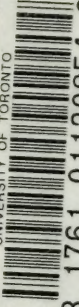


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York

<i>Date of earliest known edition (8vo)</i>	1595
<i>(Bodley.)</i>	
<i>Date of original of this Facsimile (the first 4to)</i> .	1600
<i>(B.M., C 12. h. 9.)</i>	
<i>Reproduced in Facsimile</i>	1913

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 125]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The True Tragedy
of
Richard, Duke of York

1600

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
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The True Tragedy
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This facsimile is from a copy of the first quarto now in the British Museum. The original is a reprint of an 8vo edition which appeared in 1595, the title page of which, from the Bodley copy, will be given in one of the "Fragments" volumes of this series (see also Introduction to "Whole Contention" facsimile, also of this Series).

The history of stage production, and of publication, as well as attributions of authorship, are full of problematical interest. I can here only refer the student to the numerous "Society" and "personal" critical essays on the subject.

This reproduction from the original is pronounced to be, considering the indifferent state of the quarto, "distinctly good. All pages have been mounted up in a frame of paper which, in some cases, obliterates the title, and also causes a considerable amount of ridges in paper."

JOHN S. FARMER.



THE
 True Tragedie of
 Richarde Duke of

of flowering

Yorke, and the death of good
 King Henrie the sixt:

With the whole contention betweene the two
 Houses, Lancaster and Yorke, as it was
 sundry times acted by the Right
 Honourable the Earle
 of Pembroke his
 seruantes.


George Steevens.

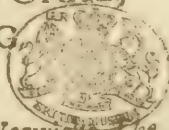
1705
allied by Duke
of York
1703



Printed at London by *W.W.* for *Thomas Millington,*
 and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint
 Peters Church in Cornewall.

1600.


THE TRVE TRAGEDIE
OF RICHARD DVKE OF YORKE,
AND THE GOOD KING,
HENRIE THE SIXT.



Enter Richard Duke of Yorke, The Earle of Warwicke, The Duke of Norffolke, Marquis Montague, Edward Earle of March, Crookeback Richard, & the young Earle of Rutland, with Drumme and Souldiers, with white Ryses in their hattes.

Warwicke.

I Wonder how the King escapt our handes?
Yorke. Whilst we pursude the Horsemen of the North,
 He slyly stole away, and left his men:
 Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
 Whose warlike eares could neuer brooke retrait,
 Chargde our maine Battels front, and therewith him
 Lord *Stafford* and Lord *Clifford* all abreft
 Brake in, & were by the hands of common Souldiers slaine.
Edy. Lord *Staffords* tather, Duke of *Buckingham*,
 Is either slaine, or wounded danderously;
 I cleft his Beuer with a downe right blow:
 Father that this is true, behold his blood.

Mont. And brother, heeres the Earle of *Wiltshires* blood,
 Whom I incountred as the Battailes ioynd.

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.

Yorke. What, is your grace dead my L. of *Summe* set?

Norf. Such hope haue all the line of *John* of *Gaunt*.

Rich. Thus doe I hope to shape King *Henries* hea!

War. And so do I victorious Prince of *Yorke*,
 Before I see thee seated in that throne,
 Which now the house of *Lancaster* vsurpes,

1 he 1 rageate of Richard D. of

I vow by heauens these eyes shall neuer close.

This is the Pallace of that fearfull king,

And that the regall chaire; Possesse it Yorke:

For this is thine, and not king *Henries* heires.

Yorke. Assist me then sweet *Warwick*, and I will;

For hither are we broken in by force.

Norff. Weele all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.

Yorke. Thanks gentle *Norfolke*, Staie by me my Lords:
and souldiers staie you heere and lodge this night:

War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Vnlesse he seeke to put vs out by force.

Rich. Armed as we be, lets staie within this house?

War. The bloudie parlement shall this be calde:
Vnlesse *Plantagenet* Duke of Yorke be king,
And bashfull *Henrie* be deposde, whose co wardife
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

Yor. Then leaue me not my Lords, for now I meane
To take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor him that loues him best,
The proudest bird that holds vp *Lancaster*,
Dares stirre a wing, if *Warwicke* shake his beis.
He plant *Plantagenet*: and roote him out who dares?
Resolue thee *Richard*: Claime the English crowne.

*Enter King Henrie the sixt, with the Duke of Excester, The
Earle of Northumberland, The Earle of Westmerland, and
Clifford, the Earle of Cumberland, with red Roses in their hats.*

King. Looke Lordings where the sturdy rebel sits,
Euen in the chaire of state: belike he meanes
Backt by the power of *Warwicke* that falle peere,
To aspire vnto the crowne, and raigne as king.
Earle of *Northumberland*, he slew thy Father:
And thine *Clifford*: and you both haue vow'd reuenge,
On him, his ionnes, his fauorites, and his friends.

Northu. And if I be nor, heauens be reuengd on me.

Clif. The hope thereof makes *Clifford* mourne in Steele.

West. What shall we suffer this? lets pull him downe,
My heart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.

King.

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

King. Be patient gentle Earle of *Westmerland.*

Clif. Patience is for pultrouns such as he,
He durst not sit there, had your father liu'd?
My gracious Lord: heere in the Parlement,
Let vs assaile the familie of *Yorke.*

North. Well hast thou spoken cousen, be it so.

King. O know you not the Cittie fauours them,
And they haue troopes of souldiers at their becke?

Exet. But when the D. is slaine, theile quickly flie.

King. Farre be it from the thoughtes of *Henries* heart,
To make a shambles of the parlement house.
Cofen of *Exeter*, words, frownes, and threats,
Shall be the warres that *Henrie* meanes to vse.
Thou fastious duke of *Yorke*, descend my throne,
I am thy Soueraigne.

Yor. Thou art deceiu'd: I am thine.

Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee D. of *Yorke.*

Yor. I was mine inheritance as the kingdom is.

Exet. Thy father was a traitour to the crowne.

War. *Exeter* thou art a traitour to the crowne,
In following this vsurping *Henrie.*

Cif. Whom should he followe but his naturall King?

War. True *Clif.* and that is *Richard* duke of *Yorke.*

King. And shall I stand while thou sitst in my throne?

Yor. Content thy selfe, it must, and shall be so.

War. Be duke of *Lancaster*, let him be King.

West. Why? he is both King and D. of *Lancaster*,
And that the Earle of *Westmerland* shall maintaine.

War. And *Warwicke* shall disproue it, You forget
That we are those that chaste you from the field,
And slew your father, and with colours spred
Marche through the Cittie to the pallace gates.

Nor. No *Warwicke* I remember it to my greife,
And by his soule, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. *Plantagenet*, of thee and of thy sonnes,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, he haue more liues,
Then drops of bloud were in my fathes yaines.

Cif. Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof,

I send thee *Warwicke* such a messenger,
As shall reuenge his death before I stirre.

War. Poore *Clifford* how I scorne thy worthlesse threats.

Tor. Will ye we shewe our title to the Crowne,
Or els our swordes shall plead it in the field?

King. What title hast thou traitour to the Crowne?

Thy father was as thou art, Duke of *Yorke*,

Thy grandfather *Roger Mortimer* Earle of *March*.

I am the sonne of *Henrie* the first, who tamde the *French*,

And made the *Dolphin* stoupe, and seazd vpon their

Townes and prouinces.

War. Talke not of *Fraunce* since thou hast lost it all.

King. The Lord protectour lost it and not I,

When I was crownd, I was but nine months olde,

Rich. You are old enough now & yet me thinkes you lose,
Father reare the Crowne from the *Vsurpers* head.

Edw. Do so sweet father, set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lou'it and honourst armes,
Lets fight it out and not stand cauilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, & the King will flie,

Tor. Peace sonnes,

Nor. Peace thou, and giue King *Henrie* leaue to speake.

King. Ah *Plantagenets*, why seekest thou to depose me?

Are we not both *Plantagenets* by birth,

And from two brothers lineally discent?

Suppose by right and equitie thou be King,

Thinkst thou that I will leaue my Kingly seate

Wherin my father and my grandfire sate?

No, first shall warre vnpeople this my realme,

I, and our colours often borne in *Fraunce*,

And now in *England* to our heartes great sorrow

Shall be my winding sheete: why faint you Lords?

My title's better farre then his.

War. Proue it *Henrie*, and thou shalt be King.

King. Why, *Henrie* the fourth by conquest got the crowne.

Tor. I was by rebellion gainst his Soueraigne.

King. I know not what to say, my title's weake.

Tell me, may not a King adopt an heire?

War.

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

War. What then?

King. Then am I lawfull King, for *Richard*
The second, in the view of many Lords,
Resignde the Crowne to *Henrie* the fourth,
Whose heire my father was, and I am his.

Yor. I tell thee he rose against him, being his Soneraigue,
And made him to resigne the Crowne perforce.

VVar. Suppose my Lord he did it vnconstraine,
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?

Exet. No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne,
But that the next heire must succeed and raigne.

King. Art thou against vs, Duke of *Exeter*?

Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

King. All will reuolt from me and turne to him.

Nor. Plantagenet, for all the claime thou layest,
Thinke not king *Henrie* shall be thus deposde.

VVar. Deposde he shall be in despight of thee.

Nor. Tuth *Warwicke*, thou art deceiued? tis not thy
Southerne powers of *Essex*, *Suffolke*, *Norffolke*, and of *Kent*,
That makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke vp in despight of me.

Clif King Henrie be thy ticle right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence.

May that ground gape and swallow me aliue,
Where I do kneele to him that slew my father.

King. O *Clifford*, how thy words reuiue my soule.

Yor. *Henrie* of *Lancaster* resigne thy crowne.

What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords?

War. Do right vnto this princely Duke of *Yorke*,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

Enter Souldiers.

And ouer the Chaire of state where now he sits,
Write vp his ticle with thy vsurping bloud.

King. O *Warwicke*, heare me speake,

Let me but raigne in quiet whilst I liue.

Yor. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine heires,
And thou shalt raigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st.

King. Conuaie the Souldiers hence, and then I will.

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

Uar. Captaine, conduct them into *Turbill* fields.

Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your Sonne?

Uar. What good is this for England and himselfe?

Northum. Base, fearefull, and despairing *Henry*.

Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?

West. I cannot stay, to heare these Articles. *Exit.*

Clif. Nor I: Come, cosen lets go tell the *Queene*.

Northum. Be thou a praie vnto the house of *Yorke*,
And die in bands for this vnkingly deed. *Exit.*

Clif. In dreadfull warre maist thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandond and despisde. *Exit.*

Exet. They seeke reuenge, & therefore will not yeeld my *L.*

King. Ah *Exeter*?

Uar. Why should you sigh my Lord?

King. Not for my selfe Lord *Uarwicke*, but my Sonne,
Whom I vnnaturally shall disinherite.

But be it as it may: I heere intaile the Crowne

To thee and to thine heires, conditionally,

That heere thou take thine oath, to cease these ciuill broiles,

And whilst I liue, to honour me as thy King & Soueraigne.

Yor. That oath I willingly take and will performe.

Uar. Long liue King *Henry*: *Plantagenet* embrace him.

King. And long liue thou and all thy forward sonnes.

Yor. Now *Yorke* and *Lancaster* are reconcilde.

Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes,
Soud Trumpets.

Yor. My Lord Ile take my leaue, for ile to *Wakefield*
To my castell. *Exit Yorke*, and his sonnes.

War. And Ile keepe *London* with my Souldiers. *Exit.*

Norf. And Ile to *Norfolke* with my followers. *Exit.*

Mont. And I to sea from whence I came. *Exit.*

Enter the *Queene* and the *Prince*.

Exet. My Lord, heere comes the *Queene*, Ile steale away.

King. And so will I.

Queene. Nay staie, or else I follow thee.

King. Be patient gentle *Queene*, and then Ile staie.

Queene. What patience can there be? ah timerous man,
Thou hast vndoone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,

And

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

And giuen ouer rightes vnto the house of *Yorke*.
Art thou a King, and wilt be forst to yeelede?
Had I been there, the Souldiers should haue tost
Me on their Launces poyntes, before I would haue
Graunted to their willes. The Duke is made
Proteſtor of the Land: Sterne *Faulconbridge*
Commaundes the narrow Seas. And thinkſt thou then
To sleepe ſecure? I heere diuorce mee *Henry*
From thy bed, vntill that Act of Parlement
Be recalde, wherein thou yeeledeſt to the house of *Yorke*.
The Northen Lordes that haue forſworne thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they ſee them ſpred,
And ſpread they ſhall, vnto thy deepe diſgrace.
Come Sonne, lets away, and leaue them heere alone.

King. Stay gentle *Maryaret*, and heare me ſpeake.

Queen. Thou haſt ſpoke too much already, therefore be ſtill.

King. Gentle ſonne *Edward*, wilt thou ſtay with me?

Queen. I, to be murdered by his enemies. *Exit.*

Prin. When I returne with victorie from the ſeld,
Ile ſee your Grace: till then, Ile follow her. *Exit.*

King. Poore Queene, her loue to me, & to the Prince her
Makes her in furie thus forget her ſelfe. (*ſonne,*

Reuenged may ſhe be on that accuſed Duke,

Come coſen of *Exeter*, ſtay thou heere,

For *Clifford* and thoſe Northen Lordes be gone

I feare towards *Wakefelde*, to diſturbe the Duke.

Enter Edward, and Richard, and Montague.

Edw. Brother, and coſen *Montague*, giue me leaue to ſpeake.

Rich. Nay, I can better play the Orator.

Mont. But I haue reaſons ſtrong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yor. How now ſonnes? what at a iarre amongſt your ſelues?

Rich. No father, but a ſweete contention, about that which
concernes your ſelfe and vs; The Crowne of England father.

Yor. The Crowne boy? Why *Henries* yet aliue,
And I haue ſworne that he ſhal raigne in quiet till his death.

B.

Edw.

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

Edw. But I would breake an hundred oathes to raigne one

Rich. And if it please your grace to giue me leaue, (yeare,
He shew your grace the way to saue your oath.
And dispossesse king *Henry* from the Crowne.

Yor. I prethee *Dick* let me heare thy deuise.

Rich. Then thus my Lord. An oath is of no moment
Being not sworne before a lawfull Magistrate:

Henrie is none, but doth vsurpe your right,
And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.

Then noble father resolute your selfe,

And once more claime the Crowne,

Yor. I, saiest thou so boy? why then it shall be so,
I am resolute to win the crowne or die.

Edward, thou shalt to *Edmond Brooke* Lord *Cobham*,

With whom the *Kentishmen* will willingly rise:

Thou chosen *Montague*, shalt to *Norfoke* straight,

And bid the Duke to muster vp his souldiers,

And come to me to *Wakefield* presently.

And *Richard*, thou to *London* straight shalt poast,

And bid *Richard Nevill* Earle of *Warwicke*

To leaue the Citte; and with his men of war,

To meet me at saint *Albons*, ten daies hence,

My selfe heere in *Sandall* castle will prouide

Both men and money to furder our attempts.

Now what newes?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the *Queene* with thirtie thousand men,

Accompanied with the Earles of *Cumberland*,

Northumberland, and *Westmerland*, and others of the

House of *Lancaster*, are marching towards *Wakefield*,

To besidge you in your Castle heere.

Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer,

Yorke. A Gods name let them come. Cousen *Monta-*
gue poast you hence; and boies, stay you with me.

Sir John and *Sir Hugh Mortimers* mine vnclcs,

Y'are welcome to *Sandall* in an happy houre,

The armie of the *Queene* means to besidge vs.

Sir

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

Sir Iohn. She shal not need my Lord, weele meet her in the

Yor. What with fīue thousand souldiers vnclē? (field.

Rich. I father, with fīue hundred for a need,

A woman's generall, what should you feare?

Yor. Indeed many braue battailes haue I won

In *Normandy*, when as the enemie

Hath bin ten to one: and why should I now doubt

Of the like successe? I am resolu'd: Come lets go.

Eaw. Lets march away, I heare their drums. *Exeunt*

*Alarmes, and then enter the young Earle of
Rutland, and his Tutor.*

Tutor. Oh flie my Lord, lets leaue the Cattle,
And flie to *Wakefield* straighr.

Enter Clifford.

Rut. O Tutor looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Cuf. Chaplin awaie, thy priesthood saues thy life,
As for the brat of that accursed Duke
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor. Oh *Clifford* spare this tender Lord, least heauen
Reuenge it on thy head: Oh saue his life.

Cuf. Souldiers awaie, and drag him hence perforce:
Awaie with the villaine. *Exit the Chaplin.*

How now, what dead already? or is it feare that
Makes him close his eies? Ile open them.

Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the lambe,
And so he walkes insulting ouer his praie.
And so he turnes againe to rend his limbes in sunder:
Oh *Clifford*, kill me with thy sword, and
Not with such a cruell threatning looke.
I am to meane a subiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuengd on men and let me liue.

Cuf. In vaine thou speakest poore boy: my fathers blood,
Hath stopt the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe,
He is a mans and *Clifford*, cope with him.

Cuf. Had I thy Brethren heere, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge sufficient for me.

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

Or should I dig vp thy forefathers graues,
And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaines,
It could not flake mine ire, nor ease my heart.

The sight of any of the house of *Yorke*,
Is as a torture to torment my soule.

Therefore till I roote out that cursed line,
And leaue not one on earth, Ile liue in hell therefore.

Rut. O let me pray, before I take my death,
To thee I praie, sweet *Clifford* pittie me.

Clif. I feele pittie as my rapiers point affoordes.

Rut. I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But twas ere I was borne:

Thou hast one sonne, for his sake pittie me,
Least in reuenge thereof, sith God is iust,
He be as miserablie slaine as I.

Oh, let me liue in prison all my daies,
And when I giue occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause? Thy Father slew my father, therefore die.

Plantagenet, I come *Plantagenet*,

And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my blade,
Shall rust vpon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeald with his, do make me wipe off both.

Exit.

Alarmes. Enter the Duke of *Yorke* solus.

Yor. Ah *Yorke*, poast to thy Castle, saue thy life;
The goale is lost; thou house of *Lancaster*,
Thrice happie chaunce it is for thee and thine,
That heauen abridgde my daies, and calls me hence
But God knows what chaunce hath betide my sonnes:
But this I know, they haue demeand themselves,
Like men borne to renowne by life or death:
Three times this daie came *Richard* to my sight,
And cried, courage Father: *Victorie*, or death.
And twice so oft came *Edward* to my view,
With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts,
In blood of those whom he had slaughtered.

Oh

Torke, and Henrie the sixt.

O harke, I heare the Drummes: No way to flie?
Noe way to saue my life? And heere I stay:
And here my life must end.

*Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland,
and soldier.*

Come bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more bloud:
This is the But, and this abides your shot.

North. Yeeld to our mercies proud *Plantagenet.*

Clif. I to such mercie as his ruthfull arme
With downe right payment, lent vnto my father,
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an euening at the nooneride picke.

Tor. My ashes like the *Phoenix*, may bring forth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I call mine eies to heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with:

Why stay you Lords? what, multitudes and feare?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer:
So Doves do pecke the Rauens piercing tallents:
So desperate thieues all hopelesse of their liues,
Breath out inuectiues gainst the officers.

Torke. Oh Clifford, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde oerun my former time:
And bite thy tongue that flaundrest him with cowardise,
Whose verie looke hath made thee quake ere this.

Clif. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twise two for one.

Queene. Holde valient Clifford, for a thousand causes,
I would prolong the traitours life a while.

Wrath makes him deafe, speake thou *Northumberland.*

North. Hold Clifford, do not honour him so much,
To picke thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand betwene his teeth,
When he might spurne him with his foote away?
Tis warr es prise to take all aduantages,

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

And ten to one, is no impeach in Warres.

Fight, and take him.

Clif. I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the gin.

North. So doth the Cunnie struggle with the net.

York. So triumphes Theeues vpon their conquered booty,
So true men yeeld by robbers ouer-matcht.

North, What will your grace haue done with him?

Queen. Braue warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland.*

Come make him stand vpon this Moulehill here,
That aynde at Mountaines with outstretched arme.
And parted but the shadow with his hand.

Was it you that reuelde in our Parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your messe of Sonnes to backe you now?

The wanton *Edward*, and the lustie *George*?

Or where is that valiant *Crookebacke* prodegie?

Dickey your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce,

Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutenies?

Or amongst the rest, where is your darling *Rutland*?

Looke *York*; I dipt this Napkin in the blood

That valiant *Clifford* with his Rapier poynt,

Made issue from the boosome of thy Boy:

And if thine eyes can water for his death,

I giue thee this, to dry thy cheekes withall.

Alas poore *York*, But that I hate thee much,

I should lament thy miserable state:

I prethee grieue, to make me merry, *Yorke*:

Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may sing and daunce.

What? hath thy fierie hart so partcht thine entrails,

That not a teare can fall for *Rutlands* death?

Thou wouldst be feede I see to make me sport.

York cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a Crowne.

A Crowne for *York*? and Lords bow low to him?

So: hold you his hands while I do it on,

I, now lookes he like a King.

This is he that tooke King *Henries* Chaire,

And this is he was his adopted heire.

But how is it that great *Plantagenet*,

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

Is crownd so soone, and broke his holy oath?
As I bethinke me, you should not be King,
Till our *Henrie* had shooke hands with death.
And will you impale your head with *Henries* glorie,
And robbe his temples of the Diadem
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too vn pardonable.
Off with the Crowne, and with the Crowne his head,
And whilst we breath, take time to doe him dead.
Clif. That's my office, for my fathers death.
Queen. Yet stay, and lets heare the Orisons he makes.
Yorke. She wolfe of *France*, but worse than wolues of *France*,
Whose tongue more poyson'd than the Adders tooth:
How ill be seeming is it in thy sexe.
To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull
Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy face is vizard like, vnchanging,
Made impudent by vse of euill deedes:
I would assay, proud *Queene* to make thee blush:
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,
T were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shames,
Thy father beares the tipe of King of *Naples*,
Of both the *Sisiles* and *Ierusalem*,
Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?
It needes not, or it bootes thee not proude *Queene*,
Vnlesse the Adage must be vereside,
That Beggers mounted, runne their horse to death.
T is beautie, that oft makes women proud,
But God he wots, thy share thereof is small.
T is gouernement, that makes them most admire,
The contrarie doth make thee wondred at,
T is vertue makes them seeme divine,
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as opposite to euery good,
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs:
Or as the South to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygers hart, wrapt in a womans hide!

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

How couldst thou draine the life bloud of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be seene to beare a womans face?
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,
Thou indurate, sterne, rough, remorselesse.
Bids thou me rage? why now thou hast thy will;
Wouldst it haue me weepe? why so thou hast thy wish,
For raging windes blowes vp a storme of teares,
And when the rage alayes, the raine begins,
These teares are my sweete *Rutlands* obsequies,
And euery drop, begges vengeance as it falles,
On thee fell *Clifford*, and the false French woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions moue me so,
As hardly can I checke mine eyes from teares.

York. That face of his, the hungry Cannibals
Could not haue toucht, would not haue staine with blood:
But you are more inhumaine, more inexorable,
O ten times more then Tygers of *Arcadia*.
See ruthlesse Queene a haplesse fathers teares,
This cloth thou dipts in bloud of my sweete Boy,
And loe, with teares I wash the bloud away.
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boast of that:
And if thou tell the heauie storie well,
Vpon my soule, the hearers will shed teares,
I, euen my foes will shed fast falling teares,
And say; Alas, it was a pirteous deed.
Here, take the Crowne; and with the Crowne my curse,
And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy two cruell hands.
Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the worlde,
My soule to heauen, my bloud vpon your heads.

North. Had he bin slughterman to all my kin,
I could not chuse but weepe with him to see,
How inlie anger gripes his hart.

Quee. What weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly drie your melting teares.

Clif. I hears for mine oath, hears for my fathers death..

Queen.

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

Quee. And thears to right our gentle harted kind.

Yor. Open thy gates of mercie gracious God,
My soule flies foorth to meet with thee.

Quee. Off with his head and set it on *Yorke* Gates,
So *Yorke* may ouerlooke the towne of *Yorke*. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Edward and Richard, with drums
and Souldiers.*

Edw. After this dangerous fight and haplesse warre,
How doth my noble brother *Richard* fare?

Rich. I cannot ioy vntill I be resolu'd,
Where our right valient father is become.
How often did I see him beare himselfe,
As doth a Lion midst a hearde of neate,
So fled his Enemies our valient father,
Me thinkes tis pride enough to be his Sonne.

Thre Sunnes appeare in the aire.

Edw. Loe how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious Sunne,
Dafell mine eies? or do I see three Sunnes?

Rich. Three glorious Suns, not seperated by a racking
But seuered in a pale cleere shining skie. (cloude:
See, see, they ioyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vowde some league inuiolate:
Now are they but one lampe, one light, one Sunne,
In this the heauens doth figure some euent.

Edw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the Sonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Alreadie each one shining by his meed
May ioyne in one and ouerpeere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
He beare vpon my Target, three faire shining Sunnes.
But what art thou that lookest so heauilie?

Mef. Oh one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of *Yorke* was slaine.

Edw. Oh speake no more, for I can heare no more.

Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.

Mef. When as the noble Duke, was put to flight,

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

And then pursue by *Clifford*, and the *Queene*;
And many souldiers moe, who all at once
Let driue at him, and forsake the Duke to yeeld:
And then they set him on a moulhill there,
And crownde the gracious Duke in high dispight
Who then with teares began to waile his fall.
The ruthlesse *Queene* perceiuing he did weepe,
Gaued him a handkercher to wipe his eyes,
Dipt in the bloud of sweete young *Rutland*
By rough *Clifford* slaine; who weeping tooke it vp,
Then through his brest they thrust their blouddie swords,
Who like a Lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of *Torke*, they set his head,
And there it doth remaine, the piteous spectacle
That ere mine eyes beheld.

Edw. Sweet Duke of *Torke*, our proppe to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, there is no hope for vs:
Now my soules pallace is become a prison,
Oh would she breake from compasse of my breast,
For neuer shall I haue more ioy.

Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breasts moisture
Scarcely serues to quench my furnace burning heart.
I cannot ioy till this white rose be dide,
Euen in the heart bloud of the house of *Lancaster*.
Richard, I beare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,
Or die my selfe in seeking of reuenge.

Edw. His name, that valient Duke hath left with thee,
His chaire and Dukedome, that remaines for me.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy dissent by gazeing gainst the Sunne.
For Chaire, and Dukedome; Throne, and kingdome saies
For either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, Montague,
with drum, ancient, and Souldiers.

(broad?)

War. How now faire Lords: what fare? what newes a-

Rich. Ah gentle *Warwicke*, should we but reporte,

The

Torke, and Henrie the sixt.

The balefull newes, and at each wordes deliuerance,
Stab poniardes in our flesh, till all were tould:
The words would adde more anguish then the woundes.
Ah valient Lord, the Duke of *Torke* is slaine.

Edw. Ah *Warwicke, Warwicke*, that *Plantagenet*,
Which held thee deare: euen as his soules redemption,
Is by the sterne Lord *Clifford*, done to death.

War. Ten daies agoe, I drownd those newes in teares,
And now to adde more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then besalne.
After the blouddie fraie at *Wakefield* fought,
Where your braue father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tidings as swiftlie as the post could run,
Was brought me of your losse, and his departure.
I, then in London, keeper of the King,
Mustred my souldiers, gathered flockes of friends,
And verie well appointed as I thought,
Marcht to saint *Albons* t'entercept the *Queene*,
Bearing the *King* in my behalfe along,
For by my scoutes I was aduertised,
That she was comming, with a full intent
To dash your late decree in parliament,
Touching King *Henries* heires, and your succesion.
Short tale to make, we at Saint *Albons* met,
Our battailes ioynde, and both sides fiercelie fought.
But whether twas the coldnesse of the King,
Who lookt full gentlie on his warlike *Queene*,
That robde my souldiers of their heated iplene:
Or whether twas report of his succeffe,
Or more then common feare of *Cliffords* rigour,
Who thunders to his Capraines bloud and death,
I cannot tell: But to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came:
Our Souldiers like the night Owles lazie flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flaille,
Fell gently downe as if they smote their friends,
I cheerd them vp with iustice of the cause,
With promise of high paie and great rewardes.

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

But all in vaine, they had no hearts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the day,
So that we fled. The King vnto the Queene,
Lord *George* your brother, *Norfolke*, and my selfe,
In hast, post hast, are come to ioyne with you,
For in the marches heere we heard you were,
Making an other head, to fight againe.

Edw. I thankes gentle *Warwicke*!

How farre hence is the Duke with his power?
And when came *George* from *Burgundie* to *England*?

War. Some fiue miles off the Duke is with his power:
But as for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind Aunt, Dutches of *Burgundie*,
With aide of souldiers gainst this needfull warre.

Rich. T was ods belike when valent *Warwicke* fled.
Oft haue I heard thy praises in pursute,
But nere till now, thy scandall of retire.

War. Nor now, my scandall *Richard*, dost thou heare?
For thou shalt knowe that this right hand of mine,
Can pluck the Diadem from saint *Henries* head,
And wring the awfull scepter from his fist:
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
As he is famde for mildncile, peace, and praier,

Rich. I know it well Lord *Warwicke*, blame me not,
T was loue I bare thy glories, made me speake,
But in this troublous time, whats to be done?
Shall we goe throw away our coates of steele?
And clad our bodies in black mourning gownes,
Numbring our *Aucmaries* with our beades?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our deuotion, with reuengfull armes?
It for the last, saie I, and to it Lords.

War. Why therfore *Warwicke* came to find you out,
And therfore comes my brother *Montague*,
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,
With *Clifford* and the haught *Norshumberland*,
And of their feather many mo proud birdes,
Haue wrought the casie melting King like waxe.

He

York, and Henrie the sixt.

He sware consent to your succession,
His oath inrolled in the Parliament,
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate his oath, or what besides
May make against the house of *Lancaster*.
Their power I gesse them fiftie thousand strong.
Now if the helpe of *Norfolke*, and my selfe,
Can but amount to 48. thousand,
With all the friends that thou braue Earle of *March*,
Among the louing Welchmen canst procure,
Why via, To London will we march amaine,
And once againe besride our foaming fledes,
And once againe crie charge vpon the Foe,
But neuer once againe turne back and flie.

Rich. I, now me thinkes I heare great *Warwicke* speake:
Nere may he liue to see a sunshine day,
That cries retire, when *Warwicke* bids him Ray.

Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou faint'st, must *Edward* tall;
Which perill heauen forefend.

VVar. No longer Earle of *March*, but Duke of *York*,
The next degree is Englands royall King:
And King of England shalt thou be proclaimde,
In euerie Burrough as we passe along:
And he that casts not vp his cappe for ioy,
Shall for th'offence make forfeit of his head.
King *Edward*, valient *Richard*, *Montague*,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
But forward to effect these resolutions.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Duke of *Norfolke* tends you word by me,
The *Queene* is comming with a puissant power,
And craues your company for speedy counsell.

VVar. Why then it forts braue Lords, Lets march away.

Exeunt Omnes.

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

Enter the King and Queene, Prince Edward, and the Northren Earles, with Drumme and Souldiers.

Queen. Welcome my Lord, to this braue towne of Yorke,
Yonder's the head of that ambitious enimie
That sought to be impaled with your Crowne.
Doth not the obiekt please your eie my Lord?

King. Euen as the rocks please them that feare their wracke.
Withhold reuenge deare God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly haue I infringed my vow.

Clf. My gracious Lord, this too much lenitie,
And harmefull pittie must be laide aside,
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle lookes?
Not to the beast that would vsurpe his den.
Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth licke?
Not his, that spoyles his young before his face.
Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foote vpon her backe.
The smallest Woorme will turne, being troden on;
And Doves will pecke, in rescue of their broode.
Ambitious Yorke did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou smyling, while he knit his angry browes.
Hee but a Duke, would haue his sonne a King,
And raise his issue like a louing fire.
Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,
Didst giue consent to disinherite him;
Which argude thee a most vnnaturall father.
Vnreasonable creatures feed their young,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seene them euen with those same wings
Which they haue sometime vsde in fearefull flight,
Make warre with him, that climes vnto their nest,
Offering their owne liues, in their younges defence?
For shame my Lord, make them your president:
Were it not pittie that this goodly Boy,
Should lose his birth-right through his fathers fault?
And long hereafter say vnto his childe,

What

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

What my great Grandfather and Grandfire got,
My carcielle father, fondly gaue away?
Looke on the Boy, and let his manly face,
Which promiseth iuccefesfull fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughts,
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath *Clifford* playde the Orator,
Infering arguments of mightie force,
But tell me, didst thou neuer yet heare tell,
That thinges euill got, had euer bad successe;
And happie euer was it for that sonne,
Whose father for his hoording, went to hell?
I leaue my sonne my vertuous deedes behind,
And would my father had left me no more;
For all the rest is helde at such a rate,
As askes a thousand times more care to keepe,
Then may the present profite counteruaile.
Ah cosen *Yorke*, would thy best friendes did know,
How it doth grieue me, that thy head standes there.

Quee. My Lord, this harmetul pittie makes your followers
You promitd knighthood to your princely sonne, (faint)
Vnleath your sword, and straight do bub him Knight.
Kneele downe *Eaward*.

King. *Eaward Plantagenet*, arise a Knight,
And learne this lesson Boy, Draw thy sword in right.

Princ. My gracious father, by your kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the Crowne,
And in that quarrell vse it to the death.

North. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royall Commaunders, be in readinesse,
For with a band of fiftie thousand men,
Comes *Warwicke* backing of the Duke of *Yorke*;
And in the Townes whereas they passe along,
Proclaymes him King, and many flies to him:
Prepare your Battailles, for they be at hand.

Chf. I would your Highnesse would depart the field,
The *Queene* hath best successe when you are absent.

Queer.

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

Queen. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.

King. Why thats my fortune, therefore Ile stay still.

Clifford. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. Good father cheere these noble Lordes,
Vnsheath your sword, sweete father cry *Saint George.*
Clif. Pitch we our Battell here, for hence we wil not moue

Enter the house of Yorke.

Edw. Now periurd *Henry*, wilt thou yeeld thy Crowne,
And kneele for mercy at thy Soueraignes feete?

Quee. Goe rate thy minions proud insulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus malepert,
Before thy King and lawfull Soueraigne?

Edw. I am his King, and he should bend his knee,
I was adopted heire by his consent.

Georg. Since when, he hath broke his oath,
For as we heare, you that are King,
Though he do weare the Crowne,
Haue causde him by new act of Parliament
To blot our brother out, and put his owne sonne in.

Clif. And reason *George.* Who should succeed the father,
but the sonne?

Rich. Are you their butcher? (sort.

Clif. I *Crookback*, here I stand to answere thee, or any of your

Rich. T was you that kild young *Rutland*, was it not?

Clif. Yes, and olde *Yorke* too, and yet not satisfide.

Rich. For Gods sake Lordes, giue synald to the fight.

War. What sayst thou *Henry*? wilt thou yeeld thy crowne?

Queen. What, long tongde *War.* dare you speake?

When you and I met at *Saint Albones* last,
Your legges did better seruice then your handes.

War. I, then twas my turne to flee, but now tis thine.

Clif. You sayd so much before, and yet you fled.

War. T was not your vallour *Clifford*, that droue me thence.

Northum. No, nor your manhood *Warwick*, that could make
you stay.

Rich. *Northumberland*, *Northumberland*, we holde thee re-
ucrently. Breake off the parlie, for scarce I can refraine the

exc-

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

execution of my big swolne heart, against that *Clifford* there,
that cruell child-killer.

Clif. Why, I kild thy Father, calst thou him a childe?

Rich. I like a villaine, and a trecherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother *Rutland*,
But ere Sunne set Ile make thee curse the deed. (speake,

King. Haue done with wordes great Lords, and heare me

Que en. Desie them then, or els hold close thy lips.

King. I prethee giue no limits to my tongue,
I am a King and preuiledgde to speake.

Clif. My Lord, the wound that bred this meeting heere,
Cannot be cur'd with wordes, therefore be still.

Rich. Then Executioner vntheath thy sword,
By him that made vs all I am resolu'de,
That *Cliffords* manhood hangs vpon his tongue.

Edw. What saist thou *Henrie*? shall I haue my right or no?
A thousand men haue broke their fast to day,
That nere shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the crowne.

War. If thou denie, their blouds be on thy head,
For *Yorke* in iustice puts his armour on.

Prim. If all be right that *Warwicke* saies is right,
There is no wrong, but all things must be right.

Rich. Whosoeuer got thee, there thy mother stands,
For well I wot, thou hast thy Mothers tongue.

Quee. But thou art neither like thy fire nor dam,
Eut like a foule mishapen Stygmaticke,
Markt by the destinies to be auoided
As venome Toades, or Lizards fainting lookes.

Rich. Iron of *Naples*, hid with English gilt,
Thy Father beares the title of a King,
As if a channell should be calde the Sea;
Sham'st not, knowing from whence thou art deriu'de,
To parlie thus with Englands lawfull heires?

Edw. A wispe of strawe were worth a thousand crownes,
To make that shamelesse Callet know her selfe,
Thy husbands Father reueld in the heart of *Fraunce*,
And ramde the French, and made the *Dolphin* stoope:
And had he match according to his state,

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

He might haue kept that glorie till this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac'd thy poore fire with his bridall day:
Then that sun-shine bred a showre for him,
Which washt his fathers fortunes out of Fraunce,
And heapt seditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd these tumults but thy pride?
Hadst thou bin meeke, our title yet had slept,
And we in pittie of the gentle King,
Had slip't our claime vntill an other age.

George. But when we saw our Sommer brought the gaine,
And that the haruest brought vs no encrease,
We set the axe to thy vsurping roote:
And though the edge haue somthing hit our selues,
Yet know thou, we will neuer cease to strike,
Till we haue hewen thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution I desie thee,
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle King to speake.
Sound trumpets, let our blouddie collours waue,
And eicher victorie, or else a graue.

Queene. Staie Edward, staie.

Edw. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer staie,
Thy words will cost ten thousand liues to day.

Exeunt Omnes.

Alarmes.

Enter Warwick.

War. Sore spent with toile, as runners with the race,
I lay me downe a litle while to breath,
For strokes receiu'd, and many blowes repaide,
Hath robde my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
And force per force needes must I yeeld my selfe.

Enter Edward.

Edw. Smile gentle heauens, or strike vngentle death,
That we may die, vnlesse we gaine the daie.
What farall starre malignant frownes from heauen,
Vpon the harmlesse line of *Yrkes* true house?

Enter George.

George.

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

Geor. Come brother, come, lets to the field againe,
For yet theres hope enough to win the daies:
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting troopes,
Lest they retire now we haue left the field.

War. How now my Lords? what hap, what hope of good?

Enter Richard running.

Rich. Ah *Warwicke*, why hast thou withdrawne thy selfe;
Thy noble father in the thickest throngs,
Cride still for *Warwicke* his thrice valient sonne,
Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,
And manie wouudes made in his aged brest:
And as he tottering sate vpon his steede,
He wast his hand to me and cried aloud:

Richard, commend me to my valient sonne.
And still he cried, *Warwicke* reuenge my death,
And with those words he tumbled of his horse,
And so the noble *Salsburie* gaue vp the Ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with his blood,
He kill my horse because I will not flie:
And heere to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to passe from forth this bloody field,
Till I am full reuenged for his death.

Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, I doe bende my knees with thine,
And in that vow, now ioyne my soule to thee,
Thou setter vp and puller downe of Kinges,
Vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs,
Or let vs die before we loose the day.

Georg. Then let vs haste to cheere the Souldiers harts,
And call them pillers that will stand to vs,
And highly promise to remunerate
Their trustie seruice, in these dangerous warres.

Rich. Come, come away, and stand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, giue me your handes, and let vs part,
And take our leaues, vntill we meeete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen or in earth.
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in woe,
To see these dire mishaps continue so. *Warwicke* farewell.

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

War. Away, away, once more sweet Lords farewell.

Exeunt Omnes.

*Alarmes, and then enter Richard at one doore,
and Clifford at an other.*

Rich. A Clifford a Clifford.

Clif. A Richard a Richard.

*Rich. Now Clifford, for Yorke and young Rutlands death,
This thirstie sword that longs to drinke thy blood,
Shall loppe thy limbes, and slice thy cursed heart,
For to reuenge the murders thou hast made.*

*Clif. Now Richard. I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that slabd thy father Yorke,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland:
And heere's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
And cheeres these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.*

Alarmes, they fight, and then enters Warwicke and rescues

Richard, and then Exeunt omnes. Alarmes

Still, and then enter Henrie solus.

*Hen. Oh gracious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
And set some endes to these incessant griefes,
How like a mattleffe ship vpon the Seas,
This wofull battaile doth continue still:
Now leaning this way, now to that side driue,
And none doth know to whome the day will fall.
O would my death might stay these cruell iarres
Would I had neuer raignde, nor nere bin king.
*Margret and Clifford, chide me from the field,
Swearing they had best successe when I was thence:
Would God that I were dead, so all were well,
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content,
To yeeld it them and liue a priuate life.**

Enter a Souldier with a dead man in his armes.

*Soul. Ill blowes the wind that profits no bodie,
This man that I haue slaine in fight to day
May be possessed of some store of Crownes,*

And

Torke, and Henrie the sixt.

And I will search to finde them if I can,
But stay: me thinkes it is my fathers face,
Oh I, tis he; whom I haue slaine in fight,
From London was I prest out by the King,
My father he came on the part of Torke:
And in this conflict I haue slaine my father,
Oh pardon God. I knew not what I did,
And pardon father for I knew thee not:

Enter an other Souldier with a dead man.

2. *Soul.* Lie there, thou that foughtst with me so stoutly,
Now let me see what store of gold thou hast,
But stay, me thinkes this is no famous face;
Oh no, it is my Sonne that I haue slaine in fight,
O monstrous times, begetting such euents,
How cruell, bloodie, and ironious,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget,
Poore boy thy father gaue the life to late,
And hath bereau'd thee of thy life too soone.

King. Woe aboue woe, grieffe more then common grieffe,
Whilst Lions waire, and battaile for their dens,
Poore Lambs do feele the rigour of their wraths:
The Red rose and the Whight are on his face,
The fatall colours of our striuing houses,
Wyther one Rose, and let the other flourish:
For if you striue, ten thousand liues must perish.

1. *Soul.* How will my Mother for my fathers death,
Take on with me, and nere be satisfide?

2. *Soul.* How will my wife for slaughter of her sonne,
Take on with me, and nere be satisfide?

King. How will the people now misdeeme their King?
Oh would my death their mindes could satisfie.

1. *Soul.* Was euer sonne so rude, his fathers blood to spill?

2. *Soul.* Was euer father so vnnaturall his sonne to kill?

King. Was euer King thus greued and vexed still?

1. *Soul.* He beare thee hence from this accursed place;
For woe is me to see my fathers face.

Exit with his father.

2. *Soul.* He beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

For I haue murdered where I should not kill.

Exit with his sonne.

K. Hen. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for teare,
Here sits a King, as woe begone as thee.

Alarmes, and enter the Queene.

Queene. Away my Lord, to *Barwicke* presently,
The day is lost, our friendes are murdered,
No hope is left for vs; therefore away.

Enter Prince Edward.

Prince. Oh father flie, our men haue left the Field;
Take horse sweete father, let vs saue our selues.

Enter Exeter.

Exet. Away my Lord, for vengance come along with him;
Nay, stand not to expostulate; make haste,
Or else come after, Ile away before.

K. Hen. Nay stay good *Exeter*, for Ile along with thee.

Enter Clifford, wounded with an arrow in his necke.

Clf. Heere burnes my candle out,
That whilst it lasted, gaue king *Henry* light.
Ah *Lancaster*, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodyes parting from my soule.
My loue and feare, glude many friendes to thee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing *Henry* strengthened misproud *Yorke*,
The common people swarme like sommer Flies:
And whither flies the Gnats, but to the Sunne?
And who shines now but *Henries* enemy?
Oh *Phœbus*, hadst thou neuer giuen consent
That *Phaeton* should checkethy fierie steeds,
Thy burning carre had neuer scorcht the earth.
And *Henry* hadst thou liu'd as Kings should doe,
And as thy father, and his father did,
Giuing no foote vnto the house of *Yorke*,
I and ten thousand in this wofull land,
Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deatnes:
And thou this day hadst kept thy Throne in peace,
For whar dost cherisha Weedes but gentle Aire?

And

Yorke, and Henric the sixt.

And what makes robbers bold, but lenetic?
Bootelesse are plaintes, and curelesse are my woundes:
No way to flie, no strength to hold our flight:
The foe is mercilesse, and will not pittie me,
And at their handes I haue deserude no pittie.
The aire is got into my bleeding wonndes,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:
Come *Yorke* and *Richard*, *Warwicke*, and the rest,
I stabde your fathers, now come split my brest.

*Enter Edward, Richard, and Warwicke,
and Souldiers.*

Edw. Thus farre our fortunes keepe an vpward course,
And we are graft with wreathes of victorie:
Some troupes pursue the bloodie minded Queene,
That now towards *Barwicke* doth poste amaine,
But thinke you that *Clifford* is fled away with them?

War. No, tis imposible he should escape:
For though before his face I speake the wordes,
Your brother *Richard* mark him for the graue,
And where so ere he be, I warrant him dead.

Clifford grones, and then ayes.

Edw. Hark, what soule is this that takes his heauie leaue?

Rich. A deadly grone, like life and deaths departure.

Edw. See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
Friend or foe, let him be friendly vsed.

Rich. Reuerse that doome of mercie, for tis *Clifford*,
Who kild our tender brother *Rutland*,
And stabd our princely Duke of *Yorke*.

War. From off the gates of *Yorke* fetch downe the head,
Your fathers head which *Clifford* placed there,
In stead of that, let his supply the roome.
Measure for measure mult be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatall skritch-Owle to our house,
That nothing sung to vs but blood and death,
Now his yll boding tongue no more shall speake,

War. I thinke his vnderstanding is bereft.

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

Say *Clifford*, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Darke cloudie death ore shades his beames of life;

And he nor sees nor heares vs what we say.

Rich. Oh would he did, and so perhaps he doth,

And tis his pollicie in the time of death,

He might auoyde such bitter stormes as he

In his houre of death did giue vnto our father;

Geor. *Richard*, if thou thinkest so, vex him with eger words.

Rich. *Clifford*, aske mercie, and obtaine no grace.

Edw. *Clifford*, repent in bootlesse penitence.

War. *Clifford*, deuise excuses for thy fault.

George. Whilst we deuise fell tortures for thy fault.

Rich. Thou pittiedst *Yorke*, and I am sonne to *Yorke*.

Edw. Thou pittiedst *Rutland*, and I will pittie thee.

Georg. Where's captaine *Margaret* to fence you now?

War. They mocke thee *Clifford*; swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What not an oath? Nay then, I know hee's dead.

Tis hard, when *Clifford* cannot foord his friend an oath.

By this, I know hee's dead; and by my soule,

Would this right hand buy but an howers life,

That I in all contempt might raile at him.

Ide cut it off, and with the issuing blood,

Stifle the villaine, whose instanced thirst,

Yorke and young *Rutland* could not satisfie.

War. I, but he is dead; off with the traytors head,

And reare it in the place your fathers standes.

And now to *London* with triumphant march,

There to be crowned *Englands* lawfull King:

From thence shall *Warwicke* crosse the seas to *Fraunce*,

And aske the Ladie *Bona* for thy Queene;

So shalt thou sinew both these Landes together:

And hauing *Fraunce* thy friend, thou needst not dread;

The scattered foe, that hopes to rise againe.

And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet looke to haue them busie, to offend thine eares.

First Ile see the coronation done,

And afterward Ile crosse the seas to *Fraunce*,

To effect this marriage, if it please my Lords.

Edw.

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

Edw. Euen as thou wilt, good *Warwicke* let it be;
But first before we go, *George* kneele downe, (sword,
Wee here create thee *Duke of Clarence*; and girt thee with the
Our younger brother *Richard*, *Duke of Gloucester*.
Warwicke as my selfe shall do and vndo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be *Duke of Clarence*; *George* of *Gloucester*:
For *Gloucesters* Dukedome is too ominous,
War. Tush, thats a childish obleruation.
Richard be *Duke of Gloucester*. Now to London,
To see these honors in possession. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter two Keepers with bow and arrows.

Keeper. Come, lets take our standes vpon this hill,
And by and by the Deere will come this way:
But stay, here comes a man, lets listen him awhile.

Enter King Henrie disguised.

Hen. From *Scotland* am I stolne euen of pure loue,
And thus disguised, to greet my native land.
No, *Henrie* no, It is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee *Caesar* now,
No humble suiters sues to thee for right:
For how canst thou helpe them, and not thy selfe?

Keeper. I inarry sir, here is a Deere, his skin is a Keepers fee.
Sirra stand close; for as I thinke, this is the King,
King Edward hath deposide.

Hen. My *Queene* & sonne, poore soules, are gone to *France*,
And (as I heare) the great commaunding *Warwicke*,
To intreate a marriage with the Lady *Bona*:
If this be true, poore *Queene* and *Sonne*,
Your labour is but spent in vaine:
For *Lewis* is a Prince soone wonne with wordes,
And *Warwicke* is a subtil Orator:
He laughes and sayes, his *Edward* is instalde.
She weepes, and sayes, her *Henrie* is deposide:
He on his right hand, asking a wife for *Edward*;
She on his left side, crauing ayde for *Henrie*.

Keeper. What art thou that talkes of Kings and *Queenes*?

Hen. More then I seeme; for leile I should not be.

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

A man at least, and more I cannot be,
And men may talke of Kings; and why not I?

Keep. I, but thou talkest as if thou wert a King thy selfe.

Hen. Why so I am in minde, though not in shewe.

Keep. And if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?

Hen. My crowne is in my heart, not on my head.

My crowne is cald Content; a crowne that Kingos do seldme
times enioy.

Keep. And if thou be a King, Crownd with Content,
Your crowne content, and you, must be content
To go with vs vnto the officer: for as we thinke,
You are our *quondam* King, *K. Edward* hath deposide:
And therefore we charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go along with vs vnto the Officers.

Hen. Gods name be fulfilled, your Kinges name be obeyde,
And be you Kinges: commaunde, and Ile obey.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter King Edward, Clarence, and Gloucester, Montague,

Hastings, and the Ladie Gray.

K. Ed. Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Gloucester*,
This Ladies husband heere, *Sir Richard Gray*,
At the battaile of *Saint Albones* did lose his life,
His landes then were seized on by the Conqueror:
Her sure is now to repossesse those lands,
And sith in quarrell of the house of *Yorke*,
The noble gentleman an did lose his life:
In honour we cannot denie her sure.

Glo. Your Highnesse shall do well to graunt it then.

K. Ed. I, so I will, but yet Ile make a pause.

Glo. I, is the winde in that dore?

Clarence. I see the Ladie hath something to graunt,
Before the King will graunt her humble sure.

Cl. He knowes the game, how well he keepes the winde.

K. Ed. Widdow, come some other time to know our mind.

La. May it please your Grace, I cannot brooke delayes,
I beseech your Highnesse to dispatch me now. (witt.)

K. Ed. Lords giue vs leaue, we meane to trie this widdows

Cl. I, good leaue haue you.

Glo.

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

Glo. For you will haue leaue, till youth take leaue;
And leaue you to your crouch,

K.Ed. Come hither widdow: How many Children hast

Cl. I thinke he meanes to beg a Child on her. (thou?)

Glo. Nay whip me then, hee'l rather giue her two,

L. Three my gracious Lord.

Glo. You shall haue fouere and you will be rulde by him.

K.Ed. Were it not pittie they should lose their Fathers

L. Be pittifull then dread L. and grant it them. (lands?)

K.Ed. He tell thee how these lands are to be got.

L. So shall you binde me to your highnesse seruice.

K.Ed. What seruice wilt thou do me, if I graunt it them?

L. Euen what your Highnesse shall commaund.

Glo. Nay then Widdow he warrant you all your husbands
If you graunt to do what he commaundes. (landes,

Fight close, or in good fayth you catch a clap.

Cl. Nay I feare her not, vnlesse she fall.

Glo. Murr gods-forbot man, for heele take vantage then.

L. Why stops my Lord? shall I not know my taske?

K.Ed. An easie taske; tis but to loue a King.

L. Thats soone performd, because I am a subiect.

K.Ed. Why then, thy husbands lands I freely giue thee.

L. I take my leaue, with many thousand thankes.

Cl. The match is made, she seales it with a curtesie.

K.Ed. Stay Widdow, stay: What loue dost thou thinke
I sue so much to get?

L. My humble seruice, such as Subiectes owes,
and the lawes commaundes.

K.Ed. No by my troth, I meane no such loue,
But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.

L. To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in prison.

K.Ed. Why then thou canst not get thy husbands lands,

L. Then mine honestie shall be my dower,

For by that losse, I will not purchase them.

K.Ed. Herein thou wrongst thy children mightilie.

L. Herein your Highnesse wronges both them and me:
But mightie Lord, this merrie inclination,
Agrees not with the sadnesse of my sute.

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

Please it your Highnes to dismiss me either with I or no?

K. Ed. If thou say I, to my request:

No, if thou say no, to my demaund.

La. Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.

Glo. The widdow likes him not, she bens the brow.

Cl. Why, he is the bluntest woer in Christendome.

K. Ed. Her lookes are all repleate with Maiestie.

One way or other she is for a King:

And she shall be my loue, or else my *Queene*,

Saie, that king *Edward* tooke thee for his *Queene*?

La. Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord,

I am a subiect fit to least withall,

But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

K. Ed. Sweet widdow, by my state I sweare,

I speake no more then what my heart intendst:

And that is to enjoy thee for my loue.

La. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,

I know I am to bad to be your *Queene*:

And yet to good to be your Concubine.

K. Ed. You caull widdow, I did meane my *Queene*.

La. Your grace would be loth my sonnes should call you
Father.

K. Ed. No more then when my daughters cal thee mother

Thou art a widdow, and thou hast some Children,

And (by Gods: mother) I being but a Batcheler,

Haue other some: why tis a happie thing,

To be the father of manie Children:

Argue no more, for thou shalt be my *Queene*.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Cl. When he was made a shrurier twas for shrift.

K. Ed. Brothers you muse what talke the widdow and I
haue had, you wold thinke it strange if I should marrie her.

Cl. Marrie her my Lord, to whom?

K. Ed. Why *Clarence*, to my selfe.

Glo. That would be ten daies wonder at the least.

Cl. Why thats a daie longer then a wonder lasts,

Glo. And so much more are the wonders in extreames.

K. Ed. Well, least on Brothers, I can tell you,

Her

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

Her fate is graunted, for her husbands lauds.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And it please your grace, *Henrie* your foe is taken,
And brought as prisoner to your pallace gates.

K. Ed. Away with him, and send him to the Tower:
And lets go question with the man about his apprehension.
Lords along, and vte this *Laine* honourably. *Exeunt.*

Manet Gloster, and speaks.

Glo. I. *Edward* will vte women honourably,
Would he were watted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loynes no issue might succeed,
To hinder me from the golden tyme I looke for:
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.
First is there *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Henrie*,
And his sonne, and all they looke for issue
Of their loynes, ere I can plant my selfe:
A colde premeditation for my purpose,
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
And lull my selfe within a Ladies lappe,
And witch sweet Ladies with my wordes and lookes.
Oh monstrous man to harbour such a thought,
Why, loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe:
And for I should not deale in her affaires,
She did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh,
And plast an enuious mountaine on my backe:
Where sits deformitie, to mocke my bodie,
To dry mine arme vp like a withered Shrimpe,
To make my legges of an vnequall size,
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Easier for me to compasse twentie crownes.
Tut, I can lurie, and murder when I lurie:
I cry content to that, that greues me most.
I can adde colours to the *Camelion*,
And for a need, change sh'pes with *Protheus*,
And let the aspying *Catalin* to teoole.

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

Can I doe this, and can not get the Crowne?
Tush, were it ten times higher, Ile pull it downe.

Exit.

*Enter King Lewis and the Lady Bona, and Quene
Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
and others.*

Lew. Welcome *Q. Margaret* to the Court of *Fraunce*,
It fits not *Lewis* to sit while thou dost stand,
Sit by my side, and here I vow to thee,
Thou shalt haue ayde to repesse thy right,
And beate proud *Edward* from his vsurped seate,
And place king *Henry* in his former rule.

Queen. I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,
And pray the God of heauen, to blesse thy state,
Great King of *Fraunce*, that thus regardes our wronges.

Enter Warwicke.

Lew. How now, Who is this?

Queen. Our Earle of *Warwicke*, *Edwards* chiefe friend.

Lew. Welcome braue *Warwick*, what brings thee to *France*?

War. From worthy *Edward* King of *England*,
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindnesse and vnfaigned loue,
First to do greetings to thy royall person,
And then to craue a league of amitie:
And lastly, to confirme that amitie,
With nuptiall knot, if thou vouchsafe to graunt.
That vertuous Lady *Bona* thy faire sister,
To *Englands* King in lawfull marriage.

Queen. And if this goe forward, all our hope is done.

War. And gracious Madam, in our Kinges behalfe,
I am commaunded, with your loue and fauour,
Humbly to kisse your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passions of my Soueraignes hart:
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath plaist thy glorious image and thy vertues.

Queen. King *Lewis* and Lady *Bona*, heare me speake,
Before you answer *Warwicke* or his wordes,
For he it is hath done vs all these wronges.

War.

Torke, and Henrie the sixth,

How dares he presume to vse vs thus?

Queen. This proueth *Edwards* loue, & *Warwicks* honesty.

War. King Lewes, I here protest in sight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,
That I am cleare from this misdeede of *Edwards*.
No more my King, for he dishonours me,
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of *Torke*,
My father came vntimely to his death?
Did I let passe the abuse done to my Neece?
Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,
And thrust king *Henrie* from his natiue home?
And most vngratefull doth he vse me thus?
My gracious *Queene*, pardon what is past,
And hencefoorth I am thy true seruitour:
I will reuenge the wrongs done to Lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henrie* in his former state.

Queen. Yes *Warwicke* I do quite forget thy former faults,
If now thou wilt become king *Henries* friend:

War. So much his friend; I, his vnfaigned friend,
That if King *Lewes* vouchsafe to furnish vs
With some few bandes of chosen Souldiers,
Ile vndertake to land them on our coast,
And force the Tyrant from his seate by warre.
Tis not his new made Bride shall succour him.

Lew. Then at the last, I firmly am resolu'd,
You shall haue ayde:

And English *Messenger* returne in post,
And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewes* of *Fraunce*, is sending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him and his new Bride,

Bona. Tell him, in hope heele be a Widower shortly,
Ile weare the Willow Garland for his sake.

Queen. Tell him, my mourning weedes be layde aside,
And I am readie to put Armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long,
Ther's thy reward; begone,

Low. But now tell me *Warwicke*, what assurance
I shall haue of thy true loyaltie?

War. Thus shall assure my constant loyaltie,
If that our *Queene* and this young *Prince* agree:
He toyne in the eldest *Daughter* and my ioy,
To man forthwith in holy wedlockes bands.

Quee. With all my heart, that match I like full well,
Loue her Sonne *Edward*, she is faire and young,
And giue thy hand to *Warwicke* for thy loue.

Low. It is enough, and now we will prepare,
To leaue *Souldiers* for to go with you.
And you *Lord Burbon*, our high *Admirall*,
Shall waite them tatche to the *English* coast,
And chase proud *Edward* from his slumbring trauince,
For mocking marriage with the name of *Fraunce*.

Clare. I came from *Edward* as *Embassadour*,
But I returne his swoorne and mortall foe:
Master of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But treasur'd warre shall answere his demaunde.
Ha, is he none else to make a sale but me?
I haue sworn but I, shall turne his iest to sorrow:
I was the chiefe that raised him to the crowne,
And he be chiefe to bring him downe againe,
Not that I pittie *Henries* in *France*,
But seeke reuenge on *Edwards* mockerie.

Exit.

*Enter King Edward, the Queene, and Clarence,
Gloucester, Montague, Hastings, and
Pembroke, with soldiers.*

Ed. Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Gloucester*,
What thinke you of our marriage with the *Ladie Gray*?

Clare. My Lord, we thinke as *Warwicke* and *Lewis*
That are so slacke in iudgment, that theyle take no offence at
this suddaine marriage.

K. Ed. Suppose they do; they are but *Lewis*, and *Warwicke*,
And I am your King; and *Warwicke*, And will be obaid.

Clare. And shall, because you are our king, but yet such sud-
daine marriages seldome proueth well.

Ed.

Yorke, and Henric the sixt.

Ed. Yea brother *Richard*, are you againſt vs too?

Glo. Not I my Lord: no, God forſend that I ſhould
Once gaineſay your highneſſe pleaſure:

I, & twere a pittie to ſunder them that yoake ſo wel together.

Ed. Setting your hornes and your diſlikes aſide,

Shew me ſome reatons why the Lady *Gray*

May not be my Loue, and Englands *Queene*?

Speake freely *Clarence, Gloſter,*

Montague, and Haſtings.

Cl. My Lord, then this is my opinion,
That *Warwicke* being diſhonored in his embassage,
Doth ſeeke reuenge, to quite his iniuries.

Glo. And *Lewis*, in regard of his ſiſters wronges,
Doth ioyne with *Warwicke*, to ſupplant your ſtate.

Ed. Suppose that *Lewis* and *Warwicke* be appeald,
By ſuch meanes as I can beſt deuife?

Mont. But yet to haue ioyned with France in this
Alliance, would more haue ſtrengthened this our
Common wealth, gainſt forraigne ſtormes;
Then any home bred marriage.

Haſt. Let England be true within it ſelfe,
We need not France nor any alliance with them.

Cl. For this one ſpeache the Lord *Hungerford* well deſerues,
To haue the daughter and heire of the Lord *Hungerford*.

Ed. And what then? It was our will it ſhould be ſo?

Cl. I, and for ſuch a thing too, the Lord *Soules*
Did well deſerue at your handes, to haue the
Daughter of the Lord *Bonfield*, and left your
Brothers to goe ſeeke elſe where: but in
Your madnes, you burie brotherhood.

Ed. Alaffe poore *Clarence*, is it for a wiſe,
That thou art mal-content?

Why man be of good cheere, I will provide thee one.

Cl. Nay, you plaide the broker ſo ill for your ſelſe,
That you ſhall giue me leaue to make my
Choyſe as I thinke good: and to that intent,
I ſhortly meane to leaue you.

Ed. Leau me or tarric, I am ſuil reſolu'd,

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

Edward will not be tied to his brothers wills.

Quee My Lords, do me but right, and you must confesse,
Before it please his highnesse to aduance
My state to title of a *Queene*,
That I was not ignoble in my birth.

Edw. Forbeare my Loue, to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they must obey, nay shall obey,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.

Mont. My Lord, heere is the messenger returnde from
(*Fraunce*)

Enter a Messenger.

Edw. Now sirra, What letters, or what newes?

Mes. No letters my Lord; and such newes, as without your
Highnesse speciall pardon, I dare not relate.

Edw. We pardon thee; and as neere as thou canst, tell me
What said *Lewis* to our letters?

Mes. At my departure these were his verie wordes.
Go tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewis* of *Fraunce* is sending ouer *Maskers*,
To reuell it with him and his new bride.

Ed. Is *Lewis* so braue? belike he thinkes me *Hemy*.
But what saide *Lady Bonar* to these wrongs? (shortly,

Mes. I tell him (quoth she) in hope hee'l proue a widdower
He wear the willow garland for his sake,

Ed. She had the wrong indeed; she could say litle lesse:
But what said *Henries* *Queene*? for as I heare she was then in
place.

Mes. Tell him (quoth she) my mourning weedes be done;
And I am readie to put armour on.

Ed. Then belike she meanes to plaie the *Amazon*.
But what said *Warwicke* to these iniuries?

Mes. He more incensed then the rest my Lord,
Tell him (quoth he) that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore He vncrowne him er't be long.

Ed. Ha, Durst the traitour breath out such proud words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worst.

But what, is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?

Mes. I my good Lord, they are so linkt in friendshippe,
That

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

That young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwicke*s daughter.

Cl. The elder? belike *Clarence* shall haue the younger?
All you that loue me, and *Warwicke*, follow me.

Exit Clarence, and Sommerfet.

Ed. Clarence, and Sommerfet, fled to Warwick.

What saie you brother *Richard*, will you stand to vs?

Glo. I, my Lord, in despight of all that shal withstand you:
For why hath nature made me halt down right,
But that I should be valient and stand to it?
For if I would, I cannot run away.

*Ed. Penbrooke, go raise an armie presently,
Pitch vp my Tent; for in the field this night,
I meane to rest: and on the morrow morne,
He march to meet proud Warwick, ere he land
Those stragling troopes, which he hath got in Fraunce:
But ere I goe Montague and Hastings,
You of all the rest are neere staid
In bloud to Warwick; therfore tell me, if
You fauour him more then me, or not?
Speake trulie for I had rather haue you open enemies,
Then hollow friendes.*

Mon. So God helpe *Montague*, as he proues true.

Hast. And *Hastings*, as he fauours *Edwards* caule.

Ed. It shall suffice: come then, lets march away.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Warwick, and Oxenford, with Souldiers.

War. Trust me my Lords, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to vs.
But see where *Sommerfet* and *Clarence* comes.
Speake suddenly my Lords, are we all friends.

Cl. Feare not that my Lord.

War. Then gentle *Clarence* welcome vnto *Warwicke*.
And welcome *Sommerfet*. I hold it cowardise,
To rest mistrustfull, where a noble heart:
Hath paund an open hand, in signe of loue.
Else might I thinke that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,
Were but a faigned friend to our proceedings:

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

But welcome sweete *Clarence*, my daughter shalbe thine,
And now what restes but in nightes couerture,
Thy brother being carelesly encampt,
His Souldiers lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a simple garde,
We may surprize and take him at our pleasures:
Our Skoutes haue found the aduenture verie easie:
Then cry King *Henrie*, with resolued mindes,
And breake we presently into his tent.

Cl. Why then lets on our way in silent sort,
For *Warwicke* and his friends, God and Saint *George*.

War. This is his Tent, and see where his guard doth stand.
Courage my Souldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and *Edward* shall be ours.

All. A *Warwicke*, a *Warwicke*.

Alarmes, and Gloster and Hastings flies.

Oxf. Who goes there?

War. *Richard* and *Hastings*, let them go: here is the Duke.

Edw. The Duke, why *Warwicke*, when we parted last,
thou caldst me King?

War. I, but the case is altered now.

When you disgraft me in my Embassage,
Then I disgraft you from being King,
And now am come to create you Duke of *Yorke*.
Alasse how should you gouerne any Kingdome,
That knowes not how to vse Embassadours,
Nor how to vse your brothers brotherly:
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enemies.

Edw. Well *Warwicke*, let Fortune doe her worst,
Edward in minde will beare himselfe a King.

War. Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands king,
But *Henrie* now shall weare the English Crowne.
Goe conuey him to our brother Archbysshop of *Yorke*,
And when I haue fought with *Penbrooke*, and his followers,
He come and tell thee what the Lady *Bona* sayes:
And so for a while, farewell good Duke of *Yorke*.

Exeunt some with Edward.

Cl.

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

Cl. What followes now, all hitherto goes well,
But we must dispatch some letters to *France*,
To tell the *Queene* of our happy fortune,
And bid her come with speede to ioyne with vs. :
War. I, thats the first thing that we haue to doe,
And free king *Henrie* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in his regall throne.
Come, let vs haste away, and having past these cares,
Ile post to *Yorke*, and see how *Edward* fares.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, and sir William Stanley.

Glo. Lord *Hastings*, and sir *William Stanley*,
Know, that the cause I sent for you is this.
I looke my brother with a slender traine,
Should come a hunting in this Forrest heere;
The *Bishop* of *Yorke* befrendes him much,
And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase:
Now I haue priuily sent him word,
How I am come with you to rescue him.
And see where the *Huntsman* and he doth come.

Enter Edward and a Huntsman.

Hunts. This way my Lord the Deere is gone.

Ed. No this way *Huntsman*, see where the *Keepers* stand.
Now brother and the rest,
What, are you provided to depart?

Glo. I, I, the horse standes at the *Parke* corner,
Come to *Linne*, and so take shipping into *Flanders*.

Ed. Come then: *Hastings* and *Stanlie*,
I will requite your loues. *Bythop* fare well,
Sheeld thee from *Warwicks* frownest
And pray that I may repofesse the *Crowne*.
Now *Huntsman* what will you doe?

Hunts. Marris my Lord, I thinke I had as good
Goe with you, as tarry heere to be hangde.

Ed. Come then, lets away with speede.

Exeunt omne.

Enter

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

Enter the Queene and the Lord Rivers.

Rivers. Tell me good Madam, Why is your Grace so
passionate of late?

Queen. Why brother *Rivers*, heare you not the newes
Of that successe king *Edward* had of late?

Riv. What? losse of some pitcht battaile against *Warwicke*?
Tush, feare not faire *Queene*, but cast those cares aside,
King *Edward*'s noble minde, his honours doth display:
And *Warwicke* may lose, though then he got the day.

Queen. If that were all, my griefes were at an end:
But greater troubles will (I feare) befall.

Riv. What? is he taken prisoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall person then?

Queen. I, ther's my griefe; King *Edward* is surprisde,
And led away, as prison vnto *Yorke*.

Riv. The newes is pissing strange, I must confesse:
Yet comfort your selfe, for *Edward* hath more friends,
Then *Lancaster* at this time must perceiue;
That some will set him in his throne againe.

Queen. God graunt they may: but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme awhile,
Vntill I come vnto the sanctuarie,
There to preferue the fruite within my wombe,
King *Edward*'s seed, true heire to *Englands* crowne. *Exit.*

*Enter Edward and Richard, and Hastings with
a troope of Hollanders.*

Ed. Thus farre from *Belgia* haue we past the seas,
And marcht from *Rouenspur* hauen vnto *Yorke*:
But soft, the Gates are shut; I like not this.

Rich. Sound vp the Drumme, and call them to the walles.

Enter the Lord Maior of Yorke vpon the Walles.

Maior. My Lordes, we had notice of your comming,
And thats the cause we stand vpon our garde,
And shut the Gates, for to preferue the Towne:
Henrie now is King, and we are sworne to him.

Ed.

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

Ed. Why my Lord Maior, if *Henrie* be your King,
Edward I am sure at least, is Duke of *Yorke*?

Maior. Truth my Lord, we know you for no lesse.

Ed. I craue nothing but my Dukedome.

Rich. But when the *Foxe* hath gotten in his head,
Heele quickly make the body follow after.

Hast. Why my Lord Maior, what stand you vpon points?
Open the Gates, we are king *Henries* friendes.

Maior. Say you so, then Ile open them presently,

Exit Maior.

Ric. By my faith a wise stout Captaine, & soone perswaded.

*The Maior opens the doore, and bringes the
Keyes in his hand.*

Ed. So my Lord Maior, these Gates must not be shut,
But in the time of Warre: Give me the keyes.
What, feare not man; for *Edward* will defend the towne
and you, despight of all your foes.

*Enter sir Iohn Mountgommerie with
Drumme and Soulders.*

How now *Richard*, Who is this?

Rich. Brother, this is *Sir Iohn Mountgommerie*,
A trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiude.

Ed. Welcome *Sir Iohn*, Wherefore come you in armes?

Sir Iohn. To helpe king *Edward* in this time of stormes,
As euery loyall subiect ought to doe.

Ed. Thankes braue *Mountgommerie*,
But I onely claime my Dukedome,
Vntill it please God to send thee rest.

Sir Iohn. Then fare you well. Drum strike vp and let vs
March away: I came to serue a King and not a Duke.

Ed. Nay stay *Sir Iohn*, and let vs first debate,
With what securitie we may doe this thing.

Sir Iohn. What stand you on debating; to be brieve,
Except you presently proclaime your selfe our King,
Ile hence againe, & keepe them backe that come to succour
you: why should we fight, when you pretende no title?

G.

Rich.

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

Rich. Fie brother, fie, stande you vpon tearmes?
Refuse your selfe, and let vs claime the Crowne.

Ed. I am resolud once more to claime the Crowne,
And win it too, or else to lose my life.

For Iohn. Ino. v my Soueraigne speakes like himselfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion,
Sound Trumpets, for *Edward* shall be proclaymde.
Edward the fourth by the grace of God, King of England and
France, and Lord of Ireland;

And whosoever gainsayes king *Edwards* right,
By this I challenge him to single fight:
I sing hie *Edward* the fourth.

Ed. I sing hie *Edward* the fourth.

Ed. We thanke you all. Lord Maior, lead on the way,
For this night weele harbour here in *Torke*,
And then as earlie as the morning sunne,
Ere his yphis beames about this Horison,
Weele march to London, to meeete with *Warwicke*,
And pull faire *Henrie* from the Regall throne.

*Enter Warwicke and Clarence, with the Crowne, and then
king Henrie, and Oxford, and Summerſet, and the
young Earle of Richmond.*

King. Thus from the Prison to this princely seate,
By Gods great mercies am I brought againe:
Clarence and *Warwicke* do you keepe the Crowne,
And gouerne and protect my Realme in peace,
And I will spend the Remnant of my dayes,
To sinnes rebuke, and my creators prayse.

War. What answeres *Clarence* to his Soueraignes will?

Cl. *Clarence* agrees to what king *Henrie* likes.

King. My Lord of *Summerſet*, what prettie Boy is that,
You seeme to be so carefull of?

S. m. And it please your Grace, it is young *Henrie*,
Earle of *Richmond*.

King. *Henrie* of *Richmond*. Come hither prettie Ladde,
If heauenly powers doe aime aright

To

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

To my diuining thoughtes, thou prettie boy,
Shalt proue this Couuntries blisse,
Thy head is made to weare a princely Crowne,
Thy lookes are all repleat with Maiestie:
Make much of him my Lordes, for this is he,
Shal helpe you more, then you are hurt by me

Enter one with a letter to Warwick.

War. What counsell Lords? *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With hastie *Germanes* and blunt *Hollanders*,
Is past in safetie through the narrow seas,
And with his troopes do march amaine towards London,
And many giddie people follow him.

Oct. It is best to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire doe kinde any further,
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.

War. In *Warwicke* shire I haue true harted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
Them will I muster vp, and thou sonne *Clarence* shalt
In *Essex*, *Suffolke*, *Norfolke*, and in *Kent*,
Stirre vp the Knights and Gentlemen to come with thee,
And thou brother *Montague*, in *Leitler* shire,
Buckingham and *Northampton* shire shalt finde,
Men well inclinde to doo what thou commands,
And thou braue *Oxford* wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy countries muster vp thy friends.
My soueraigne with his louing Citizens,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Faue Lordes, take leaue and stand not to replie:
Farewell my Soueraigne.

King. Farewell my *Heir*, my *Troies* true hope.

War. Farewell sweete Lordes, lets meete at *Couchfield*.

All. Agreed.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Edward and his traine.

Ed. Seate on the thronical *Henrie*,
And once againe conuay him to the Tower.

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

Away with him, I will not heare him speake.
And now towards Couentric lets bend our course,
To meet with *Warwicke*, and his confederates.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter VVarwicke on the VValles.

War. Where is the post that came from valient *Oxford*?
How far hence is thy Lord, my honest fellowe?

Ox. Post. By this at *Dainrie*, marching hitherward.

War. Where is our brother *Montague*?
Where is the post that came from *Montague*?

Post. I left him at *Donsmore*, with his troopes.

War. Say *Sommerfield*, where is my loueing sonne?
And by thy gesse, how farre is *Clarence* hence?

Som. At *Southam* my Lord, I left him with his force,

And do expect him two howers hence.

War. Then *Oxford* is at hand, I heare his drum.

Enter Edward, and his power.

Glo. See Brother where the surly *Warwicke* mans the wall.

War. Oh vnbid spight: is spottull *Edward* come?
Where slept our scouts? or how are they seduc'd?
That we could haue no newes of their repaire?

Ed. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou be torie for thy faulkes,
And call *Edward* King, and he will pardon thee?

War. Nay rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe,
Confesse who set thee vp, and puld thee downe:
Call *VVarwicke* patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of *Torke*.

Glo. I had thought at least he would haue laid the King,
Or did he make the leas against his will?

War. I was *VVarwicke*, gaue the kingdome to thy brother.

Ed. Why then tis mine, if but by *VVarwicke*s guift.

War. I but thou art no *Atlas* for so great a waight,
And weaking *VVarwicke* takes his guift againe,
Henrie is my king: *VVarwicke* his subiect.

Ed. I prehee gallant *VVarwicke* tell me this,
What is the bodie, when the head is off?

Glo.

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

Glo. Alas that *Warwicke* had no more foresight,
But while he sought to steale the single ten,
The king was finely fingred from the decke:
You left poore *Henrie* in the Bishops pallace,
And ten to one youle meet him in the Tower.

Ed. T is euen so, and yet you are ould *Warwicke* still,
War. O cheerfull collours: see where *Oxford* comes?

*Enter Oxford with drum and souldiers, and all
crie Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster.* *Exeunt.*

Ed. The gates are open, see, they enter in,
Lets follow them, and bid them battaile in the streetes.

Glo. No, so some other might set vpon our backs,
Wee'l stay till all be entred, and then follow them.

Enter Sommer set with drum and souldiers.

Som. *Sommer set, Sommer set, for Lancaster.* *Exeunt.*

Glo. T wo of thy name both Dukes of *Sommer set*,
Haue sould their liues vnto the house of *Yorke*,
And thou shalt be the third, and my sword hold.

*Enter Montague, with drum and souldiers,
Mon. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster.* *Exeunt.*

Ed. Traiterous *Montague*, thou and thy brother,
Shall deerlie abie this rebellious a etc.

Enter Clarence, with drum and souldiers,

War. And loe where *George of Clarence*, sweapes along,
Of power enough to bid his brother battaile.

Gla. *Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster.* *Exeunt.*

Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Cesar too?

A parlie siraan to *George of Clarence.*

*Sound a Parlie, and Richard and Clarence whispers together,
and then Clarence takes his red Rose out of his*

Hat and throwes it at Warwicke.

War. Come *Clarence*, come, thou wilt if *Warwicke* call,

Gla. Father of *Warwicke*, know you what this meanes?
I thro w mine infamie at thee,

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

I wil not ruinate my fathers house,
Who gaue his blood to lime the stones together:
And let vp *Lancaster*. Thinkest thou
That *Clarence* is so harsh vnnaturall,
To lift his sword against his brothers life?
And so proud hearted *Warwicke* I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes:
Pardon me *Edward*, for I haue done amisse,
And *Richard*, do not frowne vpon me,
For hence forth I will proue no more vnconstant.

Ed. Welcome *Clarence*, and ten times more welcome,
Then if thou neuer hadst deserued our hate.

Gl. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is brotherly.

War. Oh paising traitour, periurde, and vniult.

Ed. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou leaue the Towne & fight?
Or shall we beate the stones about thine eares?

War. Why, I am not coopt vp heere for defence,
I will away to *Barnet* presently,
And bid thee battaile *Edward*, if thou darest.

Ed. Yes *Warwicke*, he dares, and leades the way,
Looke to the field, saint *George* and victorie.

Exeunt Omnes:

Alarums, and then enter Warwicke, wounded.

War. Ah who is nie? Come to me friend, or foe,
And tell me who is victor, *Torke*, or *Warwicke*?
Why aske I that? my mangled bodie shewes,
That I must yeeld my bodie to the earth,
And by my fall the conquest to my foes:
Thus yeeldes the Cedar to the axes edge,
Whose armes gaue shelter to the princely Eagle,
Vnder whose shade the ramping Lion slept,
Whose top braunch ouerpeer'd *Ioues* spreading tree:
The wrinkles in my browes, now filld with blood,
Were likened out to Kingly sepulchers,
For who had King but I could dig his graue?
And who durst smile, when *Warwicke* bent his brow?

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

Loe now my glorie smeerd in dust and bloud,
My parkes, my walkes, my mannours that I had,
Euen now tortake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.

Enter Oxford, and Sommer set.

Ox. Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, cheere vp thy selfe and liue,
For yet theres hope enough to win the day,
Our waillike *Queene* with troopes is come from *Fraunce*,
And at *South-hampton* landed all her traine,
And mightest thou liue, then would we neuer flie.

War. Why, then I would not flie, nor haue I now,
But *Hercules* himselfe must yeeld to ods,
For many woundes recein'd and many moe repaide,
Hath robd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
And spite of spites needes must I yeeld to death.

Sm. Thy brother *Montague* hath breathd his last,
And at the pangs of death I heard him crie,
And saie, commend me to my valient brother,
And more he would haue saide, and more he saide,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vaulte,
That could not be distinguisht for the sounde,
And so the valiant *Montague* gaue vp the ghost.

War. What is pompe, rule, raigne, but earth and dust?
And liue we how we can, yet die we must.
Sweet rest his soule, flie Lords, and saue your selues,
For *Warwicke* bids you all fare well, to meet in Heauen.

He dies.

Oxf. Come noble *Sommer set*, lets take our Horse,
And cause retraite be sounded through the Campe,
That all our friendes that yet remaine alive,
May be awarn'd, and saue them selues by flight.
That done, with them weele poll vnto the *Queene*,
And once more trie our fortune in the felde. *Ex. ambo.*

Enter Edward, Clarence, and Gloster. With souldiers.

Ed. Thus still our fortune giues vs victorie,
And girts our temples With triumphant ioyes.

The

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

The bigboond *Warwicke* hath breathde his last,
And heauen this day hath smilde vpon vs all,
But in this cleere and bright some day,
I see a blacke suspitious cloude appeare
That will encounter with our glorious sunne
Before he gaine his easfull westerne beames,
I meane those powers which the *Queene* hath got in *France*,
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.

Glo. Oxford and *Sommerfet* are fled to her,
And tis likelie if she haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

Ed. We are aduertisde by our louing friends,
That they do holde their course towardes *Tewxburie*:
Thither will we, for willingnesse rids way,
And in euerie countie as we passe along,
Our strengthes shall be augmented. Come, lets goe;
For if we slacke this faire bright *Summers daie*,
Sharpe *Winters* showers will marre our hope for haie.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Queene, Prince Edward, Oxford, & Sommerfet, with Drumme & Souldiers.

Quee. Welcome to England, my loning friends of *France*,
And welcome *Sommerfet* and *Oxford* too.

Once more haue we spread our Sailes abroad:
And though our tackling be almost consumde,
And *Warwicke* as our maine-Mast ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike Lordes, raise you that sturdie post,
That beares the sailes to bring vs vnto rest.

And *Ned* and I as willing Pilots should
For once with carefull mindes guide on the sterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulse,
That heretofore hath swallowed vp our friends.

Prince. And if there be, as God forbid there should,
Amongst vs a timerous or fearefull man,
Let him depart before the Battaile ioyne,
Least he in time of need intise another,
And so withdraw the Souldiers harts from vs.

I will

Yorke, and Henrie the sixth.

I will not stand aloofe and bid you fight,
But with my sword presse in the thickest throngs,
And single *Edward* from his strongest garde:
And hand to hand, enforce him for to yeelde,
Or leaue my bodie as witness of my thoughtes.

Ox. Women and Children of so high resolute?
And warriors faint, why twere perpetuall shame:
Oh braue young prince, thy noble Grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee: long mayest thou liue,
To beare his Image, and to renew his glories.

Som. And he that turnes and flies when such do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the *Owle* by day,
Be hiss and wondred at, if he arise.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lords, Duke *Edward* with a mightie power,
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you:

Ox. I thought it was his pollicie to take vs vnprouided,
but heere will we stand, and fight it to the death.

Enter King Edward, Cla. Glo. Hast. and souldiers.

Ed. See brothers, yonder stands the thornie wood,
Which by gods assistance and your prowess,
Shall with our swordes ere night, be cleane cut downe.

Quee. Lords, Knightes, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
My teares gainsay: for as you see, I drinke
The water of mine eyes. Then no more but this,
Henrie your king is prisoner in the Tower,
His land and all our friends are quite distressed,
And yonder stands the Wolfe that makes all this.
Then on Gods name, Lords together crye, *Saint George.*

All. *Saint George* for *Lincolne*.

All. *Run* to the *Butt* saile, *Yorke* flies, then the *Chambers* be discharged.
Then enter the *King*, *Cla.*, *Glo.* and the rest, and in they a
great shout, and crye; For *Yorke* for *Yorke* and then
the *Queene* is taken, the *Prince*, *Oxford*, and
Som. & then found, & enter all together.

H.

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

Ed. Lo heere a period of tumultuous broiles,
Away with *Oxford*, to *Hames Castle* straight,
For *Summerfet*, off with his guiltie head:
Away, I will not heare them speake.

Ox. For my part Ile not trouble thee with wordes.

Exit Oxford.

Som. Nor I, but stoope with patience to my death.

Exit Sommerfet

Ed Now *Eaward*, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For stirring vy my subiects to rebellion?

Prince. Speake like a subiect. *St. proud ambitious Yorke*,
Suppote that I am now my fathers mouth,
Religne thy chaire: and where I stand, kneele thou,
Whilest I propote the selte same woords to thee,
Which traivour thou wouldst haue me answare to.

Quee. Oh that thy father had bin so resolu'd.

Glo. That you might still haue kept your petticoate,
And nere haue stolne the breech from *Lancaster*.

Prince. Let *Aesop* fable in a winters night,
His currish Riddies sortes uot with this place.

Glo. By heauen, brat Ile plague you for that word.

Quee. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

Glo. For Gods sake take away this captiue scold.

Prince. Nay take away this scolding Crookibacke rather.

Ed. Peace wiltull boy, or I will tame your tongue.

Cl. Vntutered Lad, thou art to malapert.

Prince. I know my dutie, you are all yndutifull,
Laciuious *Edward*, and thou periur'd *George*,
And thou mithapen *Dick*, I tell you all,
I am your better, traitours as you be.

Ed. Take that, the lightnes of this rayler heere.

Quee. Oh kill me too.

Glo. Marrie and shall.

(die.

Ed. Hold *Richard*, hold, for we haue done to much alrea

Glo. Why should she liue to fill the worlde with wordes.

Ed. What doth she swound? make meanes for her recoue-

Glo. *Clarence*, excule me to the King my brother, (rie.

I muft to London, on a serious matter,

Ere

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes.

Cl. About what, prethee tell me?

Glo. The Tower man, the Tower, Ile roote them out.

Exit Gloster.

Queene. Ah *Ned*, speake to thy Mother boy,
Ah thou canst not speake,
Traitors, Tyrants, blouddie Homicides:
They that itabd *Caesar* shed no bloud at all,
For he was a man, this in respect a childe;
And men nere spend their furie on a childe;
Whats worse then tirant, that I may name?
You haue no children Deuells, if you had,
The thought of them, would then haue stopt your rage:
But if you euer hope to haue a tonne,
Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off,
As traitours you haue done this sweet young Prince.

Ed. Away, and beare her hence,

Quee. Nay, nere beare me hence, dispatch me here,
Heere sheath thy sword, Ile pardon thee my death.
Wilt thou not?

Then *Clarence*, do thou do it,

Cl. By heauen I would not do thee so much ease.

Quee. Good *Clarence* do, sweet *Clarence* kill me too.

Cl. Didst not thou heare me sweare I would not do it?

Quee. I, but thou vselt to forswear thy selfe,
T was sinne before, but now tis charitie.
Wheres the Diuells butcher? hard fauourd *Recharde*,
Richard where art thou?

He is not heere, Murder is his almes deed,
Petitioners for bloud, he nere put backe.

Ed. Away I saie, and take her hence per force.

Quee. So come to you and yours, as to this prince.

Exit.

Edw. *Clarence*, whithers *Gloster* gone?

Cl. Marrie my Lord to London, as I gesse,
To make a blouddie supper in the Tower.

Ed. He is suddaine, if a thing come in his head.
Well, discharge the common Souldiers with pay,

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

And thanks, and now let vs towardes London,
To see our gentle Queene how she poth fare,
For by this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for vs.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Gloster to King Henrie in the Tower.

Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your Booke so hard?

Hen. I my good Lord. Lord I should say, rather;
Tis sone to flatter, good was little better,
Good *Gloster*, and good Diuell, were all alike.
What scene of Death hath *Rosins* now to act?

Glo. Suspition alwayes hauntes a guiltie minde.

Hen. The birde once hinde, doth feare the fatall bush,
And I the haplesse maile to one poore birde,
Haue now the fatall obiekt in mine eye,
Where my poore young was hinde, was caught and kilde.

Glo. Why what a toole was that of *Creete*?

That taught his sonne the office of a Birde,
And yet for all that, the poore Fowle was drowne.

Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore sonne *Icarus*,

By father *Amos*, that denide our course,
Thy brother *Edward*, the Sonne that fearde his winges,
And thou the enuious Gulfe that swallowed him.
Oh better can my brest abide thy daggers poynt,
Then can mine eares that tragike historie.

Glo. Why, dost thou thinke I am an executioner?

Hen. A persecuter I am sure thou art:

And if murthering Innocentes be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy sonne I kilde for his presumption.

Hen. Hadst thou bin kilde when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liude to kill a sonne of mine:
And thus I prophesie of thee;
That many a Widdow for her Husbands death,
And many an Infants water standing eye,
Widdowes for their husbandes, children for their fathers,
Shall curse the time that euer thou wert borne.
The Owle shinke at thy birth; an euill signe,

The

Yorke, and Henrie the sixth.

The night-Crow cride, aboding lucklesse tune,
Dogges howle, and furious tempestes shooke downe trees,
The Raven rookt her on the Chimnies top,
And chattering Pies in dinall discord sung,
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,
And yet brought forth lesse then a mothers hope:
To wit, an vndigett created lump,
Not like the fruite of such a goodly tree;
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast borne,
To signifie thou camst to bite the worlde:
And if the rest be true that I haue heard,
Thou camst into the world

He stabs him.

Glo. Die Prophet in thy speech, He heare no more,
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordainde,

Hen. I had for much more slaughter after this.

O God forgive my finnes, and pardon thee.

He dies.

Glo. What? will the aspyring blood of *Leicester*
Stoke into the ground? I had thought it would haue mounted
See how my sword-weepes for the poore Kings death,
Now may such purple teares be alwayes shed,
For such as seeke the downefall of our house,
If any sparke of life remaine in thee,

Stabbe him againe.

Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither.

I that haue neither pittie, loue, nor feare:

Indeed twas true that *Henrie* tolde me o^r,

For I haue often heard my mother say,

That I came into the worlde with my legges forward:

And had I not reason thinke you to make haste,

And seeke their ruines that vsurpt our rights?

The women wept, and the *Midwife* cride,

O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth.

And so I was indeed: which plainely signifieth,

That I should tearle and bite, and play the dogge.

Then since Heauen hath made my body so,

Let Hell make crookt my minde, to answer it.

I had no father; I am like no father.

I haue no brother; I am like no brothers.

And this word *Lone*, which graybeardes tearme diuine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light:
But I will sort a pitchie day for thee.
For I will buz abroad such prophesies,
As *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life:
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
Henrie and his sonne are gone, thou *Clarence* next,
And by one and one, I will dispatch the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
Ile dragge thy body in another roome,
And triumph *Henry* in thy day of doome.

Exit.

*Enter King Edward, Queene Elizabeth, and a Nurse
with the young Prince, and Clarence, and
Hastings, and others.*

Edw. Once more we sit in Englandes royall throne,
Repurchasde with the blood of enemies,
What valiant foe-men like to *Autumes* corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of *Summerfet*, three folde renownd,
For hardie and vndoubted champions.
Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the sonne:
And two *Northumberland*s two brauer men
Nere spord their coursers at the trumpets sound.
With them the two rough Beares, *Warwicke* & *Montague*.
That in their chaines fettered the kingly Lion,
And made the Forrest tremble w^hen they roard:
Thus haue we swept suspition from our seate,
And made our foote stoole of securitie.
Come hither *Besse*, and let me kisse my Boy,
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Vncles and my selfe,
Haue in our Armour watcht the Winters night,
Martcht all a foote in Summers scalding heat,

That

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

That thou mightst repofesse the crowne in peace,
And of our labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

Glo. He blaft his harueft and your head were layde,
For yet I am not lookt on in the worlde.

This Shoulder was ordainde fo thicke, to heaue,
And heaue it fhall some waight, or breake my backe:
Worke thou the way, and thou fhalt execute.

Edw. Clarence, and Glſter, loue my louely Queene,
And kille your Princely Nephew, brothers both.

Cl. The duetie that I owe vnto your Maieſtie,
I feale vpon the roſiate lippes of this ſweete Babe.

Queen. Thankes noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thanks.

Glo. And that I loue the fruite from whence thou ſprangſt,
Witneſſe the louing kiſſe I giue the childe.

To ſay the trueth, ſo *Iudas* kilt his Maſter:
And ſo he cride, All haile; and meant all harne.

Edward. Now am I ſeated as my ſoule delightes,
Hauing my Countreys peace, and brothers loues.

Cl. What will your Grace haue done with *Margaret?*
Ranard her father to the king of *Fraunce*,
Hath paund the *Cyſels* and *Ieruſalem*,
And hither haue they lent it for her ranſome.

Edw. Away with her, and waſt her hence to *Fraunce*.
And now what reſtes, but that we ſpend the time,
With ſtately triumphes, and mirthfull comicke ſhewes,
Such as befits the pleaſures of the Court,
Sound Drummes and Trumpets; farewell to ſower annoy,
For here I hope, begins our laſting ioy.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

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