THE TRAGEDIE OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Contayning his treacherous Plots, against his brother Clarence: The putifull murder of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannous usurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most detestable death.

As it hath beene Acted by the Kings Maiesties Servants.

Written by William Shake-speare.

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Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solo.

Now is the winter of discontent,
Made glorious summer by this sonne of York:
And all the clouds, that lowr upon our house,
In the deepe bowels of the Ocean buried,
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for monuments.
Our sterna alarums chang'd to merry meetings.
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleasures.
Grim-viaged ware, hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now instead of mounting barbed Steeds,
To fright the soules of fearefull adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a ladies chamber,
To the lacious pleasing of a lute.
But I that am not sharpe of sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I that am rudely stamp't, and want loves majesty,
To frut before a wanton ambling Nymph,
I that am curtail'd of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinished sent before my time
Into this breathing world, halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and uncuriousable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt at them:
While I in this weake piping time of peace,
Have no delighte to passe away the time,
Unlesse to shew my shadew in the sunne,
And descant on mine owne defformity:
And therefore since I cannot prove a louer,
To entertaine these faire well spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days:
Plots have I layd, indisputions dangerous,
The Tragedy

By drunken prophesies libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King,
In deadly hate the one against the other,
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous;
This day should Clarence closely be medl'd vp,
About a prophesie which syes that G.
Of Edward's heirs the murthterer shall be.
Due thoughts downe to my soule; Enter Clarence with
Here Clarence comes, a Guard of Men.
Brother, good dayes, what meane this armed guard
That waits vpon your grace?
Cla. His Majesty tendering my persons safety, hath appointed
This conduct to conuete me to the Tower.
Glo. Vpon what cause?
Cla. Because my name is George,
Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your god-fathers:
O belike his Majesty hath some intent
That you shall be new chrestned in the Tower,
But what is the matter Clarence, may I know?
Cla. Yea Richard when I doe know, for I protest
As yet I doe not, but as I can leame,
He harkens after prophesyes, and dreams,
And from the croffe-row plucks the letter G,
And syes a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be,
And for my name of George begins with G;
It followes in his thought that I am he:
These as I leame and such like toyses as these;
Hane moved his highnesse to-commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are ruld by women,
Tis not the King that sends me to the Tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence is the
That tempts him to this extreamity,
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Anthony Woodville her brother there,
That made him send L. Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is delinuered?
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe.
Cla.
of Richard the Third.

Cla. By Heauen I thinke there is no man securd
But the Queens kindred, and night walking heralds
That trugue betweene the King and Miltris Shore:
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his deliverie?

Glo. Humbly complainging to her Deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his liberty,
Hee tell you what, I thinke it were our way,
If we will kepe in favour with the King,
To be her men and weare her livery,
The jealous over-worne widdow and her selfe,
Since that our brother dubd them Gentlewomen:
Are mighty gospis in this monachy.

Bro. I beleeche your graces both to pardon me.
His Maiestie hath straightly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever with his brother.

Glo. Even so and please your worship Brokenbury,
You may perctake of any thing we say:
We speake no treason man, we say the King
Is wife and vertuous and the noble Queene
Well stroke in yeares faire and not jealous,
We say that Shores Wife hath a pretty foot,
A chery lip a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queens kindred are made gentle folks:
How say you sir, can you deny all this?

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

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

Bro. VVhat one my Lord?

Glo. Her husband knde, wouldst thou betray me?

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

Cla. We know thy charge Brokenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queens Abiece and must obey,
Brother farewell I will into the King,
And whatsoever you will imploy me in,
VVereit to call King Edwards Widdow fifty.
The Tragedy

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

Cla. I know it pleaseth neyther of vs well.
Glo. Well your imprisonment shall not be long.
I will deliver you, or lie for you,
Meantime have patience.

Cla. I must perforce, farewell. Exit Cla.
Glo. Go tread the path, that thou shalt neere returne,
Simple plaine Clarence, I doe love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to Heauen,
If Heauen will take the present at our hands.
But who comes heere the new delivered Hastings.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord,
Glo. As much vnto my good L. Chamberlaine:
Well, you are welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordship brooke 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.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevailed as much on him as you.

Hast. Miserity that the Egle should be mov'd
While Kites and hazzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What newes abroad.

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

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

Hast. He is.

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

With
of Richard the Third.

Which lies well steeled with weighty arguments,
And if it faile not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live;
Which doth God take King Edward to his mercy
And leave the world to me to buffet in,
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter,
What though I kill her husband and her father,
The readieth 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 lives, Edward still reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. Exit.

Enter Lady Anne, with the head of Henry the sext.
La. Set downe, set downe, your honourable Lord.
If honour may be shrowded in a brest,
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
The vertuous fall of vertuous Lancaster,
Poore key-cold figure of a holy King.
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster,
Thou blood-tithe 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 slaughter'd some,
Stab'd by the false same hands that made these holes
Loe in those windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpelesse balm of my poore eyes,
Curst be the hand that made the fatall holes;
Curst be the heart, that had the heart to do it,
More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee:
Then I can with to Adders, Spiders, Toads,
Or any creeping venomde thing that lives.
If ever be hate child, abortive be it,
Prodigious and untimely brought to light:
Whole ugly and vnaturall affect
May fright the hopefull mother at the view.
The Tragedy

If ever he hate wife let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards Chersey with your holy load
Taken from Pauls to be in interred there:
And still as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you whiles I lament King Howies corse.

Glo. Stay you that bear the corse, and let it downe.

La. What blacke Magitian coniures up this fiend
To stop devoted charitable deeds:

Glo. Villaine, set downe the corse, or by Saint Paul,
Ile make a corse of him that disobeyes?

Gen. Stand backe and let the cof fin pa pe.

Glo. Vnmannerly dog, standst thou when I command,
Advance thy halbert higher then my breast,
Or by Saint Paul Ile strike thee to my footne,
And pumme upon thee begger for thy boldnesse.

La. What do you tremble, are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the Diewell,
Avant thou facefull minifter of hell,
Thou hast but power ouer his mortall body,
His foule thou canst not have therefore be gone,

Glo. Sweet Saint for charity be not so curst.

La. Foule duell, for Gods sake hence and trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fylld it with curling cryes and deepe exclaines,
If thou delight to view thy horious deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen see, see dead Howies wounds,
Open their congeald mouths and bleed as fresh,
Blush, blush, thou lyme of foule deformity,
For tis thy presence that exhals this blood,
From cold and empty veines where no blood dwells,
Thy deed inhumane and vnnatural,
Prouokes this deluge most vnnatural,
Oh God, which this blood mad'ft, revenge his death:
Oh earth which this blood drink'st, revenge his death:
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead.
of Richard the Third.

Or Earth gap open wide, and eate him quicker,
As thou didst swallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-gouerd armes hath butchered.

Glo. Lady, you know no rule of charity,
Which render good for bad, blessings for curses,

La. Villaine, thou knowest, no law of God, nor man.
No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pitty,

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

La. Oh wonderfull when diuels tell the truth,
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry,
Vouchsafe divine perfection of a woman,
Of these suppos’d evils to give mee leave,
By circumstance but to acquit my selfe.

La. Vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowme evils, but to give mee leave,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.

Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let mee haue
Some patient pleasure to excise my selfe.

La. Fouler then heart can think theee, thou canst make
No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse my selfe.

L. And by despairs houldst thou stand excus’d
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which diidst, vnworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say that I slew them not.

La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are and diniest blame by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

La. Why then hee is alive.

Glo. Nay he is dead and slaine by Edwards hand.

La. In thy am bile thou liest. Queene Margret saw
Thy bloody faulchion smooching in his blood,
The which thou onceth bend against her breast,
But that my brother beat aside the poynct.

Glo. I was provoked by her flanderous tongue.
Which laid her guilt upon my guiltinesse shoulders

La. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody minde.
Which never dreamt on ought but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this King? Glo. I grant yee,
The Tragedy

La. Does it grant me hedgehog, then God grant mee too. Thou maieft bee damned for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, milde; and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.
La. Hee is in Heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thank mee that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then Earth.
La. And thou wnst for any place but Hell.
Glo. Yes one place else, if you will heare mee name it.
La. Some Dungene.
Glo. Your bed-chamber.
La. I'll rest beside the chamber where thou liest.
Glo. So will it Maddam till I lie with you.
La. I hope so.
Glo. I know so; but gentle Lady Anne,
To leue this kind encounter of your wits,
And fall somewhat into a flower methode:
Is not the causer of the time-lesse deaths,
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward.
As blamfull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the caufe of that effect.
Your beauty which did haunt mee in my sleepe,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might rest that houre in your sweete bosome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
The enemie should rend that beauty from their cheekes.
Glo. These eyes could never endure sweet beauties wrack,
You should not blemish them if I stood by:
As all the world is cleared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Blacke night overhade thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to bee reneged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell most vnaturall,
To be reneged on him that loueeth you.
La. It is a quarrell just and reasonable,
To bee reneged on him that slew my Husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.
of Richard the Third.

Lu. His better doth not breath upon the Earth.

Glo. Go too, he lives that loves you better then he could

Lu. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Lu. Why what was hee?

Glo. The selle same name but one of better nature.

Lu. Where is hee?

Glo. Hecce.

Shoe spites as him.

Why doest spit at him?

Lu. Would it were mortall poyson for thy sake.

Glo. Neuer came poyson from so sweete a place.

Lu. Neuer hung poyson on a fouler Toade.

Out of my sight thou dost infect my eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes sweete Lady have infected mine.

Lu. Would they were Basiliskes to strike thee dead.

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once.

For now they kill me with a lieuing death.

Th'ose eyes of thine, from mine have drawne salt teares,
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops,
I never sued to friends nor enemy,

My tongue could neuer learn sweete smoothing words.

But now thy beauty is disposed my fee;

My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to speake,

Teach not my lips such scorne, for they were made

For killing Lady not for such contempt,

If thy revengefull heart cannot forgive,

Loe here I lend thee this sharp poynted sword,
Which if you please to hide in this true bosome,
And let the sourt forth that adometh thee:

I lay it naked to thy deadly stroake;

And humbly beg the death upon my Knees.

Nay, do not paws, twas I that kild your husband,
But twas thy beauty that prouked me:

Nay now dispatch, twas I that kild King Henry,
But twas thy heavenly face that set me on: Here she lets

Take vp thy sword againe, or take vp me.

Lu. Arise dissembler, though I wish thy death,

I will not be the executioner.

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

Lu. I haue already.

B 3    Glo
The Tragedy

Glo. Tush that was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with the word,
That hand which for my love did kill thy love;
Shall for thy love, kill a faire truer love,
To both their deaths thou shalt bee accessory.

La. I would know thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my Tongue.

La. I feare mee, both are false.
Glo. Then never man was true.

La. Well, well, put vp your sword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.

La. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But I shall live in hope.

La. All men I hope live to.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

La. To take is not to give.

Glo. Look how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy brest incoeleth my poore heart.
Where both of them for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore suppliant may.

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happinesse forever.

La. What is it?

Glo. That it would please thee leave these sad defines.

To him that hath more cause to bee a mourner,
And prefently repair to Crosby place,
Where after I have solemnly entered
At Charteris Monastery this noble King.
And wet his grave with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient duty see you;
For divers unknown reasons, I believe you.

Grant mee this boone.

La. With all my heart, and much it joyes mee too;
To see you are become so penitent:

Glo. Bid me farewell.

La. Tis more then you deserve;

But since you teach mee how to flatter you,
Imagine I have sayd farewell already.

Exe.
Glo. Sirs, take up the cause.

Sav. Towards Cheveley noble Lord?

Glo. No, to whyte Fryers there attend my comming:
Was euer woman in this humours woos? Exe. Muses Glo.
Was euer woman in this humours woos?
He haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What? I haue kild her husband and her father,
To take her in her heartes extreme heat:
With curls in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witnesses of her hatred by.
Having God, her conscience, and these barres against mee;
And I nothing to backe my hate withall.
But the plaine Diuell and dissembling looks.
And yet to win her all the world is nothing? Hah?
Hath thee forget already that brave Prince?
Edward her Lord, Whose I sawe three moneths since
Stab'd in my angry mood at Trinibury?
A sweeter and louerlie Gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of natur;
Young, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royall,
The ipocious would cannot against afoord;
And will shew yet debace her eyes on mee,
That crot the golden prime of this sweet Prince
And made her widdow to a woesfull bed.
Onee, whose all not equals Edward's moiety,
On me that hate, and am vnshapen thus?
My Duke dome to bee a beggersly denier,
I doe mistake my person all this while,
Vpon my life she finds although I cannot
My selfe to bee a maruouleus proper man,
He bee at charge for a Looking-glae;
And entreatne some score or two of tailors:
To study fashions to adorne my body,
Since I am crept in favoure with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with a little cost.
But first I came you fellow in his grave,
And then came lamenting to my foule.
Shine out faire sunne, till I have brought a glasse,
That I may see my shadow as I passe.

Exit.

Enter.
The Tragedy

Enter Queen, Lord Rivers and Gray.

Ri. Have patience, Madam, there no doubt his Majesty,
Will soon recover his accustomed health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse.
Therefore God's sake entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Qn. If bee were dead what would betide of mee? 

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

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

Gray. The heavens haue blest you with a. goodly songe.

To be your comforter when bee is gone.

Qn. Oh he is young, and his minority
Is put in the trust of Richard Glosters.
A man that loves not mee, nor none of you.

Ri. It is concluded hee shall bee Protecct? 

Qn. It is determined, not concluded yet.

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

Gr. Here comes the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.

Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.

Dar. God make your Maiestie joyfull as you have beene.

Qn. The Countesse Richmond good my Lord of Darby.

To your good prayers will scarce lay; amen
Yet Darby, notwithstanding shee your wife,
And loytes not mee, bee you good Lord as sured
I hate not you for her proud arrogancy.

Dar. I beseech you eather not beleue.

The enuous flanders of her accusers,
Or if shee bee accused in true report,
Bear with her weakness, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

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

Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,

Came from visting his Maiestie.

Qn. What likelihood of his amendement Lords?

Buc. Madam, good hope, his grace speaks cheerfully.

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

Buc. Madam wee did, Hee desires to make at onement
Betwixt the Duke of Glosters and your brotherst
And betwixt them and my Lord Chamberlaine.

And
of Richard the Third.

And sent to warn them of his royal presence.

Q. Would all were well; but that will never bee.

I fear our happiness is at the highest. Enter Gloucester.

Glo. They doe me wrong, and I will not endure it.

Who are they that complain into the King?

That I forsooth am sternely looke them not:

By holy Paul they lose his grace but lightly.

That fill his ears with such dissenious rumours:

Because I cannot flatter, and speake faire;

Smile in mens faces smooth deceive and cog

Ducke with French nods, and spith courtee;

I must bee held a rankerous enemy.

Cannot a plaine marriner and thinke no harme.

But thus in simple truth must bee abused:

By sullen sly intrimating Jackes?

Ri. To whom in this presence speake your grace.

Glo. To thee that hast no 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 royal person

(Whom God preserve better then you can wish)

Cannot bee quiet scarce a breathing while;

But you mist trouble him with lewd complaints--

Q. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter;

The King of his own royal disposition,

And not pronoke by any murder,

Ayming like at your interior hatreds;

Which in your outward actions shews itselfe;

Against my kindred, brother, and my selfe.

Makes him to send that whereby we may gather

The ground of your ill will, and to remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell; the world is grown

That weares way, prey where eagles dare not pearch;

Since every Jacke became a Gentleman.

There's many a gentle person made a Jacke.

Q. Come, come we know your meaning brother Gloucester.

You enuy mine advancement and my friends;

God grant wee never may have neede of you.

Glo. Meantime, God grant that wee have neede of you.
Our brother is imprisoned by your means,
My selfe disgraced, and the Nobility
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions
Are dayly giv'n to enable those
That scarce some two days since were worth a noble.

Qu. By him that raised mee to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enjoyd,
I never did intence his Majesty.
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have beene
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My Lord, you doe mee shamefull injury,
Falsely to draw mee in, such vile suspect.

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

Rin. She may my Lord.

Glo. She may. L. I know she knowes not so.
She may do more else then denying that:
She may help you to many preferments,
And then deny her aying hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not? she may, yea marry may she.

Rin. What, marry may she see?

Glo. What marry may she? marry with a King.
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too.
I wis your Grandam had a worse match.

Qu. My L. of Gloucester, I have to long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffes.
By heauen I will acquaint his Majesty,
With those grosse taunts I often have endured,
I had rather be a country servant maide,
Then a Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at.

Enter Qu.
Small joy have I in being England's Queene.

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

Glo. What? threat art thou with telling the King?
Tell him and spare not looke what I sayd,
I will avouch in presence of the King:
Tis time to speak, when paines are quite forgot.
of Richard the Third.

Qy. Mar. Oue 'Diuell, I remember them too well, Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower, And Edward my poore sonne at Trenbury. Glo. Ere you were Queene yea or your husband King. I was a packe-horse in his great affaires, A weeder out of his proud paynteries, A liberall rewarde of his friends: To royallize his blood I spilt mine owne. Qy. Mar. Yea, and much better blood, than his or thine. Glo. In all which time, you And your husband Gray, Were factious for the House of Lancaster: And Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband In Margerys battale at Saint Albans slaine: Let me put in your mind, if yours forget, What you have beene ere now, and what you are: Wilt thou, what I have beene, and what I am. Qy. Mar. A murthersous Villaine: and fo still thou art. Glo. Poore Clarence did forsake his Father Warwick, Yea and forswore himselfe (which I shew pardon.) Qy. Mar. Which God renenge Glo. To fight for Edwards party for the Crowne, And for his moede (poore Lord) he is mewed vp. I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards Or Edwards soot and pittyfull like mine, I am too childish foolish for this world. Qy. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world, Thou Cuckodrom, there thy Kingdom is. Ri. My Lord of Gloucester in thofe bussie days, Which base you urge to prone vs enemies, We followed then our Lord, our lawfull King. So should we you if you should be our King. Glo. If I should be, I had rather be a pedlar, Fare be it from my heart the thought of it. Qy. Mar. As little joy (my Lord) as you suppose You should enjoy, were you this countries King, As little joy may you suppose in me, That I enjoy, being the Queene thereof, A little joy enjoyes the Queene thereof, For I am she, and altogether ioyleffe;
The Tragedy

I can no longer hold me patient.
Hear me you wrangling pirates that fall out,
I shake out that which you have pil'd from me:
Whigh of you tremble not that looke on me?
If not, that I being Queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that by you disdai'd, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villain, doe not turn away.

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

Qu. Mar. But repitition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a sonne thou owwest unto me,
And thou a kingdom, all of you allegiance:
The servile that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp, is mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy spore drew rivers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'st the Duke a clout.
Steep in the blood of pretty Rusland:
His curses then from bitteresse of soule,
Denounced against thee, are fallen upon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Qu. So into is God to rite the innocent.

Half. O twas the foulest deed so flay that Babe,
And the most mercifull that ever was heard of.

Rt. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported,
Dor. No man but prophesied reuenge for it,

But. Northumberland then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What were you waiting all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you now your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevaile so much with heaven,
That Henrie's death my lovely Edwards death,
Their Kingdomes lost my woeful banishment;
Could all but answer for that piteous brat?
Can curses pierce the Clouds, and enter heaven;
Why then give way dull Clouds to my quicke curses:
If not by warre, by surfeit die your King.
As ours by murder to make him a King.

Edward
of Richard the Third.

Edward my sonne, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my sonne, which was the Prince of Wales,
Died in his youth by like untimely violence,
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Oue-lieue thy glory, like my wretched selfe:
Long mayst thou live to waille thy children loste,
And see another, as I see thee now
Deckt in thy glory, as thou art fluid in mine:
Long dye thy happy days before thy death,
And after many lengthened hours of griefe;
Dye nevther mother, wife, nor Englands Queene,
Rivers and Dorset, you were Sanders by;
And so wait thou Lord Hastings, when my sonne
Was slabb'd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you, may live your natural age,
But by some vnooks accident cut off.

Glo. Hap done thy charme shoule hastfull withered hag
Q. Mar. And leave out these: May dog for thou shalt hear
If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee;
O let them keepe it till thy times be ripe,
And then hurst downe their indignation
On thee the trouble of the poore worlds peace:
The worke of conscience still beginn thy soule,
Thy friends suspete for traytors whilst thou livest,
And take deeper traytors for thy dearest friends,
No sleepe close up the deadly eyes of thine,
Vnlefe it be whilst some tormenting dreams
Affrights thee with a hell of vgly duels,
Thou eunuch marke, abortive rooting hog.
Thou that wast feald in thy nativity
The slauce of nature, and the sonne of hell,
Thou slander of thy mothers heauy wombe,
Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.

Glo. Margret.


Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

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

C a

Thou
The Tragedy

Thou hast said to all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why so I did, but look for no reply.

O let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. Tis done by me, and ends by Margaret.

Thus have you breathed your curse against your selfe.

Q. Mar. Pope painted Queen, vain flourith of my for.

Why strewft thou sugar on that boiled spider, (tune)

Whoe deadly webbe inhaireth thee about?

Foole, foole, thou wherft a knife to kill thy selfe,

The time will come when thou shalt wish for me,

To help thee curse that poysoned bunch-back Toades.

Haft. False boastful woman, end thy franticke curse.

Least to thy harme thou move our patience. (mine)

Q. Mar. Foole shame upon you, you have all you'd

& I. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you should, doe me duty,

Teach me to be, your Queene, and ye my subjects.

Observe me well, and teach your selves that duty.

Des. Dispute not with her, she is lunaticke.

Q. Mar. Peace master Marquette, you are malsepert,

Your fire-new stampes of honour in scarce current:

O that your young Nobility could judge,

What were to looke it, and be miserable?

They that stand high, have mighty blasts to shake them,

And if they fall, they dash them to pieces.

Glo. Good counsell master, learne it, learnest, Marquette.

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

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

Our Aery buildeth in the Caddars top,

And dallies with the winde, and scornes the sunne.

Q. Mar. And turns the Sunne to shade, alas, alas

Witness my Sunne now in the shade of death,

Whole bright outshining beamses, thy cloudy winth,

Hath in emeralld darkneesse sounded vp:

Your Aery buildeth in our Aeries neath.

Q God that seest it, doe not suffer it

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

Desc. Have done for shame, it not for charity.

Q. Mar. Vrgo peyther charity nor shame to me.
of Richard the Third.

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butchered,
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame shall live my sorrow's rage.

Buck. Have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I will kiss thy hand,
In signe of league and amity with thee,
Now fare thee well and thy princely house,
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor none heere, for curses never passe
The lips of them that breathe them in the ayre.

Q. Mar. Ile not beleeue but they attend the skie,
And there awake God's gentle sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dogge,
Looke when he fawnes he bites, and when he bites,
His venome tooth will randle thee to death,
Have not to doe with him, beware of him:
Sine, death, and hell hath set their markes on him,
And all their ministeres attent on him.

Glo. What doth shee say my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect my gratious Lord.

Q. Mar. What doft thou scorne me for my gentle coun.
And tooth the dwelle that I warne thee from? (fell,
O but remember this another day,
When he shall spit thy very heart with sorrow,
And say, poore Margret was a Propheteille,
Lene each of you, the subject of his hate,
And he to you, and all of you to Gods.

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

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

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

Glo. I neuer did her any to my knowledg.

Glo. But you have all the vantage of this wrong,
I was too hot to doe some body good,
That is too cold in thinking on it now:
Marry as for Clarence, hee is well repayed,
The Tragedy

He is frankly to sitting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cause of it.

Ri. A vertuous and Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.
Glo. So doe I ever being well aduised,
For had I curst, now I had curst my selfe.
Cafs. Maddam his Maiestie doth call for you:
And for your noble grace, and you my Lord.

Qu. Casley we come, Lords will you goe with vs?
Ri. Maddam, we will attend your grace. Exeunt Manes
Glo. I doe thee wrong, and first began to bruite,
The secret mischief that I see a broach,
I lay into the precious charge of others:
Clarence, whom I indeed have layd in darkness:
I doe beweepe too many simple gulls:
Namely, to Haftns, Darby, Buckingham,
And lay it was the Queene, and her allies.
That stires the King against the Duke my brother.
Now they beleue me, and withall with me.
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,
But then figh, and with a peace of Scripture,
Tell them, that God bids vs to doe good for enuils.
And thus I cloathe my naked villany
With old odde ends, stolen out of holy writ.
And seeme a Saint, when most I play the diuell.
But so fast comes my executioners,
How now my hardy stout reloued mates,
Are ye not going to dispatch this deed?

Exe. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. It was well thought upon, I haue it here about me,
When you haue done, reppaire to Crosby place,
But first be suddaine in the execution:
Withall, obdurate; doe not heare him pleade,
For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps
May moue your hearts to pity, if you marke him.
Exe. Truth, scarce not my Lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be assured:
We come to vie our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo.
of Richard the Third.

Glo. Your eyes drop milkstones, when fools eyes drop tears.
I like you Las, about your business.

Exit Clarence Brokenbury.

Bro. Why looks your Grace so heavily to day?
Cla. O I have past a miserable night.
So full of ugly sights, of giddy dreams.
That as I am a Christian, faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night.
Thought t were to by a world of happy days,
So full of dismall terror was the time.

Bro. What was your dream? I long to heare you tell it.
Cla. Me thought I was imbarkt for Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Gloucester,
Who from my Cabbin tempted me to walke.
Upon the hatchets, ther he looks towards England,
And cited vs a thousand fearfull times,
During the warres of Turkey and Lankaster,
That had befallen vs: as we past along,
Upon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Gloucester stumbled and in stumbling,
Strooke me. (that thought to stay him) over board,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine:
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noise of water in mine ears,
What a sight of death within mine eyes;
Me thought I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes,
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heaps of Pearle,
Inestimable stones, valued Jewels.
Some lay in dead mens souls, and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
As if it were in some of eyes, reflecting gems.
Which wade the slimy bottome of the depe.
And mock the dead bones that lay farest by.

Brok. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the secrets of the depe?
Cla. Me thought I had; for still the envious flood
Kept in my soule, and would not let it foorth,
To keepe the empty, vati, and wandring ayre.
But smothred it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to helb it in the Sea.

Brok. A walk you not with this foreagonie?

Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest of my soule,
Who past (me though) the melancoly flood,
With the grim ferryman which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greete my stragers soule,
Was my great father in law, renowned Waramber,
Who cried aloud, what scourge for periury
Can this darke Manarchie afford false Clarence?
And so he vanisht: Then came warding by,
A shadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dadled in blood, and he squealt out a loud:
Clarence is come, false, fleeting periurd Clarence,
That stabd me in the field at Tenxbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of soule seinds
Equironed me about, and houled in mine cares,
Such hideous cries, that with the very noyse,
I trembling wakst, and for a season after,
Could not beleene but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.

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

Clar. O Booknbury, I have done those things,
Which now beares evidence against my soule,
For Edwards sake, and see how he requites me:
I pray thee gentle Keeper stay by me,
My soule is heavy, and I faine would sleepe.

Brok. I will my Lord, God giue your grace good rest,
Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing houres
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnself imaginations,
They often feele a world of restlesse cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,
There's
of Richard the Third.

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

The mariners enter.

In God's Name what are you, and how came you hither?

Exe. I would speake with Clarence, and I came hither on:

Bro. Yes, are you so brieve?

Exe. O for it is better to be brieve than tedious.

Shew him your Commission, and ke no more. He reads it.

Bro. I am in this commanded to deliver

The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,

I will not reason what is meant thereby,

Because I will be guiltlesse of the meaning.

Here are the keyes there fits the Duke asleep.

Ile to his Majefty, and certify his Grace,

That thus I have resign'd my place to you,

Exe. Doe so, it is a point of wisedome.

2 What shall we stab him as he sleepe's?

3 No, then he will say twas done cowardly

When he wakes.

2 When he wakes,

Why soole he shall never wake till the judgement day.

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

2 The urging of that word judgement, hath breed a kinde

Of remorse in me.

2 What art afraid?

2 Not to kill him, having a warrant for it, but to be damned

for killing him, from which no warrant can defend us.

1 Backe to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so.

2 I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy humour will

change, twas wont to hold me but while one could tell xx.

1 How doft thou feel thy selfe now? (me.

2 Faith some certaine dregs of conscience are yet within

1 Remember our reward when the deed is done.

2 Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.

1 Where is thy conscience now?

2 In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

1 So when he opens his purse to give us our reward,

Thy conscience flies out.

2 Let it goe, there's few or none will entertaine it.

1 How if it come to thee again?

D 2 ile
The Tragedy

2. He not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing. It makes a man a coward. A man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot steal, but it detects him. He cannot lie with his neighbours wife but it detects him; it is a blushing shamefull spirit that mutinies in a mans bosom: it is one full of obstacles. It made me once restore a piece of gold that I found. It beggers any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out of all Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and every man that meanes to live well, and endeavours to trust to himselfe, and live without it.

1. Sounds, it is eu'n now at my elbow, persuading me Not to kill the Duke.

2. Take the Divell in thy minde, and beleeme him not, He would instinuate with thee to make thee sigh.

1. But I am strong in fraud he cannot preauie with me, I warrant thee.

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

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

2. Oh excellent device, make a soppe of him. (Roome:)

1. Harke, he flits shall I strike?

2. No, first let us reason with him.

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

1. You shall have Wine enough, my Lord anon.

Cl. In Gods Name what art thou:

2. A man, as you are.

Cl. But not as I am, royall.

1. Nor you as we are loyal.

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

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

Cl. How darkely and how deadly dost thou speake?

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

Am. To, to, to.

Cl. To murder me?

Am. I.

Cl. You scarce have the heart to tell me so, And therefore cannot have the heart to doe it. Wherein my friends have I offended you?

1. Offended
of Richard the Third.

1. Offended vs you have not, but the King.
   Cls. I shall be reconciled to him again.

2. Never my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.
   Cls. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? what is my offence?
Where are the evidence to accuse me?
What lawfull quest hath given their verdict vs
Vnto the frowning judge, or who pronounced
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence death,
Before I be commit by course of Law?
To threaten me with death is most unlawful;
I charge you as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's deare Blood shed for our grievous sinnes,
That you depart and lay no hands on me,
The deed you undertake is damnable,
   1. What we will doe, we doe vpon command,
   2. And he that hath commanded vs is the King.
   Cls. Erroneous vassall, the great King of Kings,
Hath in his Table of his Law commanded,
That thou shalt doe no murder, and wilt thou then
Surne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?
Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurie vpon their heads that breake his law.
   2. And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too!
Thou didst receive the holy Sacrament,
To fight the quarrell of the house of Lancaster.
   1. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst breake that vow, and with thy trecherous blade
Writst the bowels of thy soueraigne sonne,
   2. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.
1. How canst thou vrg God's dreadfull Law to vs,
When thou hast broke it in so deare degree?
   Cls. Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Vvhy firs, he sends you not to murder me for this,
For in this sinne he is as deep as I,
If God will be revenged for this deed,
Take not the quarrell from his powerful armes,
The Tragedy

He needs no indirect nor lawful course,
To cut off those that have offended him.
1 Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring brave Plantagenet,
The princely Nounce was stroke dead by thee.
Cla. My brothers lose the Dinnell, and my rage.
2 Thy brothers lose, the Dinnell, and thy fault.
Have brought vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me.
I am his brother, and I love him well:
If you be bide for neede, goe backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tidings of my death.
2 You are deceived, your brother Gloucester hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me deare,
Go to him from me.
Am. If so we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our princely father York,
Blest his three Sones with his victorious arm;
And chargd vs from his soule to love each other,
He little thought of this dividid friendship,
Bid Gloucester thinke on this, and he will wepe.
Am. I, mistrones, as he lotts vs to wepe.
Cla. O doe not slander him for he is kind.
1 Right as snow in harness, thou deceivest thy selfe,
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. It cannot be: for when I parted with him
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with fests,
That he would labour my deliverie.
2 Why so he doth, now he deliners thee.
From this worlds thraldome, to the joyes of Heaven.
1 Make peace with God for you must dye my Lord.
Cla. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy owne soule fo blinde,
That thou wilt war with God, for murmuring me?
Ah first consider, he that set you on
To doe this deed, will hate you for this deed,
of Richard the Third.

2 What shall we doe? 
   Cl. Relec, and save your soules. 
1 Relec, his cowardly, and womanish. 
   Cl. No to relec, is beastly savage, and diuellish. 
My friends, I fee some pity in your lookes; 
Oh if thy eyes be not a flatterer, 
Come thou on my side and intreate for me: 
A begging Prince what beggar pittie not? 
1 Thus, and thus: if this will not suffice 
First chop thee in the Malmesey but in the next roome. 
2 A bloody deed and desperately perform'd, 
How faine would I like Princes with my hands, 
Of this most grievous guilty murder done. 
1 Why dost thou not help me? 
By heauen the Duke shall know how flacke thou art. 
2 I would be knew that I had sawt his brother, 
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say, 
For I repent me that the Duke is flaine. 

So doe not I goe coward as thou art; 
Now must I hide his body in some hole, 
Untill the Duke take order for his burial: 
And when I have my meed I must away, 
For this will out, and here I must not stay. 

Exit. 

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

King. So now I have done a good dayes worke 
   Your Peares continue the united league, 
   I every day except an Embassiage 
   From my Redeemer, to redeem me hence: 
   And now in peace my soule shall part to heaven, 
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth: 
   Rivers, and Hastings, take each others hand, 
Diverse not your hatred, I swear you my love. 

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

Hast. So thinke I as I swarre the like. 

King. Take heed, you daily not before your King, 
   Least he that is the supreme King of Kings, 
   Confound your hidden falsehood, and award 
   By other of you to be the others end.
The Tragedy

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perforce alone:
    Ri. And I as I love. Hastings with my heart.
    King. Madam, your selfe is not exempt in this,
    New your sonne Dorset, Buckingham, nor you,
    You have beene factions one against the other:
    Wife, lone Lord Hastings, let him kisse your hand.
    And what you doe, doe it unsinfully.
    Qv. Here Hastings, I will never more remember
    Our former hatred, to thrive I and mine.
    Dor. Thus enterchange of love, I here protest,
    Upon my part shall be vnviolable.
    Hail. And so I swear my Lord.
    King. Now princely Buckingham seal vp this league,
    With thy embracement to my wifes allies,
    And make me happy in this unity.
    Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turne his hate
    On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
    Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
    With hate, in those where I expect most loue,
    When I have most neede to impoy a friend,
    And most assured that he is a friend,
    Depe, hollow trecherous, and full of guile
    Be he vnto me: This doe I begge of God
    When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.
    King. A pleasing cordiall Princely Buckingham,
    Is this thy vow vnto my sickly heart?
    There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,
    To make the perfect period of this peace.
    Enter Gloucester.

Buck. And in good time here comes the noble Duke.
    Glo. Good mornow to my soueraigne King and Queene,
    And princely Peares, a happy time of day.
    King. Happy indeed as we have spent the day,
    Brother we have done deeds of charity:
    Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
    Between these swelling wrong incensed Peares.
    Glo. A blessed labour most soueraigne Liege,
    Amongst this Princely heape, if any here
    By falle intelligence, or wrong surmice,
of Richard the Third.

Hold me a boe, if I unwittingly or in my rage,
Have thought committed that is hardly borne
By 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 men's love.
First, Maddam I intreat peace of you,
Which I purchase with my dutious servise.
Of you my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lod'd betweene vs,
Of you my Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without desart haue found on me.
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all:
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humility.

2. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all strife were well compounded,
My soueraigne leige I do beseech your Maiesty
To take our brother Clarence, to your grace.

Glo. Why Maddam, haue I offered lone for this,
To be thus scornd in this royall presence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?

You doe him injury to scorne his coarce. (he is?)

Ri. Who knowes not he is dead, who knowes

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

Ric. Looke to pale Lord Dorset as the rest?

Dor. I my good Lord and none in this presence
But his red colour hath forlooke his cheekes.

Kim. Is Clarence dead? the order was reuered.

Glo. But he poore soule by our first order dide,
And that a winged Mercury did breare,
Some tardy enple bore the countermand,
That came too lagg to see him buried:

God grant that some leffe noble and leffe loyall,
Neer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:
Defere not worse then wretched Clarence did,
And yet goe currant from suspiration. Euer Darby.

D.1.
The Tragedy

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

Kim. I pray thee peace my soule is full of sorrow.

Dar. I will not rise vnlesse your highnesse grant,

Kim. Then speake at once, what is it thou demandedst?

Dar. The forfeit (Souveraige) of my sequants life,

Who flew to day a tyrurous gentleman

Lately attending on the Duke of Norfolkes,

Kim. Have I a tongue to dome my brothers death,

And shall the same give pardon to a slave;

My brother flew no man, his fault was nought,

And yet his punishment was cruel death.

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

Kneeld at my feete, and had me be aduise?

Who spake of brother-hood, who of love?

Who told me how the poore soule did forake

The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?

Who told me in the field at Tewbourne,

When Oxford had me downe he refued me,

And sayd deare brother live and be a King?

Who told me when we both lay in the field,

Frozen almost to death, how he lapt me

Even in his owne armes, and gave himselfe

All thinne and naked to the numbe cold night?

All this from my remembrance bringth wrath

Sinfullly pluckt, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my minde.

But when your carteres or your wayting vassallies

Have done a drunken slaughter, and deface'd

The precious Image of our dearest Redeemer,

You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon

And I vnjustly too, vnjust grant it you,

But for my brother not a man would speake,

Nor I (vngracious) speake unto my selfe,

For him poore soule: the proudest one you all

Have beene beholding to him in his life,

Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:

Oh God, I feare thy justice will take hold

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

(Exit,

Come Hassings, helpe me to my closet, oh poore Clarence.

Glo.
of Richard the Third.

Glo. This is the fruit of rawness: marke you not
How that the guilty kindred of the Queen,
Lookd pale when they did heare of Clarence death:
Oh, they did urge it still vnto the King,
God will revenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company.

Exit. Dutchs of York with Clarence Children.

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

Das. No Boy.

Boy. Why doe you wring your hands and beat your
And cry, O Clarence my unhappy sonne?

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

And call vs wretched, Orphane, castaways,
If that our noble Father be alious?

Das. My pritty Cofens you mistake me much,
I do lament the sickenesse of the King:
As loth to loose him now your Fathers dead.

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

Das. Peace Children peace, the King doth love you well,
Incable and shallow innocens,
You cannot gesse who causd your Fathers death.

Boy. Granam, we can: for my good Vnclle Gloster.

Told me, the King pronouced by the Queens,
Devisd impeachments to imprison him:
And when he told me so he wept,
And hugd me in his armes, and kindly kisst my cheekes,
And bad mee relie on him as one my Father,
And he would love me dearly as his Childe.

Das. Oth that deceit should seal such gentile shapes,
And with a vertuous vizard hide soule guile,
He is my sonne yea and therein my shame:
Yet from my dogs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. thinke you my Vnclle did dissemble, Granam?

Das. I Boy:

Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke; what noyle is this?
The Tragedy

Enter the Queene.

Que. Who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
He joynè with blacke despaire against my selfe,
And to my selfe become an enemy.

Dut. What means this scene of rude impatience?

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

Dut. Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in my noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his image:
But now two murrors of his Princely semblance,
Are craft in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one falsie glasse,
Which grieues me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widdow, yet thou art a mother,
And haft the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatched my children from mine armes,
And plac'd two crutches from my feble limmes.

Edward, and Clarence, O what caufe haue I,
Then, being but moity of my selfe,
To ouergoe thy plaints, and drowneth thy cries?

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

Girl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnshooud,
Your widoweres dolours likewise be vnwept.

Que. Give me no helpe in lamentation.

Iam not barren to bring forth laments,
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being governed by the watry Moone,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world.
Oh my husband for my heire Lord Edward.

Ambo
of Richard the Third.

Ambo. Oh for our father for our deare Lord Clarence:  
Dus. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.  
Q. What stay had I but Edward, and he is gone?  
Ambo. What stay had we but Clarence, and he is gone?  
Dus. What stay had I, but they, and they are gone?  
Q. Was ever widow, had so deare a lorde?  
Ambo. Was ever Orphanes had so deare a lorde?  
Dus. Was ever mother had a deare lorde?  

Alas! I am the mother of these moanes:  
Their woes are parceld, mine are general:  
She for Edward weepes, and so doe I;  
I for a Clarence weepes, so doth not she:  
These babes for Clarence weepes and so doe I;  
I for an Edward weepes, and so doe they.  
Alas, you three on me threefold disreft.  
Poure all your teares, I am your sorrows nurse,  
And I will pamper it with lamentations.  
Glo. Madam have comfort, all of vs have cause  
To waile the dimming of our shining starre:  
But none can cure their harmses by wayling them,  
Maddam my mother, I doe cry you mercy.  
I did not see your Grace, humbly on my knees.  
I craie your blessing.  
Dus. God blesseth thee, and put meekenesse in thy minde;  
Loue, charity, obedience, and true duty.  
Glo. Amen, make me to dye a good old man,  
Thats the butt end of my mothers blessing.  
I maruell why her Grace did leave it out.  

Buc. You cloudy Princes, and heart sorrowing Pears,  
That beare this mutuall heavye load of moane,  
Now cheare each other in each others love:  
Though we have spent our harteit for this King,  
We are to reape the harteit of his sonne:  
The broken ranour of your high swolne hearts,  
But lastly spinted, knit, and ioynd together,  
Must greatly be preered, cherisht, and kept.  
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,  
Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetcht  
Hither to London to be Crownd our King.  

Glo.
Then be it so: and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow?
Maddam, and you my mother will you goe,
To give your tenures in this weighty businesse.
As, With all our hearts. Except Mone Glo. Bus.
Bus. My Lord, who ever journeys to the Prince,
For Gods sake let not vs two be behind:
For by the way ile fort occasion,
As index to the storye we lately talkt of,
To part the Queens proude kindred from the King.
Glo. My other selfe, my counsels consistory
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cofin:
I like a child will goe by thy direction:
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behind. Exit.
Enter two Citizens.

1 Neighbour well met, whether a way so fast?
2 I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.
1 Heare you the newes abroad?
2 I, that the King is dead.
1 Bad newes birlady, seldome comes better,
I fear, I fear, twill prove a troublsome world,
3 Cit. Good morrow neighbours.

Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?
1 It doth.
3 Then masters looke to see a troublsome
1 No, no, by Gods grace his sone shall raigne. (world.
3 Wo to that land that is governed by a child.
2 In him there is hope of government,
That in his nonage, counsell under him,
And in his full ripened yeares himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well,
1 So stood the case when Henrie the sixt
Was crownd at Paris, but at nine moneths old.
3 Stood the state so; no good my friend not so,
For then our land was famously inricht
With politicke grave counsell: then the King
Had vertuous vncles to protect his Grace.
2 So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3 Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all:

For
For emulation now, who shall be earnest,
Which touch vs all too neer if God prevent not
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,
And the Queene's kindred haughty and proud,
And were they to be rule, and not rule,
This sickly Land might solace as before.

2. Come, come, we fear the worst, all shall be well,
3. When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloakes.
When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand:
When the Sunne sets, who doth not looke for night?
Virtue to storms makes them expect a dearth:
All men be well; but if God for it be,
Tis more then we desire, or I expect,
1. Truely the soules of men are full of dread,
Yea cannot almoyst reason with a man
That lookes not heavy and full of fear.

3. Before the time of change still it is so,
By a divine instinct mens minds mistrust
Enfuing dangers, as by poore we see,
The waters well before a boystrous storme,
But leaue it all to God: whether away?
2. We are sent for to the Justice.

3. And so was I, if heare you company. Exeunt

Enter Cardinal, Dukes of York, Queene, young Yorks.

Car. Last night I heare they lay at Northampton,
At Stony-stratford will they be to night,
To morrow or next day will they be here.

Duc. I long with all my heart to see the Prince,
I hope he is much growne since I last saw him.

Duc. But I heare no, they say my soule of York
Hath overtake him in growth.

Tor. I mother, but I would not have it so.

Duc. Why my young cousin, it is good to grow,

Tor. Granam, one night as we did sit at supper,

My Uncle Rivers talketh how I did grow
More then my brother, I quoth my Uncle Glo.
Small herbes have grace, great weeds grow spaire.
And since my thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slowe and weeds make haste.

E 3. Duc.
The Tragedy

Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched thing when he was young,
So long a growing and so leisurely,
That if this were a rule he should be gracious.
Car. Why Maddam, so no doubt his's.
Dut. I hope so too but yet let Mothers doubt,
Tor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembr'd,
I could have guen my Vncles grace a flour, (mine.)
That should have neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my pretty Torke: I pray thee let me hear it.
Tor. Marry they say, that my Vnkle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old;
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would have beene a pretty jest.
Dut. I pray thee pretty Torke, who told thee so?
Tor. Granam, his Nurce.
Dut. Why she was dead ere thou was borne.
Tor. If twere not the, I cannot tell who told me.
Qg. A perilous boy, go too thou art too nursted.
Car. Good Maddam be not angry with the child.
Qg. Pitchers hath earas.

Enter Dorset,
Car. Here cometh your sonne, Lord Marques, Dorset,
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes my Lord, as gruene me to unfold.
Qg. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well Maddam, and in health.
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray, are sent to Pembret.
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The Mighty Dukes Gloucester and Buckingham.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why or for what these Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qg. Ay me, I see the Downfall of our House;
The Tiger now hath feast'd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyranny begins to icet.
of Richard the Third.

Upon the innocent and lawless throne:
Welcome destruction, death, and massacre,
I see as in a Map the end of all.

Diu. Accursed and wretched wrangling days;
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the Crown;
And often up and downe my fortunes were tossed,
For me to joy and weep were gaine and losse,
And being feared and domestick broyles
Cleanse our blowlne, themselves the conquerours
Make war upon themselves, blood against blood:
Selves against selves, O preposterous
And franticke outrage, and the damned spleense.
Or let me die to looke on death no more.

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

Diu. Ile goe along with you.

Diu. You have no cause.

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

For my part, Ie resigne unto your grace,
The base I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tendre you, and all yours:
Come, ile conduct you to the Sanctuary.

Extrem.

The Trumpets sound. Enter yeung Prince, Duke of
Glossester, and Buckingham, Cardinal, &c.

But. Welcome sweet Prince to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome sweet Colen, my thoughts foresigne:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prin. No, Colen, but our crosses on the way,
Hath made it tedious, wearysome and heavy;
I want more Vncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet Prince, the untainted vertue of your yeares,
Have not yet dyed into the worlds deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or never jumpeeth with the heart:
Those vncles which you want were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their signd words,
But look not on the poison of their hearts:

God
The Tragedy

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

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

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

Enter Lord Maior.

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

Pris. I thank you good my Lord, and thanke you all,

I thought my mother, and my brother York.

Wold long ere this hene met vs on the way:

Fie what a flung is Hastings, that he comes not.

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

Bus. And in good time here comes the Sweating Lord,

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

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

The Queene your mother, and your brother York.

Hath taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince

Would faine come with me to meeete your Grace,

But by his mother was perforce with-held.

Bus. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course

Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace

Perfwade the Queene to send the Duke of York

Into his Princely breedr presently?

If she deny, Lord Hastings goe with them,

And from her jealous times, placke him perforce.

Car. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake oratory

Can from his mother winne the Duke of York

Assent expect him here: but if she be obdurate

To milde increates, God forbid.

We shoulde infringe the holy privilege

Of blessed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,

Would I be guility of so great a sinne.

Bus. You are too senseleffe obstinate my Lord,

Too ceremonious and traditionall:

Weigh it but with the greatnesse of his age,

You breakenot Sanctuary in leaing him:

The benefit whereof is alwayes granted

To those whose dealings have deferred the place,

And those who haue the wit to claime the place,

This Prince hath neyther claimed it, nor deferred it.

And therefore in some opinion cannot haue it.

Then
Then take him from thence that is not there;
You breake no privilegge nor Charter there:
Oft have I heard of Sanctuary men,
But Sanctuary children never till now.

Car. My Lord, you shall ever rule my mind for once?
Come one Lord Hastings, will you goe with me?

Hast. I goe my Lord.

Exit. Car. & Hast.

Prin. Good Lords make all the speedy haste you may:
Say Uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we seioyme till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it thinkest best vnto your royall selfe:
If I may counsel you some day or two
Your highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then were you please as shall be thought most fit
For your beft health and recreation.

Prin. I do not like the Tower of any place,
Did Iulius Caesar build that place my Lord?

Buc. He did my gracious Lord begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages have reedified.

Prin. Is it upon record or else reported
Successively from age to age it was built?

Buc. Upon record my gracious Lord.

Prin. But say my Lord it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should line from age to age;
As t'were reated to all posterity,
Even to the general ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say do never line long.

Prin. What say you Uncle?

Glo. I say without Caractres same lines long:
That like the formall vice, iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prin. That Iulius Caesar was a famous man,
With what his valour did instruct his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valours lye:
Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,
For now he lives in fame though not in life;
Ile tell you what, my Cousen Buckingham.

Buc. What my gracious Lord?

Prin. And if I live vntill I be a man.
The Tragedy

He winne our ancient right in France againe,
Or dye a souldier as I thinke a King.

Glo. Short summers likely: have a forward spring.

Enter young York, Hastings, Cardinal.


Prin. Richard of York how fares our noble brother?

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

Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might have kept this Title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares the valiant noble Lord of York?

Tor. I thank you gentle Uncle: O my Lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth.
The Prince my brother hath over grown me since.

Glo. Hee hath my Lord.

Tor. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my deare cousin I must not say so.

Tor. Then he is more beholding to you than I.

Glo. He may command me as my soueraine.

But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

Tor. I pray you uncle give me this Dagger.

Glo. My Daggier little cousin, with all my heart.

Prin. A beggar-brother?

Tor. Of my kind uncle that I know will give.

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

Glo. A greater gift than that he give my cousin.

Tor. A greater gift, O that it were the Sword to it.

Glo. I gentle cousin were it light enough.

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

In weightier things youe lay a beggar's nail.

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

Tor. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What would you have my weapon little Lord?

Tor. I would that I might thank you as you call me-


Prin. My L. of York will still be croffe in talke:
Uncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.

Tor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me;
Uncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Because
Because that I am little like an Ape.
He thinkes that you should bear me on your shoulders.

But. With what a sharpe providence was his reason.

To mitigate the some he gives his uncle,
He pretely and sportly taunts himselfe.

So cunning and so young is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lord, wilt plesie you passe along?

My selfe and my good cousin Buckingham:
Will to your mother, to interest of her.
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Tor. What will you go into the Tower my Lord?

Prim. My Lord protector will have it so.

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

Glo. Why what should you feare?

Tor. Marry my vnkle Clarence angry ghost:

My grannam told me, he was murdred there.

Prim. I feare no vnclles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prim. And if they live, I hope I need not feare.

But come my Lord, with a heavy heart.

Thinking on them, goe I into the Tower.


But. Thinke you my L. this little prating Tyke,

Was not incensed by his subtle mother?

To taunt and scorne you thus approbriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt. O'tis a perious boy,

Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable.

He is all the mothers from the top to the toe.

But. Well let them rest: come hither Caro. by.

Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend

As closely to conceal what we impart.

Thou knowest our reasons urg'd upon the way:

What thinkest thou, is it not an easie matter?

To make Williams L. Hastings of our mind?

For the inflamement of this noble Duke,

In the state reyall of this famous Ilé?

Car. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,

That he will not be wome to ought against him.

But. What thinkest thou then of Stanley, what will he?
The Tragedy

Cat. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buer. Well then no more but this:
Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a flame off,
Sound Lord Hastings, how he stands affected
Unto our purpose, if he be willing,
Encourage him and shew him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold unwilling,
Be thou so too: and to break off your salks,
And give us notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold devided counsels
Wherein thy selfe shall highly be employed.
Glo. Command me to William tell him Catesby
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my friends for joy of this good news.
Giec gentle Mis Shrew one gentle kisse the more.
Buer. Good Catesby effect this business soundly.
Cat. My good Lord Hastings: with all the heed I may,
Glo. Shall we hear from you Catesby ere we sleepe?
Cat. You shall my Lord. Exit Catesby.
Glo. At Croydon place there shall you find vs both.
Buer. Now my Lord, what shall we doe if we perceive
William Lord Hastings, will not yield to our complaints?
Glo. Chop off his head man, some what we will doe.
And looke when I am King, claim that of me
The Earledome of Hereford and the moneysable,
Whereof the King, my brother will bestow.
Buer. I will claim that promise at your hands.
Glo. And looke to have it yealded with willingnesse.
Come let vs sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complets in some forme. Exeunt.

Enter a messenger to Lord Hastings.

Meff. What is my Lord.
Hast. Who knocks at the doore?
Hast. What's a Clocke?
Meff. Upon the stroke of nine.
Hast. Cannot thy master sleepe the tedious night?
Meff. So it should seeme by that I have to say.
Finis.
of Richard the Third.

First he commands him to your noble Lordship:—
Hast. And then—
Mes. And then he sends you word
He dreamt to-night, the Bear had cast his helme;
Besides he says, there are two counsels held,
And that many be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to save at the other
Therefore he sends to know your Lordship's pleasure.
If presently you will take bear't with him,
And with all speed past into the North,
To shun the danger that his soule dines:
Hast. Good fellow goo returne unto my Lord,
Bid him not fear the separated counsels;
His honour and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other is my gracious Cato's:
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his feates are shallow, wasting instancy?
And for his dreams I wonder he is so fond.
To trust the medley of vauncet numbers:
To stie the Bear before the Bear partes vs,
Were to incense the Bear to follow vs,
And make perfect where he did mean to chace:
Go bid thy matter rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the Bear will vs kindly.

Enter Cato to Lord Hastigre.

Cato. Many good morrow to my noble Lord.
Hast. Good morrow Cato: you are early rising.
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?
Cato. It is a reeling world indeed my Lord,
And I beleue twill never stand vertie.
Till Richard wearre the Garland of the Realme.
Hast. How? were the Garland? dost thou mean the
Cato. I my good Lord——
(Hast. Hast. He have this crowne of mine cut from my shoul-
Be I will see the Crowne & foule misplac't;
Mes. But canst thou guesse that he doth sayme at it?
Cato. Upon my life my L. and hopes to find you forward
The Tragedy

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

Haut. Indeed I am no mourner for this news;
Because they have beene still mine enemies;
But that I'll give my yoyce on Richard's side,
To bare my masters heires in true defense.

God knows I will not doe it to the death.

Ces. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious mind.

Haut. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence
That they who brought me to my masters hate,
I live to looke upon their tragedy.

I tell thee Casely.

Ces. What my Lord?

Haut. Ere a Sfortnight make Macelder.

He send some packing that yet thinkest not one in.

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

Haut. O monstrous, monstrous, and so it falls out
With Rivers, Vaughau, Gray, and to twill doe
With some men else, who thinke themselves as safe
As thou and I, who as thou knowest are deare
To Princeley Richard, and to Buckingham.

Ces. The Princes both make high account of you
For they account his head upon the bridge.

Haut. I know they do and I hope well defend it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare: speare man?
Fear ye the Bore, and doe you so unwraunded?

Stan. My L. good morrow; good morrow Casely:
You may rest on, but the holy Rood,
I doe not like these feuerall counsels.

Haut. My L. I hold my life as deare as you doe yours,
And never in my life I doe protest,

Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London,
Were incund, and supposed their states was free,
And indeede had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see how soone the day oreafte,
This sudden shew of rain nor I misdoubt,
Pray God I say, I prove a needlesse coward;
But come my Lord: shall we to the Tower?

Haft. I go: but stay, heare you not the newes?
This day those men you talke of are beheaded.
Sia. They for their truth might better wear their heads,
Then some that have accused them wear their hats.
But come my Lord, let vs away.

Exil. E. Stanley & Car.

Haft. Go you before. He follow presently.

Enter Hastings & Pursuants.

Haft. Well, met Hastings, how goes the world with thee?
Pur. The better that it please your good Lordship to ask?
Haft. I tell thee fellow, us better with me now,
Then when I met thee last where now we mette.
Thus was I going prisoner to the Tower.
By the suggestion of the Queenes sisters.
But now I tell thee (keepeth to thy selfe)
This day those enemies are put to death.
And I in better state then ever I was.
Pur. God hold it to your Honours good content.

Haft. Gramercy Hastings, hold speech thou that.

Pur. God save your Lordship.

Haft. What Sir Iob, you are well met.
I am beholding to you for your last dayes exercise.

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter Buckingham. (in his eare)

Bus. How now Lord Chamberlaine, what talking with a
Your friends at Pembroke they doe need the Priest. (Priest) Your Honour hath no straining worke in hand.
Haft. Good faith, and when I met this holy man.
Those men you talke of, came into my eare:
What, go you to the Tower my Lord?
Buc. I do; but long I shall not stay.
I shall returne before your Lordship thence.

Haft. Tis like enough for I stay dinner there.
Buc. And supper too although thou knowest it not?

Come
Come shall we goe along?

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with the Lord Einston.

Gray and Vaughan prisoners.

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Rin. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this:

To day thou shalt behold a subject die.

Gray. God keepeth the Prince from all the pacts of you:

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Rin. O Pemberton. Pemberton. O thou bloody prison,

Fateful and ominous to noble Pearse.

Within the guilty close of thy walls,

Richard the second here was hack'd to death:

And for more slander to thy dismal Smith.

We gie the repair our guinthe blood to drink.

Gray. Now Margrass, curse is false upon our heads.

For standing by, when Richard stab'd her name.

Rin. Then cut the Hastings, then cut the Buckingham.

Then cut the Richard. O remember God,

To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,

And for my father and her princely sonne:

Be satisfied deare God with our trues bloods,

Which as thou knowetst unlusty must be quit.

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

Rin. Come Gray, and Vaughan, let us all imbrace

And take our leaves untill we meete in heaven. Exeunt

Enter the Lords to sawnfall.

Hath. My Lords at once, the cause why we are met.

Into determine of the Coronation.

In Gods Name say when is this roayl day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that roayl time?

Dar. It is, and yet in nomination.

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

Buc. Who knows the Lord Protectors mind herein?

Who is most inward with the noble Duke? (his mind.

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

Buc. Who is my Lord? we know each others faces:

But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,

Then 1 of yours: nor I no more of his then you of mine.
of Richard the Third.

_Hast._ Lord Hastings, your grace and he are near in tone.

_Hast._ I thank your grace, I know he loves me well.

But for his purpose in the Coronation
I have not found him, nor he declared
His grace's pleasure any way therein:
But you my Lord, may name the time,
And in the Duke's behalf I give my voice,
Which I presume he will take in good part.

_Bish._ Now in good time here comes the Duke himself.

_Emer._ Gloucester.

_Glo._ My noble Lord, and couens all good morrow,
I have been long asleep, but now I hope
My absence does not yet no great designes,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

_Buc._ Had not you come upon your knee my Lord,
William L. Hastings had now pronounced your part:
I mean your voice from Crowning of the King.

_Glo._ Then my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolden
His Lordship knowes me well and loves me well.

_Hast._ I thank your grace.

_Glo._ My Lord of Elise.

_Bish._ My Lord.

_Glo._ When I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberies in your Garden there,
I doe beseech you, send to some of them.

_Bish._ I goe my Lord.

_Glo._ Cousen Buckingham, a word with you
Causeth hath founded Hastings in our designs,
And finds the resty Gentlemen to please,
As he will lose his head but give content.
His maisters sonne as worshipful he termes...
Shall loose the Royalty of England's Throne.

_Buc._ Withdraw you hence my Lord, I'll follow you.

_Der._ We have not yet set downe this day of triumph,
To morrow in mine opinion is too soone:
For I myselfe am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolonged.

_Enter the Bishop of Elise._

_Bish._ Where is my Lord Protector, I have sent for these strawes.

_G._ Hastings.
The Tragedy

Haff. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to day.
There's some conceit or other like him well.
When he doth bid good morrow with such a face,
I think there is never a man in Christendom.
That can tell bide his love or hate they be.
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood he shewed to day?
Haff. Marry that with no man, none he offended.
For if he were, he would have shewed it in his face.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I say.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they demean?
That do conspire my death with divelish plowe,
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevailed?
Upon my body with their hellish charmes?
Haff. The tender love I have for my sovereign Lord
Make me most forward in this noble presence,
To doome the offenders, whatsoever they be.
I say my Lord they have decreed death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of this all,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arms
Is like a blasted rapling withered up.
This is that Edwards wife, that monstrous witch,
Conforted with that harlot Strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
Haff. If they have done this thing my gracious Lord,
Glo. If thou, Protector of this damned Strumpet.
Tellst thou me of this? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head: Now by Saint Paul's,
I will not dine to day I wree.
Vntill I see the fame, some see it done.
The rest that love me, come and follow me. Extrem. manac.
Haff. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me. Cam with Haff.
For I too fond might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream: the boare did rase his helme,
But I disdain'd it and did scorn to flie.
Three times to day my footecloth Horle did rumble,
And started when he looked upon the Tower.

As
of Richard the Third.

As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house,
Oh now I warrant the Priest that spake to me,
I now repent I told the Pursuant,
As we were triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Poor's bloodily were butchered,
And I my selfe secime in grace and favour,
Oh Margaret, Margaret, now thy beauty curb'd
Is lightned on poynt Hafting's wretched head.

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

Hai-O momentary hate of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for then for the grace of heaven.
Who builds his hopes in the ayre of your faire lookes,
Lines like a drunken fayler on a maff,
Ready with every nod to tumble downe.
Into the fatal bowels of the deepe.
Come lead me to the bloody bear him my head.
They smile at me, that shortly shall be dead.

Enter Duke of Gloucester and Buckingham in armor.

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

Buc. Tut s Unreal not me,
I can counterfeit the deepe Traedian,
Speake and looke backe and prie on everie side;
Intending deepe suspition hastily lookes.
Are at my seruice like enforced smilies,
And both are ready in their offices.
To grace my stratagems.

Enter Maior.

Glo. Here comes the Maior
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him.

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.
Buc. The reason we haue sent for you.
Glo. Catesby over-looke the walls.
Buc. Harke, I hear a drumme.
Glo. Lookke backe defend thee, here are enemies
Buc. God and our Innocency defend vs.
Glo. O, O, be quiet it is Catesby.
The Tragedy.

Enter Castleby, with Hastings' head.

Cas. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lou'd the man that I must wepe:
I tooke him for the playnest harmelesse man,
That breathed upon this earth a Christian:
Looke ye my Lord Maior:
I made him my book wherein my soule recorded
The History of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daubd his visage with shew of vertue,
That his apparent open guilt omitted;
I meane his conversation with Shore's wife.
He layd from all attinder of suspect.

Bus. Well, well, he was the converttell traitor
That euer liv'd, would you have imagined,
Or almost beleue were it not by great precaution.
We live to tell it you? the subtile traitor
Had this day plotted in the counsell house,
To murder me and my good Lord Gloucester.

Ma. What had he for?

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

Ma. Now fear not of you, he deferred his death,
And you my good Lord, both, have well proceeded,
To warne false traitors from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistris Shore.

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

Vnto the Citizens, who happily may
Miserfaute vs in him, and waile his death:

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

Glo. And to that end we wylle your Lordship here,
To avoide the carping cenfures of the world.

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

Glo. After, after, cousin Buckingham; Exit Major.
The Major towards Guild hall hies him in all post.
There at your meetest advantadge of the time,
Infere the bastardy of Edward's children.
Tell them how Edward put to death a Citizen;
One for saying he would make his sonne
Hire to the Crown, meaning indeed his house.
Which by the signe thereof was termed for.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And beastsly appetit in change of diet,
Which stretched to their servants,daughters, wifey,
Even where his lustful eye, or savage heart,
Without controle lifted to make his prey:
Nay for a need thus farre come near my person,
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that vnfruit Edward, noble York,
My Prince my father then had warres in France.
And by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father;
But touch this sparingly as it were faire of,
Because you know my Lord, my brother lives.

Buc. Fear not my Lord, I'lle play the Orator.
As if the golden fee for which I plead,
Were for my selues.

Glo. If you truste well, bring them to Baywards Castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied.
The Tragedy

With reverend Fathers, and well learned Bishops;
Buc. About three or four a clocke looke to heare
What news Guild-hall afforded, and so my Lord farewell.
Glo. Now will I in to take some private order. Exit Buc.
To draw the brutes of Clarence out of sight,
And to give notice that no manner of person
At any time, have recourse unto the Prince.

Exit.

Enter a Scriever, with a paper in his hand.

This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a fast hand fairely is ingrosed.
That it may be this day red over in Pauls:
And make how well the sequell hangs together,
Eleuen hours I spent to writ it ouer,
For yesternight by Care t was it brought me,
The president was full as long a doing,
And yet within these fine hours liu'd Lord Hastings
Untainted, vnexamined: free at liberty:
Here's a good world the while, Why who's so grosse
That sees not this palpable device?
Yet who's so blind that lays he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought:

Exit.

Enter Gloucester at one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord, what says the Citizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mumme and speake not a word.
Glo. Touch you the bastardy of Edward's Children?
Buc. I did, with the intiati greediness of his desire,
His tyrannye fortries: his owne bastardy,
As being got your father then in France:
Withall I did inferre your lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your father,
Both in forme and noblenesse of mind:
Layd upon all your victories in Scotland:
Your Discipline in warre, wisedome in peace:
Your bounty, vertue, faire humility:
Indeed left nothing sitting for the purpose
Untouch't or slightely handled in discourse:
And when my oratory grew to end,

I had
of Richard the Third.

I had them that loues their Countrie good,
Cry God save Richard Englands royall King,
Glo. A, and did they so?
Buc. No to God helpe me;
But like dumbe statues or breathlesse stones,
Gazed each on other and looked deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And askt the Mayor what meanes this ful silence?
His answer was the people were not wont
To be spake too, but by the Recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell his tale againe:
Thus faith the Duke, thus hath the Duke in ord;
But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe.
When he had done, some followers of mine owne;
At the lower end of the hall hurried vp their caps,
And some ten voyces cried, God save King Richard.
Thanks noble Citizens and friends quoth I,
This general applause and loving shoute.
Argues your widome and your love to Richard:
And so brake off and came away.

Glo. What tonguelesse blockes were they, would they
Buc. No by my troth my Lord.
Glo. Will not the Mayor then, and his brethren close?
Buc. The Mayor is heere: and intend some feares,
Both spoken withall, but with mighty sute:
And looke you set a prayer booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt two Church-men good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile build a holy defant:
Be not easie worne to our request:
Play the maydes part; say no, but take it.
Glo. Fear not me, if thou canst plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for my selfe.
No doubt weele bring it to a happy issue.
Buc. You shall see what I can do, get vp to the leads, Ex.
Now my Lord Mayor, you dance attendance heere,
I thinke the Duke will not be spake withall. Enter Catesby
Here comes his seruant: how now Catesby, what saye, he is.
Cats. My Lord he doth intreat your grace,
To visit him to morrow, or next day.
He is within and two reverend Fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly state would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Bus. Return good Catesby to thy Lord again,
Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deep designs and matters of great moment,
No lesse importing them then our generall good.
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cat. Ile tell him what you say my Lord.

Bus. A ha my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward.

He is not lolling on a lewd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Divines:
Not sleeping to ingross his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchfull soule.
Happy were England, would this gracious prince:
Take on himselfe the foueraignety thereon,
But sure I feare we shall never winne him to it.

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

Enter Catesby.

Bus. I feare he will, how now Catesby.

What sayes your Lord?

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

Bus. Sorry I am my noble cousen shoulde
Suspect me that I meane no good to him,
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And so once more returne and tell his grace:
When holy and denout religiouse men,
Are at their beads, it is hard to draw them thence,
So sweete is zealous contemplation.

Enter Rich, and two Bishops alofe.

Mai. See where he stands betweene two Clergimes.

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

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince,
Lead favorable cares to my request:
And pardon us the interruption.
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

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

Bac. Even that I hope which pleaseth God above.
And all good men of this nation I do.

Glo. It doth surprise, I have done some offence,
That seeme dis gracious in the Christ's eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance:

Bac. You have my Lord, would it please your grace
At our intreaties to amend that fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breathe in a Christian land?

Bac. Then know it is your fault that you resign
The Supreme Sceptre, the throned majestic,
The Sceptre office of your Ancestors,
The lineall glory of your royall House,
To the corruption of a blindest flocke:
Wherewith in the mene of your steepy thoughts.
Which here we waken to your country's good:
This noble line doth want his proper limbes,
Her face deface with tears of infamy.
And almost shouldered in this swallowing gulph
Of blind forgerie and darkest oblivion:
Which to recomit we heartily solicit
Your gracious leave to take on you the soveraigny thereof,
Not as Preceptor, Steward, Substitute.
Not lowly factor for another's gains,
But as successively from blood to blood,
Your right of birth your Empery, your owne:
For this confirmed with the Citizens,
Your worshipful and very loving friends,
And by their vehement indignation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I know not whither to depart in silence.
The Tragedy

Or bitterly to speake in your reprooue,
Beft fits my degree, or your condition?
Your loue deferves my thankses, but my defect
Vnmeritable shuns your high request,
First; if all obfacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the Crownes,
As my right reneweth and due by birth,
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnesse,
Being a base to brooke no mighty sea,
Then in my greatnesse cower to be hid.
And in the vapour of my glory smothered:
But God be thanked there's no need for me,
And much I need to helpe you if need were,
Theroyall tree hath left vs royall fruit,
Which mellowed by the steaing hours of time,
Will well become the fiate of Majestie;
And make, no doubt, vs happy by his raigne,
On him I lay what you would on me;
The right and fortune of his happy stater,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

But. My Lord, this argues conscience in your Grace.

But the respects thereof are nice and truiall,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brotheres fome,
So fay we too but not by Edwardes wife:
For first he was contracted to Lady Luay,
Your mother lives a witnesse to that vow.
And afterwards by substitution betrothed
To Bona-fitter to the King of France.
These both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and distressed widow,
Euen in the afternoone of her best dayes,
Made price and purchase of his fullfull eye,
Seduce the pitch and height of all his thoughts;
To base declension lcathed bigamy,
By her in this unlawfull bed he got.

This
of Richard the Third.

This Edward, whom we manners term 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 royal self;
This proffered benefit of dignity?
If not to bless vs and the Land withall.
Yet to draw out your royal flocke,
From the corruption of a busy time,
Vnto a lineall true derived course.

-May- Doe good my Lord, your Citizens intreat you.
-Cat.- O make them joyfull, grant their lawfull suit.
-Glo.- Alas, why should you heape those cares on me,
I am vntir for state and dignity:
I doe beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot nor I will not yeild to you.

But. If you refuse it as in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child your brother's sonne,
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kin,
And equally indeed to all estates,
Yet whether you except our suit or no,
Your brothers son shall never reign our King,
But we will plant some other in the Throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here I leache you,
Come Citizens, sounds, Ile intreat no more.
-Glo.- O doe not sweare my Lord of Buckingham.
-Cat.- Call them againe my Lord, and accept their suit.
-Ano.- Do good my Lord, lest all the Land doe rew it.
-Glo.- Would you enforce me to a world of care?

Well call them againe, I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind intents,
Albeit against my conscience, and my soule;
Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the loade.

But
The Tragedy

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

May. God bless your Grace, we see it, and will say so.
Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
Bus. Then I salute you with this kingly title:
Long live King Richard, England's royall King.
May. Amen.

Bus. To morrow will it please you to be Crown'd?
Glo. Even when you will, since you will have it so.
Bus. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.
Glo. Come let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good cousin, farewell gentle friends. Exeunt.

Enter Queene mother, Dukes of York, Marquess of Dorset, as one doore.
Enter the Lieutenaunt of the Tower as another doore.

Dus. Who meets vs here, my Niece Plantagenet?
Que. Sister well met, whether away so fast?
Dus. Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as I goest,
Upon the like denotion as your selues.
To gratulate the tender Princes there.
Que. Kind sister thankes, wee will enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenaunt of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenants comes.
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leve,
How fares the Prince?

Lieu. Well Madam and in health, but by your leve,
I may not suffer you to visit him,
The King hath straitly charged to the contrary.
Que. The King, why is that?
Lieu. I cry you mercy, I mean the Lord President.
Que. The Lord proceed him from that Kingly title?
Hath he let bonds betwixt there love and me:
I am their mother, who should keepe me from them?
I am their father, mother, and will see them.
Dus. Glo. Their Aunt I am in law, in love their mother.

Then
of Richard the Third.

Then, see not thou, I beare thy blame,
And takke thy office from thee on my perill.

Lynce. I doe beseach your grace all to pardon me;
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, Ladies at an house hence,
And ile salute your Grace of York, as mother:
And reverence looker one of two faire Queens.
Come Maddam, you must goe with me to Wiltshire,
There to be Crowned Richard, royall Queen.

Ls. O, out my lace in sinder, that my poor heart
May have some scope to beare, or else I found
With this deadlikeing news.

Dor. Maddam, have comfort, how fares your Grace?

Ls. O, Dorse, speake not to me, get thee hence.
Death and destruction dogs thee at the haces,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt overship death, goe crosse the Seas,
And line with Richard from the race of hell,
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Leat thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me dye the swall of Margaret's care,
Not mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsell Maddam,
Take all the swift advantage of the time,
You shall have letters from me to my sonne,
To meet you on the way and welcome you:
Be not taken tardy by vnwise delay.

Dor. Tw. O, ill dispersing wind of misery,
O my accursed wombe the bed of death,
A Cokatrice hast thou hatcht to the world,
Whose unanoyd eye is murderous.

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

Dor. And I in all vnwillingnesse will goe,
I would to God that the inclinued verge
Of gouden metal all that must round my brow,
Were red hot feeble to seare me to the braine,
Anoynted let me be with deadly poynson,
And die ere men can say God love the Queene.
The Tragedy

"Ou. Alas poore soule, I enuy not thy glory,
To feed my hamour with thy selfe no harme.

Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me, I followed Henrie Courte,
When the blood was scarce wash't from his hands,
Which issued from my other angell husband,
And that dead faine, which then I weeping followed.
O, when I say, I lookt on Richards face,
This was my wish, be thou quoth I accus't,
For making me so young, so old a widdow.
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wise if any be so bad
As miserable by the death of thee,
As thou hast made me by my deare Lords death.
Lo even I can repeate this curse again,
Euen in so short a space, my womans heart
Croftly grew captaine to his hony words,
And prou'd the subject of mine owne soule's curse.
Which euer since hath kept mine eyes from sleepe,
For never yet one houre in his bed,
Haue I enjoyed the golden dew of sleepe,
But haue beene waked by his timorous dreames.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will shortly be rid of me.

Qn. Alas poore soule, I pity thy complaints.

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

Qn. Farewell, thou woefull welcomer of glory.

Dut. Glo. Adue poore soule thou takest thy leave of it.

D. For. Go thou to Richmond, & good fortune guide thee.

Go thou to Richard, and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to sanctuary, good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my grave, where peace and rest lye with me,
Eghty old yeares of sorrow haue I seene,
And each houre I joye wrackt with a wecke of teene.

The trumpets sound. Enter Richard Crownd, Buckingham,
ham, Caseby, with other Nobles.

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

Thus
Thus high by thy advice
And thy assistance is King Richard stated:
But shall we wear these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buc. Still live they, and forever may they last.

Ki. O Buckingham, now I doe play the touch,
To try if thou be current Gold indeed:

Yong Edward lines: thinke now what I would say:

Buc. Say on my gracious Soueraine.

Ki. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Buc. Why so, thou art my thrice renowned Liege.

Ki. Ha! am I King! tis so, but Edward lines.

Buc. True noble Prince.

Ki. O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live, noble Prince,
Counsell thou wert not wont to be so dull,
Shall I be plaine, I with the bastard's dead,
And I would have it saddestly performed.

What say'st thou? speakst hastily, be brief.

Buc. Your grace may doe your pleasure.

Ki. Tut, tut, thou art all yee, thy kindnesse freezes,

Say, hast thou thy content that they shall die?

Buc. Give me some breath my Lord,

Before I positively speakes herein:

I will resolve your grace immediatly.

Cas. The King is angry see he bites his lip.

Ki. I will commende with iron witty fool,

And vareispective Boffes, none are for me,

That looke into me with confederate eyes.

Boy. High reaching Boffes groves circumfet.

Boy. Lord.

Ki. Know'st thou not, any whom corrupting Gold

Would tempt into a false exploit of death.

Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,

Whose humble meanes macth not his haughty mind,

Gold were as good as twenty Orators,

And will not doubt tempt him to any thing.

Ki. What is his name?

Boy. His name my Lord, is Trelle.

Ki.
The Tragedy

King. Go call him hither presently.
The deep resolving witty Buckingham,
No more that be the neighbour to my counsel,
Hath he so long held out with me vanirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby

How now what newes with you?

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

King. Catesby.

Catesby. My Lord.

King. Rumor this abroad.

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

About it, for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hope with whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothres daughter,
Or else my Kingdom stands on brittle galle.
Murther her brother, and then marry her,
Uncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So faire in blood, that same pluckes on shame,
Tears falling pitty dwells not in this eye.

Enter Tirrell.

Is thy name Tirrell?

Tirrell. James Tirrell is your most obedient subject.

King. Art thou indeed?

Tirrell. Prone me my gracious soveraigne.

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

Tirrell. My Lord but I had rather kill twoe deepe enemies

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

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

Tirrell. I meane those bastards in the Tower.

Tirrell. Let me haue meanes to come to them,
of Richard the Third.

And soone ihe rid you from the fear of them:

**Kim.** Thou songst sweet musicke, Come hither Thrill,
Goby that taketh and lend thinne care,
Thy wafters
Thyno more bat so, say, if it done?
And I will wine thee, and pray thee too.

**Tir.** His done my good Lord.

**Kim.** Shall we heare from thee Thrill, ere we sleepe?

**Tir.** Yea my good Lord.

**Buc.** My Lord, I have considered in my mind,
The late demand that you did found me in,

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

**Buc.** I heare that news my Lord.

**Kim.** Stanley he is your kynge's name: Well, looke to it.

**Buc.** My Lord, I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawned,
The Earldome of Hereford, and the moveables,
The which you promised I should possesse,

**Kim.** Stanley, looke to your wife, if they come by
Letters to Richmond, you shal answer it.

**Buc.** What sayes your highnesse to my just demand?

**Kim.** As I remember Henry the first
Did prophesie that Richmond should be King,

When Richmond was a little peecish boy,
A King perhaps, perhaps.

**Buc.** My Lord.

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

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

**Kim.** Richmond, When left I was at Exeter.
The Maior in custede, shewed me the Castle,
And called it Ruge Mount, at which name I started.

**Buc.** Because a Lord of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

**Buc.** My Lord.

**Kim.** What a clocke?

**Buc.** I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

**Kim.** Well, but what's a clocke?

**Buc.** Vpon the stroke of 10.
King. Well, let it strike.
Buc. Why let it strike?
King. Because that like a hackethou keepst the stroke,
Betwixt thy begging, and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vaine to day.
Buc. Why then resolve me whether you will or no?
King. Tis thou, thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine:
Ess. Buc. Is it even so, rewards he my true service.
With such deep contempt, madest him king for this?
O let me think on Hastings, and he gone.
To Brooksbrooke, while my fearfull head is on.

Enter Sir Francis Turell.

Ture. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most archet of pittous massacre,
That euer yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest whom I did suborne,
To doe this ruthfull piece of butchery,
Although they were best villains, bloody dogs,
Meling with tenderfesse and compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths sad stories.
Lo thus quoth Dighton: lay these tender babes,
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest: guiding one another
Within their innocent alabaster armes,
Their lips like fourred Roses on a stakke,
When in there summer beauty kiss each other,
A booke of prayer on their pillow lay;
Which once quoth Forrest: almost changed my mind,
But O the diuell thare the villaine flopt,
Whilst Dighton thus told, one we smothered.
The most replemenst sweete worke of nature
That from the prime Creation ever he framd,
They could not speake, and so I left them both,
To bring these tidings to the bloody King.

Enter King Richards.

And here he comes. All hail my soveraigne Liege.
King. Kind Turell, and I happy in thy news?
Ture. If to have done the thing you gave in charge,
Begot your happynesse, be happy then,
For it is done my Lord.

King.
of Richard the Third.

King. But didst thou see them dead?

Tis. I did my Lord.

King. And buried gentle Tisell?

Tis. The Chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;

But how or in what place I do not know.

King. Come to me Tisell soon after supper. And thou shalt tell the processe of their death,

Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,

And be inheritor of thy desire. Exeit Tisell

Farewell till soone.

The Prince of Wales have I spend vp close,

His daughter meanely have I matcht in marriage,

The sons of Edward sleepe in Abraham's bosome,

And Anne my wife hath bid the world goodnight:

Now for I know the Britaine Richmond aimes

At young Elizabeth, my brothers daughter,

And by that knot lookest prouudly ore the Crowne,

To her I goe A jolly thriving wooer, Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Lord.

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

Cat. Bad news my Lord. Else is fled to Richmond.

And Buckingham back with the hardyWelshmen

Is in the field, and it hath his power increaseth.

King. Else with Richmond troubles me more

Then Buckingham and his rash levell army.

Come I have heard that fearfull commenting,

Is leade to either to dull delay,

Delay leads impotent and snale-past beggery,

Then fiery expedition be my wings,

Jove, Mercury, and Herald for a King:

Come must the men, my coutnall is my shield,

We must be briefe, when traitours brave the field. Extrem.

Enter Queen Margaret sola.

Q. Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,

And drop into the rotten mouth of death;

Here in these confines softly have I lurkt,

To watch the waining of mine adversaries:

A dire induction am I witness too,

And will to France, hoping the consequence

T. a Will
The Tragedy

Will prove as bitter, blacke and tragicall,
Withdrew thee wretched Margaret, who comes here.

Enter the Queen, and the Duke of York.

Q.Q. Ah my young Princes, all my tender babes,
My vnblowne flower, now appearing fierce,
If yet your gentle soules sigh in the syre,
And be not fixt in doome perpetual,
Houre about me with your sierie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentations.

Q. Mar. Houre about her, say that right for right
Hath dim'd your infant morn, to aged night,

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

Q. Mar. When holy Mary dyed, and my sweet comme.

Dni. Blind sight, dead life, poor mortall living Ghost,
Woes scene, worlds shame, graves due by life violete,
Rest their vnest on England's lawfull earth,

Unlawfully made drunke, with innocents blood.

Q. O that thou wouldst as well afford a grace
As thou canst yeild a melancholly sect,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here;
O who hast any cause to mourn but I?

Dni. So many miseries hath crazed my voyce,
That my woe-wearied tongue, is mute and dumb.

Edward Plantagener, why art thou dead?

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

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

Dni. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a Ruland too, and thou holpst to kill him:

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

A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That Dog that had his teeth before his eyes
To worry Lambs, and lap their gentle blood,
That same deface God's handy-woke,
Thy wou'd be let loose to chase vs to our grater
O'vright, just, and true disposing God;
How do I thank thee, for this small Cure
Prey'd on the issue of his Mother's body,
And make her pewfellow with others moste.

Div. O Harrys wife, triumph not in my woes,
God witness with me I have wept for thee.
Q. Mar. Beare with me, I am hungry for revenge.
And now't dasy me wish beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that stab'd my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward,
Young Torty, he is but boote, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse.
Thy Clarion he is dead, that kill'd my Edward,
And the beholders of this tragicke play,
The adulterate Hasting, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray.
Vextinely smother'd in their dusky graves,
Richard yet lives, he is blacke intelligence,
Onely referred their factor to buy foules,
And lead them thither, but at hand,
Enfuseth his pious, and unpitied end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roar, saints pray
To have him suddently conveyed away.
Cancell his bonds of life deare, God I pray,
That I may live to say, the Dog is dead.

Q. Mar. O thou didn't prophesie the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curie
That bosteld spider, that foule hunch-back Toad.
Q. Mar. I cal'd thee then vaine flourish of my fortune,
I cal'd thee then poore shadow, painted Queene,
The prezentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One bean'd a high to be burn'd downe below,
A mother openly mockt with two sweet babes,
A dream of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble.
The Tragedy

A signe of dignity, a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot,
A Queene in jest, one to fill the scene:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein dost thou joy?
Who flux to thee, and cries, God save the Queene?
Where be the bending Peers, that follow thee?
Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happy wise, a most distrest widow;
For joyfull mother, one that wailes the name;
For Queene, a very caife, crownd with care;
For one being teed too, one that humbly fluxes;
For one commanding all, obeyed of none;
For one that I and at me, now I am of me.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about.
And left me but a very prey to time,
Hating no more but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more being what thou art,
Thou didst visite my place, and dost thou not
V:urpe the inst proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck, bear six my burdened yoke:
From which, even here, I slip my wearied neck,
And leave the burden of it, all on thee:
Farewell Yorke's wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes will make me smile in France,
Q. O thou well skild in curtes, say a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
Q. Mar. Forbear to sleepe the night, and fast the day,
Compare deaths happinesse with being woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them sower then he is:
Betraying thy losse make the bad caufe worser,
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.
Q. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp & pierce like mine
Q. Why should calumny be full of words? Exits Mar.
Q. Windy atturies to your clients woes,
Ailery succeeders of incontinent joyes.
of Richard the Third.

...more breathing, execrations of misery.
Let till they have scope, though what they do impede.
Help not all, yet do they eafe the heart.

Dus. If so then be not toying-tide, goe with me.
And in the breach of bitter words, let's go together.
My damned soone, which try twas soone soother.
I heare his Drum ; be copious in exclainses.

Enter King Richard, marching with Drum, and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?

Dus. A thee, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slauketh wretch, that thou hast done.

Qu. Haft thou that forehead with a golden Crowne,
Where shoulde be graven, if that right were right,
The slauketh of the Prince that owde that Crowne,
And the dire death of my two soones, and brothers:
Tell me thou villain flame, where are my children?

Dus. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned. Plantagenet, his soone?

Qu. Where is kind Hastings, Lorn. Vaughan, Gray?

King. A flourish Trumpets, strike alarum Drums;
Let not the heavenes hear these tel-tale women
Rayle on the Lords Anointed, Strike I say. The trumpets:
Eythre be patient, and intent me faire,
Or with the clamorous reports of warre;
Thus will I drownd your exclainses.

Dus. Art thou my soone?

King. I, I, I thinke God, my Father, and your selves.

Dus. Then patiently heare my impatience;

King. Maddam I have, a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofs.

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

King. And briefe good mother for I am in that,

Dus. Art thou so basile, I have stayd for thee?

God knows in anguish, pains, and agonie.

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

Dus. No by the holy rood thou knowest it well.

Thou camst on earth to make the earth my holt.
The Tragedy

A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wendiward was thy infancy,
Thy schoole-daisies sightfull, desperate, wild and furious;
Thy age confirmed proud, subtile, bloody treacherous;
What comfortable house canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company?

Kim. Faith none but Hampneys house, that call your
To breakfast once forth of my company? (Grace
If it be so griefious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

Dur. O hear me speak, for I shall never see thee more.

Kim. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror
Or I with griefe and extreme age, shall perish,
And never brooke upon thy face again:
Therefore take with thee my most hoffy care,
Which in the day of battell thee to more
Than all the compleat armour that thou weare.
My prayers, on the adverse party sight,
And there the little soules of Edwards children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success in victory,
Bloody thou art, and bloody will be thy end.
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

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

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

Que. I have no more fomes of the royall blood.
For thee to mother, for my daughters, Richard
They shall be praying Names not weeping Queenses,
And therefore let not to hit their lines.

Kim. You have a daughter calld Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gracious.

Que. And make the die for this? O let her live,
And ile corrupt her manners, staine her beauty,
Slander my selfe as false to Edwards bed,
Throw over the vail of infamy,
So she may live without from bleeding daughter.

I will
of Richard the Third.

I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

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

Q. To save her life, he say she is not so.

K. Her life is only taken in her birth.

Q. And only in that safety dyed her brothers.

K. Loast their births good names are opposit

Q. Not to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. All vanoyded is the doomes of destiny.

Q. True, when anoyded grace makes destiny,

My babes were deified to a fairer death,

If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

K. Maddam, so thine in my dangerous attempt of he-

As I intend more good to you and yours, (the arms,
Then ever you and yours were by me wrong'd.

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

To be, discovered that can do me good.

K. The advancement of your children mighty Lady,

Q. Up to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.

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

The height of all type of this earths glory.

Q. Flatter my arrows with report of it,

Tell me what state, what dignity what honor,

Canst thou demise to any child of mine.

K. Even all I have, yea and my selfe and all,

Will I endow a child of thine,

So in the Leste of thy angry soule,

Then drown'd the sad remembrance of these wrongs

Which thou supposedit I have done to thee.

Q. Be briefe, lest that the processe of thy kindnesse

Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.

K. Then know that from my soule I love my daughter,

Q. My daughters mother thinks it with her soule.

K. What do you thinke?

Q. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soule,

So from thy soule didst thou love her brothers,

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

K. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning,

I meane that with my soule I love thy daughter,

And meane to make her Queene of England.

K. Q.
The Tragedy

Qu. Say then who doest thou meane shall be her King?
King. Even he that makes her Queene, who should else?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, even I, what thinke you of it Madam?
Qu. How canst thou woe her?
King. That I would learn of you.
As one that were best acquainted with her humor,
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Madam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that knew her brother.
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingrave;
Edward and Yorke, then happily she will receiue.
Therefore present to her, as sometimes Margaret
Did to my Father, a handkercheffe steeped in England's blood,
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to love.
Send her a story of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'st away her nicke Clarence,
Her Uncle Rivers, yea and for her sake
Madest quicke conveyance with her good Aunt Anne.
King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way.
To winne your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vincke thou wouldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard, that hath done all this.
King. Inferre faire England's peace by his alliance.
Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.
King. Say that the King which may command, intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the Kings king forbid.
King. Say she shall be a high and mighty Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King. Say I will lerne her everlastingly.
Qu. But how long shall that title ever last?
King. Sweetly in force, unto her faire lives end.
Qu. But how long fairely shall that title last?
King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.
King. Say I her Soueraigne am her subiect lone.
Qu. But she your subiect lothes such Soueraigny.
of Richard the Third.

Kin. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Qu. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

Kin. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Qu. Plaine and not honest is to harsh a tale.

Kin. Madam your reasons are too shallow and too

Qu. O no, my reasons are to deep and dead: (quicker,

Too deep and dead poor infirm in their grave,

Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings break,

Kin. Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

Qu. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third vituper'd.

Kin. I swears by nothing.

Qu. By nothing, for this is his oath.

The George prophan'd hath lost his holy honour:

The Garter blemish, pawn'd h'his Knightly vertue:

The Crowne vurpt disgrac' h'his Kingly dignity,

If nothing thou wilt swear to be believed,

Swear by something that thou hast not wrong'd,

Kin. Now by the world.

Qu. I is full of thy foule wrongs.

Kin. My father's death.

Qu. Thy selfe hath that dishonor'd.

Kin. Then by my selfe.

Qu. Thy selfe, thy selfe misused.

Kin. Why then by God.

Qu. God's wrong is most of all:

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,

The unity the King thy brother made,

Had not beene broken, nor my brother slaine.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,

The imperial metall circling now my brow,

Had grace the tender temples of my child,

And both the Princes had beene breathing here,

Which now two tender playfellows for dust,

Thy broken faith had made a prey for worms.

Kin. By the time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wrong'd, in time expast,

For 't my selfe have many teares to wash

Hereafter time for time, by the past wrong'd,

The children nine, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd.
The Tragedy

Vngouerd youth, to waile it with her age,
The parents time whose children thou hast butchered;
Old wither'd plants to waile it with their age:
Swear not by time to come, for that thou haft
Nisued, exact, and by time misused crepeft.

King. As I intend to prosper and repent;
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt.
Of hostile armes, my selfe, my selfe confound;
Day yield me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite all planets, of good lucke;
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts eue.
Immaculat devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous Princely daughter;
In her consists my Happinesse and thine.
Without her follows to this land and me.
To thee her selfe and many a Christians soule;
Sad destitute ruine and decay.
It cannot be auoyded but by this;
It will not be auoyded but by this;
Therefore good mother (I must call you so)
Be the attourney of my love to her;
Plead what I will be, not what I have beene,
Not by deserts, but what I will desire.
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish fond in depee designs.

Qn. Shall I be temptd of the diuell thus?

King. If the diuell tempt thee to doe good.

Qn. Shall I forget my selfe to be my selfe?

King. If your felues remembrance wrong your felues.

Qn. But thou didst kill my children.

King. But in your daughters wombe, ile bury them.

Wherein that neft of spicery there shall breed,

Selfes of themselves to your reconstitute.

Qn. Shall I goe winne my daughter to thy will?

King. And be a happy mother in the deed.

Qn. 1 goe, write to me very shortly.

King. Beware her true loves killest farewell. Exe Qn.

Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. Exe Rafe.

Rafe. My gracious soueraigne on the Wetherse coast.

Rideth
of Richard the Third.

Rideth a paifant Nany: To the shore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow hearted friends,
Vnarmd and vnarmed to beate them backe;
Tis thought that Richmond is their Admiral:
And there they holl expecting but the ayd,
Of Buckingham, to welcome them to shore.

King. Some light-foote friend post to the Duke of Norfolk
Ralph thy felie, or Catesby, where is he?

Cate. Here my Lord.

King. Flye to the Duke: post thou to Salisbury,
When thou commest there, dulle unmindfull villaine
Why standst thou silent, and goest not to the Duke?

Cate. First mighty soveraigne let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deuier him.

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

Cate. What is your highnesse pleasure I shall do at Salis-

King. Why, what shouldst thou do there before I goe?

Cate. Your highnesse told me I should post before.

King. My mind is chang'd sir, my mind is chang'd:
How now, what news with you? Enter Derby.

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

King. Hoyday a riddle neyther good nor bad:
Why dost thou rumle so many miles about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way,

Once more what news?

Derby. Richmond is en the seas.

King. There let him sitke, and be the seas on him,
While linered runnagote, what doth he there?

Derby. I know not thougthy soveraigne but by guesse

King. Welle sir, as you guesse.

Derby. Sturdi wp by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,
He makes for England, there to clame the Crowne.

King. Is the chaire empty? Is the sword in swaid?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnposseft?
What heire of York is their alive but we?
And who is England's led, but great Yorkes heire?

Then
The Tragedy

Then tell me, what doth he upon the seas?

Dar. Veuillez for that my liege I cannot guess.

Kin. Veuillez for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshmen comes,
Thou wilt revolt and fly to him I fear.

Dar. No mighty liege, therefore mistrust me not.

Kin. Where is thy power now to beat them back?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the wadies: shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships.

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

Kin. Cold minds to Richard, what do they in the North?
When they should serve their soueraigne in the West.

Dar. They have not bin commanded mighty soueraigne,
Please it your Maiesty, to give me leave,
He muster up my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where and what time your Maiesty shall please?

Kin. I, I, thou wouldst be gone to join with Rochford,
I will not trust you sir.

Dar. Most mighty soueraigne,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull
I never was nor never will be false,

Kin. Well, goe muster thy men; but heare you, leaue be-
Your son George Stanley, locke your fayth be sure:
Or else his heads assurance is but fraile.

Dar. So deal with him, as I prove true to you. Exit.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious soueraigne now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir William Courtenay, and the haughty Prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many more confederates are in armes,

Enter an other Messenger.

Mes. My liege, in Kent the Guilfords are in armes,
And every house, more competors
Flocke to their aid, and still their power encreaseth,

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord the army of the Duke of Buckingham.

He strikes him.

King.
King. Out on ye Owles, nothing but songs of death?
Take that untill you bring me better newes.
Msf. Your grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of waters,
The Duke of Buckinghams army is disperst and scattered;
And he himself fled no man knowes whither.

King. O cry you mercy, I did mistake,
Rates, I reward him for the blow I gave him,
Hath any well admist friend green out,
Rewards for him that brings in Buckinghams?

Msf. Such Proclamation hath beene made by my Lieges.

Enter another Messenger.

Msf. Sir Thomas Lawell, and Lord Marques Dorset,
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Britaine Navy is disperst, Richmond in Dorsetshire,
Sent out a boat to take them one the shore,
If they were his assistants, yes, or no:
Who answerd him they came from Buckinghams

Upon his party, he mistrusting them,
Hoist saile, and made away for Britaine.

Km. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forraigne enemys,
Yet to borne downs those rebels heres at home.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby. My Liege he the Duke of Buckinghams is taken,
Thats the best newes, that the Earle of Richmond
Is with a mighty force landed at Milford,
Is colder newes, yet they must be told.

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

Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.

Darby. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me;
That in the fle of this most bloody bore,
My son George Stanley is slaine vp in hold,
If I reuolt off goes yong Georges head,
The fear of that, with holds my present aide,

But
But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?
Chris. At Pembroke, or at Hereford, west in Wales.

Dor. What men of name resort to him?
Chris. Sir Walter Harburs, a renowned soldier,
Sir Gathor Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxfor, redoubled Pembroke, Sir James Blume,
Riceup Thomas, with a valiant crew.
With many more of noble fame and worth,
And, towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not sought withall.

Dor. Return unto my Lord, commend me to him.
Tell him, the Queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter,
These Letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell.  

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not King Richard let me speake with him?
Res. No my Lord, therefore be patient,
Buc. Hastings, and Edwards' children, Roos, Gray
Holy King Henry, and thy faire sonne Edward,
Vaugh, and all that have mis-carried,
By vnderhand corrupted soule injustice,
If that your moody discontented soules,
Do through the clouds behold this present house,
Euen for revenge mocke my destruction:
This is All-soules day fellowes is it not?
Res. It is my Lord.

Buc. Why then All-soules day is my bodies Doomed day.
This is the day that in King Edwars time
I wiste might fall on me when I was found
False to his children, and his wines allies:
This is the day wherein I wiste to fall,
By the false faith of him I trusted most:
This is All-soules day, to say, fearfull soule,
Is the determined, despite of my wrongs:
That high all-feet that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in jest.
Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

To
of Richard the Third.

To turn their points on their masters breast;
Now ?Margaret curse is fallen upon my head,
When he smote thee, shall fill the heart with sorrow,
Remember ?Margaret was a prophetess,
Come far, carry me to the block of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame,

Enter Richmond, with Drums and Trumpets.

Richard in arms, and my most loving friends,
 Bruil'd yonder in the yoke of tyranny,
Thus faire into the bowels of the land,
Haste we march on without impediment.
And here receive we from our Father Stanley,
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement,
The wretched, bloody, and wounding hour,
That poor'd your father's field, and drunck'd the vines.
Sylvan seems wearied, like with thine he makes his weakness,
In your embowed of brethren, this false frame,
Lies now upon the name of this fie,
Near to the Towne of Leicesters of the Ram's
From Tamworth thinner, but one dayes stature,
In God's service are our courageous friends,
To rescue the harmless we perseverant peace,
By this one bloody tryall of their fate were:

1 Len. Every man a witness is a thousand words
To fight against that bloody hostside.
2 Len. I doubt not but his friends will slip to ye.
3 Len. He hath no friends but what he friends for shame.
Which in his greatest need will wrinkle from him.
Rich. As for our admittance, then in God's name march,
True hope is heart, and lies with swallowed wings.
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Enter King Richard, Mar. Warwick, Caister, with others.

King. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosverth fields.
Why how now Caister, why lookest thou so sad?

Cat. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

King. Norfolk, some higher.

Norfolk. We must have knaves, as must we not?

Nor. We must both guide and take my gracious Lord,

King. Up with my tent, hence will I lay to night,
The Tragedy

But where to morrow? well all is one for that?
Who hath descried the number of the foe?

Nor. Six or seuen thousand is their greatest number.

King. Why, our battallien trebles that account,
Besides that, a King's name is a Tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse party want:
Up with my Tent there valiant Gentlemen,
Let vs hiruey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Let's want no discipline make no delay,
For Lords to morrow is a busie day. Exeunt

Enter Richard with the Lords.

Rich. The Weary Sunne hath made a golden seat,
And by the bright tracke of his fiery Came,
Gives signal of a goodly day to morrow.
Where is Sir William Brandon, he shal bear my Standard;
The Earle of Pembroke keepe his regiment,
Good Captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the second house in the morning.
Desire the Earle to see mee in my Tent.

Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou goest:
Where is Lord Stanley quartered, doest thou know?
Blunt. Unless I have mislaid his colours much,
Which well I am assure I have not done.
His regiment lieth half a mile at least,
South from the mighty power of the King.

Rich. I will without perrill it be possible,
Good Captaine Blunt beare my good night to him;
And give him from me this most needfull scrowle.
Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, I mendeake it.

Rich. Farewell Good Blunt.

Give mee some inke and paper in my Tent,
Ile draw the forme and mode of our battall,
Limit each leader to his seuerall charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength:
Come let vs consult upon the morrowes businesse,
In our Tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter King Richard, Nor. Randle, Catesby.

King. What is a clocke.
Cat. It is six of the clocke, full supper-time.

Kim. I will not sup to night, give me some Inke and Paper.

What is my Beauer easter then it was?

And all my armour layd into my tent.

Cat. It is my Liege and all things are in readinesse.

Kim. Good Norfolk, he there to thy charge,

We carefull watch, chase, trust, Centinell.

Nor. I goe my Lord.

Kim. Stay with the Larke to morrow gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you my Lord,

Kim. Catesby.

Ras. My Lord.

Kim. Send out a Pursonant at arms.

To Stanleye regiment, bid him bring his power

Before Sun-rising, least his sonne George fall

Into the blind case of eternal night.

Fill me a botle of Wine, give me a watch,

Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow.

Looke that my Issues be found and not too heape Raschiff.

Ras. My Lord.

Kim. Sawest thou the melancholy L. Northumberland?

Ras. Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and himselfe.

Much like Cockshut time, from troupe to troupe

Went through the army chering vp the souldiers.

Kim. So I am satisfied, give me a botle of Wine,

I have not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cleare of mind that I was wont to have.

Set it downe, is Inke and paper ready?

Ras. It is my Lord.

Kim. Bid my guard watch, leave me,

Raschiff about the midst of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me, leave me I say.

Enter Derby to Richmond in his tent.

Dar. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,

Be to thy person noble father in law,

Tell me how fares our noble mother?

Dar. I by attourney blest thee from thy mother,

Who prays continually for Richmond's good.
So much for that: the silent hours reale on,
A flaky darkness breakes within the East,
In briefe, for so the secon bides vte:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrament
Of bloody strokes and mortal stinging wares,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With best advantage will deceas the time,
And sayd thee in this doubtfull shocke of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene thy tender brother George,
Be executed in his fathers fight.
Farewell, the leisure and the pensive time:
Cuts off the ceremonial vows of love,
And ample enterchanse of sweet discourse,
Which so long fundred friends should dwell upon.
God give leisure of the rights of love,
Once more a diew, be valiant and speed well.
Rich, Good Lords conduct him to his regiment,
He striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap
Left leaden slumber peace me downe to morrow:
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more goodnight kind Lords, and Gentlemen.
Evening
O thou whose captaine I account myself,
Looke on my force with thy gracious eyes:
Put in there hands thy burning Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with heavy fell,
The vfurping helmet of our adversaries,
Make vs thy ministers of chastisement:
That we may pr疵 thee in the victory,
To thee I doe commend my watchfull sole:
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me still,

Enter the ghost of Prince Edward, soon to Henry the 6.
Ghost to K.Ric. Let me sit heavy on thy soule to morrow,
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth,
At Towcebury: despair and dye.
To Rich. Be cheerful full Richmond for the wronged soules
Of Richard the Third.

Of butchured Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henry's like Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the 6.

Ghost to K. Richard. When I was mortall my anointed
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower and me desire and die,
Henry the sixt bids thee despair and die.

To Rich. Vertuous and holy be thou conqueror,
Henry that prophesied thou shouldst be King,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, live and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soule to morrow,
That was halft to death with fulsome Wine.
Poor Clarence by thy guilt betrayed to death.
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgete sword, despair and die.

To Rich. Thou off spring of the house of Lancaster
The wronged heires of York do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, live and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Rivers, Gray, Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soule to morrow,
That died at Pomfret despair and dye.

Gray. Thinke vpon Gray, and let thy soule despair.

Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guilty stare
Let fall thy launche, despair and die.

All to Rich. Awake and thinke our wrongs in Richard's bosom,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of L. Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guilty awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord Hastings despair and die.

To Rich. Quiet untroubled soul awake, awake,
Arms, fight and conquer for faire England's sake.

Enter the Ghost of two young Princes.

Ghost. Dreame on thy consins smothered in the Tower,
Let vs be layd within thy bosome Richard,
And Weigh thee downe to ruine shame and death,
Thy Nephews soules bid thee despair, and die.

To Rich. Sleepe Richmond sleepe in peace, and wake in joy.

L 3 Good
The Tragedy

Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Life and beget a happy race of Kings:
Edward unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Queen Anne, his wife.
Richard, Thy wife, that wretched Anne, thy wife.
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fits thy sleepe with perturbations,
To sorrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.
To Rich, Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe, and happy victory,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the ghost of Buckingham.
The first was I that help thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyranny,
O in the battell thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Paining dispaire, despairing yeild thy breath.
To Rich, I dyed for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be not thou dismayd,
God and good Angels fight on Richards side,
And Richard fail in height of all his pride.

K. Richard started out of his dreame.

K. Rich. Give me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Have mercy left: soft I did but dreame.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflicke me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
Cold fearfull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I feare my selfe? there is none else by,
Richard loves Richard, that is, I am I,
Is there a murtherer here, No, yes, I am,
Then slie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Least I revenge, What? my selfe upon my selfe.
Alacke I love my selfe, wherefore? for any good
That my selfe hath done vnto my selfe.
of Richard the Third.

O no! alas! I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
I am a villain, yea, I ly, I am not.
Fool of thy selfe speake well foole doe not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand severall tongues,
And every tongue bringes in a severall tale.
And every tale condemnes me for a villain.
Periury, in the highest degree,
Murder, sterner murder, in the dyreft degree,
All severall finnes; all Vide in each degree,
Throng all to the Boare, crying all, guilty, guilty,
I shal dispaire there is no creature loves me,
And if I die, no soule shall pitty me:
And wherefore should they? since that I my selfe,
Find in my selfe, no pity to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I have murdred,
Came to my Tent, and everyone did threat
To morrowes vengeence on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord:
King. Zounds, who is there?
Rat. My Lord tis I, the early village Cocks,
Have thrice done salutation to the morn.
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armes.
King. O Ratcliffe, I hate dream'd a searefull dreame.
What thinke it thou, will our friends prove all true?
Rat. No doubt, my Lord.
King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.
Rat. Nay good my Lord be not afraid of shadowes,
King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night
Hane strooke more terror to the soule of Richard,
Then can the substance of ten thousand Souldiers
Armed in provee, and led by shallow Richmond;
Tis not yet neere day come goe with me,
Under our Tents, Ie play the ewe's dropper,
To heare if any meanes to shrinke from me.

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow Richard.
The Tragedy

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull gentlemen,
That you have take a tardy flaggard here.

Lor. How have you slept my Lord?

Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreams,
That ever entred in a drowsie head,
Hath since your departure had my Lord:
Me thought their soules whose body Richard murdered,
Came to my Tent and cried on victorie;
I promise you my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of to faire a dreme,
How faire into the mourning is it Lords?

Lor. Upon the Agone of ioue.

Rich. Why then is time to arme, and give direction.
More then I have said, loving country men, (To Oration to
The leisure and inforcement of the time, ) This Soldiers,
Forbids to dwell upon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard but workes stand before our face;
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather have vs winne, then them they follow:
For what is he they follow? treauly gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicides,
On raised in bloud, and on in bloud established;
One that made means to come by that he has,
And slaughtered those that were the menes to help him:
A base soule stone, made precious by the fyte
Of Englands chaire, where he is falsely set,
On that haue ever beene Gods enemy:
Then if you fight against Gods enemy,
God will in iustice reward you as his Soldiers
If you sweare to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace the tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countres foes,
Your countres fat shall pay your pains the hire.
If you doe fight in safeguard of your wifes,
Your wifes shall welcome home the conquerours:
If you doe free your children from the Sword.
Your childrens children quits it in your age;

Then
of Richard the Third.

Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold corps 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 drums and trumpets boldly, and cheerfully,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and victory.

Enter King Richard, Rat. & c.

King. What sayd Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was never train'd vp in Armes.
King. He sayd the truth, and what said Surrey then.
Rat. He smiled and sayd, the better for our purpose.
King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is:
Tell the Clocke there. The Clocke strikes.
Give me a Kalender, who saw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not 1 my Lord.
King. Then he disdaines to shine; for by the Booke,
He should have brau'd the East an hour a goe,
A blacke day will it be to some body.
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sunne will not be seen to day,
The skie doth frowne and lower upon our Army,
I would these dewy teares were from the ground,
Not shine to day, why, what is that to me
More than 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 vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my Soul'diers to the plain,
And thus my battell shall be ordered,
My fore-ward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of Horse and Foot.
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
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 eyther side
Shall be so well mingled with our chiefe Horse
This and Saint George to boote, what thinkest thou not.

Nor a good direction warlike Soutraigne, He showned
This found I on my Tent this morning, him a paper.
Jockey of Norfolk he was so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

King, A thing devised by the enemy,
Goe Gentlemen every man into his charge,
Let not our babbling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Demiure at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong arms be our conscience, our swords our law.
March on, joyne bravely, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to Heauen, then hand in hand to Hell, His Oration
What shall I say more then I have infere, to his Army.
Remember who you are in cope withall,
A sort of Vagabonds, Rascols, and run awayes,
A scum of Britaines, and base Jackey Pelants,
Whom their ore cloyed Country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and allur'd destruction,
You sleeping shee they bring you to vrest:
You haunge lands and blest with beautious wves,
They would restraine the one, disfraine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our mothers cost,
A milke-top one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as our shoes in snow:
Let's whip these straglers on the Seas againe,
Lah! hence these overweening rags of France,
These famish't beggers wearey of their lines.
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themselves.
If we be conquered let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Britaines whom our fathers
Have in their owne land beaten,bob'd and thump't.
And on record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enjoy our land, lie with our wifes?
Ravage our daughters, haue I heare there Drum,

Fight
of Richard the Third.

Fight Gentlemen of England fight boldly Yeomen
Draw Archers, draw your Arrows to the head.
Sput your proud horses hard, and ride in blood.
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves.
What says Lord Stanley will he bring his power?

Mes. My Lord he doth deny to come.

Kin. Off with his fonse George's head.

Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the marsh,
After the battell let George Stanley dye.

Kin. A thousand hearts are great within my bosome,
Advance our standards, let upon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint George
Inspire vs with the spleene of fiery Dragons,
Upon them victory sits on our helmes.

Alarum excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cats. Rescue my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue.
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring and opposite to every danger,
His horse is flamme, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,
Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost. Enter Richard.

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

Cats. Withdraw my Lord, he helpe you to a horse.

Kin. Slave I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die,
I think there be faire Richmonds in the field,
Fie haue I safne to day instead of him.
A horse, a horse, my Kingdome for a horse.

Alarum. Enter Richard & Richmond they fight, Richard is
flamme, then vs, being sounded. Enter Richmond, Darcy
bearing the Crown, with other Lords.

Rieb. God and your armes be praised victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Dar. Courageous Richmond, well haft thou acquit thee,
Loc here this long usurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wreath,
Have I pinckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, and make much of it.

Rieb. Great God of Heauen say Amen to all,

But
But tell me, is young George Stanley lining?

Dor. He is my Lord, and safe in Leith town.

Whether it please you, we may now withdraw you.

Rich. What men of name are slain on either side?


Rich. Inter their bodies as become their births,
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us,
And then as we have taken the Sacrament,
We will write the white rose and the red.
Smile heaven upon this faire communion,
That long hath frownd upon their estate.

What traitor hears me, and syes not Amen? England hath long been mad, and GAard herself.
The brother blindly shed the brother’s blood,
The father rashly slaughtered his own son.
The son compelled, being butcher to the father.
All this divided York and Lancaster.
Divided in their dire division.

O now let Richard and Elizabeth,
The true successors of each royall house,
By God’s faire ordinance conjoyne together,
And let their heires (God if they will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac’t peace
With smiling plenty and faire prosperous daies,
Abate the edge of traitors gracious Lord
That would reduce their bloody daies againe,
And make poor England wepe in streams of blood;
Let them not live to taste this lands increase,
That would with treason wound this faire lands peace.
Now cruel wounds are stopp’d, peace lives againe,
That she may long live here, God say Amen.

Ej N&S.
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