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

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus.

Now is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Sone of Yorke:
And all the clouds that lowr'd upon our house
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung up for Monuments;
Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures.
Grim-visag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearfull Adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a Lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
I, that am Rudely stampt, and want loves Majesty,
To strut before a wonton ambling Nymph:
I that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, un-finish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing World, scarse halfe made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them.
Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
Have no delight to passe away the time,
Unlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine own Deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a Lover,
To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,
I am determined to prove a Villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.
Plots have I laide, Inductions dangerous,
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 just,
As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous,
This day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd up:
About a Prophesie, which sayes that G,
of *Edwards* heyres the murtherer shall be.
Dive thoughts downe to my soule, here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury, guarded.
Brother, good day: What meanes this armed guard

That waites upon your Grace?
Cla. His Majesty tendring my persons safety,
Hath appointed this Conduct, to convey me to the Tower
Rich. Upon what cause?
Cla. Because my name is *George.*
Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He should for that commit your Grandfathers.
O belike, his Majesty hath some intent,
That you should be new Christned in the Tower.
But what's the matter *Clarence,* may I know?
Cla. Yea *Richard,* whan I know : but I protest
As yet I do not : But as I can learne,
He hearkens after Prophesies and Dreames,
And from the Crosse-row pluckes the letter G:
And sayes, a Wizard told him, that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought, that I am he.
These (as I learne) and such like toyes as these,
Hath moov'd his Highnesse to commit me now.
Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women:
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Grey* his Wife, *Clarence* 'tis shee,
That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.
Was it not shee, and that good man of Worship,
Anthony Woodville her Brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the Tower?
From whence this present day he is deivered?
We are not safe *Clarence,* we are not safe.
Cla. By heaven, I thinke there is no man secure
But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Mistris *Shore.*
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord *Hastinges* was, for her delivery?
Rich. Humbly complaining to her Dietie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we sill keepe in favour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her Livery.
The jealous ore-worne Widdow, and her selfe,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy.
Bra. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Majesty hath straightly given in charge,
That no man shall have private Conference
(Of what degree soever) with your Brother.

Rich.

Rich. Even so, and please your Worship *Brakenbury,*
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 yeares, faire, and not jealious.
We say, that *Shores* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a passing peasing tongue:
And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How say you sir? can you deny all this?
Bra. With this (my Lord) my self have nought to doo.
Rich. Naught to do with Mistris *Shore?*
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were best to do it secretly aloone.
Bra. What one, my Lord.
Rich. Her Husband Knave, would'st thou betray me?
Bra. I do beseech your Grace
To pardon me, and withall forbeare
Your Conference with the Noble Duke.
Cla. We know thy charge *Brakenbury,* and wil obey.
Rich. We are the Queenes abjects, and must obey.
Brother farewell, I will unto the King,
And whatsoe're you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* Widdow, Sister,
I will performe it to infranchise you.
Meane time, this deepe disgrace in Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
Rich. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliver you, or else lye for you:
Meane time, have patience.
Cla. I must perforce : Farewell. *Exit Clar.*
Rich Go treade the path that thou shalt ne're return:
Simple plaine *Clarence,* I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy Soule to Heaven,
If Heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes heere? the new delivered *Hastings?*

Enter Lord Hasting.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.
Rich. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,
How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hast. With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall live (my Lord) to give them thankes
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
For they that were you Enemies, are his,
And have prevai'ld as much on him, as you,
Hast. More pitty, that the Eagles should be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty.
Rich. What newes abroad?
Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake, and melancholly,
And his Physitians feare him mightily.
Rich. Now by S.John, that Newes is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an evill Diet long,
And over-much consum'd his Royall Person:
'Tis very greevous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.
Exit Hastings.
He cannot live I hope, and must not dye,
Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse up to Heaven.

Ile in to urge his hatred more to *Clarence,*
With Lyes well steel'd with weighty Arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bussle in.
For then, Ile marry Warwickes yongest daughter.
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readiest way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her husband, and her Father:
The which will I, not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto:
But yet I run before my horse to Market:
Clarence still breathes, *Edward* still lives and raignes,
When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Coarse of Henrie the sixt with Halberds to guard it,
Lady Anne being the Mourner.

Anne. Set downe, set downe your honorable load,
If Honor may be shrowded in a Herse;
Whil'st I a-while obsequiously lament
Th'untimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster.
Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale Ashes of the House of Lancaster;
Thou bloodlesse Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I invocate thy Ghost,
To heare the Lamentations of poore *Anne,*
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtred Sonne,
Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds.
Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helplesse Balme of my poore eyes.
O cursed be the hand that made these holes:
Cursed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:
Cursed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can wish to Wolves, to Spiders, Toades,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives.
If ever he have Childe, Abortive be it,
Prodigeous, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnaturall Aspect
May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,
And that be Heyre to his unhappinesse.
If ever he have Wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come no towards Chertsey with your holy Lode,
Taken from Paules, to be interred there.
And still as you are weary of this waight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King *Henries* Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster.

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarse, & set it down.
An. What blacke Magitian conjures up this Fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?
Rich. Villaines set downe the Coarse, or by S. Paul,
Ile make a Coarse of him that disobeyes.

Gen.

Gen. My Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe.
Rich Unmanner'd Dogge,
Stand'st thou when I commaund:
Advance thy Halbert higher then my brest,
Or by S. Paul Ile strike thee to my Foote,
And spurne upon thee Begger for thy boldnesse.
Anne. What do you tremble? are you all affraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Divell.
Avaunt thou dreadfull minister of Hell;
Thou had'st but power over his Mortall body,
His Soule thou canst not have: Therefore be gone.
Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst.
An. Foule Divell,
For Gods sake hence, and trouble us not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell :
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deepe exclaimes:
If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen, see, see dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lumpe of fowle Deformitie:
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels.
Thy Deeds inhumane and unnaturall,
Provokes this Deluge most unnaturall.
Oh God! which this Blood mad'st, revenge his death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink'st, revenge his death.
Either Heav'n with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead:
Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
And thou dost swallow up this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-govern'd arme hath butchered.
Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curses?
An. Villaine, thou know'st nor law of God nor Man,
No Beast so fierce, bu knowes some touch of pitty.
Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.
An. O wonderfull, when divels tell the truth!
Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry:
Vouchsafe (divine perfection of a Woman)
Of these supposed Crimes, to give me leave
By circumstance, but to acquit my selfe.
An. Vouchsafe (defus'd infrction of man)
Of these knowne evils, but to give me leave
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed Selfe.
Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leysure to excuse my selfe.
An. Fouler then heart can thinke thee,
Thou can'st make no excuse currant,
But to hang thy selfe.
Rich. By such dispaire, I should accuse my selfe.
An. And by dispairing shalt thou stand excused,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe,
Thad did unworthy slaughter upon others.
Rich. Say that I slew them not.
An. Then say they were not slaine:
But dead they are, and divellish slave by thee.
Rich. I did not kill your Husband.
An. Why then he is alive.
Rich. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hands.
An. IN thy foule throat thou Ly'st.
Queene *Margaret* saw
Thy murd'rous Faulchion smoaking in his blood:
The which, thou once didd'st bend against her brest,
But that thy Brothers beate aside the point.
Rich. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,

that laid their guilt, upon my guiltlesse Shoulders.
An. Thou was't provoked by thy bloody minde,
That never dream'st on ought but Butcheries:
Did'st thou not kill this King?
Rich. I graunt ye.
An. Do'st grant me Hedge-hogge,
Then God graunt me too
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deede,
O he was gentle milde, and vertuous.
Rich. The better for the King of Heaven that hath him.
An. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Rich. Let him thanke me, that holpe to send him thi-
ther:
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
An. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.
Rich. Yes one place else, if you will heare the name it.
An. Some dungeon.
Rich. Your Bed-chamber.
An. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyest.
Rich. So will in Madam, till I lye with you.
An. I hope so.
Rich. I know so. But gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keene encounter of our wittes,
And fall something into a slower method.
Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths
Of these *Plantagenets, Henrie* and *Edward,*
As blamefull as the Executioner.
An. Thou was't the cause, and most accurst effect.
Rich. Your beauty was the cause of that effect:
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleepe,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one houre in your sweet bosome.
An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,
These Nailes should rent that beauty from my Cheekes.
Rich. These eyes could not endure [yt] beauties wrack,
You should not blemish it, if I stood by;
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that : It is my day, my life.
An. Blacke night ore-shade thy day, & death thy life.
Rich. Curse not thy selfe faire Creature,
Thou art both.
An. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Rich. It is a quarrell most unnaturall,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
An. It is a quarrell just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my Husband,
Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.
An. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Rich. He lives, that loves thee better then he could.
An. Name him.
Rich. Plantagenet.
An. Why that was he.
Rich. The selfesame name, but one of better Nature.
An. Where is he?
Rich. Heere. *Spits at him.*
Why dost thou spit at me.
An. Would it were mortall poyson, for thy sake.
Rich. Never came poyson from so sweet a place.
An. Never hung poyson on a fowler Toade.
Out of my sight, thou dost infect mine eyes.
Rich. Thine eyes (sweet Lady) have infected mine.
An. Would they were Basiliskes, to strike thee dead.
Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine, from mine have drawne salt Teares;
For

Sham'd their Aspect with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorsefull teare,
No, when my Father Yorke, and *Edward* wept,
To heare the pittious moand that Rutland made
When black-fac'd *Clifford* shooke his sword at him.
Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe,
Told the sad storie of my Fathers deah,
And twenty times, made pause to sob and weepe:
That all the standers by had wet their cheekes
Like Trees bedash'd with raine. In that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorne an humble teare:
And what these sorrowes could not thence exhale,
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.
I never sued to Friend, nor Enemy:
My Tongue could never learne sweet smoothing word.
But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake.
She lookes scornefully at him.
Teach not thy lip such Scorne; for it was made
For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Loe heere I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword,
Which if thou please to hide in this true brest,
And let the Soule forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly begge the death upon my knee,
He layes his brest open, she offers at with his sword.
Nay do not pause : For I did kill King *Henrie*,
But 'twas thy Beauty that provoked me.
Nay now dispatch: 'Twas I that stabb'd yong *Edward*.
But 'twas thy Heavenly face that set me on.
She fals the Sword.
Take up the Sword againe, or take up me.
An. Arise Dissembler, though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy Executioner.
Rich. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it.
An. I have already.
Rich. That was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy Love,
Shall for thy love, kill a farre truer Love,
To both their death shalt thou be accessary.
An. I would I knew thy heart.
Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
An. I feare me, both are false.
Rich. Then never Man was true.
An. Well, well, put up your Sword.
Rich. Say then my Peace is made.
An. That shalt thou know heerafter.
Rich. But shall I live in hope.
An. All men I hope live so.
Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.
Rich. Looke how my Ring incompasseth thy Finger,
Even so thy Brest incloseth my poore heart:
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore devoted Servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirme his happinesse for ever.
An. What is it?
Rich. That it may please you leave these sad designes,
To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,
And presently repayre to Crosbie House:
Where (after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey Monast'ry this Noble King,
And wet his Grave with my Repentant Teares)
I will with all expediant duty see you,

For divers unknowne Reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this Boon.
An. With all my heart, and much it joyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and *Barkley,* go along with me.
Rich. Bid me farwell.
An. 'Tis more then you deserve :
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine that I have saide farewell already.
Exit two with Anne.
Gent. Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord?
Rich. No: to White Friars, there attend my comming
Exit Course
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour wonne?
Ile have her, but I will not keepe her long.
What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,
To take her in her hearts extreamest hate,
With curses in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witnesse of my hatred by,
Having God, her Conscience, and these bars against me,
And I, no Friends to backe my suite withall,
But the plaine Divell, and dissembling lookes?
And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.
Hah!
Hath she forgot alreadie that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I (some three monthes since)
Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury?
A sweeter, and a lovelier Gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature :
Yong, Valiant, Wise, and (no doubt) right Royal,
The spacious World cannot again affoord:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropt the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,
And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed?
On me, whose All not equals *Edwards* Moytie?
On me, that halts, and am mishapen thus?
My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier!
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life she findes (although I cannot)
My selfe to be a marv'llous proper man.
Ile be at Charges for a Looking-glasse,
And entertaine a score or two of Taylors,
To study fashions to adorne my body:
Since I am crept in favour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with some little cost,
But first Ile turne yon Fellow in his Grave,
And then returne lamenting to my Love.
Shine out faire Sunne, till I have bought a glasse,
That I may see my Shadow as I passe. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

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

Riv. Have patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide on me?
Gray.

[If he were dead, what would betide on me?
Gray. No other harme, but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord, includes all harmes.
Gray. The Heavens have blest you with a goodly Son,
To be your Comforter, when he is gone.
Qu. Ah! he is yong; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of *Richard Glouster,*
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?
Qu. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.
Buc. Good time of day unto your Royall Grace.
Der. God make your Majesty joyfull, as you have bin
Qu. The Countesse *Richmond,* good my L. of *Derby.*
To your good prayer, will scarsely say, Amen.
Yet *Derby* notwithstanding shee's your wife,
And loves not me, be you good Lord assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Der. I do beseech you, either not beleeve
The envious slanders of her false Accusers:
Or if she be accus'd on true report,
Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.
Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of *Derby.*
Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Are come from visiting his Majesty.
Qu. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords.
Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully.
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. I Madam, he desires to make attonement
Betweene the Duke of Glouster, and your Brothers,
And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And sent to warne them to his Royall presence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will never be,
I feare our happinesse is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,
Who is it that complaines unto the King,
That I (forsooth) am sterne, and love them not?
By holy *Paul,* they love his Grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with such dissentious Rumors.
Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceive, and cogge,
Ducke with French nods, and Apish curtesie,
I must be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plaine man live, and thinke no harme,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd,
With silken, slye, insinuating Jackes?
Grey. To who in all this presence speaks your Grace?
Rich. To thee, that hast nor Honesty, nor Grace :
When have I injur'd thee? When done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?
A plague upon you all. His Royall Grace
(Whom God preserve better then you would wish)
Cannot be quiet scarse a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of Glouster, you mistake the matter:
The King on his owne Royall disposition,
(And not provok'd by any Sutor else)
Ayming (belike) at your interiour hatred,

That in your outward action shewes it selfe
Agains my Children, Brothers and my Selfe,
Makes him to send, that he may learne the ground.
Rich. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,
That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not perch.
Since everie Jacke became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jacke.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother
You envy my advancement, and my friends: (Gloster
God grant we never may have neede of you.
Rich. Meane time, God grants that I have need of you.
Our Brother is imprison'd by your meanes,
My selfe disgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, while great Promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarse some two dayes since were worth a Noble.
Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I injoy'd,
I never did incense his Majestie
Against the Duke of *Clarence*, but have bin
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My Lord you do me shamefull injurie,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Rich. You may deny that you were not the meane
Of my Lord *Hastings* late imprisonment.
Riv. She may my Lord, for -------
Rich. She may Lord *Rivers,* why who knowes not so?
She may do more sir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay those Honors on your high desert.
What may she not, she may, I marry may she.
Riv. What marry may she?
Ric. What marrie may she? Marrie with a King,
A Batcheller, and a handsome stripling too,
I wis your Grandam had a worser match.
Qu. My Lord of Glouster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffes:
By heaven, I will acquaint his Majestie
Of those grosse taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a Countrie servant maide
Then a great Queene, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at,
Small joy have I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. And lesned be that small, God I beseech him,
Thy honor, state, and seate, is due to me.
Rich. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
I will avouch't in presence of the King:
I dare adventure to be sent to th'Towre.
'Tis time to speake,
My paines are quite forgot.
Margaret. Out Divell,
I do remember them too well:
Thou killd'st mu Husband *Henrie* in the Tower,
And *Edward* my poore Son, at Tewkesburie.
Rich. Ere you were Queene,
I, or your Husband King:
I was a packe-horse in his great affaires:
A weeder out of his proud Adversaries,
A liberall rewarder of his Friends,
To royalize his blood, I spent mine owne.
Margaret. I and much better blood
Then his, or thine.

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband *Grey*
Were factious, for the House of *Lancaster;*
And *Rivers*, so were you : Was not your Husband,
In *Margarets* Battaile, at Saint *Albons*, slaine?
Le me put in your mindes, if you forget
What you have beene ere this, and what you are:
Withall, what I have beene, and what I am.
Q.M. A murth'rous Villaine, and so still thou art.
Rich. Poore *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwicke*,
I, and forswore himselfe (which Jesu pardon.)
Q.M. Which God revenge.
Rich. To fight on *Edwards* partie, for the Crowne,
And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mewed up:
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. High thee to Hell for shame, & leave this World
Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingome is.
Riv. My Lord of Gloster: in those busie dayes,
Whieh here you urge,to prove us Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Soveraigne King,
So should we you, if you should be our King.
Rick. If I should be? I had rather be a Pedler:
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.
Qu. As little joy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this Countries King,
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queene thereof.
Q.M. A little joy enjoyes the Queene thereof,
For I am shee and altogether joylesse:
I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me;
Which of you trembles not, that lookes on me?
If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subjects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebells.
Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away. (sight?
Rich. Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'st thou in my
Q.M. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee goe.
Rich. Wert thou not banished, on paine of deat?
Q.M. I was: but I doe find more paine in banishment,
Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.
A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'st to me,
And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegeance:
This Sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the Pleasures you usurpe, are mine.
Rich. The Curse my Noble Father layd on thee,
When thou didst Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper,
And with thy scornes drew'st Rivers from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gav'st the Duke a Clowt,
Steep'd in the faultlesse blood of prettie *Rutland:*
His Curses then, from bitternesse of Soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are all falne upon thee:
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.
Qu. So just is God, to right the innocent.
Hast. O,'twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe,
And the most mercilesse, that ere was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
Dors. No man but prophecied revenge for it.
*Buck. Northumberland,*then present, wept to see it.
Q.M. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you all your hatred now on me?
Did *Yorkes* dread Curse prevaile so much with Heaven,
That *Henries* death, my lovely *Edwards* death,

Their Kingdomes losse, my wofull Banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish Brat?
Can Curses pierce the Clouds, and enter Heaven?
Why then give way dull Clouds to my quick Curses.
Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your King,
As ours by Murther, to make him a King.
Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales,
For *Edward* our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales,
Dye in his youth, by like untimely violence.
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched selfe:
Long may'st thou live, to wayle thy Childrens death,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine.
Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death,
And after many length'ned howres of griefe,
Dye neyther Mother, Wife, not Englands Queene.
Rivers and *Dorset,* you were standers by,
And so was thou, Lord *Hastings*, when my Sonne
Was stab'd with bloody Daggers:God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his naturall age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off.
Rich. Have done thy Charme, [yu] hateful wither'd Hagge.
Q.M. And leave out thee? stay Dog, for [yu] shalt heare me.
If Heaven have any grevous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O let them keepe it, till thy sinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace.
The Worme of Conscience still begnaw thy Soule,
Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liv'st,
And take deepe Traytors for thy dearest Friends:
No sleepe close up that deadly Eye of thine,
Unlesse it be while some tormenting Dreame
Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Devills.
Thou elvish mark'd, abortive rooting Hogge,
Thou that wast seal'd in thy Nativitie
The slave of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell:
Thou slander of thy heavie Mothers Wombe,
Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers Loynes,
Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detested—
Rich. Margaret.
Q.M. Richard. *Rich.* Ha.
Q.M. I call thee not.
Rich. I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.
Q.M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.
Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret.*
Qu. Thus have you breath'd your Curse against your self.
Q.M. Poore painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune,
Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,
Whose deadly Web ensnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy selfe:
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,
To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bunch-backt Toade.
Hast. False boding Woman, end thy frantick Curse,
Least to thy harme, thou move our patience.
Q.M. Foule shame upon you, you have all mov'd mine.
Ri. Were you wel serv'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q.M. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subjects:
O serve me well, and teach your selves that duty.
Dors. Dispute not with her, shee is lunaticke.
Q.M. Peace Master Marquesse, you are malapert.
You fire-new stampe of Honor is scarce currant.

O that your yong Nobility could judge
What ‘twere to lose it, and be miserable.
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to peeces.
Rich. Good counsaile marry, learne it, learne it Marquesse.
Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me.
Rich. I, and much more: but I was borne so high:
Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the Sunne.
Mar. And turnes the Sun to shade: alas, alas,
Witnesse my Sonne, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright out-shining beames, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall darknesse folded up.
Your ayery buildeth in our ayeries Nest:
O God that seest it, do not suffer it,
As it is wonne with blood, lost be it so.
Buc. Peace, peace for shame: If not, for Charity.
Mar. Urge neither charity, nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher’d.
My Charity is outrage, Life my shame,
And in that shame, still live my sorrowes rage.
Buc. Have done, have done.
Mar. O Princely Buckingham, Ile kisse thy hand,
In signe of League and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble house:
Thy Garments are not spotted with our blood:
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.
Buc. Nor no one heere: for Curses never passe
The lips of those that breath them in the ayre.
Mar. I will not think but they ascend the sky,
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge:
Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Have not to do with him, beware of him,
Sinne, death, and hell have set their markes on him,
And all their Ministers attend on him.
Rich. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham.
Buc. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.
Mar. What dost thou scorne me
For my gentle counsell?
And sooth the divell that I warne thee from.
O but remember this another day:
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow:
And say (poor *Margaret*) was a Prophetesse:
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Buc. My haire doth stand an end to heare her curses.
Riv. And so doth mine, I muse why she’s at libertie.
Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.
[*Mar.*] I never did her any to my knowledge.
Rich. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for *Clarence*, he is well repayed:
He is frank’d up to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them, that are the cause thereof.
Riv. A vertuous, and a Christian-like conclusion
To pray for them that have done scath to us.
Rich. So do I ever, being well advis’d.
Speakes to himselfe.
For had I curst now, I had curst my selfe.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.
Qu. Catesby I come, Lords will you go with mee.
Riv. We wait upon your Grace.
Exeunt all but Gloster.
Rich. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle.
The secret Mischeefes that I set abroach,
I lay unto the greevous charge of others.
Clarence, who I indeede have cast in darknesse,
I do beweepe to many simple Gulles,
Namely to *Derby, Hastings, Buckingham,*
And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,
That stirre the King against the Duke my Brother.
Now they beleeve it, and withall whet me
To be reveng'd on *Rivers, Dorset, Grey.*
But then I sigh, and with a peece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evill:
And thus I cloath my naked Villanie
With odde old ends, stolne forth of holy Writ,
And seeme a Saint, when most I play the devill.

Enter two murtherers.
But soft, heere come my Executioners,
How now my hardy stout resolved Mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?
Vil. We are my Lord, and come to have the Warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Ric. Well thought upon, I have it heare about me:
When you have done, repayre to *Crosby* place;
But sirs be sodaine in the execution,
Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade;
for *Clarence* is well spoken, and perhappes
May move your hearts to pitty, if you marke him.
Vil. Tut,tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good dooers, be assur'd:
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.
Rich. Your eyes deop Mill-stones, _when Fooles eyes
fall Teares:
I like you Lads, about your businesse straight.
Go, go, dispatch.
Vil. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.
Keep. Why lookes your Grace so heavily to day.
Cla. O, I have past a miserable night,
So full of fearefull Dreames, of ugly sights,
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night
Thou 'twere to buy a world of happy daies:
So full of dismall terror was the time.
Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me
Cla. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to crosse to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother Glouster,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,
Upon the Hatches : There we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,

During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster
That had befalne us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Glouster stumbled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to stay him) over-boord,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noise of water in mine eares,
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes:
A thousand men that Fishes gnaw'd upon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Inestimable Stones, unvalewed Jewels,
All scattered in the bottome of the Sea,
Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorne of eyes) feflecting Gemmes,
That woo'd the slimy bottome of the deepe,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered by.
Keep. Had you such leysure in the time of death
To gaze upon these secrets of the deepe?
Cla. Me thought I had and often did I strive
To yeeld the Ghost: but still the envious Flood
Stop'd in my soule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring ayre:
But smother'd it within my panting bulke,
Who almost bust, to belch it in the Sea.
Keep. Awak'd you not in this sore Agony?
Clar. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempest to my Soule.
I past (me thought) the Melancholly Flood,
With that sowre Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Unto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.
The first that there did greet my Stranger-soule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke,
Who spake alowd: What scourge for Perjurie,
Can this darke Monarchy affoord false *Clarence?*
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre
Dabbel'd in blood, and he shriek'd out alowd
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd *Clarence,*
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him unto Torment.
With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
Inviron'd me, and howled in mine eares.
Such hiddeous cries, that with the very Noise,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a season after,
Could not beleeve, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Imprecision made my Dreame.
Keep. No marvell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am affraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it.
Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done thise things
(That now give evidence against my Soule)
For *Edwards* sake, and see how he requits mee.
O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet exccute thy wrath in me alone :
O spare my guiltlesse Wife, and my poore children.
Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while,
My Soule is heavy, and I faine would sleepe.
Keep. I will my Lord, God give your Grace good rest.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breakes Seasons, and reposing houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night:

Princes have but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for unfelt Imaginations
They often feele a world of restlesse Cares.
So that betweene their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Murtherers.

1.Mur. Ho, who's heere?
Bra. What would'st thee Fellow? And how camm'st thou hither.
2.Mur. I would speak with *Clarence,* and I came hither on my Legges.
Bra. What so breefe?
1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him see our Commission, and talke no more. *Reads.*
Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliver
The Noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.
I will not reason what is meant hereby.
Because I will be guiltlesse from the meaning.
There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes.
Ile to the King, and signifie to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge. *Exit.*
1. You may sir, 'tis a point of wisdome:
Far you wall.
2. What, shall we stab him as he sleepes.
1. No: hee'l say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes
2. Why he shall never wake, untill the great Judgement day.
1. Why then hee'l say, we stab'd him sleeping.
2. The urging of that word Judgement, hath bred a kinde of remorse in me.
1. What? art thou affraid?
2. Not to kill him, having a Warrant,
But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.
1. I thought thou had'st bin resolute.
*2.*So I am, to let him live.
1. Ile backe to the Duke of Glouster, and tell him so.
*2.*Nay, I prythee stay a little:
I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change,
It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty.
1. How do'st thou feele thy selfe now?
2. Some certaine dregges of conscience are yet within mee.
*1.*Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.
2. Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.
1. Where's thy conscience now.
2. O, in the Duke of Glousters purse.
1. When hee opens his purse to give us our Reward, thy Conscience flyes out.
2.'Tis no matter, let it goe : There's a few or none will entertaine it.
1. What if it come to thee againe?
2. Ile not meddle with it, it makes man a Coward:
A man cannot steale, but it accuseth him: A man cannot Sweare, but it Checkes him : A man cannot lye with his Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shamefac'd spirit, that mutinies in a mans bosome : It filles a man full of Obstacles. It made me once restore a Purse of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any man that keepes it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himselfe, and live without it.

1. 'Tis

1. ‘Tis even now at my elbow, perswading me not to kill the [Duke.]
2. Take the divell in thy minde, and beleeve him not: He would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.
1. I am strong fram’d, he cannot prevaile with me.
2. Spoke like a tall man, that respects thy reputation. Come, shall we fall to worke?
1. Take him on the Costard, with the hiltes of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmesey-Butte in the next roome.
2. O excellent device; and make a sop of him.
*1.*Soft, he wakes.
2. Strike.
1. No, wee’l reason with him.
Cla. Where art thou Keeper? Give m a cup of wine.
2. You shall have Wine enough my Lord anon.
Cla. In Gods name, what art thou?
1. A man, as you are.
*Cla.*But not as I am, Royall.
*1.*Not you as we are, Loyall.
Cla. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.
1. My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.
Cla. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speake?
Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?
*2.*To, to, to----
Cla. To murther me?
Both. I, I.
Cla. You scarsely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein my Friends have I offended you?
1. Offended us you have not, but the King.
Cla. I shall be reconcil’d to him againe.
2. Never my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.
Cla. Are you drawne forth among a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
What lawfull Quest have given their Verdict up
Unto the frowning Judge? Or who pronounc’d
The bitter sentence of poore *Clarence* death,
Before I be convict by course of Law?
To threaten me with death, is most unlawfull.
I charge you, as you hope for any goodnesse,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.
1. What we will do, we do upon command.
2. And he that hath commanded, is our King.
Cla. Erroneous Vassals, the great King of Kings
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded
That thou shalt do no murther. Will you then
Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans?
Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand,
To hurle upon their heads that breake his Law.
2. And that same Vengeance doth he hurle on thee,
For false Forswearing, and for murther too:
Thou did’st receive the Sacrament, to fight
In quarrell of the House of Lancaster.
*1.*And like a Taitor to the name of God,
Did’st breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip’t the Bowels of thy Sov’raignes Sonne.
2. Whom thou was’t sworne to cherish and defend.
*1.*How canst thou urge Gods dreadfull Law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such deere degree?
Cla. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deede?
For *Edward,*for my Brother, for his sake.
He sends you not to murther me for this:

For in that sinne, he is as deepe as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publiquely,
Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme:
He needs no indirect, or lawlesse course,
To cut off those that have offended him.
1. Who made thee then a bloudy minister,
When gallant springing brave *Plantagenet,*
That Princely Novice was strucke dead by thee?
Cla. My Brothers Love, the Divell, and my Rage.
1. Thy Brothers Love, our Duty, and thy Faults,
Provoke us hither now, to slaughter thee.
Cla. If you do love my Brother, hate not me:
I am his Brother, and I love him well.
If you are hyr'd for meed, bo backe againe,
And I will send you to my Brother Glouster:
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Then *Edward* will for tydings of my death.
2. You are deceiv'd,
Your Brother Glouster hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loves me, andhe holds me deere:
Go you to him from me.
1. I so we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke,
Blest his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme,
He little thought of this divided Friendship:
Bid Glouster thinke on this, and he will weepe.
1. I Milstones, as he lessoned us to weepe.
Cla. O do not slander him, for he is kinde.
1. Right, as Snow in Harvest:
Come, you deceive your selfe,
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you heere.
*Cla.*It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,
And hugg'd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.
1.Why so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earths thraldome, to the joyes of heaven.
2. Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.
Cla. Have you that holy feeling in your soules,
To counsaile me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your owne soules so blinde,
That you will warre with God, by murd'ring me.
O sirs consider, they that set you on
To do this deede, will hate you for the deede.
*2.*What shall we do?
Clar. Relent, and save your soules:
Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two such murtherers as your selves came to you,
Would not intreat for life, as you would begge
Were you in my distresse.
1. Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, divelish:
My Friend, I spy some pitty in thy lookes :
O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreate for mee,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.
2. Looke behinde you, my Lord.
1. Take that, and that, if all this will not do, *Stabs him.*
Ile drowne you in the Malmesey-But within. *Exit.*
2. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatcht:
How faine (like *Pilate*) would I wash my hands
Of this most greevous murther. *Enter 1. Murther*
1. How now? what mean'st thou that thou help'st me
not? By Heaven the Duke shall know how slacke you
have beene.

2. Mur. I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother,
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*
1. Mur. So do not I: go Coward as thou art.
Well, Ile go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the Duke give order for his buriall:
And when I have my meede, I will away,
For this will out, and then I must not stay. *Exit*

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

Flourish.
Enter the King sicke, the Queene, Lord Marquesse
Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby,
Buckingham, Woodvill.

King. Why so : now have I done a good daies work.
You Peeres, continue this united League:
I, every day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.
And more to peace my soule shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my Friends at peace on earth.
[*Dorset*] and *Rivers,* take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, Sweare your love.
Riv. By heaven, my soule is purg'd from grudging hate
And with my hand I seale my true hearts Love.
Hast. So thrive I, as I truly sweare the like.
King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Lest he that is the supreme King of Kings
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.
Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect love.
Ri. And I, as I love *Hastings,* with my heart,
King. Madam, your selfe is not exempt from this:
Nor you Sonne *Dorset,Buckingham* nor you;
You have bene factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.
Qu. There *Hastings,* I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine.
King, Dorset, imbrace him:
Hastings, love Lord Marquesse.
Dor. This interchange of love, I heere protest
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.
Hast. And so sweare I.
King. Now Princely *Buckingham,* seale [yu] this league
With thy embracements to my wives Allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
Buc. When ever *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
Upon your Grace, but with all dutious love,
Doth cherish you,and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love,
When I have most need to imploy a Friend,
And most assured that he is a Friend,
Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me: This do I begge of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours. *Embrace*
King. A pleasing Cordiall, Princely *Buckingham,*
Is this thy Vow, unto my sickely heart:
There wanteth now our Brother Gloster heere,
To make the blessed period of this peace.
Buc. And in good time,
Heere comes Sir *Richard Ratclife,* and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloster.

*Rich.*Good morrow to my Soveraigne King & Queen
And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day.
King. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day:
Gloster, we have done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, faire love of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.
Rich. A blessed labour my most Soveraigne Lord:
Among this Princely heape, if any heere
By false intelligence, or wrong surmize
Hold me a Foe: If I unwillingly, or in my rage,
Have ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his Friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmitie:
I hate it and desire all good mens love,
First Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious service.
Of you my Noble Cosin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd betweene us,
Of you and you, Lord *Rivers* and of *Dorset*,
That all without desert have frown'd on me:
Of you Lord *Woodvill*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soule is any jot at oddes,
More then the Infant that is borne to night;
I thanke my God for my Humility.
Qu. A holy day shall this be kept heereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My Soveraigne Lord, I do beseech your Highnesse
To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.
Rich. Why Madam, have I offred love for this,
To be so flowted in this Royall presence?
Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead? *They*
You do him injurie to scorne his Coarse. *all start.*
King. Who knowes not he is dead?
Who knowes he is?
Qu. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this?
Buck. Looke I so pale Lord *Dorset,* as the rest?
Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.
King. Is *Clarence* dead? The Order was reverst.
Rich. But he (poore man) by your first order dyed,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare:
Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,
That came too lagge to see him buried.
God grant, that some less Noble, and lesse Loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse then wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go currant from Suspition.

Enter Earle of Derby.

Der. A boone my Soveraigne for my service done.
King. I prethee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.
Der. I will not rise, unlesse your Highnes heare me.
King. Then say at once, what is it thou requests.
Der. The forfeit (Soveraigne) of my servants life,
Who slew to day a Riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.
King. Have I a tongue to doome my Brothers death?
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who

Who sued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Knee'ld [and] my feet, and bid me be advis'd?
Who spoke of Brother-hood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told e in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me:
And said deare Brother live, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen (almost) to death, how he did lap me
Even in his Garments, and did give himselfe
(All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your Carters, or your wayting Vassalls
Have done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
And I (unjustly too) must grant it you.
But for my Brother, not a man would speake,
Nor I (ungracious) speake unto my selfe
For him poore Soule. The proudest of you all,
Have bin beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you, would once begge for his life.
O God! I feare thy justice will take hold
On me, and you; and mind, and yours for this.
Come *Hastings* helpe me to my Closset.
Ah poore *Clarence.* *Exeunt some with K. & Queen.*
Rich. This is the fruits of rashnes: Markt you not,
How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene
Look'd pale, when they did heare of *Clarence* death.
O! they did urge it still unto the King,
God will revenge it. Come Lords will you go,
To comfort *Edward* with our company.
Buc. We wait upon your Grace. *exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dutchesse of Yorke, with the two children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell us, is our Father dead?
Dutch. No Boy.
Daugh. Why do weepe so oft? And beate your Brest?
And cry, O *Clarence*, my unhappy Sonne/
Boy. Why do you looke on us, and shake your head,
And call us Orphans,Wretches, Castawayes,
If that our Noble Father were alive?
Dut. My pretty Cosins, you mistake me both,
I do lament the sickenesse of the King,
As loath to lose him, not your Fathers death:
It were lost sorrow to waile one that's lost.
Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:
The King mine Unckle is too blame for it.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.
Daugh. And so will I.
Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth love you wel.
Incapable, and shallow Innocents,
You cannot guesse who caus'd your Fathes death.
Boy. Grandam we can: for my good Unkle Gloster

Told me, the King provok'd to it by the Queene,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him;
And when my Unckle told me so, he wept.
And pittied me, and kindly kist my cheeke:
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would love me deerely as a childe.
Dut. Ah! that Deceit should steale such gentle shape,
And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice.
He is my sonne, I, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thinke you my Unkle did dissemble Grandam?
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noise is this?

Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears,
Rivers & Dorset after her.

Qu. Ah! who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.
Ile joyne with blacke dispaire against my Soule,
And to my selfe, become an enemie.
Dut. What meanes this Scene of rude impatience?
Qu. To make an act of Tragicke violence.
Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
If you will live, Lament : if dye, be breefe,
That our swift-winged Soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient Subjects follow him,
To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night.
Dut. Ah so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:
I have bewept a worthy Husband's death,
And liv'd with looking on his Images:
But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance,
Are cradk'd in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort, have but one false Glasse,
That greeves me, when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother,
And hast the comfort of thy Children left,
But death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and *Edward.* O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moity of my moane)
To over-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries.
Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death:
How can we ayde you with our Kindred teares?
Daugh. Our fatherlesse distresse was left unmoan'd
Your widdow-dolour, likewise be unwept.
Qu. Give me no help in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being govern'd by the waterie Moone,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.
Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord *Edward.*
Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deare Lord *Clarence.*
Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence.*
Qu. What stay had I but *Edward,* and hee's gone?
Chil. What stay had we but *Clarence?* and he's gone.
Dut. What stayes had I, but they? and they are gone.
Qu. Was never widdow had so deere a losse.
Chil. Were never Orphans had so deere a losse.
Dut. Was never Mother had so deere a losse.
Alas! I am the Mother of these Greefes.
Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.
She for an *Edward* weepes, and so do I:

I for a *Clarence* weepes, so doth not shee:
These Babes for *Clarence* weepe, so do not they.
Alas! you three, on me threefold distrest:
Power all your teares, I am your sorrowes Nurse,
And I will paper it with Lamentation.
Dor. Comfort deere Mother, God is much displeas'd,
That you take with unthankfulnesse his doing.
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungracefull,
With dull unwillingnesse to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the Royall debt it lent you.
Rivers. Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother
of the young Prince your sonne: send straight for him,
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort lives.
Drowne desperate sorrow in dead *Edwards* grave,
And plant your joyes in living *Edwards* Throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham,Derbie,Hastings, and Ratcliffe.

Rich. Sister have comfort, all of us have cause
To waile the dimming of our shining Starre:
But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercie,
I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I crave your Blessing.
Dut. God blesse thee, and put meekenes in thy breast,
Love Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.
Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt-end of a Mothers blessing;
I marvell that her Grace did leave it out.
Buc. You clowdy-Princes, & hart-sorowing-Peeres,
That beare this heavie mutuall loade of Moane,
Now cheere each other, in each others Love:
Though we have spent our Harvest of this King,
We are to reape the Harvest of his Sonne.
The broken rancour of your high-swolne hates,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and joyn'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherisht, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that with some little Traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be set
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.
Rivers. Why with some little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham?
Buc. Marrie my Lord, least by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of Malice should breake out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how muh the estate is greene and yet ungovern'd.
Wehere every Horse beares his comanding Reine,
And may direct his course as please himselfe,
As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.
Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of us,
And the compact is firme, and true in me.
Riv. And so in me, and so (I thinke) in all.
Yet since it is but greene, it should be put
To no apparant likely-hood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say with Noble Buckingham,
That it is meete so few should fetch the Prince.
Hast. And so say I.
Rich. Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that strait shall poste to London.
Madam, and you my Sister, will you go
To give your censures in this businesse. *Exeunt.*

Manet Buckingham, and Richard.

Buc. My Lord, who ever journies to the Prince,
For God sake let not us two stay at home:
For by the way, Ile sort occasion,
As Index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.

Rich. My other selfe, my Counsailes Consistory,
My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Cosin,
I, as a childe, will go by thy direction,
Toward London then, for wee'l not stay behinde. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at the other.

1.Cit. Good morrow Neighbour, whether away so fast?

2.Cit. I promise you, I scarsely know my selfe:
Heare you the newes abroad?

1. Yes, that the King is dead.

2. Ill newes byrlady,seldome comes the better:
I feare, I feare, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God speed.

1. Give you good morrow sir.

3. Doth the newes hold of good king *Edwards* death?

2. I sir, it is too true, Gold helpe the while.

3. Then Masters looke to see a troublous world.

1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne.

3. Woe to that Land that's govern'd by a Childe.

2. In him there is a hope of Government,
Which in his nonage, counsell under him,
And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe
No doubt shall then, and till then governe well.

1. So stood the State, when *Henry* the sixt
Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.

3. Stood th State so? No, no, good friends, God wot
For then this Land was famously enrich'd
With politike grave Counsell; then the King
Had vertuous Unkles to protect his Grace.

1. Why so hath this, both by his Father and Mother.

3. Better it were they all came by his Father:
Or by his Father there were none at all:
For emulation, who shall now be neerest,
Will touch us all too neere, if God prevent not.
O full of danger is the Duke of Glouster,
And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd and not to rule,
This sickly Land, might solace as before.

1. Come, come, we feare the worst: all will be well.

3. When Clouds are seen, wisemen put on their clokes;
When great leaves fall, then Winter is at hand;
When the Sun sets, who doth not looke for night?
Untimely stormes, makes men expect a Dearth:
All may be well; but if God sort it so,
'Tis more then we deserve, or I expect.

*2.*Truly, thie hearts of men are full of feare:
You cannot reason (almost) with a man,
That lookes not heavily, and full of dread.

3. Before the dayes of Change, still is it so,
By a divine instinct, mens mindes mistrust

[Ensuing]

[Pursuing] danger : as by proofe we see
The Water swell before a boyst'rous storme:
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
2. Marry we were sent for to the Justices.
*3.*And so was I : Ile beare you company. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

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

Arch. Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to night:
To morrow, or next day, they will be heere.
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 Yorke
Ha's almost overtane him in his growth.
Yorke. I Mother, but I would not have it so.
Dut. Why my good Cosin, it is good to grow.
Yor. Grandam, one night as we did sit at Supper,
My Unkle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow
More then my Brother. I,quoth my Unkle Glouster,
Small Herbes have grace, great Weeds do grow apace.
And since, me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet Flowres are slow, and Weeds make hast.
Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee.
He was the wretched'st thing when he was yong.,
So long a growing, and so leysurely,
That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.
Yor. And so now doubt he is, my gracioous Madam.
Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth, if I had beene remembred,
I could have given my Unkles Grace, a flout,
To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine.
Dut. How my yong Yorke,
I prythee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry (they say) my Unkle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old,
'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have beene a byting Jest.
Dut. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?
Yor. Grandam, his Nursse.
Dut. His Nurse? why she was dead, ere [yu] wast borne.
Yor. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A parlous Boy: go too, you are too shrew'd.
Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.
Qu. Pitchers have eares.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Heere comes a Messenger: What Newes?
Mes. Such newes my Lord, as greeves me to report.
Qu. How doth the Prince?
Mes. Well Madam, and in health.
Dut. What is thy Newes?
Mess. Lord *Rivers,* and Lord *Grey,*
Are sent to Pomfret, and with them,
Sir *Thomas Vaughan,* Prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Mes. The mighty Dukes, *Gloster* and *Buckingham.*

Arch. For what offence?
Mes. The summe of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknlwne to me, my gracious Lord.
Qu. Aye me! I see the ruine of my House:
The Tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle Hinde,
Insulting Tiranny beginnes to Jutt
Upon the innocent and awelesse Throne:
Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Massacre,
I see (as in a Map) the end of all.
Dut. Accursed, and unquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My Husband lost his life, to get the Crowne,
And often up and downe my sonnes were tost
For me to joy, and weepe, their gaine and losse.
And being seated, and Domestick broyles
Cleane over-blowne, themselves the Conquerors,
Make warre upon themselves, Brother to Brother;
Blood to blood, selfe against selfe: O prepostorous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me dye to looke on earth no more.
Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary,
Madam, farwell.
Dut. Stay, I will go with you.
Qu. You have no cause.
Arch. My gracious Lady go,
And thether beare your Treasure and your Goodes,
For my part, Ile resigne unto your Grace
The Seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.

The Trumpets sound.
Enter yong Prince, the Duke of Glocester, and Buckingham,
Lord Cardinall, with others.

Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London,
To your Chamber.
Rich. Welcome deere Cosin, my thoughts Soveraigne
The wearie way hath made you Melancholly.
Prin. No Unkle, but our crosses on the way,
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavie.
I want more Unkles heere to welcome me.
Rich. Sweet Prince, the utainted vertue of your yeers
Hath not yet div'd into the Worlds deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those Unkles which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,
But look'd not on the poyson of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from such false Friends.
Prin. God keepe me from false Friends,
But they were none.
Rich. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet
you.
Enter Lord Maior.

Lo.Maior. God blesse your Grace, with health and
happie dayes.
Prin. I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all:

I thought my Mother, and my Brother *Yorke,*
Would long, ere this, have met us on the way.
Fie, what a Slug is *Hastings,* that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time, heere comes the sweating
Lord.
Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother
come?
Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I;
The Queene your Mother, and your Brother *Yorke,*
Have taken Sanctuarie : The tender Prince
Would faine have come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce with-held.
Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene, to send the Duke of Yorke
Unto his Princely Brother presently?
If she denie, Lord *Hastings* goe with him,
And from her jealous Armes pluck him perforce.
Card. My Lord 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 Priviledge
Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this Land,
Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.
Buck. You are too sencelesse obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the grossenesse of this Age,
You breake not Sanctuarie, in seizing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To those, whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to clayme the place:
This Prinnce hath neytheer claym'd it, nor deserv'd it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thene, that is not there,
You breake no Priviledge, nor Charter there:
Oft have I heard of Sanctuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children, ne're till now.
Card. My Lord, you shall o're-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Hastings,* will you goe with me?
Hast. I goe, my Lord. *Exit Cardinall and Hastings.*
Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedie hast you may.
Say, Unckle Glocester, if our Brother come,
Where shall we sojourne, till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it think'st bet unto your Royall selfe.
If I may counsaile you, some day or two
Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health, and recreation.
Prince. I doe not like the Tower, of any place:
Did *Julius Caesar* build that place, my Lord?
Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which since, succeeding Ages have re-edify'd.
Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?
Buck. Upon record, my gracious Lord.
Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retayl'd to all posteritie.
Even to the generall ending day.
Glo. So wise, so young, they say doe never live long.
Prince. What say you, Unckle?

Glo. I say, without Characters, Fame lives long.
Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquitie,
I morallize two meanings in one word.
Prince. That *Julius Caesar* was a famous man,
With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,
His Wit set downe, to make his Valour live:
Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror,
For now he lives in Fame, though not in Life.
Ile tell you what, my Cousin *Buckingham.*
Buck. What, my gracious Lord?
Prince. And if I live untill I be a man,
Ile win our ancient Right in France againe,
Or dye a Souldier, as I liv'd a King.
Glo. Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.

Enter young Yorke, Hastings, and Cardinall.

Buck. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of Yorke.
Prince. Richard of Yorke, how fares our Noble Brother?
Yorke. Well, my deare Lord, so must I call you now.
Prince. I, Brother, to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd, that might have kept that Title,
Which by his death hath lost much Majestie.
Glo. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of Yorke?
Yorke. I thank you, gentle Unckle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince, my Brother, hath out-growne me farre.
Glo. He hath, my Lord.
Yorke. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire Cousin, I must not say so.
Yorke. Then he is more beholding to you, then I.
Glo. He may command me as my Soveraigne,
But you have power in me, as in a Kinsman.
Yorke. I pray you, Unckle, give me this Dagger.
Glo. My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my hart.
Prince. A Begger, Brother?
Yorke. Of my kind Unckle. that I know will give,
And being but a Toy, which is no griefe to give.
Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile give my Cousin.
Yorke. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.
Glo. I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.
Yorke. O then I see, you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'le say a Begger nay.
Glo. It is too weightie for your Grace to weare.
Yorke. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glo. What, would you have my Weapon, little Lord?
Yorke. I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you call me.
Glo. How?
Yorke. Little.
Prince. My Lord of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:
Unckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yorke. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Unckle, my Broher mockes both you and me.,
Because that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinkes that you should beare me on your shoulders.
Buck. With what a sharpe provided wit he reasons:
To mittigate the scorne he gives his Unckle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lord, wilt please you passe along?
My selfe, and my good Cousin *Buckingham,*
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
Yorke. What,

Yorke. What, will you goe unto the Tower, my Lord?
Prince. My Lord Protector will have it so.
Yorke, I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what should you feare?
Yorke. Marry, my Unckle *Clarence* angry Ghost:
My Grandam told me he was murther'd there.
Prince. I feare no Unckles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. And if they live, I hope I need not feare.
But come my Lord: and with a heavie heart,
Thinking on them, goe I unto the Tower.
A Senet. Exeunt Prince,Yorke,Hastings, and Dorset.

Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buck. Thinke you, my Lord, 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 perillous Boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable:
Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest: Come hither *Catesby,*
Thou art sworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way.
What think'st thou? is it not an easie matter,
To make *William* Lord *Hastings* of our minde,
For the installment of this Noble Duke
In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile?
Cates. He for his fathers sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.
Buck. What think'st thou then of *Stanley*? Will
not hee?
Cates. Hee will doe all in all as *Hastings* doth.
Buck. Well then, no more but this:
Goe gentle *Catesby,* and as it were farre off,
Sound thou Lord *Hastings,*
How he doth stand affected to our purpose,
And summon him to morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the Coronation.
If thou do'st fine him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, ycie, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so breake off the talke,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold divided Councels,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employ'd.
Rich. Commend me to Lord *William:* tell him *Catesby,*
His ancient Knot of dangerous Adversaries
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my Lord, for joy of this good newes,
Give Mistresse *Shore* one gentle Kisse the more.
Buck. Good *Catesby,* goe effect this businesse soundly.
Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.
Rich. Shall we heare from you, *Catesby*, ere we sleepe?
Cates. You shall, my Lord.
Rich. Art *Crosby* House, there shall you find us both.
Exit Catesby.
Buck. Now, my Lord,
What shall we doe, if wee perceive
Lord *Hastings* will not yeeld to our Complots?
Rich. Chop off his Head:
Something wee will determine:
And looke when I am King, clayme thou of me
The Earledome of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the King, my Brother, was possest.

Buck. Ile clayme that promise at your Graces hand.
Rich. And looke to have it yeelded with all kindnesse.
Come, let us suppe betimes, that afterwards
Wee may digest our complots in some forme.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Messenger to the Doore of Hastings.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord.
Hast. Who knockes?
Mess. One from the Lord *Stanley.*
Hast. What is't a Clocke?
Mess. Upon the stroke of foure.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord *Stanley* sleepe these tedious
Nights?
Mess. So it appeares, by that I have to say:
First, he commends him to your Noble selfe.
Hast. What then?
Mess. Then certifies you Lordship, that this Night
He dreamt, the Bore had rased off his Helme:
Besides, he sayes there are two Councels kept;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.
Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure,
If you will presently take Horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the North,
To shun the danger that his Soule divines.
Hast. Goe fellow, goe, returne unto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the seperated Councell:
His Honor and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other, is my good friend *Catesby*;
Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence:
Tell him his Feares are shallow, without instance.
And for his Dreames, I wonder hee's so simple,
To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers.
To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursues,
Were to incense the Bore to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did meane no chase.
Goe, bid thy Master rise, and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the Bore will use us kindly.
Mess. Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say.
Exit.
Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.
Hast. Good morrow *Catesby,* you are early stirring:
What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State?
Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:
And I beleeve will never stand upright,
Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Realme.
Hast. How weare the Garland?
Doest thou meane the Crowne?
Cates. I, my good Lord.
Hast. Ile have this Crown of mine cut [from] my shoulders,
Before Ile see the Crowne so foule mis-plac'd:
But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it?
Cates. I,

Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,
Upon his partie, for the gaine thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good newes,
That this same very day your enemies,
The Kindered of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they have beene still my adversaries:
But, that Ile give my voice on *Richards* side,
To barre my Masters Heires in true Descent,
God knowes I wil not doe it, to the death.
Cates. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Masters hate,
I live to looke upon their Tragedie.
Well *Catesby,* ere a fort-night make me older,
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on't.
Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and looke not for it.
Hast. O monstrous,monstrous! and so falls it out
With *Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:* and so 'twill doe
With some men else, that thinke themselves as safe
As thou and I, who(as thou know'st) are deare
To Princely *Richard,* and to *Buckingham.*
Cates. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his Head upon the Bridge.
Hast. I know they doe, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-speare man?
Feare you the Bore, and go so unprovided?
Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow *Catesby:*
You may jeast on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like these severall Councels, I.
Hast. My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours,
And never in my dayes, I doe protest,
Was it so precious to me, as 'tis 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 jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see, how soone the Day o're-cast.
This succen stab of Rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God (I say) I prove a needlesse Coward.
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
Hast. Come, come, have with you:
Wot you what, my Lord,
To day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded.
Sta. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,
Then some that have accus'd them, weare their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow.
Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby.
How now, Sirrha? how goes the World with thee?
*Purs.*The better, that your Lordship please to aske.
Hast. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,
Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:
Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queenes Allyes.
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)
This day those Enemies are put to death,

And I in better state then ere I was.
Purs. God hold it, to your Honors good content.
Hast. Gramercie fellow: there, drinke that for me.
Throwes him his Purse.
Purs. I thanke your Honor. *Exit Pursuivant.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Honor.
Hast. I thank thee, good Sir *John*, with all my heart.
I am in your debt, for your last Exercise :
Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you.
Priest. Ile wait upon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine?
Your friends at Pomfret, they doe neeed the Priest,
Your Honor hath no shriving worke in hand.
Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talke of, came into my minde.
What, goe you toward the Tower?
Buc. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:
I shall returne before your Lordship, thence.
Hast. Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.
Buc. And Supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, will you goe?
Hast. Ile wait upon your Lordship. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds.carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Rivers. Sir *Richard Ratcliffe,* let me tell thee this,
To day shalt thou behold a Subject die,
For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.
Grey. God blesse the Prince from all the Pack of you.
A Knot you are, of damned Blood-suckers.
Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this heereafter.
Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Lives is out.
Rivers. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!
Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres:
Within the guiltie Closure of thy Walls,
Richard the Second here was hackt to death:
And for more slander to thy dismall Seat,
Wee give to thee our guiltlesse blood to drinke.
Grey. Now *Margarets* Curse is falne upon our Heads,'
When shee exclaim'd on *Hastings,* you, and I,
For standing by, when *Richard* stab'd her sonne.
Rivers. Then curs'd shee *Richard,*
Then curs'd shee *Buckingham,*
Then curs'd shee *Hastings.* Oh remember God,
To heare her prayer for them, as now for us:
And for my Sister, and her Princely Sonnes,
Be satisfy'd, deare God, with our true blood,
Which as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.
Rat. Make haste, the houre of death is expiate.
Rivers. Come *Grey,* come *Vaughan,* let us here embrace.
Farewell, untill we meet againe in Heaven.
Exeunt.

Scena

Scoena Quarta

Enter Buckingham Darby, Hastings, Bushop of Ely,
Norfolke, Ratcliffe, Lovell, with others,
at a Table.

Hast. Now Noble Peeres, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation:
In Gods Name speake, when is ther Royall day?
Buck. Is all things ready for the Royall time?
Derb. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To morrow then I judge a happie day.
Buck. Who knowes the Lord Protectors mind herein?
Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?
Ely. Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his minde.
Buck. We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,
He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:
Lord *Hastings,* you and he are neere in love.
Hast. I thanke his Grace, I know he loves me well:
But for his purpose in the Coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therin:
But you , my Honorable Lords, may name the time,
And in the Dukes bahalfe Ile give my Voice,
Which I presume hee'le take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happie time, here comes the Duke himselfe.
Rich. My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow:
I have beene long a sleeper: but I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great designe,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.
Buck. Had you not come upon your Q my Lord,
William, Lord *Hastings,* had pronounc'd your part;
I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King.
Rich. Then my Lord *Hastings,* no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knowes me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborne,
I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I doe beseech you, send for some of them.
Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.
Exit Bishop.
Rich. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Catesby hath sounded *Hastings* in our businesse,
And findes the testie Gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his Head, ere give consent
His Masters Child, as worshipfully he tearmes it,
Shall lose the Royaltie of Englands Throne.
Buck. Withdraw your selfe a while, Ile goe with you.
Exeunt.
Darb. We have not yet set downe this day of Triumph:
To morrow, in my judgement, is too sudden,
For I my selfe am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster?
I have sent for these Strawberries.
Ha. His Grace lookes cheerfully & smooth this morning,

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I thinke there's never a man in Christendome
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, then hee,
For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart.
Darb. What of his Heart perceive you in his Face,
By any livelyhood he shew'd to day?
Hast. Mary, that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had shewne it in his Lookes.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That doe conspire my death with divellish Plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my Body with their Hellish Charmes.
Hast. The tender love I beare your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward, in this Princely presence,
To doome th'Offendors, whosoe're they be:
I say, my Lord, they have deserved death.
Rich. Then be your eyes the witnesse of their evill.
Looke how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme
Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd up:
And this is *Edwards* Wife, that monstrous Witch,
Consorted with that Harlot, Strumpet *Shore,*
That by their Witchcraft thus have marked me.
Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble Lord.
Rich. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
talk'st thou to me of Ifs: thou art a Traytor,
Off with his Head; now by Saint *Paul* I sweare,
I will not dine, untill I see the same.
Lovell and *Ratcliffe,* looke that it be done: *Exeunt.*
The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.

Manet Lovell and Ratcliffe, with the
Lord Hastings.

Hast. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowse our Helmes,
And I did scorne it, and disdaine to flye:
Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horse did stumble,
And started, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.
O now I need the Priest, that spake to me:
I now repent I told the Pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my selfe secure, in grace and favour.
Oh *Margaret, Margaret,* now thy heavie Curse
Is lighted on poore *Hastings* wretched Head.
Ra. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.
Hast. O momentarie grace of mortall men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,
Lives like a drunken Sayler on a Mast,
Readie with every Nod to tumble downe,
Into the fatall Bowels of the Deepe.
Lov. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootlesse to exclaime.
Hast. O bloody *Richard*: miserable England,
I prophecie the fearefull'st time to thee,
That ever wretched Age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head,
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.
Exeunt.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Richard. Come Cousin,
Canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then againe begin, and stop againe,
As if thou were distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deepe suspition, gastly Lookes
Are at my service, like enforced Smiles;
And both are readie in their Offices,
At any time to grace my Strategems.
But what, is *Catesby* gone?

Rich. He is, and see he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Maior, and Catsby.

Buck. Lord Maior.

Rich. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there.

Buck. Hearke, a Drumme.

Rich. Catesby, o're-looke the Walls.

Buck. Lord Maior, the reason we have sent.

Rich. Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.

Buck. God and our Innocencie defend, and guard us.

Enter Lovell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: *Ratcliffe* and *Lovell.*

Lovell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor,
The dangerous and unsuspected *Hastings.*

Rich. So deare I lov'd the man, that I must weepe:
I took him for the plainest harmelesse Creature,
That breath'd upon the Earth, a Christian.
Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts.
So smooth he dawb'd his Vice with shew of Vertue,
That his apparant open Guilt omitted,
I meane, his Conversation with *Shores* Wife,
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covertst sheltred Traytor
That ever liv'd.
Would you imagine, or almost beleeve,
Wert not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it, that the subill Traytor
This day had plotted, in the Councell-House,
To murther me, and my good Lord of Gloster.

Maior. Had he done so?

Rich. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?
Or tht we would, against the forme of Law,
Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death,
But that the extreme perill of the case,
The Peace of England, and our Persons safetie,
Enforc'd us to this Execution.

Maior. Now faire befall you, he deserv'd his death,
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warne false Traytors from the like Attempts.

*Buck.*I never look'd for better at his hands,
Aftr he once fell in with Mistresse *Shore:*
Yet had we not determin'd he should dye,
Untill your Lordship came to see his end
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meanings, have prevented;
Because, my Lord, I would have had you heard
The Traytor speake, and timorously confesse
The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:

That you might well have signify'd the same
Unto the Citizens, who haply may
Misconster us in him, and wayle his death.
Ma. But, my good Lord, your Graces words shal serve,
As well as I had seene, and heard him speake:
And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint our dutious Citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.
Rich. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
T'avoid the Censures of the carping World.
Buck. Which since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witnesse what you heare we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell.
Exit Maior.
Rich. Goe after, after, Cousin *Buckingham.*
The Maior towards Guild-Hall hyes him in all poste:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Inferre the Bastardie of *Edwards* Children:
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying, he would make his Sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his House,
Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed so.
Moreover, urge his hatefull Luxurie,
And beastiall appetite in change of Lust,
Which stretcht unto their Servants, Daughters, Wives,
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without controll, lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Person:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that insatiate *Edward,;* Noble *Yorke,*
My Princely Father, then had Warres in France,
And by true 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:
Yet touch this sparingly, as'twere farre off,
Because, my Lord, you know my Mother lives.
Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
Were for my selfe: and so, my Lord, adue.
Rich. If you thrive wel, bring them to Baynards Castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied
With reverend Fathers, and well-learned Bishops.
Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke
Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affoords.
Exit Buckingham.
Rich. Goe *Lovell* with all speed to Doctor *Shaw,*
Goe thou to Fryer *Peuker,* bid them both
Meet me within this houre at Bayards Castle. *Exit.*
Now will I goe to take some privie-order,
To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of sight,
And to give order, that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the Princes. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Scriviner.
Scr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Hstings,*
Which in a set Hand fairely is engross'd,
That it may be to day read o're in *Paules.*
And marke how well the sequell hangs together:
Eleven houres I have spent to write it over,
For yester-night by *Catesby* was it sent me,
The Precedent was ful as long a doing,
And yet within these five houres *Hastings* liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at libertie.
Here's a good World the while.
Who is so grosse, that cannot see this palpable device?
Yet

Yet who so bold, but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Richard and Buckingham at severall Doores.

Rich. How now, how now, what say the Citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, say not a word.
Rich. Toucht you the Bastardie of *Edwards* Children?
Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady *Lucy,*
And his Contract by Deputie in France,
Th'unsatiate greedinesse of his desire,
And his enforcement of the Citie Wives,
His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Bastardie,
As being got, your Father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments,
Being the right *Idea* of your Father,
Both in your forme, and Noblenesse of Minde
Layd open all your Victories in Scotland,
Your Discipline in Warre, Wisdome in Peace,
Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose,
Untoucht, or sleightly handled in discourse.
And when my Oratorie drew toward end,
I bid them that did love their Countries good,
Cry, God save *Richard*, Englands Royall King.
Rich. And did they so?
Buck. No, so God helpe me, they spake not a word,
But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd th Maior, what meant this wilfull silence?
His answer was, the people were not used
To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my Tale againe:
Thus sayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing spoke, in warrant from himselfe.
When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At lower end of the Hall, hurld up their Caps,
And some tenne voyces cry'd, God save King *Richard*:
And thus I tooke the vantage of those few.
Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,
This generall applause, and chearefull showt,
Argues your wisdome, and your love to *Richard:*
And even here brake off, and came away.
Rich. What tongue-lesse Blockes were they,
Would they not speake?
Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren, come?
Buck. The Maior is here at hand: intend some feare,
Be not you spoke with, but by mightie suit:
And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,
And stand between two Church-men, good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile make a holy Descant:
And be not easily wonne to our requests
Plaay the Maids part, still answer nay, and take it.
Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,
No doubt we bring it to a happie issue.
Buck. Go, go up to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.

Enter the Maior, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Now *Catesby,* what sayes your Lord to my request?
Catesby. He doeth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To visit him to morrow, or next day:
He is within with two right reverend Fathers,
Divinely bent to Meditation,
And in no Worldly suites would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy Exercise.
Buck. Returne, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my selfe, the Maior and Aldermen,
In deepe designes, in matter of great moment,
No lesse importing then our generall good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.
Catesby. Ile signifie so much unto him straight. *Exit.*
Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*,
He is not lulling on a lewd Love-Bed,
But on his Knees, at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Divines:
Not sleeping, to engrosse his idle Body,
But praying to enrich his watchfull Soule.
Happie were England, would this vertuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Soveraigntie thereof.
But sure I feare we shall not winne him to it.
Maior. Marry God defend his Grace should say us nay.
Buck. I feare he will: here *Catesby* comes againe.

Enter Catesby.

Now *Catesby*, what sayes his Grace?
Catesby. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troopes of Citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Cousin should
Suspect me, that I meane no good to him:
By Heaven, we come to him in perfit love,
And so once more returne, ant tell his Grace. *Exit.*
When holy and devout Religious men
Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard aloft, betweene two Bishops.

Maior. See where his Grace stands, tweene two Clergie men.
Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of Vanitie:
And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous *Plantagenet,* most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable eare to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy Devotion, and right Christian Zeale.
Rich. My Lord, there needes no such Apologie:
I doe beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But leaving this, what is your Graces pleasure?
Buck. Even that (I hope) which pleaseth God above,
And all good men, of this ungovern'd Ile.
Rich. I doe suspect I have done some offence,
That seemes disgracious in the Cities eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my Lord:
Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.
Rich. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land.
Buck. Know then, it is your fault, that you resigne
The Supreme Seat, the Throne Majesticall,
The Sceptered Office of your Ancestors,
Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth,
The Lineall Glory of your Royall House,
To the corruption of a blemisht Stock ;
Whiles in the mildnesse of your sleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countries good,
the noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes:
His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie,
His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulfe
Of darhe Forgetfulnesse, and deepe Oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicite
Your gracious selfe to take on you the charge
And Kingly Government of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward Substitute,
Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine;
But as successibely, from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Empyrie, your owne.
For this, consorted with the Citizens,
Your very Worshipfull and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just Cause come I to move your Grace.
Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
If not to answer, you might haply thinke,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded
To beare the Golden Yoake of Soveraigntie,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
Ao season'd with your faithfull love to me,
Then on the other side I check'd my friends.
Therefore to speake and to avoid the first,
And then in speaking, not to incurre the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thankes, but my desert
Unmeritable, shunnes your high request.
First, if all Obstacles were cut away,
And that my Path were even to the Crowne,
As the ripe Revenue, and due of Birth:
Yet so much is my povertie of spirit,
So mightie, and so manie my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatnesse,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea;
Then in my Greatnesse covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you, were there need:
The Royall Tree hath left us Royall Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the stealing howres of time,
Will well become the Seat of Majestie,
And make (no doubt) us happy by his Reigne.
On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.
Buck. My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and triviall,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that *Edward* is your Brothers Sonne,
So say we too, but not by *Edwards* Wife:

For first was he contract to Ladie *Lucie,*
Your Mother lives a Witnesse to his Vow;
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To *Bona,* Sister to the King of France.
These both put off, a poore Petitiouner,
A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes,
A Beautie-waining, and distressed Widow,
Even in the after-noone of her best dayes,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,
To base declension, and loath'd Bigamie.
By her, in his unlawfull Bed, he got
This *Edward,* whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my Tongue.
Then good my Lord, take to your Royall selfe
This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie:
If not to blesse us and the Land withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancestrie
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a Lineall true derived course.
Maior. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.
Buck. Refuse not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd love.
Catesb. O make them joyfull, grant their lawfull suit.
Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me?
I am unfit for State, and Majestie:
I doe beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buck. If you refuse it as in love and zeale,
Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers Sonne,
As well we know your tendernesse of heart,
And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your Kindred,
And egally indeede to all Estates:
Yet know, where you accept our suit, or no,
Your Brothers Sonne shall never reigne our King,
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downe-fall of your House:
And in this resolution here we leave you.
Come Citizens, we will entreat no more. *Exeunt.*
Catesb. Call him again, sweet Prince, accept their suit:
If you denie them, all the Land will rue it.
Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares.
Call them againe, I am not made of Stones,
But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,
Albeit against my Conscience and my Soule.
Enter Buckingham, and the rest.
Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To beare her burthen, where I will or no.
I must have patience to endure the Load:
But if black Scandall, or foule-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the sequell of your Imposition,
Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots ans staynes thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire of this.
Maior. God blesse your Grace, wee see it, and will say it.
Rich. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
Buck. Then I salute you with this Royall Title,
Long live King *Richard,* Englands worthie King.
All. Amen.
Buck. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd.
Rich. Even when you please, for you will have it so.
Buck. To

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so most joyfully we take our leave.
Rich. Come, let us to our holy Worke againe.
Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Queene, Anne Duchesse of Gloucester, the Duchesse of Yorke, and Marquesse Dorset.

Duch.Yorke. Who meetes us heere?
My Neece *Plantagenet,*
Let in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my Life, shee's wandring to the Tower,
On pure hearts love, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God give your Graces both, a happie
And a joyfull time of day.
Qu. As much to you, good Sister: whither away?
Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Upon the like devotion as your selves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
Qu. Kind Sister thankes, wee'le enter all together:

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of *Yorke?*
Lieu. Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them,
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.
Qu. The King? who's that?
Lieu. I meane, the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he set bounds betweene their love, and me?
I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them?
Duch.Yorke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see them.
Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in love their Mother:
Then bring me to their sights, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my perill.
Lieu. No, Madame, no; I may not leave it so:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.
Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stnley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
And Ile salute your Grace of Yorke as Mother,
And reverend looker on of two faire Queenes.
Come Madame, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crowned *Richards* Royall Queene.
Qu. Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoone with this dead-killing newes.
Anne. Despightfull tidings, O unpleasing newes.
Dors. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your Grace?
Qu. O *Dorset,* speake not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destructuion dogges thee at thy heeles,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.

If thou wilt out-strip Death, goe crosse the Seas
And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.
Go hye thee hye thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou encrease the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of *Margarets* Curse,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stanley. Full of wise care, is this your counsaile, Madame:
Take all the swift advantage of the howres:
You shall have Letters from me to my Sonne,
In your behalfe, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'ne tardie by unwise delay.
Dutch.Yorke. O ill dispersing Winde of Miserie,
O my accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice hast thou hatcht to theWorld,
Whose unavoided Eye is murtherous.
Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all haste was sent.
Anne. And I with all unwillingnesse will goe.
O would to God, that the inclusive Verge
Of Golden Mettall, that must round my Brow,
Were red hot Steele, to seare me to the Braines,
Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome,
And dye ere men can say, God save the Queene.
Qu. Goe, goe, poore soule, I envie not thy glory,
To feed my humor, wish thy selfe no harme.
Anne. No: why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henries* Corse,
When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands,
Which issued from my other Angell Husband,
And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O, when I say I look'd on *Richards* Face,
This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurst,
For making me, so young, so old a Widow:
And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death.
Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe,
With so small a time, my Womans heart
Grossely grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine owne Soules Curse,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest :
For never yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enjoy the golden deaw of sleepe,
But with his timorous Dreames was still awak'd,
Besides, he hates me for my Father *Warwicke,*
And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.
Qu. Poore heart adieu, I pittie thy complaining.
Anne. No more, then with my soule I mourne for
yours.
Dors. Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory.
Anne. Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy leave
of it.
Du.Y. Go thou to *Richmond,* & good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to *Richard,* and good Angels tend thee,
Go thou to Sanctuarie, and good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my Grave, where peace and rest lye with mee.
Eightie odde yeeres of sorrow have I seene,
And each howres joy wrackt with a weeke of teene.
Qu. Stay, yet looke backe with me unto the Tower.
Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes,
Whom Envie hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones,
Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes: use my Babies well;
So foolish Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda

Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Lovel.

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.
Buck. My gracious Soveraigne.
Rich. Give me thy hand. *Sound.*
Thus high, by thy advice, and thy assistance,
Is King *Richard* seated;
But shall we weare these Glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoyce in them?
*Buck.*Still live they, and for ever let them last.
Rich. Ah *Buckingham,* now doe I play the Touch,
To trie if you be currant Gold indeed:
Young *Edward* lives, thinke now what I would speake.
Buck. Say on my loving Lord.
Rich. Why *Buckingham,* I say I would be King.
Buck. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.
Rich. Ha? amd I King? 'tis so : but *Edward* lives.
Buck. True, Noble Prince.
Rich. O bitter consequence!
That *Edward* still should live true Noble Prince.
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.
Shall I be plaine? I wish the Bastards dead,
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speake sudeenly, be briefe.
Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.
Rich. Tut, thu, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall dye?
Buc. Give me some little breath, some pawse, deare Lord,
Before I positively speake in this:
I will resolve you herin presently. *Exit Buck.*
Catesby. The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe.
Rich. I will converse with Iron-witte Fooles,
And unrespective Boyes: none are for me,
That looke into me with considerate eyes,
High-reaching *Buckingham* growes circumspect.
Boy.
Page. My Lord.
Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt unto a close exploit of Death.
Page. I know a discontented Gentleman
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie spirit :
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.
Rich. What is his Name?
Page. His Name, my Lord, is *Tirrell.*
Rich. I partly know the man : goe call him hither,
Boy. *Exit.*
The deepe revolving wittie *Buckingham*,
No more shall be the neighbor to my counsailes.
Hath he so long held out with me, untyr'd,
And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Ente Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley,* what's the newes?
Stanley. Know my loving Lord, the Marquesse *Dorset*
As I heare, is fled to *Richmond,*
In the parts where he abides.
Rich. Come hither *Catesby,* rumor it abroad,
That *Anne* my Wife is very grievous sicke,

I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman,
Whom I wll marry straight to *Clarenc* Daughter:
The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.
Looke how thou dream'st: I say againe, give out,
That *Anne*, my Queene, is sicke, and like to dye.
About it, for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may dammage me.
I must be marryed to my Brothers Daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse:
Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,
Unceertaine way of gaine. But I am in
So farre in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne,
Teare-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name *Tyrrel?*
Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.
Rich. Art thou indeed?
Tyr. Prove me, my gracious Lord.
Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Please you:
But I had rather kill two enemies.
Rich. Why then thou hast it: two deepe enemies,
Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deale upon:
Tyrrel, I meane those Bastards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me have open meanes to come to them,
And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.
Rich. Thou sing'st sweet Musique:
Hearke, come hither *Tyrrel,*
Goe by this token: rise, and lend thine Eare, *Whispers.*
There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will love thee, and preferre thee for it.
Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. *Exit.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider'd in my minde,
The late request that you did sound me in.
Rich. Well, let that rest: *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond.*
Buck. I heare the newes, my Lord.
Rich. Stanley, hee is your Wives Sonne: well, looke
unto it.
Buck. My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promise,
For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd,
Th'Earldome of Hertford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possesse.
Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife : if she convey
Letters to *Richmond,* you shall answer it.
Buck. What sayes your Highness to my just request?
Rich. I doe remember me, *Henry* the Sixt
Did prophecie, that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peevish Boy.
A King perhaps.
Buck. May it please you to resolve me in my suit.
Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buck. And is it thus? repayes he my deepe service
With such contempt? madi I him King for this?
O let me thinke on *Hastings,* and be gone
To Brecnock, while my fearefull Head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Tyrrel.
Tyr. thy tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,
The most arch deed of pittious massacre

That

That ever yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forrest,* who I did suborne
To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,
Albeit they were flesht Villaines, bloody Dogges,
Melted with tendernesse, and milde compassion,
Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.
O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:
Thus, thus (quoth *Forrest*) girdling one another
Within their Alablaster innocent Armes:
Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalke,
And in their Summer Beauty kist each other.
A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
Which one (quoth *Forrest*) almost chang'd my minde:
But oh the Divell, there the Villaine stopt:
When *Dighton* thus told on, we smothered
The most replenished sweet worke of Nature,
That from the prime Creation ere she framed.
Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,
They could not speake, and so I left them both,
To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

Enter Richard.

And heere he comes. All health my Soveraigne Lord.
Ric. Kinde Tirrell, am I happy in thy Newes.
Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge,
Beget your happinesse, be happy then,
For it is done.
Rich. But did'st thou see them dead.
Tir. I did my Lord.
Ric. And buried gentle *Tirrell.*
Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,
But where (to say the truth) I do not know.
Rich. Come to me *Tirrel* soone, and after Supper,
When thou shalt tell the processe of their death.
Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.
Tir. I humbly take my leave.
Rich. The Sonne of *Clarence* have I pent up close,
His daughter meanly have I matcht in marriage,
The Sonnes of *Edward* sleepe in *Abrahams* bosome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now for I know the Britaine *Richmond* aymes
At yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Good or bad newes, that thou com'st in so
bluntly?
Rat. Bad news my Lord, *Mourton* is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welshmen
In the field, and still his power encreaseth.
Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere,
then Buckingham and his rash levied Strength.
Come, I have learn'd, that fearfull commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay.
Delay leds impotent and Snaile-pac'd Beggery:
Then fierie expedition by my wing,
Joves Mercury, and Herald for a King:
Go muster men: My counsaile is my Sheeld,
We must be breefe, when Traitors brave the Field.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Heere in these Confines slily have I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction, am I witnesse to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, blacke, and Tragicall.
Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret,* who comes heere?

Enter Dutchesse and Queene.

Qu. Ah my poore Princes! ay my tender Babes:
My unblowed Flowres, new appearing sweete:
If yet your gentle soules flye in the Ayre,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Hover about me with your ayery wings,
And heare your mothers Lamentation.
Mar. Hover about her, say that right for right
Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night.
Dut. So many miseries have craz'd my voyce,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Mar. Plantagenet doth quit *Plantagenet,*
Edward for *Edward*, payes a dying debt.
Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from such gentle Lambs,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe?
When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?
Mar. When holy *Harry* dyed, and my [swee] Sonne.
Dut. Dead life, blind sight, poore mortall living ghost,
Woes Scene, Worlds shame, Graves due, by life usurpt,
Breefe abstract and record of tedious dayes,
Rest thy unrest on Englands lawfull earth,
Unlawfully made drunke with innocent blood.
Qu. Ah that thou would'st [assoone] affoord a Grave,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholly feate:
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere,
Ah who hath any cause to mourne but wee?
Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of signeurie,
And let my greefes frowne on the upper hand
If sorrow can admit Society.
I had an *Edward,*till a *Richard* kill'd him:
I had a Husband, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'st an *Edward,* till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'st a *Richard,* till a *Richard* kill'd him.
Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'st kill him;
I had a *Rutland* too, thou hop'st to kill him.
Mar. Thou had'st a *Clarence* too,
And *Richard* kill'd him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept
A Hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:
That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood:
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke:
That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping soules:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,
Thy wombe let loose to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre

Prayes

Prayes on the issue of his Mothers body.
And makes her Pue-fellow with others mone.
Dut. Oh *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witnesse with me, I have wept for thine.
Mar. Beare with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward,*
The other *Edwared* dead, to quit my *Edward:*
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they
Matcht not the high perfection of my losse.
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that stab'd my *Edward,*
And the beholders of this franticke play,
Th'adulterate *Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,*
Untimely smother'd in their dusky Graves.
Richard yet lives, Hel's blacke Intelligencer,
Onely reserv'd their Factor, to buy soules,
And send thm thither: But at hand, at hand
Insues his pittious and unpittied end.
Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,
To have him sodainly convey'd from hence:
Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray,
That I may live and say, The Dogge is dead.
Qu. O thou did'st prophesie, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That bottel'd Spider, that foule bunch-back'd Toad.
Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune:
I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,
The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant;
One heav'd a high, to to be hurl'd downe below:
A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes;
A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagge
To be the ayme of every dangerous Shot;
A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;
A Queene in jeast, onely to fill the Scene.
Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?
Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein dost thou Joy?
Who sues, and kneeles, and sayes, God save the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy Wife, a most distressed Widdow:
For joyfull Mother, one that wailes the name:
For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:
For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care:
For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:
For she being feared of all, now fearing one:
For she commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of Justice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Having no more but Thought of what thou wast.
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didst usurpe my place, and dost thou not
Usurpe the just proportion of my Sorrow?
Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke,
From which, even heere I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burthen of it all, on thee.
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes, shall make me smile in France.
Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curses, stay a-while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day:
Compare dead happinesse, with living woe:
Thinke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were,
And he that slew them fowler then he is:
Bett'ring thy losse, makes the bad causer worse,

Revolving this, will teach thee how to Curse.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Mar. Thy woes will make them sharpe,
And pierce like mine. *Exit Margaret.*
Dut. Why should calamity be full of words?
Qu. Windy Atturnies to their Clients Woes,
Ayery succeeders of intestine joyes,
Poore breathing Orators of miseries,
Let them have scope, though what they will impart,
Helpe nothing els, yet do they ease the hart.
Dut. If so then, be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother
My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes smother'd.
The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard, and his Traine.

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?
Dut. O 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't should be branded, if that right were right?
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,
And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.
Tell me thou Villaine-slave, where are my Children?
Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toade,
Where is thy Brother *Clarence?*
And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Sonne?
Qu. Where is the gentle *Rivers, Vaughan, Gray?*
Dut. Where is kinde *Hastings?*
Rich. A flourish Trumpets, strike Alarum Drummes.
Let not the Heavens heare these Tell-tale women
Raile on the Lords Annointed. Strike I say.
Flourish. Alarums.
Either be patient, and intreat me fayre,
Or with the clamorous report of Warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my Sonne?
Rich. I, I thanke God, my Father, and your Selfe.
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.
Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Dut. O let me speake.
Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare.
Dut: I will be milde, and gentle in my words.
Rich. And breefe (good Mother) for I am in hast.
Dut. Art thou so hasty? I has staid for thee
(God knowes) in torment and in agony.
Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my Hell.
A greevous burthen was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie.
Thy School-daies frightfull, desp'rate, wilde, and furious,
Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturoous:
Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, slye, and bloody,
More milde, but yet more harmfull; Kinde in hatred:
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me with thy company?
Rich. Faith none, but *Humfrey Hower,*
That call'd your Grace
To Breakfast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.
Strike up the Drumme.
Dut. I prythee heare me speake.

Rich.

Rich. You speake too bitterly.
Dut. Heare me a wod:
For I shall never speake to thee againe.
Rich. So.
Dut. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods just ordinance
Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror:
Or I with greefe and extreame Age shall perish,
And never more behold thy face againe.
Therefore take with thee my most greevous Curse,
Which in the day of Battel tyre thee more
Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st.
My Prayers on the adverse party fight,
And there the little soules of *Edwards* Children,
Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,
And promise them Successe and Victory:
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
Shame serves 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 her.
Rich. Stay Madam, I must talke a word with you.
Qu. I have no more sonnes of the Royall Blood
For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (*Richard*)
They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes:
And therefore levell not to hit their lives.
Rich. You have a daughter call'd *Elizabeth,*
Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?
Qu. And must she dye for this? O let her live,
And Ile corrupt her Manners, staine her Beauty,
Slander my Selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed:
Throw over her the vaile of Infamy,
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter.
Rich. Wrong not her Byrth, she is a Royall Princesse.
Qu. To save her life, Ile say she is not so.
Rich. Her life is safest onely in her byrth.
Qu. And onely in that safety, dyed her Brothers.
Rich. Loe at their Birth, good starres were opposite.
Qu. No, to their lives, ill friends were contrary.
Rich. All unavoyded is the doome of Destiny.
Qu. True: when avoyded grace makes Destiny.
My Babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.
Rich. You speake as if that I had slaine my Cosins?
Qu. Cosins indeed, and by their Unckle couzend,
Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,
Whose hand soever lanch'd their tender hearts,
Thy head (all indirectly) gave direction.
No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revell in the Intrailes of my Lambes.
But that still use of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame,
My tongue should to thy eares not name my Boyes,
Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes:
And I in such a desp'rate Bay of death,
Like a poore Barke, of sailes and tackling rest,
Rush all to peeces on thy Rocky bosome.
Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize
And dangerous successe of bloody warres,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then ever you and yours by me were harm'd.
Qu. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discovered, that can do me good.
Rich. Th'advancement of your children, gentle Lady
Qu. Up to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads.
Rich. Unto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my sorrow with report of it:
Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
Canst thou demise to any childe of mine.
Rich. Even all I have; I, and my selfe and all,
Will I withall indow, a childe of thine:
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.
Qu. Be breefe, least that the processe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse date.
Rich. Then know,
That from my Soule, I love thy Daughter.
*Qu.*My daughters Mother thinkes it with her soule.
Rich. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soule
So from thy Soules love didst thou love her Brothers,
And from my hearts love, I do thanke thee for it.
Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I meane that with my Sould I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Well then, who dost [yu] meane shall be her King.
Rich. Even he that makes her Queene:
Who else should bee?
Qu. What, thou?
Rich. Even so: How thinke you of it?
Qu. How canst thou woo her?
Rich. that I would learne of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Qu And wilt thou learne of me?
Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her Brothers,
A paire of bleeding hearts: thereon ingrave
Edward and *Yorke*, then haply will she weepe:
Therefore present to her, as sometime *Margaret*
Did to thy Father, steept in Rutlands blood,
A hand-kercheefe, which say to her did dreyne
The purple sappe from her sweet Brothers body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds:
Tell her, thou mad'st away her Unckle *Clarence,*
Her Unckle *Rivers,* I (and for her sake)
Mad'st quicke conveyance with her good Aunt *Anne.*
Rich. You mocke me Madam, this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Unlesse thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be *Richard,* that hath done all this.
Ric. Say that I did all this for love of her.
Qu. Nay then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee
Having bought love, with such a bloody spoyle.
Rich. Looke what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men shall deale unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-houres gives leysure to repent.
If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,
To make amends, Ile give it to your daughter:
If I have kill'd the issue of your wombe,
To quicken your encrease, I will beget
Mine yssue of your blood, upon your Daughter:
A Grandams name is little less in love,
Then is the doting Title of a Mother;
They are as Children but one steppe below,
Even of your mettall, of your very blood:
Of all one paine, save for a night of groanes
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your Children were vexation to your youth,

But

But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
The losse you have, is but a Sonne being King.
And by that losse, your Daughter is made Queene.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindnesse as I can.
Dorset your Sonne, that with a fearfull soule
Leads discontented steppes in Forraine soyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home
to high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that calles your beautious Daughter Wife,
Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset,* Brother:
Againe shall you be Mother to a King:
And all the Ruines of distressefull Times,
Repayr'd with double Riches of Content.
What? we hav many goodly dayes to see:
The liquid drops of Teares that you have shed,
Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,
Advantaging their Love, with interest
Of ten-times double gaine of happinesse.
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,
Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale.
Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring Flame
Of Golden Soveraignty: Acquaint the Princesse
With the sweet silent houres of Marriage joyes:
And when this Arme of mine hath chastised
The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd *Buckingham,*
Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will retaile my Conquest wonne,
And she [shalbe] sole Victoresse, *Caesars Caesar.*
Qu. What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Unkle?
Or he that slew her Brothers and her Unkles?
Under what Title shall I woo for thee,
That God the Law, my Honor, and her Love,
Can make seeme pleasing to her tender yeares?
Rich. Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.
Qu. Which she shall purchase with stil lasting warre.
Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.
Qu. That at her hands, which the kings King forbids.
Rich. Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.
Qu. To vaile the Title,as her Mother doth.
Rich. Say I will love her everlastingly.
Qu. But how long shall that title ever last?
Rich. Sweetly in force, unto her faire lives end.
Qu. But how long fairely shall her sweet life last?
Rich. As long as Heaven and Nature lengthens it.
Qu. As long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it.
Rich. Say, I her Soveraigne, am her Subject low.
Qu. But she your Subject, lothes such Soveraignty.
Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my loving tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style.
Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quicke.
Qu. O no, my Reasons are too deepe and dead,
Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graves,
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.
Rich. Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.
Qu. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third usurpt.
Rich. I sweare-
Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George prophan'd, hath lost his Lordly Honor;
Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue;

Thy Crowne usurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If something thou would'st sweare to be beleev'd,
Sweare then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.
Rich. Then by my Selfe.
Qu. Thy Selfe, is selfe-misus'd.
Rich. Now by the World.
Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
Rich. My Fathers death.
Qu. Thy life hath it dishonor'd.
Rich. Why then, by Heaven.
Qu. [Heanens] wrong is most of all:
If thou didd'st feare to breake an Oath with him,
The unity the King my husband made,
Thou had'st not broken, nor my Brothers died.
If thou had'st fear'd to breake an oath by him,
Th'Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,
Which now two tender Bed-fellowes for dust,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.
What can'st thou sweare by now.
Rich. The time to come.
Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time ore-past:
For I my selfe have many teares to wash
Heereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The Children live, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to waile it with their age:
The Parents live, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd repast.
Rich. As I entend to prosper, and repent:
So thrive I in my dangerous Affayres
Of hostile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound:
Heaven, and Fortune barre me happy houres:
Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy rest.
Be opposite all Planets of good lucke
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter.
In her, consists my Happinesse, and thine:
Without her, followes to my selfe, and thee;
Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule,
Death, Desolation, Ruiine, and Decay:
It cannot be avoyded, but by this:
It will not be avoyded, but by this:
Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so)
Be the Atturney of my love to her:
Pleade what I will be, not what I have beene;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the Necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found, in great Designes.
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Divel thus?
Rich. I, if the Divell tempt you to do good.
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.
Rich. I, if your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe.
Qu. Yet thou didst kil my Children.
Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them,
Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.
Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.
Qu. I go, write to me very shortly,
And you shal understand from me her mind. *Exit Q.*
Rich. Beare her my true loves kisse, and so farewell.
Relenting Foole, and shallow-changing Woman.

How

How now, what newes?

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. Most mightie Soveraigne, on the Westerne Coast
Rideth a puissant Navie: to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them backe.
'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the aide
Of *Buckingham,* to welcome them ashore.
Rich. Some light-foot friend post to [ye] Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby,* where is hee?
Cat. Heere, my good Lord.
Rich. Catesby, flye to the Duke.
Cat. I will, my Lord,with all convenient haste.
Rich. Catesby come hither, poste to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither: Dull unmindfull Villaine,
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?
Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.
Rich. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him levie straight
The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
Cat. I goe. *Exit.*
Rat. What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salisbury?
Rich. Why, what would'st thou doe there, before I goe?
Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should poste before.
Rich. My minde is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley. what newes with you?
Sta. None good my Liege, to please you with [ye] hearing,
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.
Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need'st thou runne so many miles about,
When thou mayest tell thy Tale the neerest way?
Once more, what newes?
Stan. Richmond is on the Seas.
Rich. There let him sinke, and be the Seas on him,
White-liver'd Runnagate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mightie Soveraigne, but by guesse.
Rich. Well, as you guesse.
Stan. Stirr'd up by *Dorset, Buckingham,* and *Morton,*
He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.
Rich. Is the Chayre emptie? is the Sword unsway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire unpossest?
What Heire of *Yorke* is there alive, but wee?
And who is Englands King, but great *Yorkes* Heire?
Then tell me, what makes he upon the Seas?
Stan. Unlesse for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse.
Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and flye to him, I feare.
Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.
Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the Westerne Shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes?
Stan, No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they should serve their Soveraigne in the West?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King:
Pleaseth your Majestie to give me leave,
Ile muster up my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majestie shall please.
Rich. I, thou would'st be gone, to joyne with *Richmond:*
But Ile not trust thee.
Stan. Most mightie Soveraigne,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I never was, nor never will be false.
Rich. Goe then, and muster men: but leave behind
Your Sonne *George Stanley :* looke your heart be firme,
Or else his Heads assurance is but fraile.
Stan. So deale with him, as I prove true to you.
Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Soveraigne, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
Wirh many moe Confederates, are in Armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. In Kent, my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in Armes,
And every houre more Competitors
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Armie of great *Buckingham*.
Rich. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,
He striketh him.
There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.
Mess. The newes I have to tell your Majestie,
Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckinghams Armie is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And he himselfe wandred away alone,
No man knowes whither.
Rich. I cry thee mercie:
There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaym'd
Reward to him that brings the traytor in?
Mess. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Mesenger.

Mess. Sir *Thomas Lovell,* and Lord Marquesse *Dorset,*
'Tis said, my Liege, in Yorkeshire are in Armes:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesse,
The Brittaine Navie is dispers'd by Tempest.
Richmond in Dorsetshire sent out a Boat
Unto the shore, to aske those on the Banks,
If they were his Assistants, hea, or no?
Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham,*
Upon his partie : he mistrusting them,
Hoys'd sayle, and made his course againe for Brittanie.
Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in Armes,
If not to fight with forraine Enemies,
Yet to beat downe these Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best newes: that the Earle of Richmond
Is

Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder Newes, but yet they miust be told.
Rich. 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. *Florish. Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the stye of the most deadly Bore,
My Sonne *George Stanley* is frankt up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes yong *Geogres* head,
The feare of that, holds off my present ayde.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall say, that the Queene hath heartily consented
He should espouse *Elizabeth* hir daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?
Chri. At Pembroke, or at Hertford West in Wales.
Der. What men of Name resort to him.
Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert,* a renowned Souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, Sir *William Stanley,*
Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke,* Sir *James Blunt,*
And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Der. Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kisse his hand,
My Letter will resolve him of my minde.
Farewell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?
Sher. No my good Lord, therefore be patient.
Buc. Hastings, and *Edwards* children, *Gray* & *Rivers,*
Holy King *Henry,* and thy faire Sonne *Edward,*
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By under-hand corrupted foule injustice,
If that your moody discontented soules,
Do through the clowds behold this present houre,
Even for revenge mocke my destruction.
This is All-soules day (Fellow) is it not?
Sher. It is.
Buc. Why then Al-soules day, is my bodies doomsday
This is the day, which in King Edwards time
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his Children, and his Wives Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wisht to fall
By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted.
This, this All-soules day to my fearfull Soule,
Is the determin'd respit of my wrongs:
That high All-seer, which I dallied with,

Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
And given in earnest, what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turne their owne points in their Masters bosomes.
Thus *Margarets* curse falles heavy on my necke:
When he (quoth she) shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember *Margaret* was a Prophetesse:
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Richm. Fellowes in Armes, and my most loving Frends
Bruis'd underneath the yoake of Tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
Have we marcht on without impediment;
And heere receive we from our Father *Stanley*
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and usurping Boare,
(That spoyl'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)
Swilles your warm blood like wash, & makes his trough
In your embowel'd bosomes: This foule Swine
Is now even in the Contry of this Isle,
Ne're to the Towne of Leicester, as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name cheerely on, couragious Friends,
To reape the Harvest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of sharpe Warre.
Oxf. Every man's Conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty Homicide.
Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to us.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,
Which in his deerest neede will flye from him.
Richm. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march.
True Hope is swift, and flyes with Swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter King Richard in Armes with Norfolke, Ratcliffe, and the Earle of Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, even here in Bosworth field.
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
Rich. My Lord of Norfolke.
Nor. Heere most gracious Liege.
Rich. Norfolke, we must have knockes:
Ha, must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take my loving Lord.
Rich. Up with my Tent, heere wil I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the Traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
Rich. Why our Battalia trebbles that account:
Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse Faction want.
Up with the Tent: Come noble Gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction:
Let's

Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day. *Exeunt*

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorset.

Richm. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
Gives token of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir *William Brandon,* you shall beare my Standard:
Give me some Inke and Paper in my Tent:
Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaile,
Limit each Leader to his severall Charge,
And part in just proportion our small Power.
My Lord of Oxford, you Sir *William Brandon,*
And you Sir *Walter Herbert* stay with me:
The Earle of Pembroke keepes his Regiment;
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my goodnight to him,
And by the second houre in the Morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my tent:
Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me:
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Unlesse I have mistane his Colours much,
(Which well I am assur'd I have not done)
His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least
South, from the mighty Power of the King.
Richm. If without perill it be possible,
Sweet *Blunt,* make some good meanes to speak with him
And give him from me, this most needfull Note.
Blunt. Upon my life, my Lord, Ile undeertake it,
And so God give you quiet rest to night.
Richm. Good night good Captaine *Blunt:*
Come Gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to morrowes Businesse;
Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.
They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolke, & Catesby.

Rich. What is't a Clocke?
Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.
King. I will not sup to night,
Give me some Inke and Paper:
What, is my Beaver easier then it was?
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?
Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readinesse.
Rich. Good Norfolke, hye thee to thy charge,
Use carefull Watch, choose trusty Centinels,
Nor. I go my Lord.
Rich. Stir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord. *Exit*
Rich. Ratcliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Send out a Purshivant at Armes
To *Stanleys* Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, least his Sonne *George* fall
Into the blinde Cave of eternall night.
Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Give me a Watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow:
Look that my Staves be found, & not too heavy. *Ratcliff.*
Rat. My lord.
Rich. Saw'st the melancholly Lord Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and himselfe,
Much about Cockshut time, from Troope to Troope
Went through the Army, chearing up the Souldiers.
King. So, I am satisfied: Give me a bowle of Wine,
I have not that Alacrity of Spirit,

Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to have.
Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leave me.
Ratcliffe. about the mid of night come to my Tent
And helpe to arme me. Leave me I say. *Exit Ratclif.*

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy Person, Noble Father in Law.
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?
Der. I by Attourney, blesse thee from thy Mother,
Who prayes continually for Richmonds good:
So much for that. The silent houres steale on,
And flakie darkenesse breakes within the East.
In breefe, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th'Arbitrement
Of bloody stroakes, and mortall staring Warre:
I, as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And ayde thee in this doubtfull shocke of Armes.
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene, thy Brother, tender *George*
Be executed in his Fathers sight.
Farewell: the leysure, and the fearfull time
Cuts off the ceremonuous Vowes of Love,
And ample enterchange of sweet Discourse
Which so long sundred Friends should dwell upon:
God give us leysure for these rites of Love.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well.
Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:
Ile strive with troubled noise, to take a Nap,
Lest leaden slumber peize me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of Victory:
Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.
Exeunt. Manet Richmond.
O thou, whose Captaine I account my selfe,
Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with a heavy fall,
Th'usurping Helmets of our Adversaries:
Make us thy ministers of Chasticement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory:
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me still. *Sleeps.*
Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to Henry the sixt.
Gh.to Ri. Let me sit heavy on thy soule to morrow:
Thinke how thou stab'st me in my prime of youth
At Teukesbury: Dispaire therefore, and dye.
Ghost to Richm. Be chearefull Richmond,
For the wronged Soules
Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:
King *Henries* issue Richmond comforts thee.
Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixt.
Ghost. When I was mortall, my Annointed body
By thee was punched full of holes;
Thinke on the Tower, and me: Dispaire, and dye,
Harry the sixt, bids thee dispaire, and dye.
To Richm. Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror:
Harry that prophesied thou should'st be King,
Doth comfort thee in sleepe: Live, and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy in thy soule to morrow.
I that was wash'd to death with Fulsome Wine:
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye.
To Richm. Thou off-spring of the house of Lancaster
the wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Live and Flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heavy in thy soule to morrow,
Rivers, that dy'de at Pomfret: dispaire, and dye.
Grey. Thinke upon *Grey,* and let thy soule dispaire.
Vaugh. Thinke upon *Vaughan,* and with guilty feare
Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.
All to Richm. Awake,
And thinke our wrongs in *Richards* Bosome,
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Gho. Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord Hastings: dispaire, and dye.
Hast. to Rich. Quiet untroubled soule,
Awake, awake:
Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.

Ghosts. Dreame on thy Cousins
Smothered in the Tower:
Let us be laid within thy bosome *Richard,*
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame, and death,
Thy Nephewes soule bids thee dispaire and dye.
Ghosts to Richm. Sleepe Richmond,
Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Joy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards unhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife.

Ghost to Rich. Richard, thy Wife,
That wretched *Anne* thy Wife,
That never slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now filles thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battaile, thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye.
Ghost to Richm. Thou quiet soule,
Sleepe thou a quiet sleepe:
Dreame of Successe, and Happy Victory,
Thy Adversaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost to Rich. The first was I
That help'd thee to the Crowne:
The last was I that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battaile think on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy guiltinesse.
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire; dispairing yeeld thy breath.
Ghost to Richm. I dyed for hope
Ere I could lend thee Ayde;
But cheere thy heart, and be thou not dismayde:
God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.

Richard starts out of his dreame.

Rich. Give me another Horse, bind up my Wounds:
Have mercy Jesu. Soft, I did but dreame.
O coward Conscience! how dost thou afflict me?
The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none else by,
Richard loves *Richard,* that is, I am I.
Is there a Murtherer heere? No; Yes, I am:
Then flye; What from my Selfe? Great reason: why?
Lest I Revenge. What? my Selfe upon my Selfe?
Alacke, I love my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good
That I my Selfe, have done unto 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 severall Tongues,
And every Tongue brings in a severall Tale,
And everie Tale condemnes me for a Villaine;
Perjurie, in the high'st Degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyr'st degree,
All severall sinnes, all us'd in each degree,
Throng all to'th'Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty.
I shall dispaire, there is no Creature loves me;
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me.
Nay, 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 had murther'd
Came to my Tent, and every one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard.*

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
King. Who's there?
Rat. *Ratcliffe* my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock
Hath twice done salutation to the Morne,
Your Friends are up, and buckle on their Armour.
King. O *Rtcliffe,* I feare, I feare.
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadows.
King. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadowes to night
Have stroke more terror to the soule of *Richard,*
Then can be the substance of ten thousand Souldiers
Armed in proofe, and led by shallow *Richmond.*
'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me,
Under our Tents Ile play the Ease-dropper,
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me.
Exeunt Richard & Ratcliffe.

Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting in his Tent.

[*Richm*]. Good morrow Richmond.
Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you have tane a tardie sluggard heere?
Lords. How have you slept my Lord?
Rich. The sweetest sleepe,
And fairest boading Dreames,
That ever entered in a drowsie head,
Have I since your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their Soules, whose bodies *Rich.* murther'd,
Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory:
I promise you my Heart is very jocond,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farre into the Morning is it Lords?
Lor. Upon the stroke of foure.
Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and give direction.
His Oration to his Souldiers.
More then I have said, loving Countrymen,
the leysure and inforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,
God

God, and our good cause, fight upon our side,
The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, stand before our Faces,
(*Richard* except) those whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, then him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloudy Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the meanes to help him:
A base foule Stone, made precious by the soyle
Of Englands Chaire, where he is falsely set:
One that hath ever beene Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight against Gods Enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his Soldiers.
If you do sweare to put a Tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine:
If you do fight against your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fat shall pay your paines the hyre.
If you do fight in safegard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you do free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ransome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face.
But if I thrive, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerefully.
God, and Saint *George, Richmond,* and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

K. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was never trained up in Armes.
King. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?
Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.
King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is.
Tell the clocke there. *Clocke strikes.*
Give me a Kalender: Who saw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he disdaines to shine : for by the Booke
He should have brav'd the East an houre ago,
A blacke day will it be to somebody. *Ratckiffe.*
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be seene to day,
The sky doth frowne, and lowre upon our Army.
I would these dewy teares were from the ground.
Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? For the selfe-same Heaven
That frownes on me, lookes sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.
Call up Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine,
And thus my Battell shal be ordred.
My Foreward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of Horse and Foot:
Our Archers shall be placed in the mid'st;
John Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas* Earle of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the Foot and Horse.
They thus directed, we will [fllow]

In the maine Battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well-winged with our cheefest Horse:
This, and Saint George to boote.
What think'st thou Norfolke.
Nor. A good direction warlike Soveraigne,
This found I on my Tent this Morning.
Jockey of Norfolke, be not so bold,
For Dickon thy maister is bought and sold.
King. A thing devised by the Enemy.
Go Gentlemen, every man to his Charge,
Let not our babling Dreames affright our soules:
For Conscience is a word that Cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law.
March on, joyne bravely, let us too't pell mell,
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to Hell.
What shall I say more then I have Inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of Vagabonds, Rascals, and Run-awayes,
A scum of Brittaines, and base Lackey Pezants,
Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth
To desperate Adventures, and assur'd Destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest:
You having Lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth leade them, but a pa'try Fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers cost,
A Milke-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold, as over shooes in Snow:
Let's whip these straglers o're the Seas againe,
Lash hence these over-weening Ragges of France,
These famish'd Beggers, weary of their lives,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themselves.
If we be conquered, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Britaines, whom our Fathers
Have in their owne Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enjoy our Lands? lye with our Wives?
Ravish our daughters? *Drum afarre off*
Hearke, I heare their Drumme,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head,
Spurre your proud Horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves.
Enter a Messenger.
What sayes Lord *Stanley,* will he bring his power?
Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his sonne *Georges* head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh:
After the battaile, let *George Stanley* dye.
King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our Standards, set upon our Foes,
Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. *George*
Inspire us with the spleene of fiery Dragons:
Upon them, Victorie sits on our helpes.

Alarum, excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Rescue my Lord of Norfolke,
Rescue, Rescue:
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.
Alarums. t 2 *Enter*

Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.
Cates. Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a Horse
Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
Five have I slaine to day, in stead of him.
A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.

Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine.

Retreat and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crowne, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God, and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloudy Dogge is dead.
Der. Couragious Richmond,
Well hast thou acquit thee: Loe,
Heere these long usurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloudy Wretch,
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Weare it, and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of Heaven, say Amen to all.
But tell me, is yong *George Stanley* living?
Der. He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,
Whither (if you please) we may withdraw us.
Richm. What men of name are slaine on either side?

Der. John Duke of Norfolke, *Walter* Lord Ferris,
Sir *Robert Brokenbury,* and Sir *William Brandon.*
Richm. Interre their Bodies, as become their Births.
Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers fled,
That in submission will returne to us,
And then as we have tane the Sacrament,
We will unite the White Rose, and the Red.
Smile Heaven upon this faire Conjunction,
That long have frown'd upon their Enmity:
What Traitor heares me, and sayes not Amen?
England hath long beene mad, and scarr'd her selfe;
The Brother blindely shed the Brothers blood;
The Father, rashly slaughtered his owne Sonne;
The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire;
All this divided Yorke and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire Division.
O now, let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth,*
The true Succeeders of each Royall House,
By Gods faire ordinance, conjoyne together :
And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,
With smiling Plenty, and faire Prosperous dayes.
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloudy dayes againe,
And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood;
Let them not live to taste this Lands increase,
That would with Treason, wound this faire Lands peace.
Now Civill wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives agen;
That she may long live heere, God say, Amen. *Exeunt*

F I N I S .