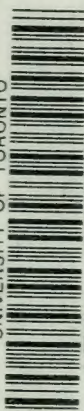


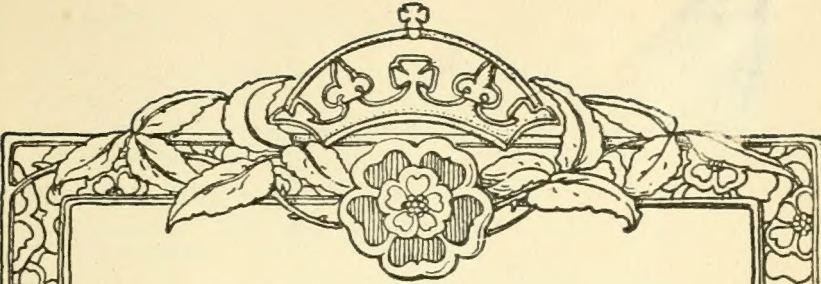
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The Tudor Shakespeare

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

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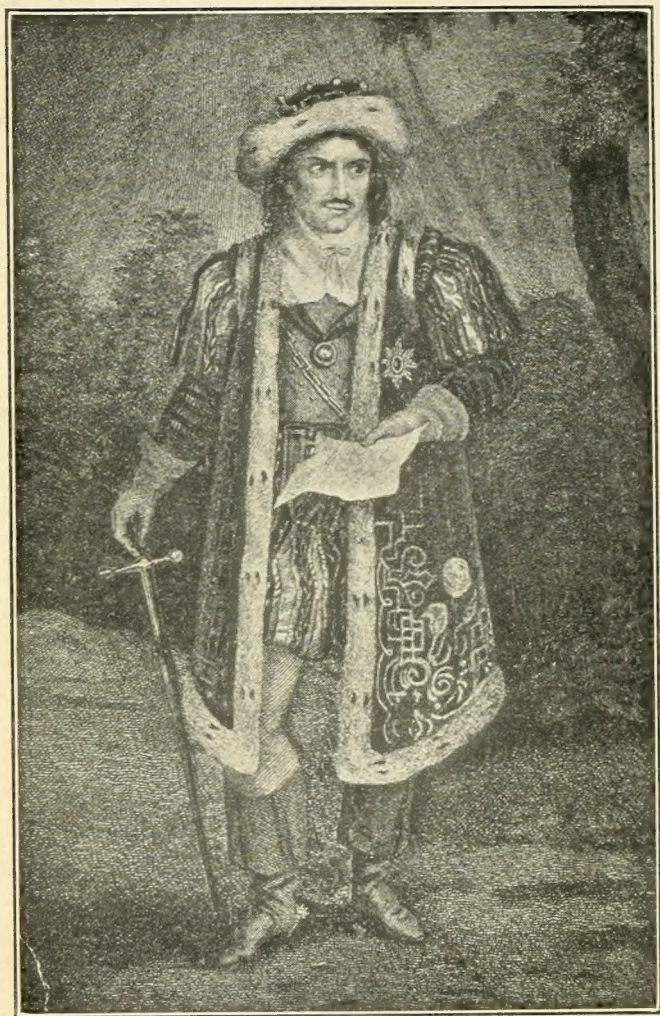
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SHAKESPEARE

The Tragedy of Richard the Third

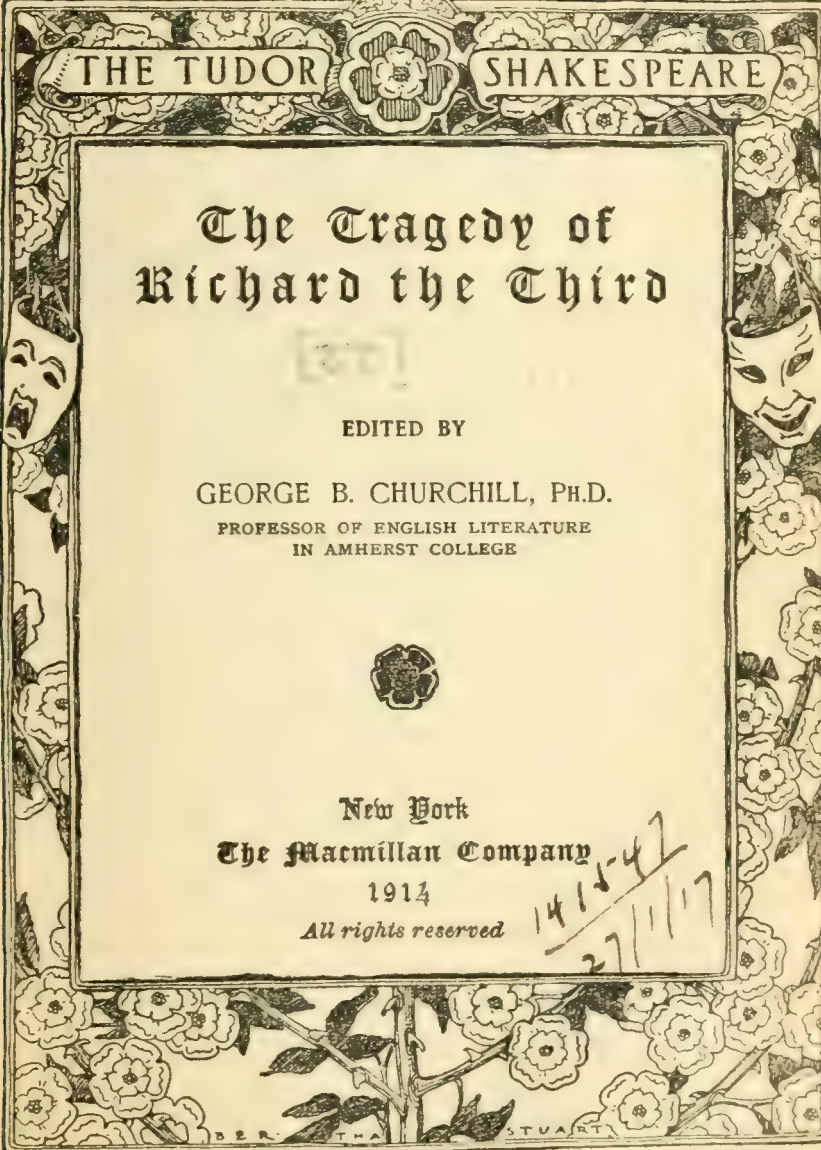
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Introduction

Text. — The first edition of *Richard III* (Q₁) has the following title-page: “*The Tragedy of King Richard the third. Containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittieful murther of his innocent nephewes: his tyrannical vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. At London Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the Signe of the Angell. 1597.*” This edition was reprinted, by Thomas Creede, in 1598 (Q₂), without essential change; but the title-page bears the name of the author: “By William Shakespeare.” The third Quarto (Q₃), 1602, professes falsely to be “Newly augmented,” but is actually only a reprint of Q₂. Other quartos (4-8) followed in 1605, 1612, 1622, 1629, 1634, all deriving ultimately from Q₁.

The text of the play, as it appears in the first Folio, 1623, is an independent version which differs greatly from that of the quartos. Besides a very large number of unimportant variations, each has passages of its own that cannot be spared from the context, and the Folio has, moreover, many additions which, though they are not necessary to the context, are entirely in keeping with it, both in content and style. How far Shakespeare’s revising hand is to be seen in these variations, which of the versions

approximates most closely the ultimate original, which is, in short, the more authoritative, are questions involving great difference of opinion, probably impossible to determine exactly. Recent opinion, however, tends strongly to the view that there is no sufficient reason to suppose that Q_1 was printed from a transcript of Shakespeare's original Ms., but that it is on the contrary "an exceptionally correct short-hand writer's report of the play," revised by an assistant of the printer; and that the text of the Folio comes nearest to the form in which Shakespeare wished it to stand. On the Folio version, therefore, is based the present text.

Date of Composition. — The earliest direct evidence as to the date of the play is furnished by the entry of Q_1 in the Stationers' Registers: "Andrewe wise Entred for his copie vnder th andes of Master Barlowe, and master warden man The tragedie of King Richard the Third with the death of the Duke of Clarence . . . vjd," dated October 20, 1597. The words of the Quarto's title-page, "As . . . lately acted by . . . the Lord Chamberlaine his servants," cannot carry the presentation of the play farther back than April 17, 1597, when the company's patron, Lord Hunsdon, became Lord Chamberlain. This gives 1596 as the latest possible date of composition. There is in Weever's *Epigrammes*, published in 1599, but, if we may trust the author's own statement, written at the latest in 1596, a reference to Shakespeare's Richard; and this is presumably, but not certainly, Richard III, not Richard II. The earliest possible date is determined by the fact that *Richard III* is clearly a continuation of

3 Henry VI, for which we may safely assume a date of about 1592. Thus *Richard III* was quite certainly composed between 1592 and 1596.

Internal evidence, however, enables us to establish with nearly equal certainty a more exact date. "The marks of Shakespeare's early style," the strongly apparent influence of Marlowe, the Senecan conception of Margaret's rôle, the set lyric passages of lamentation, the abundance of argument, rhetoric, and oratory, the lack of subtlety and complexity in the characterization, make it safe to ascribe the play to about 1593; and there is a very general agreement upon this date.

Source of the Plot. — The basis of the play is the account of Richard's career given in *The Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, by Raphael Holinshed. That Shakespeare used the second edition of this work, published January 1, 1587 (O.S. 1586), is proved by the fact that the play follows (V. iii. 324) the misprint by which Richard is made to say that Richmond was brought up "by my moothers (instead of *brothers*) means." Holinshed's material, however, was obtained from preceding chroniclers. His account of the reign of Edward IV is based upon that of Halle's *The Union of the Noble and Illustre Famelies of Lancastre and York*, published by Grafton in 1548, second edition 1550, with some excerpts from other chroniclers. For Richard's course from the death of Edward IV Holinshed depended on Sir Thomas More's *The History of King Richard the thirde*, which he followed not as adopted by Halle, but as published by

Rastell in his edition of More's works, 1557. But More's book breaks off just before the insurrection of Buckingham, and from this point Holinshed again follows Halle, with some abridgment, and with some use of Grafton's chronicle. That Shakespeare made direct use of Halle's chronicle, and not merely as it appeared in Holinshed, is shown by the fact that he makes use of some of Halle's matter that Holinshed omitted. To Halle, for example, are due the two bishops that accompany Richard in III. vii, and the mention of Burdet's case in III. v. 76. Holinshed and Halle are, therefore, the direct historical sources of the play.

But just as Holinshed had based the major portion of his account on the work of More, so Halle, where he had not been able to make use of More, had based his account on the work of Polydore Vergil, an Italian who had been resident at the court of Henry VII, and who published an *Historia Angliæ* in 1534. Many other chroniclers besides More and Vergil had from the time of Richard's death been busy with his career. They were subject to the influence of a Tudor court, and occupied themselves in blackening the character and deeds of a king who must be believed a villain and a usurper if Henry's dynasty was to be justified. Thus by their work, strengthened and expanded by popular tradition and by various literary and dramatic productions mentioned below, there was built up a Richard myth or saga, which, though often uncorroborated by evidence, and often demonstrably untrue, has, because it passed into Shakespeare's play, remained to the present time the popularly accepted history of Richard.

In the forming of this myth More and Vergil played the chief part. Through Holinshed and Halle they not only furnished Shakespeare with his facts, but they interpreted them and analyzed Richard's character; and their interpretation became the basis of Shakespeare's whole dramatic conception and organization of his material. To More is due the conception that Richard was the moving impulse of all that happened after Edward's death, and that his purpose therein was the attainment of the crown; to More, likewise, the picture of Richard as fearfully assailed by the torments of conscience. This power of conscience Vergil emphasized and extended in Richard's career, and vitalized its torture in the fearful dream that foretells Richard's end. To Vergil also is due that doctrine of a Nemesis ruling through the whole long tragedy of the York-Lancastrian struggle, hovering over Richard from the moment he conceives his wicked purpose, and satisfied at last only with his fall. It is only an extension of this idea, when Shakespeare, throwing aside the facts even as presented by the chronicles, makes Richard in 2 and 3 *Henry VI* practically responsible for the Wars of the Roses from the very start.

That Richard's story appealed very early to the popular imagination and was subject to its shaping influence is shown by its appearance in the most popular form of literature, the ballad, in *The Song of Lady Bessy*, composed in the reign of Henry VII or early in the reign of Henry VIII. *A Mirror for Magistrates*, whose purpose was to set forth warning examples of the punishment of evil rulers, could not neglect Richard, and in its various

editions from 1559 to 1610 eleven of its "legends" are connected with him. In the legend of George Plantagenet (Clarence), Richard is represented as his brother's miserable murderer; and to the *Mirror*, or, more likely, to an already established popular tradition evidenced in Legge's play, in the *True Tragedie*, and elsewhere, and not, as is generally asserted, to Shakespeare's own invention acting on a mere suggestion of More, we owe Richard's appearance as Clarence's murderer in the play.

In Dr. Thomas Legge's Latin play *Richardus Tertius*, presented at St. John's College, Cambridge, possibly in 1573, certainly in 1579, Richard's story appears first in the drama. In this, apparently the first real history play written in England, Richard is conceived throughout as a Senecan tyrant, and the whole drama is made to imitate Seneca as far as possible. The play was famous, but there is no direct evidence that Shakespeare knew it. In 1594 was printed a play in English, entitled *The True Tragedie of Richard the Third*. It was undoubtedly composed and acted considerably earlier than this. It probably followed *3 Henry VI* or its earlier form, if earlier form it be, *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*; and quite certainly preceded Shakespeare's *Richard*. Whether Shakespeare knew and was influenced by *The True Tragedie of Richard the Third* is still a matter of debate. Present opinion appears to lean toward an affirmative answer. But this influence was, at best, not great; and there is general agreement that the play is in all essentials Shakespeare's.¹

¹ For a full discussion of Shakespeare's sources and the problems connected with them the reader should consult the editor's *Richard III up to Shakespeare*, Berlin, 1900.

A scenario for an act of a Richard III play exists among the papers of Alleyn, son-in-law of Henslowe, the manager; but we do not know whether the play was ever written, or whether, if written, it was anterior to Shakespeare's. Two lines from another Richard play are also preserved, but this also may have succeeded Shakespeare's.

Other Versions of the Story. — That the story of Richard was immensely popular is sufficiently indicated by the works from which Shakespeare's play may be said to have descended in direct line. But these are by no means all. Henslowe mentions ¹ a play called *Buckingham*, 1593, whose hero was doubtless the companion of Richard, and which may have been one or other of the lost plays mentioned above. Another of Henslowe's plays, *Richard the Confessor*, 1593, may possibly have had Richard III as its hero. There is extant a play by Thomas Heywood, *King Edward IV*, in two parts, 1593-1594, in which Richard plays a considerable rôle. Jonson handled the material in his *Richard Crookback*, 1602, and Samuel Rowley in his *Tragedy of Richard III or the English Prophet*, 1623, both of which are lost. *Shore's Wife*, 1599, by Day and Chettle, and *The Second Part of Henry Richmond*, 1599, both likewise lost, dealt with kindred material. Among the non-dramatic versions of Richard's story the most important is perhaps *The Rising to the Crowne of Richard the thirde*, by Giles Fletcher the elder, 1593, in which, however, Richard's character is barely outlined. None of these works can be shown to have exercised any

¹ Henslowe's Diary. Ed. Greg, Part I, p. 16.

influence on Shakespeare's play, while in those that followed it, as in the newly inserted legends of the 1610 edition of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, viz. *The Two Princes* and *Richard III*, the influence of Shakespeare is strongly marked.

Relations to Contemporary Drama. — *Richard III* stands in the full dramatic current of its time. The influence of Marlowe appears in it so strongly that some have been tempted to ascribe it to the hand of Marlowe himself. The figure of Richard is conceived in such heroic proportions, so entirely does he focus and absorb our interest, so dominate the action, that he reveals at once his dramatic lineage. Shakespeare follows Marlowe's treatment of his heroes, Tamburlaine, Faustus, Barabas, in substituting for the epic sequence of the earlier history plays the dramatic-unity of a central and dominating personality. The material here, it is true, was specially apt for such treatment, but that he followed in it a clear and conscious intent is made evident by the countless touches which heighten Richard's ability and power, and render irresistible his unswerving purpose and absolute egoism. This intent is made even more evident by the way in which, from the earliest appearance of Richard in *2 Henry VI*, he is made a prime mover in all the intrigue. Of specific debt to Marlowe, the clearest example is the imitation of *Edward II* in the scene of Clarence's murder.

Wider influences than those of one man are also apparent. The *True Tragedie* had united the form of the revenge play with that of the history drama, and though

Shakespeare's is not technically a revenge play, the influence of the form is plainly to be seen in the ghosts of the victims who

“threat

To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard,”

as well as in the reference of the prince to his “uncle Clarence' angry ghost.” Other reminiscences of the drama of Kyd, and of the Senecan influence, appear in the violence of speech characteristic of Richard, Margaret, and others; in the lamentations of the three queens, who in these, as has often been said, fulfil the functions of the Greek chorus; in the curses and their fulfilment; and in the extended debates between Anne and Richard, and Elizabeth and Richard. Senecan, too, is the whole part of Margaret, the embodied Nemesis of the house of York and the chorus of its tragedy, a part due to Shakespeare, not to his chronicle sources.

To Shakespeare alone, however, if he was responsible for the scheme of 2 and 3 *Henry VI*, is due the development of the suggestions of the chronicle into the conception of a Nemesis ruling through the whole York-Lancastrian struggle, a conception in which every murder is both crime and punishment for crime, till Richard pays the final penalty at the hand of Richmond. To Shakespeare, also, is due the conception, developed from the view of More, and especially of Vergil, by which the story is raised from the plane of merely external tragedy and ennobled into a tragedy of the spirit: wherein conscience, long subdued, asserts its power at last in the soul of Richard. To these two conceptions most of all, is due

the preëminence of Shakespeare's play over the productions of the contemporary drama.

Style. — The style of the play is largely conditioned by the same factors as those which governed its composition. To Marlowe is due the predominance of blank verse: rhymes are almost totally absent save as scene-tags. In this respect the play presents a notable contrast to the later *Richard II.* The lyrical laments, with their repetitions, parallels, and antitheses, the frequent stichomythia of the dialogue, the cold philosophy of such lines as "All unavoids is the doom of destiny," betray the influence of the Senecan style. Humor is, as in Marlowe's work, conspicuously absent, except for a trace of it in the colloquy of Clarence's murderers, in the delight of Richard in his own evil skill, and in the pervading dramatic irony. Bitterness and despair generally take the place of formal pathos, which, where it is present, as in Tyrell's description of the death of the princes, shows something of artificiality and effort for effect. More genuine pathos is found in Shakespeare's revelation and differentiation of the princes' characters.

Throughout the play there rules a certain high formality, to which the use of regularly end-stopped lines, the constant employment of repetition, antithesis, and balance, the conduct of argument through a set play upon words, and a consistent elevation of speech, even in the mouths of characters like the citizens, all contribute. There is abundant condensed metaphor, but little play of poetic fancy or imagination. In short, save in Clarence's dream and a few minor passages, pure poetry, such as had ap-

peared in *3 Henry VI*, notably in the speeches of Richard, is not to be found. The style is highly, though not splendidly, rhetorical rather than poetic. It attains its greatest power where, as in many scenes, it becomes the inevitable expression of character, especially Richard's, or is perfectly adapted to reveal the intensity of a dramatic moment.

Stage History.¹ — That *Richard III* was extremely popular with Elizabethan audiences is beyond doubt. No direct record exists of a performance down to the closing of the theaters, in 1642, save that of Sir Henry Herbert's Office Book, under date of November 17, 1633. An indirect record is to be found in Manningham's *Diary*, under date of March 13, 1601. But the allusions and references of Weever's *Epigram Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare*, 1595-6, Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598; the imitations and quotations in many plays, in the *Epigrams and Elegies* of J. B. and C. M. (1596?), *England's Parnassus*, 1600, *The Return from Parnassus*, 1601; the direct testimony to the popularity of the play, in Barnabe Barnes's *Four Bookes of Office*, 1606, and Nicholas Breton's *Good and Badde*, 1616; the clear influence of the play upon succeeding presentations of Richard's story, as in the *Mirror for Magistrates*; and, not least, the many editions, of which there were more down to 1640 than of any other of Shakespeare's plays, are sufficient to prove the eminent attractiveness of *Richard III* during the whole Elizabethan period. The actor who "created" the part of Richard was Burbadge. His fame in the part is attested by many con-

¹ See *The Stage History of Shakespeare's King Richard the Third*, Alice I. P. Wood, Ph.D., New York, 1910.

temporary references, notably the well-known allusion in Corbet's *Iter Boreale*, 1618.

During the Restoration period and down to 1700 *Richard III* disappeared from the stage. Richard himself, however, did not disappear. In Caryl's *The English Princess, or The Death of Richard the Third*, 1667, he plays the part of the heroic — and villanous — lover in rivalry with Richmond, much after the usual fashion of the "heroic" play. The rôle was Betterton's, who had in it a considerable success. In 1681 Richard appears again in Crowne's *Henry the Sixth the Second Part, or the Misery of Civil War*, a re-working, with additions, of 2 and 3 *Henry VI*.

Such revisions of Shakespeare's plays were frequent in this period; and on July 9, 1700, was presented at Drury Lane a version of *Richard III* by Colley Cibber. The changes made by Cibber may be summarized as follows. The new play is shorter than the old one by one-third, and much more of the original is excised to give place for Cibber's additions. Half of the original characters are dropped, including Clarence and Margaret, and fourteen whole scenes, largely narrative and lyric. The additions include the murder of Henry VI, from 3 *Henry VI*, the elaboration of pathetic and moving passages, such as the parting of the Queen and her sons, the murder of the Princes, now heard, if not seen, upon the stage, a scene in which Richard brutally reveals to Anne his purpose to procure her death, many new soliloquies and extensions of the old, and many asides calculated to make plainer the motives of the actors. Plot and character

remain essentially what they were in the original; but the action is concentrated, and Richard is made more fully the focus of attention. In the original he is absent from ten scenes; here he appears in all but three. The pathetic is made sensational, the dramatic is pressed into the realm of the melodramatic. The higher qualities of Shakespeare's play suffer eclipse, the lower are exaggerated; the illumination of motives tends to coarsen the subtler features of the characterization; the omissions blot out some of the most significant and interpretive passages, but, in the end, the piece gains, without question, in theatrical effectiveness, in adaptability to the modern stage, and in appeal to the modern audience. The proof of this is the fact that it, alone of all the Restoration revisions of Shakespeare, still keeps the stage.

The title rôle in his play was taken by Cibber himself, but with very moderate reward in reputation, until 1739. On October 19, 1741, Garrick made his début as Richard, instantly winning an enormous success, which he continued to enjoy down to his retirement in 1776. From the days of Garrick nearly every actor of prominence on the English stage has essayed the part. Among the most famous may be mentioned especially Kemble, J. B. Booth, Macready, and Edmund Kean, who in his long career from 1814 to 1833 was generally considered second only to Garrick. The most notable actresses who played Lady Anne were Mrs. Siddons and Peg Woffington. Kemble, Kean, Macready, and Phelps used versions differing more or less from that of Cibber, but in all cases the latter eventually triumphed. January

29, 1877, at the Lyceum theater in London, Henry Irving presented Shakespeare's original with some omissions, gaining instant reputation as a great actor, but he did not repeat the play till 1896, and never gave it out of England.

In America, where the presentation of this play by a native company on Mar. 5, 1750, at the theater in Nassau Street, New York, practically begins the history of our stage, *Richard III* in Cibber's version has always been popular. With the title rôle are connected such English names as those of Cooke, 1810-1812, Edmund Kean, 1820 and 1825, Charles Kean, 1830 and 1846, and Junius Brutus Booth, who in 1821 first appeared in the rôle, for which he remained famous for thirty years on the American stage. In 1827 appeared a native American, Edwin Forrest, a great actor, but never thoroughly successful as Richard. Other native actors—the Wallacks, McCullough, J. W. Keene, Barrett—obtained only respectable repute in the part. In 1847, Edwin Booth, son of Junius, made his *début* as Tressel to his father's Richard. He appeared as Richard in San Francisco, 1852, and first played the part in New York in 1857. In the long history of the rôle, Booth's presentation has probably never been surpassed in fineness and subtlety of interpretation, or in the completeness with which he realized the intellectual power of Shakespeare's hero. In 1878 Booth abandoned Cibber's version in favor of an adaptation of his own, in which the Shakespearean original was rearranged and certain parts omitted, but the text only very slightly altered. The cuts were far more drastic

than Irving's, thirteen of Shakespeare's characters, including the two princes, having been dropped. The adaptation may be said to have been successful; but since Booth's death Cibber's version has again held the stage.

Interpretation. — *Richard III*, if it is to be read with understanding, cannot be read alone. As the history of a period it is part of that greater story, the struggle of York and Lancaster for the throne of England, to which Shakespeare devotes eight of his ten history plays. As the tragedy of a man it is the continuation of a life story that begins in the fifth act of *2 Henry VI* and is developed through *3 Henry VI*. And, further, it is clear that the man's story is conceived as an epitome of the period, his tragedy as climactic example of all the tragedies of the struggle.

In the contest of York and Lancaster Shakespeare plainly found the gravest of warnings to monarch and counsellor of his own day — he who ruleth England to his own profit destroyeth both himself and her. Upon the selfishness of both families rested a Nemesis like that of the house of Pelops. Throughout the years is handed down a terrible legacy of crime, and with it an equally terrible legacy of punishment. Each crime pays a penalty, and yet each penalty is itself a crime, which must in turn be punished. *Dum punitur scelus, crescit.* For many Richard is the agent of the divine justice. Yet in all his acts, he is supremely selfish, supremely criminal. No more secure than the rest, he falls at last by the hand of the one pure man, God's captain, the unselfish and conscious agent of the divine justice.

That Richard's career may be clearly seen as an epitome of the whole struggle, Shakespeare deliberately alters history. Not only does Richard become responsible for all the crimes that may be laid to his charge; time is abolished, that we may see more plainly how they all spring from his passion for the throne, and his whole career is pushed back till it coincides with all the attempts of his house to win the crown. Born in 1452, when the Wars of the Roses began, it is at this very date that he appears, mature and active, in *2 Henry VI*; and he is made responsible for both his father's and his brother's endeavor for the throne. His is the animating spirit of the struggle, his the foremost service, his the thirst for vengeance, his the passion and the poet's dream of power; till at last he ceases to be the servant of his house, and his own tragedy begins.

Richard's tragedy begins in the famous monologue of *3 Henry VI*, III. ii, whose "I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown" is but resumed in the "I am determined to be a villain" of *Richard III*. All the groundwork of the later play is laid in the earlier. Here (V. vi) is shown the enormous desire which makes it possible for Richard to scorn the difficulties, both outward and inward, that stand in his path; the will to crush down pity, love, and fear, the self-deception that he can be "himself alone," free eternally from the moral law that governs all other men. Here, too, are manifested the consummate intellect, the knowledge of men, the power of deceit, the mastery of speech, the absolute oneness of aim, by which he gains his end.

The process is already under way at the beginning of *Richard III*: a knowledge of what had gone before was certainly assumed in the audience for whom the play was written. In the later play the process is fulfilled. Till the desire is consummated all goes well; no ability plays him false, no means fail, against the outward difficulties; of inward difficulties none appear. Like the somnambulist, dominated by a sole idea, undistracted by aught else, he advances, certain and secure. But the moment he attains the throne, he wakes. Within the circuit of that crown he does not find the Elysium, the "All that poets feign of bliss and joy," of which he was so sure: he dreads lest the crown may be worn but a day. Now at last the fears revealed hitherto only in his sleep, while the will slumbered, appear in the light; now conscience cries aloud; now he recognizes that sin — name unheard before, name in which he abandons all his assumption of freedom from the moral law — sin is plucking on sin. All his abilities begin to play him false, he can deceive no longer, he loses his insight into men, his self-command disappears. In the collapse of soul that follows the ghost-dream born of his guilty conscience, he sees himself at last as he is, and utters his own sentence in the same words with which he began his career, "I am I," "I am a villain." If, on the morrow, he recovers courage, it is now largely the courage of despair; the vengeance of outraged humanity is certain.

The Tragedy of
Richard the Third

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING EDWARD IV.

EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards KING EDWARD V, RICHARD, duke of York, GEORGE, duke of Clarence, RICHARD, duke of Gloucester, afterwards KING RICHARD III,	}	sons to the King.
	}	brothers to the King.

A young son of Clarence.

HENRY, earl of Richmond, afterwards KING HENRY VII.

CARDINAL BOURCHIER, archbishop of Canterbury.

THOMAS ROTHERHAM, archbishop of York.

JOHN MORTON, bishop of Ely.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY, his son.

EARL RIVERS, brother to Elizabeth.

MARQUIS OF DORSET, LORD GREY,	}	sons to Elizabeth.
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EARL OF OXFORD.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY.

LORD LOVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR JAMES BLUNT.

SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, lieutenant of the Tower.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a priest.

Another Priest.

TRESSEL and BERKELEY, gentlemen attending on the Lady Anne.

Lord Mayor of London.

Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, queen to King Edward IV.

MARGARET, widow of King Henry VI.

DUCHESS OF YORK, mother to King Edward IV.

LADY ANNE, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI :
afterwards married to Richard.

A young Daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET).

Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III; Lords and other Attendants;
a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, etc.

SCENE: *England.*]

The Tragedy of
Richard the Third



ACT FIRST

SCENE I

[*London. A street.*]

Enter Richard, Duke of Gloucester, solus.

Glou. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ; 6
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled
front ;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds 10
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ; 15
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's maj-
esty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time 20
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them ;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time, 25
Unless to see my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determin'd to prove a villain 30
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other ; 35
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up

About a prophecy, which says that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. 40
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ; here Clarence
 comes.

Enter Clarence, guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day. What means this armed guard
 That waits upon your Grace ?

Clar. His Majesty,
 Tend'ring my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower. 45

Glou. Upon what cause ?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glou. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours ;
 He should, for that, commit your godfathers.
 O, belike his Majesty hath some intent 49
 That you should be new christ'ned in the Tower.
 But what's the matter, Clarence ? May I know ?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know, for I protest
 As yet I do not ; but, as I can learn,
 He hearkens after prophecies and dreams,
 And from the cross-row plucks the letter G, 55
 And says a wizzard told him that by G
 His issue disinherited should be ;
 And, for my name of George begins with G,
 It follows in his thought that I am he.
 These, as I learn, and such like toys as these 60
 Have mov'd his Highness to commit me now.

Glou. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women.
 'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower ;
 My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
 That tempts him to this harsh extremity. 65

Was it not she and that good man of worship,
 Anthony Woodville, her brother there,
 That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
 From whence this present day he is delivered ?
 We are not safe, Clarence ; we are not safe. 70

Clar. By heaven, I think there is no man secure
 But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking her-
 alds

That trudge betwixt the King and Mistress Shore.
 Heard you not what an humble suppliant
 Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery ? 75

Glou. Humbly complaining to her deity
 Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.
 I'll tell you what ; I think it is our way,
 If we will keep in favour with the King,
 To be her men and wear her livery. 80
 The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,
 Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
 Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me ;
 His Majesty hath straitly given in charge 85
 That no man shall have private conference,
 Of what degree soever, with your brother.

Glou. Even so ? An't please your worship, Brakenbury,

You may partake of anything we say.

We speak no treason, man. We say the King 90

Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen

Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous ;

We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,

A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing
tongue ;

And that the Queen's kindred are made gentle-
folks. 95

How say you, sir ? Can you deny all this ?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to
do.

Glou. Naught to do with Mistress Shore ! I tell thee,
fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,

Were best to do it secretly, alone. 100

Brak. What one, my lord ?

Glou. Her husband, knave. Wouldst thou betray me ?

Brak. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me, and
withal

Forbear your conference with the noble Duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will
obey. 105

Glou. We are the Queen's abjects, and must obey.

Brother, farewell ! I will unto the King ;

And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,

Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,

I will perform it to enfranchise you.

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glou. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long ;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you. 115
Meantime, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce. Farewell.

Exeunt Clarence [Brakenburg, and Guard].

Glou. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence ! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands. 120
But who comes here ? The new-delivered Hast-
ings ?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord !

Glou. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain !
Well are you welcome to the open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment ?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must ; 126
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glou. No doubt, no doubt ; and so shall Clarence too ;
For they that were your enemies are his, 130
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagles should be mew'd,
Whiles kites and buzzards play at liberty.

Glou. What news abroad ?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home : 135

The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glou. Now, by Saint John, that news is bad indeed.

O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And overmuch consum'd his royal person. 140
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

Where is he ? In his bed ?

Hast. He is.

Glou. Go you before, and I will follow you.

Exit Hastings.

He cannot live, I hope ; and must not die 145

Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence

With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments ;

And, if I fail not in my deep intent,

Clarence hath not another day to live ; 150

Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,

And leave the world for me to bustle in !

For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.

What though I kill'd her husband and her father ?

The readiest way to make the wench amends 155

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. 160

Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives and
reigns ;

When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

Exit.

SCENE II

[The same. Another street.]

Enter the corpse of King Henry VI, with [Gentlemen and] halberds to guard it, [among them Tressel and Berkeley ;] Lady Anne being the mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.

[The coffin is set down.]

Poor key-cold figure of a holy king ! 5
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaught' red son, 10
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these
wounds !

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
O cursed be the hand that made these holes !
Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it ! 15

Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence !
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to wolves, to spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives ! 20
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness ! 25
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him
 Than I am made by my young lord and thee !
 Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there ; 30
 And still, as you are weary of this weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

[The bearers take up the coffin.]

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend
 To stop devoted charitable deeds ? 35

Glou. Villains, set down the corse ; or, by Saint Paul,
 I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glou. Unmanner'd dog ! stand thou, when I command.
 Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, 40

Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The coffin is set down again.*]

Anne. What, do you tremble? Are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil. 45
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glou. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble
us not; 50

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds 55
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells.
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural, 60

Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his
death!

Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer
dead,

Or earth gape open wide and eat him quick, 65
 As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
 Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

Glou. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
 Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man.
 No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity:

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

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

Glou. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman, 75
 Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave
 By circumstance but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, defus'd infection of a man,
 For these known evils, but to give me leave,
 By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self. 80

Glou. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
 Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst
 make

No excuse current but to hang thyself.

Glou. By such despair I should accuse myself. 85

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd
 For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
 That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glou. Say that I slew them not ?

Anne. Then say they were not slain.
 But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee. 90

Glou. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glou. Nay, he is dead ; and slain by Edward's hands.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest ! Queen Margaret saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood ;
The which thou once didst bend against her
breast, 95

But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glou. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamst on aught but butcheries. 100
Didst thou not kill this king ?

Glou. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog ? Then, God grant
me too

Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed !

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous !

Glou. The better for the King of heaven, that hath
him. 105

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glou. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither ;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell. 109

Glou. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glou. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest !

Glou. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glou. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits 115
And fall something into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner ?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Glou. Your beauty was the cause of that effect ; 121
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide, 125
These nails should rend that beauty from my
cheeks.

Glou. These eyes could not endure that beauty's
wreck ;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by.
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that ; it is my day, my life. 130

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy
life !

Glou. Curse not thyself, fair creature ; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glou. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee. 135

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glou. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth. 140

Glou. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glou. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glou. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glou. Here. (*She spits at him.*) Why dost thou spit
at me? 145

Anne. Would it were mortal poison for thy sake!

Glou. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! Thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glou. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine. 150

Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glou. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt
tears,

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops.

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear, 156

No, when my father York and Edward wept

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made

When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child, 160
 Told the sad story of my father's death,
 And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
 That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
 Like trees bedash'd with rain, — in that sad
 time

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ; 165
 And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
 Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weep-
 ing.

I never sued to friend nor enemy ;
 My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing
 words ;

But, now thy beauty is propos'd my fee, 170
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to
 speak. *She looks scornfully at him.*

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made
 For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
 If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive, 174
 Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;
 Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
 And let the soul forth that adareth thee,
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
 And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

*He lays his breast open : she offers at it
 with his sword.*

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill King Henry, 180
 But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now dispatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young
Edward,

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

She falls the sword.

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler ! Though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner. 186

Glou. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glou. That was in thy rage.

Speak it again, and, even with the word,

This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,

Shall for thy love kill a far truer love ; 191

To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glou. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false. 195

Glou. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glou. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glou. But shall I live in hope ? 200

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

[*Glou.*] Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

[*Anne.* To take is not to give.]

[*Puts on the ring.*]

Glou. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart. 205

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
 And if thy poor devoted servant may
 But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
 Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it? 210

Glou. That it may please you leave these sad designs
 To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
 And presently repair to Crosby House ;
 Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
 At Chertsey monastery this noble king, 215
 And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
 I will with all expedient duty see you.
 For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
 Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart ; and much it joys me too,
 To see you are become so penitent. 221
 Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

Glou. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve ;
 But since you teach me how to flatter you,
 Imagine I have said farewell already. 225

Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.

[*Glou.* Sirs, take up the corse.]

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?

Glou. No, to White-Friars ; there attend my coming.

Exeunt all but Gloucester.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?

Was ever woman in this humour won ?

I'll have her ; but I will not keep her long. 230

What ! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by ;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against
me, 235

And I no friends to back my suit withal
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing !
Ha !

Hath she forgot already that brave prince, 240
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury ?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford. 246

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed ?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety ?
On me, that halts and am misshapen thus ? 251
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,

I do mistake my person all this while.
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man. 255
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,

And entertain a score or two of tailors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body.
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost. 260
 But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave ;
 And then return lamenting to my love.
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass. *Exit.*

SCENE III

[*The palace.*]

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.

Riv. Have patience, madam ; there's no doubt his
 Majesty

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse ;
 Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
 And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes. 5

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide on me ?

Grey. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son
 To be your comforter when he is gone. 10

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young, and his minority
 Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,
 A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be Protector ?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet ; 15
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Grey. Here comes the lords of Buckingham and Derby.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal Grace !

Der. God make your Majesty joyful as you have been !

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of
Derby, 20

To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.

Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife,

And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd

I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Der. I do beseech you, either not believe 25

The envious slanders of her false accusers ;

Or, if she be accus'd on true report,

Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds

From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the King to-day, my Lord of Derby ?

Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I 31

Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords ?

Buck. Madam, good hope ; his Grace speaks cheer-
fully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health ! Did you confer with
him ? 35

Buck. Ay, madam. He desires to make atonem
 Between the Duke of Gloucester and your broth⁸⁵
 And between them and my Lord Chamberlain;
 And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well! but that will never
 be. 40

I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter Gloucester [Hastings, and Dorset].

Glou. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
 Who is it that complains unto the King
 That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
 By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly 45
 That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
 Because I cannot flatter and look fair,
 Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
 Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
 I must be held a rancorous enemy. 50
 Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
 But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
 With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To who in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Glou. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace. 55
 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 Grace, —

- Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Riv Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while, 60
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
- Q. Eliz.* Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.
The King, on his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else,
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred, 65
That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send that he may learn the ground.
- Glou.* I cannot tell. The world is grown so bad 70
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not
perch.
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.
- Q. Eliz.* Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
Gloucester ;
You envy my advancement and my friends'. 75
God grant we never may have need of you !
- Glou.* Meantime, God grants that I have need of you.
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt ; while great promotions 80
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a
noble.
- Q. Eliz.* By Him that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,

I never did incense his Majesty 85
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glou. You may deny that you were not the mean 90
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord, for —

Glou. She may, Lord Rivers! Why, who knows not
so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that.
She may help you to many fair preferments, 95
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may, ay, marry, may
she, —

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glou. What, marry, may she! Marry with a king,
A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too. 101
I wis your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs.
By heaven, I will acquaint his Majesty 105
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be thus baited, scorn'd, and stormed at.
Small joy have I in being England's Queen. 110

Enter old Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. And less'ned be that small, God I beseech
Him !

Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.

Glou. What ! threat you me with telling of the King ?
[Tell him, and spare not. Look, what I have
said]

I will avouch't in presence of the King. 115

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak ; my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil ! I do remember them too well :
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury. 120

Glou. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs ;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends.

To royalize his blood I spent mine own. 125

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glou. In all which time you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster ;
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain ? 130
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this, and what you are ;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thou art. 134

Glou. Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick ;
Ay, and forswore himself, — which Jesu pardon ! —

Q. Mar. Which God revenge !

Glou. To fight on Edward's party for the crown ;
And for his meed, poor lord, he's mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's ;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine. 141
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this
world,

Thou cacodemon ! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days 145
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king.
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glou. If I should be ! I had rather be a pedlar.
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof ! 150

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof ; 155
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. [*Advancing.*]

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me !
Which of you trembles not that looks on me ? 160
If not that I am queen, you bow like subjects,

Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like rebels ?

Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away !

Glou. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight ?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd ; 165
That will I make before I let thee go.

Glou. Wert thou not banished on pain of death ?

Q. Mar. I was ; but I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband and a son thou ow'st to me ; 170

And thou a kingdom ; all of you allegiance.

This sorrow that I have, by right is yours,

And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glou. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with
paper, 175

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,

And then, to dry them, gav'st the Duke a clout

Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland, —

His curses, then from bitterness of soul

Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee ; 180

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

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

And the most merciless that e'er was heard of !

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported. 185

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What ! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me ? 190
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish brat ?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven ?
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick
curses ! 196
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder to make him a king !
Edward thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward our son, that was Prince of Wales, 200
Die in his youth by like untimely violence !
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's death,
And see another, as I see thee now, 205
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !
Long die thy happy days before thy death,
And, after many length'ned hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's Queen !
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by, 210
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers : God I pray him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

Glou. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd
hag! 215

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? Stay, dog, for thou shalt
hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation 220
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou
liv'st,

And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine, 225
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell! 230
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested —

Glou. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glou. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glou. I cry thee mercy then, for I did think 235
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

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

O, let me make the period to my curse !

Glou. 'Tis done by me, and ends in "Margaret."

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself. 240

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune !

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottl'd spider,

Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about ?

Fool, fool ! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come that thou shalt wish for me 245

To help thee curse this poisonous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,

Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you ! you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty. 250

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.

O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty !

Dor. Dispute not with her ; she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are malapert ; 255

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.

O, that your young nobility could judge

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable !

They that stand high have many blasts to shake
them ;

And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces. 260

Glou. Good counsel, marry ; learn it, learn it, mar-
quess.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glou. Ay, and much more ; but I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun. 265

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade ; alas ! alas !
Witness my son, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest. 270
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it !
As it is won with blood, lost be it so !

Buck. Peace, peace ! for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me.
Uncharitably with me have you dealt, 275
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame ;
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage !

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand, 280
In sign of league and amity with thee.
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house !
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass 285

The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I will not think but they ascend the sky,

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

[*Aside to Buck.*] O Buckingham, take heed of
yonder dog !

Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and when he
bites, 290

His venom tooth will rankle to the death.

Have not to do with him, beware of him ;

Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,

And all their ministers attend on him.

Glou. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham ?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord. 296

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle
counsel,

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from ?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,

And say poor Margaret was a prophetess ! 301

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's ! *Exit.*

Buck. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine. I muse why she's at liberty.

Glou. I cannot blame her. By God's holy mother, 306

She hath had too much wrong ; and I repent

My part thereof that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glou. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong. 310

I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid ;
He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains.

God pardon them that are the cause thereof ! 315

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Glou. So do I ever, being well advis'd.

Speaks to himself.

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you ; 320

And for your Grace ; and yours, my noble lord.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come. Lords, will you go with me ?

Riv. We wait upon your Grace.

Exeunt all but Gloucester.

Glou. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.

The secret mischiefs that I set abroad 325

I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence, who I, indeed, have cast in darkness,

I do bewep to many simple gulls,

Namely, to Derby, Hastings, Buckingham ;

And tell them 'tis the Queen and her allies 330

That stir the King against the Duke my brother.

Now, they believe it ; and withal whet me

To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset, Grey.
 But then I sigh ; and, with a piece of scripture,
 Tell them that God bids us do good for evil ; 335
 And thus I clothe my naked villainy
 With odd old ends stolen forth of holy writ,
 And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But, soft ! here come my executioners.
 How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates ! 340
 Are you now going to dispatch this thing ?

1. *Murd.* We are, my lord ; and come to have the
 warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glou. Well thought upon ; I have it here about me.

[Gives the warrant.]

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place. 345

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
 Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead ;
 For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
 May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1. *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to
 prate. 350

Talkers are no good doers ; be assur'd

We go to use our hands and not our tongues.

Glou. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes fall
 tears.

I like you, lads ; about your business straight.
Go, go, dispatch.

1. *Murd.* We will, my noble lord. 355
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

[*London. The Tower.*]

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day ?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night, 5
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Keep. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you,
tell me.

Clar. Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ; 10
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. There we look'd toward
England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster 15
That had befallen us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,

Methought that Gloucester stumbled, and, in
falling,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main. 20

O Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !

Methoughts I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;

A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ; 25

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

All scatt'rd in the bottom of the sea.

Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in the holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, 30

As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatt'rd by.

Keep. Had you such leisure in the time of death

To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ? 35

Clar. Methought I had. And often did I strive

To yield the ghost ; but still the envious flood

Stopp'd in my soul, and would not let it forth

To find the empty, vast, and wandering air ;

But smother'd it within my panting bulk, 40

Who almost burst to belch it in the sea.

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

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life.

O, then began the tempest to my soul.

O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !

Keeper, I prithee, sit by me a while.

My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Keep. I will, my lord. God give your Grace good
rest ! *[Clarence sleeps.]*

Enter Brakenbury, the Lieutenant.

Brak. Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours, 76
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide
night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,

An outward honour for an inward toil ;

And, for unfelt imaginations, 80

They often feel a world of restless cares,

So that, between their titles and low name,

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1. *Murd.* Ho ! who's here ?

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow, and how cam'st
thou hither ? 85

2. *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came
hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief ?

1. *Murd.* 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.

Let him see our commission, and talk no 90
more.

Brakenbury reads it.

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
 The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.
 I will not reason what is meant hereby,
 Because I will be guiltless from the meaning. 95
 There lies the Duke asleep, and there the keys.
 I'll to the King, and signify to him
 That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

Exit [with Keeper].

1. *Murd.* You may, sir, 'tis a point of wisdom.
 Fare you well. 100

2. *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he
 sleeps?

1. *Murd.* No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when
 he wakes.

2. *Murd.* Why, he shall never wake until the 105
 great judgement-day.

1. *Murd.* Why, then he'll say we stabb'd him
 sleeping.

2. *Murd.* The urging of that word "judgement"
 hath bred a kind of remorse in me. 110

1. *Murd.* What, art thou afraid?

2. *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant; but
 to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
 no warrant can defend me.

1. *Murd.* I thought thou hadst been resolute. 115

2. *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1. *Murd.* I'll back to the Duke of Gloucester and
 tell him so.

2. *Murd.* Nay, I prithee, stay a little. I hope this passionate humour of mine will change. 120
It was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1. *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2. *Murd.* Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me. 125

1. *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

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

1. *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now? 130

2. *Murd.* O, in the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

1. *Murd.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2. *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go. There's few or none will entertain it. 135

1. *Murd.* What if it come to thee again?

2. *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it; [it is a dangerous thing;] it makes a man a coward. A man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shamefac'd spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom. It fills a man full of obstacles. It made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found. It beggars any man that keeps 140
it. It is turn'd out of towns and cities for a 145

dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and live without it. [’Zounds,] ’tis even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke. 150

[1.] *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not; he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

[2.] *Murd.* I am strong-fram’d, he cannot prevail with me. 155

[1.] *Murd.* Spoke like a tall man that respects thy reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

[2.] *Murd.* Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room. 160

[1.] *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

[2.] *Murd.* Soft! He wakes.

[1.] *Murd.* Strike!

[2.] *Murd.* No, we’ll reason with him. 165

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

[1.] *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God’s name, what art thou?

[2.] *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal. 170

[2.] *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

[2.] *Murd.* My voice is now the King’s, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me. Why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2. Murd. To, to, to —

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, 180

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1. Murd. Offended us you have not, but the King.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2. Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you drawn forth among a world of men 186

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd 190

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope [to have redemption

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins.]

That you depart and lay no hands on me. 196

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1. Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.

2. Murd. And he that hath commanded is our King.

Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings 200

Hath in the table of his law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder. Will you, then,
Spurn at His edict and fulfil a man's ?

Take heed ; for He holds vengeance in His hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break His law. 205

2: *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth He hurl on
thee

For false forswearing and for murder too.

Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight

In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1. *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God, 210
Didst break that vow ; and with thy treacherous
blade

Unripp'd'st the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2. *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and
defend.

1. *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to
us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree ? 215

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

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake,

He sends you not to murder me for this,

For in that sin he is as deep as I. 220

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you yet, He doth it publicly.

Take not the quarrel from His powerful arm ;

He needs no indirect or lawless course

To cut off those that have offended Him. 225

1. *Murd.* Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,

When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1. Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy
faults 230

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me!

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloucester, 235

Who shall reward you better for my life

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2. Murd. You are deceiv'd. Your brother Gloucester
hates you.

Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear.

Go you to him from me.

1. Murd. Ay, so we will. 240

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,

[And charg'd us from his soul to love each
other,]

He little thought of this divided friendship.

Bid Gloucester think on this, and he will weep. 245

1. Murd. Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1. Murd. Right; as snow in harvest.

Come, you deceive yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here. 250

Clar. It cannot be ; for he bewept my fortune
 And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with sobs
 That he would labour my delivery.

1. *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
 From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2. *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die,
 my lord. 256

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your souls,
 To counsel me to make my peace with God,
 And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
 That you will war with God by murd'ring me ? 260
 O, sirs, consider, they that set you on
 To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

2. *Murd.* What shall we do ?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1. *Murd.* Relent ! No ! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish. 265

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
 Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
 If two such murderers as yourselves came to
 you,

Would not entreat for life ?

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks. 270

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,

As you would beg, were you in my distress.

A begging prince what beggar pities not ?

2. *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord. 275

1. *Murd.* Take that, and that. If all this will not
do, *Stabs him.*

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

Exit [with the body].

2. *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murder! 280

Re-enter First Murderer.

1. *Murd.* How now! what mean'st thou, that thou
help'st me not?

By heaven, the Duke shall know how slack you
have been!

2. *Murd.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his
brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the Duke is slain. 285

Exit.

1. *Murd.* So do not I. Go, coward as thou art.

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole
Till that the Duke give order for his burial;
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. 290

Exit.

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

[*London. The palace.*]

Flourish. Enter King Edward sick, Queen Elizabeth, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Woodville, [Grey, and others].

K. Edw. Why, so: now have I done a good day's work.

You peers, continue this united league.

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;

And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven, 5

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Hastings and Rivers, take each other's hand;

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love. 10

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king,

Lest He that is the supreme King of kings

Confound your hidden falsehood, and award

Either of you to be the other's end. 15

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

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart !

K. Edw. Madam, your self is not exempt from this,
Nor you, son Dorset, Buckingham, nor you ;
You have been factious one against the other. 20
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand ;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings ; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine !

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him ; Hastings, love lord
marquess. 25

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*They embrace.*]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this
league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies, 30
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace [*to the Queen*], but with all duteous
love

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love ! 35

When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,

Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile

Be he unto me ! This do I beg of Heaven,

When I am cold in love to you or yours. 40

They embrace.

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, 45
Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliff and the Duke.

Enter Gloucester and Ratcliff.

Glou. Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen ;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day !

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.
Gloucester, we have done deeds of charity ;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate, 50
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glou. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe ; 55

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught 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 ; 60

I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service ;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us ; 65

Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset ;
 That all without desert have frown'd on me ;
 Of you, Lord Woodville, and, Lord Scales, of you ;
 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ; indeed, of all.
 I do not know that Englishman alive
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds 70
 More than the infant that is born to-night.
 I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter.
 I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
 My sovereign lord, I do beseech your Highness 75
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glou. Why, madam, have I off'red love for this,
 To be so flouted in this royal presence ?
 Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead ?

They all start.

You do him injury to scorn his corpse. 80

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead ! Who knows
 he is ?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this !

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest ?

Dor. Ay, my good lord ; and no man in the presence
 But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks. 85

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead ? The order was revers'd.

Glou. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
 And that a winged Mercury did bear ;
 Some tardy cripple bare the countermand,
 That came too lag to see him buried. 90

God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
 Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
 Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
 And yet go current from suspicion !

Enter Derby.

Der. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done ! 95
 [*Kneels.*]

K. Edw. I prithee, peace ; my soul is full of sorrow.

Der. I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once what is it thou requests.

Der. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life,
 Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman 100
 Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's
 death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?

My brother kill'd no man ; his fault was thought,
 And yet his punishment was bitter death. 105

Who sued to me for him ? Who, in my wrath,
 Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd ?

Who spoke of brotherhood ? Who spoke of love ?
 Who told me how the poor soul did forsake

The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me ? 110

Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
 When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
 And said, "Dear brother, live, and be a king" ?
 Who told me, when we both lay in the field

Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me 115
 Even in his garments, and did give himself,
 All thin and naked, to the numb cold night ?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind. 120
 But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, par-
 don ;

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you. 125

[*Derby rises.*]

But for my brother not a man would speak,
 Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
 Have been beholding to him in his life ;
 Yet none of you would once beg for his life. 130
 O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this !
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah, poor
 Clarence !

Exeunt some with King and Queen.

Glou. This is the fruit of rashness ! Mark'd you not
 How that the guilty kindred of the Queen 135
 Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence'
 death ?

O, they did urge it still unto the King !

God will revenge it. Come, lords, will you go
To comfort Edward with our company.

Buck. We wait upon your Grace.

140

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[*The palace.*]

Enter the old Duchess of York, with the two Children of Clarence.

Boy. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Girl. Why do you weep so oft, and beat your breast,
And cry, "O Clarence, my unhappy son!"

Boy. Why do you look on us, and shake your head, 5
And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,
If that our noble father were alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both.
I do lament the sickness of the King,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death; 10
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Boy. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.
The King mine uncle is to blame for it.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect. 15

Girl. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the King doth love you
well,

Incapable and shallow innocents,

You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Boy. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloucester 20

Told me the King, provok'd to it by the Queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him.

And when my uncle told me so, he wept,

And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;

Bade me rely on him as on my father, 25

And he would love me dearly as a child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizer hide deep vice!

He is my son, ay, and therein my shame;

Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit. 30

Boy. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Boy. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

*Enter Queen Elizabeth, with her hair about her ears;
Rivers and Dorset after her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,

To chide my fortune, and torment myself? 35

I'll join with black despair against my soul,

And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence.

Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead. 40

Why grow the branches when the root is gone?

Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
 If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,
 That our swift-winged souls may catch the King's;
 Or, like obedient subjects, follow him 45
 To his new kingdom of ne'er-changing night.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
 As I had title in thy noble husband!
 I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
 And liv'd with looking on his images; 50
 But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
 Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
 And I for comfort have but one false glass,
 That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
 Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother, 55
 And hast the comfort of thy children left:
 But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine
 arms,
 And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
 Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,
 Thine being but a moiety of my moan, 60
 To overgo thy woes and drown thy cries!

Boy. Ah! aunt, you wept not for our father's death;
 How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Girl. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
 Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept! 65

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
 I am not barren to bring forth complaints.
 All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,

That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
 May send forth plenteous tears to drown the
 world ! 70

Ah for my husband, for my dear lord Edward !

Chil. Ah for our father, for our dear lord Clarence !

Duch. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence !

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward ? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence ? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they ? and they are
 gone. 76

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss !

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss !

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss !

Alas, I am the mother of these griefs ! 80

Their woes are parcell'd, mine is general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I ;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she ;

These babes for Clarence weep, [and so do I ;

I for an Edward weep,] so do not they. 85

Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

Pour all your tears ! I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentation.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother. God is much displeas'd

That you take with unthankfulness His doing. 90

In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
 For it requires the royal debt it lent you. 95

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
 Of the young prince your son. Send straight for
 him ;

Let him be crown'd ; in him your comfort lives.
 Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
 And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

*Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, and
 Ratcliff.*

Glou. Sister, have comfort. All of us have cause 101
 To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
 But none can help our harms by wailing them.
 Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy ;
 I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee
 I crave your blessing. 106

Duch. God bless thee ; and put meekness in thy
 breast,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

Glou. [*Aside.*] Amen ; and make me die a good old
 man !

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing. 110
 I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
 That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,
 Now cheer each other in each other's love.
 Though we have spent our harvest of this king,

We are to reap the harvest of his son. 116

The broken rancour of your high-swoln hates,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept.

Me seemeth good, that, with some little train, 120

Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet'

Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,

The new-heal'd wound of malice should break
out; 125

Which would be so much the more dangerous,

By how much the estate is green and yet un-
govern'd.

Where every horse bears his commanding rein

And may direct his course as please himself,

As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent, 130

In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glou. I hope the King made peace with all of us;

And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all.

Yet, since it is but green, it should be put 135

To no apparent likelihood of breach,

Which haply by much company might be urg'd;

Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,

That it is meet so few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I.

140

Glou. Then be it so ; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Lud-
low.

Madam, and you, my sister, will you go
To give your censures in this business ?

[*Q. Eliz.* } With all our hearts.] 145
[*Duch.* }

*Exeunt all but Buckingham and
Gloucester.*

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the Prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home ;
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the
Prince. 150

Glou. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet, my dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Toward Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

Exeunt.

SCENE III

[*London. A street.*]

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

1. *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour ; whither away so fast ?

2. *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself.

Hear you the news abroad ?

1. *Cit.* Yes, that the King is dead.
 2. *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady ; seldom comes the better.
 I fear, I fear 'twill prove a giddy world. 5

Enter another Citizen.

3. *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed !
 1. *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.
 3. *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King Edward's
 death ?
 2. *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help the while !
 3. *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
 1. *Cit.* No, no ; by God's good grace his son shall
 reign. 10
 3. *Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child !
 2. *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government,
 That in his nonage, council under him,
 And in his full and ripened years himself,
 No doubt, shall then and till then govern well. 15
 1. *Cit.* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
 Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
 3. *Cit.* Stood the state so ? No, no, good friends, God
 wot ;
 For then this land was famously enrich'd
 With politic grave counsel ; then the King 20
 Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.
 1. *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and
 mother.
 2. *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father,

Or by his father there were none at all ;
 For emulation, who shall now be nearest, 25
 Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
 O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,
 And the Queen's sons and brothers haught and
 proud !

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
 This sickly land might solace as before. 30

1. *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst ; all will be
 well.

3. *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their
 cloaks ;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;
 When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?
 Untimely storms makes men expect a dearth. 35
 All may be well ; but, if God sort it so,
 'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2. *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear.
 You cannot reason almost with a man
 That looks not heavily and full of dread. 40

3. *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so.
 By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
 Ensuing danger ; as, by proof, we see
 The water swell before a boisterous storm.
 But leave it all to God. Whither away ? 45

2. *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3. *Cit.* And so was I. I'll bear you company.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV

[London. The palace.]

Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, Queen Elizabeth, and the Duchess of York.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford they do rest to-night.
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the Prince.
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him. 5

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say my son of York
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my good cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper, 10
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother. "Ay," quoth my uncle
Gloucester,

"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow
apace;"

And since, methinks I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make
haste. 15

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not
hold

In him that did object the same to thee.
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,

So long a-growing and so leisurely,

That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious. 20

[*Arch.*] And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been rememb'ed,

I could have given my uncle's Grace a flout,

To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I prithee, let me hear
it. 26

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast

That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;

'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest. 30

Duch. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast
born.

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

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy! Go to, you are too shrewd. 35

Duch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger. What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

Q. Eliz. How doth the Prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them ?

Mess. The mighty dukes
Gloucester and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence ? 45

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd.

Why or for what the nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.

Q. Eliz. Ay me, I see the ruin of my house !
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind ; 50
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and aweless throne.
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre !
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days, 55
How many of you have mine eyes beheld !
My husband lost his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my sons were toss'd
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss ;
And being seated, and domestic broils 60
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves, brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self. O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen ;
Or let me die, to look on earth no more ! 65

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy ; we will to sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. [*To the Queen.*] My gracious lady, go ;

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace 70

The seal I keep ; and so betide to me

As well I tender you and all of yours !

Go, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. *Exeunt.*



ACT THIRD

SCENE I

[*London. A street.*]

The trumpets sound. Enter the young Prince, the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Cardinal [Bourchier, Catesby,] and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glou. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign.
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy. 5
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glou. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit.
No more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart. 11
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your Grace attended to their sug'red words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts.
God keep you from them, and from such false
friends! 15

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glou. My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor [and his train].

May. God bless your Grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all. [*Mayor and train retire.*]

I thought my mother and my brother York 20
Would long ere this have met us on the way.

Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord. What, will our mother come? 25

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The Queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary. The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your
Grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld. 30

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers! Lord Cardinal, will your Grace

Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently ?

If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him, 35
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here ; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God [in heaven] forbid 40
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary ! Not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional. 45
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place.
This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserv'd
it, 51

And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men, 55
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me ?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you
may. 60

Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.

Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glou. Where think'st best unto your royal self.

If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower;
Then where you please, and shall be thought most
fit 66

For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.

Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place; 70
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edifi'd.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not regist'ed, 75
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glou. [*Aside.*] So wise so young, they say, do never
live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle? 80

Glou. I say, without characters, fame lives long.

[*Aside.*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

- Prince.* That Julius Cæsar was a famous man ;
 With what his valour did enrich his wit, 85
 His wit set down to make his valour live.
 Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;
 For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
 I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham, —
- Buck.* What, my gracious lord ? 90
- Prince.* An if I live until I be a man,
 I'll win our ancient right in France again,
 Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.
- Glou.* [*Aside.*] Short summers lightly have a forward
 spring.

Enter young York Hastings, and the Cardinal.

- Buck.* Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of
 York. 95
- Prince.* Richard of York ! how fares our noble brother ?
- York.* Well, my dread lord ; so must I call you now.
- Prince.* Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours.
 Too late he died that might have kept that title,
 Which by his death hath lost much majesty. 100
- Glou.* How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York ?
- York.* I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
 You said that idle weeds are fast in growth :
 The Prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
- Glou.* He hath, my lord.
- York.* And therefore is he idle ?
- Glou.* O, my fair cousin, I must not say so. 106

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

Glou. He may command me as my sovereign ;

But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger. 110

Glou. My dagger, little cousin ? With all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother ?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give ;

And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glou. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin. 115

York. A greater gift ! O, that's the sword to it.

Glou. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

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

In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glou. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear. 120

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glou. What, would you have my weapon, little lord ?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glou. How ?

York. Little. 125

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk.

Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me.

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me.

Because that I am little, like an ape, 130

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. [*Aside to Hastings.*] With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons !

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himself.

So cunning and so young is wonderful. 135

Glou. My lord, will't please you pass along?

Myself and my good cousin Buckingham

Will to your mother, to entreat of her

To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord? 140

Prince. My Lord Protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glou. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost.

My grandam told me he was murder'd there. 145

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glou. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.

But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,

Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower. 150

A Sennet. Exeunt all but Gloucester, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York

Was not incensed by his subtle mother

To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glou. No doubt, no doubt. O, 'tis a perilous boy;

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable. 155

He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby.

Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend

As closely to conceal what we impart. 159

Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way ;
 What think'st thou ? Is it not an easy matter
 To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
 For the instalment of this noble duke
 In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the Prince, 165
 That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou, then, of Stanley ? Will
 not he ?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well, then, no more but this : go, gentle
 Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
 How he doth stand affected to our purpose ; 171
 And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
 To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
 Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons. 175

If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
 Be thou so too ; and so break off the talk,
 And give us notice of his inclination ;

For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
 Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd. 180

Glou. Commend me to Lord William. Tell him,
 Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
 To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle ;

And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more. 185

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glou. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we
sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glou. At Crosby House, there shall you find us both. 190

Exit Catesby.

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glou. Chop off his head; something we will determine.

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me

The earldom of Hereford, and all the movables

Whereof the King my brother was possess'd. 196

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand.

Glou. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards

We may digest our complots in some form. 200

Exeunt.

SCENE II

Before Lord Hastings' house.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord! my lord!

Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?

Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.

Hast. [*Within.*] What is't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

5

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Can't my lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?

Mess. So it appears by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hast. What then?

Mess. Then certifies your lordship that this night 10

He dreamt the boar had razed off his helm.

Besides, he says there are two councils kept;

And that may be determin'd at the one

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

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleas-

ure,

15

If you will presently take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;

Bid him not fear the separated councils. 20

His honour and myself are at the one,

And at the other is my good friend Catesby;

Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us

Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance; 25

And for his dreams, I wonder he's so simple

To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.

To fly the boar before the boar pursues,

Were to incense the boar to follow us
 And make pursuit where he did mean no chase. 30
 Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;
 And we will both together to the Tower,
 Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord ! 35

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby ; you are early stirring.

What news, what news, in this our tott'ring state ?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord,
 And, I believe, will never stand upright
 Till Richard wear the garland of the realm. 40

Hast. How ! wear the garland ! Dost thou mean the
 crown ?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoul-
 ders

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ? 45

Cate. Ay, on my life ; and hopes to find you forward
 Upon his party for the gain thereof ;
 And thereupon he sends you this good news,
 That this same very day your enemies,
 The kindred of the Queen, must die at Pomfret. 50

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,

Because they have been still my adversaries ;
 But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
 To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
 God knows I will not do it, to the death. 55

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind !

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
 That they which brought me in my master's hate,
 I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older, 60
 I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
 When men are unprepar'd and look not for it. 65

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous ! and so falls it out
 With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey ; and so 'twill do
 With some men else, that think themselves as safe
 As thou and I ; who, as thou know'st, are dear
 To princely Richard and to Buckingham. 70

Cate. The Princes both make high account of you,
 [*Aside.*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do ; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

— Come on, come on [*to Stanley*] ; where is your
 boar-spear, man ?

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided ? 75

Stan. My lord, good morrow ; good morrow, Catesby.
 You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
 I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours ; 80
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now.
Think 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, 85
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust ;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt.
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward ! 90
What, shall we toward the Tower ? The day is
spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you. Wot you what,
my lord ?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their
heads
Than some that have accus'd them wear their
hats. 95
But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before ; I'll talk with this good fellow.
Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.
How now, sirrah ! how goes the world with thee ?
Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now 100
 Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet.
 Then was I going prisoner to the Tower
 By the suggestion of the Queen's allies ;
 But now, I tell thee — keep it to thyself —
 This day those enemies are put to death, 105
 And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content !

Hast. Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that for me.

Throws him his purse.

Purs. I thank your honour.

Exit.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord ; I am glad to see your
 honour. 110

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise ;

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Priest. I'll wait upon your lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, Lord Chamberlain ?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest ;

Your honour hath no shriving work in hand. 116

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower ?

Buck. I do, my lord ; but long I cannot stay there. 120

I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. [*Aside.*] And supper too, although thou know'st
it not.

Come, will you go ?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. 125

Exeunt.

SCENE III

Pomfret [Castle]

*Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying
Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan to death.*

[*Rat.* Come, bring forth the prisoners.]

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this :

To-day shalt thou behold a subject die

For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God bless the Prince from all the pack of you !

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers. 6

Vaug. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch ; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret ! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers ! 10

Within the guilty closure of thy walls

Richard the Second here was hack'd to death ;

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads, 15
 When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I
 For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buck-
 ingham,

Then curs'd she Hastings. O, remember, God,
 To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!
 And for my sister and her princely sons, 20
 Be satisfi'd, dear God, with our true blood,
 Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.

Riv. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us here em-
 brace.

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. 25

Exeunt.

SCENE IV

[*The Tower of London.*]

*Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely,
 Ratcliff, Lovel, with others, [and take their seats]
 at a table.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
 Is, to determine of the coronation.

In God's name speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Is all things ready for the royal time?

Der. It is, and wants but nomination. 5

Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the royal Duke?

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

Buck. [Who, I, my lord?] 10

We know each other's faces; for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours,
Or I of his, my lord, than you of mine.

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well; 15

But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my honourable lords, may name the
time;

And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice, 20
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the Duke himself.

Glou. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.

I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design 25
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your
part, —

I mean, your voice, — for crowning of the King.

Glou. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder ;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well. 31

[*Hast.* I thank your Grace.]

Glou. My Lord of Ely !

[*Ely.* My lord ?]

Glou. When I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there.
I do beseech you send for some of them. 35

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. *Exit.*

Glou. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Drawing him aside.*]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot
That he will lose his head ere give consent 40
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself a while ; I'll go with you.
Exeunt [Gloucester and Buckingham].

Der. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgement, is too sudden ; 45
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloucester ?
I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth this
morning. 50

There's some conceit or other likes him well
 When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
 I think there's never a man in Christendom
 Can lesser hide his love or hate than he ;
 For by his face straight shall you know his heart.;

Der. What of his heart perceive you in his face 56
 By any likelihood he show'd to-day ?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended ;
 For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

[*Der.* I pray God he be not, I say.] 60

Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glou. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
 That do conspire my death with devilish plots
 Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
 Upon my body with their hellish charms ?

Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my lord, 65
 Makes me most forward in this princely presence
 To doom the offenders, whosoe'er they be.
 I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glou. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.
 Look how I am bewitch'd ; behold mine arm 70
 Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up.
 And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
 Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
 That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord, —

Glou. If! Thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of "ifs"? Thou art a traitor!
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done. 80

The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did raze our helms,
And I did scorn it and disdain to fly. 85

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did
stumble,

And started, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I need the priest that spake to me;
I now repent I told the pursuivant, 90

As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head! 95

Rat. Come, come, dispatch; the Duke would be at
dinner.

Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks, 100

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
 Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
 Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard! miserable England! 105

I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
 That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.

Come, lead me to the block; bear him my
 head.

They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.

Exeunt.

SCENE V

[*The Tower-walls.*]

*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, in rotten armour,
 marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glou. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change
 thy colour,

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,

And then again begin, and stop again,

As if thou were distraught and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian; 5

Speak and look back, and pry on every side,

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

Intending deep suspicion. Ghastly looks

Are at my service, like enforced smiles;

And both are ready in their offices,

10

At any time, to grace my stratagems.

But what, is Catesby gone?

Glou. He is; and, see, he brings the Mayor along.

Enter the Mayor and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Mayor —

Glou. Look to the drawbridge there! 15

Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glou. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent —

Glou. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies. 19

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!

Enter Lovel and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head.

Glou. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.

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

Glou. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless creature 25

That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;

Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded

The history of all her secret thoughts.

So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue

That, his apparent open guilt omitted, 30

I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,

He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelt'red
traitor

That ever liv'd.

Would you imagine, or almost believe, 35

Were't not that, by great preservation,

We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor

This day had plotted, in the council-house

To murder me and my good lord of Gloucester ?

May. Had he done so ? 40

Glou. What, think you we are Turks or infidels ?

Or that we would, against the form of law,

Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,

But that the extreme peril of the case,

The peace of England, and our persons' safety 45

Enforc'd us to this execution ?

May. Now, fair befall you ! he deserv'd his death ;

And your good Graces both have well proceeded

To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

I never look'd for better at his hands, 50

After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Glou. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,

Until your lordship came to see his end ;

Which now the loving haste of these our friends,

Something against our meanings, have prevented ;

Because, my lord, I would have had you heard 56

The traitor speak, and timorously confess

The manner and the purpose of his treasons ;

That you might well have signifi'd the same

Unto the citizens, who haply may 60

Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your Grace's words shall
serve

As well as I had seen and heard him speak ;
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
That I'll acquaint our duteous citizens 65
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glou. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend. 70
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

Exit Mayor.

Glou. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.

The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post.

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children. 75

Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,

Only for saying he would make his son

Heir to the crown ; meaning indeed his house,

Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.

Moreover, urge his hateful luxury, 80

And bestial appetite in change of lust ;

Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,
wives,

Even where his raging eye or savage heart,

Without control, lusted to make a prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person : 85

Tell them, when that my mother went with child

Of that insatiate Edward, noble York
 My princely father then had wars in France ;
 And, by true computation of the time,
 Found that the issue was not his begot ; 90
 Which well appeared in his lineaments,
 Being nothing like the noble Duke my father.
 Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off ;
 Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator 95
 As if the golden fee for which I plead
 Were for myself ; and so, my lord, adieu.

Glou. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's
 Castle,

Where you shall find me well accompanied
 With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go ; and towards three or four o'clock 101
 Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

Exit.

Glou. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw ;
 [*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker ; bid them
 both

Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle. 105

Exeunt [all but Gloucester].

Now will I go to take some privy order,
 To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight ;
 And to give notice, that no manner person
 Have any time recourse unto the princes.

Exit.

Glou. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did ; with his contract with Lady Lucy, 5
And his contract by deputy in France ;
The unsatiate greediness of his desire,
And his enforcement of the city wives ;
His tyranny for trifles ; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France, 10
And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind ;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland, 15
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse.
And when my oratory drew toward end, 20
I bid them that did love their country's good
Cry, "God save Richard, England's royal king !"

Glou. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word ;
But, like dumb statuës or breathing stones, 25
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale ;
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Mayor what meant this wilful
silence.

His answer was, the people were not used

To be spoke to but by the Recorder. 30

Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again,

“Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke in-
ferr'd ;”

But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.

When he had done, some followers of mine own,

At the lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,

And some ten voices cried, “God save King
Richard !” 36

And thus I took the vantage of those few,

“Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,” quoth I ;

“This general applause and cheerful shout

Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard :”

And even here brake off, and came away. 41

Glou. What tongueless blocks were they ! Would
they not speak ?

[*Buck.* No, by my troth, my lord.]

Glou. Will not the Mayor then and his brethren
come ?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear ;

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit ; 46

And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,

And stand between two churchmen, good my
lord, —

For on that ground I'll make a holy descant —

And be not easily won to our requests. 50

Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take
it.

Glou. I go ; and if you plead as well for them
 As I^s can say nay to thee for myself,
 No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue. 54

Buck. Go, go up to the leads ; the Lord Mayor
 knocks. *Exit [Gloucester].*

Enter the Mayor and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord ! I dance attendance here ;
 I think the Duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby [from the castle].

[Here comes his servant.]

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request ?

Cate. He doth entreat your Grace, my noble lord,
 To visit him to-morrow or next day. 60
 He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
 Divinely bent to meditation ;
 And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
 To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke ; 65
 Tell him, myself, the Mayor and Aldermen,
 In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
 No less importing than our general good,
 Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. *Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward !
 He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed, 72

But on his knees at meditation ;
 Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
 But meditating with two deep divines ; 75
 Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
 But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
 Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
 Take on his Grace the sovereignty thereof ;
 But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it. 80

May. Marry, God defend his Grace should say us
 nay !

Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.

Re-enter Catesby.

Now, Catesby, what says his Grace ?

Cate. [My lord,]
 He wonders to what end you have assembled
 Such troops of citizens to come to him, 85
 His Grace not being warn'd thereof before.
 He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
 Suspect me, that I mean no good to him.
 By heaven, we come to him in perfect love ; 90
 And so once more return and tell his Grace.

Exit Catesby.

When holy and devout religious men
 Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence,
 So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Gloucester aloft, between two Bishops. [Catesby returns].

May. See, where his Grace stands 'tween two clergymen ! 95

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity ;
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince, 100
Lend favourable ear to our requests ;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glou. My lord, there needs no such apology.
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me, 105
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure ?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle. 110

Glou. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord. Would it might please
your Grace,

On our entreaties, to amend your fault ! 115

Glou. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you resign

The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
 The sceptred office of your ancestors,
 Your state of fortune, and your due of birth, 120
 The lineal glory of your royal house,
 To the corruption of a blemish'd stock ;
 Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
 Which here we waken to our country's good,
 The noble isle doth want his proper limbs ; 125
 His face defac'd with scars of infamy,
 His royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
 And almost should' red in the swallowing gulf
 Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
 Which to recure, we heartily solicit 130
 Your gracious self to take on you the charge
 And kingly government of this your land,
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,
 Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
 But as successively from blood to blood, 135
 Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
 For this, consorted with the citizens,
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,
 And by their vehement instigation,
 In this just cause come I to move your Grace. 140

Glou. I cannot tell if to depart in silence,
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
 Best fitteth my degree or your condition.
 If not to answer, you might haply think
 Tongue-ti'd ambition, not replying, yielded 145

To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends. 150
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you :
Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request. 155
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As my right revenue and due of birth ;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects, 160
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me, 165
And much I need to help you, were there need.
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign. 170
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,
Which God defend that I should wring from him !

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your Grace ;
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial, 175
 All circumstances well considered.
 You say that Edward is your brother's son :
 So say we too, but not by Edward's wife ;
 For first was he contract to Lady Lucy —
 Your mother lives a witness to his vow — 180
 And afterward by substitute betroth'd
 To Bona, sister to the King of France.
 These both put off, a poor petitioner,
 A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
 A beauty-waning and distressed widow, 185
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
 Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree
 To base declension and loath'd bigamy.
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got 190
 This Edward, whom our manners call the Prince.
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Save that, for reverence to some alive,
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self 195
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity ;
 If not to bless us and the land withal,
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
 From the corruption of abusing times,
 Unto a lineal true-derived course. 200

May. Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit !

Glou. Alas, why would you heap this care on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty. 205

I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;

I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, — as, in love and zeal,

Loath to depose the child, your brother's son ;

As well we know your tenderness of heart 210

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,

Which we have noted in you to your kindred,

And equally indeed to all estates, —

Yet know, whe'er you accept our suit or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our king ; 215

But we will plant some other in the throne,

To the disgrace and downfall of your house ;

And in this resolution here we leave you. —

Come, citizens ! [Zounds !] we'll entreat no
more.

[*Glou.* O, do not swear, my Lord of Buckingham.] 220

Exit Buckingham [with the Citizens].

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit.

If you deny them all the land will rue it.

Glou. Will you enforce me to a world of cares ?

Call them again. [*Catesby goes to the Mayor, and
exit.*] I am not made of stones,

But penetrable to your kind entreaties, 225

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter Buckingham, [Catesby] and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
 Since you will buckle Fortune on my back,
 To bear her burden, whe'er I will or no,
 I must have patience to endure the load. 230
 But if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,
 Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
 From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;
 For God doth know, and you may partly see, 235
 How far I am from the desire of this.

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

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

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title :

Long live King Richard, England's worthy king !

All. Amen. 241

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd ?

Glou. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your Grace ;
 And so most joyfully we take our leave. 245

Glou. [*To the Bishops.*] Come, let us to our holy work
 again.

Farewell, my cousins ; farewell, gentle friends.

Exeunt.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

[*Before the Tower.*]

Enter Queen Elizabeth, the Duchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset at one door; Anne, Duchess of Gloucester, [leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter] at another door.

Duch. Who meets us here? My niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love to greet the tender prince.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day! 6

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there. 10

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together.

Enter the lieutenant [Brakenbury].

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience, 15
I may not suffer you to visit them ;

The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The King ! Who's that ?

Brak. [I cry you mercy !] I mean the Lord Protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly
title ! 20

Hath he set bounds between their love and me ?

I am their mother ; who shall bar me from them ?

Duch. I am their father's mother ; I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother ;

Then bring me to their sights. I'll bear thy
blame 25

And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no ; I may not leave it so.

I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

Exit.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of York as mother 30
And reverend looker on of two fair queens.

[*To Anne.*] Come, madam, you must straight to
Westminster,

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. O, cut my lace asunder, that my pent heart
May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon 35
With this dead-killing news !

Anne. Despiteful tidings ! O unpleasing news !

Dor. Be of good cheer. Mother, how fares your
Grace ?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone !
Death and destruction dogs thee at thy heels ; 40
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead ; 45
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.
Take all the swift advantage of the hours ;
You shall have letters from me to my son 50
In your behalf, to meet you on the way.
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery !
O my accursed womb, the bed of death !
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world, 55
Whose unavoyded eye is murderous.

Stan. Come, madam, come ; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.
O, would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow 60
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brains !
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, "God save the Queen !"

- Q. Eliz.* Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory ;
 To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm. 65
- Anne.* No ! why ? When he that is my husband now
 Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,
 When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his
 hands
 Which issued from my other angel husband
 And that dear saint which then I weeping fol-
 low'd ; 70
- O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
 This was my wish : "Be thou," quoth I, "ac-
 curs'd,
 For making me, so young, so old a widow !
 And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed ;
 And be thy wife — if any be so mad — 75
 More miserable by the life of thee
 Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !"
 Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
 Within so small a time, my woman's heart
 Grossly grew captive to his honey words 80
 And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse,
 Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest ;
 For never yet one hour in his bed
 Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
 But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd. 85
 Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick ;
 And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.
- Q. Eliz.* Poor heart, adieu ! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory! 90

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Duch. [*To Dorset.*] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!

[*To Anne.*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!

[*To Queen Eliz.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen, 96
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls! 100
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[*London. The palace.*]

Sennet. Enter Richard, in pomp, crowned; Buckingham, Catesby [*a Page, and others*].

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham!

Buck. My gracious sovereign?

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. (*Here he ascendeth the throne. Sound.*) Thus high, by thy advice
 And thy assistance, is King Richard seated ;
 But shall we wear these glories for a day ? 5
 Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last !

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
 To try if thou be current gold indeed.
 Young Edward lives : think now what I would
 speak. 10

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice renowned lord.

K. Rich. Ha ! am I king ? 'Tis so : but Edward
 lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence, 15
 That Edward still should live ! "True, noble
 prince !"

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plain ? I wish the bastards dead ;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now ? Speak suddenly ; be
 brief. 20

Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness
 freezes.

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die ?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this. 25

I will resolve you herein presently. *Exit.*

Cate. [*Aside to a stander by.*] The King is angry ; see,
he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools
And unrespective boys ; none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes. 30
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy!

Page. My lord ?

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Will tempt unto a close exploit of death ? 35

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit.
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

K. Rich. What is his name ?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man ; go, call him hither.
Exit Page. 41

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath ? Well, be it so. 45

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the news ?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The Marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

[*Stands apart.*]

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby. Rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick; 51
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter;
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him. 55
Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out
That Anne my queen is sick and like to die.
About it; for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

I must be married to my brother's daughter, 61
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin! 65
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter [Page, with Sir James] Tyrrel.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine? 70

Tyr. Please you ;

But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, there thou hast it ; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers
Are they that I would have thee deal upon. 75
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come
hither, Tyrrel.

Go, by this token. Rise, and lend thine ear. 80

Whispers.

There is no more but so ; say it is done,
And I will love thee and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight.

[*K. Rich.* Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we sleep ?

Tyr. Ye shall, my lord.] *Exit.*

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late request that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Rich-
mond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son : well, look
unto it. 90

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd ;

The earldom of Hereford and the movables
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife. If she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it. 96

Buck. What says your Highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy. 100
A king, perhaps, [perhaps, —

Buck. My lord!

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom, — 105

K. Rich. Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rougemont; at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond. 110

Buck. My lord!

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

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

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike. 115

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the
stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

K. Rich. Tut, tut,] 121

Thou troublest me ; I am not in the vein.

Exeunt all but Buckingham.

Buck. And is it thus ? Repays he my deep service

With such contempt ? Made I him king for this ?

O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone 125

To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on !

Exit.

SCENE III

[*The same.*]

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done,

The most arch deed of piteous massacre

That ever yet this land was guilty of.

Dighton and Forrest, who I did suborn

To do this piece of ruthless butchery, 5

Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,

Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,

Wept like two children in their death's sad story.

“O, thus,” quoth Dighton, “lay the gentle babes ;”

“Thus, thus,” quoth Forrest, “girdling one another

Within their alabaster innocent arms. 11

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. *Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close ;
 His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage ;
 The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
 And Anne my wife hath bid this world good-night.
 Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims 40
 At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
 And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
 To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord !

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so
 bluntly ? 45

Rat. Bad news, my lord. Morton is fled to Richmond ;
 And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welsh-
 men,
 Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near 49
 Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
 Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting
 Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;
 Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.
 Then fiery expedition be my wing,
 Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king ! 55
 Go, muster men ! My counsel is my shield ;
 We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV

[*Before the palace.*]*Enter old Queen Margaret.*

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
 Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,
 To watch the waning of mine enemies.
 A dire induction am I witness to, 5
 And will to France, hoping the consequence
 Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
 Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret; who comes
 here? [Retires.]

Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
 My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets! 10
 If yet your gentle souls fly in the air
 And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
 Hover about me with your airy wings
 And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right 15
 Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
 That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
 Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet. 20
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was
done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son. 25

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life
usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
[Sitting down.]

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood! 30

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?

[Sitting down by her.]

Q. Mar. *[Coming forward.]* If ancient sorrow be most
reverend, 35

Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,

[Sitting down with them.]

[Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.]

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him; 40

I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;
 Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him ;
 I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him. 45

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd
 him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
 A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death.
 That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes
 To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood, 50
 That foul defacer of God's handiwork,
 That excellent grand tyrant of the earth
 That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
 Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves,
 O upright, just, and true-disposing God, 55
 How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
 Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
 And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan !

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes !
 God witness with me, I have wept for thine. 60

Q. Mar. Bear with me ; I am hungry for revenge,
 And now I cloy me with beholding it.
 Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward ;
 The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;
 Young York he is but boot, because both they
 Match not the high perfection of my loss : 66
 Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Edward ;
 And the beholders of this frantic play,

The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves. 70

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls
And send them thither ; but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end.

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence. 76

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead !

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse 80
That bottl'd spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad !

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune ;
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen ;
The presentation of but what I was ;
The flattering index of a direful pageant ; 85
One heav'd a-high, to be hurl'd down below ;
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;
A dream of what thou wast ; a garish flag
To be the aim of every dangerous shot ;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ; 90
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now ? Where be thy
brothers ?

Where be thy two sons ? Wherein dost thou joy ?
Who sues, and kneels, and says, "God save the
Queen" ?

Where be the bending peers that flattered thee ?
 Where be the thronging troops that followed
 thee ? 96

Decline all this, and see what now thou art :
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care ; 100
 For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time ; 106

Having no more but thought of what thou wast,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ? 110

Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke,
 From which even here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.

Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance ;
 These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while, 116
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies !

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day ;
 Compare dead happiness with living woe ;
 Think that thy babes were sweeter than they were,
 And he that slew them fouler than he is. 121

Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad causer worse ;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull ; O, quicken them with
thine !

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce
like mine. *Exit.*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words ? 126

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries,
Let them have scope ! though what they will
impart 130

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ti'd ; go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd,
The trumpet sounds ; be copious in exclaims. 135

*Enter King Richard and his train, marching, with drums
and trumpets.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast
done ! 139

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,

And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers ?

Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children ?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
Clarence ? 145

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son ?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey ?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings ?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets ! strike alarum, drums !

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say ! 150

Flourish. Alarums.

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,

Or with the clamorous report of war

Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son ?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience. 156

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak !

K. Rich. Do then ; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words. 160

K. Rich. And brief, good mother ; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty ? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you ?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well, 165
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me ;
 Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;
 Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and
 furious,
 Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and ven-
 turous, 170
 Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
 More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred.
 What comfortable hour canst thou name
 That ever grac'd me with thy company ?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd
 your Grace 175

To breakfast once forth of my company.
 If I be so disgracious in your eye,
 Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.
 Strike up the drum.

Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word,
 For I shall never speak to thee again. 181

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance,
 Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
 Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish 185
 And never more behold thy face again.
 Therefore take with thee my most grievous curse,
 Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
 Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st !

My prayers on the adverse party fight ; 190

And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies

And promise them success and victory.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ; 194

Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.

Exit.

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit
to curse

Abides in me ; I say amen to her.

K. Rich. Stay, madam ; I must talk a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood 199

For thee to slaughter ; for my daughters, Richard,

They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;

And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,

Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this ? O, let her live,

And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty, 206

Slander myself as false to Edward's bed,

Throw over her the veil of infamy.

So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,

I will confess she was not Edward's daughter. 210

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is a royal princess.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their birth good stars were opposite. 215

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoyded is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoyded grace makes destiny.

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,

If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life. 220

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hand soever lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction. 225

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart

To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes; 231

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise 235

And dangerous success of bloody wars,

As I intend more good to you and yours

Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,

To be discover'd, that can do me good? 240

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle

lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrow with report of it ; 245
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine ?

K. Rich. Even all I have ; ay, and myself and all
Will I withal endow a child of thine ;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul 250
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy
daughter. 255

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think ?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul.
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers,
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it. 260

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her
king ?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen. Who else
should be ? 265

Q. Eliz. What, thou ?

K. Rich. Even so. How think you of it ?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her ?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me ?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart,

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engrave
Edward and York ; then haply will she weep.

Therefore present to her, — as sometime Mar-
garet

274

Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood, —
A handkerchief ; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body ;
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.

If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds.

280

Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers ; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam ; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way ;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape, 285
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate
thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil. 290

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended.
 Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
 Which after hours gives leisure to repent.
 If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
 To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
 If I have kill'd the issue of your womb, 296
 To quicken your increase, I will beget
 Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
 A grandam's name is little less in love
 Than is the doting title of a mother ; 300
 They are as children but one step below,
 Even of your mettle, of your very blood ;
 Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
 Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
 Your children were vexation to your youth, 305
 But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
 The loss you have is but a son being king,
 And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
 I cannot make you what amends I would,
 Therefore accept such kindness as I can. 310
 Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
 Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
 This fair alliance quickly shall call home
 To high promotions and great dignity.
 The King, that calls your beauteous daughter
 wife, 315
 Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother ;
 Again shall you be mother to a king,

And all the ruins of distressful times
 Repair'd with double riches of content.
 What ! we have many goodly days to see. 320
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
 Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
 Advantaging their loan with interest
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.
 Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go ; 325
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;
 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
 Of golden sovereignty ; acquaint the princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys ;
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised 331
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;
 To whom I will retail my conquest won, 335
 And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say ? Her father's
 brother

Would be her lord ? Or shall I say, her uncle ?
 Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles ?
 Under what title shall I woo for thee, 340
 That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years ?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her the King, that may command, entreats. 345

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the King's king forbids.

K. Rich. Say she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title "ever" last? 350

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell and Richard likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low. 355

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then plainly to her tell my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style. 360

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heartstrings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my Garter, and my crown, — 366

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear —

Q. Eliz. By nothing ; for this is no oath.
 Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his lordly honour ;
 Thy Garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly vir-
 tue ; 370

Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
 If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,
 Swear then by something that thou hast not
 wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now, by the world —

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death —

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath it dishonour'd. 375

K. Rich. Then, by myself —

Q. Eliz. Thyself thyself misusest

K. Rich. Why then, by God —

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou did'st fear to break an oath with Him,
 The unity the King my husband made
 Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died. 380
 If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
 The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
 Had grac'd the tender temples of my child,
 And both the Princes had been breathing here,
 Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust, 385
 Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.
 What canst thou swear by now ?

K. Rich. The time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast ;

For I myself have many tears to wash
 Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
 The children live, whose fathers thou hast
 slaughter'd, 391

Ungovern'd youth, to wail it with their age ;
 The parents live, whose children thou hast
 butcher'd,

Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
 Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast
 Mिसus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast. 396

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
 So thrive I in my dangerous affairs
 Of hostile arms ; myself myself confound ;
 Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours ; 400
 Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy rest ;
 Be opposite all planets of good luck
 To my proceeding, if, with dear heart's love,
 Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
 I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter !
 In her consists my happiness and thine ; 406
 Without her, follows to myself and thee,
 Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
 Death, desolation, ruin, and decay.
 It cannot be avoided but by this ; 410
 It will not be avoided but by this.
 Therefore, dear mother, — I must call you
 so —

Be the attorney of my love to her.

Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve. 415

Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt you to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself ? 420

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong your-
self.

Q. Eliz. Yet thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them ;
Where in that nest of spicery they will breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture. 425

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go. Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss ; and so, fare-
well. *Exit Queen Elizabeth.*

Relenting fool, and shallow changing woman ! 431

Enter Ratcliff [Catesby following].

How now ! what news ?

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy ; to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends, 435
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.

'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;
 And there they hull, expecting but the aid
 Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of
 Norfolk ; 440

Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby ; where is he ?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the Duke. 442 ^a

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste. 442 ^b

K. Rich. [Ratcliff], come hither. Post to Salisbury.

When thou com'st thither, — [*To Catesby.*] Dull
 unmindful villain,

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the
 Duke ? 445

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your Highness'
 pleasure,

What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby. Bid him levy
 straight

The greatest strength and power that he can
 make,

And meet me suddenly at Salisbury. 450

Cate. I go. *Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury ?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I
 go ?

Rat. Your Highness told me I should post before. 455

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but may well be reported.

K. Rich. Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad! 460

What need'st thou run so many miles about

When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?

Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there? 465

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stir'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? Is the sword un-
sway'd? 470

Is the King dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive but we?

And who is England's king but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess. 475

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes?

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, my good lord, therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him
back? 480

Where be thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me! What do they in the
north, 485

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King.
Pleaseth your Majesty to give me leave,

I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace
Where and what time your Majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with
Richmond; 491

But I'll not trust thee.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.
I never was nor never will be false. 495

K. Rich. Go, then, and muster men; but leave behind
Your son, George Stanley. Look your heart be
firm,

Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you. *Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

1. *Mess.* My gracious sovereign, now in Devon-
shire, 500

As I by friends am well advertised,
 Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
 Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
 With many moe confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2. *Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in
 arms ; 505
 And every hour more competitors
 Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3. *Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham —
K. Rich. Out on ye, owls ! nothing but songs of death ?
He striketh him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news. 510

3. *Mess.* The news I have to tell your Majesty
 Is that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
 Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd ;
 And he himself wand' red away alone,
 No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy ; 515

There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.

Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd

Reward to him that brings the traitor in ?

3. *Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

Enter another Messenger.

4. *Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset, 520

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.

But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,
The Breton navy is dispers'd by tempest.

Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks 525

If they were his assistants, yea or no ;

Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham

Upon his party. He, mistrusting them,

Hois'd sail and made his course again for Brittany.

K. *Rich.* March on, march on, since we are up in
arms ; 530

If not to fight with foreign enemies,

Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter Catesby.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken ;
That is the best news. That the Earl of Rich-
mond

Is with a mighty power landed at Milford, 535

Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. *Rich.* Away towards Salisbury ! While we reason
here,

A royal battle might be won and lost.

Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury ; the rest march on with me. 540

Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE V

[*Lord Derby's house.*]

Enter Derby and Sir Christopher [Urswick].

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the sty of the most deadly boar
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold ;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head.
The fear of that holds off my present aid. 5
So get thee gone ; commend me to thy lord.
Withal say that the Queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.

But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales. 10

Der. What men of name resort to him ?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew, 15
And many other of great name and worth ;
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Der. Well, hie thee to thy lord ; I kiss his hand.
My letter will resolve him of my mind. 20
Farewell. [*Gives letter, and*] *exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

[*Salisbury. An open place*]

Enter [the Sheriff, and] Buckingham, with halberds, led to execution.

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey and Rivers,

Holy King Henry and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried 5

By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!

This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not? 10

Sher. It is [my lord].

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.

This is the day which, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children and his wife's allies; 15
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;

Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his
trough

In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine 10

Is now even in the centre of this isle,

Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn.

From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.

In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,

To reap the harvest of perpetual peace 15

By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand men,

To fight against this guilty homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for
fear, 20

Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name,
march!

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;

Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Exeunt.

SCENE III

[*Bosworth Field.*]

*Enter King Richard, in arms, with Norfolk, the Earl of
Surrey, Ratcliff [and others].*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

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

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk, —

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must
we not? 5

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent! Here will I lie to-night;
But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power. 10

K. Rich. Why, our battalia treble that account;
Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent! Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground. 15

Call for some men of sound direction;

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. *Exeunt.*

Enter [on the other side of the field] Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, Dorset [Blunt, and others. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent].

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car, 20
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent;

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge, 25

And part in just proportion our small power.

My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,

And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.

The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment ;

Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to
him, 30

And by the second hour in the morning

Desire the Earl to see me in my tent.

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me :

Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you
know ?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much, 35

Which well I am assur'd I have not done,

His regiment lies half a mile at least

South from the mighty power of the King.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,

Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with
him, 40

And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it ;

And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

Richm. Good-night, good Captain Blunt. Come,
gentlemen, [Exit Blunt.]

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business. 45

Into my tent ; the dew is raw and cold.

They withdraw into the tent.

*Enter [to his tent] King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff,
Catesby [and others].*

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper-time, my lord ;
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.

Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was, 50
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord. 55

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. *Exit.*

K. Rich. [Catesby!

Cate.] My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms

To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power

Before sunrising, lest his son George fall 61

Into the blind cave of eternal night.

[Exit Catesby.]

Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy. 65

Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
 Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
 Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers. 71

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine.
 I have not that alacrity of spirit,
 Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
 Set it down. Is ink and paper ready? 75

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
 Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent
 And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

*Exeunt Ratcliff [and the other Attendants.
 Richard sleeps].*

Enter Derby to Richmond in his tent. [Lords and others attending.]

Der. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford 80
 Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
 Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Der. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
 Who prays continually for Richmond's good.
 So much for that. The silent hours steal on, 85
 And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
 In brief, — for so the season bids us be, —

Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
 And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
 Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war. 90

I, as I may — that which I would I cannot, —
 With best advantage will deceive the time,
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms ;
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,
 Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George, 95
 Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell ! The leisure and the fearful time
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
 Which so long sund'red friends should dwell
 upon. 100

God give us leisure for these rites of love !
 Once more, adieu ! Be valiant, and speed well !

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.

I'll strive with troubled thoughts, to take a
 nap, 104

Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
 When I should mount with wings of victory.
 Once more, good-night, kind lords and gentlemen.

Exeunt all but Richmond.

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye !
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath, 110
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries !

Make us thy ministers of chastisement
 That we may praise Thee in the victory !
 To Thee I do commend my watchful soul 115
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes.
 Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still ! *Sleeps.*

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, son to Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. (To Richard.) Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-
 morrow !
 Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of
 youth
 At Tewksbury. Despair, therefore, and die ! 120
(To Richmond.) Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the
 wronged souls
 Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf.
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. (To Richard.) When I was mortal, my anointed
 body
 By thee was punched full of deadly holes. 125
 Think on the Tower and me. Despair, and die !
 Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.
(To Richmond.) Virtuous and holy, be thou con-
 queror !
 Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
 Doth comfort thee in sleep. Live, and flourish !

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. [To Richard.] Let me sit heavy in thy soul to-morrow ! 131

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death !

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair, and die !

(To Richmond.) Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster, 136

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee.

Good angels guard thy battle ! Live, and flourish !

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.

Ghost of R. [To Richard.] Let me sit heavy in thy soul to-morrow,

Rivers, that died at Pomfret ! Despair, and die !

Ghost of G. [To Richard.] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair ! 141

Ghost of V. [To Richard.] Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear

Let fall thy lance. Despair, and die !

All. (To Richmond.) Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom

Will conquer him ! Awake, and win the day !

Enter the Ghost of Hastings.

Ghost. [To Richard.] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake, 146

And in a bloody battle end thy days !

Think on Lord Hastings. Despair, and die !

(*To Richmond.*) Quiet untroubled soul, awake,
awake !

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's
sake ! 150

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. (*To Richard.*) Dream on thy cousins smothered
in the Tower.

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die !

(*To Richmond.*) Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace,
and wake in joy ; 155

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !
Live, and beget a happy race of kings !
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Lady Anne.

Ghost. (*To Richard.*) Richard, thy wife, that wretched
Anne thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee, 160
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations.

To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair, and die !

(*To Richmond.*) Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet
sleep ;

Dream of success and happy victory ! 165
 Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost. (To Richard.) The first was I that help'd thee
 to the crown ;

The last was I that felt thy tyranny.

O, in the battle think on Buckingham,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness ! 170

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death ;

Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !

(To Richmond.) I died for hope ere I could lend
 thee aid ;

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd.

God and good angels fight on Richmond's side,

And Richard fall in height of all his pride ! 176

[*The Ghosts vanish. King*] *Richard starts
 out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse ! Bind up my
 wounds !

Have mercy, Jesu ! — Soft ! I did but dream.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !

The lights burn blue. It is now dead mid-
 night. 180

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What ! do I fear myself ? There's none else by.

Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.

Is there a murderer here ? No. Yes, I am.

Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason
 why, 185
 Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
 Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? For any good
 That I myself have done unto myself?
 O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
 For hateful deeds committed by myself! 190
 I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well; fool, do not flatter.
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain. 195
 Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
 Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty! guilty!
 I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
 And if I die, no soul shall pity me. 201
 Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself?
 Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
 Came to my tent; and every one did threat 205
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord!

K. Rich. ['Zounds!] who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village-cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn ; 210

Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. [O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream !

What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true ?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.]

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear, —

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows. 215

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard

Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers

Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

It is not yet near day. Come, go with me ; 220

Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,

To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

Exeunt.

Enter the Lords to Richmond, sitting in his tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond !

Richm. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here. 225

Lords. How have you slept, my lord ?

Richm. The sweetest sleep and fairest-boding dreams

That ever ent'red in a drowsy head

Have I since your departure had, my lords.

Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard

murder'd, 230

Came to my tent, and cried on victory.

I promise you, my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords ?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four. 235

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

His oration to his soldiers.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,

The leisure and enforcement of the time

Forbids to dwell upon ; yet remember this,

God and our good cause fight upon our side ; 240

The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,

Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.

Richard except, those whom we fight against

Had rather have us win than him they follow.

For what is he they follow ? Truly, gentlemen,

A bloody tyrant and a homicide ; 246

One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd ;

One that made means to come by what he hath,

And slaughter'd those that were the means to help
him ;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil 250

Of England's chair, where he is falsely set ;

One that hath ever been God's enemy.

Then, if you fight against God's enemy,

God will in justice ward you as his soldiers ;

If you do sweat to put a tyrant down, 255

You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;

If you do fight against your country's foes,

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine, for by the book
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago.
A black day will it be to somebody. 280
Ratcliff !

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day ;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me 285
More than to Richmond ? for the self-same heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord ; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle ; caparison my horse.
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power. 290
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered :
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot ;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst ; 295
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse. 300

This, and Saint George to boot! What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.

This found I on my tent this morning.

He sheweth him a paper.

[*K. Rich. Reads.*] "Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold." 305

A thing devised by the enemy.

Go, gentlemen, every man to his charge.

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls,

For conscience is a word that cowards use, ✓

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe; 310

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

His oration to his Army.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?

Remember whom you are to cope withal; 315

A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,

A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,

Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest; 320

You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,

They would restrain the one, distain the other,

And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh ; 345
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my
bosom.

Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons ! 350
Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

[*Another part of the field.*]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter [Norfolk and forces fighting ; to him] Catesby.

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue !
The King enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger.
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death. 5
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

Alarums. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

Cate. Withdraw, my lord ; I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die. 10
I think there be six Richmonds in the field ;

Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
 A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V

[*Another part of the field.*]

Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond ; they fight ;
 Richard is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter
 Richmond, Derby, bearing the crown, with divers
 other Lords.

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious
 friends ;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
 Lo, here, these long-usurped royalties
 From the dead temples of this bloody wretch 5
 Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal.
 Wear it, [enjoy it,] and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say amen to all !
 But, tell me, is young George Stanley living ?

Der. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ; 10
 Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw
 us.

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

Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
 Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as become their births. 15

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us ;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red.
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction, 20
That long have frown'd upon their enmity !
What traitor hears me, and says not amen ?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughtered his own son, 25
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire.
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house, 30
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd Peace,
With smiling Plenty and fair prosperous days !
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord, 35
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's
 peace !
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives again ;
That she may long live here, God say amen ! 41

Exeunt.



Notes

Summary of Historical Facts. — In 1452 began the Wars of the Roses, the contest between the houses of York and Lancaster for the throne of England. The reigning king, Henry VI, held the throne by right of his grandfather, Henry IV, who was the son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, fourth son of Edward III. Henry IV had obtained the crown by deposing Richard II, son of the first son of Edward III. York's claim to the throne rested upon descent from the third son of Edward III, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, whose great-great-grandson was Richard, Duke of York. October 2, 1452, was born York's son, who became Richard III. In 1455 York was victorious in the first battle of St. Albans. In 1460, as a compromise between the parties, York was declared by Parliament heir to the throne, to succeed upon the death of Henry. This unsatisfactory settlement was again followed by war; and on December 30, 1460, York was defeated and slain, with his son Rutland, in the battle of Wakefield. His young sons, George (Clarence) and Richard, were at once sent by their mother to Utrecht for safety. Their elder brother, Edward, now succeeded to his father's claim and effort. In the battle of Mortimer's Cross, 1461, he was victorious: in the second battle of St. Albans he was defeated by the forces of Queen Margaret. He reached London, however, and assumed the crown as Edward IV; and in the battle of Towton won a great victory and drove Henry into Scotland. George

and Richard now returned to England. In 1464, Margaret, who had formed an alliance with France, returned to the contest; but the Lancastrians were defeated in the battle of Hexham, Henry was imprisoned in the Tower, and Margaret fled to France. In the same year Edward married Elizabeth Grey, thereby estranging Warwick, who, upon commission of the king, had arranged for him a marriage with Bona, sister of the Queen of France. In 1469 Clarence abandoned his brother for Warwick, whose eldest daughter, Isabel, he married. In 1470 Warwick and Clarence espoused Margaret's cause, Edward was driven over seas, Henry was restored to the throne, and Clarence was declared his heir, should the direct heir, Prince Edward, fail. In 1471 Edward again took up the strife, won Clarence over, and in the battle of Barnet defeated and killed Warwick. In this battle, his first appearance in the war, Richard led his brother's van. In the next month, Margaret having returned to England, came the battle of Tewksbury, Richard again leading the forces of York. Margaret's troops were defeated, Prince Edward was killed, and Edward and Richard arrived together in London, May 21, 1471. On the same day died Henry VI, in the Tower. Margaret was confined in the Tower until 1475, and was then banished to France, whence she never returned, and where she died in 1482.

In 1473 Richard married Anne, younger daughter of Warwick and formerly the betrothed, not wife, of Edward, son of Henry VI. Clarence excited the suspicion of the king, and in 1478 was by the king's orders attainted and executed for treason, his heirs being barred from any

claim to succession to the throne. In 1483 occurred the death of Edward IV. Prince Edward was brought from Wales to London, and on the way Rivers, his uncle, and Grey, his stepbrother, who were charged with intending to rule affairs through the young king in opposition to Richard, who had been named Protector in the will of Edward IV, were captured, and subsequently executed. Richard's appointment as Protector was confirmed by the Council; and the young Duke of York was taken to his brother in the Tower. On June 26, with the consent of the peers, Richard mounted the throne. His coronation took place July 6. In the same year followed the death of the princes, the unsuccessful revolt of Buckingham, the real cause of which is still unknown, and the first, unsuccessful, attempt of Richmond to land in England. Richmond was the son of Edmund Tudor, half-brother of Henry VI, and thus a representative of the house of Lancaster. His exceedingly remote claim to the throne he strengthened by attacking Richard as a usurper and tyrant, and subsequently by marrying Elizabeth of York, daughter of Edward IV, thus uniting the two houses. In 1485 Richard's queen, Anne, died; and he is said by some authorities to have proposed marriage with Elizabeth, his niece. But the second and successful attempt of Richmond followed at once; and on August 22 was fought the battle of Bosworth, in which Richard was slain. Richmond then mounted the throne as Henry VII.

A list of *Dramatis Personæ* was first added by Rowe in 1709. The acts and scenes are indicated in the Folio, except III. v, vi, vii; IV. iii; V. iii, iv, v. Place indications are by modern editors.

The play opens, as shown by the merry-making, immediately after the conclusion of *3 Henry VI*.

I. i. 2. **sun of York.** A reference to the heraldic device of Edward, three suns in one. Cf. *3 Henry VI*, II. i. 25-40.

I. i. 36. **be . . . true and just.** Keep his word.

I. i. 61. Clarence's attainder and death, in 1478, are here made synchronous with the death of Henry VI, in 1471.

I. i. 64. **Lady Grey.** The queen was the widow of Sir John (whom Shakespeare, perhaps by copyist's or printer's error, calls Richard) Grey. Cf. *3 Henry VI*, III. ii. 2 *et seq.*

I. i. 67. **Anthony Woodville.** Earl Rivers.

I. i. 73. **Mistress Shore.** Jane Shore, Edward's mistress, was the wife of a London citizen. After the king's death she became the mistress of Hastings, and subsequently of Dorset. Her beauty, amiability, and pitiable end were celebrated in many chronicles, plays, and poems.

I. i. 98-102. Richard's pun on "nought" and "naught" (wickedness), with the plain reference of the "excepting one," leads Brakenbury, precisely as Richard intends, to ask the incautious question whose answer must be a direct accusation of the king. The clever avoidance of the difficulty, and the savage "Wouldst thou betray me?" warn Brakenbury effectively not to match himself against the power of Richard.

I. i. 109. **widow.** A scornful reference to the queen.

I. i. 112. **Touches.** Two meanings, "moves," and "concerns"; one of Richard's characteristic equivocations. There is another in l. 115.

I. i. 137. **fear.** Fear for.

I. i. 154. **father.** Father-in-law, Henry VI.

I. i. 158. **secret close intent.** Not made clear by the dramatist. Actually, Richard seems to have desired Anne's share of the estate of her father Warwick. It was from the lands in Yorkshire, held in her right, that he drew his most faithful troops. Possibly, also, he is conceived as thinking to strengthen himself thus by an indirect alliance with the house of Lancaster.

I. ii. 5. **key-cold.** A proverbial expression.

I. ii. 29, 30. Henry's corpse rested for a night in St. Paul's Cathedral, and was conveyed thence by way of Black-Friars, on the Thames, by boat, to the abbey at Chertsey, in Surrey.

I. ii. 55-59. It was common belief that the body of one murdered bled afresh in the presence of the murderer.

I. ii. 158. **Rutland.** Richard's brother, nine years older than he, but represented as a mere child. Cf. *3 Henry VI*, I. iii. and iv.

I. ii. 160-165. Cf. *3 Henry VI*, II. i. 79, *et seq.*

I. ii. 213. **Crosby House.** The residence of Richard, in Bishopsgate Street; built by Sir John Crosby.

I. ii. 227. **White-Friars.** Substituted — by mistake? — for Black-Friars, mentioned by the chronicle.

I. ii. 231-238. Shakespeare was perfectly aware of the difficulties that have caused so many to declare this scene impossible. Its chief dramatic purpose is to convey an impression of Richard's absolute irresistibility — character-drawing, rather than advance of plot.

I. iii. 20. Derby's wife was formerly wife of Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, half-brother of Henry VI, and

by him mother of the Richmond, later Henry VII, of this play.

I. iii. 130. **Margaret's battle.** In the second battle of St. Albans, February 17, 1461, Margaret was victorious, whereas Henry had been defeated in the first. But "battle" may mean "army."

I. iii. 135. **father.** Father-in-law. Clarence married Isabel, elder daughter of Warwick, and sister of Anne.

I. iii. 222. **worm of conscience.** Isaiah, lxvi. 24.

I. iii. 230. **slave of nature.** Nature has marked him, by his deformity, as masters marked their slaves.

I. iii. 256. Thomas Grey, the queen's son by her former husband, had but recently (1475) been made Marquis of Dorset.

I. iv. 46. **ferryman.** Charon, who transported the dead over the Styx.

I. iv. 53. **A shadow, etc.** Edward, son of Henry VI.

I. iv. 80. **for unfelt imaginations.** In place of joys imagined, anticipated, but never realized. Cf. the experience of Richard when he becomes king.

I. iv. 151. **Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not.** A passage which has unnecessarily perplexed the commentators. "Him" refers to "conscience": call the devil to assist thee, and do not listen to the persuasions of conscience.

II. i. Enter . . . Woodville. Cf. note on II. i. 68.

II. i. 68. **Lord Woodville, and, Lord Scales.** Both titles belonged to Earl Rivers. They are mentioned as separate persons, probably through an erroneous reading (pointed out by Furness) of a passage in Halle (p. 347):

“lord Antony Wooduille erle Ryuers and lord Scales, brother to the quene.”

II. ii. 50. his images. His children.

II. ii. 69. govern'd by the watery moon. An astrological figure. Elizabeth's sun is set, in Edward; to her grief-heightened imagination her fate is under the influence of the moon, the special planet of womankind and of queens, controller of all tides and floods, even those of tears.

II. ii. 121. Ludlow. The young prince of Wales resided at Ludlow Castle in Shropshire, close to the Welsh border, under Rivers' governance.

II. ii. 124, 125. A large train escorting the young king would cause suspicion that the queen's party intended to control the government by force, and to disregard the other faction.

II. ii. 149. story we late talk'd of. Buckingham has already been made aware of Richard's designs.

II. iii. 4. Seldom comes the better. Things generally change for the worse. Proverbial.

II. iii. 11. Ecclesiastes, x. 16: “Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child.”

II. iii. 12-15. The chief difficulty of this passage is removed by the Qq reading *That* in place of the *Which* of the Ff. “Then” refers to the king's ripened years, “till then” is said of the council.

II. iv. 37. Pitchers have ears. Better known in the form “small pitchers have great ears.” The queen may be referring to her son, angry because he has caught from herself and repeated what was not meant for the public ear. Or she may be explaining her anger as caused by

the apprehension of dangerous listeners: "the walls have ears."

II. iv. 71. seal. The great seal of England, in his possession as Lord Chancellor.

III. i. 1. chamber. The technical designation of London as the royal residence, *camera regis*.

III. i. 46. Weigh it but with the grossness of this age. A study of Buckingham's long speech in Shakespeare's source, here much condensed, leaves no doubt as to the meaning of this line: consider it in the light of the gross abuse of the privilege of sanctuary practised by this age. Cf. "Yf you way the good that they [the sanctuaries] do, with the hurte that commeth of them, ye shall fynde it muche better to lese [lose] both then to haue both. And this I say, although they were not abused (as they now be and so long haue bene,)" etc. A description of the abuses follows. Halle, p. 354.

III. i. 65. the Tower. In that day a royal palace, frequently used by the kings, especially previous to coronation.

III. i. 79. An ancient proverb.

III. i. 81. The two meanings are: Without characters, *i.e.* written records, famous deeds live long, an apparent agreement with the prince's words; and, men without characters, the foolish and useless, live long, a repetition *per contra* of Gloucester's *Aside*.

III. i. 82. like the formal vice, Iniquity. The conventional, common, "Vice" of the old morality plays, who frequently bore the name "Iniquity." There is perhaps a reference to his double part as assistant and as hinderer to the devil.

III. i. 121. **weigh it lightly.** Consider it a trifling gift.

III. i. 130, 131. An allusion to Gloucester's humpback, "an excellent back to carry my lord's ape" (Fulwel, *Ars Adulandi*, 1576).

III. i. 148. **An if they live.** A reference to the uncles whom Richard has taken prisoners. The prince skilfully avoids referring to Richard, but what his real fear is, is plain.

III. i. 179. **divided councils.** While Hastings and other friends of the Prince were determining the preparations for his coronation, Richard was elsewhere planning with his friends to seize the crown.

III. i. 185. **Mistress Shore.** See note on I. i. 73.

III. i. 193. **determine.** Put an end to.

III. i. 195. **The earldom of Hereford:** "which he claimed as his enheritance and could neuer obtain it in king Edwardes time" (More).

III. ii. 11. Cf. III. iv. 84. The boar is, of course, Richard, who adopted this animal as his personal armorial device; and the dream was fulfilled in that, according to the chronicles, Hastings was beheaded and Stanley "fel vnder the table, or els his hed had ben clefte to the tethe: for as shortely as he shranke, yet ranne the blood aboute hys eares" (More). *The True Tragedie* mentions Stanley's "broke head": but Shakespeare seems to have contented himself with taking the prophecy as regards Stanley in a general sense.

III. ii. 72. **upon the bridge.** The heads of traitors were stuck upon pikes on London Bridge.

III. ii. 95. **wear their hats.** Take their places, hold their offices.

III. iv. 34. **strawberries.** For the dinner after the council. This, like other touches in the scene, is meant to show Richard's lack of concern about the coronation, and to justify the pretense that he cherished no intent against Hastings till he received the news of Hastings' plot during his absence from the chamber.

III. iv. 80. **Ratcliff.** Shown in the last scene to be at Pomfret in Yorkshire on this same day.

III. iv. 86. **stumble.** An ancient omen of misfortune.

III. v. **rotten armour.** To indicate their unpreparedness when Hastings' plot was suddenly disclosed to them.

III. v. 31. An allusion cleverly introduced for its certain effect upon the puritanic Lord Mayor, who, of course, personally and *ex officio*, indignantly reprobates the seduction of city wives and Mistress Shore's mode of life.

III. v. 50, 51. Without question these lines are correctly assigned by the Qq to the Mayor. Him they absolutely fit. They show that Richard chose the right bait (see l. 31 and note above) to angle for this fish.

III. v. 75. It was asserted that before his marriage to Lady Grey Edward was lawfully contracted to one Elizabeth Lucy.

III. v. 76. **a citizen.** A merchant dwelling in Cheap-side, named Burdet according to Halle, Walker according to Stowe, who is probably correct.

III. v. 98. **Baynard's Castle.** On the Thames. Originally built by Baynard, "a nobleman that came in with [William] the Conqueror" (Stowe). It had belonged to the Duke of York, Richard's father.

III. v. 103, 104. **Shaw . . . Penker.** Popular preachers. Shaw delivered a sermon at Paul's Cross in Richard's favor,

embodying the charges mentioned by Richard; Penker's sermon, according to More, came after the coronation. Shakespeare, condensing the time, makes no use of these services of theirs, but has them merely attend on Richard.

III. vii. 6. Cf. l. 182. The deputy was Warwick. Lady Bona was the sister-in-law of Louis VI.

III. vii. 93. **at their beads.** Praying.

III. vii. 193. An allusion to the charge against Richard's mother. Cf. III. v. 94.

III. vii. 224-226. The citizens may be supposed to withdraw slowly and reluctantly, and these lines are addressed to those who have not yet left.

III. vii. 247. **my cousins.** The Q reading, *good cousin*, is more appropriate, since Buckingham is the only person in the scene whom Richard can properly address thus.

IV. i. 1. **niece.** Here, granddaughter.

IV. i. 43. **with Richmond.** At this time, in Brittany.

IV. ii. 8. **play the touch.** Apply the touchstone (figuratively).

IV. ii. 15. **bitter consequence.** An intolerable answer to his words, and an intolerable fact.

IV. ii. 16. "**True, noble prince!**" Qq. and Ff. print these words without quotation marks, and the sense may have been "live a true noble prince."

IV. ii. 58. **stands me much upon.** Is of the utmost importance to me.

IV. ii. 117, 118. "Jack" here means the "jack of the clock," the figure which struck the hour upon the clock bell. The general sense of the lines is, "Make an end of thy begging and leave me to my meditation."

IV. ii. 126. **Brecknock.** Buckingham's castle in Wales.

IV. iii. 46. **Morton.** The Bishop of Ely.

IV. iv. Earlier scenes in the play (II. iv; III. ii; IV. i) exemplify the current fashion of lyrical lamentations in tragedy. The present scene with the wailing queens is the most extraordinary development of this convention to be found in Elizabethan drama.

IV. iv. 41. **Harry.** Substituted by the Cambridge editors (Capell had used *Henry*) for *Husband* of the F and *Richard* of the Qq. The latter is clearly a mistake, unless we assume with Pickersgill that in order to make this line parallel l. 43 exactly Shakespeare here takes one of his "ten-barred gates" with "splendid audacity." The emendation of the Folio is to be justified by the fact that in all other places the changes are rung on names.

IV. iv. 49. A reference to the legend that Richard was born with teeth, "which plainly signified" that he should "play the dog." Cf. *3 Henry VI*, V. vi. 76, 77, and *Richard III*, II. iv. 28.

IV. iv. 53. **reigns.** A double suggestion of *reigns* and *rains*. The whole passage is full of condensed metaphor.

IV. iv. 146. Cf. IV. iii. 36.

IV. iv. 175, 176. A difficult and as yet unexplained passage. **Called to breakfast**, with the name *Humphrey*, seems an allusion to the proverbial "dine with duke Humphrey," *i.e.* go dinnerless.

IV. iv. 366. **my George, my Garter.** The Order of the Garter was instituted by Edward III, but the *George*, a badge with a figure of St. George slaying the dragon, was not added to the insignia till the time of Henry VIII.

IV. iv. 430. **Relenting fool.** Does the queen relent, or is she deceiving Richard? The text of the scene has

been variously interpreted. Those who argue the latter point to the following scene, where the queen "heartily consents" that Richmond shall marry her daughter. Those who argue the former appeal to history, which seems to show that Elizabeth yielded to Richard's will. Cibber's version makes Elizabeth's attitude clear by means of an aside in which she determines to deceive Richard by a seeming compliance.

IV. iv. 477. **Welshman.** Richmond's father, Edmund Tudor, was Welsh.

IV. iv. 528. **Upon his party.** That is, to take part with Richmond. In reality, they were Richard's men.

V. i. Buckingham was executed November 2, 1483. In this part of the play the events of 1483 and 1485 are brought together. Cf. *Summary of Historical Facts*. The execution of Buckingham is Richard's one success after he reaches the throne. It scarcely serves as a "moment of final suspense"; but is emphasized as another instance of the working-out of that Nemesis which has ruled throughout the struggle. He, like all the others, must recognize that "Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame." His end is a warning, rather than a triumph, for Richard.

V. i. 1. According to Holinshed, Buckingham intended, if admitted to Richard's presence, to assassinate him.

V. i. 10. **All-Souls' day.** On this day, when prayers are offered for the eternal repose of the departed, and when, according to the tradition of the Church, the souls of the dead are privileged to enter into special communion with the living, there are none with a message of love or hope for Buckingham. To his imagination appear only the

souls of them who cry for revenge, and whose eternal repose depends upon his punishment.

V. i. 19. **determin'd respite.** The delay of his punishment is ended.

V. iii. 63. **a watch.** Probably, a night-light.

V. iii. 65. **staves.** The staves of his lances.

V. iii. 114. **the victory.** F reads *thy victory*, which emphasizes Richmond's consciousness that he is the captain of God.

V. iii. 173. **died for hope.** *For* may mean "for want of" or "because of." Perhaps Shakespeare had both meanings in mind, as well as a quibble on *die*, *i.e.*, My hopes were extinguished, and I died because of the hope that led me to take up arms.

V. iii. 177-192. These lines have been subjected to severe criticism, extending even to question of their genuineness. Their abruptness and disjointedness, their "conceits and quibbles," their repetitions, their extreme "inferiority of style," have all been emphasized. But the reader should have fully in view, as the dramatist clearly has, Richard's state of mind when he entered upon his tragic career, as depicted both in *3 Henry VI*, V. vi, and *Richard III*, I. i. Richard wakes from his dream, extended beyond the appearance and words of the ghosts to the bloody deeds and wounds of the battle itself. The difficult realization that it is but a dream brings only momentary relief: a panic despair is upon him. For a second his excited imagination seeks an explanation of his fear in the presence of an assassin; then reason flings him back upon the realization that he is alone. At last he sees himself not as he has willed himself to be but as he

is. In the broken lines we hear the voice of the old Richard in sharp but unavailing contest with the new. Cf. the section on "Interpretation" in the *Introduction*.

V. iii. 180. **lights burn blue.** A traditional sign of the presence of spirits. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*.

V. iii. 270. **Saint George.** The ancient cry of the English troops when charging the enemy. Its use by Richmond is an assertion of his claim that he is the real representative of England.

V. iii. 301. Correctly explained by Johnson: "this is the order of our battle, which promises success; and over and above this is the protection of our patron saint."

V. iii. 324. **mother's.** A misprint of the second edition of Holinshed for *brother's*. Cf. *Introduction*. It is doubtful whether Malone is right in referring *brother* to Charles, Duke of Burgundy, Richard's brother-in-law. As the original reads "brought up by my brother's means *and mine*," Richard may have meant Edward IV.

V. v. 19. **the white rose and the red.** For the legend of the choice of these symbols of York and Lancaster, cf. *1 Henry VI*, II. iv.



Textual Variants

The text in the present edition is based upon the first Folio, and the following list records the more important variations from that version.

- I. i. 65. tempts . . . harsh] Ff; tempers him to this Q₁.
75. to her for his] Qq; for her F₁.
101, 102. Q₁ *omits*.
133. play] Ff; prey Qq.
138. John] Ff; Paul Qq.
- ii. 16, 25. Qq *omit*.
19. wolves, to spiders] Ff; adders, spiders Qq.
79. For] Qq; of Ff.
180. for . . . Henry] Ff; twas I that kild your husband Qq.
182. that . . . Edward] Ff; that kild King Henry Qq.
203. Qq; Ff *omit*.
207. servant] Ff; suppliant Qq.
213. House] Ff; Place Qq.
226. Qq; Ff *omit*.
- iii. 7. *Grey*] Ff; *Ri*. Qq.
30. *Q. Eliz.*] *Qu*. Ff; *Ri*. Qq.
68. send . . . ground] Ff; send; that thereby he may
gather The ground of your ill-will, and to remove
it Qq.
80. while great] Ff; whilst many fair Qq.
114. Qq; Ff *omit*.
167–169. Qq *omit*.
304. *Buck.*] Ff; *Hast.* Qq.
323. We . . . upon] Ff; Madam, we will attend Qq.

333. Dorset] Ff; Vaughan Qq.
 342, 350, 356. 1 *Murd.*] Capell; *Exec.* Qq; *Vil.* Ff.
 iv. 9, 10. Ff; Me thoughts I was imbarckt for Burgundy Qq.
 54. shriek'd] Ff; squakt Q.
 69-72. Qq *omit.*
 85. Ff; in God's name what are you, and how came
 you hither? Qq.
 105. Why] Ff; When he wakes! why, fool Qq.
 115-116. Qq *omit.*
 120. this . . . mine] Ff; my holy humour Qq.
 128. 'Zounds] Qq; Come Ff.
 151, 156, 162, 164. [1.] *Murd.*] 2 Qq Ff.
 154, 159, 163. [2.] *Murd.*] 1 Qq. Ff.
 157. fall to work] Ff; to this gear Qq.
 159. throw him into] Ff; we will chop him in Qq.
 165, 170, 172, 174. [2.] *Murd.*] Qq; 1 Ff.
 167. [1] *Murd.*] Qq. 2 Ff.
 176. Your . . . pale?] Ff; Qq *omit.*
 186. drawn . . . among] Ff; call'd . . . from out Qq.
 194-195. [to . . . sins] Qq; for any goodnesse Ff.
 218. *After sake* Qq *insert* Why, sirs, *as a line.*
 222. Qq *omit.*
 230. our duty] Ff; the diuell Qq.
 243. Qq; Ff *omit.*
 251-252. for . . . And] Ff; for when I parted from him,
 He Qq.
 254, 256. 1. . . . 2.] Ff; 2 . . . 1 Qq.
 264-265. Tyrwhitt's arrangement; after 273 in F.
 270-272. Tyrwhitt's arrangement; before 274 in F. In
 Qq 264-273 run as follows:
 1 Relent, tis cowardly and womanish.

Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, diuelish,
 My frend, I spie some pittie in thy lookes :
 Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
 Come thou on my side, and intreet for me.

275. Qq. *omit.*

276. Take . . . do] Ff; I thus, and thus : if this wil not
 serve Qq.

277. drown you . . . within] Ff; chop thee . . . in
 the next room Qq.

280. murder] Ff; guilty murder done Qq.

II. i. 1. s. d. *Hastings*] Qq; *Hastings, Catesby* Ff.

5. more in] Steevens; now in Qq; more to Ff.

7. Hastings and Rivers] Rowe; Rivers and Hastings
 Qq; Dorset and Rivers Ff.

25. Qq *omit.*

33. Upon your Grace] Ff; On you or yours Qq.

46. comes . . . the] Ff; comes the noble Qq.

56. unwittingly] Qq; unwillingly Ff.

68. Of . . . you] Ff; Qq *omit.*

81. *K. Edw.*] Ff; *Riv.* Qq.

140. Qq *omit.*

ii. 3. *Girl.*] *Boy.* Qq; *Daugh.* Ff. weep so oft] Ff; wring
 your hands Qq.

5. *Boy*] Ff; *Gerl.* Qq.

16. Qq. *omit.*

24. pitied me] Ff; hugd me in his arme Qq.

28. deep vice] Ff; foul guile Qq.

41. when . . . gone] Ff; now the root is wither'd Qq.

42. that . . . sap] Ff; the sap being gone Qq.

46. ne'er-changing night] Ff; perpetual rest Qq.

84-85. [and . . . weep] Qq; Ff *omit.*

- 89-100. Qq *omit*.
117. hates] Ff; hearts Qq.
- 123-140. Qq *omit*.
- 142, 154. Ludlow] Qq; London Ff.
143. sister] Ff; mother Qq.
145. Ff *omit*.
- iii. 1. Good morrow, neighbour] Ff; Neighbour, well met Qq.
6. *1 Cit . . . sir*] Qq *omit*.
- iv. 1, 2. Northampton . . . Stratford] Qq; Stony Stratford, And at Northampton Ff.
21. [*Arch.*] Capell; *Car.* Qq; *Yor.* Ff.
36. *Duch.*] Ff; *Car.* Qq.
51. jut] Ff; iet Qq.
62. brother to brother] Ff; Qq *omit*.
65. earth] Ff; death Qq.
- III. i. 40. [in heaven] Q₁; Ff *omit*.
63. think'st] Ff; seems Q₁.
78. all-ending] Q₁; ending Ff.
97. dread] Q₁; deare Ff.
141. needs] Q₁; Ff *omit*.
172, 173. Qq *omit*.
- ii. 10, 11. Then . . . dreamt] Ff; And then he sends you word He dreamt to-night Qq.
109. I . . . honour] Ff; God save your lordship Qq.
113-114. *Priest* . . . lordship] Ff; Qq *omit*.
- iii. 1. Qq; Ff *omit*.
7, 8. Ff; Qq *omit*.
16. When . . . I] Ff; Qq *omit*.
25. Farewell . . . meet again] Ff; And take our leave . . . meet Qq.
- iv. 1. Now . . . peers] Ff; My lords, at once Qq.

10. Qq; Ff *omit.*
 32. Qq; My Lord of Ely Ff.
 43. yourself . . . you] Ff; you hence, my lord, I'll
 follow you Qq.
 57. likelihood] Qq; livelyhood Ff.
 60. Qq, *with Dar. for Der.*; Ff *omit.*
 84. raze Qq; rowse Ff.
 91, 92. too . . . how . . . To-day] Ff; 'twere . . . at . . .
 How they Qq.
- v. 7. Ff; Qq *omit.*
 50. I] Qq; *Buck. I* Ff.
 52. *Glou.*] Q₄; *Dut.* Q₁; *Continued to Buck.* Ff.
 69. But] Qq; Which Ff.
 83, 84. raging . . . lusted] Ff; lustful . . . listed Qq.
 103–105. Qq *omit.*
 108. notice] Qq; order Ff.
- vii. 5–6. his . . . France] Qq *omit.*
 8, 11, 37. Qq. *omit.*
 24. they . . . word] Qq *omit.*
 82. Here . . . again] Qq *omit.*
 98, 99, 120, 127. Qq *omit.*
 131, 132. the charge . . . land] Ff; the soveraingtie
 thereof Qq.
 144–153. Qq *omit.*
 158. my right] Q₂; my ripe Q₁; the ripe Ff.
 202, 245. Qq *omit.*
 220. Qq; Ff *omit.*
- IV. i. 2–6, 37, 98–104. Qq *omit.*
 ii. 2. Qq *omit.*
 16. live! “True . . . prince!”] Grant White; live
 true . . . prince Qq Ff.

45. Well . . . so] Qq *omit.*
83. I . . . straight] Ff; 'Tis done, my gracious lord Qq.
- 84, 85. Qq; Ff *omit.*
- 101-121. [perhaps, — . . . tut] Qq; *Buck.* May it please you to resolve me in my suit. *Rich.* Ff.
- iii. 13. Which] Q₁ 5; And Ff.
30. where . . . truth] Ff; how or in what place Qq.
31. at] Qq; and Ff.
35. *Tyr.* . . . leave] Qq *omit.*
- iv. 10. unblown] Qq; unblowed Ff.
- 20, 21, 28. Qq *omit.*
39. Qq; Ff *omit.*
41. Harry] Wright; Richard Qq; Husband Ff.
- 52, 53. Capell; *transposed in* Ff; Qq *omit.*
- 88-90. wast . . . bubble] Ff; wert, a breath, a bubble, A sign of dignity, a garish . . . shot Qq.
- 100, 101. Qq; *transposed in* Ff.
- 102, 104. one] Qq; she Ff. *In* Qq, 102 *and* 104 *are transposed, and* 103 *omitted.*
103. For one] Pope; For she Ff.
128. intestate] Qq; intestine Ff.
135. The trumpet sounds] Ff; I hear his drum Qq.
- 159, 172. Qq *omit.*
179. Strike . . . drum] Qq *omit.*
- 221-234, 288-342. Qq *omit.*
- 276, 277. which . . . body] Qq *omit.*
323. loan] Theobald; Loue F₁.
324. Of ten times] Theobald; often-times Ff.
- 364, 365. Q₁; Ff *transpose.*
376. Qq; *after* 373 *in* Ff. thyself misusest] Qq; is self misus'd Ff.

377. God . . . God's] Qq; Heaven . . . Heavens Ff.
 387. What . . . now] Qq *omit.*
 396. o'erpast] Qq; repast Ff.
 400, 429, 451. Qq *omit.*
 442-443. lord . . . Post to] Ff; lord. *K. Rich.* Fly to
 the duke. Post thou to Qq.
 443. [Ratcliff], come] Rowe; Catesby come Ff.
 v. 6-8. Qq *omit*, and for *Derby's* speech at end of scene read,
Der. Return unto thy lord; commend me to him:
 Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
 He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
 These letters . . .
 V. i. 25. falls . . . neck] Ff; is fallen upon my head Qq.
 iii. 23-26. *In* Qq *these lines occur between 44 and 45.*
 27, 28, 43. Qq *omit.*
 58-59. [Catesby! *Cate.*] Catesby! *Rat.* Qq; Ratcliffe.
Rat. Ff.
 82. loving] Q₁; noble Ff.
 104. thoughts] Qq; noise Ff.
 125. deadly] Q₁; Ff *omit.*
 152. lead] Q₁; laid Ff.
 196. Perjury, perjury] Q₁; Perjury Ff.
 212-214. [O . . . lord] Qq; Ff *omit.*
 250. foil] Q₁; soyle Ff.
 255. sweat] Q₁; sweare Ff.
 293. out all] Q₁; Ff *omit.*
 319. ventures] Capell; adventures Qq Ff.
 338. Fight] Q₁; Right Ff. bold] Q₁; boldly Ff.
 v. 11. if . . . now] Qq; if you please we may Ff.

Glossary

- a-high, on high; IV. iv. 86.
abase, lower; I. ii. 2247.
abate, dull; V. v. 35.
abjects, abject slaves; I. i. 106.
abroach, see *set*; I. iii. 325.
acquittance, acquit; III. vii. 233.
adulterate, adulterous; IV. iv. 69.
advance, raise; I. ii. 40; V. iii. 264.
advantaging, profiting, requiting; IV. iv. 323.
advertised, informed; IV. iv. 501.
advis'd, wise, considerate; I. iii. 318; II. i. 107; "well-a.";
IV. iv. 517.
aery, brood; I. iii. 264, 270.
affected, disposed; III. i. 171.
after-supper, dessert after supper; IV. iii. 31.
air, appearance, apparent character; III. iv. 100.
an, an if, if; I. i. 88; III. i. 91, 148.
annoy, annoyance, harm; V. iii. 156.
ap, son of, Welsh; IV. v. 15.
arch, consummate; IV. iii. 2.
argues, proves; III. vii. 40.
as, as if; III. i. 170.
atonement, reconciliation; I. iii. 36.
attainder, taint; III. v. 32.
attorney, proxy; V. iii. 83; advocate; IV. iv. 127, 413.
baited, harassed, as bears by dogs; I. iii. 109.
bar, exclude; III. ii. 54; IV. i. 22.
barbed, armored; I. i. 10.

- basilisks, cockatrices, fabulous serpents, supposed to kill with a look**; I. ii. 151.
- battalia, battalions, army**; V. iii. 11.
- battle, army ready for fight**; V. iii. 88.
- beaver, face-piece of helmet, helmet**; V. iii. 50.
- beholding, beholden, under obligations**; II. i. 129; III. i. 107.
- bett'ring, making greater**; IV. iv. 122.
- bid, endured, imperfect tense of bide**; IV. iv. 304.
- bigamy, marriage with a widow, a crime**; III. vii. 189.
- bobb'd, drubbed**; V. iii. 334.
- boot, something additional, an advantage, odds**; IV. iv. 65; V. iii. 301.
- bootless, useless**; III. iv. 104.
- bottl'd, bottle-shaped, swollen, big-bellied**; I. iii. 242; IV. iv. 81.
- brav'd, adorned**; V. iii. 279.
- cacodemon, evil spirit**; I. iii. 144.
- caitiff, wretch**; IV. iv. 100.
- capable, quick of apprehension**; III. i. 155.
- careful, full of cares, anxieties**; I. iii. 83.
- censures, opinions**; II. ii. 144.
- chair, throne**; IV. iv. 470; V. iii. 251.
- chamber, royal residence**; III. i. 1. Cf. note.
- characters, see note, III. i. 81.**
- charge, command**; V. iii. 25: "given in c.," commanded; I. i. 85: "be at charges," go to expense, spend money; I. ii. 256.
- check'd, reprov'd**; III. vii. 150.
- circumstance, "by c.," by detailing circumstances**; I. ii. 77, 80.
- close, secret**; I. i. 158; IV. ii. 35: confined; IV. ii. 52.
- closely, in secret**; III. i. 159.

- cockatrice, see *basilisks*: IV. i. 55.
- cock-shut time, dusk, twilight (the time when woodcocks "shoot" or fly, or, possibly, when poultry are shut up. Cf. *N.E.D.*); V. iii. 70.
- competitors, confederates; IV. iv. 506.
- complots, plans, plots; III. i. 192.
- conceit, thought, fancy; III. iv. 51.
- concluded, officially recorded or proclaimed; I. iii. 15.
- condition, disposition; IV. iv. 157.
- confirm'd, mature, settled; IV. iv. 171.
- considerate, observant; IV. ii. 30.
- consistory, council-chamber (fig.); II. ii. 151.
- conversation, intercourse; III. v. 31.
- conveyance, removal; IV. iv. 283.
- cousin, used for any relative outside of the "immediate family"; II. ii. 8 *et passim*.
- costard, head (a humorous use of the word, which literally means a kind of apple); I. iv. 158.
- counted, accounted, acknowledged; IV. i. 47.
- cozen'd, cheated (with a pun on *cousins*); IV. iv. 222.
- covert'st, most secret; III. v. 33.
- craz'd, cracked, broken; IV. iv. 17.
- cross-row, *i.e.* Christ's cross row, the alphabet, so called from the cross which was prefixed to it, "to indicate that religion was the chief end of learning"; I. i. 55.
- crown, head; III. ii. 43.
- cry mercy, beg pardon; I. iii. 235; II. ii. 104; IV. iv. 515; V. iii. 224.
- current, sound, genuine; I. ii. 84; II. i. 94; IV. ii. 9.
- curst, sharp-tongued, shrewish; I. ii. 49.
- dally, trifle; II. i. 12.
- dallied, trifled; V. i. 20.
- daring, "d. an opposite," daring to confront; V. iv. 3.

- date, term, duration; IV. iv. 254.
- dear, vitally important, coming home to one intimately;
II. ii. 77 *et passim*.
- declension, degradation; III. vii. 189.
- decline, recite in order; IV. iv. 97.
- defend, forbid; III. vii. 173.
- defus'd, shapeless; I. ii. 78.
- demise, grant, bestow; IV. iv. 247.
- denier, a very small coin, the tenth of a penny; I. ii. 252.
- descant, argument, with a reference to its literal meaning
of variations on a plain-song, a musical air; III. vii. 49.
- descant on, discuss, ring the changes on, as one sings an
extempore part to accompany a plain-song; I. i. 27.
- determine, resolve upon; I. iii. 15; III. iv. 2: end; III. i.
193; V. i. 19.
- devotion, errand of love; IV. i. 9.
- diet, mode of life; I. i. 139.
- direction, "of sound d.," able in military matters; V.
iii. 16.
- disgracious, unpleasing; III. vii. 112; IV. iv. 177.
- dissemble, conceal; II. i. 8: deceive; I. i. 19; II. ii. 31.
- dissentious, causing dissension; I. iii. 46.
- distain, defile, violate; V. iii. 322.
- divided, separate; III. i. 179. Cf. note.
- doom, decree; II. i. 102.
- effect, execution; I. ii. 120.
- elvish-mark'd, disfigured by fairies; I. iii. 228.
- emperry, empire; III. vii. 136.
- enfranchise, release; I. i. 110.
- engross, make gross; III. vii. 76.
- ensuing, impending; II. iii. 43.
- entertain, employ; I. ii. 257. .
- entreat, treat, use; IV. iv. 150.

- envious**, malicious; I. iii. 26.
envy, hatred; IV. i. 100.
erroneous, mistaken; I. iv. 200.
evidence, body of witnesses; I. iv. 188. Cf. *Lear*, III. vi. 37.
excellent, supreme; IV. iv. 52.
except, excepted; V. iii. 243.
exercise, performance of religious service; III. ii. 112; III. vii. 64.
exhales, draws forth; I. ii. 58.
expecting, waiting for; IV. iv. 438.
expedient, expeditious, swift; I. ii. 217.
expiate, fully come; III. iii. 23.

faithful, true to the faith, not an infidel; I. iv. 4.
fall, let fall; V. iii. 135.
father-in-law, step-father; V. iii. 81.
faultless, innocent; I. iii. 178.
fear, "f. him," fear for him; I. i. 137.
fearful, full of fear; I. i. 11; IV. ii. 126.
feature, form, shape; I. i. 19.
fet, fetched; II. ii. 121.
fire-new, brand-new; I. iii. 256.
flaky, breaking into flakes; V. iii. 86.
fleeting, fickle, changing; I. iv. 55.
flesh'd, hardened to bloodshed; IV. iii. 6.
flourish, empty ornament; I. iii. 241; IV. iv. 82.
foil, a thin leaf of metal placed beneath a precious stone to set it off; V. iii. 250.
fondly, foolishly; III. vii. 147.
foot-cloth horse, horse with long housings; III. iv. 86.
for, because; I. i. 58: because of; IV. i. 86: instead of; I. iv. 80 (cf. note): because of, or, for want of; V. iii. 173 (cf. note).

- foreward, the van; V. iii. 293.
- forfeit, remission of the forfeit; II. i. 99.
- formal, customary, conventional; III. i. 82.
- forth of, away from; IV. iv. 176.
- frank'd up, confined in a frank, a sty; I. iii. 314; IV. v. 3.
- from, free from; II. i. 94; III. v. 32: away from; IV. iv. 258, 259, 260; V. iii. 284.
- fulsome, nauseous; V. iii. 132.
- gain, gaining; III. ii. 47.
- gallant-springing, growing up in beauty; I. iv. 227.
- galled, sore with weeping; IV. iv. 53.
- gentle, high-born, with ironical reference also to its usual sense; I. iii. 163.
- George, the figure of St. George, part of the insignia of the order of the Garter; IV. iv. 366, 369. Cf. note.
- gossips, sponsors in baptism, and so, patrons; I. i. 83.
- gracious, full of grace; II. iv. 20.
- gramercy, many thanks; III. ii. 108.
- gratulate, greet, salute; IV. i. 10.
- gross, stupid; III. vi. 10.
- grossness, the practice of gross abuses; III. i. 46. Cf. note.
- ground, theme, with a reference to its literal meaning, a plain-song, musical air; III. vii. 49.
- gulls, dupes; I. iii. 328.
- halberd, long-shafted battle-axe; I. ii. 40.
- halberds, men bearing halberds, halberdiers; I. ii. s.d.; III. iii. s.d.
- hatches, deck; I. iv. 13.
- haught, haughty; II. iii. 28.
- have with you, I'll go with you; III. ii. 92.
- heap, crowd, band; II. i. 53.

- heavily**, sad; I. iv. 1; II. iii. 40.
helpless, useless, affording no help; I. ii. 13.
high-reaching, ambitious; IV. ii. 31.
his, its; III. vii. 125, 126, 127; IV. iv. 369, 370, 371.
hois'd, hoisted; IV. iv. 529.
holp, helped; I. ii. 107.
hull, lie, drift (of ships); IV. iv. 438.
humility, "a gentle patience without all anger"; II. i. 73.
- idea**, image; III. vii. 13.
idle, frivolous, trifling; I. i. 31.
in, into; I. ii. 259, 261; III. vii. 128; IV. iv. 23; V. i. 24:
 upon, or, in the case of; I. iv. 71: by; IV. i. 2.
incapable, unable to understand; II. ii. 18.
incense, incite; III. i. 152; III. ii. 29.
inclusive, encircling; IV. i. 59.
index, prelude, prologue; II. ii. 149; IV. iv. 85.
induction, introduction, prologue; IV. iv. 5.
inductions, "i. dangerous," preparations for mischief;
 I. i. 32.
infection, pest, plague; I. ii. 78.
infer, allege; III. v. 75; III. vii. 32; V. iii. 314: bring in
 as an argument; III. vii. 12; IV. iv. 343.
insinuate, ingratiate himself; I. iv. 152.
instance, cause; III. ii. 125.
intelligencer, agent; IV. iv. 71.
intend, pretend; III. v. 8; III. vii. 45.
inward, intimate; III. iv. 8.
iron-witted, dull, stupid; IV. ii. 28.
I wis, (for *iwis*, *ywis*), certainly; I. iii. 102.
- Jack**, mean, low fellow (contemptuous); I. iii. 53, 72, 73:
 a figure which struck the hours, in clocks; IV. ii. 117.
jumpeth, agrees, accords; III. i. 11.

- just, true to his word; I. i. 36.
- jut, encroach; II. iv. 51.
- key-cold, extremely cold (proverbial); I. ii. 5.
- labour, work for, effect; I. iv. 253.
- lag, late, tardily; II. i. 90.
- lap, wrap; II. i. 115.
- leisure, shortness of time allowed; V. iii. 97, 238.
- lesson'd, taught; I. iv. 246.
- Lethe, the river of oblivion; IV. iv. 250.
- level, aim; IV. iv. 202.
- lewd, base, worthless; I. iii. 61.
- lightly, commonly, usually; III. i. 94.
- like, same; IV. i. 9.
- likelihood, sign; III. iv. 57.
- likes, pleases; III. iv. 51: "l. of," likes; IV. iv. 354.
- limit, assign; V. iii. 25.
- luxury, licentiousness; III. v. 80.
- make, do; I. iii. 164; IV. iv. 474.
- malapert, impertinent; I. iii. 255.
- malmsey-butt, butt of malmsey wine; I. iv. 160, 277.
- map, picture; II. iv. 54.
- mark, listen to; I. iii. 349.
- marry (corrupted from *Mary*), a slight oath; I. iii. 98, 99, 100; II. ii. 124.
- mean, means; I. iii. 90.
- measures, slow, stately dances; I. i. 8.
- meetest, fittest; III. v. 74.
- mere, absolute; III. vii. 233.
- mettle, substance, used interchangeably with *metal* in Elizabethan English; IV. iv. 302.
- mew'd, imprisoned; I. i. 132: "mew'd up"; I. i. 38; I. iii. 139.

- miscarry, die; I. iii. 16; V. i. 5.
 moe, more; IV. iv. 504.
 moiety, half; I. ii. 250; II. ii. 60.
 monuments, memorials; I. i. 6.
 moralize, expound; III. i. 83.
 mortal-staring, having a deadly stare; V. iii. 90.
 muse, wonder; I. iii. 305.
- naught, naughtiness, wickedness; I. i. 98, 99.
 new-deliver'd, recently released from prison; I. i. 121.
 nice, insignificant, trifling; III. vii. 175.
 niece, granddaughter; IV. i. 1.
 noble, a gold coin worth six shillings eightpence; I. iii. 82.
 nonage, minority; II. iii. 13.
 novice, youth; I. iv. 228.
- obsequiously, as a mourner; I. ii. 3.
 o'erworn, worn out; I. i. 81.
 of, for; III. v. 69: by; IV. iv. 209, 304.
 on, against; I. i. 131: in consequence of; I. iii. 63:
 "cried on victory," cried "victory!"; V. iii. 231.
 one, "all's one," it does not matter; V. iii. 8.
 opposite, opposed, hostile; IV. iv. 402: adversary; V.
 iv. 3.
 opposite with, hostile to, unreconciled to; II. ii. 94.
 order, "take o.," take measures; III. v. 106; IV. ii.
 52; IV. iv. 539.
 orient, bright, shining; IV. iv. 322.
 overgo, exceed; II. ii. 61.
 ow'd, owned, possessed; IV. iv. 142.
- pack-horse, drudge; I. iii. 122.
 painted, counterfeit, sham; I. iii. 241; IV. iv. 83.
 parcell'd, divided; II. ii. 81.

- parlous, perilous, dangerous; II. iv. 35.
 part, depart; II. i. 5: divide; V. iii. 26.
 partake of, share, hear; I. i. 89.
 party, part, side; I. iii. 138; III. ii. 47; IV. iv. 528.
 passionate, compassionate; I. iv. 120.
 pattern, example; I. ii. 54.
 Paul's, St. Paul's Cathedral; I. ii. 30; III. vi. 3.
 peevish, childish, silly; I. iii. 194.
 peevish-fond, childishly foolish; IV. iv. 417.
 peise, oppress, weigh down; V. iii. 105.
 pent up, shut up, imprisoned; IV. iii. 36.
 period, conclusion; I. iii. 238: end; II. i. 44.
 pew-fellow, companion; IV. iv. 58.
 pill'd, pillaged, robbed; I. iii. 159.
 piping, "p. time of peace," when the pipe is heard, and
 not the martial fife; I. i. 24.
 pitch, the highest point of the falcon's flight; III. vii.
 188.
 plagu'd, punished; I. iii. 181.
 pleaseth, if it please; IV. iv. 488.
 pleasing, pleasure; I. i. 13.
 pluck on, urge on; IV. ii. 65.
 post, haste; III. v. 73.
 post, hasten; II. ii. 142; III. ii. 17; IV. iv. 440, 455.
 power, army, force; IV. iii. 48; IV. iv. 449, 480, 535;
 V. iii. 26, 38, 60, 342: strength, numbers; V. iii. 10.
 precedent, first draft; III. vi. 7.
 prefer, promote, advance; IV. ii. 82.
 preposterous, perverted, unnatural; II. iv. 63.
 presentation, mere semblance; IV. iv. 84.
 presently, at once, straightway; I. ii. 213; IV. ii. 26.
 process, manner; IV. iii. 32: story; IV. iv. 253.
 prodigious, monstrous; I. ii. 22.
 prolong'd, put off, postponed; III. iv. 47.

- proof**, experience; II. iii. 43: armor that has been proved, tested; V. iii. 219.
- proper**, handsome; I. ii. 255.
- proportion**, form, shape; I. i. 18.
- puissance**, power, force; V. iii. 299.
- punched**, pierced; V. iii. 125.
- pursuivant**, messenger, attendant on a herald; III. ii. 97, s.d.; III. iv. 90.
- quest**, inquest, jury; I. iv. 189.
- quick**, alive; I. ii. 65: lively; I. iii. 5: vigorous, hearty; I. iii. 196: impulsive, unconsidered; IV. iv. 361.
- quicken**, give life to; IV. iv. 297.
- ragged**, rough; IV. i. 102.
- ransom**, expiation, penalty; V. iii. 265.
- raze**, tear, or pluck away; III. ii. 11; III. iv. 84.
- reason**, talk; I. iv. 165; II. iii. 39.
- recomforture**, comfort; IV. iv. 425.
- Recorder**, keeper of the city rolls; III. vii. 30.
- recure**, restore, heal; III. vii. 130.
- reduce**, reconduct, bring back; II. ii. 68; V. v. 36.
- redoubted**, redoubtable; IV. v. 14.
- reflecting**, shining; I. iv. 31.
- rememb' red**, "had been r.," had thought of it; II. iv. 23.
- remorse**, tenderness, pity; III. vii. 211.
- remorseful**, full of regret, compassionate; I. ii. 156.
- replenished**, consummate; IV. iii. 18.
- resolve**, answer, satisfy; IV. ii. 26, 120.
- resolved**, resolute; I. iii. 340.
- respect**, regard, think worth noticing; I. iii. 296.
- respects**, considerations; III. vii. 175.
- respite**, delay of punishment; V. i. 19. Cf. note.
- restrain**, keep for themselves, confiscate; V. iii. 322.

- retail'd, told, related; III. i. 77.
 right for right, measure for measure; IV. iv. 15.
 rood, cross; III. ii. 77; IV. iv. 165.
 royal, involving the fate of kings; IV. iv. 538.
 runagate, vagabond; IV. iv. 465.
- sanctuary**, an asylum in which a person was sacredly protected against persecution or the arm of the law; II. iv. 66, 73; III. i. 28, 42, 47, 55.
- scath**, harm; I. iii. 317.
- scrivener**, a professional writer of legal papers; III. vi. s.d.
- seniory**, seniority, priority; IV. iv. 36.
- set abroach**, to tap and leave running, to begin; I. iii. 325.
- several**, separate; III. ii. 78: respective; V. iii. 25.
- shall**, must, cannot help but; IV. iv. 292.
- sharp-provided**, keen and ready; III. i. 132.
- shrewd**, sharp-tongued; II. iv. 35.
- shriving work**, confession; III. ii. 116.
- sights**, "their s.," sight of them; IV. i. 25.
- silken**, smooth, soft; I. iii. 53.
- Sir**, a title of priests; III. ii. 111.
- sit**, to sit in council; III. i. 173.
- slower**, more serious; I. ii. 116.
- slug**, sluggard; III. i. 22.
- smooth**, flatter; I. iii. 48.
- smoothing**, flattering; I. ii. 169.
- so**, very well, it is well; II. i. 1; IV. iv. 182; V. iii. 72: if only; IV. iv. 209, 250.
- soft**, stop! hush! V. iii. 178.
- solace**, be happy, have comfort; II. iii. 30.
- sometime**, once, formerly; IV. iv. 274.
- soothe**, flatter; I. iii. 298.
- sop**, the cake or wafer that floated in a cup of wine or other liquor; I. iv. 161.

- sort, set, company; V. iii. 316.
sort, find, devise; II. ii. 148.
spicery, "nest of s.," an allusion to the nest of spices made by the phoenix as a funeral pyre, from the ashes of which it rose in renewed life; IV. iv. 424.
spleen, malice, hate; II. iv. 64: fire, spirit; V. iii. 350.
splinter'd, secured by splints; II. ii. 118.
stall'd, installed; I. iii. 206.
stands, "it s. me much upon," it is very important for me; IV. ii. 58.
staves, the shafts of lances; V. iii. 65.
still, constant, continual; IV. iv. 229: continually, always; I. iii. 222; II. i. 137; II. iii. 41; III. ii. 52.
still lasting, everlasting; IV. iv. 344.
stroke, "keep'st the s.," keepest back the stroke; IV. ii. 117.
struck, stricken, advanced; I. i. 92.
substitute, proxy; III. vii. 181.
success, issue; IV. iv. 236.
successively, in succession; III. vii. 135.
suggestion, instigation; III. ii. 103.
suspects, suspicions; I. iii. 89; III. v. 32.
swelling, swollen with anger; II. i. 51.
sword, sword of State; IV. iv. 470.
- tall, brave; I. iv. 156.
tear-falling, tear-dropping; IV. ii. 66.
teen, sorrow; IV. i. 97.
tell, count; V. iii. 276.
tell o'er, re-count; IV. iv. 39.
tender, care for; II. iv. 72; IV. iv. 405.
tend'ring, having a care for (with probably an ironical second sense of having a tender regard for); I. i. 44.
that, so that; I. ii. 163: if that; III. vii. 157.
thin, thinly clothed; II. i. 117.

- thought, silence; III. vi. 14.
 timeless, untimely; I. ii. 117.
 to, as to; II. i. 120; III. ii. 27.
 touch, touchstone, by which gold is tested; IV. ii. 8.
 toys, trifles; I. i. 60.
 truth, integrity; III. ii. 94.
 turn, return; IV. iv. 184.
 type, symbol, the crown; IV. iv. 244.
 unadvisedly, impulsively; IV. iv. 292.
 unavoids, unavoidable; IV. iv. 217.
 unhappiness, evil nature or ways, or disposition to evil;
 I. ii. 25.
 unlook'd, unlooked for; I. iii. 214.
 unmeritable, undeserving; III. vii. 155.
 unrespective, unobservant; IV. ii. 29.
 untainted, unaccused; III. vi. 9.
 unvalued, invaluable; I. iv. 27.
 venom, venomous; I. iii. 291.
 verge, circle, compass; IV. i. 59.
 vice, a common figure in the old morality plays; III. i. 82.
 vizor, mask; II. ii. 28.
 warn, summon; I. iii. 39.
 watch, watch-light, night-light; V. iii. 63.
 wedge, mass; I. iv. 26.
 weigh, regard, prize; III. i. 121.
 welkin, sky; V. iii. 341.
 while, the present time; II. iii. 8.
 white-liver'd, cowardly; IV. iv. 465.
 withal, with; III. vii. 57; IV. iv. 249, 278; *et al.*
 witty, cunning; IV. ii. 42.
 wot, knows; II. iii. 18: know; III. ii. 92.
 wrongs, wrong-doings; V. i. 19.

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