

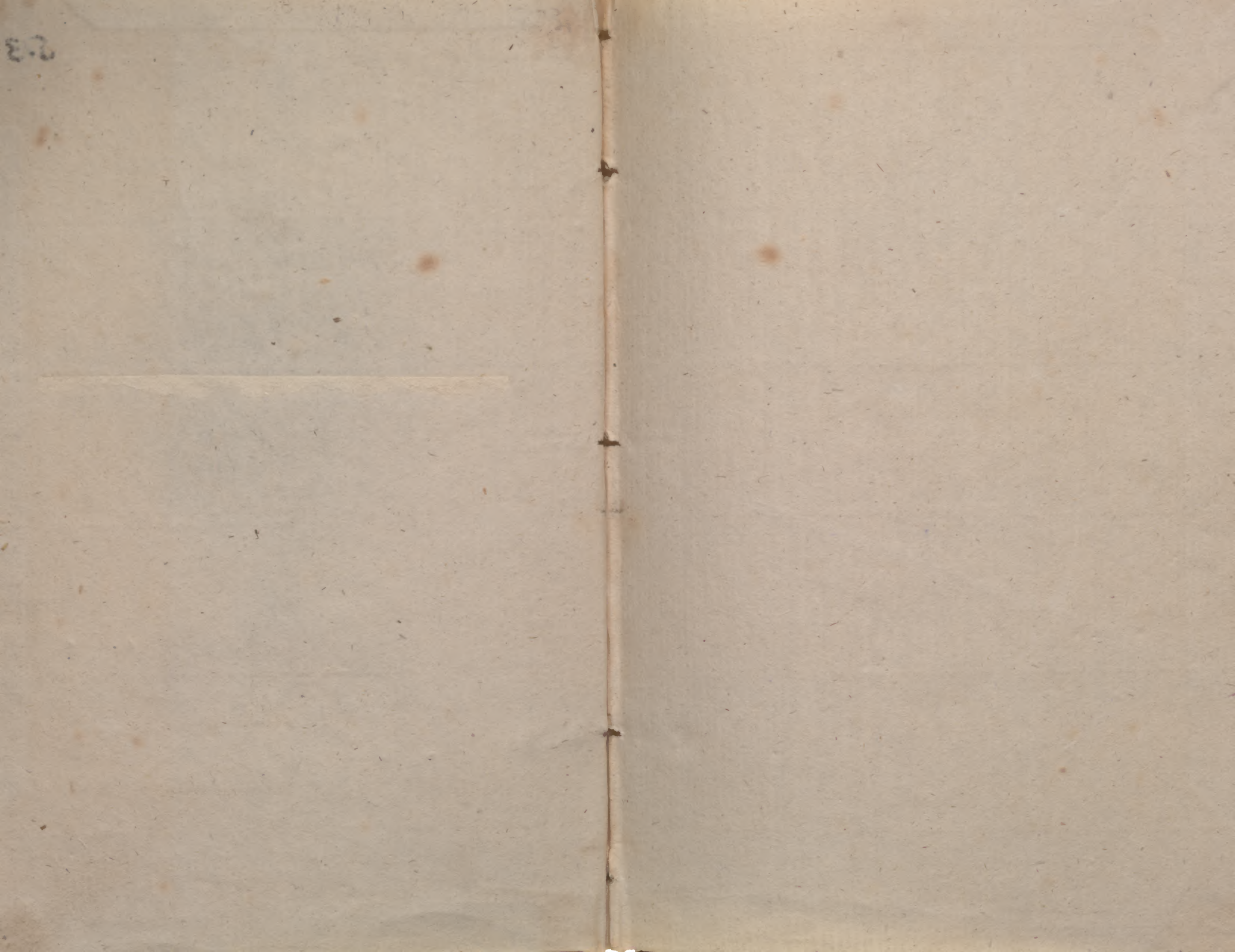






House of Falkland.





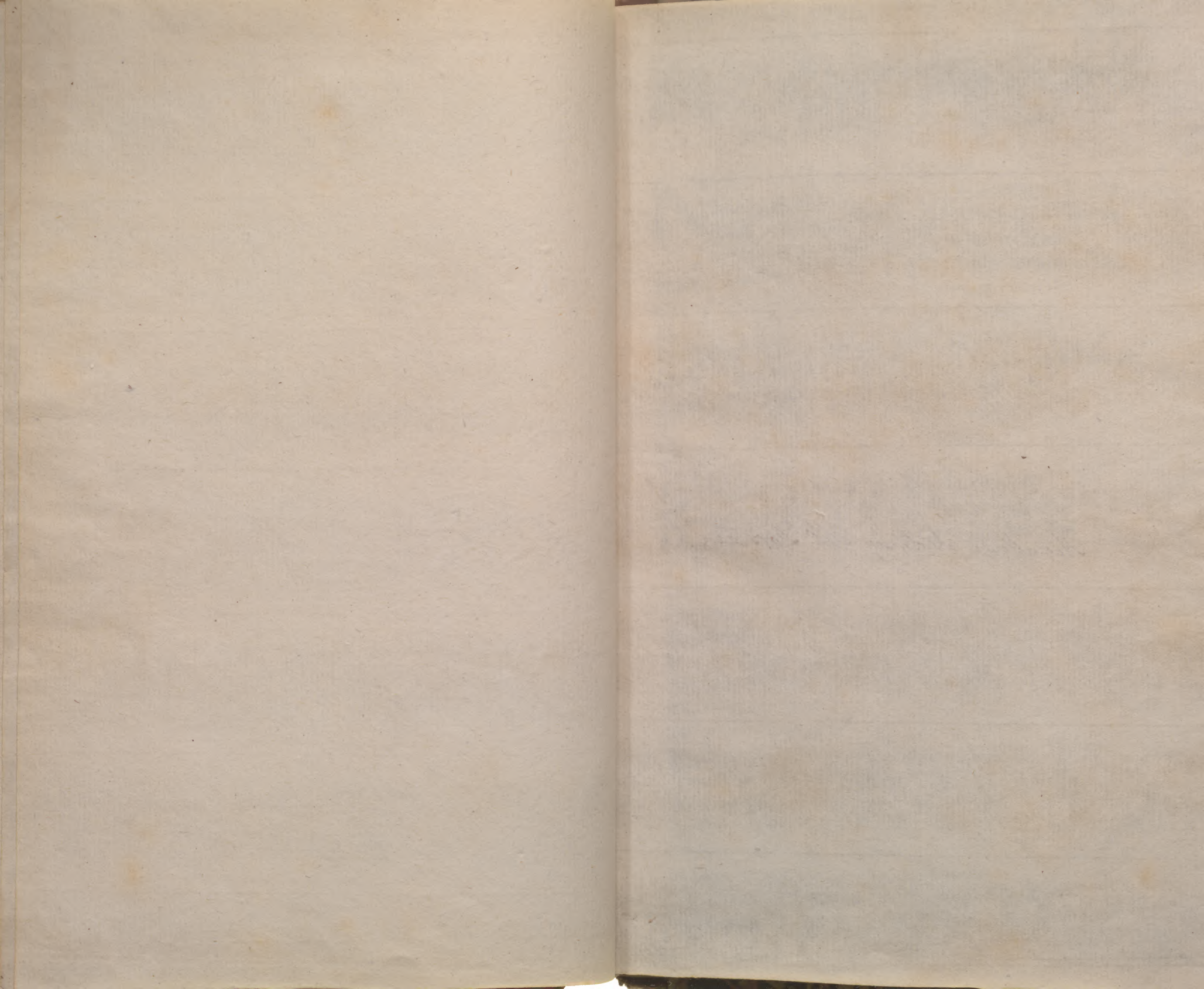
















*Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.*

**N**ow is the winter of discontent,  
Made glorious sommer by this sonne of Yorke:  
And all the cloudes that lowrd vpon our house,  
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.

Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,  
Our brused armes hung vp for monuments,  
Our sterne alarums changd to merrie meetings,  
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleasures.  
Grim-visagde warre, hath smoothde his wringled front,  
And now in stead of mounting barbed steeds,  
To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries,  
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,  
To the lasciuious pleasing of a loue.

But I that am not sharpe for sportiue trickes,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking glasse,  
I that am rudely stamp't, and want loues maiestie  
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;

I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deformd, 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 by them:

Why / 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 deformitie:

And therefore since I cannot proue a louer  
To entertaine these faire well spoken daies,  
I am determin'd to proue a villaine,

226 And hate the idle pleasures of these daies;  
Plots haue I laid, inductions dangerous,

*This is neither 1602, 1612, nor 1629.*

*I have compared it with those three*

*nor is it the 1<sup>st</sup> Edition.*

*The above Note by Mr. Forster.*

*By 1634*



By drunken prophesies, 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 subtle, false and trecherous;  
This day should Clarence closely be mewd vp,  
About adrohesie which saies that G,  
Of Eedwards heires the murtherer shall bee.  
Diue thoughts downe to my soule;  
Here Clarence comes,  
Brother, good dayes, what means this armed guard  
That waites vpon your grace?

*Enter Clarence with  
a guard of men.*

*Cl.* His maiestie tendering my persons safetie hath ap-  
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.

*(pointed)*

*Glo.* Vpon what cause?

*Cl.* Because my name is George.

*Glo.* Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours,  
He should for that commit your good fathers;  
O belike his maiestie 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 know, for I protest  
As yet I do not, but as I can learne,  
He harkens after prophesies and dreames,  
And from the crosse-rowe pluckes the letter G:  
And saies a wizzard told him that by G,  
His issue disinherited should be.

And for my name of George begins with G,  
It followes in his thought that I am he.

These as I learne, and such like toyes as these,  
Haue moued his highnesse to commit me now.

*Glo.* Why this it is when men are rulde by women,  
Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower,  
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis she  
That tempts him to this extremitie:

Was it not she and that good man of worship  
Anthony wooduile her brother there,  
That made him send Lord Hastings to the tower;  
From whence this present day he is deliuered?  
We are not safe Clarence

*Cl.* By heauen I thinke there is no man securde  
But the Queenes kindred, and night-walking Heralds,  
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistresse Shoare:  
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant  
Lord Hastings was to her for his deliuerie?

*Glo.* Humbly complaining to her deitie,  
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.

Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,  
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,  
To be her men, and weare her livery.  
The iealous oreworne widow and her selfe,  
Since that our brother dubbd them gentlewomen,  
Are mightie gossips in this monarchy.

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

*Glo.* Euē so & please your worship Brokenbury,  
You may partake of any thing we say:  
We speake no treason man, we say the king  
Is wise and vertuous, and his noble Queene  
Well strooke in yeaes, faire, and not iealous.  
We say that Shores wife hath a pretie foote,  
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:  
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes.  
How say you sir, can you deny all this?

*Bro.* With this (my Lord) my selfe haue naught to do.

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

*Bro.* What one my Lord?

*Glo.* Her husband knaue, wouldst thou betray me?

*Bro.* I beseech your Grace to pardon me, and with all for-  
Your conference with the noble Duke. *(beare)*

*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 whatsoeuer you will imploy me in,  
Were it to call King Edwards widow sister,



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

*Cl.* I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.

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

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

*Glo.* Go tread the path, that thou shalt nere returne,  
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee so,  
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,  
If heauen will take the present at our hands:  
But who comes here, the new deliuered Hastings?

*Enter Lord Hastings.*

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

*Glo.* As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:  
Well are you 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 enemies are his,  
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.

*Hast.* More pittie that the Eagle should be mewd,  
While Kites and Buzars prey at libertie.

*Glo.* What newes abroad?

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

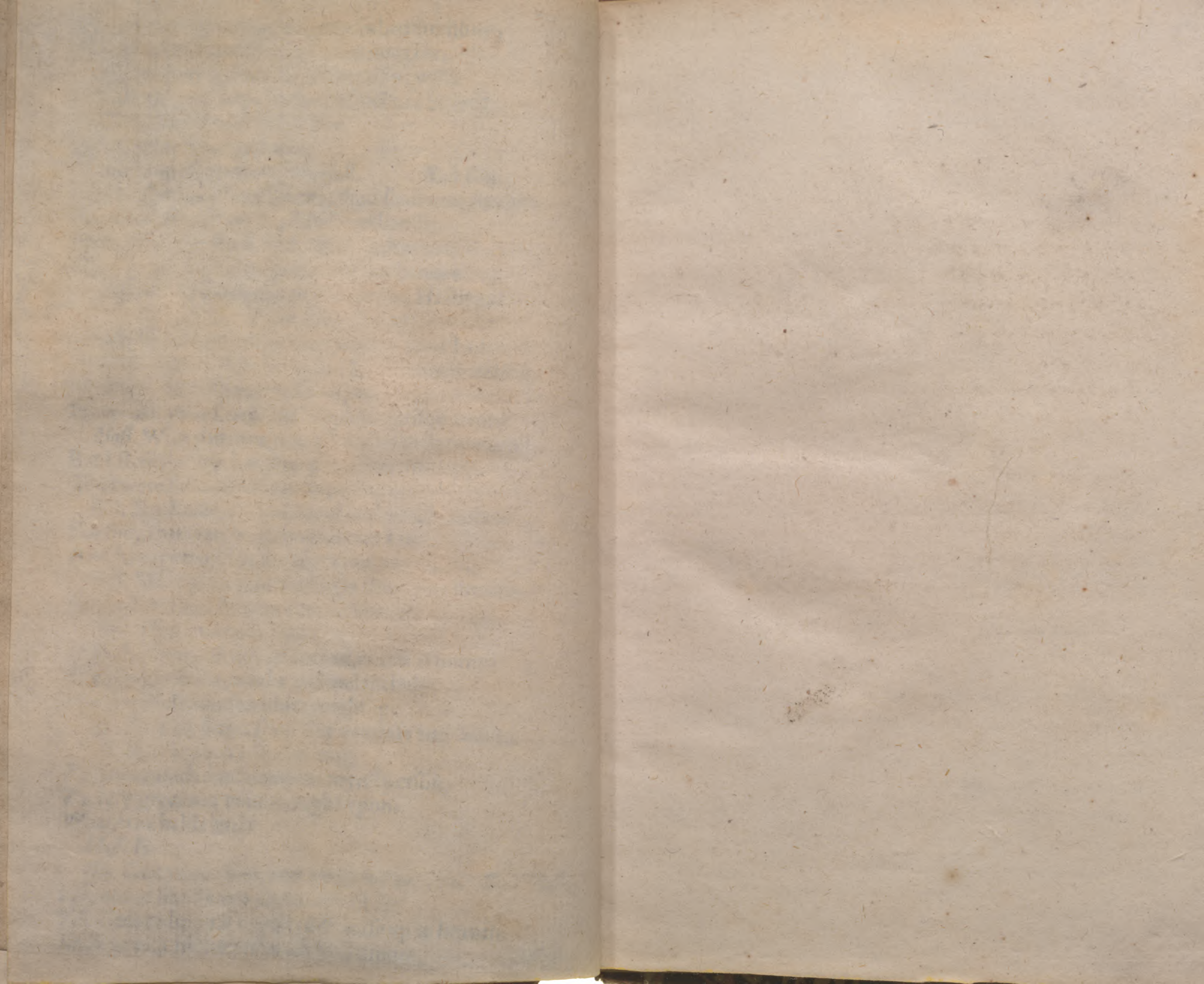
*Glo.* Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeed.  
Oh he hath kept an euil diet long,  
And overmuch consumed his royall person,  
Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon.  
What, is he in his bed?

*Hast.* He is,

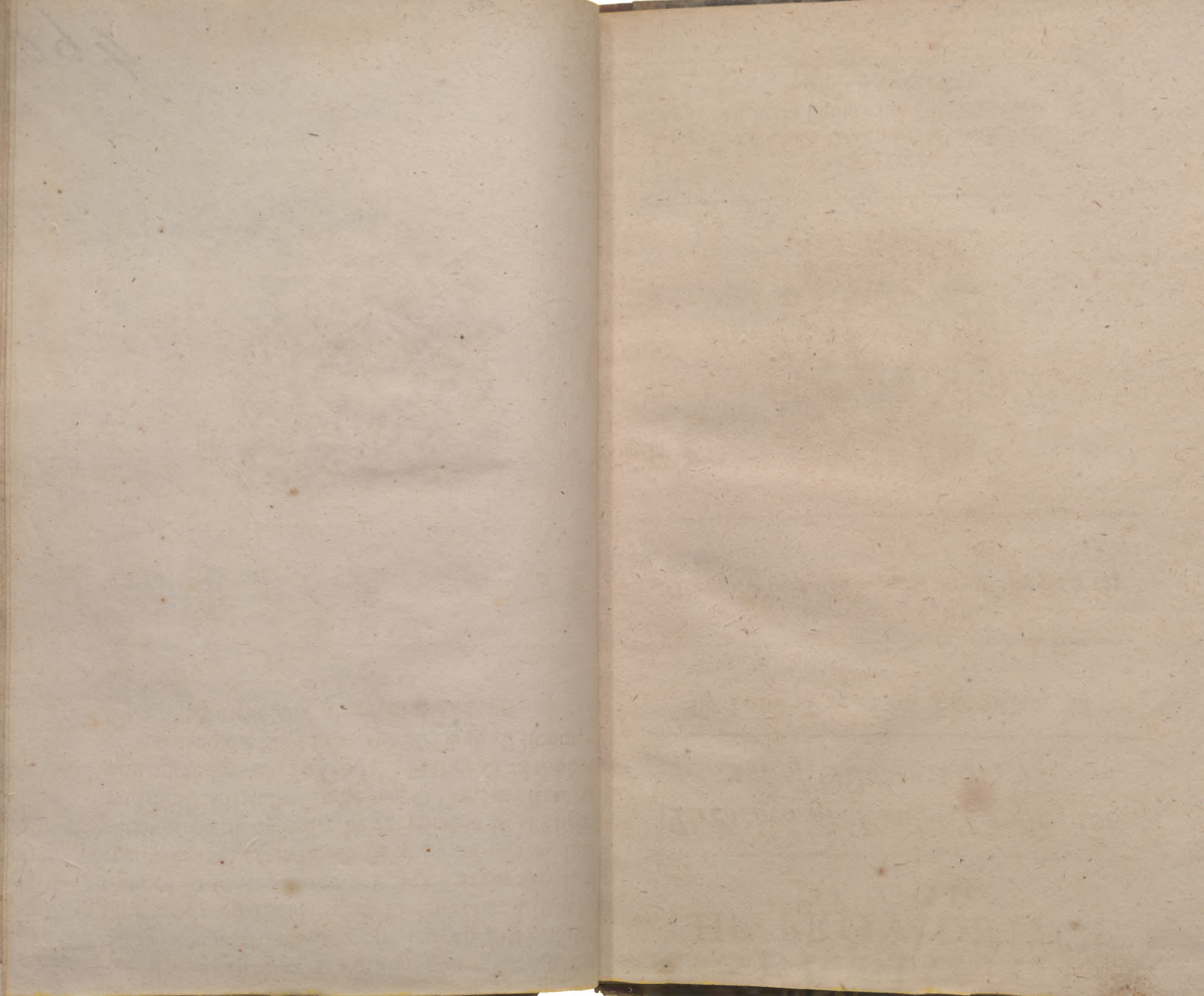
*Glo.* Goe you before, and I will follow you. *Exit Hast.*  
He cannot liue I hope, and must not die  
Till George be packt with post horse vp to heauen.  
He in to vree his hatred more to Clarence,

With



















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

*Glo.* Ere you were queene, yea or your husband king,  
I was a pack-horse in his great affaires,  
A weeder out of his proud aduersaries,  
A liberall rewarder of his friends:  
To roy alize 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 Lancanster:  
And Riuers, so were you. Was not your husband  
In Margarets battale at Saint Albons slaine?  
Let me put in your mindes, 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 partie for the crowne,  
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is mewed vp:  
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,  
Or Edwards soft and pittifull like mine,  
I am too childish foolish for this world.

*Q. M.* Hie thee to hell for shame, and leaue the world.  
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.

*Ri.* My Lord of Gloucester in those busie daies,  
Which here you vrge to prooue vs enemies,  
We followed 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 pedler,  
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.

*Q. M.* 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,

*Q. M.* 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 Pyrates that fall out,  
In sharing out that which you haue pild from me:  
Which of you trembles not that lookes on me?  
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like subiects.

Yet that by on depolde, you quake like rebels:

O gentle villaine, do not turne away.

*Glo.* Foule wrinkled witch, what makst thou in my sight?

*Q. M.* But repetition of what thou hast mard,

That will I make, before I let thee goe:

A husband and a sonne thou owest to me,

And thou a kingdome, all of you alleageance:

The sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,

And all the pleasures you vsurpe, is mine.

*Glo.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,  
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,

And with thy scorne drewst riuers from his eyes,

And then to drie them, gau'st the Duke a clout,

Steept in the blood of prettie Rutland:

His curses then from bitternesse of soule,

Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee;

And God, not we, hath plaugde thy bloodie deede.

*Qu.* So iust is God to right the innocent.

*Hast.* O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,

And the most mercilesse that euer was heard of.

*Ri.* Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

*Dors.* No man but prophesied reuenge for it.

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

*Qu. Mar.* What were you snarling all before I came,

Readie to catch each other by the throat,

And turne you now your hatred all on me?

Did Yorkes dread curse preuaile so much with heauen,

That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,

Their kingdomes losse, my wofull banishment,

Could all but answere for that peeuish brat?

Can curses pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?

VVhy then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curses:

If not by warre, by su: fet die your king?

As out by murder, to make him a king.

Edward thy sonne, which now is Prince of Wales,  
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales.

Die in his youth, by like vntimely violence,

Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,

Out liue thy glorie, like my wretched false:

Long maist thou liue to waile thy childrens losse,

And see another, as I see thee now,

Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art stald in mine:

Long die thy happie daies before thy death,

And after many lengthened houres of greefe,

Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene,

Riuers and Dorset, you were standers by,

And so was thou Lo. 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. M.* And leaue out thee? stay dog, for thou shalt hear me

If heauen haue any greeuous plague in store,

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 trubler of the poore worlds peace:

The worme of conscience still begnaw thy soule,

Thy friends suspect for traytors while thou liuest,

And take deepe traytors forth, dearest friends.

No sleepe close vp that deadly eye of thine,

Vnlesse it be whilest some tormenting dreame

Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels.

Thou cluish mark, abortiue rooting hog,

Thou that wast seald in thy natiuitie

The slaue Of nature, and the sonne of hell,

Thou slaunder of thy mothers heauie wombe,

Thou loathed ilue of thy fathers loynes,

Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.

*Glo.* Margaret.

*Qu. M.* Richard. *Glo.* Ha.

*Qu. M.* I call thee not.

*Glo.* Then I crie thee mercie: for I had thought



Thou hadst cald me all these bitter names.

*Qu. Mar.* V Why so I did, but lookt for no reply.  
O let me make the period to my curse.

*Glo.* Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret. (selfe,

*Qu.* Thus haue you breathed your curse against your

*Q. M.* Poore painted Queene, vaine flourish of my for-  
V Why strewst thou sugar on that botled spider, (tune:  
V Whose deadly web inshareth thee about?

Foole, foole, thou whetst a knife to kill thy selfe,  
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me,  
To help thee curse that poisons bunchbackt toad.

*Hast.* False boading woman, end thy frantick curse,  
Least to thy harme thou moue our patience.

*Q. M.* Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine,

*R.* Were you well seru'd you would be taught your duty.

*Q. M.* To serue me well, you all should do me dutie,  
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my subiects:

O serue me well, and teach your selues that dutie.

*Dors.* Dispute not with her, she is lunatique.

*Q. M.* Peace maister Marquesse, you are malapert,  
Your fire-new stampe of honour is scarce currants.

O that your young nobilitie could iudge,  
What it were to loose it and be miserable:

They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them,  
And if they fall, they dash themselves to peeces:

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

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

*Glo.* Yea, and much more, but I was borne so high,  
Our aerie buildeth in the Cedars top,  
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the sunne.

*Q. M.* And turnes the sunne to shade, alas, alas,  
Witnes my sonne, now in the shade of death.

Whose bright outshining beames, thy cloudie wrath,  
Hath in eternall darknesse foulded vp:

Your aerie buildeth in our aeries neast.

O God that seest it, do not suffer it:

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

*Buck.* Haue done for shame if not for charitie.

*Q. M.* Vrge neither charitie nor shame to me,

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,  
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcherd,  
My charitie is outrage, life my shame,  
And in my shame still liue my sorrowes rage.

*Buck.* Haue done.

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

*Buck.* Nor no one here, for curses neuer passe  
The lips of those that breath them in the ayre.

*Q. M.* Ile not beleue but they ascend the skie,  
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.

O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,  
Look when he fawnes, he bites, & when he bites,  
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,  
Haue not to do with him, beware of him:

Sinne, death, and hell haue set their marks on him,  
And all their ministers attend on him.

*Glo.* What doth she say my Lo: of Buckingham?

*Buck.* Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

*Q. M.* What doest thou scorne me for my gentle coun-  
And sooth the diuel that I warne thee from? (selfe,

O but remember this an other day,  
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,  
And say poore Margaret was a prophetesse:  
Liue each of you the subiects of his hate,  
And he to you, and all of you to Gods.

*Exit.*

*Hast.* My haire doth stand on end to heare her curses.

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

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

*Qu.* I neuer did her any to my knowledge.

*Glo.* But you haue all the vantage of this wrong,  
I was too hot to do some body good,  
That is too cold in thinking of it now:  
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repaid,



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

*Rim.* A vertuous and a Christianlike cōclusion;  
To pray for them that haue done scathe to vs.

*Glo.* So do I euer being well aduise,  
For had I curst now, I had curst my selfe.

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

*Qu.* Catsby, we come, Lords wil you goe with vs?

*Ri.* Madam, we wil attend your Grace. *Exeunt. ma. Glo.*

*Glo.* I do thee wrong, and first began to braule,  
The secret mischiefe that I set abroach  
I lay vnto the greuous charge of others.

*Clarence*, whom I indeed haue laid in darknesse,  
I do beweepe to many simple guls:

Namely to Hastings, Darby, Buckingham,  
And say it is the Queene, and her allies  
That stir the K. against the Duke my brother.

Now they beleue me, and withall whet me  
To be reuengd on Riuers, Vaughan, Gray.  
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture  
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euil:

And thus I cloath my naked villanie  
With old odde ends, stolne out of holy writ,  
And seeme a saint, when most I play the diuel.

But soft, here comes my executioners. *Enter Executioners.*  
How now, my hardy stout resolved mates,  
Are ye now 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 Crosbie place:  
But firs, be sudden in the execution:

V Vithall, obdurate: do not heare him pleade,  
For *Clarence* is well spoken, and perhaps  
May moue your hearts to pittie if you marke him.

*Exe.* Tush, feare not, my L. we wil not stand to prate,  
Talkers are no good doers be assured:

V Vc come to vse our hands and not our tongues.

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

*Enter Clarence, Brokenbury.*

*Bro.* Why lookes your Grace so heavily to day?

*Cl.* Oh, I haue past a miserable night,  
So full of vgly fights, of gastly dreames,  
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Thought t'were to buy a world of happie dayes,  
So full of dismall terror was the time.

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

*Cl.* Me thought I was imbarkt for Burgundie,  
And in my company my brother Gloucester,  
Who from my cabbin tempted me to walke  
Vpon the hatches, thence we lookt toward England,  
And cited vp a thousand fearefull times,  
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster,  
That had befallen vs: as we past along,  
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,  
Me thought that Gloster stumbled, and in stumbling  
Stroke me (that thought to stay him ouer-board,  
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.

Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,  
What dreadfull noyse of waters in mine eares,  
What vgly fights of death within mine eyes:  
Me thought I saw a thousand fearefull wracks,  
Ten thousand men that filhes gnawed vpon,  
Wedges of gold, great Ancors, heapes of pearle,  
Inestimable stones, vnvalued iewels.

Some lay deadmens sculs; and in those holes  
Where eyes did once inhabite, there were crept  
As twere in scorne of eyes reflecting gems,  
Which woed the slimie bottom of the deepe,  
And mockt the dead bones that lay scattered by.

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

*Cl.* Me thought I had: for stil the enuious flood  
Kept in my soule, and would not let it forth,  
To keepe the emptie vast and wandring ayre,



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

*Brok.* Awakt you not with this sore agonie?

*Clar.* O no, my dreame was lengthened after life,  
O then began the tempest to my soule,  
Who past (me thought) the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,  
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:

The first that there did greete my stranger soule,  
Was my great father in law renowned *Warwick*,  
Who cried aloud, What scourge for periurie  
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 bloud, and he squeakt out aloud,  
*Clarence* is come, false, fleeting, periurd *Clarence*,  
That stabt me in the field by *Teuxburie*:

Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,  
With that me thought a legion of foule fiends  
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,  
Such hidious cries, that with the very noise,  
I trembling, wakt, and for a season after,  
Could not beleue but that I was in hell,  
Such terrible impression made the dreame.

*Bro.* No maruell (my Lo.) though it affrighted you,  
I promise you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.

*Clar.* O Brokenburie, I haue done those things,  
Which now beare euidence against my soule,  
For *Edwards* sake, and see how he requites me,  
I pray thee gentle keeper stay by me,  
My soule is heauie, and I faine would sleepe.

*Brok.* I will (my Lord) God giue your Grace good rest  
Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing howers  
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.  
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,  
An outward honour for an inward toyle:  
And for vnfelt imagination,  
They often feele a world of restless cares:  
So that betwixt your titles, and lowe names,

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*The murderer enter.*

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

*Exc.* I would speake with *Clarence*, and I came hither on  
(my legs.)

*Bro.* Yea, are ye so brieft?

*2. Exc.* O fir, it is better be brieft then tedious,

Shew him our commission talke no more. *He readeth it*

*Bro.* I am in this commanded to deliuer  
The noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.

I will not reason what is meant thereby,  
Because I will be guiltlesse of the meaning:  
Heere are the keyes, here sits the Duke a sleepe:

Ile to his Maiestie and certifie his Grace,  
That thus I haue resignd my place to you.

*Exc.* Do so, it is a poynt of Wisedome,

*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 thou afraid?

*2.* Not to kil 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 Gloster, 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 would tel xx.

*1.* How doest thou feele thy selfe now? (in me,

*2.* Faith some certaine dregs of conscience are yet with-

*1.* Remember our reward when the deed is done.

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

*1.* Where is thy conscience now?

*2.* In the Duke of Glosters purse.

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

*2.* Let it goe, ther's fewe 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 lye with his neighbours wife but it detects  
Him, it is a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies  
In a mans bosome: it fills one full of obstacles,  
It made me once restore a piece of gold that I found.  
It beggers any man that keeps it: it is turnd out of all  
Townes and Citties for a dangerous thing, and euery  
Man that mearies to liue well, endeouours to trust  
To himselfe, and to liue without it.

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

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

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

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

1 Take him ouer the costard with the hilts of my sword,  
And then we wil chop him in the Malmsey-but in the next

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

1 Harke, he stirs, shall I strike?

2 No, first lets reason with him. *Clas. awakesh.*

*Clas.* Where art thou Keeper, giue me a cup of wine.

1 You shall haue wine enough, my Lo. anon.

*Clas.* In Gods name, what art thou?

2 A man, as you are.

*Clas.* But not as I am, royall.

2 Nor you as we are, loyall.

*Clas.* Thy voyce is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.

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

*Clas.* How darkely and how deadly doost thou spake?

Tell me who are you? wherefore come you hither?

*Am.* To, to, to.

*Clas.* To murder me?

*Am.* I.

*Clas.* You scarfely haue the hearts to tell me so,

And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.

Wherein my friends haue offended you?

1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

*Clas.* I shall be reconcild to him againe.

2 Neuer my Lo. therefore prepaire to die.

*Clas.* 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 haue giuen their verdict vpon

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 greuous sins.

That you depart and lay no hands on me,

The deede you vndertake is damnable.

1 What we will do, we do vpon command.

2 And he that hath commanded is the king.

*Clas.* Erronious vassaile, the great King of Kings,

Hath in his Tables of his Law commanded,

That thou shalt doe no murther, and wilt thou then

Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?

Take heede, for he holdes 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 in quarrell of the house of Lancaster.

1 And like a traitor 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 sworn to cherish and defend.

1 How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull law to vs,

When thou hast broke it in so deare degree?

*Clas.* Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deede?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

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

For in this sinne he is as deepe as I,

If God will be reuenged for this deede,

Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme.



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

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

*Cl.* My brothers loue, the Deuell, and my rage.

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

*Cl.* Oh, if you loue brother, hate not me,  
I am his brother, and I loue him well:  
If you be hirde for need, go backe againe,  
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,  
Who will reward you better for my life,  
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

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

*Cl.* Oh no, he loues me and he holds me deare,  
Go 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 freindship.  
Bid Gloucester thinke of this and he will weepe.

*Am.* I, millstones, as he lessond vs to weepe.

*Cl.* O, do not slander him for he is kinde,

1 Right, as snow in haruest, thou deceiust 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 deliuerie.

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 die 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 blind,  
That thou wilt war with God for murdering me?  
Ah sirs, consider he that set you on  
To do this deede, will hate you for this deede,

2 What shall we do?

*Cl.* Relent and saue your soules.

1 Relent, tis cowardly and womanish.

*Cl.* Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, and diuelish  
My friend, I spie some pittie in thy lookes:

Oh If thy eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side and entreate for me:

A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?

1 I thus, and thus: if this will not serue, *He stabs him.*  
He chop thee in the malmesey But in the next roome.

2 A bloudie deede, and desperately performd,  
How faine like Pilate would I wash my hand,  
Of this most grienous guiltie murder done.

1 Why doest thou not helpe me?

By heauens the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.

2 I would he knew that I had saued his brother,

Take thou the fee, and tel him what I say,

For I repent me that the Duke is slaine.

*Exit.*

1 So do not I, goe coward as thou art:

Now must I hide his body in some hole,

Vntill the Duke take order for his 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,

You peeres continue this vnited league,

I euery day expect an Embassage

From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:

And now in peace my soule shall part to heauen,

Since I haue 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 purgd from grudging hate,

And with my hand I seale my true hearts loue.

*Hast.* So thrice I as I swear the like.

*King.* Take heed you dally not before your King,

Least he that is the supreme King of Kings,

Confound your hidden falshood, and award

Either of you to be the others end.



*Hast.* So prosper I, as I swear perfect loue.

*Riu.* And I, as I loue Hastings with my heart.

*Kin.* Madam, your selfe are 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 do, do it vnfaignedly:

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

*Dor.* Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,  
Vpon my part shall be vniolable.

*Ha.* And so swear I my Lord.

*Kin.* Now princely Buckingham seale thou this league,  
With thy embracements to my wines allies,  
And make me happie in your vnitie.

*Buc.* 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 friend,  
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile  
Be he vnto me. This do I begge of God,  
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.

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

*Enter Glocester.*

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

*Glo.* Good morrow to my soueraigne king and queene,  
And princely peeres, a happie time of day.

*Kin.* Happie indeed, as we haue spent the day:  
Brother, we haue done deedes of charitie:  
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,  
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.

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

Hold

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,  
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne  
By any in this presence, I desire  
To reconcile me to his frindly peace,  
Tis death to me to be at enmitie.  
I haue it, and desire all good mens loue.  
First Madame, I intreat peace of you,  
Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.  
Of you my noble couden Buckingham,  
If euer any gruge were lodgd betweene vs.  
Of you Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray of you,  
That all without desert haue frownd on me,  
Dukes, Earles, Lordes, gentlemen, in deed of all:  
I do not know that English man a liue,  
With whom my soule is any iotte at oddes,  
More then the infant that is borne to night:  
I thanke my God for my humilitie.

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

*Glo.* Why Madame, haue I offred loue for this,  
To be thus scorned in this royall presence?  
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?  
You do him iniurie to scorne his coarce.

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

*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 no one in this presence,  
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.

*Kin.* Is Clarence dead, the order was reuerst.

*Glo.* But he (poore soule) by your first order died,  
And that a winged Mercury did beare,  
Some tardie cripple bore the countermaund,  
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 Darbie.*

*Dar.*



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

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

*Dar.* I will not riſe vnleſſe your highneſſe graunt,

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

*Dar.* The forfeit (ſoueraigne) of my ſeruants life,  
Who ſlew to day a ryotous gentleman,  
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.

*Kin.* Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,  
And ſhall the ſame giue pardon to a ſlaue;  
My brother ſlew no man, his fault was thought,  
And yet his puniſhment was cruell death,  
Who ſued to me for him? who in my rage,  
Kneeld at my feete, and bad me be aduiſed:  
Who ſpake of brother-hood? who of loue?  
Who tould me how the poore ſoule did forſake  
The mightie Warwicke, and did fight for me?  
Who told me in the field by Teuxburie,  
When oxford had me down, he reſcued me,  
And ſaid, deare brother, liue and be a king?  
Who told me when we both lay in the field,  
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lappe me,  
Euen in his owne garments, and gaue himſelf  
All thin and naked to the numb 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 whē your carters, or your waighting vaffailes  
Haue done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd  
The precious Image of our deare Redeemer,  
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,  
And I vnjuſtly too, muſt graunt it you  
But for my brother, not a maſt would ſpeake,  
Nor I (vngracious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe,  
For him, poore ſoule: The proudeſt of you all  
Haue bene beholden to him in his life,  
Yet none of you would once plead for his life:  
Oh God, I feare thy iuſtice will take holde  
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this.  
Come Haſtings, helpe me to my cloſet, oh poore Clarence

(Exit)

*Glo.* This is the fruite of rawnes: markt you not  
How that the guiltie 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.

Exit

*Enter Dutches of Torke, with Clarence children.*

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

*Dut.* No boy.

*Boy.* Why do you wring your hands and beate your breaſt  
And crie, Oh Clarence, my vnhappy ſonne?

*Girl.* Why do you looke on vs and ſhake your head?  
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, caſtawayes,  
If that our noble father be aliue?

*Dut.* My prettie Coſens, you miſtake me much,  
I do lament the ſickneſſe of the King:  
As loath to looſe him, not your fathers death:  
It were loſt labor to weepe for one that's loſt.

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

*Dut.* Peace children peace, the King doth loue you well,  
Incapable and ſhallow Innocents,  
You cannot geſſe who cauſde your fathers death.

*Boy.* Granam, we can; for my good Vncle Gloceſter  
Told me the King prouoked by the Queene,  
Deuiſd impeachments to imprifon him:  
And when he told me ſo he wept,  
And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kiſt my cheek,  
And bad me relie on him as on my father,  
And he would loue me dearely as his childe.

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

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

*Dut.* I Boy.

*Boy.* I cannot thinke it: harke, what noiſe is this?

E

Enter



*Qu.* Oh who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?  
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?  
Ile ioyne with blacke dispaire against my soule,  
And to my selfe become an enemy.

*Dut.* What meanes 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 withred?  
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?  
If you will liue, lament: if die, be brieue:  
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 thy noble husband:  
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,  
And liu'd by looking on his images.  
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance,  
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death:  
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,  
Which grieues me when I see my shame in him.  
Thou art a widow, 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, Oh what cause haue I  
Then, being but moitie of my griefe,  
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?

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

*Gerl.* 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 eies,  
That I being governd by the watry moane,  
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world.  
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. Edward,

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

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

*Qu.* What staie had I but Edward, and he is gone?

*Am.* What staie had we but Clarence, and he is gone?

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

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

*Am.* Was euer Orphanes had a dearer losse?

*Dut.* Was euer mother had a dearer losse?

Alas, I am the mother of these mones,  
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are generall:  
She for Edward weepes, and so do I:  
I for a Clarence weepe, so doth not she:  
These babes for Clarence weepe, and so do I:  
I for an Edward, and so do they.

Alas, you three on me threefold distrest,  
Powre all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,  
And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Gloster,*

*Glo.* Madam haue comfort, all of vs haue cause with others,  
To waile the dimming of our shining starre:  
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.  
Madame my mother, I do cry you mercie,  
I did not see your grace, humbly on my knee  
I craue your blessing.

*Dut.* God blesse thee, and put meekenes in thy minde,  
Loue, charitie, obedience, and true dutie,

*Glo.* Amen, and make me die a good old man,  
Thats the but end of my mothers blessing:  
I maruell why her grace did leaue it out?

*Buck.* You cloudy princes, and hart sorrowing peeres,  
That beare this mutuall heauie load 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 ranconr of your high swolne hearts,  
But lately splinted, knit, and ioynd together,  
Must greatly be preseru'd, cherish'd, and kept.  
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,  
Forthwith from Ludlow the yong prince be fetcht  
Hither to London, to be crownd our king.



*Glo.* Then be it so; and go we to determine  
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.  
Madame, and you my mother, will you goe,  
To giue your censures in this waightie businesse?

*Ans.* With all our hearts. *Exeunt manet Glo. Buck.*

*Buck.* My Lord, who iourneyes to the Prince?  
For Gods sake let not vs two be behinde:  
For by the way Ile sort occasion,  
As index to the storie we lately talkt off,  
To part the Queenes proude kindred from the King.  
*Glo.* My other selfe, my counsell, consistorie,  
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cozen,  
I like a childe will goe by thy direction:  
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behind. *Exit.*

*Enter two Citizens.*

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

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.

1 Heare you the newes abroad?

2 I that the King is dead.

1 Bad newes birlady, seldome comes the better,  
I feare, I feare, twill prooue a troublesome world. *Enter a.*

3 *Cit.* Good morrow neighbours, *another Cit.*  
Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?

1 It doth, 3, Then masters look to see a troublous world.

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

3 Wo to that land thats gouerned by a childe,

2 In him there is a hope of gouernment,

That in his nonage, counsell vnder him,

And in his full and ripened yeares him selfe,

No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.

1 So stood the state when Harry the sixt

Was crown'd at Paris, but at nine moneths olde.

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

For then this land was famously enricht

With politike 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 nearest,  
Which touch vs all too neare if God preuent not,  
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,  
And the Queenes kindred haughtie and proude,  
And were they to be rulde, and not to rule,  
This sickly land might solace as before,

2 Come, come, we feare the woorst, 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 sun sets, who doth not looke for night?

Vntimely stormes make men expect a dearth:

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

Tis more then we deserue or I expect.

1 Truly the soules of men are full of dread:

Ye cannot almost reason with a man

That lookes not heauily and full of feare.

3 Before the times of change, still is it so:

By a diuine instinct mens mindes mistrust

Ensuing dangers, as by prooffe we see,

The waters swell before a boystrous storme:

But leave it all to God: whither away?

2 We are sent for to the Iustice.

3 And so was I, Ile beare you companie. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cardinall, Dutches of Yorke, Qu. young Yorke.*

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

At Stonestratford will they be to night,

To morrow or next day they will be here.

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

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

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

Hath almost ouertane him in his growth.

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

*Dut.* Why my young Cousin it is good to grow.

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

My Vncle Riuer talkt how I did grow

More then my brother. I quoth my Vncle Gloucester,

Small heards haue grace, great weeds grow apace:

And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast,

Because sweete flowers are slow, and weedes make hast.



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

He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong,  
So long a growing and so leisurly,

That if this were a rule, he should be gracious,

*Car.* Why Madame, so no doubt he is.

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

*Yor.* Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,  
I could haue giuen my Vncles Grace a flout, (mine,  
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did

*Dut.* How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let mee heare it.

*Yor.* Marry thy say, that my Vncle grew so fast,  
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old:  
Twas ful two yeeres ere I could get a tooth.

Granam this would haue beene a prettie icst.

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

*Yor.* Granam, his Nurse!

*Dut.* Why she was dead ere thou wert borne.

*Yor.* Iftwere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

*Qu.* A perilous boy: go too: you are too shrewd.

*Car.* Good Madame be not angry with the child,

*Qu.* Pitchers haue eares,

*Enter Dorset.*

*Car.* Here 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, Madame, and in health.

*Dut.* What is the newes then?

*Dor.* Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray, are sent to Pomfret,  
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

*Dut.* Who hath committed them?

*Dor.* The mightie Dukes, Glocester and Buckingham,

*Car.* For what offence?

*Dor.* The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:  
V Why, or for what these Nobles were committed,  
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.

*Qu.* Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,  
The Tyger now hath ceazd the gentle Hinde:  
Insulting tyrannie begins to iet,

or Richard the third.

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse Throane;

Welcome destruction, death and massacre.

I see as in a Mappe the end of all.

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

My husband lost his life to get the crowne,

And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost,

For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and losse,

And being seated, and domesticke broyles

Cleane ouerblown, themselues the conquerours,

Make war vpo themselues, blood against blood,

Selse against selse, O preposterous

And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene,

Or let me die to looke on death no more.

*Q.* Come, come, my boy, we wil to Sanctuary.

*Dut.* Ile goe along with you.

*Qu.* You haue no cause.

*Car.* My gracious Ladie, go,

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 of yours:

Come, Ile conduct you to the sanctuarie.

*Exeunt.*

*The Trumpets sound. Enter young Prince, the Dukes of*

*Glocester, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c.* (ber.

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

*Glo.* Welcome deare cozen my thoughts soueraigne.

The wearie way hath made you melancholy.

*Prim.* No Vncle, but our crosses on the way,

Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauie:

I want more Vncles here to welcome me.

*Glo.* Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeeres,

Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit:

Nor more can you distinguish of a man,

Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,

Seldome or 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 keep me frō such false friends, but they were none  
*Glo.* My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

*Enter Lord Maior.*

*Lo. M.* God blesse your grace, with health & happy daies.

*Prin.* I thanke you good my L. and thanke you all:  
I thought my mother and my brother Yorke  
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. Ha.*

*Buck.* And in good time here comes the sweating Lord.

*Prin.* Welcome my L. what, will our mother come?

*Hast.* On what occasion God he knowes not I,  
The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke  
Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince

Would faine haue come with me to meet your grace,  
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

*Buck.* Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course  
Is this of hers? L. Cardinall, will your Grace  
Perswade the Queen to send the Duke of Yorke  
Vnto his princely brother presently?

If she denie, L. Hastings goe with him,  
And from her iealous armes pluck him perforce.

*Car.* My L. of Buckingham, if my weake oratorie  
Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,  
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate  
To milde entreaties, God forbid

We should infringe the holy priuiledge  
Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this land  
Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.

*Buck.* You are too senselesse obstinate my L.  
Too ceremonious and traditionall.

Weigh it but with the grosseesse of this age,  
You breake not Sanctuarie in seazing him:

The benefit thereof is alwaies granted

To those whose dealings haue deserued the place

And those who haue the wit to claime the place.

This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserued it,

And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then

of Richard the third.

Then taking him from thence that is not there,  
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:  
Oft haue I heard of sanctuarie men,  
But Sanctuarie children neuer till now.

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

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

*Pri.* Good Lords make all the speedie hast you  
Say Vncle Gloucester, if our brother come, (may,  
Where shall we soiourne till our Coronation?

*Glo.* Where it thinkst best vnto your royall selfe:  
If I may counsel you, some day or two,

Your highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:  
Then where you please & shalbe thought most fit  
For your best health and recreation.

*Pri.* I do not like the Tower of any place:  
Did Iulius Cæsar build that place my Lord?

*Buck.* He did, my gracious L. begin that place,  
Which since succeding ages haue redefined,  
*prin.* Is it vpon record, or els reported

Succesciuely from age to age he built it?

*Buck.* Vpon record my gracious Lord.

*Prin.* But say my Lord it were not registred,  
Me thinks the truth should liue from age to age,  
As twere retaild to all posteritie,  
Euen to the generall ending day.

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

*prin.* What say you Vncle?

*Glo.* I say, without Characters fame liues long:  
Thus like the formall vice iniquitie,  
Imoralize two meanings in one word.

*Prin.* That Iulius Cæsar 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.

*Buck.* What my gracious Lord?

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



He win our auncient right in France againe,  
Or dye a souldier as I liu'd a king.

*Glo.* Short Sommers lightly haue a forward spring.

*Enter yong Torke, Hastings, Cardinall.*

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

*Prin.* Rich. of Yorke, how fares our noble brother?

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

*Prin.* / brother to our griefe, as it is yours:

Too late he died that might haue kept that title,  
Which by his death hath lost much maiestie.

*Glo.* How fares our couzen noble L. of Yorke?

*Tor.* I thanke you gentle vncl. O my Lord,

You said that Idle weeds are fast in growth:

The Prince my brother hath outgrowne me far.

*Glo.* He hath my Lord.

*Tor.* And therefore he is idle?

*Glo.* Oh my faire couzen, I must not say so.

*Tor.* 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.

*Tor.* I pray you vncl. giue me this dagger.

*Glo.* My dagger little couzen, with all my hart.

*Prin.* A begger brother?

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

*Glo.* A greater gift the that, He giue my cozen.

*Tor.* A greater gift? O thats the sword to it.

*Glo.* I gentle couzen, were it light enough.

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

*Glo.* It is too waightie for your grace to weare.

*Tor.* I weigh it lightly were it heavier.

*Glo.* What would you haue my weapon litle Lord?

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

*Glo.* How? *Tor.* Litle.

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

*Tor.* You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:  
Vncl. my brother mockes both you and me,

Because that I am litle like an Ape,  
He thinkes that you should beare me on your shoulders.

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

*Glo.* My Lo: wilt please you passe along?

My selfe and my good couzen Buckingham,  
Will to your mother, to entreat of her

To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

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

*Prin.* My Lord Protector will haue it so.

*Tor.* I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.

*Glo.* Why, what should you feare?

*Tor.* Mary my vncl. Clarence angry ghost:

My Granam told me he was mured 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 L. with a heauie heart

Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.

*Exeunt Prin. Tor. Hast, Dorset, manet, Rich. Buc.*

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

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

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

Thou knowest our reasons vrgde vpon the way:  
What thinkest thou, is it not an easie matter

To make william L. Hastings of our minde,

For the instalmment of this noble Duke,

In the seate royall of this famous Ile?

*Cates.* 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?



*Car.* 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 your purpose, if he be willing,  
Encourage him, and shew him all our reasons:  
If he be leaden, Icie, cold, vnwilling,  
Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,  
And giue vs notice of his inclination,  
For we to morrow hold diuided counsels,  
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employed.

*Glo.* Commend me to Lord William, tell him Catesby,  
His ancient knot of dangerous aduersaries  
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,  
And bid my friend for ioy of this good newes,  
Giue gentle Mistresse Shore, one gentle kisse the more.

*Buck.* Good Catesby effect this businesse soundly.

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

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

*Car.* You shall my Lord.

*Exit Catesby.*

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

*Buck.* Now my Lord, what shall we doe, if we perceiue  
William Lord Hastings will not yeeld to our complot?

*Glo.* Chop off his head man, somewhat we will do,  
And looke when I am King claime thou of me  
The Earldome of Herford and the mooueables,  
Whereof the King my brother stood posselt.

*Buck.* He claime that promise at your Graces hands.

*Glo.* And looke to haue it yeelded with willingnesse,  
Come let vs sup betimes, that afterwards  
We may digest our complots in some forme.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter a Messenger to Lord Hastings.*

*Mes.* What ho my Lord.

*Hast.* Who knocks at the doore?

*Mes.* A messenger from the L. Stanley. *Enter L. Hast.*

*Hast.* Whats a clocke?

*Mes.* Vpon the stroke of foure.

*Hast.* Cannot thy maister sleepe the tedious nights?

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

First he commends him to your noble Lordship.

*Hast.* And then. *Mes.* And then he sends you word,  
He dreamt to night the Beare had reffe his helme:  
Besides he saies, there are two counsels held,  
And that may be determind 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 go, returne vnto thy Lord:  
Bid him not feare the seperated counsels:

His honour and my selfe are at the one,  
And at the other is my seruant Catesby:  
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,  
Whereof I shall not haue intelligence.

Tel him his feares are shallow, wanting instancy.

And for his dreames, I wonder he is fond,

To trust the mockerie of vnquiet slumbers.

To flye the Boare before the Boare pursue vs,

Were to incense the Boare to follow vs,

And make pursuite where he did meane to chase.

Go, bid thy maister rise and come to me,

And we will both together to the Tower,

Where he shall see the Boare will vse vs kindly.

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

*Enter Catesby to L. Hastings.*

*Car.* Many good morrowes to my noble Lord.

*Hast.* Good morrow Catesby: you are early stirring,  
What newes, what newes, in this our tottering state?

*Car.* It is a reeling world indeed my Lord,  
And I belecue, twill neuer stand vpright  
Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.

*Hast.* Who? weare the Garland? dost thou meane the

*Car.* I my good Lord,

(Crowne?)

*Hast.* He haue this crown of mine, cut from my shouldrs  
Ere I will see the Crowne so foule mispla'st:

But canst thou gesse that he doth ayme at it?

*Car.* Vpon my life my L. and hopes to find you forward



The Tragedie

Vpon his partie for the gaine thereof,  
And thereupon he sends you this good newes;  
That this same very day, your enemies,  
The kindred of the Queen must die at Pomfret.

*Hast.* Indeed I am no mourner for this newes,  
Because they haue beene still mine enemies.  
But that I giue my voice on Richards side,  
To barre my maisters heires in true discent,  
God knowes I will not do it to the death.

*Cat.* God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.

*Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a tweluemonth hence,  
That they who brought me in my Maisters hate,  
I liue to looke vpon their Tragedie:

Itell thee Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?

*Hast.* Ere a fortnight make me elder,  
He send some packing that yet thinke not on it.

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

*Hast.* O monstrous, monstrous, and so fals it out  
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray: and so twill doo  
With some men else, who thinke themselues as safe  
As thou, and I, who as thou knowst are deare  
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

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

*Hast.* I know they do, and I haue well deserued it.

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

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

*Stan.* My L. good morrow: good morrow Catesby:  
You may iest on, by the holy roode,  
I do not like these seuerall counells I.

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

*Sta.* The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London  
Were iocund, and supposde their states was sure,

of Richard the third.

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

*Ha.* 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 accusde them weare their hat:  
But come my L. let vs away. *Exit L. Standley, & Cat.*

*Ha.* Go you before, I 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 aske.

*Hast.* I tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,  
Then when I met thee last where now we meete:

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the Queenes allies:

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

This day those enemies are put to death,

And I in better state 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 execise:

Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you. *He whis-*

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

*Buc.* How now Lord Camberlaine, what talking with a  
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the Priest: *(Priest:*  
Your Honour hath no shrining worke in 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 knowst it not:

Come



Come shall we goe along?

*Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with the Lord Rivers,*

*Gray, and Vaughan, prisoners.*

*Rat.* Come bring forth the prisoners.

*Riv.* Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this:  
To day shalt thou behold a subiect die,  
For truth; for dutie, and for loyaltie.

*Gray.* God keep the prince from all the pack of you:  
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

*Riv.* O Pomfret, Pomfret, Oh thou bloudie prison,  
Fatall and ominious to noble Peeres:

Within the guiltie closure of thy walles  
Richard the second here was hackt to death:  
And for more slaunder to thy dismall soule,  
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse bloods to drinke.

*Gray.* Now Margarets curse is false vpon our heads,  
For standing by, when Richard stabd her sonne,

*Ri.* Then curst she Hasting, then curst she Buckingham,  
Then curst she Richard, Oh 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 imbrace  
And take our leaue, 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 lack but nomination.

*Bish.* To morrow then, I gesse a happie time.

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

*Bi.* 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:

*Lor. Hastings,* you and he are neare 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 L. may name the time,  
And in the Dukes behalfe ile giue my voice,  
Which I presume he will take in gentle part.  
*Bish.* Now in good time here comes the Duke himselfe.

*Enter Gloster,*

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

*Buc.* Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,  
William L. Hastings had now pronounst your part:  
I meane your voice for 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 L. of Elie.

*Bish.* My Lord.

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

*Bish.* I go my Lord.

*Glo.* Cousen Buckingham, a word with you:  
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our businesse,  
And findes the resty gentleman so hote,  
As he will loose his head ere giue consent,  
His maisters sonne as worshipfull he termes it,  
Shall loose the royaltie 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 provided  
As else I would be were the day prolonged.

*Enter the Bishop of Elie.*

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

*(berries.)*



*Hast.* His Grace lookes cheerfully and smooth to day,  
Theres some conceit or other likes him well.  
*When* he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit,  
I thinke there is 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.* Mary, that with no man here he is offended,  
For if he were, he would haue shewen it in his face.

*Dar.* I pray God he be not, I saye.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Glo.* I pray you all, what do they deserue  
That do conspire my death with diuellish 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 witnesse of this ill,  
See how I am bewicht, 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 witchcrafts 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 issues? thou art a traitor:  
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul,  
I will not dine to day I sweare,  
Vntill I see the same, some see it done:  
The rest that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt manet.*

*Ha.* Wo wo for England, not a whit for me: *Ca. with Hast.*  
For I too fond might haue preuented this:  
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,  
But I disdaind, and did scorne to flee,  
Three times to day my footcloth horse did stumble,  
And startled when he lookt vpon the Tower,

As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.  
Oh, now I want 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 butchered,  
And I my selfe secure in grace and fauour:  
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy heauie curse  
Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched head.

*Ca.* Dispatch my Lo. 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 heauen:  
Who builds his hopes in aier of your faire looke;  
Lies like drunken Saylers 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 Gloster and Buckingham in armor.*

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

*Buc.* Tut feare not me.

I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,  
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery side:  
Intending deere suspicion, gastly looks  
Are at my seruice like inforced smiles,  
And both are readie in their offices  
To grace my stratagems. *Enter Maior.*

*Gl.* Here comes the Maior.

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

*Glo.* Looke to the drawbridge there.

*Buc.* The reason we haue sent for you,

*Glo.* Catesby overlooke the walles:

*Buc.* Harke I heare a drumme.

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

*Buc.* God and our innocencie defend vs,

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

*Enter.*



*Enter Catesby with Hastings head.*

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

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

I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,  
That breathed vpon the earth a Christian:

Looke ye my Lord Maior:

Made him my booke wherein my soule recorded

The Historie of all her secret thoughts :

So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of vertue,

That his apparant open guilt omitted:

I meane his conuersation with Shores wife,

He laid from all attainder of suspect.

*Buck.* Well, well, he was the couer'd sheilded traitor

That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,

Or almost belecue, wert not by great preservation

We liue to tell it you? The subtile traitor

Had this day plotted in the councell house,

To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloster.

*Maior.* What, had he so?

*Glo.* What thinke ye we are Turkes or Infidels,

Or that we would against the course of law

Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,

But that the very extreame perill of the case,

The peace of England, and our persons safetie

Inforst vs to that execution?

*Ma.* Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,

And you my good Lords both, haue well proceeded,

To warne false traitors from the like attempts:

I neuer lookt for better at his hands,

After he once fell in with mistresse Shore.

*Glo.* Yet had not we determined he should die,

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 traitor speake, and timorously confesse

The manner, and the purpose of his treason,

That you might well haue signified the same

Vnto the Citizens, who happily may  
Misconster vs in him, and wayle his death.

*Ma.* My good L. your Graces word shall serue  
As well as I had seene or heard him speake,

And doubt you not right noble Princes both,

But Ile acquaint your dutious Citizens

With all your iust proceedings in this cause.

*Glo.* And to that end we wisht your Lordship here,

To auoid the carping sensures of the world.

*Buc.* But since you came too late of our intents,

Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.

*Glo.* After, after, Cousen Buckingham. *Exit Maior.*

The Maior towards Guild-hall hies him in all post,

There at your meetst aduantage of the time,

Inferre the basterdy of Edwards children :

Tell them how Edward put to death a Citizen,

Onely for saying he would make his sonne

Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeed) his house,

Which by the signe thereof was tearmed so.

Moreouer, vrge his hatefull luxurie,

And bestiall appetite in change of lust,

Which stretched to their seruants, daughters, wiues,

Euen where his lustfull eye, or sauage heart,

Without controll list to make his prey :

Nay for a need thus farre comes neere my person,

Tell them, when that my mother went with child

Of that vn satiate 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 a farre off,

Because you know my Lord, my mother 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 thrive well, bring them to Baynards Castle,

Where you shall finde me well accompanied



# The Tragedie

With reuerend fathers and well learned Bishops.

*Buc.* About three or foure a clocke looke to heare  
What newes Guild hall affordeth, and so my L. farewell.

*Glo.* Now will I in to take some priuie order *Ex. Buc.*  
To draw the Brats of Clarence out of sight,  
And to giue notice that no manner person  
At any time haue recourse vnto the Princes.

*Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.*

*Exit.*  
This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings,  
Which in a set hand fairely is engross'd  
That it may be this day read ouer in Pauls:  
And marke how well the sequall hangs together,  
Eleuen houers I spent to write it ouer.  
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me,  
The president was full as long a doing,  
And yet within these five houres liued L. Hastings,  
Vntainted, vnexamined: free at libertie:  
Here's a good world the while. Why who's so grosse  
That sees not this palpapale deuice;  
Yet who so blind but saies he sees it not?

Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,  
When such bad dealings must be seene in thought. *Exit.*

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

*Glo.* How now my L. what say the Citizens?

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

*Glo.* Toucht you the Bastardy of Edwards children?

*Buc.* I did: with the insatiate greedinesse of his desires,  
His tyrannie for trifles: his owne bastardy.

As being got, your father then in France:  
Withall I did inferre your lienaments.

Being the right Idea of your father,  
Both in one forme and nobelnesse of minde:

Laid open all your victorie in Scotland:  
Your Discipline in warre, wisdom in peace:

Your bountie, vertue, faire humilitie:  
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose

Vntoucht, or sliightly handled in discourse;  
And when my Oratorie grew to an end,

# of Richard the third.

I bid 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, (lence?  
And askt the Mayor what meant this wilfuli fit  
His answere 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 louing Citizens and friends quoth I,

This generall applause and louing shoute,

Argues your wisdom and your loues to Richard:

And so brake off and came away.

*Glo.* What tonguelesse blockes were they, would they not

*Buc.* No by my troth my Lord. *(speakes)*

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

*Buc.* The Maior is here: and intend some feare,  
Be not spoken withall, but with mightie sute:

And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,

And stand betwixt two 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 pleade as well for them,

As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,

No doubt wee le bring it to a happie issue.

*Buc.* You shal see what I can do, get you vp to the leades.

Now my Lord Maior, I dance attendance here, *((Exit.*

I think the Duke wil not be spoken withall. *Enter Catesby.*

Here comes his seruant: how now Catesby what saies he?

*Cat.* My Lord he doth entreat your Grace

To visit him to morrow, or next day;



He is within with 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 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 leaud 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 soueraigntie thereon,  
But sure I feare we shall neuer winne him to it.

*Mai.* Marry God forbid 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 troupes of Citizens to speake with him,  
His grace not being warnd thereof before,  
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.

*Buc.* Sory I am my noble cousen 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: *Exit Catesby.*  
When holy and deuout religious men,  
Are at there beads, tis hard to draw them thence,  
So sweete is zealous contemplation.

*Enter Rich. and two Bishops aloft.*

*Maior.* See where he stands between two Clergy men,

*Buc.* Two props of vertue for a Christian Prince,  
To stay him from the fall of vanitie,

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,  
Lend fauourable eares to my request,  
And pardon vs the interruption  
Of thy deuotion and right Christian zeale,

*Glo.* My Lord, there needs no such apologic,  
I rather do 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 aboue  
And all good men of this vngouerned Ile.

*Glo.* I do suspect, I haue done some offence,  
That seemes 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 entreaties to amend that fault.

*Glo.* Els wherefore breath I in a Christian land?

*Buc.* Then know it is your fault that you resigne  
The supreme Seate, the Throne maiesticall,  
The Sceptred office of your Aunccestors,  
The lineall glory of your royall House,  
To the corruption of a blemisht stocke:  
Whilest in the mildnesse of your sleepeie thoughts,  
Which here we waken to our Countreyes good:  
This noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,  
Her face defac't with stars of infamie,  
And almost shouldred in this swallowing gulph,  
Of blind forgetfulnesse and darke obliuion:

Which to recure we heartily solicite  
Your Gracious selfe to take on you the soueraigntie thereof,  
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,  
Nor lawly Factor for an others gaine,  
But as successiue from blood to blood,  
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:  
For this consorted with the Citizens,  
Your worshipfull and very louing friends,  
And by their vehement instigation,  
In this iust sute come I to moue your Grace,



*Glo.* I know not whether to depart in silence,  
 Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,  
 Best fitteth my degree or your condition :  
 Your loue deserues my thanks, but my desert  
 Vnmeritable shunnes your high request,  
 First if all obstacles were cut away,  
 And that my path were euen to the crowne,  
 As my right reuenew and due by birth,  
 Yet so much is my pouertie of spirit,  
 So mightie and so many my defects,  
 As I had rather hide me from my greatnesse,  
 Being a Barke to brooke no mightie sea,  
 Then in my greatnesse couet to be hid,  
 And in the vapour of my glory smothered:  
 But God be thanked theres no need for me,  
 And much I need to helpe you if need were,  
 The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,  
 Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,  
 Will well become the seate of maiestie ;  
 And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,  
 On him I lay what you would lay on me :  
 The right and fortune of his happie starres,  
 Which God defend that I should wring frō him,  
*Buc.* My lord, this argues cōscience 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 contract to Lady *Lucy*,  
 Your mother liues, a witnesse to that vow,  
 And afterward by substitute betrothed  
 To *Bona*, sistet to the king of France,  
 These both put by a poore petitioner,  
 A care-crazd mother of many children,  
 A beauty-waining and distressed widowe,  
 Euen in the afternoone of her best daies,  
 Made prize and purchase of his lustfull eye,  
 Seduct the pitch and height of all his thoughts,

To base declension and loathd bigamie,  
 By her in his vnlawfull bed he got,  
 This *Edward*, whom our maners 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 dignitie :  
 If not to blesse vs and the land withall,  
 Yet to draw out your royall stocke,  
 From the corruption of abusing time,  
 Vnto a liueall true deriued course.

*Mai.* Do good my Lord, your Citizens intreat you.

*Cat.* O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull sute.

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

*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 egally indeed to all estates,  
 Yet whether you accept our sute or no,  
 Your brothers sonne shal neuer raigne our king,  
 But we will plant some other in the throne,  
 To the disgrace and downfall of your house :  
 And in this resolution here we leaue you.  
 Come Citizens, zounds ile intreat no more.

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

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

*Ano.* Do 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 interats,  
 Albeit against my conscience and my soule,  
 Couzen 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 scandale or so foule fact approach  
Attend the sequell of your imposition,  
Your meere inforcement shall acquittance me  
From all the impure blots and staines thereof,  
For God he knowes, and you may partly see,  
How farre I am from the desire thereof.

*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 the 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 Cousen, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Queene mother, Dutchesse of Yorke, Marques*

*Dorset at one doore, Dutches of Gloster*

*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 sister thanks, weele enter all together.

*Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.*

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.

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

*Lieu.* Well Madam, and in health: but by your leaue,  
I may not suffer you to visit him,  
The King hath straightly charg'd the contrary.

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

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

*Qu.* The Lord Protect him from that Kingly title:  
Hath he set bounds betwixt their loue and me:

I am their mother, who should keepe me from them?  
I am theirs father mother, and will see them.

*Dut. Glo.* Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their mother;  
Then feare not thou ile beare thy blame,  
And take thy office from thee on my perill.

*Lieu.* I do beseech your Graces all to pardon me:  
I am bound by oath, I may not do it.

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

*Stan.* Let me but meete you Ladies an houre hence,  
And ile salute your Grace of Yorke, as mother:  
And reuerent looker on, of two faire Queenes,  
Come Madam, you must go 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 sound  
With this dead killing newes.

*Dor.* Madame, haue comfort, how fares your Grace?

*Qu.* O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee hence,  
Death and destruction dogge thee at the heeles,  
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,  
If thou wilt outstrip death, goe crosse the seas,  
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of hell.  
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter house,  
Least thou increase the number of the dead,  
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curse,  
Nor mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

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

*Dut. Tor.* O ill disappearing wind of miserie,  
O my accursed wombe, the bed of death,  
A Cocatrice hast thou hatcht to the world,  
Whose vnavoided eye is murtherous.

*San.* Come Madam, I in all hast was sent for.

*Duch.* And I in all vnwillingnesse will goe,  
I would to God that the inclusiue verge  
Of golden mettall that must round my browe,



Were red hotte Steele to feare me to the braine,  
Annoynted let me be with deadly poyson,  
And die, ere men can say, God saue the Queene.

*Qu.* Alas poore soule, I enuie not thy glorie,  
To feede my humor, with thy selfe no harime.

*Dut. Glo.* No, when he ~~that~~ is my husband now,  
Came to me as I followed Henries course,  
When scarce the blood was well waist 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 yong, so old a widow.  
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,  
And be thy wife, if any be so badde  
As miserable by the death of thee,  
As thou hast made me by my deare Lords death,  
Loe, euen I can repeate this curse againe,  
Euen in so short a space, my womans heart  
Crossly grew captiue to his hony words,  
And prou'd the subiects of my own soules curse,  
Which euer since hath kept my eyes from sleepe,  
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,  
Haue I enioyed the golden deaw of sleepe,  
But haue beene 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 pittie thy complaints.

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

*Qu.* Farewell, thou wofull welcomer of glorie.

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

*Du. Yor.* Go thou to Richmōd, & good fortun guide thee.  
Go thou to Richard, and good Angels guard thee.  
Go thou to sanctuarie, good thoughts possesse thee.  
I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,  
Eightie odde yeares of sorrow haue I scene,  
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The

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

*King.* Stand all apart, Cosen of Buckingham,  
Giue me thy hand : *Here he ascendeth  
his throne.*  
Thus high by thy aduice

And thy assistance is king Richard seated :  
But shall we weare these honors for a day ?  
Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them ?

*Buc.* Still liue they, and for euer may they last.

*King. Ri.* O Buckingham, now I do play the touch,  
To trie if thou be currant gold in deed :  
Yong Edward liues : thinke now what I would say.

*Buc.* Say on my gracious foueraigne.

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

*Buc.* Why so you are my thrice renowmed liege.

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

*Buc.* True noble Prince.

*King.* O bitter consequence,  
That Edward stil should liue true noble Prince.  
Cosen, thou wert not wont to be so dull :  
Shall I be plaine ? I with the bastards dead,  
And I would haue it suddenly performde.  
What saist thou ? speake suddenly, be briebe.

*Buc.* Your Grace may do 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, some little pause my Lord,  
Before I positiuely speake herein :  
I will resolute your Grace immediatly.

*Cat.* The king is angry, see, he bites the lip.

*King.* I will conuerse with iron witted 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



Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.

*Boy.* My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,  
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,  
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,  
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

*King.* What is his name?

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

*King.* Goe call him hither presently.  
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,  
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,  
Hath he so long held out with me vntill  
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 beyond the seas where  
he abides,

*King.* Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.

*King.* Rumor it abroad

That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,  
I will take order for her keeping close:  
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,  
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence daughter,  
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:  
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out  
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.  
A bout it, for it stands me much vpon,  
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,  
I must be married to my brothers daughter,  
Or else my kingdome stands on brittle glasse,  
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,  
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in  
So farre in blood, that sin plucke on sin,  
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

*Enter Tirrel.*

Is thy name Tirrell?

*Tir.* Iames Tirrel, and your most obedient subiect.

*King.* Art thou indeed?

*Tir.*

*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, two deepe enemies,  
Foes to my rest, and my sweete sleepes disturbs,  
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:

*Tirrel,* I meane those bastards in the tower.

*Tir.* Let me haue open meanes to come to them,  
And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.

*King.* Thou singst sweete musicke. Come hither Tirrill,  
Go by that token, rise and lend thine care, *He whispers in his*  
Tis no more but so, say it is done *(care.*  
And I will loue thee, and preferre thee too.

*Tir.* Tis done my gracious Lord.

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

*Enter Buckingham.*

*Tir.* Ye shall my Lord.

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

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

*Buc.* I heare that newes my Lord.

*King.* *Stanly* he is your wiues sonne. Wel, looke too it.

*Buc.* My Lord, I claime your gift, my due by promise,  
For which your honor and your fath is pawnd,  
The Earldome of Herfort and the moueables,  
The which you promised I should possesse.

*King.* *Stanly* looke to your wife, if she conuey  
Letters to Richmond you shall answere it.

*Buc.* What sayes your highnesse to my iust demaund?

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

*Buck.* My Lord.

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

*Buck.* My Lord, your promise for the Earldome,

*King.* Richmond, when last I was at Exeter,  
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,



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

*Buc.* My Lord.

*King.* I, what's a cloke?

*Buc.* I am thus bold to put your grace in minde  
Of what you promise me.

*King.* Well, but what's a cloke?

*Buc.* Vpon the stroke of ten.

*King.* Well, let it strike.

*Buc.* Why let it strike?

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

*Buc.* Why then resolute me whether you will or no?

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

*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 Brecknock, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

*Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.*

*Tir.* The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,  
The most arch act of pitteous massacre,  
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,  
Dighton and Forrest whom I did subborne  
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,  
Although they were flesh and villaines, bloody dogs,  
Melting with tenderesse and kind compassion,  
Wept like two children in their death sad stories:  
Loe thus quoth Dighton laie those tender babes,  
Thus, thus quoth Forrest girdling one another  
Within their innocent alabaster armes,  
Their lips like foure red Roses on a stalke,  
Which in their sommer beautie kist each other,  
A booke of praiers on their pillow laie,  
Which once quoth Forrest almost changd my minde,  
But O the diuell: there the villaine stopt,  
Whilst Dighton thus told on we smothered

The most replenished sweet worke of nature,  
That from the prime creation euer he framed,  
They could not speake, and so I left them both,  
To bring this tydings to the bloody king.

*Enter King Richard.*

And here he comes. All haile my soueraigne liege.

*King.* Kind Tirrell, am I happy in thy newes?

*Tir.* If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge  
Beget your happinesse, be happie 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 at after supper,  
And thou shalt tell the procelle 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 pent vp close,  
His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage,  
The sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahams bosome,  
And Anne my wife hath bid the world goodnight:  
Now for I know the Brittain Richmond aimes  
At yong 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 newes or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly?

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

*King.* Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare  
Then Buckingham and his rash leuied army:  
Come, I haue heard that fearfull commenting,  
Is leaden seruitor to dull delay,  
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac't beggery,



Then fire expedition be my wings,  
 Loue, Mercurie and Herald for a king.  
 Come muster men, my counsaile is my shield,  
 We must be briefe, when traitors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Queene Margaret sola.*

*Q. Mar.* So now prosperitie begins to mellow,  
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death:  
 Here in these confines stillie 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 Margaret, who comes here?

*Enter the Queene, and the Dutchesse of Yorke.*

*Qu.* Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!  
 My vnblowne flowers, new appearing sweets,  
 If yet your gentle soules flie in the aire  
 And be not fixt in doome perpetual,  
 Houer about me with your aerie wings,  
 And heare your mothers lamentation.

*Qu. 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 intrailles of the wolfe:  
 When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?

*Qu. Mar.* When holy Mary died, and my sweet sonne.

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

*Qu.* O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue,  
 As thou canst yeeld a melancholy seate,  
 Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here:  
 O who hath any cause to mourne but I?

*Dut.* So many miseries haue craz'd my voice  
 That my woe-wearied tongue is mute & dumb.  
 Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

*Qu. Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,  
 Giue mine the benefit of signorie,  
 And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,  
 If sorrow can admit societie,  
 Tell ouer your woes againe by viewing mine,  
 I had an Edward, till a Richard kild him.  
 I had a Richard, till a Richard kild him.  
 Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kild him.  
 Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kild him.

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

*Q. M.* 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 dogge that had his teeth before his eyes  
 To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle bloods,  
 That foule defacer of Gods handy worke,  
 Thy wombe let loose, to chase vs to our graues,  
 O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,  
 How do I thanke thee, that this carnall curre  
 Praies on the issue of his mothers body,  
 And makes her pue-fellow with others mone.

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

*Q. M.* Beare with me, I am hungry for reuenge,  
 And now I cloie me with beholding it:  
 Thy Edward, he is dead, that stabd my Edward,  
 Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward,  
 Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they  
 Match not the high perfection of my losse:  
 Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,  
 And the beholders of this tragicke play,  
 The adulterate Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan Gray,  
 Vntimely smothred in their duskie graues,  
 Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,



Onely reserved their factor to buy soules,  
 And send them thither, but at hand at hand,  
 Ensues his piteous, and vnpittied end.  
 Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,  
 To haue him suddenly conueyed away:  
 Cancell his bond of life, deare God, I pray,  
 That I may liue to say, the dog is dead,

*Qu.* O thou dids prophetic the time would come  
 That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse  
 That botte'd spider, that foule hunch-backt toade.

*Qu. 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 hurld downe below,  
 A mother onely, mockt with two sweet babes,  
 A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,  
 A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,  
 To be the aime of euery dangerous shot,  
 A Queene in ieast, onely to fill the sceane:  
 Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?  
 Where be thy children, wherein doest thou ioy?  
 Who sues to thee, and cries God saue the Queene?  
 Where be the bending peers 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 widow:  
 For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:  
 For Queene, a very Catiue crownd with care:  
 For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:  
 For one commanding all, obeyed of none:  
 For one that scornd at me, now scornd of me,  
 Thus hath the course of iustice wheel'd about,  
 And left thee 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 doest thou not  
 Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?

Now

Now thy'proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,  
 From which, euen here, I slip my weary necke,  
 And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:  
 Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance,  
 These English wars, will make me smile in France.

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

*Qu. Mar.* Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day,  
 Compare dead happinesse with living woe,  
 Thinke that babes were fairer then they were,  
 And he that slew them fowler then he is:  
 Bettring thy losse makes the bad causes worse,  
 Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curse.

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

*Qu. M.* Thy woes wil make them sharp, & pierce like mine.

*Dut.* Why should calamitie be full of words? *Exu. Mar.*

*Qu.* Windie atturnies to your clients woes,  
 Aerie succeders of intestate ioyes,  
 Poore breathing orators of miseries,  
 Let them haue scope, though what they do impart  
 Helpe not at all, yet do they ease the heart.

*Dut.* If so, then be not tongue-tide, goe with me,  
 And in the breath of bitter words, lets smother  
 My damned sonne, which thy two sonnes smothered:  
 I heare his drum, be copious in exclames.

*Enter king Richard marching with Drummes  
 and Trampets.*

*King.* Who intercepts my expedition?

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

*Qu.* Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crowne,  
 Where would be grauen, 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.*



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

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

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

*Dut.* Art thou my sonne?

*King.* I, I thank God, my father and your selfe.

*Dut.* Then patiently heare my impatience.

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

*Dut.* I will be milde and gentle in my speech.

*King.* And brieft good mother, for I am in haste.

*Dut.* Art thou so hastie, I haue staid for thee,  
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie.

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

*Dut.* No by the holy roode thou knowst it well,  
Thou camst on earth, to make the earth my hell:  
A greuous burthen was thy birth to me,  
Teechie and waiward was thy infancie,  
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wilde and furious:  
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtil, bloudie, trecherous,  
What comfortable houre canst thou name,  
That euer grac't me in thy companie?

*K.* Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace  
To breakfast oncesforth of companie:

If be so gracious in your sight,  
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

*Dut.* O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see the more.

*King.* Come, come, you are too bitter.

*Dut.* Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,  
Ere from this warre thou turne a conquerour,  
Or I with grieve and extreame age shall perish,  
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:  
Therefore take with thee my most heauie curse,

Which

Which in the day of battell tire thee more  
Then all the compleat armor that thou wearst,  
My praers on the aduerse partie fight,  
And there the litle soules of Edwards children,  
Whisper the spirit of thine enemies,  
And promise them successe and victory,  
Bloudie thou art, bloudy 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.

*King.* Stay Madame, I must speake a word with you.

*Qu.* I haue no more sonnes 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.

*King.* You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,  
Vertuous and faire, royall and gracious.

*Qu.* And must she die for this? O let her liue?  
And Ile corrupt her manners, staine her beautie,  
Slander my selfe, as false to Edwards bed,  
Throw over her the vale of infamie,  
So she may liue vnskard from bleeding slaughter.  
I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.

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

*Q.* To saue her life, Ile say she is not so.

*King.* Her life is only safest in her birth.

*Qu.* And only in that safetie died her brothers.

*King.* Lo at their births good stars were opposite.

*Qu.* No to their liues bad friends were contrary.

*King.* All vnauoyded is the doome of destiny.

*Qu.* True, when auoyded grace makes destiny,  
My babes were destinde to a fairer death,  
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

*K.* Madam, so thrue I in my dangerous attempt of hostile  
As I intend more good to you and yours, *(armes,*  
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd.

*Qu.* What good is couerd with the face of heauen,  
To be discoverd that can do me good?

*King.* The aduancement of your children mightie Lady.



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

*King.* No to the dignitie and height of honor,  
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.

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

*King.* Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,  
Will I withall endow a child of thine,  
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,  
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs  
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.

*Qu.* Be brieft, lest that the processe of thy kindnesse  
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.

*K.* Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter.

*Qu.* My daughters mother thinkes it with her soule.

*King.* What do you thinke?

*Qu.* That thou doest loue my daughter from thy soule.  
So from thy soules loue didst thou her brothers.  
And from my hearts loue I do thanke thee for it.

*King.* Be not so hastie 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 madame?

*Qu.* How canst thou wooe her?

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

*Qu.* And wilt thou learne of me?

*King.* Madam with all my heart.

*Qu.* Send to her by the man that slew her brothers  
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,  
Edward and Yorke, then happily she will weepe,  
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret  
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe steeped in Rutlans blood,  
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,  
If this inducement force her not to loue,  
Send her a story of thy noble acts:  
Tell her thou mad'st away her vnckle Clarence

Her vnckle Riuers, yea and for her sake  
Made'st quicke conueiance 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 couldst put on some other shape,  
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

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

*Qu.* Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.

*King.* Say that the king which may command intreats,

*Qu.* That at her hands which the kings king forbid.

*King.* Say she shall be a high and mightie Queene.

*Qu.* To waile the title as her mother doth.

*King.* Say I will 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 loaths such soueraigntie.

*King.* Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

*Qu.* An honest tale speeds best being plainely told.

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

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

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

*Qu.* O no, my reasons are too deepe and dead.  
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue.  
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart strings breake.

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

*Qu.* Prophan'd, dishonord, 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, pawnd his knightly vertue:  
The Crowne vsurpt, disgrac'd his kingly dignitie.  
If something thou wilt sweare to be beleeu'd,  
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 dishonord.

*King.* Then by my selfe.

*Qu.* Thy selfe, thy selfe misvsest.

*King.* Why, then by God.

*Qu.* Gods wrong is most of all:

If thou hadst feard, to breake an oath by him,  
The vnitie the King my brother made,  
Had not beene broken, nor my brother slaine.  
If thou hadst fearde to breake an oath by him,  
The emperiall mettel circling now thy brow,  
Had graft the tender temples of my childe,  
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,  
Which now two tender play-fellowes for dust,  
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for wormes.

*King.* By the time to come.

*Qu.* That thou hast wrongd in time orepast,  
For I my selfe haue many teares to wash  
Hereafter time for time, by the past wrongd,  
The children liue, whose parents thou hast slaughtred.  
Vngouernd youth to waile it in their age:  
The parents liue whose children thou hast butchred,  
Old withered plants to waile it with their age:  
Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast  
Misvsest, nere vsed, by time misvsest orepast.

*King.* As I intend to prosper and repent,  
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt,  
Of hostile armes, my selfe, my selfe confound,  
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,  
Be opposite, all planets of good lucke  
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,  
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,  
It tender not thy beauteous princely daughter,  
In her consists my happineffe and thine,  
Without her, follo wes to this land and me,  
To thee, her selfe, and many a Christian soule,  
Sad desolation, ruine, and decay,  
It cannot be auoided but by this:  
It will not be auoided but by this:

Therefore good mother (I must call you so)  
Be the attorney of my loue to her.  
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene,  
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue:  
Vrge the necessitie and state of times,  
And be not pecuish fond in great designs.

*Qu.* Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?

*King.* I, if the Diuell tempt thee to do good.

*Qu.* Shall I forget my selfe to be my selfe?

*King.* I, if your selves remembrance wrong your selfe.

*Qu.* But thou didst kill my children.

*King.* But in your daughters wombe, I le burie them,  
Where in that nest of spicerie there shall breed,  
Selves of themselues to your recomfiture.

*Qu.* Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

*King.* And be a happie mother by the deed.

*Qu.* I go, write to me very shortly.

*King.* Beare her my true loves kisse: farewell. *Exit Qu.*  
Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*

*Rat.* My gracious soueraigne, on the Westerne coast,  
Rideth a puissant Nauie, To the shore  
Throng many doubtfull hollow harted friends,  
Vnarmd, and vnresolud to beate them backe:  
Tis thought that Richmond is their Admirall:  
And there they hull, expecting but the ayd,  
Of Buckingham to welcome them a shore.

*King.* Some light-foote friend post to the Duke of Norff,  
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or Catesby, where is he?

*Cat.* Here my Lord.

*King.* Flie to the Duke: post thou to Salisbury,  
When thou comest there: dult vnmindfull villaine  
Why stands thou still, and goest not to the Duke?

*Cat.* First mightie soueraigne, let me know your minde,  
What from your grace I shall deliuer him.

*King.* O true, good Catesby, bid him leuie straight,  
The greatest strength and power he can make,  
And meete me presently at Salisbury.

*Rat.* What is it your highnes pleasure I shal do at salisbury?

*King.* Why what woulds thou do there before I go?



The Tragedie

of Richard the third.

*Rat.* Your Highnesse told me I should post before.

*King.* My minde is changd sir, my minde is changd.  
How now, what newes with you? *Enter Darby.*

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

*King.* Hoiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad:  
Why doost thou runne so many mile about,  
When thou mayst tell thy tale a neerer way,  
Once more what newes?

*Dar.* Richmond is on the seas.

*King.* There let him sinke, and be the seas on him,  
White lierd runnagate, what doth he there?

*Da.* I know not mighty soueraigne but by guesse.

*King.* Well sir? as you guesse, as you guesse.

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

*King.* Is the Chayre emptie? is the sword vnswaid?  
Is the king dead? the Empire vnpossess?

What heire of Yorke is there aliue but we?  
And who is Englands king, but great Yorkes heire?  
Then tell me, what doth he vpon the sea?

*Dar.* Vnlesse for that my liege, I cannot guesse.

*King.* Vnlesse for that, he comes to be your liege,  
You cannot guesse, wherefore the Welchmen comes,  
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him I feare.

*Dar.* No mightie liege, therefore mistrust me not.

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

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

*King.* Cold friends to Richard, what do they in the North?  
When they should serue, their soueraigne in the West.

*Dar.* They haue not bin commanded mightie soueraigne  
Please it your Maiestie to giue me leaue,  
Ile muster vp my friends and meete your Grace,  
Where and what time your Maiestie shall please.

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

*Dar.* Most mightie soueraigne

You haue no cause to hold my frindship doubtfull,  
Ineuer was, nor neuver will be false.

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

*Dar.* Deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit, Dar.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My Gracious souerainge, now in Deuonshires,  
As I by friends am well aduertised,  
Sir William Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,  
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,  
With many moe confiderates, are in armes.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* My liege, in Kent the Guilfords are in armes,  
And euery houre more competitors  
Flocke to their ayde, and still their power increaseth.

*Enter another Messenger.*

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

*He striketh him.*

*King.* Out on you owles, nothing but songes of death,  
Take that vntill thou bring me better newes.

*Mes.* Your Grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,  
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of water,  
The Duke of Buckinghams armie is disprest and scattered  
And he himselfe fled no man knowes whither.

*King.* O I cry you mercie, I did mistake,  
Ratchiffe 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 bin made my liege.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* Sir Thomas Louell and Lord Marques Dorset,  
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes,  
Yet this good comfort bring I to your Grace;  
The Brittainie Nauie is disperst, Richmond in Dorshire  
Sent out a boate to aske them on the shore,  
If they were his assistants yea, or no:  
Who answered him they came from Bucking ham;  
Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them,



# The Tragedie

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

*Enter Catesby.*

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

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

*Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.*

*Dar.* Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,  
That in the stie of this most bloudie bore,  
My sonne George Stanley is frankt vp in hold,  
If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head,  
The feare of that, withholds my present aide,  
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

*Christ.* At Pembroke, or at Hertford-west in Wales,

*Dar.* What men of name resort to him?

*S. Christ.* Syr Walter Herbert, a renowned souldier,  
Syr Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley,  
Oxford, doubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,  
Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew.  
With many moe of noble fame and worth,  
And towards London they do bend their course,  
If by the way they be not fought withall.

*Dar.* Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him,  
Tell him, the Queene hath hartily consented  
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter,  
These Letters will resolue him of my minde,  
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, Riuer, Gray,  
Holy king Henry, and thy faire sonne Edward,  
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,

# of Richard the third.

That your moodie discontented soules,  
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,  
Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction:  
This is Allsoules day fellowes, is it not?

*Rat.* It is my Lord.

*Buc.* Why then Allsoules 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, or his wiues allies:  
This is the day wherein I wisht to fall,  
By the false faith of him I trusted most:  
This, this Allsoules day, to my fearefull soule,  
Is the determinde respite of my wrongs:  
That high all seer that I dallied with,  
Hath turnd my fained praier on my head,  
And giuen in earnest what I begd in ieast,  
Thus doeth he forse the sword of wicked men  
To turne their points on their maisters bosome:  
Now Margarets curse is fallen vpon my head,  
When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,  
Remember Margaret was a Prophetesse.  
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,  
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the dew of blame.

*Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.*

*Rich.* Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friends,  
Bruisd vnderneath the yoke of tyrannie,  
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,  
Haue we marcht on without impediment:  
And here receiue we from our Father Stanley,  
Lines of faire comfort, and encouragement,  
The wretched, bloudie, and vsurping bore,  
That spoild your sommer-field, and fruitfull vines,  
Swils your warme blood like wash, and makes his trough  
In your inboweld bosomes, this foule swine  
Lies now euen in the center of this Ile,  
Neare to the towne of Leycester as we learne:  
From Tamworth thither, is but one daies march,  
In Gods name cheare on, couragious friends,  
To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace.



By this one bloodie triall of sharpe watre.

1. *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords  
To fighi against that bloody homicide.

2. *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will fle to vs.

3. *Lor.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare,  
Which in his greatest need will shrinke from him.

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

*Enter K. Richard, Norff. 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.* Norffolke, come hither:

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

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

*King.* Vp with my tent there, 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.* Sixe or seuen thousand is their greatest number.

*King.* Why our battalion rebels that account,  
Besides, the kings name is a tower of strength,  
Which they vpon the aduerse partie want:

Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,  
Let vs suruey the vantage of 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 Richmond with the Lords.*

*Rich.* The wearie Sunne hath made a golden seate,  
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,  
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow:  
Where is sir William Brandon, he shall beare my stander,  
The Earle of Pembroke keepe his regiment,  
Good Captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,  
And by the second houre in the morning,  
Desire the Earle to see me in my tent.

Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goest,  
Where is Lord Stanley quarterd, dost thou know?

*Blunt.* Vales I haue mistane his colours much. Which

Which well I am assured I haue not done,  
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at least,  
South from the mightie power of the king.

*Rich.* If without perill it be possible,  
Good captain Blunt beare my good night to him,  
And giue him from me, this most needful scrowle.

*Blunt.* Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vnder take 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 seuerall charge,  
And part in iust proportion our small strength:  
Come, let vs consult vpon to morrowes businesse,  
Into our tent, the aire is rawe and cold.

*Enter K. Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesby.*

*King.* What is a clocke?

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

*King.* I will not sup to night, giue me some Inke & paper,  
What is my beuer easier then it was?  
And all my armor laid into my tent?

*Cat.* It is my liege, and all things are in readinesse.

*King.* Good Norffolke hie thee to thy charge,  
Vse carefull watch, chuse trustie Centinell.

*Nor.* I goe my Lord.

*King.* Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle Norffolke.

*Nor.* I warrant you my Lord.

*King.* Catesbie.

*Rat.* My Lord.

*King.* Send out a Purseuant at armes  
To Stanleys regement, bid him bring his power  
Before Sun rising, least his sonne George fall  
Into the blinde caue of eternall night.

Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,  
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,  
Looke that my staues be sound and not too heavy Ratcliffe.

*Rat.* My Lord.

*King.* Sawest thou the melancholy L. Northumberland?

*Rat.* Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himselfe,  
Much about Cockshut time, from troupe to troupe



Went through the armie chearing vp the souldiers,

*Kin.* So I am satisfied, giue me a bowle of wine,  
I haue not that alacritie of spirit,

Nor cheare of mind that I was wont to haue :

Set it downe, Is ynke and paper readie ?

*Rat.* It is my Lord,

*King.* Bid my guard watch, leaue me.

*Ratliffe* about the mid of night come to my tent,

And helpe to arme me: leaue me I say. *Exit Ratliffe.*

*Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.*

*Dar.* Fortune and victorie sit on thy helme.

*Rich.* All comfort that the darke night can affoord,

Be to thy person, noble father in lawe,

Tell me how fares our noble mother ?

*Dar.* I by attorney blesse thee from thy mother,

Who praies continually for Richmonds good,

So much for that, the silent houres steale on,

And 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 arbitrement

Of bloodie strokes and mortall staring warre,

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

With best aduantage will deceiue the time,

And aide thee in this doubtfull shooke of armes:

But on thy side I may not bee too forward,

Lest being scene, thy brother tender George,

Be executed in thy fathers fight.

Farwell, the leisure and the fearefull time,

Cuts off the seremonious vows of loue,

And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,

Which so long sundired frinds should dwell vpon,

God giue vs leisure for these rights of loue,

Once more adue, be valiant aud speed well.

*Rich.* Good Lord conduct him to his regiment:

Ile striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,

Lest leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,

When I should mount with wings of victory:

Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. *Exeunt.*

O thou whose captaine I account my selfe

Looke on my forces with a gracious eye :

Put in their hands thy brusing Irons of wrath,

That they may crush downe with a heauie fall,

The vsurping helmets of our aduersaries,

Make vs thy ministers of chastisement,

That we may praise thee in thy victorie.

To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,

Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,

Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still.

*Enter the ghost of prince Ed sonne to Henry the sixt.*

*Ghost to K. Ri.* Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow,

Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth,

At Teukesbury : dispaire therefore and die.

*To Rich.* Be cheereful Richmond, for the wronged soules

Of butchred Princes fight in thy behalfe,

King Henries issue Richmond comforts thee.

*Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixt.*

*Ghost to K. Ri.* When I was mortall, my annointed body,

By thee was punched full of holes,

Thinke on the Tower, and me : dispaire and die,

Harrie the sixt bids thee dispaire and die.

*To Rich.* Vertuous and holy be thou conquerour,

Harrie that prophesied thou shouldest be king,

Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, liue and flourish.

*Enter the Ghost of Clarence.*

*Ghost.* Let me sit heauie in thy soule to morrow,

I that was washt to death with fullsome wine,

Poore Clarence by thy guile betrayd to death:

To morrow in the battell thinke on me,

And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.

*To Rich.* Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee.

Good Angels guard thy battell, liue and flourish.

*Enter the Ghost of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan.*

*Ri.* Let me sit heauie in thy soule to morrow,

Riuers that died at Pomfret, dispaire and die.

*Gray.* Thinke vpon Gray, and let thy soule dispaire.

*Vaugh.* Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guiltie feare

Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die.



All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in Ri. boosome,  
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

*Enter the Ghost of L. Hastings.*

*Gho.* Bloody and guiltie, guiltily awake,  
And in a bloody battell end thy dayes.

Think on *L. Hastings*, dispaire and die.

To *Ri.* Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,  
Arme, fight and conquer for faire Englands sake.

*Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.*

*Gho.* to *K. R.* Dreame on thy consins smothered in the  
Let vs be laid within thy boosome Richard, { Tower,  
And way thee downe to ruine, shame and death.  
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.

To *Ri.* Sleepe Richmond sleepe, in peace, and wake in ioy,  
Good Angels guard thee from the Bores annoy.  
Liue and beget a happie race of Kings,  
Edwards vnhappie sonnes do bid thee flourish.

*Enter the Ghost of Quene Anne his wife.*

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,  
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,  
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,  
To morrow in the battaile 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 happie victorie,  
Thy Aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

*Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.*

The first was *I* that helpt thee to the Crowne,  
Thy last was *I* that felt thy tyrannie,  
O, in the battell thinke on Buckingham,  
And die in terror of thy guiltineffe:  
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death.  
Fainting dispaire, despairing yeeld thy breath.

To *Ri.* I dyed for hope ere *I* could lend thee aid,  
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismayd,  
God and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,  
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

*K. Richard starteth out of a dreame.*

*K. Ri.* Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:  
Haue mercie Iesu: I oft 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? thers none else 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,  
Lest I reuenge. What my selfe vpon my selfe?  
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good  
That I my selfe haue done vnto my selfe?  
O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,  
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:  
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.  
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do 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:  
Periurie, in the highest degree,  
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyrest degree,  
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,  
Throng all to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie.  
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,  
Finde in my selfe, no pittie to my selfe.  
Me thought the soules of all that I murthered  
Came all to my tent, and euery on did threat  
To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.

*Enter Ratcliffe.*

*Rai.* My Lord.

*King.* Zounds, who is heare?

*Rat.* Ratcliffe, my Lord tis *I*: the early village cocke  
Hath twise done salutation to the morne,  
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.

*King.* O Ratcliffe, I haue dreamd a fearefull dreame,  
What thinkst thou, will our friends proue all true?

*Rat.* No dopt my Lord.

*King.* O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.

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

*King.* By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night



## The Tragedie

Haue strooke more terror to the soule of Richard,  
Then can the substance of ten thousand souldiers  
Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow Richmond.

Tis not yet neare day, come goe with me,  
Vnder our Tents Ile play the cawse-dropper,  
To heare if any means to shrinke from me.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Lords to Richmond.*

*Lords.* Good morrow Richmond.

*Rich.* Crie mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentle men,  
That you haue tane tardie sluggard here.

*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 Lords.

Me thought their soules, whose bodies Richard murthred,  
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie:

I promise you my soule is very iocund,

In the remembrance of so faire a dreame.

How farre into the morning is it Lords?

*Lor.* Vpon the stroke of foure.

*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 soules,

Like high read 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 bloudy tyrant, and a homicide.

One raised in bloud, and one in bloud established:

One that made meanes to come by what he hath,

And slandered those that were the meanes to helpe him:

A base foule stone, made precious by the soile

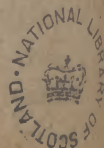
Of Englands chaire, where he is falsly set,

One that hath euer bene Gods enemy:

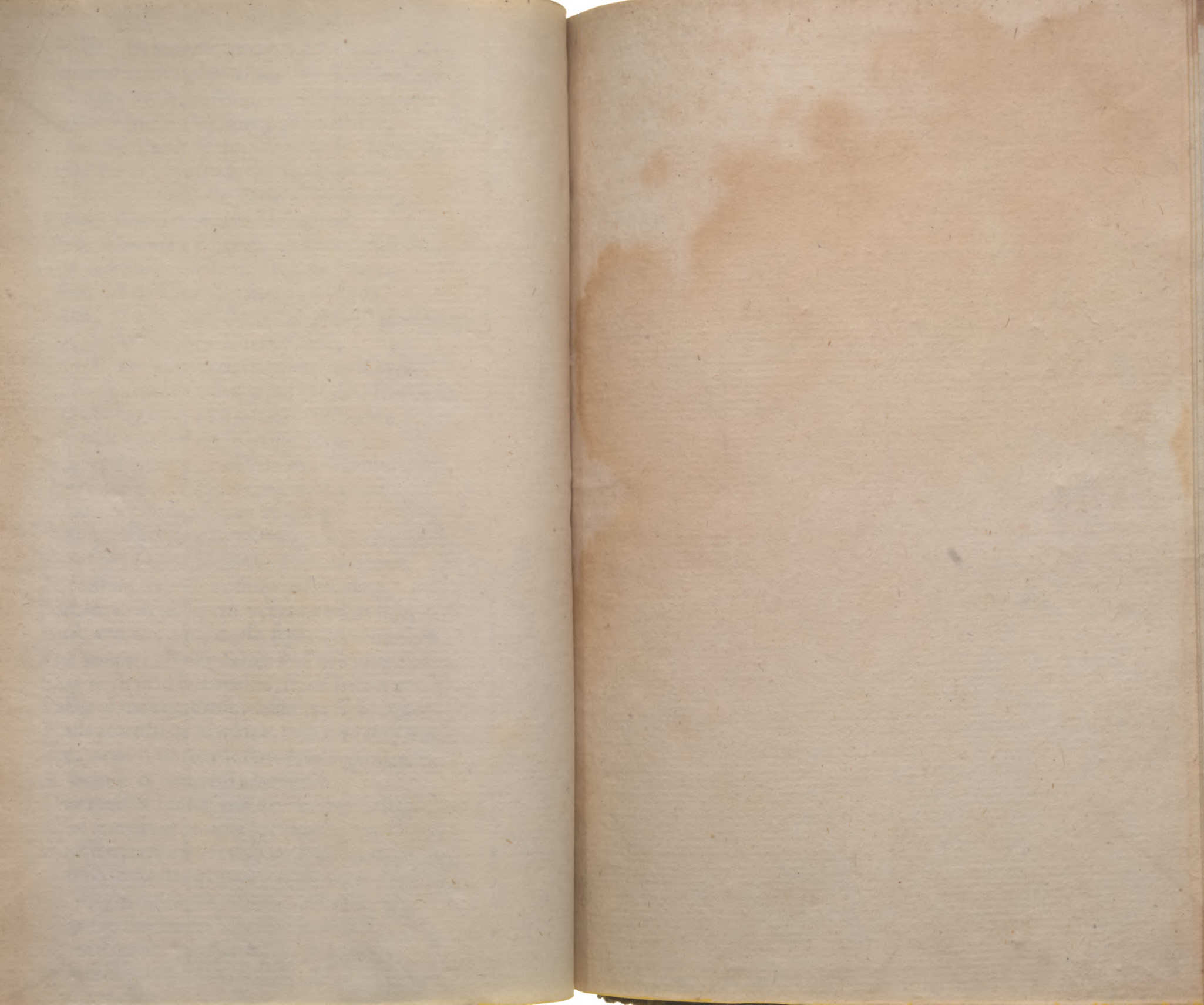
Then if you fight against Gods enemy,

God will in iustice ward you as his souldiers:

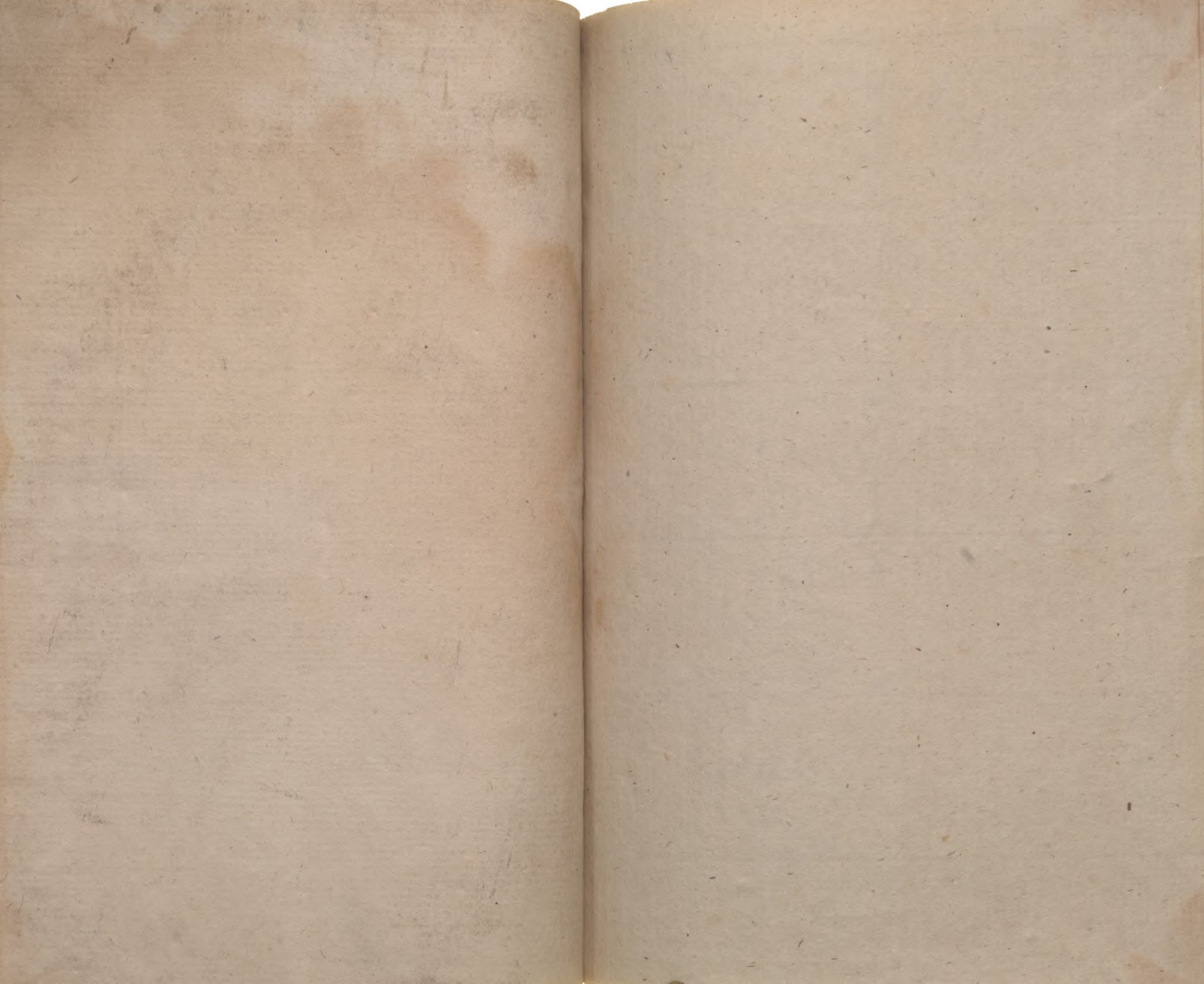
If you do sweare to put a tyrant downe



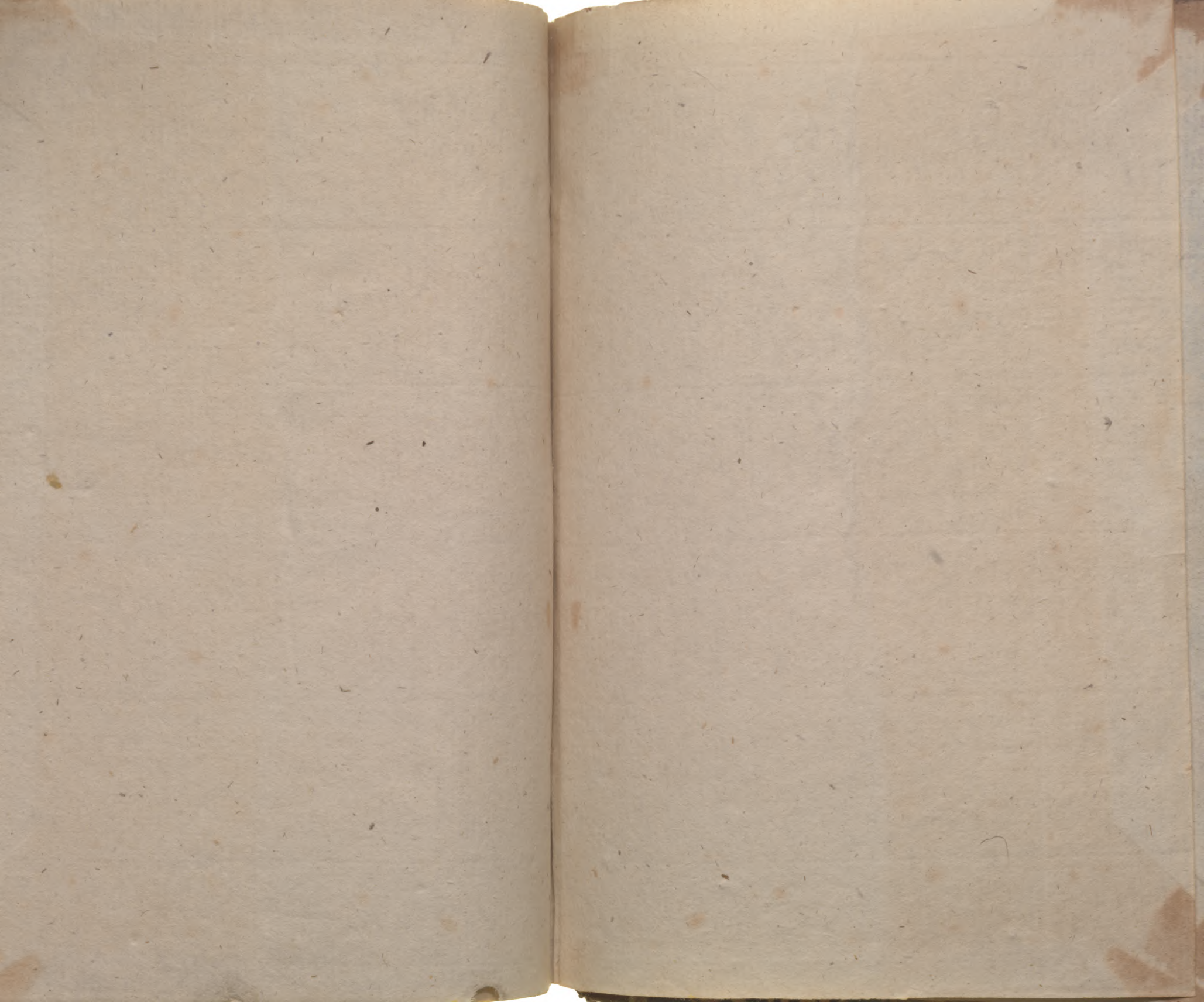














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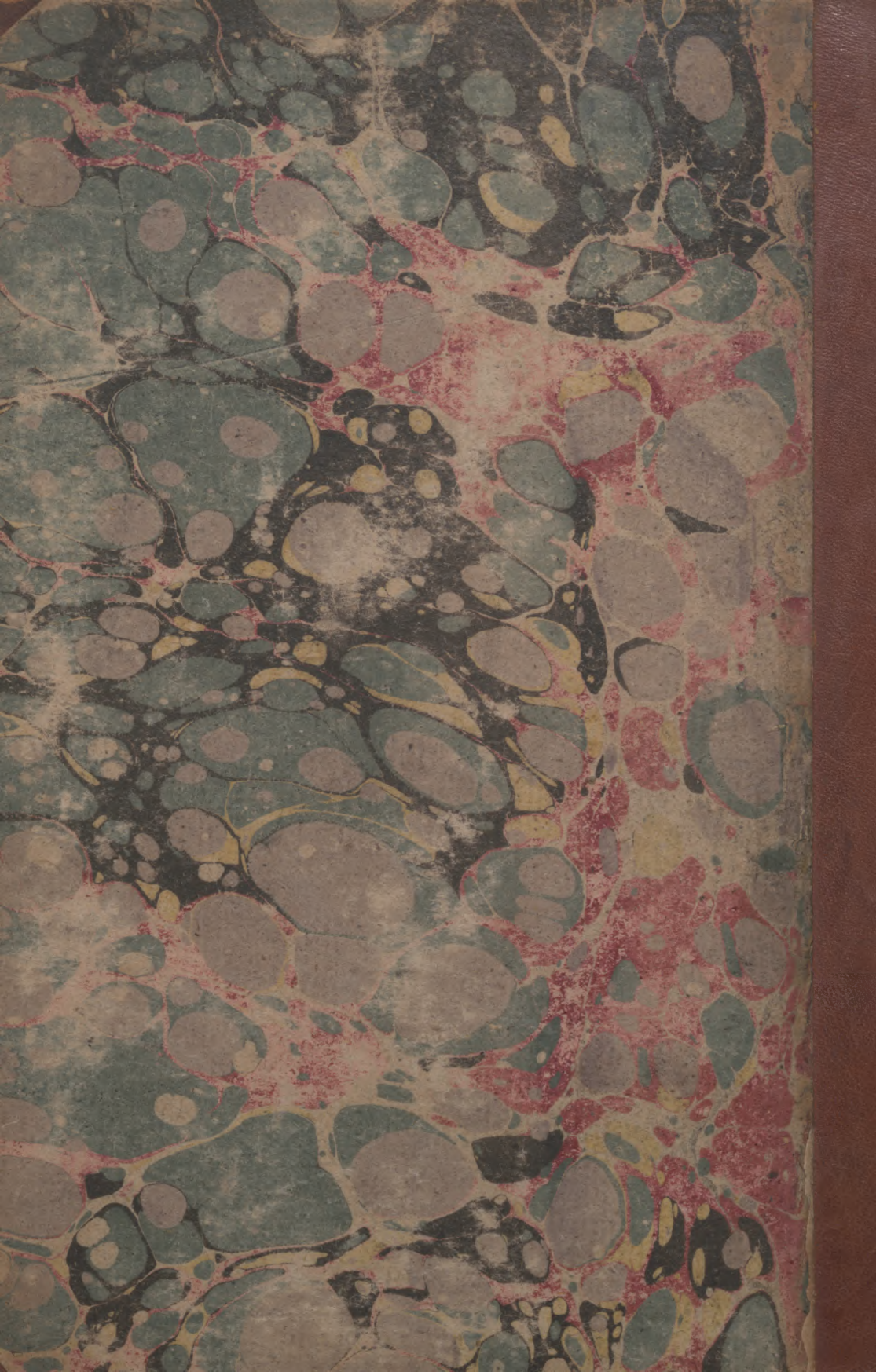
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