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The Tragedy of Richard the Third

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

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus.

Now is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son 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 steed of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearefull Adversaries,
He capers nimble in a Ladies Chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a Lure.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse;
I, that am Rudely stamp'd, and want loves Majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogges bark at me, as I halt by them:
Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
Have no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne Deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a Lover,
To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,
I am determin'd to prove a Villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.
Plots have I laide, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophecies, 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 shou'd *Clarence* closely be mew'd up:
About a Prophecie, 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?

Cl. His Majestie tendring my persons safety,
Hath appointed this Conduct, to convey me to th' Tower.

Rich. Vpon what cause?

Cl. 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?

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

He hearkens after Prophecies 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,
If 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 she,
That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.

Was it not she, 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 delivered.

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

Cl. 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 *Hastings* was, for his delivery?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his liberty.

He tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will 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.

f

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 yeeres, faire and not jealous.
We say, that *Shores* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the *Queenes* Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How say you sir? can you deny all this?

Bra. With this (my Lord) my selfe have nought to doe.

Rich. Naught to doe with *Mistris Shore*?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were best to doe it secretly alone.

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 forbear
Your Conference with the Noble Duke.

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

Rich. We are the *Queenes* subjects, and must obey.
Brother farewell, I will unto the King,
And whatsoever 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 of Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cl. 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.

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

Rich. Go tread 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 Hastings.

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 thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pittie, that the Eagles should be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzzards 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 Saint Iohn, that newes is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an evill diet long,
And over-much confirm'd his Royall Person:
'Tis very greivous 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.

He 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 busle in.
For then, He marry *Warwicks* youngest 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 reignes,
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. *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 invoke thy Ghost,
To heare the Lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughterd Sonne,
Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds.
Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helpleesse 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,
Prodigious, 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 now 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 downe.
An. What blacke Magitian conjures up this Fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?
Rich. Villains set downe the Coarse; or by *S. Paul*,
He make a Coarse of him that disobeys.

Gen.

Gen. My Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe.

Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge,
Stand 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.
Avant 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 exclames :
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 foule 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.
O 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 eat him quicke,
As 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, but 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 infection of a 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. Foulter then heart can thinke thee,
Thou can'st make no excuse currant,
But to hang thy selfe.

Rich. By such despaire, I should accuse my selfe.
An. And by despairing shalt thou stand excused,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe,
That did'st 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 soule 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 slanderous tongue,

That laid their guilt, upon my guiltlesse Shoulders.
An. Thou was't provoked by thy bloody minde,
That never dream'd it on ought but butcheries :
Did'st thou not kill this King ?

Rich. I graunt ye.
An. Do'st grant me Hedge-hogge,
Then God grant 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 then earth.
An. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Rich. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.
An. Some dangeon.
Rich. Your Bed-chamber.

An. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyeest.
Rich. So will it 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 wits,
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 Nayles should rent that beauty from my Cheekes.
Rich. These eyes could not endure y beauties wrack,
You should not biemish 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 ?
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 fast Teares ;

Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish drops :
 These eyes, which never shed remorsefull teare,
 No, when my Father Yorke, and *Edward* wept,
 To heare the pittious moane 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 death,
 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 looks scornfully at him.

Teach not thy lip such Scorne; for it was made
 For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.
 If thy revengefull 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 fourth that adareth 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 it with his sword.

Nay do not pause: For I did kill King *Henric*,
 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 falls 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 thy word,
 This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy Love,
 Shall for thy love, kill a farre truer Love,
 To both their deaths 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 heereafter.

Rich. But shall I live in hope?

An. All men I hope live so.

Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.

Rich. Looke how thy Ring incompasseth my 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 happynesse 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 expedient 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 farewell.

An. 'Tis more then you deserve:
 But since you teach me how to flatter you,
 Imagine I have said farewell already.

Exit two with Anne.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord?

Rich. Now to White Friars, there attend my comming
Exit Gentle.

Was ever woman in this humour Woo'd?
 Was ever woman in this humor 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 witnessse 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 already that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord whom I (some three moneths since)
 Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbery?

A tweeter and a lovelier Gentleman,
 Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature:
 Yong, Valiant, Wise, and (no doubt) right Royall,
 The spacious word cannot againe afford:

And will she 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:

Vpon my life she findes (although I cannot)

My selfe to be a maru'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, there's no doubt his Majesty
 Will soone 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.

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 scarce y say, Amen.

Yet *Derby*, notwithstanding thee'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 beleve

The envious slanders of her false Accusers:

Or if she be accus'd on true report,

Bear 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 speakes 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 complains 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 laces?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speakes 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 scarce 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 interior hatred,

That in your outward action shewes it selfe

Against 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 Iacke became a Gentleman,

There's many a gentle person made a Iacke.

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother

You envy my advancement, and my friends: Glouster,

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 scarce 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 enjoy'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 fir 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 marrie may she.

Riv. What marrie may she?

Rich. 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 storm'd 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' Tower.

'Tis time to speake,

My paines are quite forgot.

Margaret. Out Divell,

I do remember them too well:

Thou kill'd'st my Husband *Henrie* in the Tower,

And *Edward* my poore Son, at *Tewkesbury*.

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?
Let 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 Iesu pardon.)

Q. M. Which God revenge.

Rich. To fight on *Edwards* partie, for the Crowne,
And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mew'd 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 Kingdome is.

Riv. My Lord of *Gloster*: in those busie dayes,
Which here you urge, to prove us Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King,
So should we you, if you should be our King.

Rich. If I should be? I had rather be a Pedler:
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Q. M. 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 she 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 Reblls.

Ab gentle Villaine doe not turae 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 death?

Q. M. I was: but I doe find more paine in banishment,
Then death can yeeld me here, by abode.
A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'st to me,
And thou a Kingdome; all of you allegiance:
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 false upon thee:
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. M. 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.

Dorf. 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 al your hatred now on me?
Did *Torkes* dread Curse prevaile so much with Heaven,
That *Henries* death, my lovely *Edwards* death,

Their Kingdomes losse, my wofull banishment,
Should all but answere for that peevisish brat?
Can curses pierce the Cloudes and enter Heaven?
Why then give way dull Cloudes to my quicke 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 glorie, like my wretched selfe:
Long may'st thou live, to waile thy Childrens death,
And see another, as I see thee 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 neither Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.
Rivers and *Dorset*, you were standers by,
And so wast 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, y hatefull wither'd Hagge.

Q. M. And leave out thee? stay Dog, for y shalt heare me.

If Heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O let them keepe it, till thy finnes 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,
Vnlesse it be while some tormenting Dreame

Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Divells.
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 heaue Mothers Wombe,
Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers Loynes,

Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detested.

Rich. Margarets.

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*.

Q. M. 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 franticke 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 doe me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subjects:
O serve me well, and teach your selves that duty.

Dorf. Dispute not with her, she is lunaticke.

Q. M. Peace master Marqueffe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new stampe of Honor is scarce currant.

O that your young Nobilitie can 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 Mar-
quesse.

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 Sorne now in the shade of death,
Whose bright out-shining beames, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall Darkenesse folded up.

Your ayery buildeth in our ayeries Nest :
O God that see'st 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. Vrge neither charity, nor shame to me :
Vncharitably 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 breathe them in the ayre.

Mar. I will not thinke 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 (poore *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 liberty.

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 doe some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now :
Marry as for *Clarence*, he is well repayed :
He is frank'd up to fating 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 me.

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 abroad,
I lay unto the greivous charge of others.

Clarence, whom I indeede have cast in darknesse,
I do beweepe to many simple Gulls,
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 doe good for evill :
And thus I cloathe my naked Villanie
With odde old ends, stolne forth of holy Writ,
And seeme a Saint, when most I play the divell.

Enter two murderers.

But soft, heere come my executioners,
How now my hardy stout resolved Mates,
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.

Rich. Well thought upon, I have it heere 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 doers, be assur'd :
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Rich. Your eyes drop 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 ?

Cl. O, I have past a miserable night,
So full of fearefull Dreames, of ugly fights,
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy dayes :
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me.

Cl. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to crosse to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother *Gloster*,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,
Vpon the Hatches : There we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,

During

During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster
That had befall us us. As he pac'd along
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Gloster stumbled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to stay him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.

O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noyse of water in mine eares,
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes.

Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearefull wrackes :
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon :
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Inestimable Stones, unvalued 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) reflecting Gemmes,
That woo'd the slimy bottome of the deepe,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattred by.

Keep. Had you such leysure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deepe?

Cl. 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 burst, to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this sore Agony?

Cl. 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 fowre Ferric-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.

The first that there did greet my Stranger-soule,
Was my great Father-in-law renowned Warwicke,
Who spake aloud: What scourge for Perjurie,
Can this darke Monarchy afford 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 aloud
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 soule Fiends
Inviron'd me, and howled in mine eares.
Such heddeous cries, that with the very Noife,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a season after,
Could not beleewe, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impression made my Dreame.

Keep. No marvell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am afraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it.

Cl. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done these things
(That now give evidence against my Soule)
For *Edwards* sake, and see how he requites me.

O God ! if my deepe prayres cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute 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 unfeelt 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 Murderers.

1. *Mur.* Ho, who's heere?

Bra. What would'st thou Fellow? And how camm'st
thou hither.

2. *Mur.* I would speake with *Clarence*, and I came hi-
ther 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 heereby,
Because I will be guiltlesse from the meaning.
There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes.
He 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 :
Fare you well.

2. What, shall we stab him as he sleepes.

1. No: hee'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2. Why he shall never wake, untill the great Iudge-
ment day.

1. Why then he'll say, we stab'd him sleeping.

2. The urging of that word Iudgement, 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. Hee 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 with-
in me.

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 Glosters purse.

1. When he opens his purse to give us our Reward,
thy Conscience flies out.

2. 'Tis no matter, let us goe : There's few or uone will
entertaine it.

1. What if it come to thee againe ?

2. Hee not meddle with it, it makes a 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
fills a man full of Obstacles. It made me once restore a
Purse of Gold that (by chance) I found : It beggars any
man that keepest it : It is turn'd out of Townes and Cit-
ties for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to
live well, endeavours to trust to himselfe, and live with-
out it.

'Tis

1. 'Tis even now at my elbow, perswading me not to kill the Duke.

2. Take the divell in thy minde, and beleve 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, we'll reason with him.

Cl. Where art thou Keeper? Give me a cup of wine.

2 You shall have Wine enough my Lord anon.

Cl. In Gods name, what art thou?

1 A man, as you are.

Cl. But not as I am Royall.

1 Nor you as we are, Loyall.

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

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

Cl. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speake?

Your eyes doe menace me: why looke you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore doe you come?

2 To, to, to

Cl. To murder me?

Both. I, I.

Cl. You fearfully have the hearts to tell me so, And therefore cannot have the hearts to doe it.

Wherein my friends have I offended you?

1 Offended us you have not, but the King.

Cl. I shall be reconcil'd to him againe.

2 Never my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Cl. Are you drawne forth among a world of men

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the Evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawfull Quest have given their Verdict up

Vnto the frowning Iudge? 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 doe we doe upon command.

2 And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Cl. Erroneous Vassals, the great King of Kings

Hath in the Table of his Law commanded

That thou shall doe no murder, 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 murder too:

Thou did'st receive the Sacrament, to fight

In quarrell of the House of Lancaster.

1 And like a Traitor to the name of God,

Did'st breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,

Vnrip'st the Bowels of thy Sou'raignes Sonne.

2 Whom thou was't i'worne to cherish and defend.

1 How canst thou urge Gods dreafull Law to us,

When thou hast broke it in such deere degree?

Cl. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my Brother, for his sake.

He sends you not to murder 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 publicly,

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 bloody minister,

When gallant springing brave Plantagenet,

That Princely Novice was strucke dead by thee?

Cl. My Brothers love, the Divell, and my Rage:

1 Thy Brothers Love, our Duty, and thy Faults,

Provoke us hither now, to slaughter thee.

Cl. If you doe love my Brother, hate not me:

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hyr'd for meed, go 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.

Cl. Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me deere:

Go you to him from me.

1 I so we will.

Cl. 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 Milltones, as he lessoned us to weepe.

Cl. 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.

Cl. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,

And hugg'd me in his armes, and swore with fobs,

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.

Cl. 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 wil 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?

Cl. 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 murderers 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.

Cl. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, divellish.

My Friend, I spy some pitty in thy lookes:

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and intreat for me,

A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?

2 Looke behinde you, my Lord.

Take that, and that, if all this will not do, Stabs him.

He 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 moit greevous murder. Enter 1. Murderer

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 doe not I: goe Coward as thou art.
Well, Ile goe 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. Scena Prima.

Flourish.

*Enter the King sick, the Queene, Lord Marquesse
Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby,
Buckingham, Woodvill.*

King. Why so: now have I done a good dayes worke.
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, Swear 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 swear the like.

King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Lest he that is the supreme King of Kings
Confound your hidden fallhood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love.

Riv. 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 beene factious one against the other,
Wife, love Lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,
And what you doe doe it unfeignedly.

Que. There *Hastings*, I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine.

King. *Dorset*, embrace him :

Hastings, love Lord Marquesse.

Dor. This interchange of love, I heere protest
Vpon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

King. Now Princely *Buckingham*, scale thou this league
With thy embracements to my wives Allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buc. When ever *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
Vpon 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 doe 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 Ratcliffe*, and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloster.

Rich. Good morrow to my Sovereigne King & Queene
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 Sovereigne 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 enmity :
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 Cofin *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 doe 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.

Que. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter :
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
Ny Sovereigne Lord, I doe 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 doe him injury to scorne his Coarse. *all start,*

King. Who knowes not he is dead ?
Who knowes he is ?

Que. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this ?

Buc. 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 Mercury did beare :

Some tardy Cripple bare the Countermand,
That come too lagge to see him buried.

God grant, that some lesse Noble, and lesse Loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse then wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet goe currant from suspition.

Enter Earle of Derby.

Der. A boone my Sovereigne for my service done.

King. I prethee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.

Der. I will not rise, unlesse your Highnesse heare me.

King. Then say at once, what is it thou request.

Der. The forfeit (Sovereigne) 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)
Kneel'd at my feet: and bid me be advis'd?
Who spoke of Brotherhood? who spoke in love?
Who told me how the poore foule did forsake
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me:
Who told me in the Field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me downe; he rescued me:
And said deere 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 colde 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 waiting Vassalls
Have done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
You fraight 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 beene 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 mine, and yours for this.
Come *Hastings* helpe me to my Closet.
Ah poore *Clarence*. *Exeunt some with K. & Queen.*

Rich. This is the fruits of rashnes; Markt you nor,
How that the 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 goe,
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?
Duch. No Boy.
Daugh. Why do you weepe so oft? And beat 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 Cousins, you mistake me both,
I do lament the sicknesse 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 Vnckle is to 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 Fathers death.
Boy. Grandam we can: for my good Vnckle Gloster

Told me, the King provok'd to it by the Queene,
Devis'd impeachment to imprison him;
And when my Vnckle told me so, he wept,
And pittied me, and kindly kist my cheek:
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would love me deere as a childe.
Dut. Ah! that deceit should steale such gentle shape,
And with a vertuous Vizer 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 Vnckle did dissemble Grandam?

Dut. I Boy.

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

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

Qu. Ah! who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.
He joyne with blacke despaire against my Soule,
And to my selfe become an enemy.

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 ne're-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 Husbands death,
And liv'd with looking on his Images:
But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort, have but one false Glasse,
That grieves 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 moiety of my moane)
To over-go thy woes, and drowne my cries.

Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for your 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 helpe 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 deere 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 staves 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* weepe, so doth not she :
These Babes for *Clarence* weepe, so doe not they.
Alas ! you three, on me threefold distrest :
Powre all your teares, I am your sorrowes Nurse,
And I will pamper 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 ungratefull,
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, Derby, Hastings, and Ratcliffe.*

Rich. Sister have comfort, all of us have cause
To waille the dimming of our shining Starre :
But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I crave your Blessing.

Dor. God bleffe thee, and put meekenesse 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 cloudy-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 splintred, 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 fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Rivers. Why with some little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham?

Buc. Marry 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 much the estate is greene, and yet ungovern'd,
Where every Horse beares his commanding 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 likelyhood 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.*

Manent *Buckingham, and Richard.*

Buc. My Lord, who ever journies to the Prinne,
For Gods sake let not us two stay at home :
For by the way, Ile fort 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 deare Colin,
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, whither away so fast?

2. *Cit.* I promise you I hardly know my selfe :
Heare you the Newes abroad?

1. Yes, the King is dead.

2. Ill newes byrlady, feldome 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, God 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

3. Stood the 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 Vnkles 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 neereft,

Will touch us all too neere, if God prevent not.

O full of danger is the Duke of Gloster,
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 cloakes ;

When great leaves fall, then Winter is at hand ;

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

Vntimely stormes, make men expect a Dearth :

All may be well ; but if God fort it so,

'Tis more then we deserve, or I expect.

2. Truly, the 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 wee 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 Iustices.
- 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 Princes
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.

Yor. 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 Vnkle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More then my Brother. I, quoth my Vnkle 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 obiekt the same to thee.

He was the wretched st' thing when he was yong,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Yor. And so no doubt he is, my gracious 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 Vnckles 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 Vnkle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crutt at two houres old,
'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have beene a byting lest.

Dut. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?

Yor. Grandam, his Nurse.

Dut. His Nurse? why she was dead, ere y' wast borne.

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

Qu. A parlous Boy: go to, 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?

Mes. 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, Glouster 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 unknowne 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 Tyranny beginnes to Iutt
Vpon the innocent and a welkfe 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 tolt,
For me to joy, and weepe, their gaine and losse.
And being seated, and Domesticke broyles
Cleane over-blowne, them selves (the Conquerors,)
Make warre upon themselves, Brother to Brother;
Bloud to bloud, selfe against selfe: O preposterous
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, farewell.

Dut. Stay, I will go with you.

Qu. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious Lady go,
And thither beare your Treasure and your Goods,
For my part, Ile resigne unto your Grace
The Seale I keepe, and so betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

The Trumpets sound.

*Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Gloucester, and Buckingham,
Lord Cardinall, with others.*

Buc. Welcome sweet Prince to London,
To your Chamber.

Rich. Welcome deere Cosin, my thoughts Sovereaigne
The weary way hath made you Melancholly.

Prin. No Vnkle, but our crosses on the way,
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy.
I want more Vnckles heere to welcome me.

Rich. Sweet Prince, the untainted 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 Vnckles which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,
But look'd not on the poison 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 Major of London comes to greet
you.

Enter Lord Major.

Lo. Major. God blesse your Grace, with health and
happy 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 Sanctuary: The tender Prince
Would faine have come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce withheld.

Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall will your Grace
Perfwade the Queene, to send the Duke of *Yorke*
Vnto his Princely Brother presently?
If she deny, Lord *Hastings* you goe with him,
And from her jealous Armes pluck him perforce.

Car. My Lord of *Buckingham*, if my weake Oratory
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 Sanctuary: not for all this Land,
Would I be guilty of so great a sinne.

Buc. You are too fencelesse obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the grossenesse of this Age,
You breake not Sanctuary, 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 Prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it,
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You breake no Priviledge, nor Charter there:
Oft have I heard of Sanctuary men,
But Sanctuary children, ne're till now.

Car. 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 speedy hast you may.

Say, Vnckle *Glocester*, if our Brother come,
Where shall we sojorne, till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it think' st best 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?

Buc. 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?

Buc. Vpon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not registred,
Methinkes the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retayl'd to all posterity,
Even to the generall ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say doe never live long.

Prince. What say you, Vnckle?

Glo. I say, without Characters, Fame lives long.
Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

afide.

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.
He tell you what, my Cousin *Buckingham*.

Buc. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. And if I live untill I be a man,
He 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.

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

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

Yor. 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 Majesty.

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

Yor. I thanke you, gentle Vnckle. 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.

Yor. And therefore is he idle?

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

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

Glo. He may command me as my Sovereigne,
But you have power in me, as in a Kinisman.

Yor. I pray you, Vnckle, give me this Dagger.

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

Prince. A Begger, Brother?

Yor. Of my kind Vnckle, that I know will give,
And being a Toy, it is no griefe to give.

Glo. A greater gift then that, He give my Cousin,

Yor. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.

Glo. I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.

Yor. O then I see, you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'll say a Begger nay.

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

Yor. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my Weapon, little Lord?

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

Glo. How?

Yor. Little.

Prince. My Lord of *Yorke* will still be crosse in talke:
Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.

Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle, my Brother mockes both you and me,

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

Buc. With what a sharpe provided wit he reasons:
To mitigate the scorne he gives his Vnckle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning, and so young, is wouderfull.

Glo. My Lord, wilt please you passe along?
Myselfe, and my good Cousin *Buckingham*,
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Yor. What,

Yor. What will you goe unto the Tower, my Lord?

Prin. My Lord Protector will have it so.

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

Glo. Why, what should you feare?

Yor. Marry, my Vnckle Clarence angry Ghost:
My Grandam told me he was murther'd there.

Prin. I feare no Vnckles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prin. And if they live, I hope I need not feare:

But come my Lord: and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, goe I unto the Tower.

Exeunt Prince, Yorke, Hastings, and Dorset.

Manent Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buc. Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating Yorke
Was not incented by his subtile Mother,
To taunt and seorne 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.

Buc. Well, let them rest: Come hither Catesby,
Thou art sworne as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart:
Thou know 'st our reasons urg'd upon the way,
What think 'st thou? is it not an easy 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.

Buc. What think 'st thou then of Stanley? Will not
hee?

Cates. Hee will doe all in all as Hastings doth.

Buc. 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 finde 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 Councils,
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.

Buc. Good Catesby, goe effect this businesse foundly.

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. At Crosby House, there shall you find us both.

Exit Catesby.

Buc. Now, my Lord,
What shall wee 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, claime thou of me
The Earledome of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the King, my Brother, was posselt.

Buc. He claime that promise at your Graces hand.
Rich. And looke to have it yeelded with all kindnesse!
Come, let us suppe betimes, that after wards
Wee may digest our complots in some forme.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Messenger to the Doore of Hastings.

Mes. My Lord, my Lord.

Hast. Who knockes?

Mes. One from the Lord Stanley.

Hast. What is't a Clocke?

Mes. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Enter Lords Hastings,

Hast. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleepe these tedious
Nights?

Mes. So it appeares, by that I have to say:
First, he commends him to your Noble selfe.

Hast. What then?

Mes. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night
He dreamt, the Bore had rased off his Helme:
Besides, he sayes there are two Councils 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 diuines.

Hast. Goe fellow, goe returne unto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the separated Council:
His Honnor 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 chafe.
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.

Mes. He 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 beleve will never stand upright,
Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.

Hast. How weare the Garland?
Doe thou meane the Crowne?

Cates. I, my good Lord.

Ha. He have this Crowne of mine cut frō my shoulders,
Before He see the Crowne so foule mis-plac'd:
But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it?

t 2

Cates. I.

Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,
Vpon his party, for the gaine thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good newes,
That this same very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they have beene still my aduerfaries:
But, that Ile give my voice on *Richards* side,
To barre my Maisters Heires in true Descent,
God knowes I will 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 Maisters hate,
I live to looke upon their Tragedy.

Well *Catesby*, ere a fort-night make me older,
Ile lend 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 *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 goe so unprovided?

Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow *Catesby*:
You may jcast on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like these severall Councils, 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?

St. The Lords at Pomfret, when they rode from Londō,
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 sudden 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.

St. 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, Sirrah? 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. Gramercy fellow: there drinke that for me.

T browes him his Purse.

Purs. I thanke your Honor.

Exit Pursuivant.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Ho-
nor.

Hast. I thanke 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 need 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. Naylike 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 dy,
For truth, for Duty, and for Loyalty.

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 heere-
after.

Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Lives is out,
Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!

Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres:

Within the guilty Closure of thy Walls,
Richard the Second here was hacket to death:

And for more slander to thy dismall Seat,
We give to thee our guiltlesse blood to drinke.

Grey. Now *Margarets* Curse is false upon our Heads,
When shee exclaim'd on *Hastings*, you, and I,
For standing by, when *Richard* stab'd her Soane.

Riv. 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 halte, the houre of death is now expir'd,

Riv. Come *Grey*, come *Vaughan*, let us heere embrace,
Farewell, untill we meet againe in Heaven.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Quarta.

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

Hast. Now Noble Peere, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation:

In Gods Name speake, when is the Royall day?

Buc. Is all things ready for the Royall time?

Darb. It is, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buc. Who knows the Lord Protectors mind herein?
Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?

Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his minde.

Buc. 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 founded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my Honorable Lord, may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile give my Voice,
Which I presume hee'le take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy 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 beene concluded.

Buc. 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 founded Hastings in our businesse,
And findes the testy Gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his Head, ere give consent
His Maisters Child, as worshipfully he tearmes it,
Shall lose the Royalty of Englands Throne.

Buc. Withdraw your selfe a while, Ile goe with you.

Exeunt.

Dar. 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 looks chearfully & 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 lesse 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
Vpon 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, whofoe're they be:
I say, my Lord, they have deserved death.

Rich. Then be your eyes the witness 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,
Conforted 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't 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.

Manent 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 disdain'd 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 heavy 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 momentary 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 Malt,
Ready 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 prophecy the fearefull'st time to thee,
That ever wretched Age hath look'd upon.
Come, leade 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-favour'd.*

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

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

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

Enter the Major, and Catesby.

Buc. Lord Major.

Rich. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there.

Buc. Hearke, a Drumme.

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

Buc. Lord Major, the reason we have sent.

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

Buc. God and our Innocency defend, and guard us.

Enter Lovell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.

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

Lov. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected *Hastings*.

Rich. So deare I lov'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse Creature,
That breath'd upon the Earth, a Christian:
Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded
The History 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.

Buc. Well, well, he was the covertst sheltred Traitor
That ever liv'd.

Would you imagine, or almost beleve,
Wert not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it, that the subtill Traitor
This day had plotted, in the Councill-House,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloster.

Ma. Had he done so?

Rich. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?
Or that 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 safety,
Enforc'd us to this Execution.

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

Buc. I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with *Mistresse Shore*:
Yet had we not determin'd he should dye,
Vntill 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 Traitor speake, and timorously confesse
The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:

That you might well have signify'd the same
Vnto the Citizens, who haply may
Misconster us in him, and waile his death.

Ma. But, my good Lord, your Graces words shall 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.

Buc. Which since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you heare we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Major, we bid farewell.

Exit Major.

Rich. Goe after, after, Cousin *Buckingham*.

The Major towards Guild-Hall hyes him in all poste:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Inferre the Bastardy of *Edwards* Children:
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying, he would make his Sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his Houfe,
Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed so.
Moreover, urge his hatefull Luxury,
And bestiall appetite in change of Lust,
Which stretcht unto their Servants, Daughter, 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 Lincaments,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere farre off,
Because, my Lord, you know my Mother lives.

Buc. 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.

Buc. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke
Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affords.

Exit Buckingham.

Rich. Goe *Lovell* with all speed to *Doctor Shaw*,
Goe thou to *Fryer Feuker*, bid them both
Meet me within this houre at *Baynards* Castle. *Exit.*

Now will I goe to take some privy 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 Scrivener.

Scr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*,
Which in a fet Hand fairely is engross'd,
That it may be to day read or'e 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 full as long a doing,
And yet within these five houres *Hastings* liv'd,
Vntainted, unexamind, free, at liberty.
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?
Buc. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, say not a word.
Rich. Toucht you the Bastardy of *Edwards* Children?
Buc. I did, with his Contract with Lady *Lucy*,
And his Contract by Deputy in France,
Th'unfatiare greedinesse of his desire,
And his enforcement of the City Wives,
His Tyranny for Trifles, his owne Bastardy,
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 Bounty, Vertue, faire Humility:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose,
Vntoucht, or sleightly handled in discourse.
And when my Oratory drew toward end,
I bid them that did love their Countries good,
Cry, God save *Richard*, Englands Royall King.

Rich. And did they so?
Buc. 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 the Major, 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.
Thanks gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,
This generall applausse, and chearefull shouw,
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 Major then, and his Brethren, come?
Buc. The Major is here at hand: intend some feare,
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,
And stand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile make a holy Descant:
And be not easily wonne to our requests,
Play 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 happy issue.

Buc. Go, go up to the Leads, the Lord Major knocks.

Enter the Major, and Citizens.

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

Enter Catesby.

Buc. Now *Catesby*, what sayes your Lord to my request?
Cates. He doth 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.

Buc. Returne, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my selfe, the Major and Aldermen,
In deepe designs, in matter of great moment,
No lesse importing then our generall good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Cates. Ile signifie so much unto him straight. *Exit.*

Buc. 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.
Happy were England, would this vertuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Sovereignty thereof.
But sure I feare we shall not winne him to it.

Major. Marry God defend his Grace should say us nay.

Buc. I feare he will: here *Catesby* comes againe.

Enter Catesby.

Now *Catesby*, what sayes his Grace?

Cates. 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.

Buc. 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, and 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.

Ma. See where his Grace stands, tweekt two Clergy me.
Buc. Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of Vanity:
And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous *Plantagenet*, most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable care to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy Devotion, and right Christian Zeale.

Rich. My Lord, there needes no such Apology:
I doe beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earnest in the service of God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But leaving this, what is your Graces pleasure?

Buc. 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 semes disgracious in the Cities eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buc. You

Buc. 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.
Buc. Know then, it is your fault, that you resigne
The Supreme Seat, the Throne Majesticall,
The Sceptred 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 sleepe thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our Countries good,)
The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes:
His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamy,
His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulfe
Of darke Forgetfulnesse, and deepe Oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily folicite
Your gracious selfe to take on you the charge
And Kingly Governement of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor, for anothers gainc;
But as successively, from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Empry, your owne.
For this, conforred 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.
For not to answer, you might haply thinke,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeilded
To beare the Golden Yoake of Soveraigntie,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So 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 thanks, but my desert
Vnmeritable, 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 poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatnesse,
Being a Barke to brooke no mighty 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 Majesty,
And make us (no doubt) happy by his Reigne.
On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happy Starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.
Buc. My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace,
But the respects thereof are nice, and 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 Lady *Lucy*,
Your Mother lives a Witness to his Vow;
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To *Bona*, Sister to the King of France.
These both put off, a poore Petitioner,
A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes,
A Beauty-waining, and distressed Widow,
Even in the after-noon 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 Dignity:
If not to blesse us and the Land withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Vnto a Lineall true derived course.
Maior. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.
Buc. Refuse not, mighty Lord, this proffer'd love.
Cates. O make them joyfull, grant their lawfull suit.
Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me?
I am unfit for State, and Majesty:
I doe beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buc. 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 equally 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.*
Cates. Call him againe, sweet Prince, accept their suit;
If you deny 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, whether, 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 and 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.
Buc. Then I salute you with this Royall Title,
Long live King *Richard*, Englands worthy King.
All. Amen.
Buc. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd?
Rich. Even when you please, for you will have it so.
Buc. To

Buc. 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 Necce *Plantagenet*,
Led 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.

An. God give your Graces both a happy
And a joyfull time of day.

Qu. As much to you, good Sister: whither away?

An. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Vpon the like devotion as your selves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Qu. Kind Sister thanks, wee'le enter all together:

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Maister 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 be 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.

An. 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 Stanley.

Stan. 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.

An. Despightfull tidings, O unpleasing newes.

Dorf. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your
Grace?

Qu. O *Dorfet*, speake not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction 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.
Goe hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Left thou encrease the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of *Margarets* Curse,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

Stan. 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 tardy by unwise delay.

Duc. Yor. O ill disperfing Winde of Misery,
O my accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice hast thou hatcht to the World,
Whose vnavoided Eye is murtherous.

Stan. Come, Madame, come, I in all haste was sent.

An. And I with all unwillingnesse will goe.

O would to God, that the inclusive Verge
Of Golden Metall, that must round my Brow,
Were red hot Steele, to seare me to the Braines,
Anoynted let me be with deadly Veno ne,
And dye ere men can say, God save the Queene.

Qu. Goe, goe, poore soule, I envie not thy glory,
To feed my humor, with thy selve no harme.

An. 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,
Within 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 *Warmicke*,
And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.

Qu. Poore heart a dieu, I pittie thy complaining.

An. No more, then with my soule I mourne for
yours.

Dorf. Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory.

Anne. Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy leave
of it,

Duc. Yorke. Go to *Richmond*, to *Dorfet*, to *Anne*, to the
Queene, and good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee,
Go thou to Sanctuary, and good thoughts possesse thee;
I to my Grave, where peace and rest lye with mee.
Eighty 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.
Pittie, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes,
Whom Envie hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for such little pretty ones,
Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes: use my Babies well;
So foolish Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.

Exeunt.

Sound

Scena Secunda.

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

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.
 Buck. My gracious Sovereigne.
 Rich. Give me thy hand. *Sound.*
 Thus high, by thy advice, and thy assistance,
 Is King Richard seated:
 But shall we wear these Glories for a day?
 Or shall they last, and we rejoyce in them?
 Buc. Still live they, and for ever let them last.
 Rich. Ah Buckingham, now doe I play the Touch,
 To try if thou 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.
 Buc. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord,
 Rich. Ha? am I King? 'tis so: but Edward lives.
 Buc. 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 with the Bastards dead,
 And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
 What say'st thou now? speake suddenly, be briefe.
 Buc. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.
 Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:
 Say, have I thy consent, that they shall dye?
 Buc. Give me some little breath, some pause, deare Lord,
 Before I positively speake in this:
 I will resolve you herein presently. *Exit Buck.*
 Cates. The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe.
 Rich. I will converse with Iron-witted 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 haughty spirit:
 Gold were as good as twenty Orators,
 And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.
 Rich. What is his Name?
 Page. His Name, my Lord, is Tyrrell.
 Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither,
 Boy. *Exit.*
 The deepe revolving witty 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.

Enter 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 will marry straight to Clarence Daughter:
 The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.
 Looke how thou dream'st: I say agine, 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 married to my Brothers Daughter,
 Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse:
 Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,
 Uncertaine way of gaine. But I am in
 So farre in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne,
 Teare-falling Pitty 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.

Buc. 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.

Buc. I heare the newes, my Lord.

Rich. Stanley, hee is your Wives Sonne: well, looke
 unto it.

Buc. My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promise,
 For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd
 Th' Earledome of Hereford, and the moveables,
 Which you have promised I shall possess.

Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if she convey
 Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buc. What sayes your Highnesse to my just request?

Rich. I doe remember me, Henry the Sixt
 Did prophecy, that Richmond should be King,
 When Richmond was a little peevish Boy.
 A King perhaps.

Buc. May it please you to resolve me in my suit.

Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the veine. *Exit.*

Buc. And is it thus repayes he my deepe service
 With such contempt? made I him King for this?
 O let me thinke on Hastings, and be gone
 To Brecknock, while my fearefull Head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody Act is done,
 The most arch deed of pittious massacre

That

That ever yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forrest*, whom I did suborne
 To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,
 Albeit they were flesh Villaines, bloody Dogges,
 Melted with tenderesse, 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 Alabaster 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 these tydings to the bloody King.

Enter Richard.

And heere he comes. All health my Sovereigne Lord.

Ric. Kinde *Tirrell*, am I happy in thy Newes.

Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge,
 Be get your happinesse, be happy then,
 For it is done.

Rich. But did'st thou see them dead?

Tir. I did my Lord.

Rich. 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 *Tirrell* soone, and after Supper,
 When thou there shalt tell the processe of their death:
 Meane time, but thinke how I may do thee good,
 And be inheritor of thy desire,
 Farewell till then.

Tir. I humbly take 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 *Abrams* 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 looks 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, *Mowton* is fled to *Richmond*,
 And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy *Welshmen*
 Is 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 leades impotent and Snaile-pac'd Beggery:
 Then fiery expedition be my wing,
 Loves 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 Lucene Margaret.

Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
 Heere in these Confinnes slyly 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! ah my tender Babes!
 My unblowne Flowers, new appearing sweets:
 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 intrailles of the Wolfe?
 Why didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?

Mar. When holy *Henry* 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,
 Vnlawfully made drunke with innocent blood.

Qu. Ah that thou would'st assoone affoord a Grave,
 As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seate:
 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 signecury,
 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 holp'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

Preyes

Preyes on the issue of his Mothers body,
And makes her Pie-fellow with others mone.

Dut. Oh *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witness 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 *Edward* 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 frantick play,

Th'adulterate *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Vntimely smother'd in their dusky Graves.

Richard yet lives, Hels blacke Intelligencer,
Onely reserv'd their Factor, to buy soules,

And send then 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 Queene,

The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant;

One heav'd a high, 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 ayne of every dangerous Shot;

A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble:
A Queene in least, onely to fill the Scene.

Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?
Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein dost thou loy?

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 to, one that humbly sues:
For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with cares

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 Iustice 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 *Yorke*s wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes, shall make me smile in France.

Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curles, 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 word are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Mar. Thy woes will make them sharpe,
And pierce like mine. *Exit Margare.*

Dut. Why should calamity be full of words?

Qu. Windy Attornies to their Cliens Woes,
Ayery succeders 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 exclames.

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 Forhead 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 *Red 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 Anointed. 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 have 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 greceous burthen was thy Birth to me,

Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancy.

Thy School-daies frightfull, desp'rate, wilde, and furious,

Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:

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 *Humphrey Flower*,

That call'd your Grace

To Breakefast 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.
Duc. Heare me a word :
 For I shall never speake to thee againe.
Rich. So.
Duc. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods just ordinance
 Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror :
 Or I with griefe and extreame Age shall perish,
 And never more behold thy face againe.
 Therefore take with thee my most greivous Curse,,
 Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more
 Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st.
 My Prayers on the aduerse party fight,
 And there the little soules of *Edwards* Children,
 Whispe 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.*
Quee. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to
 Abides in me, I say Amen to her. (curse)
Rich. Stay Madam, I must talke a word with you.
Quee. 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 leuell not to hit their lives.
Rich. You have a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
 Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious .
Quee. 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.
Quee. To save her life, Ile say she is not so.
Rich. Her life is safest onely in her byrth.
Quee. And onely in that safety, dyed her Brothers.
Rich. Loe at their Birth, good starres were opposite.
Quee. No, to their lives, ill friends were contrary.
Rich. All unavoyded is the doome of Destiny.
Quee. 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 ?
Quee. Cosins indeed, and by their Vnckle 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 griefe, makes wilde griefe 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 reft,
 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.
Quee. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
 To be discovered, that can doe me good ?
Rich. Th'advancement of your children, gentle Lady
Quee. Vp to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads.
Rich. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,
 The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory,

Quee. Flatter my sorrow with report of it :
 Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
 Canst thou devise to any child of mine.
Rich. Even all I have ; I, and my selfe and all,
 Will I withall indow a child of thine :
 So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
 Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
 Which thou suppos'est I have done to thee.
Quee. Be breife, least that the proesse of thy kindnesse
 Last longer telling then thy kindnesse date.
Rich. Then know,
 That from my Soule, I love thy Daughter.
Quee. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her soule.
Rich. What doe 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 doe thanke thee for it.
Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning :
 I meane that with my soule I love thy daughter,
 And doe intend to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her King.
Rich. Even he that makes her Queene.
 Who else should be ?
Quee. What, thou ?
Rich. Even so : How thinke you of it ?
Quee. How canst thou wooe her ?
Rich. That I would learne of you,
 As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Quee. And wilt thou learne of me ?
Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Quee. 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, steep't in Rutlands blood,
 A hand-kerchiefe, 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 Vnckle *Clarence*,
 Her Vnckle *Rivers*, I (and for her sake)
 Mad'st quicke conveyance with her good Aunt *Anns*.
Rich. You mocke me Madam, this is not the way
 To win your daughter,
Quee. There is no other way,
 Vnlesse thou could'st put on some other shape,
 And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.
Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.
Quee. Nay then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,
 Having bought love, with such a bloody spoile.
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 issue of your blood, upon your daughter :
 A Grandams name is little lesse in love,
 Then is the doting Title of a Mother ;
 They are as Children but one step 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 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 fearefull 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 beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset*, brother :

Againe shall you be Mother to a King :
And all the Ruines of distressefull Times,

Repair'd with double Riches of Content.
What? we have 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
Often-times double gainc of happinesse.

Goe then (my Mother) to thy Daughter goe,
Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experience,

Prepare her eares to heare a Wooers Tale.
Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring Flame

Of Golden Sovereignty : Acquaint the Princeesse
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 retailc my Conquest wonne,
And she shall be soie Victoreesse, *Cæsars Caesar*.

Que. What were I best to say, her Fathers brother
Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnkle?

Or he that slew her Brothers, and her Vnkles?
Vnder what Title shall I wooe for thee,

That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Love,
Can make seeme pleasing to her tender yeeres?

Rich. In ferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.
Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.

Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, untreats.
Qu. That at her hands, which the kings King forbids

Rich. Say she shall be a high and mighty Queene.
Qu. To waile 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 Sovereigne, am her Subject low.
Qu. But she your Subject, lothes such Sovereignty.

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.

Que. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third usurpt.
Rich. I swear.

Que. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George prophan'd, hath lost his Lordly honor ;

Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Kingly Vertne ;

Thy Crowne usurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory :
If something thou would'st sweare to be believ'd,
Swear 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 fouie wrongs.

Rich. My Fathers death.

Qu. Thy life hath it dishonor'd.

Rich. Why then, by Heaven.

Que. Heavens wrong is most of all:

If thou didd'st feare to breake an Oath with him,
The vnity 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 metall, 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-folowes for dust,

Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.
What can'st thou sweare by now?

Rich. The time to come.
Que. 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,
Vngovern'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.

Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misus'd ere vs'd, by times ill-vs'd repast.

Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent :
So thrive I in my dangerous Affaires

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 deepe hearts love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,

I tender not thy beaucious Princely daughter.
In her, consits my happinesse, and thine :

Without her, followes to my selfe, and thee,
Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule,

Death, Defolation, Ruine, 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 Attorney of my love to her :
Pleade what I will be, not what I have beene ;

Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :
Vrge the Necessity and state of times,

And be not peevish found, in great Designes.
Que. Shall I be tempted of the divell thus?

Rich. I, if the Divell tempt you to doe good.
Que. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe?

Rich. I, if your selves remembrance wrong your selfe.
Que. Yet thou didst kill 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.
Que. Shall I goe win my daughter to thy will?

Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.
Que. I goe, write to me very shortly,

And you shall understand from me her mind. *Exit Que.*
Rich. Beare her my true loves kisse, and so farewell.

Relenting Foole, and shallow-changing Woman.

How now, what newes?

Enter Rateliffe.

Rat. Most mighty Sovereigne, on the Westerne Coast
Rideth a puissant Navy: to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
Vnarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them backe.
'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the ayde
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore.

Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of *Norfolke*
Rateliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is he?

Cat. Here, 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 levy 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 Salis-
bury?

Rich. Why, what would'st thou doe there, before I
goe?

Rat. Your highnesse told me I should poste before.

Rich. My mind is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you?

Sta. None, good my Liege, to please you with the hea-
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported. (ring,

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, mighty Sovereigne, 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 empty? is the Sword unſway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire unpoſſeſt?

What heire of *Yorke* is there alive, but we?
And who is Englands King, but great *Yorke*'s heire?

Then tell me, what makes he upon the Seas?

Stan. Vnlesse for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse.

Rich. Vnlesse 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 backe?

Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the Westerne Shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes?

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

Rich. Cold friends to me: what doe they in the North,
When they should serve their Sovereigne in the West?

Stan. They have not beene commanded, mighty King
Pleaseth your Majesty to give me leave,
Ile muster up my friends, and meet your Grace.
Where, and what time your Majesty shall please.

Rich. I, thou would'st be gone, to joyne with *Richmond*:
But Ile not trust thee.

Stan. Most mighty Sovereigne,
You have no caute 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 Sovereigne, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughty Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many more 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 Army 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 Majesty,
Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham's Army is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And he himselfe wandred away alone,
No man knowes whither.

Rich. I cry thee mercy;
There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any well-advifed friend proclaym'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?

Mess. Such Proclamation hath beene made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, and Lord *Marquesse Dorset*,
'Tis said, my Leige, in *Yorkshire* are in Armes:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesse,
The Brittain Navy is dispers'd by Tempest.

Richmond in *Dorsetshire* sent out a Boat
Vnto the shore, to aske those on the Bankes,
If they were his Assistants, yea, or no?

Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*,
Vpon his party: he mistrusting them,
Hoys'd sayle, and made his course againe for Brittain.

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 with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder Newes, but yet they must 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. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the sty of the most deadly Bore,
My Sonne George Stanley is frankt up in hold :
If I revolt, off goes yong Georges 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 her daughter.

But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now ?

Chri. At Penbroke, 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 doe 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 mind-
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 and 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,
Doe through the clouds behold this present houre,
Euen for revenge mocke my destruction.
This is All-soules day (Fellow) is it not ?

Sher. It is.

Buc. Why then All-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
Falso to his Children, and his Wives Allies,
This is the day, wherein I wish't 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 fallies 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 Friends
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of Tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
Have we marcht on without impediment ;
And here 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 Center of this Isle,
Ne're to the Towne of Leicester, as we learne :
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name cheereily on, courageous Friends,
To reape the Harvest of perpetual peace,
By this one bloody tryall of sharpe Warre.

Oxf. Every mans Conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty Homicide.

Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to us.

Blun. He hath no friends, but what are friends for feare
Which in his deerest need will flye from him.

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

Exeunt Omnes.

*Enter King Richard in Armes with Norfolk, 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 Norfolk.

Nor. Heere most gracious Liege.

Rich. Norfolk, we must have knockes :
Ha, must we not ?

Nor. We must both give and take my loving Lord.

Rich. Vp with my Tent, here will I lye to night,
But where to morrow ? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath defcried 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 aduerse Faction want.
Vp 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.

Rich. 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,
Limiteach 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) doe for me:
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarter'd, doe you know?

Blunt. Vnlesse I have mistane his Colours much,
(Which well I am assur'd I have not done)
His Regiment lyes halfe a Mile at least
South, from the mighty Power of the King.

Rich. 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. Vpon my selfe, my Lord, Ile undertake it,
And so God give you quiet rest to night.

Rich. 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, Norfolk, and 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 Norfolk, hye thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull Watch, choose trusty Centinels.

Nor. I gce 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 Pursuiva at armes
To *Stanleys* Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, leaft his Sonne *George* fall
Into the blind Cave of eternall night.

Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Give me a Watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morow:
Look that my staves be found, & not too heavy. *Ratcliffe.*

Rat. My Lord.

Rich. Saw'st the melancholly Lord Northumberland?

Rat. *Thomas* the Earle of Surrey, and himselfe,
Much about Cock shut 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 Mind 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 Ratcliffe.*

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Derb. Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Helme.

Richm. 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 prays continually for Richmonds good:

So much for that. The silent houres steale on,
And flaky darknesse breakes within the East.

In brieve, 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 flaring 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,

Leaft being seene, thy Brother, tender *George*
Be executed in his fathers sight.

Farewell: the leysure, and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Love,

And ample enterchange of sweet Discourse,
Which so long hundred 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 noyse, to take a Nap,

Leaft leaden slumber peize me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of Victory:

Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.
Exeunt. Manes Richmond.

O thou, whose Captaine I account my selfe,
Look e 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 Helms of our Adversaries:
Make us thy ministers of Chastisement,

That we may praise thee in thy victory:
To thee I do commend my watchfull foule,

Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me still. *Sleepes.*

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to Henry the sixt.

Gh. to Ri. Let me sit heavy on thy foule to morrow:
Thinke how thou stab'st me in my prime of youth

At Teukesbury; Despaire 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 Anointed body
By thee was punched full of holes;

Thinke on the Tower, and me: Despaire, and dye,
Henry the sixt, bids thee despaire 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 Fullsome Wine :
Poore Clarence by thy guile betray'd to death :
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, despaire and dye.

To Richm. Thou off-spring of the house of Lancaster
The wronged heyres of Yorke doe 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'd at Pomfret : despaire, and dye.

Grey. Thinke upon Grey, and let thy soule despaire.

Vaugh. Thinke upon Vaughan, and with guilty feare
Let fall thy Lance, despaire and dye.

All to Richm. Awake.

And thinke our wrongs in Richards Bosome,
Will conquer. Awake, and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty : guilty awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord Hastings ; despaire, and dye.

Hast. *To Richm.* 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 despaire 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, doe 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, despaire 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 Ghosts 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 bataile thinke on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy guiltinesse.
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting despaire ; despairing yeeld thy breath,

Ghost to Richm. I dyed for hope
Ere I could lend thee Ayde ;
But cheere thy heart, and bethou 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 Iesu. Soft, I did but dreame.
O coward Conscience ! how dost thou afflict me ?
The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight,
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh

What ? doe I feare my Selfe ? There's none elle 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 doe not flatter.
My Conscience hath a thousand severall Tongues,
And every Tongue brings in a severall Tale,
And every Tale condemnes me for a Villaine ;
Perjury, 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 despaire, there is no Creatuees loves me ;
And if I dye, 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 foules 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 Cocke
Hath twice done salutation to the Morne,
Your friends are up, and buckle on their Armour.

King. O Ratcliffe, 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 the substance of ten thousand Souldiers
Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow Richmond.
'Tis not yet neere day. Come goe with me,
Vnder our Tents ; Ile play the Ease-dropper,
To heare if any meane to shrink from me.

Exeunt Richard and Ratcliffe,

*Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting
in his Tent.*

Lords. Good morrow Richmond.

Rich. Cry you mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen
That you have tane a tardy sluggard heere ?

Lords. How have you slept my Lord ?

Rich. The sweetest sleepe,
And fairest boading Dreames,
That ever entred in a drowsie head,
Have I since your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their soules, whose bodies Richard murther'd
Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory :
I promise you my heart is very jecond,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farre into the Morning is it Lords ?

Lord. Vpon 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 winne, then him they follow.
 For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
 A bloody 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 foyle
 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 Souldiers.
 If you doe sweare to put a Tyrant downe,
 You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine:
 If you doe fight against your Countries Foes,
 Your Countries Fat shall pay your paines the hyre.
 If you stoe fight in safegard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the Conquerors.
 If you doe free your Children from the Sword,
 Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
 Then in the name of God and all these rights,
 Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords:
 For me, the ranfome 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 Trumpet boldly, and cheerefully,
 God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

King. What said Northumberland as touching *Richmond*?
Ratc. That he was never trained up in Armes.
King. He said the truth: and what said *Surrey* then?
Ratc. 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. *Clockes Strikes.*
 Give me a Kalender: who saw the Sunne to day?
Ratc. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he disdaines to shine: for by the Booke.
 He should have brav'd the East an houre agoe,
 A blacke day will it be to somebody. *Ratcliffe.*
Ratc. 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 Norfolk.

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 Souldiers to the plaine,
 And thus my Battell shall 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 Norfolk, *Thomas Earle of Surrey*,
 Shall have the leading of the Foot and horse.
 They thus directed, we will follow

In the maine Battell, whose puissance on either side
 Shall be well-wing'd with our cheifest Horse:
 This, and Saint *George* to boote.
 What think'st thou *Norfolke*?
Nor. A good direction warlike Sovereigne,
 This found I on my Tent this Morning.
Lockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dickon thy maister is bought and sold.
King. A thing devited by the Enemy.
 Goe 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 pelli 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, Run-awayes,
 A scum of Brittaines, and base Lackey Pezants,
 Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth
 To desperate Adventuress, 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 paltry 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 Beggars, weary of their lives,
 Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
 For want of meates (poore Rats) had hang'd themselves.
 If we be conquered, let men conquer us,
 And not these bastard Brittaines, whom our Fathers
 Have in their owne Land beaten, bob'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 bosome.
 Advance our Standards, set upon our Foes,
 Our Ancient word of Courage, faire Saint *George*
 Inspire us with the spleene of fiery Dragons:
 Vpon them, Victory fits 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.

Enter

Enter Richard.

Rich. A horse, a horse, my Kingdome for a horse.

Case. Withdraw my Lord, he 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 Flout. *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 bloody Dogge is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond,
Well hast thou acquit thee: Loe,
Heere these long usurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody 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 Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferris,
Sir Robert Brokenbury, and Sir William Brandon.*

Richm. Interre their Bodies, as become their Births,
Proclaime a pardon to the Souldiers 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 blindly shed the Brothers blood;
The father, rashly slaughterd his owne Sonne;
The Sonnes compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire:
All this divided *Torke* 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 bloody 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 here, God say, Amen. *Exeunt.*

FFNFS.

