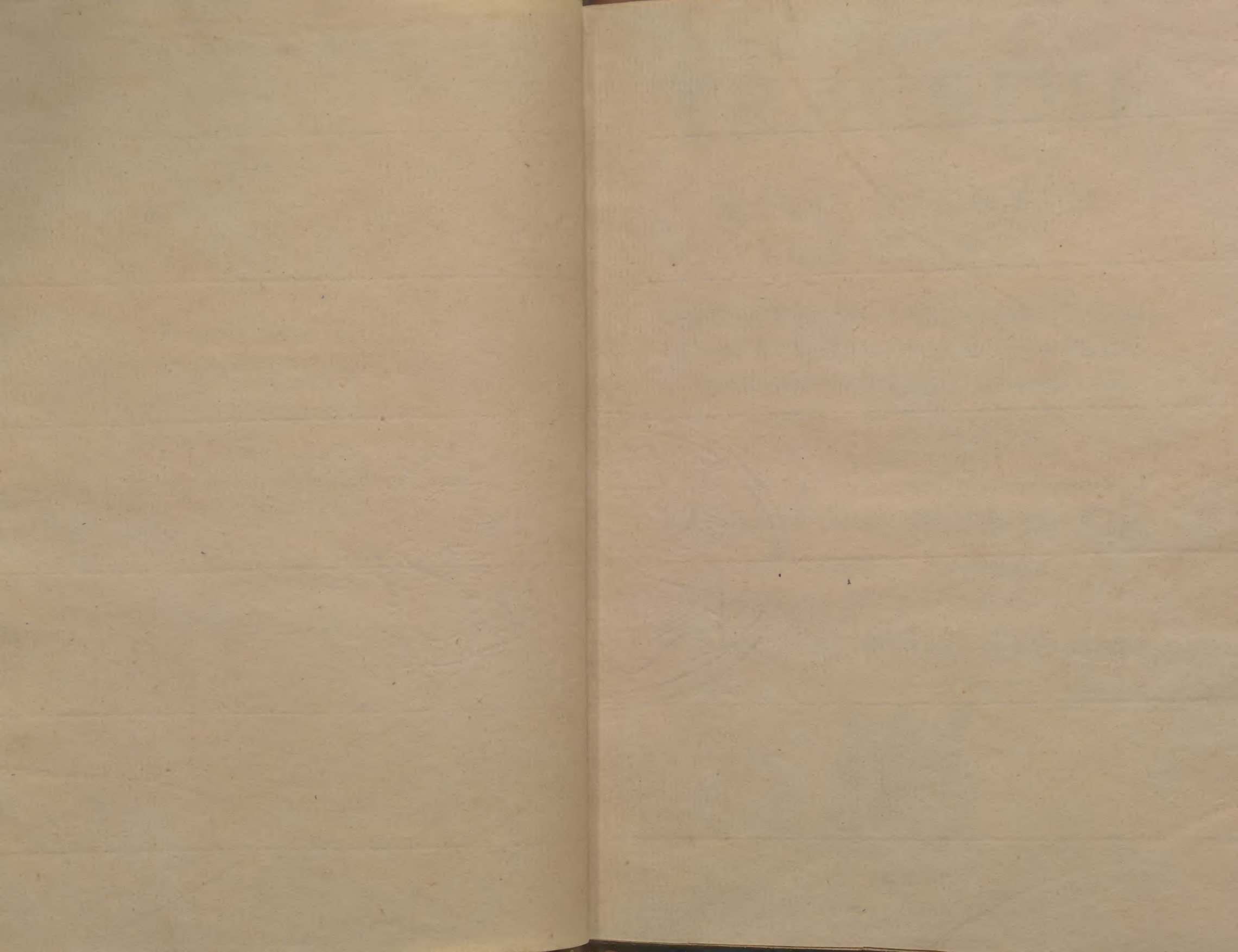




House of Falkland.





6.

THE
TRAGEDIE
OF
KING RICHARD
THE THIRD.

Contayning his treacherous Plots, a-
gainst his brother *Clarence*: The pitifull
murder of his innocent Nephewes: his
tyranous vsurpation: with the
whole course of his detested life,
and most deserued death.

*As it hath beene Acted by the Kings
Maiesties Seruants.*

Written by *William Shake-speare.*



George Steevens.
LONDON,

Printed by JOHN NORTON. 1634.



Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.

Now is the winter of discontent,
 Made glorious summer by this Sonne of Yorke:
 And all the clouds, that lowr vpon our house,
 In the deepe bowels of the Ocean buried,
 Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
 Our bruised armes hung vp for monuments:
 Our sterne alarmes chang'd to merry meetings.
 Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleasures.
 Grim-visagd warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled front,
 And now instead of mounting barbed Steeds,
 To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries,
 He capers nimbly in a ladies chamber,
 To the laciuous pleasing of a loue.
 But I that am not sharpe of sportiue trickes,
 Nor made to court an amourous looking-glasse;
 I that am rudely stamp't, and want loues maiesty,
 To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
 I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deform'd, vnfinisht sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, halfe made vp,
 And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
 That dogs barke at me as I halt at them:
 While I in this weake piping time of peace,
 Haue no delight to passe away the time,
 Vnlesse to spee my shadow in the sunne,
 And descant on mine owne deformity:
 And therefore since I cannot proue a louer,
 To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,
 I am determin'd to proue a villaine,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes:
 Plots haue I layd, inductions dangerous,

THE
TRAGEDIE

OF
KING RICHARD
THE THIRD.

Containing his treacherous
 death his brother Clarence:
 the murder of his innocent Nephewes:
 his tyrannous usurpation:
 with the
 whoe power of the detested life

As he hath bene
 Acted by the Kings

Written by William Shakespeare



LONDON

Printed by Iohn Norton

By drunken propheties libels and dreames,
To set my brother *Clarence* and the King,
In deadly hate the one against the other,
And if King *Edward* be as true and iust
As I am subtil, false and trecherous;
This day should *Clarence* closely be mewd vp,
About a prophesie which sayes that G.
Of *Edwards* heire the murtherer shall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my soule; *Enter Clarence with*
Heere Clarence comes, a Guard of Men.
Brother, good dayes, what meane this armed guard
That waits vpon your grace?

Cl. His Maiesty tendring my persons safety, hath appointed
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.

Glo. Vpon what caule?

Cl. Because my name is *George*,

Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours.

He should for that commit your god-fathers:

O belike his Maiesty hath some intent

That you shall be new christned in the Tower,

But what is the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cl. Yea *Richard* when I doe know, for I protest

As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,

He harkens after propheties, and dreames,

And from the crosse-row pluckes the letter G,

And sayes a wizard told him that by G,

His issue disinherited should be,

And for my name of *George* begins with G,

It followes in his thought that I am he:

These as I learne and such liketoyes as these,

Haue moued his highnesse to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are ruld by women,

Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,

My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis she

That tempts him to this extreamity,

Was it not she and that good man of worship

Anthony Wooduile her brother there,

That made him send *L. Hastings* to the Tower,

From whence this present day he is deliuered?

We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Cl. By Heauen I thinke there is no man securd
But the Queenes kindred, and night walking heralds
That truge betweene the King and Mistris *Shore*:
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was to her for his deliuey?

Glo. Humbly complayning to her Deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his liberty,
He tell you what, I thinke it were our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men and weare her liuery,
The iecalous ore-worme widdow and her selfe,
Since that our brother dubd them Gentlewomen:
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Bro. I beseech your graces both to pardon me.
His Maiesty hath straightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree soeuer with his brother.

Glo. Euen so and please your worship *Brokenbury*,
You may pertake of any thing we say:
We speake no treason man, we say the King
Is wise and vertuous and the noble Queene
Well stroke in yeares, faire and not iecalous,
We say that *Shores* Wife hath a prety foote,
A chery lip a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folks:
How say you sir; can you deny all this?

Bro. VVith this (my Lord) my selfe hath nought to do.

Glo. Nought to do with Mistris *Shore*, I tell thee fellow,
He that doth nought with her excepting one,
VVere best to do it secretly alone,

Bro. VVhat one my Lord?

Glo. Her husband knaue, wouldest thou betray me?

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

Cl. We know thy charge *Brokenbury*, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queenes Abiects and must obey,
Brother farewell I will vnto the King,
And what soeuer you will imploy me in,
VVere it to call King *Edwards* widdow sister,

I will performe it to infranchise you,
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cl. I know it pleaseth neyther of vs well.

Glo. Well your imprisonment shall not be long.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.

Cl. I must perforce, farewell. *Exit Cl.*

Glo. Go tread the path, that thou shalt neere returne,
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I doe loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to Heauen,
If Heauen will take the present at our hands.
But who comes heere the new deliuered *Hastings*.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord,

Glo. As much vnto my good L. Chamberlaine:
Well, you are welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?

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

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your enemyes, are his,
And haue preuailed as much on him as you.

Hast. More pittie that the Egle should be mewed
While Kites and Buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What newes abroad.

Hast. No newes so bad abroad as this at home:
The King is sickly weake and melancholly,
And his Phisitians feare him mightily,

Glo. Now by Saint *Paul* this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an ill dyet long,
And ouer much consumed his royall person,
Tis very grieuous to be thought vpon,
What is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you, *Exit Hast.*
He cannot liue I hope, and must not die
Till *George* be packt with post-horse vp to heauen:
He in to yrge his hatred more to *Clarence*.

Which lies well steeld with weighty arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:

Which done God take King *Edward* to his mercy
And leaue the world for me to bussell in,
For then ile marry *Warwicks* youngest daughter,
What though I kill her husband and her father,
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:

The which will I not all so much for loue,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach vnto,
But yet I run before my horse to market:

Clarence still liues, *Edward* still raignes,
When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. *Exit.*

Enter Lady Anne, with the hearse of Henry the sixth.

La. Set downe, set downe, your honourable Lord.

If honour may be shrowded in a hearse,
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous *Lancaster*,
Poore key-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale ashes of the house of *Lancaster*,
Thou bloodlesse remnant of that royall blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghost,

To heare the lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtered sonne,
Stabd by the selfe same hands that made these holes

Loe in those windowes that let forth thy life,
I poure the helpelesse balme of my poore eyes,
Curst be the hand that made the fatall holes,
Curst be the heart, that had the heart to do it,
More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:

Then I can wish to Adders, Spiders, Toads,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.
If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:

Whose vgly and vnnaturall aspect
May fright the hopefull mother at the view,

If euer he haue wife let her be made
 As miserable by the death of him,
 As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
 Come now towards *Chersey* with your holy load
 Taken from *Pauls* to be in interred there:
 And still as you are weary of the waight,
 Rest you whiles I lament King *Henries* corse. *Enter*
Glo. Stay you that beare the coarfe, and set it downe. *Glocester.*
La. What blacke Magitian, coniuers vp this fiend
 To stop deuoted charitable deeds:
Glo. Villaine, set downe the coarfe, or by Saint *Paul*,
 Ile make a corse of him that disobeyes?
Gen. Stand backe and let the coffin passe.
Glo. Vnmannerly dog, standst thou when I command,
 Aduance thy halbert higher then my breast,
 Or by Saint *Paul* ile strike thee to my foote,
 And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnesse.
La. What do you tremble, are you all affraid?
 Alasse, I blame you not for you are mortall,
 And mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell,
 Auant thou fearefull minister of hell,
 Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall body,
 His soule thou canst not haue therefore be gone,
Glo. Sweet Saint for charity be not so curst.
La. Foule diuell, for Gods sake hence, and trouble vs not,
 For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
 Fil'd it with cursing cryes, and deepe exclames,
 If thou delight to view thy hanious deeds,
 Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
 Oh Gentlemen see, see dead *Henries* wounds,
 Open their congeald mouths and bleed afresh,
 Blush, blush, thou lumpe of foule deformity,
 For tis thy presence that exhals this blood,
 From cold and empty veines where no blood dwels.
 Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
 Prouokes this deluge most vnnaturall,
 Oh God, which this blood mad' st, reuenge his death:
 Oh earth which this blood drinkst, reuenge his death:
 Either heauen with lightning strike the murderer dead,

Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
 As thou didst swallow vp this good Kings blood,
 Which his Hell-gouernd arme hath butchered.
Glo. Lady, you know no rule of charity,
 Which render good for bad, blessings for curses,
La. Villanne, thou knowest no law of God, nor man.
 No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie,
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
La. Oh wonderfull when diuels tell the truth,
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry,
 Vouchsafe deuine perfection of a woman,
 Of these supposed euils to giue mee leaue,
 By circumstance but to acquit my selfe.
La. Vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
 For these knowne euils, but to giue mee leaue,
 By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let mee haue
 Some patient leasure to excuse my selfe.
La. Fouler then heart can think thee, thou canst make
 No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.
Glo. By such dispaire I should accuse my selfe.
L. And by disparing shouldst thou stand excusde
 For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
 Which didst, vnworthy slaughter vpon others.
Glo. Say that I slew them not.
La. Why then they are not dead:
 But dead they are and diuelish slaue by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
La. Why then hee is aliue.
Glo. Nay he is dead and slaine by *Edwards* hand.
La. Inthy foule throat thou liest. *Queene Margret* saw
 Thy bloody faulehion smooking in his blood,
 The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
 But that my brother beat asside the poynt.
Glo. I was prouoked by her slanderous tongue.
 Which laid her guilt vpon my guiltinesse shoulders
La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloody minde.
 Which neuer dreamt on ought; but butcheryes:
 Didst thou not kill this King? *Glo.* I grant yee,

La. Doeſt grant mee hedgehog, then God grant mee too
Thou maiest bee damned for that wicked deede.

Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.

La. Hee is in Heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.

Glo. Let him thank mee that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then Earth.

La. And thou vnfit for any place but Hell.

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

La. Some Dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.

La. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

Glo. So will it Maddam till I lie with you.

La. I hope so.

Glo. I know so, but gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leaue this kind incounter of your wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower methode:
Is not the causer of the time-lesse deaths,
Of these Plantagenets, *Henry* and *Edward*.
As blamefull as the executioner?

La. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect.
Your beauty which did haunt mee in my sleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might rest that houre in your sweete bosome.

La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
These nailes should rend that beauty from their cheekes.

Glo. These eyes could neuer endure sweet beauties wrack,
You should not blemish them if I stood by:
As all the world is cleared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.

La. Blacke night ouershade thy day, and death thy life.

Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.

La. I would I were to bee reuenged on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be reuenged on him that loueth you.

La. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To be reuenged on him that slew my Husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La. His better doth not breath vpon the Earth.
Glo. Go too, he liues that loues you better then he could.

La. Name him. *Glo.* Plantagenet.

La. Why what was hee?

Glo. The selfe same name but one of better nature,

La. Where is hee?

Glo. Heere. *Shee spittes at him.*

Why doeſt spit at him?

La. Would it were mortall poyson for thy sake.

Glo. Neuer came poyson from so sweete a place.

La. Neuer hung poyson on a fouler Toade,
Out of my site thou doeſt infect my eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes sweete Lady haue infected mine.

La. Would they were Basiliſkes to strike thee dead.

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a liuing death.

Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt teares,
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops,
I neuer sued to frinds nor enemy,

My tongue could neuer learne sweete smoothing words.

But now thy beauty is proposde my fee;

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake,
Teach not my lips such scorne, for they were made
For kissing Lady not for such contempt.

If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,

Loe here I lend thee this sharp poynted sword,
Which if you please to hide in this true bosome,

And let the soule forth that adorneth thee:

I lay it naked to thy deadly stroake;

And humbly beg the death vpon my Knees.

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

But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:

Nay now dispatch, twas I that kild King *Henry*,

But twas thy heauenly face that set me on: *Heere she lets*
Take vp thy sword againe, or take vp me. *fall the Sword*

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

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

La. I haue already.

Glo. Tush that was in thy rage :
 Speake it againe , and euen with the word,
 That hand which for my loue did kill thy loue,
 Shall for thy loue , kill a farre truer loue,
 To both their deaths thou shalt bee accessary.

La. I would know thy heart

Glo. Tis figured in my Tongue.

La. I feare mee both are false.

Glo. Then neuer man was true.

La. Well, well, put vp your sword.

Glo. Say then my peace is made.

La. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But I shall liue in hope.

La. All men I hope liue so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to were this ring.

La. To take is not to giue.

Glo. Looke how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
 Euen so thy brest incloseth my poore heart.
 VVere both of them for both of them are thine
 And if thy poore supplyant may
 But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
 Thou doest confirme his happinesse foreuer.

La. What is it ?

Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad desires
 To him that hath more cause to bee a mourner,
 And presently repaire to Crosby place,
 Where after I haue solemnely entered
 At *Chertse* Monastery this noble King,
 And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
 I will with all expedient duty see you :
 For diuers vnknowne reasons , I beseech you
 Grant mee this boone.

La. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
 To see you are become so penitent:
Tressill and *Bartly*, goe a long with mee.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

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

Exit.

Glo.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the course.

Ser. Towards *Chertse* noble Lord ?

Glo. No to white Fryers there attend my comming :

Was euer woman in this humour woeed? *Exeu. Manet Glo.*

Was euer woman in this humour wonne ?

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

What ? I haue kild her husband and her father,

To take her in her hearts extreamest heate :

With curses in her mouth, teares in her eyes,

The bleeding witnesse of her hatred by :

Hauing God, her conscience, and these barres against mee ;

And I nothing to backe my sute withall

But the plaine Diuell and dissembling lookes.

And yet to win her all the world is nothing ? Hah ?

Hath shee forgot already that braue Prince

Edward her Lord, Whom I some three moneths since

Stabd in my angry mood at *Tewxbury* ?

A sweeter and louelier Gentleman,

Framd in the prodigality of nature :

Yong, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royall,

The spacious world cannot againe affoord.

And will shee yet debase her eyes on mee,

That cropt he golden prime of this sweet Prince,

And made her widdow to a woefull bed

On me , whose all not equals *Edward*s moity,

On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus ?

My Dukedome to bee a beggerly denier,

I doe mistake my person all this while,

Vpon my life shee finds although I cannot

My selfe, to bee a marualous proper man,

Ile bee at charge for a Looking - glasse,

And entertaine some score or two of tailors

To study fashions to adorne my body,

Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,

I will maintaine it with a little cost

But first ile turne you fellow in his graue,

And then returne lamenting to my loue.

Shine out faire sunne, till I haue brought a glasse,

That I may see my shadow as I passe.

Exit.

B 3

Exter

Enter *Queene, Lord Rivers and Gray.*

Ri. Haue patience Maddam, thers no doubt his Maiesty,
Will soone recouer his accustomed health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheare his grace with quicke and merry words,

Qu. If hee were dead what would betide of mee?

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

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

Gray. The heavens haue blest you with a goodly sonne.
To bee your comforter when hee is gone.

Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minority
Is put in the trust of *Richard Gloucester,*
A man that loues not mee, nor none of you.

Ri. It is concluded hee shall bee Protector?

Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,

But so it must be if the King miscarry, *Enter Buck, Darby.*

Gr. Here comes the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Darby.*

Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.

Dar. God make your Maiesty ioyfull as you haue beene.

Qu. The Countesse *Richmond* good my Lord of *Darby,*
To your good prayers will scarce say, amen:

Yet *Darby,* notwithstanding shees your wife,
And loues not mee, bee you good Lord assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogancy.

Dar. I beseech you eyther not beleue,
The enuious slanders of her accusers,
Or if shee bee accused in true report,
Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.

Ri. Saw you the King to day my Lord *Darby?*

Dar. But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and I,
Came from visiting his Maiesty.

Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords?

Buc. Madam, good hope, his grace speakes chearfully.

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

Buc. Madam wee did, Hee desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of *Glocester* and your brothers.
And betwixt them and my Lord *Chamberlaine,*

And sent to warne them of his royall presence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer bee.
I feare our happinesse is at the highest. *Enter Gloucester,*

Glo. They doe me wrong and I will not endure it.
Who are they that complaine vnto the King?

That I forsooth am sterne loue them not:

By holy *Paul* they loue his grace but lightly
That fill his eares with such dissentious rumours:

Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,
Smile in mens faces smooth deceiue and cog

Ducke with French nods, and apish courthe,
I must bee held a rankerous enemy.

Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,
But thus in simple truth must bee abusde

By filken slie insinuating Iackes?

Ri. To whome in this presence speake your grace?

Glo. To thee that hath no honesty nor grace.

When haue I ingured thee, when done thee wrong,
Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?

A plague vpon you all. His royall person
(Whome God preserue better then you can wish)

Cannot bee quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Qu. Brother of *Glocester,* you mistake the matter;
The King of his owne royall disposition,

And not prouoke by any suter else,
Ayming belike at your interieur hatred,

Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,
Against my kindred, brother, and my selfe.

Makes him to send that whereby wee may gather
The ground of your ill will, and to remoue it.

Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,
That wrens way prey where eagles dare not perch,

Since euery iacke became a Gentleman
There's many a gentle person made a iacke.

Qu. Come, come we know your meaning brother *Gloster.*
You enuy mine aduancement and my friends,

God grant wee neuer may haue neede of you.

Glo. Meane time, God grant that wee haue neede of you
Our

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

Qu. By him that raise me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did in fence his Maiesty
Against the *Duke of Clarence*, but haue beene
An earnest aduocate to plead for him.

My Lord, you doe mee shamefull iniury,
Falsely to draw mee in, such vile suspect.

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

Riv. She may my Lord.

Glo. She may. *L. Rivers*, why who knowes not so?
She may do more sir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.

What may she not? she may, yea marry may she.

Riv. What marry may shee?

Glo. What marry may she? marry with a King
A batcheler, a handsome stripling too.

I wis your Grandam had a worser match.

Qu. My *L. of Gloucester*, I haue to long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiesty,
With those grosse taunts I often haue endured.

I had rather be a country seruant maide,
Then a Queene with this condition,

To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at,
Small ioy haue I in being *Englands* Queene.

Qu. Mar. And lesned be that small, God I beseech thee,
Thy honour, state, and seat is due to mee.

Glo. What? threat you mee with telling the King?
Tell him and spare not looke what I sayd,

I will auoch in presence of the King:
Tis time to speake, when paines are quite forgot,

Qu. Mar.

Qu. Mar. Out Diuell, I remember them too well,
Thou slewest my husband *Henry* in the Tower,
And *Edward* my poore sonne at *Tewxbury*.

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

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

Glo. In all which time, you and your husband *Gray*,
Were factious for the House of *Lankaster*:
And *Rivers*, so were you. Was not your husband
In *Margrets* battaile at *Saint Albons* slaine:
Let me put in your mind, if yours forget,
What you haue beene ere now, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.

Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine: and so still thou art.

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

Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge

Glo. To fight on *Edwards* party for the Crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is mewd vp.
I would to God my heart were flint like *Edwards*,
Or *Edwards* soft and pittifull like mine,
I am too childish foolish for this world.

Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leaue the world,
Thou Cacodæmon, there thy Kingdome is.

Ri. My Lord of *Gloucester* in those busie dayes,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followd then our Lord, our lawfull King.
So should we you if you should be our King.

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

Qu. Mar. As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should enioy, were you this countries King,
As little ioy may you suppose in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof,
A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am she, and altogether ioylesse;

I can no longer hold me patient.
 Heare me you wrangling pirates that fall out,
 I shaking out that which you haue pild from me :
 Which of you tremble not that looke on me
 If not, that I being *Queene*, you bow like subiects.
 Yet that by you disposd, you quake-like rebels :
 O gentle villaine, doe not turne away.

Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repiticion of what thou hast mard,
 That will I make, before I let thee goe :
 A husband and a sonne thou owest vnto me,
 And thou a kingdome, all of you alleagence :
 The sorrow that I haue by right is yours,
 And all the pleasures you vsurpe, is mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father layd one thee,
 When thou didst Crowne his warlike browes with paper,
 And with thy scorne drew riuers from his eyes,
 And then to drie them, gau'st the Duke a clout.
 Steept in the blood of pritty *Rutland* :
 His curses then from biternesse of soule,
 Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
 And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Mar. So iust is God to rite the innocent.

Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe,
 And the most mercilesse that euer was heard of.

Ri. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported,

Dorf. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.

Buc. *Northumberland* then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What? were you snarling all before I came,
 Ready to catch each other by the throat,
 And turne you now your hatred now on me?
 Did *Yorke's* dread curse preuaile so much with heauen;
 That *Henries* death my louely *Edwards* death,
 Their Kingdomes lost my woefull banishment;
 Could all but answere for that pecuish brat
 Can curses pearce the Clouds, and enter heauen;
 Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quicke curses :
 If not by warre, by surfet die your King.
 As ours by murder to make him a King.

Edward my sonne, which now is Prince of *Wales*,
 For *Edward* my sonne, which was the Prince of *Wales*,
 Died in his youth by like untimely violence,
 Thy selfe a *Queene*, for me that was a *Queene*,
 Out-liue thy glory, like my wretched selfe :
 Long mayst thou liue to waile thy childrens losse,
 And see another, as I see thee now
 Deckt in thy glory, as thou art stald in mine:
 Long dye thy happy dayes before thy death,
 And after many lengthned houres of grieffe,
 Dye neyther mother, wife, nor *Englands* *Queene*,
Riuers and *Dorset*, you were standers by,
 And so wast thou Lord *Hastings*, when my sonne
 Was stabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
 That none of you, may liue your naturall age,
 But by some vnlookt accident cut off.

Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag.

Q. Mar. And leaue out thee? stay dog for thou shall heare
 If heauen haue any grieuous plague in store, (me,
 Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee :
 O let them keepe it till thy sinnes be ripe,
 And then hurle downe their indignation
 On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
 The worme of conscience still begnaw thy soule,
 Thy friends suspect for traytors whilst thou liuest,
 And take deepe traytors for thy dearest friends,
 No sleepe close vp the deadly eyes of thine,
 Vlesse it be whilst some tormenting dreame
 Affrights thee with a hell of vgly diuels,
 Thou eluish markt, abortiue rooting hog,
 Thou that wast seald in thy natiuity
 The slaue of nature, and the sonne of hell,
 Thou slander of thy mothers heavy wombe,
 Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,
 Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.

Glo. Margret.

Q. Mar. Richard.

Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

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

Thou hast cald me all these bitter names,

Q. Mar. Why so I did, but looke for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. Tis done by me, and ends by *Margret.*

Thus haue you breathed your curse against your selfe.

Q. Mar. Poore painted Queene, vaine flourish of my for-
Why strewst thou Sugar on that botled spider, (tune:
Whose deadly webbe insnareth thee about?

Foole, foole, thou whetst a Knife to kill thy selfe,
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me,

To helpe thee curse that poysoned bunch-backt Toade,

Hast. False boasting woman, end thy franticke curse,
Least to thy harme thou moue our patience. (mine.

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

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

Q. Mar. To serue me well, you should doe me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my subiects,
Obserue me well and teach your selues that duty.

Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunatique.

Q. Mar. Peace master Marquesse, you are malapert,
Your fire-new stampe of honour is scarce currant:

O that your young Nobility could iudge,
what'twere to loose it, and be miserable?
They that stand high, haue mighty blasts to shake them;
And if they fall, they dash them to pieces.

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

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

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

Our Aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the sunne.

Q. Mar. And turnes the Sunne to shade, alas, alas.
Witnessse my sunne, now in the shade of death,

Whose bright outshining beames, thy cloudy wrath,
Hath in eternall darkenesse foulded vp:

Your Aiery buildeth in our Aeries neast.

O God that seeft it, doe not suffer it:

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

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

Q. Mar. Vrge neyther charity nor shame to me,

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butchered,
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame shall liue my sorrowes rage.

Buck. Haue done.

Q. Mar. O princely *Buckingham*, I will kisse thy hand,
In signe of league and amity with thee,
Now faire befall thee and thy Princely house,
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.

Buck. Nor none heere, for curses neuer passe
The lips of them that breath them in the ayre.

Q. Mar. Ile not belecue but they assend the skie,
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.

O *Buckingham*, beware of yonder dogge,
Looke when he fawnes he bites, and when he bites,
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not to doe with him, beware of him.

Sinne, death, and hell, hath set their markes on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth shee say my Lord of *Buckingham*?

Buck. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

Q. Mar. What dost thou scorne me for my gentle coun-
And sooth the diuell that I warne thee from? (sell,

O but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,

And say, poore *Margret* was a Prophetesse,
Liue each of you, the subiect of his hate,

And he to you, and all of you to God. *Exit.*

Hast. My haire doth stand an end to heare her curses.

Ri. And so doth mine, I wonder shees at liberty?

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

Hast. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.

Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong,
I was too hotte to doe some body good,
That is too cold in thinking on it now:
Marry as for *Clarence*, hee is well repayd;

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

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

Glo. So doe I euer being well aduised,
For had I curst, now I had curst my selfe.

Cais. Maddam his Maiesty doth call for you:
And for your noble grace, and you my Lord.

Qu. *Catesby* we come, Lords will you goe with vs?
Ri. Maddam, we will attend your grace. *Exeunt Manet*

Glo. I doe thee wrong, and first began to braule,
The secret mischiefe that I set a broach,

I lay vnto the greuious charge of others:
Clarence, whom I indeed haue layd in darknesse:

I doe beweepe too many simple gulls:
Namely, to *Hastings*, *Darby*, *Buckingham*,

And say it was the Queene, and her allies:
That strires the King against the Duke my brother.

Now they beleue me, and withall wish me
To be reuenged on *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,

But then sigh, and with a peece of Scripture,
Tell them, that God bids vs to doe good for euill:

And thus I cloathe my naked villany
With old odde ends, stolen out of holy writ,

And seeme a Saint, when most I play the diuell.
But soft, here comes my executioners,

How now my hardy stout resolved mates,
Are yea not going to dispatch this deed?

Exe. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it here about me,
When you haue done, repaire to *Crosby* place,

But sirs, be suddaine in the execution:
Withall, obdurate; doe not heare him pleade,

For *Clarence* is well spoken, and perhaps
May moue your hearts to pity if you marke him.

Exe. Tush, feare not my Lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be assured:

We come to vie our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eies drop milstones, when fooles eies drop teares
I like you Lads, about your businesse. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarence Brokenbury.

Bro. Why lookes your Grace so heauily to day?

Cl. O I haue past a miserable night,
So full of vgly sights, of gastly dreames:
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though it were to by a world of happy dayes,
So full of dismall terrour was the time.

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

Cl. Me thought I was imbarkt for Burgundy,
And in my company my brother *Glocester*,
Who from my Cabbint tempted me to walke
Vpon the hatches, there he lookes towards *England*,
And cited vp a thousand fearefull times,
During the warres of *Yorke* and *Lankaster*,
That had befallen vs: as we past along,
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that *Glocester* stumbled and in stumbling
Strooke me (that thought to stay him) ouer boord
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine:

Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noyse of water in mine eares,
What a sight of death within mine eyes;
Me thought I saw a thousand fearefull wrackes,
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Inestimable stones, vnualed Iewels:

Some lay in dead mens Sculls, and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
As if it were in scorne of eyes, resting gems
Which wade the slimy bottome of the deepe,
And makt the dead bones that lay scatred by.

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

Cl. Me thought I had: for still the enuious flood
Kept in my soule, and would not let it foorth,
To keepe the empty, vast, and wandring ayre,

But smothered it within my panting bulke.
Which almost burst to belch it in the Sea.

Brok. A wakt you not with this fore agonie ?

Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest of my soule,
Who past (me thought) the melancoly flood,
With that grim ferryman which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall night :

The first that there did greeete my strangers soule,
Was my great father in law, renowned *Warwicke*,
Who cried aloud, what scourge for periury
Can this darke Monarchie afford false *Clarence*?
And so he vanisht: Then came wandring by,
A shadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dabled in blood, and he squeakt out a loud:

Clarence is come, false, fleeting periurd *Clarence*,
That stabd me in the field at *Tewksbury*:
Seize on him Furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule feinds
Enuironed me about, and houled in mine cares,
Such hideous cries, that with the very noyse,
I trembling wakt, and for a season after,
Could not beleuee but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impressiõ made the dreame.

Brok. No maruaile my Lord though it affrighted you,
I promise you I am affraid to heare you tell it.

Clar. O *Brokenbury*, I haue done those things,
Which now beares euidence against my soule,
For *Edwards* sake, and see how he requites me:
I pray thee gentle Keeper stay by me,
My soule is heauy, and I faine would sleepe.

Brok. I will (my Lord,) God giue your grace good rest,
Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing houres
Makes the night morning, and the noone-tide night.
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imaginations,
They often feele a world of restlesse cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

The murderers enter.
In Gods Name what are you, and how came you hither ?

Exc. I would speake with *Clarence*, and I came hither on

Bro. Yea, are you so brieft ? my legs,

Exc. O fir, it is better to be brieft then tedious,
Shew him your Commission, talke no more. *He reads it.*

Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer
The noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands,
I will not reason what is meant thereby,
Because I will be guiltlesse of the meaning:
Here are the keyes there sits the Duke asleepe.
Ile to his Maiesty, and certifie his Grace,
That thus I haue resignd my place to you,

Exc. Doe so, it is a poynt of wisdome.

2. What shall we stab him as he sleepes ?
1. No, then he will say twas done cowardly
When he wakes.

2. When he wakes,
Why foole he shall neuer wake till the iudgement day.

1. Why then he will say, we stabd him sleeping.
2. The vrging of that word iudgement, hath bred a kinde
of remorse in me.

1. What art afraid ?
2. Not to kill him, hauing a warrant for it, but to be damnd
for killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.

1. Backe to the Duke of *Glocester*, tell him so.
2. I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy humour will
change, twas wont to hold me but while one could tell xx.

1. How dost thou feele thy seife now ? (me.
2. Faith some certaine dregs of conscience are yet within
1. Remember our reward when the deed is done,

2. Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.
1. Where is thy conscience now ?
2. In the Duke of *Glocesters* purse.

1. So when he opens his purse to giue vs our reward,
Thy conscience flies out.

2. Let it goe, there's few or none will entertaine it.
1. How if it come to thee againe ?

2. He not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing.
It makes a man a coward. A man cannot steale,
But it accuseth him, he cannot steale but it checks him:
He cannot lie with his neighbours wife but it detects,
Him, it is a blushing shamefull spirit that mutinies
In a mans bosome: it fills one full of obstacles,
It made me once restore a peece of gold that I found.
It beggers any man that keepe it: it is turnd out of all
Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and euery
Man that meanes to liue well, and endeauours to trust
To himselfe, and liue without it.

1. Zounds, it is euen now at my elbow, perswading me
Not to kill the Duke.

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

1. Tut I am strong in fraud he cannot preuaile with me,
I warrant thee.

2. Stood like a tall fellow that respects his reputation,
Come shall we to this geare?

1. Take him ouer the costard with the hilt of my Sword,
And then we will chop him in the Malmsey, but in the next

2. Oh excellent denice, make a soppe of him. (roome:

1. Harke, he stirs shall I strike?

2. No, first lets reason with him.

Cl. awaketh.

Cl. Where art thou keeper, giue me a cup of Wine.

1. You shall haue Wine enough, my Lord anone.

Cl. In Gods Name what art thou:

2. A man, as you are.

Cl. But not as I am, royall.

1. Nor you as we are loyall.

Cl. Thy voyce is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.

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

Cl. How darkely and how deadly doest thou speake?

Tell me, who are you? wherefore came you hither?

Am. To, to, to.

Cl. To murder me?

Am. I.

Cl. You scarce haue the heart to tell me so,

And therefore cannot haue the heart to doe it,

Wherein my friends haue I offended you?

1. Offended

1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Cl. I shall be reconciled to him againe,

2 Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

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

To slay the innocent? what is my offence?

Where are the euidence to accuse me?

What lawfull quest hath giuen their verdict vp

Vnto the frowning Iudge, or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poore *Clarence* death,

Before I be conuict by course of Law?

To threaten me with death is most vnlawfull;

I charge you as you hope to haue redemption

By Christs deare Blood shed for our grieuous sinnes,

That you depart and lay no hands on me,

The deed you vndertake is damnable,

1 What we will doe, we doe vpon command,

2 And he that hath commanded vs is the King.

Cl. Erroneous vassaile, the great King of Kings,

Hath in his Table of his Law commanded,

That thou shalt doe no murder, and wilt thou then

Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?

Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hands,

To hurle vpon their heads that breake his law.

2 And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too?

Thou didst receiue the holy Sacrament,

To fight the quarrell of the house of *Lankaster*.

1 And like a traytor to the name of God,

Didst breake that vow, and with thy trecherous blade

Vnripte the bowels of thy soueraignes sonne,

2 Whom thou wert sworne to cherish and defend.

1 How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,

When thou hast broke it in so deare degree?

Cl. Alasse, for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For *Edward*, for my brother, for his sake:

VVhy sirs, he sends you not to murder me for this,

For in this sinne he is as deepe as I,

If God will be reuenged for this deed,
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,

He needes no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off thoe that haue offended him.

1 Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, braue Plantagenet,
The Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee.

Cl. My brothers loue, the Diuell, and my rage.

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

Cl. Oh, if you loue my brother, hate not me,
I am his brother, and I loue him well:
If you be hirde for neede, goe backe againe,

And I will send you to my brother *Glocester*,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then *Edward* will for tidings of my death.

2 You are deceiued, your brother *Glocester* hates you.

Cl. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deare,
Goe you to him from me.

Am. I so we will.

Cl. Tell him, when that our Princely father *Yorke*,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme;
And chargd vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided friendship,
Bid *Glocester* thinke on this, and he will weepe.

Am. I, milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe:

Cl. O doe not slander him for he is kind.

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

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

2 Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee,
From this worlds thraldome, to the ioyes of Heauen.

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

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

2 What shall we doe?

Cl. Relent, and saue your soules.

1 Relent, tis cowardly, and womanish.

Cl. Not to relent, is beastly sauage, and diuellish.

My friends I spie some pittie in your lookes,
Oh if thy eyes be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side and intreate for me:
A begging Prince what begger pitties not?

1 I thus, and thus: if this will not serue *He stabs him*
Ile chop thee in the Malmesey but in the next rooms.

2 A bloody deed and desperately performd,
How faine would I like *Pilate* wash my hands,
Of this most grieuous guilty murder done.

1 Why dost thou not helpe me?
By heauen the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.

2 I would he knew that I had saued his brother,
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*

1 So doe not I, goe coward as thou art,
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meed I must away,
For this will out, and here I must not stay. *Exeunt*

Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Riuers, &c.

King. So now I haue done a good dayes worke
Your Peares continue the vnited league,
I euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redemer, to redceme me hence:
And now in peace my soule shall part to heauen,
Since I haue set my friends at peace on earth:
Riuers and *Hastings*, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.

Ri. By heauen my heart is purged from grudging hate,
And with my hand I seale my true hearts loue.

Hast. So thriue I as I sweare the like.

King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Least he that is the supreame King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falchood, and award
Eyther of you to be the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue:

Ri. And I as I loue *Hastings* with my heart.

King. Maddam, your selfe is not exempt in this,
Nor your sonne *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, nor you,
You haue beene factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,
And what you doe, doe it vnfaignedly.

Qu. Here *Hastings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thriue I and mine.

Dorf. Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vniuolable.

Hast. And so I swere my Lord.

King. Now princely *Buckingham* seale vp this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me happy in this vnity.

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

King. A pleasing cordiall Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow vnto my sickly heart:

There wanteth now our brother *Glocester* here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Glocester.

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

Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne King and Queene,
And princely Peares, a happy time of day.

King. Happy indeed as we haue spent the day,
Brother we haue done deeds of charity:
Made peace of emnity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong inscensed Peares.

Glo. A blessed labour most soueraigne Liege,
Amongst this Princely heape, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,
Haue thought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his freindly peace,

Tis death to me to be at emnity,

I hate it and desire all good mens loue.

First Maddam I intreat peace of you,

Which I purchase with my dutious seruice.

Of you my noble cousen *Buckingham*,

If euer any grudge were lod'gd betweene vs,

Of you my Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Gray* of you,

That all without desert haue found on me.

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

I do not know that Englishman aliuie,

With whom my soule is any iotte at oddes,

More then the infant that is borne to night:

I thanke my God for my humility,

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter,

I would to God all strife were well compounded,

My soueraigne leige I do beseech your Maiesty

To take our brother *Clarence*, to your grace.

Glo. Why Maddam, haue I offered loue for this,

To be thus scornd in this royall presence?

Who knowes not that the noble *Duke* is dead?

You doe him iniury to scorne his coarfe. (he is?)

Ri. Who knowes not he is dead, who knowes

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

Buc. Looke I so pale Lord *Dorset* as the rest?

Dor. I my good Lord and none in this presence

But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.

King. Is *Clarence* dead? the order was reuertt.

Glo. But He poore soule by our first order did,

And that a winged Mercury did beare,

Some tardy crippe bore the countermand,

That came too lagge to see him buried:

God graunt that some lesse noble and lesse loyall,

Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:

Deserue not worse then wretched *Clarence* did,

And yet goe currant from suspicion.

Enter Darby.

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

Kin. I pray thee peace my foule is full of sorrow.

Dar. I will not rise vnlesse your highnesse grant,

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

Dar. The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my seruants life,
Who slew to day a ryptous gentleman

Lately attending on the Duke of *Norffolke*,

Kin. Haue I a tongue to dome my brothers death,

And shall the same giue pardon to a slaue;

My brother slew no man, his fault was nought,

And yet his punishment was cruell death,

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

Kneeld at my feete, and bad me be aduisde?

Who spake of brother-hood, who of loue?

Who told me how the poore soule did forsake

The mighty *Warwicke*, and did fight for me?

Who told me in the field at *Temxbury*,

When *Oxford* had me downe he rescued me,

And sayd deare brother liue and be a King?

Who told me when we both lay in the field,

Frozen almost to death, how he lapt me

Euen in his owne armes, and gaue himselfe

All thinne and naked to the numbe cold night?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath

Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my minde.

But when your carters or your wayting vassailes

Haue done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd

The precious Image of our dearest Redeemer;

You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon

And I vniustly too, must grant it you,

But for my brother not a man would speake,

Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe,

For him poore soule: the proudest one you all

Haue beene beholding to him in his life,

Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:

Oh God, I feare thy iustice will take hold

On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (Exit.

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

Glo. This is the fruit of rawnesse: marke you not

How that the guilty kindred of the *Queene*,

Lookt pale when they did heare of *Clarence* death:

Oh, they did vrge it still vnto the King,

God will reuenge it. But come lets in

To comfort *Edward* with our company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dutches of Yorke, with Clarence Children.

Boy. Tell me good *Granam*, is our Father dead?

Dut. No *Boy.* (breast?)

Boy. Why doe you wring your hands and beat your

And cry, Oh *Clarence* my vnhappy sonne?

Girole. Why doe you looke on vs and shake your head?

And call vs wretched, Orphanes, castawaies,

If that our noble Father be aliue?

Dut. My pritty *Cofens* you mistake me much,

I do lament the sicknesse of the King:

As loth to loose him now your Fathers dead:

It were lost labour to weepe for one that's lost.

Boy. Then *Granam* you conclude that he is dead,

The King my vnclie is too blame for this:

God will reuenge it, whom I will importune

With dayly prayers all to that effect.

Dut. Peace Children peace, the King doth loue you well,

Incapable and shallow innocents,

You cannot gesse who caused your Fathers death.

Boy. *Granam*, we can: for my good Vnclie *Glocester*

Told me, the King prouoked by the *Queene*,

Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him:

And when he told me so he wept,

And hugd me in his armes, and kindly kist my cheekes,

And bad me relie on him as one my Father,

And he would loue me dearely as his Childe.

Dut. Oh that deceit should steale such gentle shapes,

And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,

He is my sonne, yea and therein my shame:

Yet from my duggs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vnclie did dissemble, *Granam*?

Dut. I *Boy*:

Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what noyse is this?

Enter the Queene.

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

Dut. What means this sceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your sonne, our King, is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if dye, be brieft:
That our swift winged soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new Kingdome of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in my noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his image:
But now two mirrours of his Princely semblance,
Are crackt in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which grieues me when I see my shame in him,
Thou art a widdow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward, and *Clarence*, O what cause haue I,
Then, being but moiety of my selfe,
To ouergoe thy plaints, and drowne thy cries?

Boy, Good aunt, you wept not for my fathers death,
How can we ayd you with our kindreds teares?

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

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation.
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being governd by the watry Moone,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh my husband for my heire Lord *Edward*,

Ambo. Oh for our father for our deare Lord *Clarence*,

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

Qu. What stay Had I but *Edward*, and he is gone?

Ambo. What stay had we but *Clarence*, and he is gone?

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

Qu. Was euer widow, had so deare a losse?

Ambo. Was euer Orphanes had so deare a losse?

Dut. Was euer mother had a dearer losse

Alasse I am the mother of these moanes,

Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:

She for *Edward* weepes, and so doe I;

I for a *Clarence* weepe, so doth not she:

These babes for *Clarence* weepe and so doe I,

I for an *Edward* weepe, and so doe they,

Alas, you three on me threefold distrest.

Powre all your teares, I am your sorrows nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Glo. Maddam haue comfort, all of vs haue cause

To waile the dimming of our shining starre:

But none can cure their harmes by wayling them,

Maddam my mother, I doe cry you mercy,

I did not see yor Grace, humbly on my knees

I craue your blessing.

Dut. God blesse thee, and put meekenesse in thy minde,

Loue, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen, make me to dye a good old man,

Thats the butt end of my mothers blessing,

I maruell why her Grace did leaue it out!

Buc. You cloudy Princes, and heart sorrowing Peares,

That beare this mutuall heauy loade of moane,

Now cheare each other in each others loue:

Though we haue spent our haruest for this King,

We are to reape the haruest of his sonne:

The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,

But lastly splinted, knit, and ioynd together,

Must greatly be prefernd, cherisht, and kept,

Me seemeth good that with some little traine,

Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young Prince be fetcht

Hither to *London* to be Crownd our King.

Enter
Glocester
with
others.

Glo. Then be it so: and goe we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to *Ludlow*?
Maddam, and you my mother will you goe,
To give your sensures in this waighly businesse.

Ans. With all our hearts: *Exeunt Manet Glo. Buc.*

Buc. My Lord, who euer Iourneyes to the Prince,
For Gods sake let not vs two be behind:
For by the way ile sort occasion,
As index to the story we lately talkt of,
To part the Queenes proud kindred from the King,

Glo. My other selfe, my counsels consistory
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cofin:
I like a child will goe by thy direction:
Towards *Ludlow* then, for we will not stay behind. *Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

1 Neighbour well met, whether a way so fast?

2 I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.

1 Heare you the newes abroad?

2 I, that the King is dead.

1 Bad news birlady, seldome comes better,

I feare, I feare, twill proue a troublesome world,

3 *Cit.* Good morrow neighbours.

*Enter
another*

Doth this newes hold of good King *Edwards* death?

1 It doth. 3 Then masters looke to see a troublesome

1 No, no, by Gods grace his sonne shall raigne. (world.)

3 Wo to that land thats governd by a child.

2 In him there is hope of government,

That in his nonage, counsell vnder him,

And in his full ripened yeares himselfe,

No doubt shall then, and till then governe well,

1 So stood the case when *Henric* the sixt

Was crownd at *Paris*, but at nine moneths old.

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

For then our Land was famously inricht

With politicke graue counsell: then the King

Had vertuous vncles to protect his Grace.

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

3 Better it were they all came by the father,

Or by the father there were none at all;

For emulation now, who shall be earnest,
Which touch vs all too neere if God preuent not
Oh full of danger is the Duke of *Glocester*,
And the Queenes kindred haughty and proud,
And were they to be rulde, and not rule,
This sickly Land might solace as before.

2 Come, come, we feare the worst, all shall be well,

3 When clouds appeare, wise men put on their cloakes.

When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:

When the Sunne sets, who doth not looke for night?

Vntimely stormes makes them expect a dearth:

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

Tis more then we deserue, or I expect,

1 Truly the soules of men are full of dread,

Yea cannot almost reason with a man

That lookes not heauy and full of feare.

3 Before the time of change still it is so,

By a diuine instinct mens mindes mistrust

Ensuing dangers, as by proofe we see,

The waters swell before a boystrous storme,

But leaue it all to God: whether away?

2 We are sent for to the Iustice.

3 And so was I, ile beare you company. *Exeunt*

Enter Cardinal, Dutches of Yorke, Queene, young Yorke.

Car. Last night I heare they lay at *Northampton*,

At *Stony-stratford* will they be to night,

To morrow or next day will they be here.

Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince,

I hope he is much growne since I last saw him.

Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of *Yorke*

Hath ouertane him in growth.

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

Dut. Why my young cousin, it is good to grow;

Yor. *Granam*, one night as we did sit at supper,

My Vncle *Riuers* talkt how I did grow

More then my brother, I quoth my Vncle *Glo.*

Small hearbes haue grace, great weeds grow apace:

And since my thinkes I would not grow so fast,

Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiekt the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,
So long a growing and so leasurely,
That if this were a rule he should be gracious.

Car. Why Maddam, so no doubt he is.

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

Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembered,
I could haue giuen my Vncles grace a flout, (mine)

That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did

Dut. How my pietty *Yorke*: I pray thee let me heare it.

Yor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust, at two houres old,

Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.

Granam, this would haue beene a pritty iest.

Dut. I pray thee pritty *Yorke*, who told thee so?

Yor. *Granam*, his Nurse.

Dut. Why she was dead ere thou wert borne.

Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Qu. A perilous boy, go too thou art too shrewd,

Car. Good Maddam be not angry with the child.

Qu. Pitchers hath eares. *Enter Dorset,*

Car. Heere comes your sonne, Lord Marques, *Dorset,*

What newes Lord Marques?

Dor. Such newes my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.

Qu. How fares the Prince?

Dor. Well Maddam, and in health:

Dut. What is the newes then?

Dor. Lord *Rivers*, and Lord *Gray*, are sent to *Pomfret*,

With them Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, prisoners.

Dut. Who hath committed them?

Dor. The Mighty Dukes *Glocester* and *Buckingham*.

Car. For what offence?

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

Why or for what these Nobles were committed,

Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.

Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our House,

The Tiger now hath seazd the gentle Hinde:

Insulting tyranny begins to iet.

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:
Welcome destruction, death, and massacre,
I see as in a Map the end of all.

Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?

My husband lost his life to get the Crowne,
And often vp and downe my tonnes were tost,

For me to ioy and weepe were gaine and losse,
And being seated and domesticke broyles

Cleane ouerblowne, themselues the conquerours
Make war vpon themselues, blood against blood,

Selfe against selfe, O prepostrous
And franticke outrage, end the damned spleene,

Or let me die to looke on death no more.

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

Dut. Ile goe along with you.

Qu. You haue no cause.

Car. My gracious Lady, goe.
And thither beare your treasure and your goods.

For my part, ile resigne vnto your grace,
The seale I keepe, and so betide to me,

As well I tender you, and all yours:
Come, ile conduct you to the Sanctuary.

Exeunt
The Trumpets sound. Enter young Prince, Duke of

Glocester, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c.
Buc. Welcome sweet Prince to London, to your chamber.

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

Prin. No Vncle, but our crosses on the way,
Hath made it teadious, wearysome and heauy,

I want more Vncles here to welcome me,
Glo. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeares,

Haue not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,

Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart:

Those vncles which you want were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their sugred words,

But lookt not on the poyson of their hearts:

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

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

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

Enter Lord Maior. (daies.

Lo. Ma. God blesse your Grace, with health and happy

Prin. I thanke you good my Lord, and thanke you all,

I thought my mother, and my brother *Torke*,

Would long ere this haue met vs on the way :

Fie what a slug is *Hastings* that he comes not

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

Buc. And in good time here comes the sweating Lord,

Prin. Welcome my Lord ; what, will our mother come ?

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

The Queene your mother, and your brother *Torke*

Hath taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince

Would faine come with me to meete your Grace,

But by his mother was perforce with-held.

Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course

Is this of hers? Lord *Cardinall*, will your Grace

Perfwade the Queene to send the Duke of *Torke*

Vnto his Princely brother presently ?

If shee deny, Lord *Hastings* goe with them,

And from her iealous armes, plucke him perforce.

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

Can from his mother winne the Duke of *Torke*

Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate

To milde intreaties, God forbid

We should infringe the holy priuiledge

Of blessed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,

Would I be guilty of so great a sinne,

Buc. You are too sencelesse obstinate my Lord,

Too ceremonius and traditionall:

Weigh it but with the greatnesse of his age,

You breake not Sanctuary in seazing him:

The benefit whereof is alwayes granted

To those whose dealings haue deserued the place,

And those who haue the wit to claime the place,

This Prince hath neyther claimed it, nor deserued it,

And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then take him from thence that is not there,

You breake no priuiledge nor Charter there:

Oft haue I heard of Sanctuary men,

But Sanctuary children neuer till now.

Car. My Lord, you shall ouer-rule my mind for once?

Come one Lord *Hastings*, will you goe with me?

Hast. I goe my Lord. *Exit. Car. & Hast.*

Prin. Good Lords make all the speedy hast you may:

Say Vncle *Glocester*, if our brother come,

Where shall we soiourne till our Coronation ?

Glo. Where it thinkst best vnto your royall selfe:

If I may counsell you some day or two

Your highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:

Then were you please as shall be thought most fit

For your best health and recreation.

Prin. I doe not like the Tower of any place,

Did *Iullius Caser* build that place my Lord?

Buc. He did my gracious Lord begin that place,

Which since succeeding ages haue reedified.

Prin. Is it vpon record or else reported

Successiuelly from age to age, he built it?

Buc. Vpon record my gracious Lord.

Prin. But say my Lord it were not registerd,

Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,

As t'were retaild to ail posterity,

Euen to the generall ending day.

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

Prin. What say you Vncle?

Glo. I say without Characters fame liues long:

That like the formall vice, iniquity,

I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prin. That *Iulius Caser* was a famous man,

With what his valour did enrich his wit,

His wit set downe to make his valour liue:

Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,

For now he liues in fame though not in life:

He tell you what, my Cousen *Buckingham*.

Buc. What my gracious Lord?

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

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

Glo. Short summers likely haue a forward spring.

Enter young Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.

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

Prin. *Richard* of *Yorke* how fares our noble brother:

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

Prin. I brother to our grieffe, as it is yours:

Too late he died that might haue kept this Title,
Which by his death hath lost much maiesty,

Glo. How faires our cousen noble Lord of *Yorke*?

Yor. I thanke you gentle Vncle; O my Lord,

You said that idle weeds are fast in growth;

The Prince my brother hath ouer growne me farre.

Glo. Hee hath my Lord.

Yor. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire cousen I must not say so.

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

Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,

But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.

Yor. I pray you vncle giue me this Dagger.

Glo. My Dagger little cousen, withall my heart.

Prin. A begger brother?

Yor. Of my kind Vncle that I know will giue

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

Glo. A greater gift then that I le giue my cousen.

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

Glo. I gentle cousen were it light enough.

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

In weightier things youle say a begger nay.

Glo. It is to weighty for your grace to weare.

Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.

Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lord.

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

Glo. How? *Yorke*, Little.

Prin. My L. of *Yorke* will still be crosse in talke:

Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.

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

Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Because that I am little like an Ape.
He thinks that you should beare me one your shoulders.

Buc. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons,
To mitigate the scorne he giues his vncle,
He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning and so young is wonderfull.

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

Yor. What will you go vnto the Tower my Lord?

Prin. My Lord protector will haue it so.

Yor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why what should you feare?

Yor. Marry my vncle *Clarence* angry ghost:
My granam told me, he was murdred there,

Prin. I feare no vncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.

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

But come my Lord, with a heauy heart

Thinking on them; goe I vnto the Tower.

Exeunt Prin. Yor. Hast. Dor. Manet B. S. Buc.

Buc. Thinke you my L. this little prating *Yorke*,
Was not incenced by his subtile mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, O tis a perlous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers from the top to the toe.

Buc. Well let them rest: come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend
As closely to conceale what we impart.

Thou knowest our reasons vrgd vpon the way:
What thinkest thou, is it not an easie matter
To make *William L. Hastings* of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble Duke,
In the seate royall of this famous Ile?

Cat. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.

Buc. What thinkest thou then of *Stanley*, what will he?

Cat. He will do all in all as *Hastings* doth.

Buc. Well then no more but this:

Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord *Hastings*, how he stands affected

Vnto our purpose, If he be willing,
Encourage him and shew him all our reasons:

If he be leaden, icy, cold vnwilling,

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

And giue vs notice of his inclination,

For we to morrow hold deuided counsels

Wherein thy selfe shall highly be imployed.

Glo. Commend me to *L. William*, tell him *Catesby*

His ancient knot of dangerous aduersaries

To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* Castle,

And bid my friends for ioy of this good newes,

Giue gentle *Mis Shore* one gentle kisse the more.

Buc. Good *Catesby* effect this businesse soundly.

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

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

Cat. You shall my Lord.

Exit Catesby.

Glo. At *Crosby* place there shall you find vs both.

Buc. Now my Lord, what shall we doe if we perceiue

William Lord *Hastings* will not yeild to our complots?

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

And looke when I am King, claime thou of me

The Earledome of *Herford* and the moouables,

Whereof the King my brother stood possesse.

Buc. Ile claime that promise at your hands.

Glo. And looke to haue it yealded with willingnesse.

Come let vs sup betimes, that afterwards

we may digest our complots in some forme

Exeunt.

Enter a messenger to Lord Hastings.

Mess. What ho my Lord.

Hast. Who knocks at the doore?

Mess. A messenger from the Lord *Stanley*. *Enter Lo. Hast.*

Hast. Whats a Clocke?

Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleepe the tedious night?

Mess. So it should seeme by that I haue to say:

First

First he commend's him to your noble Lordship.

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

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

Besides he sayes, there are two counsels held,

And that many be deternined at the one,

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

Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure

If presently you will take horse with him,

And with all speed post into the North,

To shun the danger that his soule diuines.

Hast. Good fellow goe returne vnto my Lord,

Bid him not feare the seperated counsels;

His honour and my selfe are at the one,

And at the other is my seruant *Catesby*:

Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,

Whereof I shall not haue intelligence.

Tell him his feares are shallow, wanting instancy.

And for his dreames, I wonder he is so fond

To trust the mockery of vnquiet slumbers.

To flie the Bore before the Bore persues vs,

Were to incence the Boare to follow vs,

And make pursuit where he did meane to chase:

Go bid thy master rise and come to me,

And we will both together to the Tower,

Where he shall see the Boare will vs kindly.

Mes. My gracious Lord, ile tell him what you say. *Exit.*

Enter Catesby to Lord Hastings.

Cat. Many good morrows to my noble Lord.

Hast. Good morrow *Catesby*: you are early stirring,

What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cat. It is a reeling world indeed my Lord,

And I belecue twill neuer stand vpright

Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Realme.

Hast. How? weare the Garland? dost thou meane the

Cat. I my good Lord. (Crowne?

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

Ere I will see the Crowne so foule misplast; (ders,

But canst thou guesse that he doth ayme at it?

Cat. Vpon my life my L. and hopes to find you forward

F 3

Vpon

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

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for this news,
Because they haue bene still mine enemies:
But that he giue my voyce on *Richards* side,
To barre my masters heires in true descent,
God knows I will not doe it to the death.

Cat. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious mind.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelmonth hence
That they who brought me to my masters hate,
I line to looke vpon their tragedy:

I tell thee *Catesby*. *Cat.* What my Lord?

Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
He send some packing that yet thinkes not one it.

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

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous, and so it fals out
With *Riuers, Vaughan, Gray*, and so will doe
With some men else, who thinke themselues as safe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowst are deare
To Princely *Richara*, and to *Buckingham*.

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

Hast. I know they do and I haue well deserud it,
Enter Lord Stanley.

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

Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow *Catesby*:
You may iest on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like these seuerall counsels.

Hast. My L. I hold my life as deare as you doe yours,
And neuer in my life I doe protelt,
Vvas it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at *Pomfret* when they rode from *London*,
Were iocund, and supposd their states was sure,

And

And indcede had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see how soone the day orecastr,
This sudden scab of rancor I misdoubt,
Pray God I say, I proue a needlesse coward,
But come my Lord shall we to the Tower?

Hast. I go: but stay, heare you not the newes?
This day those men you talke of are beheaded,

Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then some that haue accused them weare their hats:
But come my L. let vs away. *Exit. L. Stanley, & Cat.*

Hast. Go you before He follow presently.

Enter Hastings a Pursuant.

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

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

Hast. I tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,
Then when I met thee last where now we meete
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower.

By the suggestion of the Queenes alies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)

This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state then euer I was.

Pur. God hold it to your Honours good content:

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

He giues him his purse.

Pur. God saue your Lordship. *Exit. Pur. Enter a Priest.*

Hast. What Sir *John*, you are well met:

I am beholding to you for your last dayes exercise:
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you. *He whispers*

Enter Buckingham. (in his eares)

Buc. How now Lord Chamberlaine, what talking with a
Your friends at *Pomfret* they doe need the Priest. (Priest,
Your Honour hath no striuing workein hand.

Hast. Good faith, - and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talke of, came into my minde:

What, go you to the Tower my Lord?

Buc. I do, but long I shall not stay,

I shall returne before your Lordship thence,

Hast. Tis like enough for I stay dinner there.

Buc. And supper too although thou knowest it not:

Come shall we goe along?

*Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Rivers
Gray and Vaughan, prisoners*

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratliffe, let me tell thee this:
To day thou shalt behold a subiect die,
For truth for duty and for loyalty.

Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret. O thou bloody prison,
Fatall and ominous to noble Peares:
Within the guilty closure of thy walles
Richard the second heere was hackt to death:
And for more slaunder to thy dismall soule,
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blood to drinke.

Gray. Now Margrets curse is false ypon our heads,
For standing by, when Richard stabd her sonne.

Riv. Then curst she Hastings, then curst she Buckingham,
Then curst she Richard. O remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied deare God with our true bloods,
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out,

Riv. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all embrace
And take our leaues vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counsell.

Hast. My Lords at once, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation.

In Gods Name say when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and yet in nomination.

Bish. To morrow then, I gesse a happy time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord Protectors mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke? (his mind.

Bish. Why you my L. me thinks you should soonest know

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

Lord Hastings, you and he are neere in loue.

Hast. I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpose in the Coronation

I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuered
His graces pleasure any way therein:

But you my Lord may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my voyce,
Which I presume he will take in good part.

Bish. Now in good time heere comes the Duke himselfe.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. My noble Lord, and cousens all good morrow,
I haue beene long a sleepe, but now I hope
My absence doth neglect no great designes,
Which by my presence might haue beene concluded.

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,
William L. Hastings had now pronounst your part:

I meane your voyce from Crowning of the King,
Glo. Then my L. Hastings, no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.

Hast. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My Lord, of *Elie.*

Bish. My Lord.

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

Bish. I goe my Lord.

Glo. Cousen Buckingham, a word with you:
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our businesse,

And finds the testy Gentleman so hote,
As he will loose his head ere giue consent,
His maisters sonne as worshipfull he termes it.

Shall loose the royalty of Englands Throane.

Buc. Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex. Glo.*

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

Enter the Bishop of Elie.

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

Hast. His grace lookes chearefully and smooth to day,
Theres some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit
I thinke there is neuer a man in Christendome,
That can lesse hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

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

Hast. Marry that with no man heere he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue shewde it in his face.

Dar. I pray God he be not, I say.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deserue
That do conspire my death, with diuinish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild?
Vpon my body with their hellish charmes?

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

Glo. Then be your eyes the witnessse of this ill,
See how Lambewicht, behold mine arme
Is like a blasted sapling withered vp,
This is that *Edwards* wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcraft thus haue marked me.

Hast. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord.

Glo. If thou Protector of this damned strumpet,
Telt thou me of iifs? thou art a traitor.

Off with his head: Now by *Saint Paul*,
I will not dine to day I swere,
Vntill I see the same, some see it done.

The rest that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*

Hast. Wo, wo, for *England*, not a whit for me. *Ca. with Hast.*
For I too fond might haue prenentid this:

Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I disdaind it and did scorne to tie,
Three times to day my foote cloth Horse did stumble,
And started when he lookt vpon the Tower,

As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.
Oh now I warrant the Priest that spake to me,
I now repent I told the Pursuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcherd,
And I my selfe secure in grace and fauour,
Oh *Margret*, *Margret*, now thy heauy curse
Is lightned on poore *Hastings* wretched head.

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

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

Enter Duke of Gloucester, and Buckingham, in armour.

Glo. Come Cousen, canst thou quake and change thy colour
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and stop againe,
As if thou wert distract and mad with terror,

Buc. Tut feare not me,
I can counterfeit the deepe Traiedian,
Speake and looke backe and prie on euery side;
Intending deepe suspition gastly lookes
Are at my seruice like enforced smiles,
And both are ready in their offices
To grace my stratagems. *Enter Maior.*

Glo. Here comes the Maior

Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. *L. Maior*

Glo. Looke to the draw-bridge there.

Buc. The reason we haue sent for you.

Glo. *Catesby* ouer-looke the walles.

Buc. Harke, I heare a drumme.

Glo. Looke backe defend thee, here are enemies

Buc. God and our innocency defend vs.

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

Enter Catesby, with Hastings head.

Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traytor,
The dangerous and vn suspected *Hastings*,

Glo. So deare I lou'd the man that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the playnest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a Christian:
Looke ye my Lord Maior:

I made him my booke wherein my soule recorded
The History of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daubd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparent open guilt omitted;
I meane his conuersation with *Shores* wife,
He layd from all attainer of suspect.

Buc. Well, well, he was the conuertst sheltred traytor
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost beleue, were it not by great preservation
We liue to tell it you? the subtile traytor
Had this day plotted in the counsell house,
To murder me and my good Lord *Glocester*.

Ma. What, had he so?

Glo. What thinke ye we are Turkes or Infidels,
Or that we should against the course of Law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the extreame perrill of the case,
The peace of *England*, and our persons safety
Inforst vs to this execution?

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

Glo. Yet had not we determind he should dye
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing hast of these our friends
Somewhat against our meaning haue preuented,
Because my Lord, we would haue had you heard
The traytor speake, and timerously confesse
The manner and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well haue signified the same.

Vnto the Citizens, who happily may
Misconsture vs in him, and waile his death.

Ma. My good Lord your gracious word shall serue
As well, as if I had seene or heard him speake:
And doubt you not right noble Princes both,
But ile acquaint your dutious Citizens
With all your iust proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wisht your Lordship here,
To auoyd the carping censures of the world:

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

Glo. After, after, cousin *Buckingham*, *Exit Maier*
The Maior towards *Guild hall* hies him in all post,
There at your meetest aduantage of the time,
Inferre the bastardy of *Edwards* children:
Tell them how *Edward* put to death a Citizen;
Onely for saying he would make his sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeed) his house,
Which by the signe thereof was termed so.

Moreouer, vrge his hatefull luxury,
And beastly appetite in change of lust,
Which stretched to their seruants, daughters, wiues,
Euen where his lustfull eye, or sauage heart,
Without controle listd to make his prey:

Nay for a need thus farre come neare my person,
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that vnstat *Edward*, noble *Yorke*,
My Princely father then had warres in *France*,
And by iust computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father,
But touch this sparingly as it were farre of,
Because you know my Lord, my brother liues.

Buc. Feare not my Lord, ile play the Orator
As if the golden fee for which I pleade,
Were for my selfe.

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

With reuerend Fathers, and well learned Bishops.

Buc. About three or foure a clocke looke to heare
What news Guild-hall affordeth, and so my Lord farewell.

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

To draw the brates of *Clarence* out of sight,
And to giue notice that no manner of person
At any time, haue recourse vnto the Princes. *Exit.*

Enter a Scriuener, with a paper in his hand.

This is the indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*,
Which in a set hand fairely is ingross'd.

That it may be this day red ouer in *Pauls*:

And marke how well the sequell hangs together,

Eleuen houres I spent to writ it ouer,
For yesternight by *Catesby* was it brought me,

The president was full as long a doing,

And yet within these fiue houres liu'd Lord *Hastings*

Vntainted, vnexamined: free at liberty:

Here's a good world the while, Why, who's so grosse

That sees not this palpable deuce?

Yet who's so blind that sayes he sees it not?

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

When such bad dealing must be seene in thought: *Exit.*

Enter Gloucester at one doore, Buckingham at another.

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

Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,

The Citizens are mumme and speake not a word,

Glo. Toucht you the bastardy of *Edwards* Children?

Buc. I did, with the insatiate greedinesse of his desires,

His tyranny for trifles: his owne bastardy,

As being got your father then in *France*:

Withall I did inferre your lineaments,

Being the right Idea of your father,

Both in forme and noblenesse of mind:

Layd vpon all your victories in *Scotland*:

Your Discipline in warre, wisdome in peace:

Your bounty, vertue, faire humility:

Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose

Vntouch't or sleightly handled in discourse:

And when my oratory grew to end,

I had them that loues their Countries good,
Cry God saue *Richard* Englands royall King,

Glo. A, and did they so?

Buc. No so God helpe me,

But like dumbe statues or breathlesse stones,

Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:

Which when I saw, I reprehended them:

And askt the Maior what means this wilfull silence?

His answer was the people were not wont

To be spoke too, but by the Recorder.

Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:

Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd;

But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:

When he had done, some followers of mine owne

At the lower end of the hall, hurled vp their caps,

And some ten voyces cryed, God saue King *Richard*.

Thankes noble Citizens and friends quoth I,

This generall applause and louing shoute,

Argues your wisdome and your loue to *Richard*:

And so brake off and came away.

Glo. What tonguelesse blockes were they, would they

Buc. No by my troth my Lord. (not speake?)

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

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

Be not spoken withall, but with mighty sute:

And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,

And stand betwixt to Church-men good my Lord,

For on that ground Ile build a holy descant:

Be not easie wonne to our request:

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

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

As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,

No doubt weele bring it to a happy issue.

Buc. You shall see what I can do, get vp to the leads. *Ex.*

Now my Lord Maior, you dance attendance heere,

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

Here comes his seruant: how now *Catesby*, what sayes he?

Cat. My Lord he doth inreat your grace

To visit him to morrow, or next day;

He is within and two reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly sute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

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

Cat. Ile tell him what you say my Lord. *Exit.*

Buc. A ha my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward* :
He is not lulling on a lewd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation :
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines :
Not sleeping to ingrosse his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchfull soule,
Happy were *England*, would this gracious prince:
Take on himselfe the soueraignty thereon,
But sure I feare we shall neuer winne him to it.

Ma. Marry God for bid his grace should say vs nay.

Enter Catesby.

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

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

Buc. Sorry I am my noble counsell should
Suspect me that I meane no good to him,
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And so once more returne and tell his grace :
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweete is zealous contemplation.

Enter Rich, and two Bishops aloft.

Mai. See where he stands betweene two Clergimen.

Buc. Two propes of vertue for a Christian Prince :
To stay him from the fall of vanity,

Famous *Plantagenet*, most gracious Prince,
Lend fauorable eares to my request :
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Christian zeale.

Glo. My Lord, there needs no such Apology,
I rather doe beseech you pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends :
But leauing this, what is your graces pleasure ?

Buc. Euen that I hope which pleaseth God aboute,
And all good men of this vngouernd Ile.

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

Buc. You haue my Lord : would it please your grace
At our intreaties to amend that fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breath I in a Christian land ?

Buc. Then know it is your fault that you resigne
The Supream Seate, the throane maiestically,
The Scepter office of your Ancestors.

The lineall glory of your royall House,
To the corruption of a blemisht stocke :
Whilest in the mildenesse of your sleepy thoughts,
Which heere we waken to your Countries good :

This noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,
Her face defac't with scars of infamy,
And almost shouldred in this swallowing gulph
Of blind forgetfullnesse and darke obliuion :
Which to recouer we hartily sollicite
Your gracious selfe to take on you the soueraignty thereof,
Not as *Protector*, *Steward*, *Substitute*,
Nor lowly factor for an others gaine ?
But as successiue from blood to blood,
Your right of birth your Empery, your owne :
For this conformed with the Citizens,
Your worshipfull and very louing friends,
And by there vehement instigation,
In this iust sute come I to moue your Grace.

Glo. I know not whither to depart in silence.

Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
 Best fits my degree, or your condition:
 Your loue deserues my thankes, but my desert
 Vnmeritable shunes your high request,
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,
 And that my path were euen to the Crowne,
 As my right reueneu and due by birth,
 Yet so much is my pouerty of spirit,
 So mighty and so many my defects,
 As I had rather hide me from my greatnesse,
 Being a barke to brooke no mighty sea,
 Then in my greatnesse couet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smothered:
 But God be thanked thers no need for me,
 And much I need to helpe you if need were,
 The royall tree hath left vs royall fruit,
 Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
 Will well become the seate of Maiesty;
 And make, no doubt, vs happy by his raigne,
 On him I lay what you would on me:
 The right and fortune of his happy starres,
 Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buc. My Lord, this argues conscience in your Grace
 But the respects thereof are nice and triuiall,
 All circumstances well considered.
 You say that *Edward* is your brothers sonne,
 So say we too but not by *Edwards* wife:
 For first he was contracted to Lady *Lucy*,
 Your mother liues a witnessse to that vow,
 And afterwards by substitute betrothed
 To *Bona* sister to the King of *France*,
 These both put by a poore petitioner,
 A care-crazd mother of many children,
 A beauty-waining and distressed widdow,
 Euen in the afternoone of her best dayes,
 Made price and purchase of his luitfull eye,
 Seduce the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
 To base declention loathed bigamy,
 By her in this vnlawfull bed he got,

This *Edward*, whom our manners terme the Prince:
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Saue that for reuerence to some aliue
 I giue a sparing limit to my tongue:
 Then good my Lord, take to your royall selfe,
 This proffered benefit of dignity?
 If not to blesse vs and the Land withall.
 Yet to draw out your royall stocke,
 From the corruption of a busy time,
 Vnto a lineall true deriued course.

May. Doe good my Lord, your Citizens intreat you.

Cat. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull suit.

Glo. Alas, why should you heape those cares on me,
 I am vnfit for state and dignity:
 I doe beseech you take it not amisse,
 I cannot nor I will not yeild to you.

Buc. If you refuse it as in loue and zeale,
 Loth to depose the child your brothers sonne,
 As well we know your tenderesse of heart,
 And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
 Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
 And equally indeed to all estates,
 Yet whether you except our suit or no,
 Your brothers son shall neuer raigne our King,
 But we will plant some other in the Throne,
 To the disgrace and downefall of your house:
 And in this resolution here I leaue you,
 Come Citizens, zounds, ile intreat no more.

Glo. O doe not sweare my Lord of *Buckingham*.

Cat. Call them againe my Lord, and accept their sute.

Ano. Doe good my Lord, least all the Land do rew-it.

Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
 Well call them againe, I am not made of stones,
 But penetrable to your kind intents,
 Albeit against my conscience, and my soule;
 Cousin of *Buckingham*, and you sage graue men,
 Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
 To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
 I must haue patience to endure the load.

But if blacke scandall or so foule fact reproach
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere inforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure plots and staines thereof,
For God he knows and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.

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

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

Buc. Then I salute you with this kingly title:

Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.

May. Amen.

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

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

Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.

Glo. Come let vs to our holy taske againe:

Farewell good cousin, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene mother, Dutches of Yorke, Marquesse

Dorset, at one dore, Dutches of Gloucester

at another doore.

Dut. Who meets vs here, my Neece Plantagenet?

Qu. Sister well met, whether away so fast?

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

Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,

To gratulate the tender Princes there.

Qu. Kind sifter thanks, weele enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.

M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,

How fares the Prince?

Lien. Well Maddam and in health, but by your leaue,

I may not suffer you to visit him,

The King hath straightly charged to the contrary.

Qu. The King, why who is that?

Lien. I cry you mercy, I meane the Lord Protector.

Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly title:

Hath he set bonds betwixt there loue and me:

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

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

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

Then

Then feare not thou, ile beare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee on my perill.

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

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you Ladies at an houre hence,
And ile salute your Grace of *Yorke*, as mother:
And reuerend looker one, of two faire Queenes.
Come Maddam, you must goe with me to *Westminster*,
There to be Crowned *Richards* royall Queene.

Qu. O cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May haue some scope to beate, or else I found
With this deadliking news.

Dor. Maddam haue comfort, how fares your Grace?

Qu. O *Dorset*, speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogs thee at the heeles,

Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt ouerstrip death, goe crosse the Seas,

And liue with *Richmond* from the race of hell,
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,

Least thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of *Margrets* curse,

Not mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsell Madam,
Take all the swift aduantage of the time,

You shall haue letters from me to my sonne,
To meet you on the way and welcome you,

Be not taken tardy by vnwise delay.

Dut. Yor. O ill dispersing wind of misery,
O my accursed wombe the bed of death,

A Cokatrice hast thou hatcht to the world,
Whose vnauoyded eye is murderous.

Stan. Come Maddam, I in all hast was sent for.

Dut. And I in all vnwillingnesse will goe,
I would to God that the inclusiue verge

Of goulden mettall that must round my brow,
Were red hot- Steele to feare me to the braine,

Anoynted let me be with deadly poyson,
And die ere men can say God saue the Queene.

H 3

Qu.

Qu. Alas poore soule, I enuy not thy glory,
To feed my humour with thy selfe no harme.

Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me, I followed *Henries* Course,
When the blood was scarce washt from his hands,
Which issued from my other angell husband,
And that dead saint, which then I weeping followed,
O, when I say, I lookt on *Richards* face,
This was my wish, be thou quoth I accurst,
For making me so young, so old a widdow.
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife if any be so bad
As miserable by the death of thee,
As thou hast made me by my deare Lords death,
Lo euen I can repeate this curse againe,
Euen in so short a space, my womans heart
Crossly grew captiue to his honey words,
And prou'd the subiect of mine owne soules curse,
Which euer since hath kept mine eyes from sleepe,
For neuer yet one houre in his bed,
Haue I inoyed the golden dew of sleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames.
Besides he hates me for my father *Warwicke*,
And will shortly be rid of me.

Qu. Alas poore soule, I pity thy complaints.

Dut. Glo. No more then from my soule I mourne for yours

Qu. Farewell, thou woefull welcomer of glory.

Dut. Glo. A due poore soule thou takest thy leaue of it,

D. Yer. Go thou to *Richmond* & good fortune guide thee

Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels guard thee,

Go thou to sanctuary, good thoughts possesse thee,

I to my graue, where peace and rest lye with me,

Eyghty old yeares of sorrow haue I seene,

And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The trampers sound. Enter *Richard Crowned, Buckingham,*
ham, Catesby, with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Cousin of *Buckingham*,
Giue me thy hand. *Here he ascends his Throne.*

Thus

Thus high by thy aduice
And thy assistance is *King Richard* seated:
But shall we weare these honours for a day?
Or shall they last and we reioyce in them?

Buc. Still liue they, and foreuer may they last.

Ki. O *Buckingham* now I doe play the touch,
To try if thou be currant Gold indeed:
Yong *Edward* liues: thinke now what I would say.

Buc. Say on my gracious Soueraigne.

King. Why *Buckingham*, I say I would be *King*!

Buc. Why so you are my thrice renowned Liege.

King. Ha: am I *King*? tis so, but *Edward* liues.

Buc. True noble Prince.

King. O bitter consequence,
That *Edward* still should liue true noble Prince,

Cousin thou wert not wont to be so dull,

Shall I be plaine I wish the bastards dead,

And I would haue it suddainly performd,

What saiest thou? speake suddenly, be brieft.

Buc. Your grace may doe your pleasure.

King. Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindnesse freezeth;

Say, haue I thy consent that they shall die?

Buc. Giue me some breath my Lord,

Before I positiuely speake herein:

I will resolue your grace immediatly.

Cat. The *King* is angry see he bites his lip.

King. I will conuerse with iron witty fooles,

And vnrespectiue *Boyes*, none are for me

That looke into me with considerate eyes;

Boy. High reaching *Buckingham* growes circumspect.

Boy. Lord.

King. Knowst thou not any whom corrupting Gold

Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.

Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,

Whose humble meanes matcht not his haughty mind,

Gold were as good as twenty Orators,

And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

King. What is his name?

Boy. His name my Lord, is *Terrel*.

King

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

Enter Darby

How now what newes with you?

Dar. My Lord I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts be yond the seas
Where he abides.

King. Catesby. Cat. My Lord.

King. Rumor this abroad.

That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close;
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence daughter
The boy is foolish and I feare not him;
Looke how thou dreamest; I say againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.

About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brother, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sinne pluckes on sinne,
Teares falling, pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrel?

Tir. James Tirrel & your most obedient subiect.

King. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.

King. Darst thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?

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

King. Why there thou hast it, to deepe enemies.

Foes to my rest that my sweet sleepe disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon;

Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the Tower.

Tir. Let me haue meanes to come to them,

And soone ile rid you from the feare of them.

Kin. Thou singst sweet musicke, Come hither Tirrell,
Goby that token, rise and lend thine eare,
Tis no more but so, say, is it done? *He whispers
in his eare.*

And I will loue thee, and prefer thee too.

Tir. Tis done my good Lord.

Kin. Shall we heare from thee Tirrell, ere we sleepe?

Tir. Yea my good Lord. *Enter Buckingham.*

Buc. My Lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demand that you did sound me in.

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

Buc. I heare that news my Lord.

Kin. Stanley, he is your wiues sonne: Well, looke to it!

Buc. My Lord, I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawnd,
The Earldome of Herford, and the moueables,
The which you promised I should possesse,

Kin. Stanley, looke to your wife, if they conuey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it,

Buc. What sayes your highnesse to my iust demand?

Kin. As I remember Henry the sixt
Did prophesie that Richmond should be King,
When Richmond was a little peeuish boy,
A King perhaps, perhaps.

Buc. My Lord.

Kin. How chance the Prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me I being by, that I should kill him.

Buc. My Lord, your promise for the Earldome.

Kin. Richmond, When last I was at Exeter,

The Maior in curtesie shewd me the Castle,
And called it Rugemount, at which name I started,
Because a Lord of Ireland told me once,
I should not liue long after I saw Richmond.

Buc. My Lord.

Kin. I, Whats a clocke?

Buc. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promised me.

Kin. Well, but whats a clocke?

Buc. Vpon the stroke of 10.

King. Well, let it strike.

Buc. Why let it strike?

King. Because that like a Iacke thou keepst the stroke
Betwixt thy begging, and my meditation:
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.

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

King. Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. *Ex.*

Buc. Is it euen so, rewards he my true seruice
With such deepe contempt, made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on *Hastings* and be gone
To *Brecknocke*, while my fearefull head is on.

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch act of pitious massacre,
That euer yet this land was guilty of,
Dighton and *Forrest* whom I did subborne,
To doe this ruthfull piece of butchery,
Although they were flesht villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tendernesse and compassion,
wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:
Lo thus quoth *Dighton* lay these tender babes,
Thus, thus, quoth *Forrest* girding one another,
Within their innocent alabaſter armes,
Their lips like foure red Roses on a ſtalke,
When in there ſummer beauty kiſt each other,
A booke of prayer on their pillow lay,
Which once quoth *Forrest* almost changd my mind,
But O the diuell! there the villaine ſtopt,
Whilſt *Dighton* thus told, one we ſmothered,
The moſt replenisht ſweet worke of nature
That from the prime Creation euer he framd,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To bring theſe tidings to the bloody King,

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All haile my ſoueraigne Liege.

King. Kind Tirrel, and I happy in thy news?

Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your happynesse, be happy then,
For it is done my Lord.

King. But didſt thou ſee them dead?

Tir. I did my Lord.

King. And buried gentle Tirrell?

Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:
But how or in what place I do not know.

King. Come to me Tirrell ſoone after ſupper,
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good
And be inheritor of thy deſire, *Exit Tirrell.*
Farewell till ſoone.

The ſonne of *Clarence* haue I pend vp cloſe,
His daughter meanely haue I matcht in marriage,
The ſons of *Edward* ſleepe in *Abrahams* boſome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid the world goodnight:
Now for I know the Brittain *Richmond* aime:
At young *Elizabeth*, my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the Crowne,
To her I goe A iolly thriuing wooer, *Enter Catesby.*

Cat. My Lord.

King. Good news, or bad, that thou commeſt ſo bluntly?

Cat. Bad new s my Lord, *Ely* is fled to *Richmond*
And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy *Welchmen*
Is in the field, and ſtill his power increaſeth.

King. *Ely* with *Richmond* troubles me more
Then *Buckingham* and his raſh leueld army:
Come I haue heard that fearefull commenting,
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and ſnale-pact beggery,
Then fiery expedition be my wings,
Ioue, *Mercury*, and Herald for a King:
Come muſter men, my counsaile is my ſhield,
We muſt be briefe, when traytors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margret ſola.

Q. Mar. So now proſperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in theſe confines ſlily haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduerſaries:
A dire induction am I witneſſe too,
And will to *France*, hoping the conſequence

Will proue as bitter, blacke and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wretched *Margret*, who comes here?

Enter the Queene, and the Dutches of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my young Princes, ah my tender babes,
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweet,
If yet your gentle soules flye in the ayre,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer aboue me with your aicry wings,
And heare your mothers lamentations.

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

Qu. Wilt thou O God flie from such gentle lambes;
And throw them in the intrales of the wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy *Mary* dyed, and my sweet sonne.

Dut. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest their vnrest on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke, with innocents blood.

Qu. O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue
As thou canst yeild a melancholly seat,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here;
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?

Dut. So many miseries hath crazd my voyce
That my woe-wearied tongue, is mute and dumb
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signiory,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper-hand,
If sorrow can admit society.

Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine:
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.

I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.

I thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.

Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.

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

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

A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That Dog that had his teeth before his eyes
To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood,
That foule defacer of Gods handy-worke,
Thy wombe let loose to chafe vs to our graues,
O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,
How do I thanke thee, for this carnall Cur
Preyes on the issue of his Mothers body,
And make her pewfellow with others moane.

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

Q. Mar. Beare with me, I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it:

Thy *Edward* he is dead, that stabd my *Edward*,
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*,

Young *Torke*, he is but boote, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse:

Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that kild my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this tragicke play,

The adulterate *Hastings*, *Riners*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*:
Vnrimely smothered in their dusky graues,

Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely reserued their factor to buy foules,

And lend them thither, but at hand,
Ensues his pitious, and vnpitied end,

Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray
To haue him suddenly conueyed away.

Cancel his bonds of life deare God I pray,
That I may liue to say, the Dog is dead.

Qu. O thou didst prophesie the time would come
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse

That botteld spider, that foule hunch-backt Toad,
Q. Mar. I cald thee then vaine flourish of my fortune,

I cald thee then poore shadow, painted Queene,
The presentation of but what I was,

The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high to be hurl'd downe below,

A mother onely mockt with two sweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,

A signe of dignity, a garish flag,
 To be the aime of euery dangerous shot,
 A Queene iniest, onely to fill the sceane:
 Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
 Where be thy children, wherein dost thou ioy?
 Who sues to thee, and cries, God saue the Queene?
 Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
 Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
 For happy wife, a most distressed widdow;
 For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name;
 For Queene, a very catife, crownd with care;
 For one being sued too, one that humbly sues;
 For one commanding all, obéyed of none:
 For one that scornd at me, now scornd of me.
 Thus hath the course of iustice whel'd about.
 And left me but a very prey to time,
 Hauing no more but thought of what thou art,
 To torture thee the more being what thou art,
 Thou didst vsurpe my place, and dost thou not
 Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?
 Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burdened yoake:
 From which, euen here, I slip my wearied necke,
 And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
 Farewell *Torkes* wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
 These English woes will make me smile in *France*,

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

Q. Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day,
 Compare deaths happinelle with liuing woe,
 Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
 And he that slew them fowler then he is:
 Bettring thy losse make the bad cause worse,
 Reuoluing this will teach thee how to curse.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Q. M. Thy woes will make them sharp, & pierce like mine

Dut. Why should calamity be full of words? *Exit Ma.*

Q. Windy atturnies to your clients woes,
 Aiery succeders of intestate ioyes,

Poore breathing orators of miseries,
 Let them haue scope, though what they do impart
 Helpe not all, yet do they ease the heart.

Dut. If so then be not ioung-tide, goe with me.
 And in the breath of bitter words, lets smother
 My damned sonne, which thy two sonnes smotherd
 I heare his Drum, be copious in exclaimes.

*Enter King Richard, marching with Drums,
 and Trumpets.*

King. Who intercepts my expedition?
Dut. A she, that might haue intercepted thee,
 By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
 From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done;

Qu. Hast thou that forehead with a golden Crowne,
 Where should be gratten, if that right were, right;
 The slaughter of the Prince that owde that Crowne,
 And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers:
 Tell me thou villaine slaue, where are my children?

Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother *Clarence*?
 And little *Ned* Plantagenet, his sonne

Qu. Where is kind *Hastings*, *Amers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?

King. A flourish Trumpets, strike alarum Drums,
 Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
 Rayle on the Lords Anoynted, Strike I say. *The trumpets
 Eyther be patient, and intreat me faire;
 Or with the clamorous reports of warre,
 Thus will I drownd your exclamations.*

Dut. Art thou my sonne?

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

Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.

King. Maddam I haue a touch of your condition,
 Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe,

Dut. I will be mild and gentle in my speech.

King. And brieft good mother for I am in hatt.

Dut. Art thou so hastie, I haue stayd for thee;

God knows in anguish, paine, and agonie.

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

Dut. No by the holy rood thou knowst it well,
 Thou canst on earth, to make the earth my hell;

A grieuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Tetchy and waivard was thy infancy,
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wild and furious:
Thy age confirmd, proude, subtile, bloody trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer graced me in thy company?

Kin. Faith none but *Humphreys* houre, that cald you
To breakfast once forth of my company? (Grace
If it be so grieuous in your sight,

Let me march on, and not offend you grace.

Duc. O heate me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more.

Kin. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Duc. Eyer thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,

Ere from this warr thou turne a conquerour

Or I with grieffe and extreame age shall perish,

And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:

Therefore take with thee my most heauy curse,

Which in the day of battell tire thee more

Then all the compleat armour that thou wearst

My prayers on the aduerser party fight,

And there the little soules of *Edwards* children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies;

And promise them successe in victory,

Bloody thou art, and bloody will be thy end,

Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

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

Kin. Stay Maddam, I must speake a word with you.

Qu. I haue no more sottes of the royall blood,

For thee to murder, for my daughters, *Richard*

They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,

And therefore leuell not to hit their liues,

Kin. You haue a daughter cald *Elizabeth*,

Vertuous and faire, royall and gratious.

Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue,

And ile corrupt her manners, staine her beauty,

Slander my selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed,

Throw ouer her the vaile of infamy,

So she may liue vnscard from bleeding slaughter

I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter.

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

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

Kin. Her life is onely safest in her birth.

Qu. And only in that safety dyed her brothers.

Kin. Loe at their births good starres are opposit

Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrary.

Kin. All vnauoyded is the doome of destiny.

Qu. True when auoyded grace makes destiny,

My babes were destind to a fairer death,

If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

Kin. Maddam, so thrive I in my dangerous attempt of ho-

As I intend more good to you and yours, (file armes,

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

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

To be discouered that can do me good.

Kin. The aduancement of your children mighty Lady,

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

Kin. No, to the dignity, and height of honour,

The height imperiall type of this earths glory,

Qu. Flatter my sorrows with report of it,

Tell me what state, what dignity what honor,

Canst thou demise to any child of mine.

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

Will I endow a child of thine,

So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,

Thou drownd the sad remembrance of those wrongs

Which thou supposhest I haue done to thee.

Qu. Be briefe, least that the processe of thy kindnesse

Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.

Kin. Then know that from my soule I loue my daughter,

Qu. My daughters mother thinks it with her soule.

Kin. What do you thinke?

Qu. That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule,

So from thy soule didst thou loue her brothers,

And from my hearts loue, I thanke thee for it.

Kin. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning,

I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,

And meane to make her Queene of England.

Qu. Say then who doest thou meane shall be her King?

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

Qu. What thou?

King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Maddam?

Qu. How canst thou woe her?

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

Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?

King. Maddam with all my heart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and *Yorke*, then happily she will weepe,
Therefore present to her, as sometimes *Margret*
Did to my Father, a handkercheffe steeped in *Rutlands* blood
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,

Send her a story of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'st away her vnckle *Clarence*,
Her Vncle *Riuers*, yea and for her sake
Madest quicke conueyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.

King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.

Qu. There is no other way,
Vnlesse thou couldest put on some other shape,
And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.

King. Inferre faire *Englands* peace by his alliance.

Qu. Which she shall purchase with stillblasting warre.

King. Say that the King which may command, intreats.

Qu. That at her hands which the Kings king forbid.

King. Say she shall be a high and mighty Queene.

Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.

King. Say I will loue her euerlastingly.

Qu. But how long shall that title euer last?

King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end;

Qu. But how long fairely shall that title last?

King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.

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

King. Say I her Soueraigne am her subiect loue.

Qu. But she your subiect loths such Soueraignty.

King.

King. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

Qu. An honest tale speeds best being plainely told.

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

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

King. Maddam your reasons are too shallow and too

Qu. O no, my reasons are too deepe and dead: (quicke,
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue,
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake,

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

Qu. Prophan'd, dishonour'd, and the third vsurped.

King. I sweare by nothing.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath,
The George prophan'd, hath lost his holy honour:
The Garter blemisht, pawn'd his Knightly vertue:
The Crowne vsurpt disgrac't his Kingly dignity,
If nothing thou wilt sweare to be believed,
Sweare then by something that thou hast not wrong'd,

King. Now by the world.

Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

King. My fathers death.

Qu. Thy selfe hath that dishonour'd.

King. Then by my selfe.

Qu. Thy selfe, thy selfe misused.

King. Why then by God.

Qu. Gods wrong is most of all:
If thou hadst fear'd, to breake an oath by him,
The vnity the King thy brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother slaine.
If thou hadst fear'd to breake an oath by him,
The imperiall mettall circling now my brow,
Had grac't the tender temples of my child,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender playfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith had made a prey for wormes.

King. By the time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wrong'd, in time orepast,
For I my selfe haue many teares to wash
Hereafter time for time, by the past wrong'd,
The children liue, whose parents thou hast slaughtered,

Vngouerd youth, to waile it with her age,
The parents liue whose children thou hast butchered,
Old witherd plants to waile it with their age:
Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misused, ere vsed, by time misused orepast.

King. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrue I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile armes, my selfe, my selfe confound.
Day yeild me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter,
In her consists my happinesse and thine.
Without her follows to this land and me.
To thee her selfe and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolate ruine and decay.
It cannot be auoyded but by this:
It will not be auoyded but by this:
Therefore good mother (I must call you so)
Be the attorney of my loue to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the necessity and state of times,

And be not peeuish fond in deepe designs;

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the diuell thus?

King. I, if the diuell tempt thee to doe good.

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

King. I, if your selues remembrance wrong your selues.

Qu. But thou didst kill my children,

King. But in your daughters wombe ile bury them,
Wherein that nest of spicery there shall breed,
Selves of themselves to your recomfiture.

Qu. Shall I goe winne my daughter to thy will?

King. And be a happy mother in the deed.

Qu. I goe, write to me very shortly.

King. Beare her, my true loues kisse: farewell. *Exit Qu.*
Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*

Rat. My gracious soueraigne on the Westerne coast,
Rideth

Rideth a puissant Navy: To the shore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow hearted friends,
Vnarmd and vnresolu'd to beate them backe:
Tis thought that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull expecting but the ayd,
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them to shore.

King. Some light-foote friend post to the D. of *Norfolke*
Ratliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is he?

Car. Here my Lord.

King. Flye to the Duke: post thou to *Salisbury*,
When thou comest there, dull vnmindfull villaine
Why standst thou still, and goest not to the Duke?

Car. First mighty soueraigne let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliuer him.

King. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him leaue straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meete me presently at *Salisbury*. *(bury)*

Rat. What is your highnesse pleasure I shall do at *Salis-*

King. Why, what shouldst thou doe there before I goe?

Rat. Your highnesse told me I should post before.

King. My mind is chang'd sir, my mind is chang'd:
How now, what news with you? *Enter Darby.*

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

King. Hoyday a riddle neyther good nor bad:

Why dost thou runne so many miles about,

When thou mayst tell thy tale a neerer way,

Once more, what news?

Dar. *Richmond* is on the seas.

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

Dar. I know not mighty soueraigne but by guesse

King. Well sir, as you guesse.

Dar. Sturd vp by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Ely*,
He makes for *England*, there to clayme the Crowne.

King. Is the chaire empty? Is the sword vnswaid?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossesst?

What heire of *Yorke* is their aliue but we?

And who is *Englands* King, but great *Yorkes* heire?

Then tell me, what doth he vpon the seas?

Dar. Vnlesse for that my Liege I cannot guesse.

Kin. Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchmen comes,
Thou wilt reuolt and flye to him I feare.

Dar. No mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.

Kin. Where is thy power now to beat them backe?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now vpon the westerne shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships.

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

Kin. Cold frinds to *Richard*, what do they in the North?
When they should serue their soueraigne in the West.

Dar. They haue not bin commanded mighty soueraigne,
Please it your Maiesty, to giue me leaue,

Ile muster vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where and what time your Maiesty shall please?

Kin. I, I, thou wouldst be gon to ioyne with *Richmond*,
I will not trust you sir.

Dar. Most mighty soueraigne,
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull
I neuer was, nor neuer will be faise. (hind

Kin. Well, goe muster thy men; but heare you, leaue be-
Your son *George Stanley*, locke your fayth be firme:
Or else his heads assurance is but fraile.

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

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious soueraigne now in *Deuonshire*,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir *William Courney*, and the haughty Prelate
Bishop of *Exeter*, his brother there,
With many more confederates are in armes,

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Liege, in Kent the *Guilfords* are in armes,
And euery houre, more competitors
Flocke to their ayd, and still their power encreaseth,

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord the army of the Duke of *Buckingham*.
He strikes him.

King.

King. Out on ye Owles, nothing but songs of death,
Take that vntill you bring me better newes.

Mes. Your grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of walers,
The Duke of *Buckingham*s army is disperst and scattered:
And he himselfe fled no man knowes whither.

King. O I cry you mercy I did mistake,
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I gaue him;
Hath any well aduised friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in *Buckingham*?

Mes. Such Proclamation hath beene made my Liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir *Thomas Lowell*, and Lord Marques *Dorset*,
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Brittain Navy is disperst, *Richmond* in *Dorsetshire*,
Sent out a boat to aske them one the shore,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no:

Who answered him they came from *Buckingham*.
Vpon his party: he mistrusting them,
Hoist saile, and made away for Brittain.

Kin. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forraine enemyes,
Yet to bare downe these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
Thats the best newes, that the Earle of *Richmond*
Is with a mighty power landed at *Milford*,
Is colder newes, yet they must be told.

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

Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloody bore,
My son *George Stanley* is franckt vp in hold;
If I reuolt off goes yong *Georges* head,
The feare of that, with-holds my present aide,

But

But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?

Chri. At *Pembroke*, or at *Hereford*, west in *Wales*.

Dar. What men of name resort to him?

Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, sir *James Blunt*,
Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,
With many more of noble fame and worth,
And towards *London* they doe bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him

Tell him, the Queene hath heartily consented

He shall espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter,

These Letters will resolute him of my mind,

Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

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

Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient,

Buc. *Hastings*, and *Edwards* children, *Rivers*, *Gray*

Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire sonne *Edward*,

Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,

By vnderhand corrupted foule iniustice,

If that your moody discontented soules,

Do through the clouds behold this present houre,

Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction:

This is All-soules day fellowes is it not?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Buc. Why then All-soules day, is my bodies Doomesday.

This is the day that in King *Edwards* time

I wisht might fall on me when I was found

False to his children, and his wiues allies:

This is the day wherein I wisht to fall,

By the false fayth of him I trusted most:

This is All-soules day, to my fearefull soule,

Is the determined, despite of my wrongs:

That high all-seer that I dallied with,

Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,

And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.

Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

To turne their points on their maisters bosome;

Now *Margrets* curse is fallen vpon my head,

When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,

Remember *Margret* was a propheteesse.

Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,

Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame,

Enter Richmond with Drumes and Trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friends,

Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of tyranny,

Thus farre into the bowels of the land,

Haue we marcht on without impediment:

And heere receiue we from our Father *Stanley*,

Lines of faire comfort, and encouragment,

The wretched, bloody, and vsurping boare,

That spoild your sommer-field, and fruitfull vines,

Swils your warme blood like wash, and makes his trough,

In your imboweld bosome, this foule swine

Lies now euen in the center of this Ile,

Neereto the Towne of *Leicester* as we learne:

From *Tamworth* thither, is but one dayes march:

In Gods name cheare on, couragious friends.

To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace,

By this one bloody tryall of sharpe warre.

1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords

To fight against that bloody homicide.

2 *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flye to vs:

3 *Lor.* He hath no friends, but what are friends for feare

Which in his greatest need will shrinke from him.

Rich. All for our aduantage, then in Gods name march,

True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,

Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

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

King. Here pitch our tents, euen here in *Bosworth* field.

Why how now *Catesby*, why lookest thou so sad?

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

King. *Norfolke* come hither:

Norfolke we must haue knockes, ha must we not?

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

King. Vp with my tent, here will I lye to night,

But where to morrow? well all is one for that;
Who hath descried the number of the foe;

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their greatest number.

King. Why, our battalian trebles that account,
Besides that, a Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse party want:

Vp with my Tent there valiant Gentlemen,
Let vs suruey the vantage or the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline make no delay,
For Lords to morrow is a busie day, *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seat,
And by the bright tracke of his fiery Carre,
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow;
Where is Sir *William Brandon*, he shall beare my stander,
The Earle of *Pembrooke* keepe his regiment,
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent.

Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goest,
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarterd, doest thou know?

Blunt. Vnlesse I haue mistaine his colours much,
Which well I am assur'd I haue not done,
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at least,
South from the mighty power of the King.

Rich. If without perrill it be possible,
Good Captaine *Blunt* beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me this most needfull scrowle.

Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it.

Rich. Farewell Good *Blunt.*

Giue me some Inke and paper in my Tent,
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his feuerall charge,
And part in iust proportion our small strength:
Come let vs consult vpon the morrowes businesse,
In our Tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby.

King. What is a clocke?

Cat. It is six of the clocke, full supper-time.

King. I will not sup to night, giue me some Inke and Paper
What is my Beauer easier then it was?
And all my armour layd into my tent.

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

King. Good *Norfolke* hie thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull watch, chuse trusty Centinell.

Nor. I goe my Lord.

King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle *Norfolke.*

Nor. I warrant you my Lord,

King. *Catesby.*

Rat. My Lord.

King. Send out a Purseuant at armes

To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, least his sonne *George* fall
Into the blind caue of eternall night,

Fill me a boule of Wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to morrow,
Looke that my stauers be sound and not too heavy *Ratcliffe*

Rat. My Lord.

King. Sawest thou the melancholly *L. Northumberland*?

Rat. *Thomas* the Earle of *Surrey*, and himselte.
Much like Cockshut time, from troupe to troupe
Went through the army chering vp the souldiers.

King. So I am satisfied, giue me a boule of Wine,
I haue not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cleare of mind that I was wont to haue:

Set it downe, is Inke and paper ready?

Rat. It is my Lord.

King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me,
Ratcliffe about the midst of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me, leaue me I say. *Exit Rat.*

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Dar. Fortune and victory sit on thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can aford,
Be to thy person noble father in law,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?

Dar. I by attorney blesse thee from thy mother,
Who prayes continually for *Richmonds* good

So much for that: the silent houres steale on,
 A flakie darknesse breakes within the East,
 In brieft, for so the season bids vs be:
 Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
 And put thy fortune to the arbiterment
 Of bloody strokes and mortall staring warre,
 I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
 With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
 And ayd thee in this doubtfull shocke of armes:
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,
 Least being seene thy tender brother *George*,
 Be executed in his fathers fight.
 Farewell, the leisure and the fearefull time:
 Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
 And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
 Which so long hundred friends should dwell vpon
 God giue leisure of these rights of loue,
 Once more adieu, be valiant and speed well.

Rich, Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
 Ile striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap
 Least leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow:
 When I should mount with wings of victory:
 Once more goodnight kind Lords, and Gentlemen. *Exeunt*
 O thou whose captaine I account my selfe,
 Looke on my force with thy gracious eyes:
 Put in there hands thy brusing Irons of wrath,
 That they may crush downe with heauy fall,
 The vsurping helmet of our aduersaries,
 Make vs thy ministers of chastisement:
 That we may praise thee in the victory,
 To thee I doe commend my watchfull soule;
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes,
 Sleeping and waking, oh defend me still,

Enter the ghost of Prince Edward, sonne to Henry the 6,

Ghost to K. Ric. Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow,
 Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth
 At *Tewkesbury*: dispaire and dye.

To *Rich.* Be chearefull *Richmond*, for the wronged soules

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

Enter the Ghost of Henry the 6. (body,

Ghost to K. Richard. When I was mortall my anoynted
 By thee was punched full of holes,
 Thinke on the Tower, and me; despaire and die,
Harry the sixt bids thee despaire and die.

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

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow,
 That was washt to death with fulsome Wine,
 Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betrayd to death:
 To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
 And fall thy edgelesse sword, despaire and die.

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

Enter the Ghost of Rivers, Gray, Vaughan.

Ri. Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow,
Rivers, that died at *Pomfret*, despaire and dye.

Gray. Thinke vpon *Gray*, and let thy soule dispaire.

Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and with guilty feare
 Let fall thy launce, despaire and die,

All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in *Richards* bo-
 Will conquer him, awake and win the day. (Some,

Enter the Ghost of L. Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
 And in a bloody battell end thy dayes.

Thinke on Lord *Hastings* dispaire and die.

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

Enter the Ghost of two young Princes.

Ghost. Dreame on thy cousins smothered in the Tower
 Let vs be layd within thy bosome *Richard*,

And Weigh thee downe to ruine shame and death,

Thy Nephews soules bid thee dispaire and die.

To *Ri.* Sleepe *Richmond* sleepe in peace, and wake in ioy.

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

Enter the Ghost of Queene Anne, his wife.

Richard, Thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife,
 That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
 Now fills thy sleepe with perturbations,
 To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
 And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.

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

Enter the ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
 The last was I that felt thy tyranny,
 O in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
 And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
 Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
 Fainting dispaire, despairing yeild thy breath.

To *Rich.* I dyed for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
 But cheare thy heart, and be not thou dismayd,
 God and good Angels fight on *Richmonds* side,
 And *Richard* falls in height of all his pride.

K. Richard. Started out of his dreame.

K. Rich. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds,
 Haue mercy Iesu: soft I did but dreame.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
 The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
 Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
 What do I feare my selfe? theres none elle by,
Richard loues *Richard*, that is, I am I,
 Is there a murtherer here, No, yes, I am,
 Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
 Least I reuenge. What? my selfe vpon my selfe:
 Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good
 That my selfe hath done vnto my selfe:

O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
 For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
 I am a villaine, yea, I lye I am not.
 Foole of thy selfe speake well foole doe not flatter,
 My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
 And euery tongue brings in a seuerall tale.
 And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine:
 Periury, in the highest degree,
 Murder, sterne murder, in the dyrest degree,
 All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
 Throng all to the Boare, crying all, guilty, guilty,
 I shall dispaire there is no creature loues me,
 And if I die, no soule shall pittie me:
 And wherefore should they? since that I my selfe,
 Find in my selfe, no pittie to my selfe.
 Me thought the soules of all that I haue murdered
 Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat
 To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord, who is there?

Rat. My Lord tis I: the early village Cocks,
 Haue thrice done salutation to the morne:
 Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armour,

King. O *Ratcliffe*, I haue dream'd a fearefull dreame,
 What think'st thou, will our friends proue all true?

Rat. No doubt my Lord,

King. O *Ratcliffe* I feare, I feare,

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

King. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadowes to night
 Haue strooké more terrout to the soule of *Richard*,
 Then can the substance of ten thousand Souldiers
 Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow *Richmonds*,
 Tis not yet neere day come goe with me,
 Vnder our Tents, Ile play the ewese-dropper,
 To heare if any meane to shrinke from me,

Enter the Lords to Richmonds.

Lords. Good morrow *Richmonds*.

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardy sluggard heere.

Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?

Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowfie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lord:
Me thought their foules whose body *Richard* murdered,
Came to my Tent and cried on victory;
I promise you my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farre into the mourning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the stroke of toure.

Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue said, louing country-men, (*His Oration to*
The leisure and inforcement of the time, (*his Souldiers,*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged foules,
Like high reard bulworkes stand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow;
For what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide.
On raised in blood, and on in blood established;
One that made meanes to come by that he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him;
A base foule stone, made precious by the soyle
Of *Englands* chaire, where he is falsly fet,
On that hath euer beene Gods enemy
Then if you fight against Gods enemy.
God will in iustice reward you as his Souldiers
If you sweare to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace the tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countryes foes,
Your countries fat shall pay your paines the hire.
If you doe fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerours:
If you doe free your children from the Sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age;

Then

Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Aduance your standards, draw your willing Swords
For me, the ransome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold corps on the Earths cold face:
But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof,
Sound drumes and trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and victory.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What sayd *Northumberland* as touching *Richmond*?

Rat. That he was neuer train'd vp in Armes.

King. He sayd the truth, and what said *Surrey* then.

Rat. He smiled and sayd, the better for our purpose.

King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is:
Tell the Clocke there.

The Clocke striketh.

Giue me a Kalender, who saw the Sunne to day?

Rat. Not I my Lord.

King. Then he disdaines to shine, for by the Booke,
He should haue brau'd the East an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to some body.

Rat. My Lord.

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

Enter Norfolk.

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

King. Come bustle, bustle, caparison my Horse,
Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my Souldiers to the plaine,
And thus my battell shall be ordered.
My fore-ward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of Horse and Foote.
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
John Duke of Norfolk, *Thomas Earle of Surrey*
Shall haue the leading of the Foote and Horse,
They thus directed, we will follow

M

In

In the maine battell, whose puissance on eyther side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest Horse?
This, and Saint *George* to boote, what thinkest thou not.

Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne, *He sheweth
This found I one my Tent this morning. him a paper.*
*Lockey of Norfolk, be not to bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.*

King. A thing deuised by the enemy,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuise at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience, our swords our law.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to Heauen, then hand in hand to Hell, *His Oration
What shall I say more then I haue inferd, to his Army.*
Remember who you are in cope withall,
A sort of Vagabonds, Rascals, and run-awayes,
A scum of *Brittaines*, and base Iackey Pefants,
Whom their ore cloyed Country vomits forth
To desperate aduentures and assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe they bring you to vnrest:
You hauing lands, and blest with beautious wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow?
Long kept in *Brittaine* at our mothers cost,
A milke-sop one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in Snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the Seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of *France*,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues.
VWho but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themselves.
If we be conquered let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard *Brittaines* whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our land, lie with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare there Drum,

Fight Gentlemen of *England* fight boldly Yeomen
Draw Archers, draw your Arrowes to the head.
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welking with your broken staues,
What sayes Lord *Stanley* will he bring his power?

Mes. My Lord he doth deny to come.

Kin. Off with his sonne *Georges* head.

Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the marsh,
After the battell let *George Stanley* dye.

Kin. A thousand hearts are great within my bosome,
Aduance our standards, set vpon our fees,
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint *George*
Inspire vs with the spleene of fiery Dragons;
Vpon them, victory sits on our helmes.

Alarum excursions. Enter Catesby.

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

Kin. A horse, a horse, my Kingdome for a horse.

Cat. Withdraw my Lord, ile helpe you to a horse.

Kin. Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazzard of the die,
I thinke there be fixe *Richmonds* in the field,
Fiue haue I slaine to day instead of him.

A horse, a horse, my Kingdome for a horse,

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

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

Dar. Couragious *Richmond*, well hast thou acquit thee,
Loe here this long vsurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, and make much of it.

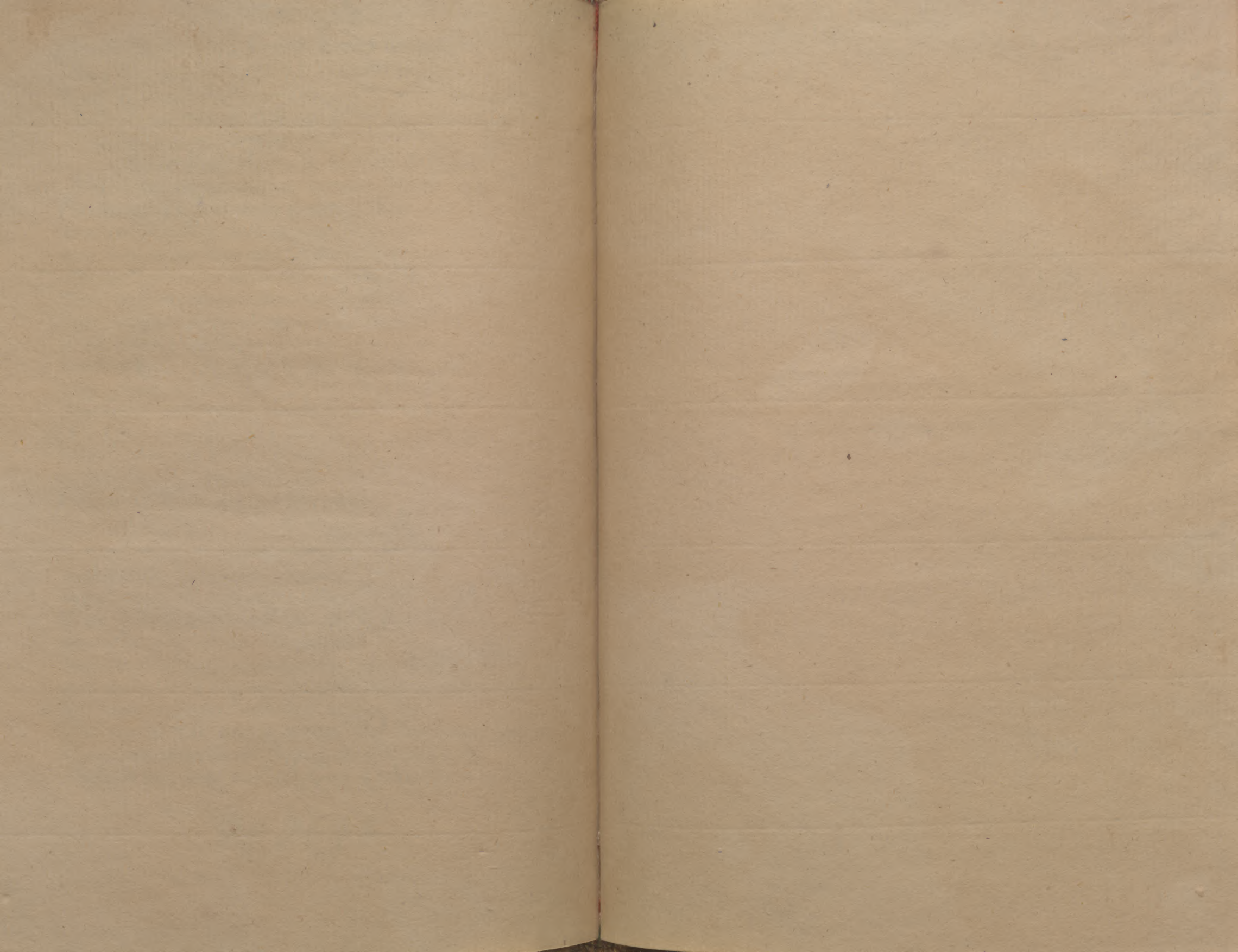
Rich. Great God of Heauen say Amen to all,

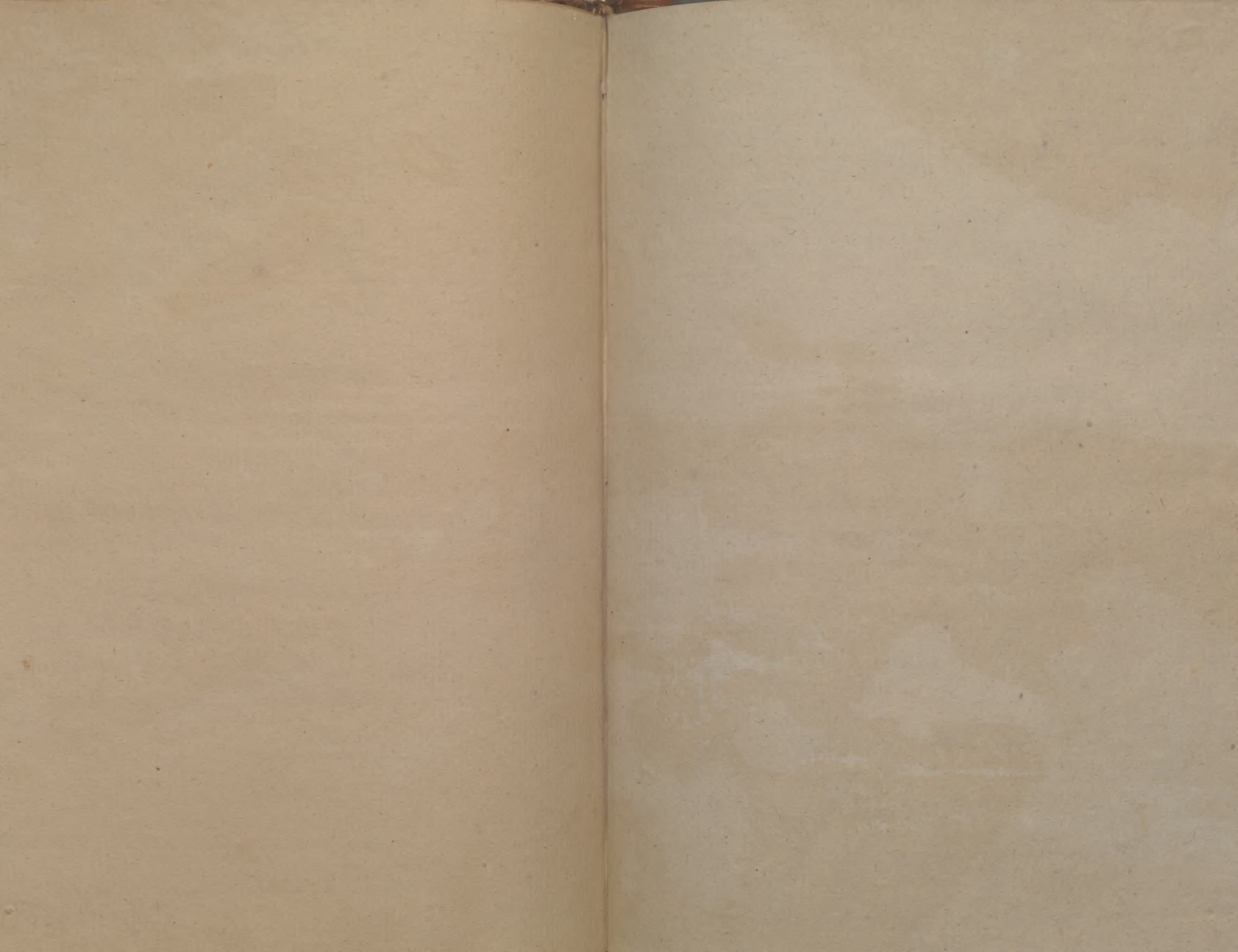
The Tragedy

But tell me, is young *George Stanley* liuing?
Dar. He is my Lord, and safe in *Lester* towne,
Whether ist please you, we may now withdraw vs.
Rich. VVhat men of name are slaine on eyther side?
*John Duke of Norfolke, Walter Lord Ferris, sir
Robert Brokenbury, sir William Brandin.*
Rich. Inter their bodies as become their birthis,
Proclaime a pardon to the souldiers fled,
That in submussion will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
VVe will vnite the white rose and the red.
Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,
That long hath frown'd vpon their emnity.
What traytor heares me, and sayes not Amen?
England hath long bin mad, and scard her selfe.
The brother blindly shed the brothers blood,
The father rashly slaughtered his owne sonne,
The sonne compeld, being butcher to the father,
All this diuided *Yorke* and *Lancaster*,
Diuided in their dire diuision.
O now let *Richmond*, and *Elizabeth*,
The true succeeders of each royall house,
By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,
And let their heires (God if they will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac't peace
With smiling plenty and faire prosperous daies,
Abate the edge of traytors gracious Lord
That would reduce these bloody dayes againe,
And make poore *England* weepe in streames of blood,
Let them not liue to taste this lands increase,
That would with treason wound this faire lands peace.
Now ciuill wounds are stopt, peace liues againe,
That she may long liue here, God say Amen.

E F N S.







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KLING

ALPHABET

III

W.

SHAKE

PEARL

W.

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