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# Richard III.



Adapted for performance  
by Male Characters by  
C. J. BIRBECK

An  
Historical Tragedy  
by  
William Shakespeare

JOSEPH F. WAGNER, NEW YORK

# CLASSICAL DRAMAS

## arranged for Performance

### By Male Characters Only

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# RICHARD III

AN HISTORICAL  
TRAGEDY  
IN FOUR ACTS

From Shakespeare's original, adapted for performance by  
Male Characters, and supplied with full directions  
for stage management

BY

C. J. BIRBECK

Professor of Elocution and English Literature

NEW YORK  
JOSEPH F. WAGNER

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## INTRODUCTION.

The Duke of Gloster, afterward RICHARD III, was the youngest son of Richard, Duke of York, and the great-grandson of Edmund, Duke of York, the fifth son of Edward III.

Richard was born at Fotheringay Castle on October 2, 1452. When their father lost his life in 1460, he and his brother, the Duke of Clarence, took refuge in Burgundy with their mother and remained there until the eldest brother Edward IV won the English crown. Richard III is accused of having murdered Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Henry VI, after the battle of Tewkesbury which was fatal to the interests of the house of Lancaster. He is also believed by his historians to have murdered King Henry himself in the tower of London and to have caused the death of his brother Clarence; and indeed Shakespeare has placed the charge almost beyond the power of historical criticism to efface.

In 1483, on returning from an expedition into Scotland, he heard of the death of his brother, the King. He met the Duke of Buckingham at Northampton, where it is believed that those measures were concerted which resulted in the execution of Hastings and others, the confinement in the Tower of the infant children of the late King Edward IV, and the placing of the English crown on the head of Richard III.

Throughout the country it was soon learned that the royal children were dead, and little doubt existed but that they had met their doom through the diabolical machinations of their uncle.

The many crimes which Richard's ambition led him to commit caused intense disgust among the nobility and the people of England. Gradually his followers left his side and crossing into France allied themselves to the fortunes of Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond.

August 7th, 1485, Richmond landed at Milford Haven, and on the 21st of the month the famous battle of Bosworth Field was fought, giving a decisive victory to Richmond and ending the long and varied Wars of the Roses. Richard, in his battle, lost his life and his crown. He was a man of great bravery, cunning and dissimulation—unscrupulous to the last degree. He permitted no obstacle to bar the road to the fulfilment of his ambitious designs. Through the instrumentality of the great dramatist, Shakespeare, his name will go down to distant generations to meet the execration which his satanic life merited.

## CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY.

DUKE OF GLOSTER, afterwards King Richard III.

KING HENRY VI, the deposed King of the House of Lancaster.

PRINCE OF WALES, (aged 12 years) } sons of  
DUKE OF YORK, (aged 10 years) } Edward IV.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF RICHMOND.

EARL OF OXFORD.

LORD STANLEY.

LORD MAYOR.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT.

TRESSEL.

LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER.

TIRREL.

FOREST.

DIGHTON.

FIRST OFFICER.

SECOND OFFICER.

*Two Bishops; 12 Courtiers; 16 Archers; 16 Men-at-arms for Richard's Army; 12 Men-at-arms for Richmond's Army; 2 Pages; 4 Aldermen; 4 Banner Bearers.*

*Time of Representation*—Two hours and a half.

*Places of Action*—London, Tamworth and Bosworth Field.

*Period*—The last quarter of the 15th century.

## COSTUMES.

**GLOSTER**—*1st dress*—Red velvet shirt, trimmed with fur; red velvet half-coat; gold waist belt; cross-hilted sword; purple colored silk tights; jeweled collar; high riding boots; red cap and white feather; dagger; gauntlets. In *Act II* same dress, but substitute shoes for the boots. *Act III* **KING'S DRESS**: Long gown representing cloth of gold edged with ermine, purple velvet robe edged with ermine, and ermine cape, crimson stockings, purple velvet pointed shoes with cross-bars of gold, gold cord and tassels round waist, jeweled sword, diamond collar of suns and roses, gold and richly jeweled crown, without feathers, as worn by Henry VI. After the Coronation scene, instead of the Coronation robe, a puce velvet open robe with hanging sleeves, and velvet cap edged with ermine. *Act IV*—A suit of complete armor, with a surcoat emblazoned with the arms of England. Dark club wig—smooth face.

**KING HENRY**—Long black velvet gown with hanging sleeves and ermine cape, velvet cap, black shoes, jeweled collar and belt, long iron-gray wig, half beard, pale makeup.

**PRINCE OF WALES**—White silk shirt with loose sleeves, trimmed with ermine, white silk tights and shoes, order of the garter on leg, jeweled collar, blond wig—youthful makeup.

**DUKE OF YORK**—Same as **PRINCE OF WALES**, except that the shirt is blue.

**EARL OF RICHMOND**—Suit of complete armor, white surcoat with red cross of St. George.

**DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM**—Same as **GLOSTER** in *Act I*, except that the color is blue—long black wig.

**DUKE OF NORFOLK**—In Coronation scene, long crimson velvet gown with hanging sleeves edged with gold, pointed velvet shoes trimmed with gold.

*Second dress*—Complete armor, surcoat emblazoned with his arms, and emblazoned shield hung on his left hip.

**TRESSEL**—Black velvet shirt with hanging sleeves edged with white fur, under-waistcoat of silver with protruding sleeves as in **Gloster's** dress, blue stockings, black velvet cap edged with fur, high riding boots, spurs, and gauntlets.—*Act II*, Pointed velvet shoes.—*Act V*, Complete armor.

**LORD STANLEY**—Long green velvet gown with velvet sleeves, collar of suns and roses, green velvet cap, black stockings, pointed velvet shoes.

*Second dress*—Complete armor, with surcoat and shield emblazoned with his arms.

**CATESBY**—Gray velvet shirt, loose sleeves, undersleeves, belt and sword, cap with black feather, gray silk tights, shoes—long brown wig. Last act, complete chain armor.

**RATCLIFF**—  
**OXFORD**—  
**BLOUNT**—

} Similar to Catesby.

**LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER**—Puce velvet shirt with hanging sleeves trimmed with gold, velvet cap, dark stockings, pointed shoes.—*Act IV*, Complete armor.

**LORD MAYOR**—Long red cloth robe with collar of the S. S., edged with dark fur, white ribbons on shoulders, white wands—underdress as others—Bottom wig.

**ALDERMEN**—Similar to **LORD MAYOR**, but without the fur on robe.—Bottom wigs.

**TIRREL**—Same fashion as Catesby, but plainer and of different color.

**FOREST AND DIGHTON**—High crowned black hat with narrow rim, very short shirt, with full sleeves at shoulders and tight at the wrists, waistbelts, and high boots.

**OFFICERS**—(of the Royal Guard)—Red shirt edged with gold, and emblazoned with arms of England on breast, red and gold cap, gold waistbelt and cross-hilted sword, red stockings, and russet shoes.

**PAGES**—Red shirts edged with black velvet, blue under-sleeves, silver ball on breast, black velvet cap with white roses, blue stockings, pointed shoes.

**COURTIERS**—Similar to Catesby, but differing in color—wigs.

**BISHOPS**—Purple cassocks and slippers, rochet and gold trimmed capes, golden mitres—gray wigs.

**ROYAL MEN-AT-ARMS**—Dressed similar to Officers, but more plainly.

**ROYAL ARCHERS**—With steel skull-caps, crimson jerkins reaching to hips with gold stripes running downwards, gold buttons, blue pantaloons, pointed russet shoes, quivers of arrows on left hips, and bows 5 feet 10 inches long.



**BANNER-MEN**—Bearing different banners, with steel gorgets, caps, elbow and knee pieces.

**RICHMOND'S SOLDIERS**—With drab shirts and red roses on breasts, black velvet waist belts, blue stockings, russet shoes, steel caps and gorgets, and steel battle-axes.

**RICHMOND'S BANNER-MEN**—With white shirts, red roses on them, and blue stockings.

## PROPERTIES.

### ACT I.

**SCENE I.**—Garden furniture, green carpet—Warrant for Lieutenant.

**SCENE III.**—Red curtains on alcove, antique chairs, couch, table, Priedieu, cross, book, candle stocks and lighted candles on table—cushions on couch.

### ACT II.

**SCENE I.**—Bell to toll in prompt entrance.

**SCENE II.**—Medallion carpet down, antique chairs, tables, chair of state, footstool, books, banners and warlike decorations—Prayer book for Gloster.

### ACT III.

**SCENE I.**—Medallion down to first entrance, several handsome cabinets, chairs, throne chair and canopy on platform center, scepter for Richard, spears and banners for soldiers—Tables.

**SCENE II.**—Keys for Lieutenant, ring for Tirrell.

**SCENE III.**—Same set as Scene I.

### ACT IV.

**SCENE I.**—Spears and banners for soldiers, scroll for Richmond.

**SCENE II.**—Red curtains on center opening of tent, a couch center in tent, a small table right of couch, flagon, cup, quills, ink and paper on table, chair left of couch holding armor and sword—One candle lighted on table.

**SCENE IV.**—Sixteen bows and arrows for Archers, spears for Men-at-arms, hammer for Armorer, scroll for Norfolk.

## ABBREVIATED STAGE DIRECTIONS.

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The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

- |                 |                                |                 |                                |
|-----------------|--------------------------------|-----------------|--------------------------------|
| <b>R.</b>       | —Right of stage.               | <b>L.</b>       | —Left of stage.                |
| <b>R. I. E.</b> | —Right first entrance.         | <b>L. I. E.</b> | —Left first entrance.          |
| <b>R. 2 E.</b>  | —Right sec'd entrance.<br>etc. | <b>L. 2 E.</b>  | —Left second entrance.<br>etc. |
| <b>R. U. E.</b> | —Right upper entrance.         | <b>L. U. E.</b> | —Left upper entrance.          |
| <b>D. R. F.</b> | —Door in right flat.           | <b>D. L. F.</b> | —Door in left flat.            |
|                 | <b>C. D.</b>                   |                 | —Center door.                  |
|                 | <b>C.</b>                      |                 | —Center of stage.              |
| <b>R. C.</b>    | —Right center of stage.        | <b>L. C.</b>    | —Left center of stage.         |
| <b>R. Cor.</b>  | —Right corner.                 | <b>L. Cor.</b>  | —Left corner.                  |

*Up.*—Up stage toward the rear.

*Down.*—Down stage toward the audience.

**X.**—To cross the stage.

**X's R.**—To cross to the right of stage.

**X's L.**—To cross to the left of stage.

*Flat,* means the scene running across the back of the stage.

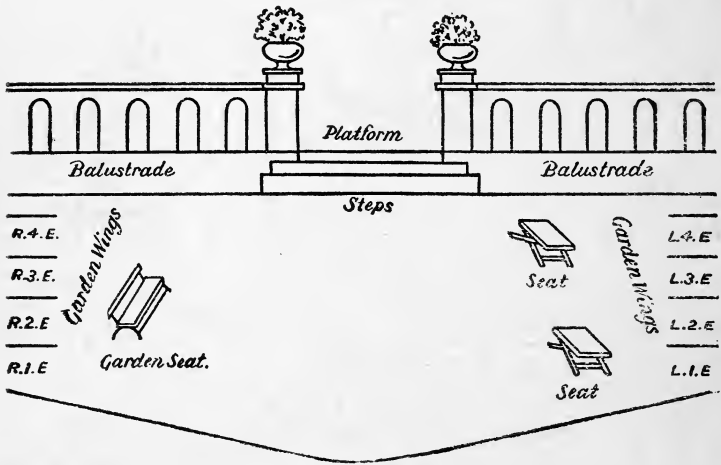
*A Drop.*—A scene let down from above.

# SCENERY.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—A Garden.

*Garden drop in 5.*



### SCENE II.—A Room in the Tower.

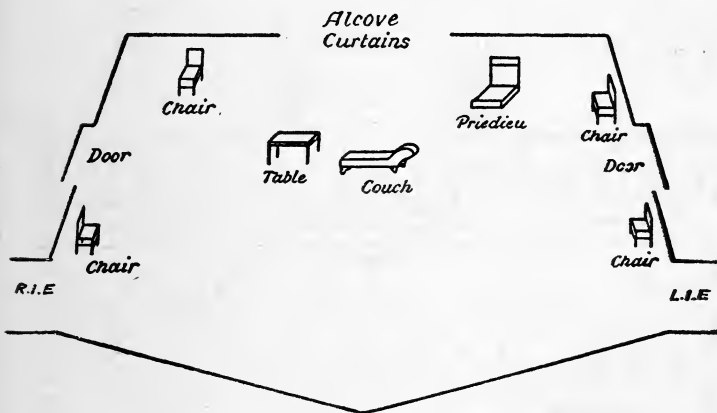
*Interior Gothic or Prison drop in 1.*

R. 1 E.

L. 1 E.

SCENE III.—King Henry's Chamber in the Tower.

*Interior backing.*



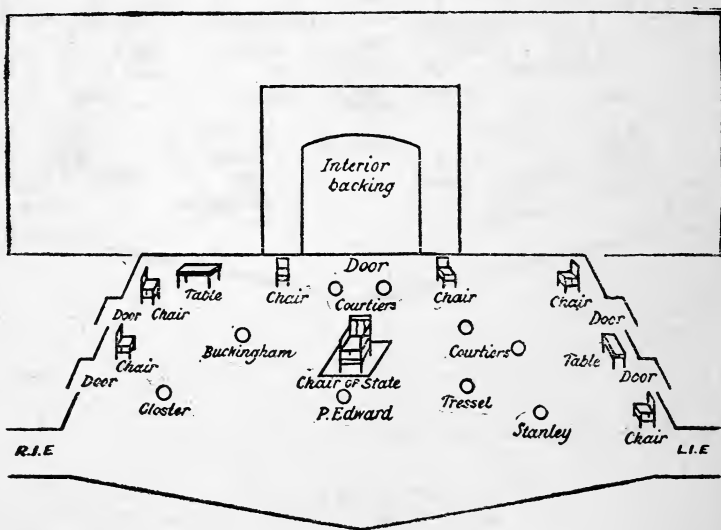
ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Ancient Street in I.

R. r E.

L. r E.

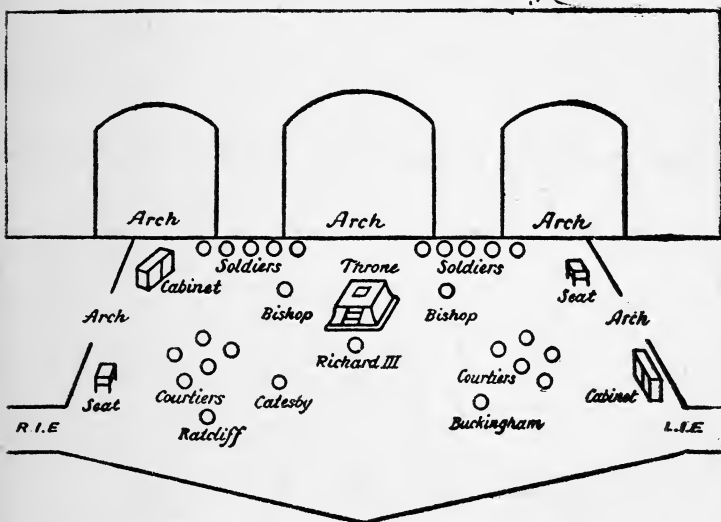
SCENE II.—Room in Crosby Palace.—Handsome boxed interior.



ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Room of State in the Palace.*

*Palace Arch, boxed, interior backing.*



SCENE II.—*Room in the Tower.*

*Prison drop in 1.*

Door

R. & E.

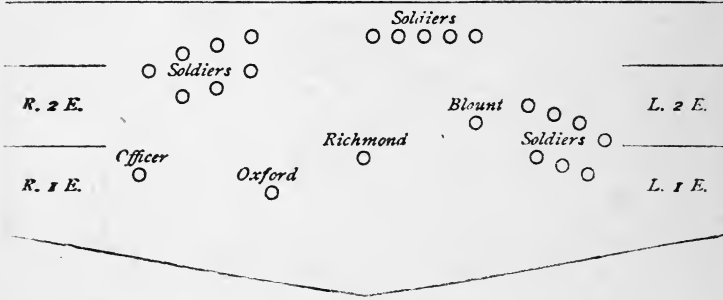
L. & B.

SCENE III.—*Same set as Scene I, Act III.*

ACT IV.

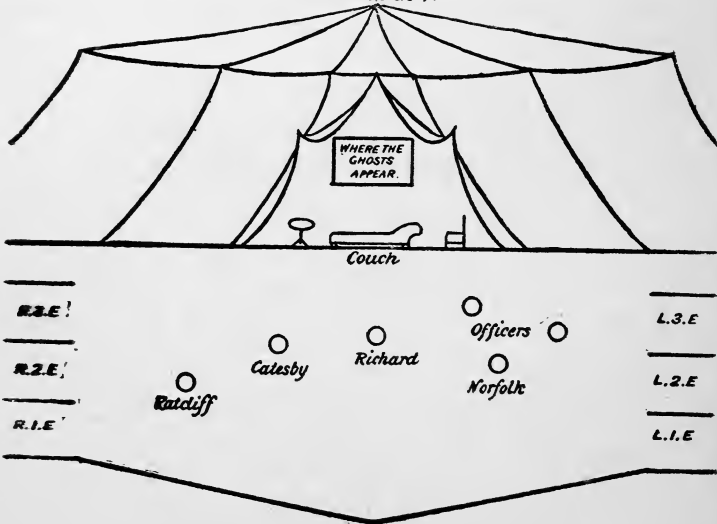
SCENE I.—Camp of Richmond.

Wood or Landscape in 2.



SCENE II.—Camp of Richard III.

Tent drop in 4.

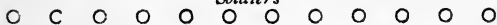




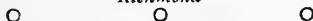
SCENE III.—*A wood.*

*Wood drop in 1.*

*Soldiers*



*Richmond*



SCENE IV.—*Bosworth Battlefield.*

*Landscape drop in 5.*

*R. 5 E.*



*L. 5 E.*



*R. 4 E.*



*L. 4 E.*



*R. 3 E.*



*Catesby*

*Richard*



*Armorer*



*Norfolk*



*Mentel-Arms*



*L. 3 E.*



*R. 2 E.*



*Archers*



*Ratcliff*

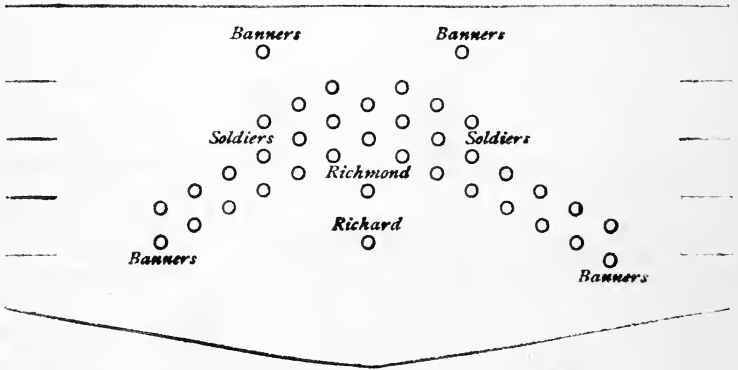


*L. 2 E.*

*R. 1 E.*

*L. 1 E.*

*Final Picture.*

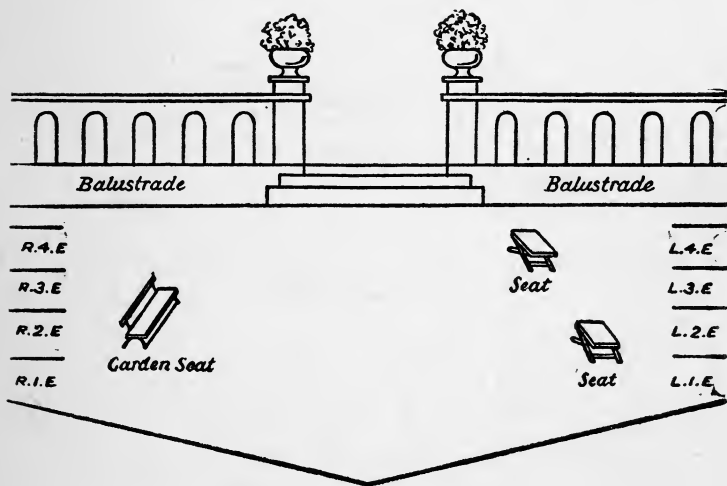


# RICHARD III.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

SCENE I.—*Green carpet down; a garden drop in 5; a platform two feet high across back of stage masked by a balustrade; center open; two steps center; wood wings; some garden furniture. Lights up. \*Music at rise of curtain.*



(*The Lieutenant and Officer enter from R. 2 E.*)

LIEUT. Has King Henry walked forth this morning?

OFF. No, sir; but it is near his hour.

LIEUT. At any time when you see him here,

Let no stranger into the garden:

I would not have him stared at. (OFFICER crosses behind to L.)

See, who's that  
Now entering at the gate.

OFF. Sir, the Lord Stanley.

LIEUT. Leave me.

(OFFICER *exits* L. 3 E.)

(LORD STANLEY *enters* L. 2 E.)

*Lieutenant*

○

*Stanley*

○

My noble lord, you're welcome to the Tower.  
I heard last night you late arrived with news  
Of Edward's victory to his joyful queen.

STAN. Yes, sir; and I am proud to be the man  
That first brought home the last of civil broils.  
The houses now of York and Lancaster,  
Like bloody brothers fighting for a birthright,  
No more shall wound the parent that would part them;  
Edward now sits secure on England's throne.

LIEUT. Near Tewkesbury, my lord, I think they fought,  
Has the enemy lost any men of note?

STAN. Sir, I was posted home  
Ere an account was taken of the slain:  
But, as I left the field, a proclamation  
From the king was made in search of Edward,  
Son to your prisoner, King Henry the Sixth,  
Which gave reward to those discovering him,  
And him his life, if he'd surrender.

LIEUT. That brave young prince, I fear's unlike his father—  
Too high of heart to brook submissive life.  
This will be heavy news to Henry's ear,  
For on this battle's cast his all was set.

STAN. King Henry and ill fortune are familiar;  
He ever threw with an indifferent hand,

But never yet was known to lose his patience.  
How does he pass the time, in his confinement?

LIEUT. As one whose wishes never reach'd a crown;  
The king seems dead in him; but as a man,  
He sighs sometimes in want of liberty;  
Sometimes he reads, and walks, and wishes  
That fate had bless'd him with an humbler birth,  
Not to have felt the falling from a throne.

STAN. Were it not possible to see the king?  
They say he'll freely talk with Edward's friends,  
And even treats them with respect and honor.

LIEUT. This is his usual time of walking forth,  
(For he's allowed the freedom of the garden,  
After his morning prayer; he seldom fails.  
Behind this arbor we unseen may stand  
Awhile to observe him.

*(they go off L. 2 E.)*

*(KING HENRY enters over platform from R. and goes slowly  
down C.)*

KING H. By this time the decisive blow is struck!  
Either my queen and son are bless'd with victory,  
Or I'm the cause no more of civil broils.  
Would I were dead, if heaven's good will were so,  
For what is in this world but grief and care?  
What noise and bustle do kings make to find it!  
When life's but a short chase, our game content,  
Which, most pursued, is most compelled to fly;  
And he that mounts him on the swiftest hope,  
Shall often run his courser to a stand;  
While the poor peasant from some distant hill,  
Undangered, and at ease, views all the sport,  
And sees content take shelter in his cottage.

*(STANLEY and LIEUTENANT appear at L. 2 E.)*

STAN. He seems extremely moved.

LIEUT. Does he know you?

STAN. No, nor would I have him.

LIEUT. We will show ourselves.

*(they advance toward center)*

*King H.*

○

*Lieutenant*

○

*Stanley*

○

KING H. Why, there's another check to proud ambition:  
That man received his charge from me, and now  
I am his prisoner—he locks me to my rest,  
Such an unlooked-for change who could suppose,  
That saw him kneel to kiss the hand that raised him!  
But that I should not now complain of,  
Since I to that, 'tis possible, may owe.  
His civil treatment of me.—'Morrow, Lieutenant:  
Is any news arrived? Who's that with you?

LIEUT. A gentleman that came last night express  
From Tewkesbury.—We've had a battle.

KING H. Comes he to me with letters, or advice?

LIEUT. Sir, he's King Edward's officer, your foe.

KING H. Then he won't flatter me. You're welcome, sir:

(LIEUTENANT goes up stage L.)

(STANLEY advances to L. C.)

Not less because you are King Edward's friend,  
For I have almost learn'd myself to be so;  
Could I but once forget I was a king,  
I might be truly happy, and his subject.  
You've gain'd a battle: is't not so?

STAN. We have, sir—how, will reach your ear too soon.

KING H. If to my loss, it can't too soon,—pray, speak,  
For fear makes mischief greater than it is.  
My queen—my son! say, sir, are they living?

STAN. Since my arrival, sir, another post  
Came in, and brought us word your queen and son  
Were prisoners now at Tewkesbury.

KING H. Heaven's will be done! the hunters have 'em now,  
And I have only sighs and prayers to help 'em.

STAN. King Edward, sir, depends upon his sword,  
 Yet prays heartily when the battle's won;  
 And soldiers love a bold and active leader.  
 Fortune, like women, will be close pursued.  
 The English are high mettled, sir, and 'tis  
 No easy part to fit 'em well. King Edward  
 Feels their temper, and 'twill be hard throw him.

KING H. Alas! I thought them men, and rather hoped  
 To win their hearts by mildness than severity.  
 My soul was never formed for cruelty;  
 In my eyes justice has seemed bloody.  
 When on the city gates I have beheld  
 A traitor's quarters parching in the sun,  
 My blood has turned with horror at the sight;  
 I took them down, and buried with his limbs  
 The memory of the dead man's deeds. Perhaps  
 That pity made me look less terrible,  
 Giving the mind of weak rebellion spirit;  
 For kings are put in trust for all mankind,  
 And when themselves take injuries, who is safe?  
 If so, I have deserted these frowns of fortune.

(OFFICER enters L. 3 E.)

OFF. Sir, here's a gentleman brings a warrant  
 For his access to King Henry's presence.

(exit OFFICER L. 3 E.)

LIEUT. I come to him.

STAN. His business may require your privacy;  
 I'll leave you, sir, wishing you all the good  
 That can be wished, not wronging him I serve.

KING. H. Farewell! (exeunt STANLEY and LIEUT. L. 2 E.)  
 Who can this be? A sudden coldness,  
 Like the damp hand of death, has seized my limbs,—  
 I fear some heavy news!

(Re-enter LIEUTENANT, L. 2 E.)

What is it, good Lieutenant?

LIEUT. A gentleman, sir, from Tewkesbury; he seems  
 A melancholy messenger; for when I asked  
 What news, his answer was a deep-fetched sigh.  
 I would not urge him, but fear 'tis fatal.

(exit L. 3 E.)

(KING HENRY looking off L. 2 E.)

KING H. Fatal, indeed! His brow's the title-page  
That speaks the nature of a tragic volume!

(TRESSEL *enters* L. 2 E. and *kneels* L. center.)

Say, friend, how does my queen? my son?  
Thou tremblest, and the whiteness of thy cheek  
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.  
Ev'n such a man, so faint, so spiritless.  
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,  
And would have told him half his Troy was burned;  
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,  
And thou my poor son's death ere thou relat'st it.  
Now would'st thou say,—Your son did thus and thus—  
And thus your queen! so fought the valiant Oxford!  
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds;  
But, in the end, (to stop my ear indeed,)  
Thou hast a sigh to blow away his praise,  
Ending with—queen, and son, and all, are dead!

TRES. Your queen yet lives, and many of your friends—  
But for my lord your son—

(TRESSEL *hangs his head*)

KING H. Why, he is dead! Yet speak, I charge thee!  
Tell thou thy master his suspicion lies,  
And I will take it as a kind disgrace,  
And thank thee well for doing me such wrong.

TRES. Would it were wrong to say—but, sir, your fears  
are true!

(TRESSEL *rises and stands* L. c., KING HENRY *is* c.)

KING H. Yet, for all this, say not my son is dead!

TRES. Sir, I am sorry that I must force you to  
Believe, what would to heaven I had not seen!  
But in this last battle near Tewkesbury,  
Your son, whose active spirit lent a fire  
Ev'n to the dullest peasant in our camp,  
Still made his way where danger stood to oppose him.  
A braver youth, of more courageous heat,  
Ne'r spurred his courser at the trumpet's sound.  
But who can rule the uncertain chance of war?  
In fine King Edward won the bloody field,  
Where both your queen and son were made his prisoners.



**KING H.** Yet hold; for oh! this prologue lets me in  
To a most fatal tragedy to come.  
Died he a prisoner, say'st thou? How? by grief?  
Or by the bloody hands of those that caught him?

**TRES.** After the fight, Edward in triumph asked  
To see the captive prince:—the prince was brought,  
Whom Edward roughly chid for bearing arms,  
Asking what reparation he could make  
For having stirred his subjects to rebellion?  
Your son, impatient of such taunts, replied,  
"Bow like a subject, proud ambitious York,  
While I, now speaking with my father's mouth,  
Propose the self-same rebel words to thee,  
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to."  
From these more words arose, till, in the end,  
King Edward, swelled with what the unhappy prince  
At a such a time too freely spoke, his gauntlet  
In his young face with indignation struck;  
At which crooked Richard, Clarence, and the rest,  
Buried their fatal daggers in his heart!  
In bloody state I saw him on the earth,  
From whence with life he never more sprung up.

**KING H.** Oh! had'st thou stabb'd at every word's deliverance  
Sharp poniards in my flesh, while this was told,  
Thy wounds had given less anguish than thy words.  
O heaven! methinks I see my tender lamb  
Gasping beneath the rav-nous wolves' fell gripe!  
But say, did all?—did they all strike him, say'st thou?

**TRES.** All, sir; but the first wound Duke Richard gave.

**KING H.** There let him stop; be that his last of ills!  
Oh, barbarous act! inhospitable men!  
Against the rigid laws of arms, to kill him!  
Was't not enough his hope of birth-right gone,  
But must your hate be levell'd at his life?  
Nor could his father's wrongs content you,  
Nor could a father's grief dissuade the deed!  
You have no children!—butchers, if you had  
The thought of them would sure have stirred remorse.

**TRES.** Take comfort, sir, and hope a better day.

**KING H.** Oh! who can hold a fire in his hand  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
Or wallow naked in December's snow,  
By bare remembrance of the summer's heat?  
Away! By heaven, I shall abhor his sight,  
Whoever bids me be of comfort more!  
If thou wilt soothe my sorrows, then I'll thank thee—  
Ay, now thou'rt kind indeed! these tears oblige me.

**TRES.** Alas! my lord, I fear more evil towards you.

**KING H.** Why, let it come; I scarce shall feel it now;  
My present woes have beat me to the ground,  
And my hard fate can make me fall no lower.  
What can it be? Give it its ugliest shape—  
Oh, my poor boy!

**TRES.** A word does that—it comes in Gloster's form.

**KING H.** Frightful, indeed! Give me the worst that  
threatens.

**TRES.** After the murder of your son, stern Richard,  
As if unsated with the wounds he had given,  
With unwash'd hands went from his friends in haste;  
And being asked by Clarence of the cause,  
He, low'ring, cried, brother, I must to the Tower;  
I've business there; excuse me to the king:  
Before you reach the town, expect some news:  
This said, he vanish'd,—and I hear's arrived.

**KING H.** Why then the period of my woes is set!  
For ills but thought by him are half perform'd.

*(Enter LIEUTENANT, with a warrant, L. 3 E.)*

**LIEUT.** Forgive me, sir, what I'm compell'd t' obey:  
An order for your close confinement.

**KING H.** Whence comes it, good Lieutenant?

**LIEUT.** Sir, from the Duke of Gloster.

**KING H.** Good night to all, then;—I obey it.

*(LIEUTENANT retires up stage L.—TRESSEL kneels and kisses  
KING HENRY'S hand.) \*Music until change.*

Lieutenant  
○

K. Henry  
○

Tressel  
○

And now, good friend, suppose me on my death-bed,  
And take of me thy last, short-living leave.  
Nay, keep thy tears till thou hast seen me dead;  
And when in tedious winter nights, with good  
Old folks thou sitt'st up late  
To hear 'em tell the dismal tales  
Of times long past, ev'n now with woe remember'd,  
Before thou bidd'st good night, to quit their grief  
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,  
And send thy hearers weeping to their beds.  
(Picture till change of scene.)

## SCENE II.

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the Tower; interior gothic or prison  
drop in I.—Lights up. (See diagram.)*

*Drop.*

R. 1 E.

L. 1 E.

(Enter GLOSTER L. 1 E.—GLOSTER was slightly lame and one  
shoulder was higher than the other.)

GLOS. Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by the sun of York;  
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house,  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

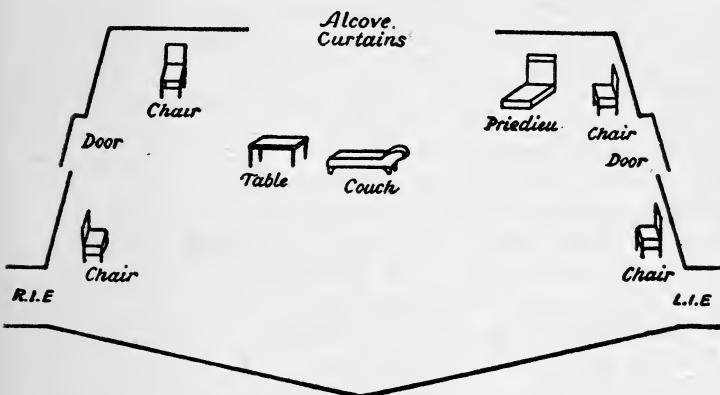
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,  
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
 Our stern alarums are changed to merry meetings,  
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
 Grim-visag'd war has smooth'd his wrinkled front;  
 And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,  
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—  
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute;  
 But I,—that am not shaped for sportive tricks,  
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;  
 I,—that am rudely stamp'd, and was love's majesty,  
 I,—that am curtail'd of man's fair proportion,  
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, scarce half made up,  
 And that so lamely, and unfashionable,  
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—  
 Why I,—in this weak, piping time of peace,  
 Have no delight to pass away my hours,  
 Unless to see my shadow in the sun,  
 And descant on my own deformity:  
 Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,  
 But to command, to check, and o'erbear such  
 As are of happier person than myself;  
 Why, then, to me this restless world's but hell,  
 Till this mis-shapen trunk's aspiring head  
 Be circled in a glorious diadem!—  
 But then 'tis fix'd on such a height; oh! I  
 Must stretch the utmost reaching of my soul.  
 I'll climb betimes, without remorse or dread,  
 And my first step shall be on Henry's head.

(exit R. I E.)

\*Music till change of scene.

### SCENE III.

SCENE III.—*King Henry's Chamber in the Tower; interior prison scene boxed from 3 down to 1; center alcove covered by heavy red curtains; doors R. and L.; a couch center; a table R.; lighted tapers and cross also some books on table; several antique chairs; several cushions; a prie-dieu; lights half down.*

*Interior backing.*

(KING HENRY discovered asleep on couch; LIEUTENANT enters through door R.)

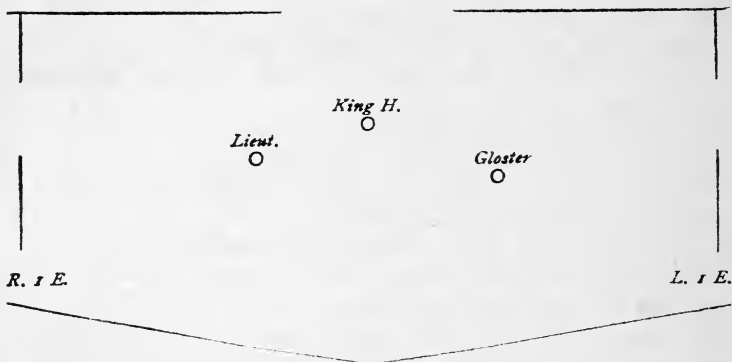
LIEUT. Asleep so soon! but sorrow minds no seasons,  
The morning, noon, and night, with her's the same;  
She's fond of any hour that yields repose.

KING H. (*waking*) Who's there! Lieutenant, is it you! Come hither!

LIEUT. You shake, my lord, and look affrighted.

KING H. Oh! I have had the fearful'st dream! such sights,  
That, as I live,  
I would not pass another hour so dreadful,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days.  
Reach me a book: I'll try if reading can  
Divert these melancholy thoughts.

(LIEUTENANT hands him a book from table and then takes position at the R. of table; GLOSTER enters through door L. and stands L. C.)



GLOS. Good day, my lord; what, at your book so hard?  
I disturb you.

KING H. You do, indeed.

GLOS. (*to LIEUT.*) Friend, leave us to ourselves, we must confer. (*exit LIEUT. R.*)

KING H. What bloody scene has Roscius now to act?

GLOS. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;  
The thief does fear each bush an officer.

KING H. Where thieves without controlment rob and kill,  
The traveler does fear each bush a thief:  
The poor bird that has been already limed,  
With trembling wings misdoubts of every bush:  
And I, the hapless mate of one sweet bird,  
Have now the fatal object in my eye,  
By whom my young one bled, was caught, and kill'd.

GLOS. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,  
That taught his son the office of a fowl!  
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drowned;  
Thou should'st have taught thy boy his prayers alone,  
And then he had not broke his neck with climbing.

KING H. Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not thy words;  
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,  
Than can my ears that piercing story;  
But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my life?

(*KING rises from couch and advances a few steps—keeps the c.*)

GLOS. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

KING H. If murdering innocents be executing,  
Then thou'rt the worst of executioners.

GLOS. Thy son, I kill'd for his presumption.

KING H. Had'st thou been kill'd when first thou did'st pre-  
sume,

Thou had'st not lived to kill a son of mine;  
But thou wert born to massacre mankind.  
How many old men's sighs, and widows' moans;  
How many orphans' water-standing eyes;  
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands' fate,  
And children for their parents' timeless death,  
Will rue the hour that ever thou wert born?  
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign!  
The night-crow cry'd, foreboding luckless times;  
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;  
The raven rook'd her on the chimney top,  
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung;  
Teeth had'st thou in thy head when thou wert born,  
Which plainly said, thou cam'st to bite mankind;  
And if the rest be true which I have heard,  
Thou cam'st—

GLOS. I'll hear no more;—die, prophet, in thy speech  
For this, among the rest, was I ordain'd.

*GLOSTER stabs the King with his sword; the King falls center;  
he slowly raises himself on his elbow and speaks the  
following two lines:)*

KING H. Oh! and for much more slaughter after this:  
Just heav'n forgive my sins, and pardon thee! (dies.)

GLOS. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
Sink in the ground?—I thought it would have mounted.  
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death.  
Oh, may such purple tears be always shed  
From those that wish the downfall of our house!  
If any spark of life be yet remaining,  
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither—

*GLOSTER stands back of the body, facing the audience, and  
stabs several times again.)*

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.  
Indeed, 'tis true what Henry told me of;  
For I have often heard my mother say,

*(He wipes his sword and returns it to its scabbard.)*

The women cried,

Good heaven bless us! he is born with teeth!

And so I was, which plainly signified,

That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

Then since the heav'ns have shaped my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it!

I have no brother, and am like no brother—

Let this word love, which grey-beards call divine,

Be resident in men, like one another,

And not in me;—I am,—myself alone.

Clarence, beware, thou keep'st me from the light,

But if I fail not in my deep intent,

Thou'st not another day to live; which done,

Heav'n take the weak King Edward to his mercy,

And leave the world for me to bustle in.

But soft;—I'm sharing spoil before the field is won.

Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns,—

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

*(exit quickly through door L.)*

*\*Music—Quick Curtain.*

END OF ACT I.



## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

SCENE I.—*An ancient street in I, giving a view of old St. Paul's in the background. Lights up. \*Music at rise.*

*Drop.*

R. I E.

L. I E.

*(Enter GLOSTER L. I E. at rise.)*

GLOS. 'Twas her excuse to avoid me. Alas!

She keeps no bed:—

She has health enough to progress far as Chertsey,  
Though not to bear the sight of me.

I cannot blame her:—

Why, love forswore me from my very birth;

And, for I should not deal in his soft laws,

He did corrupt frail nature with a bribe,

To shrink my arm up like a shrub,

To make an envious mountain on my back,

Where sits deformity to mock my body;

To shape my legs of unequal size,

To disproportion me in every part.

And am I then a man to be beloved!

Oh, monstrous thought! more vain than my ambition.

*(Enter LIEUTENANT, hastily, L. I E.)*

LIEUT. My lord, I beg your grace—

GLOS. Be gone, fellow! I'm not at leisure.

LIEUT. My lord, the king, your brother's taken ill.

GLOS. I'll wait on him: leave me, friend. *(exit LIEUT. L. I E.)*

Ha! Edward taken ill!

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all.

That no more young brats may rise,

To cross me in the golden time I look for.

*(The bell tolls and a dead march is played, pp.)*

But see, my love appears!—Look where she shines,  
 Darting pale lustre, like the silver moon,  
 Through her dark veil of rainy sorrow!  
 So mourned the dame of Ephesus her love;  
 And thus the soldier, armed with resolution,  
 Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.  
 'Tis true, my form may perhaps little move her,  
 But I've a tongue shall wheedle with the devil;  
 Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile:  
 And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;  
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
 And frame my face to all occasions.  
 Yet hold, she mourns the man that I have kill'd—  
 First let her sorrows take some vent:—stand here;  
 I'll take her passion in its wane, and turn  
 This storm of grief to gentle drops of pity,  
 For his repentant murderer.

*(exit L. I E.)*

*(Music stops.)*

*(Enter TRESSEL and LORD STANLEY, R. I E.)*

TRES. My lord, your servant; pray, what brought you to  
 St. Paul's?

STAN. I came among the crowd, to see the corpse  
 Of poor King Henry; 'tis a dismal sight.  
 But yesterday, I saw him in the Tower:  
 His talk is still so fresh within my memory,  
 That I could weep to think how fate has used him.  
 I wonder where's Duke Richard's policy,  
 In suffering him to lie exposed to view;  
 Can he believe that men will love him for't?

TRES. O yes, sir, love him as he loves his brothers.  
 When was you with King Edward, pray, my lord?  
 I hear he leaves his food, is melancholy;  
 And his physicians fear him mightily.

STAN. 'Tis thought he'll scarce recover.  
 Shall we to court, and hear more news of him?

TRES. I am obliged to pay attendance here:  
 The lady Anne has license to remove  
 King Henry's corpse to be interred at Chertsey;  
 And I'm engaged to follow her.

STAN. Mean you King Henry's daughter-in-law?

TRES. The same, sir; widow the late Prince Edward,  
Whom Gloster killed at Tewkesbury.

STAN. Alas! poor lady, she's severely used:  
And yet, I hear, Richard attempts her love:  
Methinks the wrongs he's done her might discourage him.

TRES. Neither those wrongs, nor his own shape, can fright  
him.

He sent for leave to visit her this morning  
And she was forced to keep her bed to avoid him.  
But see, she is arrived:—will you along?

STAN. I'll wait upon you. (exeunt R. I E.)

(Enter GLOSTER, L. I E.)

GLOS. Was ever woman in this humor wooed?  
Was ever woman in this humor won?  
I'll have her—but I will not keep her long.  
What? I, that killed her husband and his father,  
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;  
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,  
The bleeding witness of my hatred by;  
Having heaven, her conscience, and these bars against me  
And I no friends to back my suit withal,  
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks?  
And yet to win her—all the world to nothing?  
Can she abuse her beauteous eyes on me.  
Whose all not equals Edward's moiety?  
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus!  
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,  
I do mistake my person, all this while:  
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
Myself to be a marvelous proper man.  
I'll have my chambers lined with looking glass;  
And entertain a score or two of tailors  
To study fashions to adorn my body:  
Since I am crept in favor with myself,  
I will maintain it with some little cost.  
Shine out, fair sun, till I salute my glass,  
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

(Enter BUCKINGHAM, R. I E.)

Cousin of Buckingham, what news?

BUCK. Edward the King, your royal brother's dead  
And you, my honored lord are made  
Protector of his crown and children.

GLOS. Now, by St. Paul, I feel it here:—methinks  
The massy weight on't galls my laden brow:  
What think'st thou, cousin, were't not an easy matter  
To get Lord Stanley's hand to help it on?

BUCK. My lord, I doubt that; for his father's sake,  
He loves the prince too well; he'll scarce be won  
To anything against him.

GLOS. Poverty, the reward of honest fools.  
O'ertake him for't—what think'st thou, then, of Hastings?

BUCK. He shall be tried, my lord;—I'll find out Catesby,  
Who shall at subtle distance sound his thoughts:  
But we must still suppose the worst may happen;  
What if we find him cold in our design?

GLOS. Chop off his head!—something we'll soon determine;  
But haste, and find out Catesby;  
That done, follow me to the council-chamber.  
We'll not be seen together much, nor have  
It known that we confer in private; therefore  
Away; good cousin.

BUCK. I am gone, my lord.

(*exit L. I. E.*)

GLOS. Thus far we run before the wind,  
My fortune smiles, and gives me all that I dare ask  
The conquer'd lady Anne is bound in vows—  
Fast as the priest can make us, we are one!  
The king, my brother, sleeps without his pillow,  
And I'm left guardian of his infant heir.  
Let me see:—

The prince will soon be here—let him! the crown!  
O yes! he shall have twenty! globes and sceptres too,  
New ones made to play withal—but no coronation!  
No, nor any court-flies about him—no kinsmen.  
Hold ye:—where shall he keep his court? the Tower?  
Ay, the Tower!

(*exit R. I. E.*)

*Change of Scene.*

## SCENE II.

SCENE II.—*Crosby Palace; a handsome boxed interior; large center door; two doors, R. and L.; carpet down; chair of state center; chairs, tables, books, footstool; lights up. \*Grand flourish as the scene opens; all the characters bow to Prince Edward who is seated center. Gloster, Buckingham, Lord Stanley, Tressel and four Lords are discovered. (See diagram.)*

GLOS. Now, my royal cousin, welcome to London!  
 Welcome to all those honored dignities,  
 Which by your father's will, and by your birth,  
 You stand the undoubted heir possessed of.  
 And, if my plain simplicity of heart  
 May take the liberty to show itself,  
 You're farther welcome to your uncle's care  
 And love.—Why do you sigh, my lord?  
 The weary way has made you melancholy.

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

TRES. More uncles! what means his highness?  
*(aside to STANLEY.)*

STAN. Why, sir, the careful Duke of Gloster has  
 Secured his kinsmen on the way:—Lord Rivers, Grey,  
 Sir Thomas Vaughan, and others of his friends,  
 Are prisoners now in Pomfret castle—  
 On what pretence it boots not—there they are,  
 Let the devil and the duke alone to accuse 'em.

*(aside to TRESSEL.)*

GLOS. My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.  
*(Enter L. 2 E.; the LORD MAYOR and followers; they go to L. C. and kneel.)*

LORD M. Vouchsafe, most gracious sovereign, to accept  
 The general homage of our loyal city:  
 We farther beg your royal leave to speak  
 In deep condolment of your father's loss;  
 And, as far as our true sorrow will permit,  
 To 'gratulate your accession to the throne.

PRINCE E. I thank you, good my lord, and thank you all.  
Alas! my youth is yet unfit to govern.  
Therefore, the sword of justice is in abler hands:

(*pointing to GLOSTER.*)

But be assured of this, (*rising,*) so much already,  
I perceive I love you, that though I know not yet  
To do you offices of good, yet this I know,  
I'll sooner die, than basely do you wrong.

(*sits.*)

(*The LORD MAYOR and followers rise, bow to PRINCE EDWARD  
and exeunt D. L. 2 E.*)

GLOS. (*aside*) So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

PRINCE E. My lords,  
I thought my mother, and my brother York,  
Would long ere this have met us on the way:  
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,  
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

GLOS. Where it shall seem best to your royal self.  
May I advise you, sir, some day or two  
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower;  
Then, where you please, and shall be thought most fit  
For your best health and recreation.

PRINCE E. Why at the Tower? But be it as you please.

BUCK. My lord—your brother's grace of York.

(*Enter the DUKE OF YORK, followed by an attendant lord,  
door L. 2 E.; he runs to center and is embraced by PRINCE  
EDWARD who rises; the attendant lord retires up stage L.*)

PRINCE E. Richard of York! how fares our dearest brother?

DUKE Y. Oh, my dear lord! So I must call you now.

PRINCE E. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is your's  
Too soon he died, who might have better worn  
That title, which in me will lose its majesty.

GLOS. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

DUKE Y. (*crosses to GLOS.*) Thank you kindly, dear uncle:  
—oh, my lord!

You said that idle weeds were fast in growth;  
The king, my brother, has outgrown me far.

GLOS. He has, my lord.

DUKE Y. And therefore is he idle?

GLOS. Oh, pretty cousin, I must not say so.

DUKE Y. Nay, uncle, I don't believe the saying's true,  
For, if it were, you'd be an idle weed.

GLOS. How so, cousin?

DUKE Y. Because I have heard folks say, you grew so fast,  
Your teeth would gnaw a crust at two hours old:  
Now, 'twas two years ere I could get a tooth.

GLOS. (*aside*) Indeed! I find the brat is taught this lesson.—  
Who told thee this, my pretty merry cousin?

DUKE Y. Why, your nurse, uncle.

GLOS. My nurse, child! she was dead 'fore thou wert born.

DUKE Y. If 'twas not she, I can't tell who told me.

(*x's to L. C.*)

GLOS. (*aside*) So subtle too!—'tis pity thou art short lived.

PRINCE E. My brother, uncle, will be cross in talk.

GLOS. Oh, fear not, my lord; we shall never quarrel.

PRINCE E. I hope your grace knows how to bear with him.

DUKE Y. You mean to bear me—not to bear with me.

(*crosses to GLOS.*)

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;  
Because that I am little, like an ape,  
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

(*x's back to L. C.; imitating a lame hunchback in walk and bearing.*)

PRINCE E. Fie, brother, I have no such meaning.

GLOS. My lord, wilt please you, pass along?

Myself, and my good cousin of Buckingham,  
Will to your mother, to entreat of her  
To meet, and bid you welcome to the Tower.

DUKE Y. What! will you to the Tower, my dear lord?

PRINCE E. My lord protector will have it so.

DUKE Y. I sha'n't sleep in quiet at the Tower.

GLOS. (*aside*) I'll warrant you;—King Henry lay there,  
And he sleeps in quiet.

PRINCE E. What should you fear, brother?

DUKE Y. My uncle Clarence's ghost, my lord;  
My grandmother told me he was killed there.

PRINCE E. I fear no uncles dead.

GLOS. Nor any, sir, that live, I hope.

PRINCE E. I hope so too; but come, my lords,  
To the Tower, since it must be so.

(*Exeunt door c., PRINCE EDWARD and the DUKE OF YORK, followed by LORD STANLEY, TRESSEL and COURTIERS; GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM remain.*)

BUCK. Think you, my lord, this little prating York  
Was not instructed by his subtle mother  
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

GLOS. No doubt, no doubt; oh, 'tis a shrewd young master:  
Stubborn, bold, quick, forward, and capable;  
He's all the mother's from the top to toe;  
But let them rest!—now what says Catesby?

BUCK. My lord, 'tis much as I suspected, and  
He's here himself to inform you.

(*Enter CATESBY, D. R. 2 R.*)

GLOS. So Catesby;—hast thou been tampering?  
What news?

CATES. My lord, according to th' instruction given me,  
With words at distance dropt, I sounded Hastings.  
Piercing how far he did affect your purpose;  
To which, indeed, I found him cold, unwilling:  
The sum is this;—he seemed awhile to understand me not  
At length, from plainer speaking, urged to answer,  
He said in heat rather than wrong the head

*Catesby*  
○

*Gloster*  
○

*Buckingham*  
○

To whom the crown was due, he'd lose his own.

GLOS. Indeed! his own then answer for that saying:  
He shall be taken care of:—meanwhile, Catesby,  
Be thou near me.—(*CATESBY retires, R.*)—Cousin of Buckingham,  
Let's lose no time;—the mayor and citizens  
Are now at busy meeting in Guildhall;  
Thither I'd have you haste immediately,



And at your meetest 'vantage of the time,  
 Improve those hints I gave you late to speak of;  
 But above all, infer the illegitimacy  
 Of Edward's children.

BUCK. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator,  
 As if myself might wear the golden fee  
 For which I plead.

GLOS. If you thrive well, bring 'em to see me here,  
 Where you shall find me seriously employed  
 With the most learned fathers of the church.

BUCK. I fly, my lord, to serve you.

GLOS. To serve thyself, my cousin;  
 For look: when I am king claim thou of me  
 The earldom of Hereford, and all those movables  
 Whereof the king my brother stood possessed.

BUCK. I shall remember that your grace was bountiful.

GLOS. Cousin, I have said it.

BUCK. I am gone, my lord. *(exit door L. 2 E.)*

GLOS. *(aside)* So, I've secured my cousin here. These  
 Movables will never let his brains rest, till I'm king.

Catesby, go you with speed to Doctor Shaw  
 And thence to friar Beuker; bid them both  
 Attend me here, within an hour at farthest;  
 Meanwhile my private orders shall be given  
 To lock out all admittance to the princes. *(exit CATESBY, R. D.)*  
 Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on!  
 How many frightful stops would conscience make  
 In some soft heads, to undertake like me?  
 Come, this conscience is a convenient scarecrow;  
 It guards the fruit which priests and wise men taste.  
 Who never set it up to fright themselves!  
 They know 'tis rags, and gather in the face on't,  
 While half-starved shallow daws through fear are honest!  
 Why were laws made, but that we're rogues by nature?  
 Conscience! 'tis our coin—we live by parting with it,  
 And he thrives best who has the most to spare.  
 The protesting lover buys hope with it;  
 Old grey-beards cram their avarice with it;  
 Your lank-jawed hungry judge will dine upon't,  
 And hang the guiltless, rather than eat his mutton cold;

The crown'd head quits it for despotic sway.  
 The stubborn people for unawed rebellion.  
 There's not a slave but has his share of villain:  
 Why, then, shall after-ages think my deeds  
 Inhuman, since my worst are but ambition?  
 Ev'n all mankind to some loved ills incline:  
 Great men choose greater sins—ambition's mine.

(*CATESBY enters D. L. 2 E.; he goes to L. C.; GLOSTER is R. C.*)

GLOS. Now, Catesby—

CATES. My lord, his grace of Buckingham attends your high-  
 ness' pleasure.

GLOS. So soon! wait on him;—I'll expect him here.

(*exit CATESBY, D. L. 2 E.*)

(*Enter CATESBY and BUCKINGHAM, D. L. 2.*)

GLOS. Now, cousin, what say the citizens?

(*CATESBY exits, D. L. 2 E.*)

*Gloster*  
 ○

*Buckingham*  
 ○

BUCK. Now, by our hopes, my lord, they are senseless stones:  
 Their hesitating fear has struck 'em dumb.

GLOS. Touched you upon the birth of Edward's children?

BUCK. I did.

Laid open all your victories in Scotland,  
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
 Your bounty, justice, fair humility:  
 Indeed, left nothing that might gild our cause  
 Untouched, or slightly handled, in my talk;  
 And, when my oration drew towards an end,  
 I urged of them that loved their country's good,  
 To do you right, and cry, Long live King Richard.

GLOS. And did they so?

BUCK. Not one, by heav'n;—but each like statues fixed,  
 Speechless and pale, stared in his fellow's face:  
 Which, when I saw, I reprehended them;

And asked the mayor what meant this wilful silence;  
 His answer was—the people were not used  
 To be spoken to, but by the Recorder:  
 Who then took on him to repeat my words;  
 “Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferred;  
 “But nothing urged in warrant from himself.”  
 When he had done, some followers of my own,  
 At th’ lower end o’ th’ hall, hurled up their caps,  
 And some ten voices cried, “God save King Richard!”  
 At which, I took ’vantage of those few,  
 And cried, “Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends,  
 “This general applause, and cheerful shout,  
 “Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard;”  
 And even here broke off, and came away.

GLOS. Oh, tongueless blocks! would they not speak?  
 Will not the mayor, then, and his brethren, come?

BUCK. The mayor is here at hand—feign you some fear  
 And be not spoken with, but by mighty suit.  
 A prayer-book in your hand, my lord, were well,  
 Standing between two churchmen of repute;  
 For on that ground I’ll make a holy descant.  
 Yet be not easily won to our requests:  
 Seem like the virgin, fearful of your wooers.

GLOS. My other self! my counsel’s consistory!  
 My oracle! my prophet! my dear cousin!  
 I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

BUCK. Hark! the lord mayor’s at hand—away, my lord;  
 No doubt but yet we reach the point proposed.

GLOS. We cannot fail, my lord, while you are pilot.  
 (*aside*) A little flattery sometimes does well.

(GLOSTER *exits through C. D.*)

(LORD MAYOR and followers enter L. 2 E. and stand L. C. L.  
 of stage.)

BUCK. Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance here;  
 I am afraid the duke will not be spoke withal.

(CATESBY enters through C. and goes down R.)  
 Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request?

CATES. My lord, he humbly does intreat your grace  
 To visit him to-morrow, or the next day;  
 He’s now retired with two right reverend fathers,

Divinely bent to meditation;  
 And in no worldly suit would he be moved,  
 To interrupt his holy exercise.

BUCK. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;  
 Tell him, myself, the mayor, and citizens,  
 In deep designs, in matters of great moment,  
 No less importing than our general good,  
 Are come to have some conference with his grace.

CATES. My lord, I'll instantly inform his highness.

(*exits C. D.*)

BUCK. Ah, my lord! this is not an Edward:  
 He is not lolling on a soft, easy bed  
 But on his knees at meditation,  
 With two deep divines in sacred praying.  
 Happy were England, would this virtuous prince  
 Take on himself the toil of sovereignty!

LORD M. Happy, indeed, my lord!  
 He will not, sure, refuse our proffered love?

BUCK. Alas, my lord! you know him not; his mind's  
 Above this world—he's for a crown immortal!

(*GLOSTER appears at center door, with book in his hands; he is supported on either hand by a bishop. He appears to be much absorbed with religious work and bows occasionally to the bishops.*)

LORD M. See where his grace stands, 'tween two clergymen!  
 (*pointing c.*)

BUCK. Ay, 'tis there he's caught;—there's his ambition.

LORD M. How low he bows to thank 'em for their care;  
 And see! a prayer-book in his hand!

BUCK. Would he were king, we'd give him leave to pray;  
 Methinks I wish it for the love he bears the city.  
 How have I heard him vow, he thought it hard  
 The Mayor should lose his title with his office!  
 Well, who knows? He may be won.

LORD M. Ah, my lord!

BUCK. See, he comes forth:—my friends, be resolute;  
 I know he's cautious to a fault; but do not  
 Leave him till our honest suit is granted.

(*GLOSTER bows to bishops who exeunt; he holds book in his hands, goes down c., CATESBY follows.*)

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*Buckingham*                      *Gloster*  
 ○                                      ○

*Lord Mayor*                      *Aldermen*  
 ○                                      ○                      ○                      ○

*Catesby*  
 ○

---

GLOS. Cousin of Buckingham,  
 I do beseech your grace to pardon me,  
 Who, earnest in my zealous meditation,  
 So long deferred the service of my friends.  
 Now do I fear I've done some strange offense,  
 That looks disgracious in the city's eye. If so,  
 'Tis just you should reprove my ignorance.

BUCK. You have, my lord; we wish your grace,  
 On our entreaties, would amend your fault.

GLOS. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

BUCK. Know, then, it is your fault that you resign  
 The scepter'd office of your ancestors,  
 Fair England's throne, your own due right of birth,  
 To the corruption of a blemished stock;  
 In this just cause I come, to move your highness,  
 That on your gracious self you'd take the charge,  
 And kingly government of this, your land;  
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,  
 Or lowly factor for another's gain;  
 But as successively, from blood to blood,  
 Your own by right of birth and lineal glory.

GLOS. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,  
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,  
 Fits best with my degree, or your condition;  
 Therefore—to speak in just refusal of your suit,  
 And then in speaking, not to check my friends,  
 Definitely, thus I answer you:  
 Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert,  
 Unmeritable, shuns your fond request;  
 For heav'n be thanked, there is no need of me:

The royal stock has left us royal fruit,  
Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,  
Will well become the seat of majesty,  
And make us, no doubt, happy by his reign.  
On him I lay what you would lay on me,  
The right and fortune of his happier stars:  
Which, heav'n forbid, my thoughts should rob him of!

LORD M. (*kneels with Aldermen, etc.*) Upon our knees, my  
lord, we beg your grace

To wear this precious robe of dignity,  
Which on a child must sit too loose and heavy;  
'Tis your's, befitting both your wisdom and your birth. (*they rise*)

CATES. My lord, this coldness is unkind,  
Nor suits it with such ardent loyalty.

BUCK. Oh, make 'em happy;—grant their lawful suit.

GLOS. Alas, why would you heap this care on me?  
I am unfit for state and majesty.  
I thank you for your loves, but must declare,  
(I do beseech you, take it not amiss,)  
I will not, dare not, must not, yield to you.

BUCK. If you refuse us, through a soft remorse,  
Loth to depose the child your brother's son,  
(As well we know your tenderness of heart,)  
Yet know, though you deny us to the last,  
Your brother's son shall never reign our king,  
But we will plant some other on the throne,  
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:  
And thus resolved, I bid you, sir, farewell.  
My lord and gentlemen, I beg your pardon  
For this vain trouble;—my intent was good.  
I would have served my country and my king;  
But 'twill not be. Farewell, till next we meet. (*x's to D. R. 2*)

LORD M. Be not too rash, my lord: his grace relents.

BUCK. Away, you but deceive yourselves. (*exits D. R. 2 E.*)

CATES. Sweet prince, accept their suit.

LORD M. If you deny us, all the land will rue it.

GLOS. Call him again. (*exit CATESBY D. R. 2 E.*)

You will enforce me to

A world of cares: I am not made of stone,

But penetrable to your kind entreaties—  
 Though, heaven knows, against my own inclining.

(BUCKINGHAM and CATESBY re-enter R. 2 E. and take the positions they previously held.)

Cousin of Buckingham—and sage, grave men—  
 Since you will buckle fortune on my back,  
 To bear her burden, whether I will or no,  
 I must have patience to endure the load;  
 But if black scandal, or foul-faced reproach,  
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,  
 Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me;  
 For Heaven knows, as you may partly see,  
 How far I am from the desire of this.

LORD M. Heaven guard your grace, we see it, and will say it!

GLOS. You will but say the truth, my lord.

BUCK. My heart's so full, it scarce has vent for words:  
 My knee will better speak my duty now. (all kneel)  
 Long live our sovereign, Richard, King of England!

GLOS. Indeed, your words have touched me nearly, cousin:  
 Pray rise. (all rise) I wish you could recall 'em.

BUCK. It would be treason, now, my lord; to-morrow,  
 If it so please your majesty, from council,  
 Orders shall be given for your coronation.

GLOS. E'en when you please, for you will have it so.

BUCK. To-morrow, then, we'll attend you majesty;  
 And now we take our leaves with joy. (crosses L. C.)

GLOS. Cousin, adieu:—my loving friends, farewell:  
 I must unto my holy work again.

(*Exeunt all but GLOSTER through door L. 2 E.; when they have left, GLOSTER throws away his prayer-book—BUCKINGHAM returns very quickly; he and GLOSTER shake hands; they laugh till curtain.*)—\*Music. Quick curtain.

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

SCENE I.—*A room of State in the Palace. Disc. Richard III seated on the throne, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliff, Bishops, Courtiers, Pages, Soldiers, Attendants; grand flourish of drums and trumpets at rise of curtain; lights up; carpets down; handsome antique furniture, tables and cabinets; throne platform and steps; throne chair, c. Palace interior boxed in 4; arches c., also R. and L.)*

(RICHARD is arrayed in royal robes; he is crowned, holds a sceptre.)

K. RICH. Stand all apart.

(*The courtiers bow low to the king and exeunt through arches R. and L.; the soldiers file off through the center arch.*)

BUCKINGHAM, RATCLIFF and CATESBY stay.)

Cousin of Buckingham—

BUCK. My gracious sovereign.

K. RICH. Give me thy hand.

(BUCKINGHAM extends his hand and RICHARD descends from throne; they go down stage; RATCLIFF and CATESBY remain up L.)

At length, by thy advice and thy assistance,

Is Gloster seated on the English throne.

But say, my cousin:—

What! shall we wear these glories for a day!

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

BUCK. I hope for ages, sir; long may they grace you.

K. RICH. Oh, Buckingham, now do I play the touchstone  
To try if thou be current friend indeed:—

Young Edward lives—so does his brother York—

Now, think, what I would speak.

BUCK. Say on, my gracious lord.

K. RICH. I tell thee, coz, I've lately had two spiders  
Crawling of on my startled hopes—

Now, though thy friendly hand has brushed 'em from me,  
Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes.

I would have some kind friend to tread upon 'em.

I would be king, my cousin.



BUCK. Why, so I think you are, my royal lord.

K. RICH. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so—but Edward lives.

BUCK. Most true, my lord.

K. RICH. Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plain? I wish the princes dead;

And I would have it suddenly performed!

Now, cousin, can'st thou answer me?

BUCK. None dare dispute your highness's pleasure.

K. RICH. Indeed! Methinks thy kindness freezes cousin.

Thou dost refuse me, then! They shall not die?

BUCK. My lord, since 'tis an action cannot be

Recall'd, allow me but some pause to think;

I'll instantly resolve your highness. *(exit through arch L.)*

CATES. The king seems angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

K. RICH. I'll henceforth deal with shorter-sighted fools:

None are for me, that look into my deeds

With thinking eyes.

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect:

The best on't is, it may be done without him,

Though not so well, perhaps. Had he consented,

Why, then the murder had been his, not mine.

We'll make shift, as 'tis. Come hither, Catesby.

*(CATESBY goes down and stands R. of RICHARD.)*

Where's that same Tirrel whom thou told'st me of?

Hast thou given him those sums of gold I ordered?

CATES. I have, my liege.

K. RICH. Where is he?

CATES. He waits your highness' pleasure.

K. RICH. Give him this ring, and say myself

Will bring him farther orders instantly.

*(exit CATESBY through arch R.)*

The deep-revolving Duke of Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbor to my counsels;

Has he so long held out with me untired,

And stops he now for breath?—Well, be it so!

*(Enter LORD STANLEY through arch L.; he salutes the KING.)*

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the news!

STAN. I hear, my liege, the Lord Marquis of Dorset

Is fled to Richmond, now in Bretany.

K. RICH. Why, let him go, my lord; he may be spared.

(Crosses to L., and STANLEY retires up stage.)

(RICHARD returns to center; RATCLIFF goes down stage to R. C.)

Hark thee, Ratcliff: when saw'st thou Anne, my queen?

Is she still weak? has my physician seen her?

RAT. He has, my lord, and fears her mightily.

K. RICH. But he's exceedingly skilful; she'll mend shortly.

RAT. I hope she will, my lord.

(RATCLIFF retires up stage R.)

K. RICH. (*aside*) And if she does, I have mistook my man.

I must be married to my brother's daughter,

At whom I know the Breton Richmond aims,

And by that knot looks proudly on the crown.

But then to stain me with her brother's blood:

Is that the way to woo the sister's love?

No matter what's the way!

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye;

For while they live

My goodly kingdom's on a weak foundation.

'Tis done! my daring heart's resolved—they're dead!

(Enter BUCKINGHAM, L. arch.)

BUCK. My lord, I have considered in my mind  
The late request that you did sound me in.

K. RICH. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

BUCK. I have heard the news, my lord.

---

Ratcliff  
○

Richard  
○

Stanley  
○

Buckingham  
○

---

K. RICH. Stanley, he's your near kinsman;—well, look to him.

BUCK. My lord, I claim that gift, my due by promise,  
For which your honor and your faith's engaged:

The earldom of Hereford, and those movables,  
Which you have promised me I shall possess.

K. RICH. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey  
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

*(exit STANLEY arch L.)*

BUCK. What says your highness to my just request?

K. RICH. I do remember me, Harry the Sixth  
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,  
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

'Tis odd!—a king? Perhaps—

*(Enter CATESBY through arch R.; he goes to R. C.)*

---

*Ratcliff*  
○

*Catesby*  
○

*Richard*  
○

*Buckingham*  
○

---

CATES. My lord, I have obeyed your highness' orders.

BUCK. May it please you to resolve me in my suit?

K. RICH. Lead Tirrel to my closet, I'll meet him.

*(exit CATESBY, R. arch.)*

BUCK. I beg your highness' ear, my lord.

K. RICH. I'm busy!—thou troublest me!—I'm not i' th' vein!  
*(exit RICHARD through arch R.; RATCLIFF goes off through center.)*

BUCK. Oh, patience, heav'n! is't thus he pays my service!  
Was it for this I raised him to the throne?

Oh! if the peaceful dead have any sense

Of the vile injuries they bore while living; *(goes to arch L.)*

Then sure the joyful souls of blood-sucked Edward,

Henry, Clarence, Hastings, and all that through

His foul, corrupted dealings, have miscarried,

Will from the walls of heaven in smiles look down,

To see this tyrant tumbling from his throne,

His fall unmourned, and bloody as their own.

*(exit, L.)*

*\*Music—Dark change.*

## SCENE II.

SCENE II.—*A room in the Tower; a prison drop in I, having a door R. C. Lights three-quarters down.*

Door

---

R. I E.

L. I E.

(Enter TIRREL, DIGHTON and FOREST, L. I E.)

TIR. Come, gentlemen,  
Have you concluded on the means?

FOREST. Smothering will make no noise, sir.

TIR. Let it be done i' th' dark; for should you see  
Their young faces, who knows how far their looks  
Of innocence may tempt you into pity,  
Stand back!

(Enter LIEUTENANT, R. I E.)

Lieutenant, have you brought the keys?

Lieutenant

○

Tirrel

○

Dighton

○

Forest

○

LIEUT. I have 'em, sir.

TIR. Then here's your warrant to deliver 'em. (*gives ring*)

LIEUT. Your servant, sir. (*x's to L. entrance.*)

(*aside*) What can this mean? why at the dead of night  
To give 'em too? 'Tis not for me t'inquire.  
There, gentlemen;

(LIEUTENANT *points R.*; they cross to R. I E. and *exeunt.*)

That way:—you have no further need of me.

(LIEUTENANT *exits L. I E.*)

(Enter KING RICHARD, through door R. C.)

K. RICH. Would it were done!

There is a busy something here,  
That foolish custom has made terrible  
To the intent of evil deeds; and nature, too,  
As if she knew me womanish and weak,  
Tugs at my heart-strings with complaining cries,  
To talk me from my purpose.  
And then the thought of what men's tongues will say—  
Of what their hearts must think;  
To have no creature love me living, nor  
My memory when dead.  
Shall future ages, when these children's tale  
Is told, drop tears in pity of their hapless fate,  
And read with detestation the misdeeds of Gloster,  
The crook-backed tyrant, cruel, barbarous,  
And bloody? Will they not say, too,  
That to possess the crown, nor laws divine  
Nor human stop my way?—Why, let 'em say it!  
They can't but say I had the crown—  
I was not fool, as well as villain.  
Hark, the murder's doing! Princes, farewell!  
To me there's music in your passing bell.

(Enter TIRREL, R. I. E.)

Now, my Tirrel, how are the brats disposed?  
Say, am I happy? hast thou dealt upon 'em?

TIR. If to have done the thing you gave in charge  
Beget your happiness, then, sir, be happy,  
For it is done.

K. RICH. But didst thou see 'em dead?

TIR. I did, my lord.

K. RICH. And buried? my good Tirrel.

TIR. In that I thought to ask your highness' pleasure.

K. RICH. I have it—I'll have 'em sure! Get me a coffin,  
Full of holes, let 'em both be crammed into it;  
And hark thee: in the night tide throw 'em down  
The Thames—once in, they'll find the way to the bottom.  
Meantime but think how I may do thee good,  
And be inheritor of your desire.

TIR. I humbly thank your highness.

K. RICH. About it straight, good Tirrel.

TIR. Conclude it done, my lord. *(exit, R. I E.)*

K. RICH. Why, then, my loudest fears are hushed—  
The sons of Edward have eternal rest,  
And Anne, my wife, has bid this world good night;  
While fair Elizabeth, my beauteous niece,  
Like a new morn, lights onward to my wishes.

*(Enter CATESBY, L. I E.)*

CATES. My lord—

K. RICH. Good news, or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

CATES. Bad news, my lord; Morton is fled to Richmond  
And Buckingham, backed with the hardy Welshmen,  
Is in the field, and still his power increases.

K. RICH. Morton with Richmond touches me more near  
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied numbers.  
But come, dangers retreat when boldly they're confronted,

*(crosses to L.)*

And dull delay leads impotence and fear;  
Then fiery expedition raise my arm,  
And fatal may it fall on crushed rebellion?  
Let's muster men, my council is my shield;  
We must be brief when traitors brave the field. *(exeunt, L. I E.)*

*\*Music for change of scene.*

### SCENE III.

SCENE III.—*The same as Scene I, Act III. Lights up.*

*(Enter RICHARD through arch L., meeting RATCLIFF who enters through arch R.)*

RICH. How now! the news?

RAT. Most gracious sovereign, on the western coast  
Rides a most powerful navy, and our fears  
Inform us Richmond is their admiral.  
There do the hull, expecting but the aid  
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore. *(exit, L. arch)*

K. RICH. We must prevent him, then.—Come hither, Catesby.  
*(Enter CATESBY through arch R.; he goes down to R. C.)*

CATES. My lord, your pleasure?

K. RICH. Post to the Duke of Norfolk instantly,  
 Bid him straight levy all the strength and power  
 That he can make, and meet me suddenly  
 At Salisbury;—commend me to his grace;—away,

(*exit CATESBY, R. arch.*)

(*LORD STANLEY enters through arch L.; he goes down stage  
 to left corner.*)

*Richard*  
 ○

*Stanley*  
 ○

Well, my lord, what news have you gathered?

STAN. Richmond is on the seas, my lord.

K. RICH. There let him sink—and be the seas on him.  
 White-livered runagate;—what does he there?

STAN. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. RICH. Well, as you guess?

STAN. Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton;  
 He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. RICH. Traitor! the crown!

Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?

Where be thy tenants and thy followers?

The foe upon our coast, and thou no friends to meet 'em,

Or hast thou marched them to the western shore.

To give the rebels conduct from their ships?

STAN. My lord, my friends are all ready i' th' north.

K. RICH. The north! why, what do they i' th' north,  
 When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

STAN. They yet have had no orders, sir, to move:

If 'tis your pleasure they should march,

I'll lead them on with utmost haste to join you,

Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. RICH. What, thou'dst be gone to join with Richmond?

—Ha—

STAN. Sir, you have no cause to doubt my loyalty  
I ne'er yet was, nor ever will be, false.

K. RICH. Away then to thy friends, and lead 'em on

(STANLEY crosses toward arch L.)

To meet me;—(crosses L.)—hold,—Come back: I'll not trust thee.  
I've thought a way to make thee sure;—your son,  
George Stanley, sir, I'll have him left behind;  
And look your heart be firm,  
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

STAN. As I prove true, my lord, so deal with him.

K. RICH. Away.

(exit LORD STANLEY, R.)

(RICHARD returns to center of stage; RATCLIFF enters through  
arch L. and takes L. corner.)

RAT. My lord, the army of great Buckingham,  
By sudden floods, and fall of waters,  
Is half lost, and scattered:  
And he himself wandered away alone,  
No man knows whither.

K. RICH. Has any careful officer proclaimed  
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

RAT. Such proclamation has been made, my lord.

(Enter CATESBY through arch L. hurriedly and goes down R.)

CATES. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken.

K. RICH. Off with his head;—so much for Buckingham!

(RICHARD takes the stage on speech and returns to center.)

CATES. My lord, I am sorry I must tell more news.

K. RICH. Out with it.

CATES. The Earl of Richmond, with a mighty power,  
Is landed, sir, at Milford;  
And to confirm the news, Lord Marquis Dorset,  
And Sir Thomas Lovell, are up in Yorkshire.

K. RICH. Why, ay, this looks like rebellion:—Ho! my horse!  
By heav'n, the news alarms my stirring soul;  
Come forth, my honest sword, which here I vow,  
By my soul's hope, shall ne'er again be sheathed;  
Nor shall these watching eyes have needful rest  
Till death has closed 'em in a glorious grave,  
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

*Picture. Curtain.*

END OF ACT III.



## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

SCENE I.—*Camp of Richmond, near Bosworth; time is near evening; lights half down. A landscape or wood in 2, woodwings; several groups of Richmond's soldiers discovered right and left. \*Music at rise of curtain. Changes to a march, which begins faintly and increases until the entrance of Richmond and others. (See diagram.)*

(Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, L. I E.; RICHMOND goes to center; OXFORD R.; BLUNT L.)

RICH. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,  
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,  
Thus far into the bowels of the land,  
Have we marched on without impediment;  
And here receive we from our father Stanley (*exhibiting paper*)  
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.  
The wretched, bloody and usurping boar,  
That spoiled your summer fields and fruitful vines,  
Lies now even in the center of this isle,  
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:  
From Bosworth thither is but one day's march,  
Then blithe and cheerily on, courageous friends,  
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace  
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

OXFORD. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,  
To fight against that bloody homicide.

BLUNT. He hath no friends but who are friends for fear,  
Which in his greatest need will fall from him.

RICH. All for our vantage! and remember this,—  
God and our good cause fight upon our side;  
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

(LORD STANLEY and two soldiers enter L. I E.)

STAN. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

RICH. All comfort that the dark night can afford

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!  
Tell me, I pray, how fares our loving mother?

*(Lights down.)*

STAN. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,  
Who prays continually for Richmond's good;  
So much for that. The silent hours steal on.  
In brief, for so the season bids us be,  
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,  
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement  
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.  
I, as I may—that which I would I cannot—  
With best advantage will deceive the time,  
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms;  
But on thy side I may not be too forward,  
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,  
Be executed in his father's sight.  
Farewell; the leisure and the fearful time  
Cut off the ceremonious vows of love,  
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,  
Which so long Sundered friends should dwell upon:  
God give us leisure for these rites of love!  
Once more, adieu! *(he embraces RICHMOND.)*  
Be valiant and speed well!

RICH. Conduct him to his regiment.

*(\*Soft music till the end of the scene.)*

*(Exeunt LORD STANLEY and soldiers, L. 1 E.)*

*(All kneel—RICHMOND C.)*

RICH. O, thou, whose captain I account myself,  
Look on my forces with a gracious eye!  
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,  
That they may crush down with a heavy fall  
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!  
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,  
That we may praise thee in the victory!  
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,  
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;  
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still!

*(He rises—the soldiers quickly form in line and exeunt with RICHMOND, R. 2 E.)*

END OF SCENE.

## SCENE II.

SCENE II.—*Camp of Richard; exterior of tent in 3; wood wings; center opening in tent hung with curtains, which are afterwards looped back; a couch center in tent, small table R, chair L.; the interior backing of tent arranged for the Ghosts to be thrown upon it, center and over couch; an occasional roll of drums and trumpet call in the distance. Lights down, but enough light to have the characters distinguishable from the front. \*Music tremolo pp. through the entire scene. At the opening of the scene two soldiers enter R. 2 E. and loop back the curtains of the tent and exeunt R. 2 E.; enter L. 2 E., Ratcliff, Catesby, Norfolk and two officers and some distance following, Richard walking very moodily. (See diagram.)*

K. RICH. My lord, why look you so sad?

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

K. RICH. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

NORFOLK. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. RICH. What is't o'clock?

CATESBY. It's supper time, my lord,

It's nine o'clock!

K. RICH. I will not sup to-night.

What! is my beaver easier that it was?

And all my armor laid into my tent?

CATESBY. It is my liege, and all things are in readiness.

K. RICH. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

NORFOLK. I go, my lord. *(he goes toward L. 2 E.)*

K. RICH. Stir with the lark, gentle Norfolk.

NORFOLK. I warrant you, my lord. *(NORFOLK exits L. 2 E.)*

K. RICH. Ratcliff.

RAT. My lord? *(RATCLIFF x's CATESBY and stands R. C.)*

K. RICH. Send out a pursuivant at arms

To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power

Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall

Into the blind cave of eternal night.

Fill me a bowl of wine!

*(Enter PAGE, R. 2 E.; he goes into the tent center.)*

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

RAT. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. RICH. Why our battalia treble that account  
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,  
Which they upon the adverse faction want.

(PAGE brings wine in cup.)

Set it down (PAGE goes up and leaves the cup on table in the tent.)  
Saddle White Surrey for the field to-morrow.

(one of the officers exits quickly through L. 3 E.)

Look that my staves be sound and not too heavy.

Ratcliff!

RAT. My lord?

K. RICH. Sawest thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

RAT. Thomas, the Earl of Surrey, and himself,  
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,  
Went through the army, cheering the soldiers.

K. RICH. I am satisfied.

Is ink and paper ready?

RAT. It is, my lord.

K. RICH. Bid my guard watch.

About the mid of night come to my tent,

And help to arm me. (trumpet sounds—general pause.)

Leave me.

(RATCLIFF and CATESBY exeunt R. 2 E.; the officers and PAGE  
L. 2 E.)

Here will I lie to-night—

But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.—

'Tis now the dead of night, and half the world

Is in a lonely, solemn darkness hung;

I'll forth and walk awhile;—the air's refreshing,

And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay

Gives it a sweet and wholesome odor.

How awful is this gloom! and hark? from camp to camp

The hum of either army stilly sounds:

That the fixt sentinels almost receive

The secret whispers of each other's watch

Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighings,

Piercing the night's dull ear.—Hark! from the tents,

The armorers accomplishing the knights,

With clink of hammers closing rivets up,

Give dreadful note of preparation: while some,

Like sacrifices, by their fires of watch,

With patience sit, and inly ruminatè  
 The morning's danger.—By you heav'n, my stern  
 Impatience chides this tardy-gaited night,  
 That like a foul and ugly witch, does limp  
 So tediously away.—I'll to my couch,  
 And once more try to sleep her into morning.  
 (*Advancing towards the couch;—a groan is heard*)  
 Ha! what means that dismal voice? Sure 'tis  
 The echo of some yawning grave,  
 That teems with an untimely ghost.—'Tis gone!  
 'Twas but my fancy, or perhaps the wind  
 Forcing its entrance through some hollow cavern.—  
 No matter what:—I feel my eyes grow heavy. (*lies down—sleeps*)  
 (*The music, tremolo, continues, but the trumpets and the  
 rolling of the drums cease; after a pause the ghosts appear  
 at the back of tent.*)

(*KING HENRY'S ghost appears.*)

KING H. O thou, whose unrelenting thoughts, not all  
 The hideous terrors of thy guilt can shake;  
 Whose conscience, with thy body, ever sleeps,—  
 Sleep on; while I, by heaven's high ordinance,  
 In dreams of horror wake thy frightful soul.  
 Now, give thy thoughts to me; let them behold  
 These gaping wounds, which thy death-dealing hand  
 Within the Tower gave my anointed body:  
 Now shall thy own devouring conscience gnaw  
 Thy heart, and terribly revenge my murder.

(*Ghost of BUCKINGHAM appears.*)

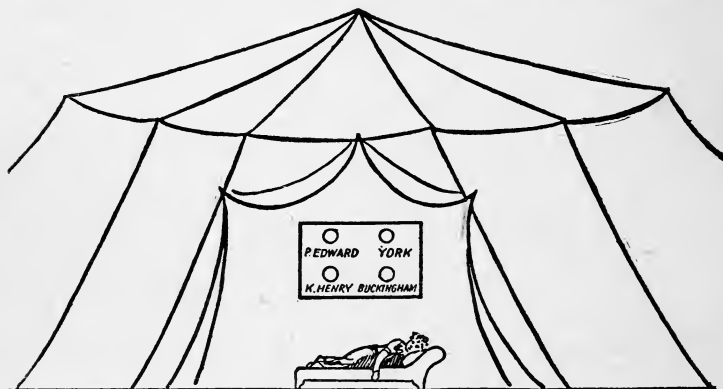
The first was I that helped thee to the crown;  
 The last was I that felt thy tyranny;  
 O, in the battle think on Buckingham,  
 And die in terror of thy guiltiness.

(*The ghosts of PRINCE EDWARD and the DUKE OF YORK appear.*)

PRINCE E. Richard, dream on, and see the wandering spirits  
 Of thy young nephews, murder'd in the Tower:  
 Could not our youth, our innocence, persuade  
 Thy cruel heart to spare our harmless lives?  
 Who, but for thee, alas! might have enjoy'd  
 Our many promis'd years of happiness.  
 No soul, save thine, but pities our misusage,

Oh, 'twas a cruel deed! therefore alone,  
Unpitying, unpitied, shalt thou fall.

KING H. The morning's dawn has summon'd me way:  
And let that wild despair, which now does prey  
Upon thy mangled thoughts, alarm the world.  
Awake, Richard, awake! to guilty minds  
A terrible example! *(All the ghosts vanish.)*



*Richard asleep*

*(During the speeches of the ghosts, RICHARD tosses and groans;  
he gradually wakes and rushes down stage. Lights half up.)*

K. RICH. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds!  
*(drops on his knees.)*

Have mercy, heav'n!—ha! soft,—'twas but a dream;  
But then so terrible, it shakes my soul;  
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh;  
My blood grows chilly, and freeze with horror:  
Oh, tyrant conscience; how dost thou afflict me!—  
When I look back, 'tis terrible retreating;  
I cannot bear the thought, nor dare repent:  
I am but man; and, fate do thou dispose me.

*(Enter CATESBY, R.)*

Who's there?

*(rises.)*

CATES. 'Tis I, my lord; the early village cock  
Hath thrice done salutation to the morn;  
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armor.

K. RICH. Oh, Catesby! I have had such horrid dreams.

CATES. Shadows, my lord,—below the soldier's heeding.

K. RICH. Now, by my this day's hopes, shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,  
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,  
Arm'd all in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

(trumpet sounds.)

(Enter L. 2 E., NORFOLK and RATCLIFF and two Officers.)

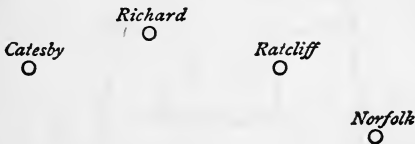
NORFOLK. Arm! arm, my lord, the foe vaunts in the field!

K. RICH. Come! Bustle! Bustle! Caparison my horse;—

(the first Officer exits L. 2 E.)

Call up Lord Stanley; bid him bring his power;

(exit second Officer L. 2 E.)



I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain.  
Go, gentlemen, each man unto his charge.  
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls!  
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,  
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe;  
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.  
Join bravely, let us to't pell mell,

(takes his sword from RATCLIFF.)

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

(Exeunt RICHARD and NORFOLK L. 1 E.; CATESBY and RATCLIFF  
rush into tent.)

\*Alarum at change of scene.

### SCENE III.

SCENE III.—A wood; drop in 1. Lights half up. \*A march.

(Enter L. 1 E., 12 soldiers, OXFORD, BLUNT and RICHMOND.  
See diagram.)

RICH. Halt!

SOLD. (*without.*) Halt,—halt!

RICH. How far into the morning is it, friends?

OXFORD. Near four, my lord.

RICH. 'Tis well,—

I am glad to find we are such early stirrers.

OXFORD. Methinks the foe's less forward than we thought 'em.  
Worn as we are, we brave the field before 'em.

RICH. Come, there looks life in such a cheerful haste;  
If dreams should animate a soul resolv'd,  
I'm more than pleas'd with those I've had to-night;  
Methought that all the ghosts of them whose bodies  
Richard murder'd came mourning to my tent,  
And roused me to revenge 'em.

OXFORD. A good omen, sir,—(*trumpet sounds a distant  
march, R.*)—hark! the trumpet of  
The enemy; it speaks them on the march.

RICH. Why, then, lets on, my friends, to face 'em!

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,  
As mild behavior and humility;

But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,

Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment:

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt

Shall be this body on the earth's cold face:

But, if we thrive, the glory of the action

The meanest here shall share his part of.

Advance your standards, draw your willing swords;

Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully,

The words St. George, Richmond, and Victory!

(*Flourish of drums and trumpets—exeunt R. I E.*)

*\*Alarum at change of scene.*

#### SCENE IV.

SCENE IV.—*Bosworth battlefield; full stage; landscape drop in 5; wood wings; lights up full. Richard, Norfolk, Catesby, Ratcliff, sixteen Archers and sixteen Men-at-Arms discovered; Armorer kneeling in front of Richard, testing his armor with a hammer. (See diagram.)*



K. RICH. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

RAT. That he was never trained up in arms!

K. RICH. He said the truth; and what said Surrey then?

RAT. He smiled and said, the better for our purpose.

K. RICH. He was in the right; and so indeed, it is.

Who saw the sun to-day?

RAT. Not I, my lord.

K. RICH. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book

He should have braved the east an hour ago.

A black day it will be to somebody.

Ratcliff!

RAT. My lord?

K. RICH. The sun will not be seen to-day;

The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.

I would these dewy tears were from the ground.

Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,

More than to Richmond? For the selfsame heaven,

That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

NORFOLK. My lord, this found I on my tent this morning.

(NORFOLK hands scroll to RICHARD.)

K. RICH. (*reads*) "Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold.

For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold."

A weak invention of the enemy!

Come, gentlemen, now each man to his charge,

And, ere we do bestride our foaming steeds,

Remember whom you are to cope withal,

A scum of Bretons, rascals, runaways,

Whom their o'eremployed country vomits forth

To desperate adventures, and destruction.—

(\**March heard in the distance.*)

Hark! I hear their drum!

Fight, gentlemen of England! Fight, bold yeomen!

Archers, draw your arrows to the head.

(*The Archers shoot their arrows off through the right entrances.*)

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood.

(*Enter TIRREL, L. I. E.; he stands in L. corner.*)

What says Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?

CATES. He does refuse, my lord;—he will not stir.

K. RICH. Off with his son George's head. (*distant march, R.*)

NOR. My lord, the foe's already past the marsh:—  
After the battle let young Stanley die.

K. RICH. Why, after be it then.

A thousand hearts are swelling in my bosom;  
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head,  
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;  
And thou, our warlike champion, thrice-renowned  
St. George, inspire me with the rage of lions;  
Upon 'em:—charge:—follow me!

(\**Alarums*—RICHARD *exits* R. 2 E.; RATCLIFF, NORFOLK and CATESBY *follow him*. *The Archers and Soldiers exeunt through the other entrances, R. The forces of RICHMOND and RICHARD cross the stage, fighting with spear, swords, etc., from the different entrances, R. and off L.*)

(*Enter CATESBY, R. U. E., and NORFOLK L. U. E., meeting c.*)

CATES. Rescue! rescue! My lord of Norfolk, haste;

The king enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring and opposite to every danger:

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death;

Nay, haste, my lord—the day's against us. (*exeunt* L. 3 E.)

(*Enter KING RICHARD and RATCLIFF, L. 3 E.*)

K. RICH. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse.

RAT. This way, this way, my lord;—below yon thicket  
Stands a swift horse;—away;—ruin pursues us;  
Withdraw, my lord, for only flight can save you.

K. RICH. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die!

I think there be six Richmonds in the field,

Five have I slain instead of him:—

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse. (*exit* L. 2 E.)

(*The forces of RICHARD and RICHMOND re-enter, fighting from L. entrances; they cross stage and go off R. \*Alarums and shouting continue through fight until curtain.—Enter RICHARD and RICHMOND from L. 2 E., fighting; RICHARD is killed, he falls center; RICHMOND stands back of him. Soldiers enter, shout, wave spears, banner, caps, etc. \*Victorious music. See diagram.*)

*Picture. Curtain.*

THE END.

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