RICHARD THE THIRD

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
[Shaksper-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 11.]
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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE FIRST QUARTO,
1597,

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

WILLIAM GRIGGS,
FOR 13 YEARS PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHER TO THE INDIA OFFICE,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

P. A. DANIEL.

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PR
2750
B21
1886
RICHARD III.

INTRODUCTION.

This play was entered on the Stationers' Register to Andrew Wise, 20th Oct. 1597, and the 1st Quarto edition of it—the Facsimile of which is here given—was published by him that same year, "As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants."

It will be seen that no author's name appears on the title page of this 1st edition: in the 2nd edition (Q2) 1598, it is said to be "By William Shakespeare."

A third edition (Q3) was published in 1602, its title differing in no respect from Q2 except in stating that it was "Newly augmented"; but neither in this nor in any subsequent Q is any addition to be found to the text of the two first Qos. It differs from them only in a very large increase of errors, which (it may be added) are mostly left uncorrected in the subsequent Qos.

A fourth edition (Q4) appeared in 1605; a fifth (Q5) in 1612; a sixth (Q6) in 1622; a seventh (Q7) in 1629; and an eighth (Q8) in 1634; each Q. upwards being printed from its immediate predecessor, with the exception of Q5, which was printed not from Q4 but from Q3.¹

The above particulars are taken from the Preface to the Play in Vol. V. of the Cambridge edition of Shakespeare's Works, where also full bibliographical details, not needed here, will be found. It is on the basis of the complete collation, given in the Cambridge edition, of all the old copies that my work is founded, occasional reference only having been needed to the original editions themselves. With this acknowledgment I must also express my sense of the deep debt of gratitude which all lovers of Shakespeare owe to the labours of Messrs. W. G. Clark and W. Aldis Wright: my admiration of their great work has increased with my almost daily use of it since its publication, 1863–66.

¹ I do not presume to dispute this last statement of the Cambridge editors; but the collation of these Qos., given in their foot-notes to the Play, suggests that Q5 was printed from a copy made up of Q3 and Q4. It certainly reproduces errors of Q3 which were corrected in Q4, but it also repeats errors which originated in Q4. I have no means of determining this point; it would require a minute examination of undoubtedly genuine copies of all three editions. Fortunately it is not a point which in any way interferes with the inquiry now in hand.
DATE OF PLAY.  Q. A SHORTENED AND REVISED COPY OF IT.

The earliest date assigned to this Play (by Malone) is 1593; later dates being fixed on by subsequent commentators; my own impression, so far as Shakespeare was concerned in its production, is that, as suggested in the Title-page—("as it hath beene lately acted," etc.)—it was written not long before the date of its first publication, say 1596/7.

Measured by the Shakespearian standard of excellence, Richard III., however popular and successful on the stage, can only rank as a second or third rate performance; and this, I make no doubt, is to be attributed to the fact that it was not of Shakespeare's original composition, but the work of the author or authors of the Henry VII. series of plays; his part in this as in those, being merely that of a reviser or re-writer. With the question of authorship, however, I am not here concerned; the relation to each other of the Q. and F. versions is all I propose to deal with; and this, after all, is the most important matter connected with the play, for unless it can be settled on some reasonably certain basis, the difficulties in the way of a satisfactory settlement of the text itself are almost insuperable.

The most important recent contributions to the literature of this subject are the Preface of the Cambridge Editors and the Papers which it has given rise to by Prof. Delius, Mr. James Spedding, Mr. F. H. Pickersgill, etc., for which see the Transactions of the New Shakspere Society for 1875-6, Pt. I. The space at my disposal will not permit me, except very rarely, to comment on these; I must content myself with stating briefly their conclusions.

The Cam. Edd. suppose the Q. to represent Shakespeare's original work: the F. a copy revised and augmented by him, but again revised by some unknown hand, with occasional aid from Q3.

Prof. Delius believes the F. to be the original work; the Q. a copy obtained clandestinely, amended or patched up by some unknown person for the pirate-publisher.

Mr. Spedding supposes the Q. to be the original work; the F. a subsequent but incomplete revision and augmentation of it, by Shakespeare himself, founded on one of the printed Qos., probably Q3.

Mr. Pickersgill is of opinion that the Q. is the shortened actors' copy of the original work; the F. the original work revised by some unknown hand, with occasional aid from Q3.

Of course all make due allowance for error and corruption in both versions.

My own conclusions, as briefly stated, and with like allowance for corruption by transcribers, printers, players, stage licensor, etc., are that the F. represents the play as first set forth by Shakespeare; the Q. a shortened and revised copy of it.

The heart of the matter is in this last proposition; for if it can be shown that the Q. is anywhere revised or altered on the text of
the play as given in the F., it follows almost as a matter of course
that it is also a shortened version, and, till proof to the contrary is
forthcoming, that the F. must be accepted as representing substan-
tially the original play. The only external hint affording any ground
for the theory that the F. at any time underwent revision, except
for the purpose of the Q., is the announcement on the title-page of
Q3, 1602—" Newly augmented,"—but unless this external evidence
can be backed up by internal evidence derived from comparison of
the texts themselves, this bookseller's announcement may be dis-
missed as worthless, or at the best as meaning nothing more than
that, when preparing for his third edition, Andrew Wise intended or
hoped to be able to give his readers a completer copy of the play
than he had supplied them with in his two first editions. I do not
believe that any such internal evidence can be produced; certainly
I find none in the Papers I have referred to above, nor have I been
able to detect any in the course of my own examination: on the
other hand I do find in the Q. (1) deliberate corrections of errors
that appear in the F., and (2) corruption and confusion of F.
passages, evidently the result of the careless way in which the
revision or alteration for the Q. was made.

Let us first try to get a clear notion of the F. text as it stands.
The subject has been complicated by the supposition that Q3 is in
some way connected with it, as having in part supplied the printers
of the F. with their "copy"; or as having been consulted by some
unknown reviser; or even as having formed the actual foundation of
an augmented and revised play. I can find no proof of any such
connection.

The "copy"—as I hope to prove—supplied to the printers of
the F. was a copy of Q6, 1622, enlarged, altered, and corrected in
accordance with a complete MS. of the play in the possession of
the theatre.

That this MS. was in existence when the publication of the F.
was determined on is certain,—without it the F. version would have
been an impossibility,—and though it may seem strange that with
this complete copy in their possession, Messrs. Heminge and
Condell should have taken the trouble to provide a special copy of
it for the printers of the F., it is clear they must have done so, and
in the way I have supposed; it is impossible otherwise to account
for the numerous errors which the F. has derived from the Qos.,
and an examination of these errors shows that Q6 was the particular
Q. from which they were immediately taken. Indeed, this Q. was
almost of necessity the one to be made use of; the previous editions
being exhausted, dispersed, or destroyed, as was the common fate
of "sixpenny books of the play." And it may be noted that this
was the course followed with respect to the other plays in the F.
which were printed from Qos: all were printed from the latest editions, with one exception: the 1st Pt. of Henry IV. was printed from Q5, 1613, not from Q6, 1622. Romeo and Juliet may perhaps be another exception; it was printed from Q3, 1609, and there was an undated Q4, which may possibly have been published before the F. But even with these two plays we see that it was not the earlier and more correct editions which were chosen for the F.

If then my reader will imagine for himself the scribe employed by Messrs. Heminge and Condell laboriously adding to, altering and correcting the pages of Q6 in accordance with the theatrical MS., he may also easily imagine that that scribe would have been more than mortal if he had not left some traces of the ground he was at work on, in the shape of uncorrected errors of the printed book, or if he had not blundered some of the corrections he intended; while at the same time he thoughtlessly introduced into his copy errors of the MS. itself;—for it is not to be supposed that this MS. was other than a transcript of the author’s MS., and as such, having, of course, its own share of errors. Unfortunately for the text of the play—though fortunately for the purpose of this inquiry—our scribe was not an immortal: he has let us into the secret of the materials he had to work with, has enabled us to account for many of the variations of Q. and F., and has given us the means of forming a reasonably consistent theory as to the relation of the two versions.

A very brief examination of the collation of Qos. 1 to 6,\(^1\) as set forth in the foot-notes of the Cambridge edition, establishes the fact that in numerous places these Qos. differ among themselves; sometimes in the correction in a later Q. of an error that had established itself in one of an earlier date, but generally in a progressive increase in error in the later editions as compared with the earlier.

Putting aside all cases in which the F. differs from all the preceding Qos.,—in which cases the reading of the F. must of course as a rule be referred to its MS. authority—I find that the F. in some 435 cases in which Qos. 1 to 6 disagree among themselves, is in accord with one or more of them:

- with Q1 326 times
- with Q2 292 times
- with Q3 262 times
- with Q4 238 times
- with Q5 236 times
- with Q6 168 times

This relatively greater agreement of the F. with the earlier

\(^1\) In this inquiry it was of course useless to take into account the Qos. 7 and 8 published later than the F.
Qos. merely marks the progressive deterioration of the Qos. and the generally superior accuracy of the F. text: it is in its agreement with Q. errors that we learn its part origin, and are able to decide to which Q. it was indebted. From these 435 cases then I have culled a list of 72 doubtful or erroneous readings imported into the F. text.

It would be needless, as tedious, to give the whole of this list; some half dozen instances will suffice to show that they could only have got into the F. from one of the Qos. Take then the following:—

III.i.40. To milde entreaties, God forbid. Q3--6 F., a deficient line: God in heaven forbid. Q1 and 2.

III.i.78. Even to the generall ending day. Q2--6 F., a deficient line: all ending Q1.

III.i.141. My Lord Protector will haue it so. Q2--6 F., a deficient line: needes will Q1.

V.iii.152. Let us be laid within thy bosome, Richard. Q2--6 F., a misprint: lead Q1.

V.iii.180. It is not dead midnight. Q2--6 F., a misprint: now Q1.

V.iii.255. If you do sware to put a Tyrant downe. Q3--6 F., a misprint: sweate Q1 and 2.

V.iii.338. Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen—misprints: Right Q3--6 F. Fight Q1, 2; boldly Q2--6 F. bold Q1.

V.iii.351. Upon them, Victorie sits on our helpes. Q3, 5, and 6, F., a misprint: helmes Q1, 2, and 4.

These are sufficient for my purpose: it now remains to show from which of the Qos. they were derived.

Out of my list of 72 doubtful or erroneous readings I find that the F. shares

10 with Q1, two exclusively;
19 with Q2, none exclusively;
53 with Q3, one exclusively;
54 with Q4, one exclusively;
52 with Q5, one exclusively;
56 with Q6, twelve exclusively.

The preponderance of Q6 in this account of errors points very decidedly to that Q. as the one used in preparing "copy" for the F. text: it is worth while therefore to examine in detail the 16 (72—56 = 16) "errors" of this list of 72 which the F. could not have derived from the unaltered text of that Q.: they are as follows:—

1. III.i.123. "I would that I might thank you, as, as, you call me" F.: "as as you call me" Q3. This is the only instance in which the F. is in agreement with a reading peculiar to Q3; the
repetition of *as* is not found in the other Qos. Mr. Spedding remarks of it that it is "a misprint probably, though it might perhaps be defended as meant to indicate an affected hesitation." Sidney Walker—who, however, does not appear to have been acquainted with Q3—evidently so considered it, and, commenting on the F., asks, "May not this be the right reading?"; and he has found at least one editor (the Rev. H. N. Hudson) to answer affirmatively by introducing it into the modern text. If then this repetition of *as* be the true reading it would naturally have found its way into the F. from the theatrical MS. independently of Q3; but if an error—and I am bound to say I think it one—the chances are no doubt great against it having crept into the F. except as a relict of Q3; still the repetition of words is a very common error of the press, and it is possible that the error may have been made independently in both Q3 and F1.

2. III.ii.19. "Goe fellow, goe, return unto thy Lord." F. Q1. 2: "Good fellow, goe," etc. Q3–6, which seems to me a preferable reading; though all editors, I believe, accept that of the F. and two first Qos. Q1 and 2, however, have no claim, either of them, to be the copy prepared for the F. text, and I can scarcely doubt that their reading was also that of the theatrical MS., and in that case was of course transferred from that MS. to the Q. which the scribe was at work on, one of the Qos. 3 to 6.

3. III.v.61. "Misconster us in him, and waile his death." F. Q1–5. Q6 has misconstrue. Misconster cannot of course be considered either a doubtful or erroneous reading, and I have only admitted it into this list because primâ facie it tells against Q6: the question is, did the F. get it from one of the Qos. 1–5, or, supposing 6 to be the Q. printed from, was its form of the word altered in accordance with the theatrical MS.? The result of my examination of F1 with Q3 and 6—the two chief claimants to the parentage of the F.—is the conviction that the mere form or spelling of a word in those Qos. is no proof of connection with the F., the printer of which followed his own lights in this respect regardless of his "copy." Hence I conclude that this instance neither tells against Q6 nor in favour of one of the Qos. 1–5.

4. III.v.108. "And to give order that no manner person." F. Q3. 4: "no manner of person" Q1, 2, 5, and 6. Perhaps also I ought not to have included this reading of F. and Q3, 4 in a list of doubtful and erroneous readings: there is no question of the propriety of the use of manner without the preposition, and in this case the metre should be allowed to decide. If then the F. has the true reading, that reading was probably found in the theatrical MS., and there is no need therefore in this case to suppose any special connection between F. and Q3 and 4; which like the
rest of the Qos. have their own independent corrections, and errors. The person preparing "copy" for the F. text would, in accordance with his original, strike out the of which he found in the Q. [?] Q6] on which he was at work.

5. IV.i.84. "Did I enjoy the golden deaw of sleepe." F. Q3–5: deaw Q1, 2, 6. Here again, as in No. 3 of this list, no proof for or against the claims of any of the Qos. is to be deduced from difference of spelling.

6. IV.ii.102. "A king perhaps." F. and, except that it has a comma in the place of the period, so also Q4. All the other Qos. repeat perhaps, and this repetition is accepted by several editors as the true reading. If the true reading, can the omission in the F. have originated with Q4, or is it merely an accidental coincidence? It is the only instance of the agreement of the F with a reading peculiar to Q4, and in any case tells as much, or as little, against Q3 as against Q6. I incline to believe that the repetition of perhaps was not found in the theatrical MS., and was therefore struck out of the Q. used in the preparation of the F. text; and the more so that Q4 has little or no claim to this distinction.

It is worthy of notice, however, that this missing "perhaps" was the last word which occurs before the only long Q. passage not found in the F., and the omission of which from the F. is one of the chief puzzles of the many the play presents. It is the passage in which Richard snubs Buckingham. I can only account for the omission of this passage from the F. on the supposition that it never was in the original draught of the play; that it was in fact, in theatrical parlance, a "bit of fat" inserted in the Q. version for the benefit of the chief actor, when that version was put upon the stage. At any rate when "copy" was being prepared for the printers of the F., it must have been deliberately struck out of the Q. used for that purpose, and could only have been thus struck out because it was not in the theatrical MS., or was there found crossed out: perhaps in striking it out the scribe used his pen too vigorously, and also struck out the "perhaps," the absence of which occasions this elaborate attempt to account for its absence.

I may add here that I believe this passage and perhaps one other are the only passages that can in any way be considered additions to the Q.; all the other lines found in it, but not in the F., are to be accounted for as accidental omissions in the F. The other passage is Richard's speech, Act III. vii. 229, "O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham": again, perhaps, a little "bit of fat" for the chief actor; though here again, if the censor of the F. had struck out Buckingham's oath in the preceding speech, this line would naturally disappear with it, and its absence from F. text would
not have been accidental. That the censor has been busy with the F. appears in Act I. Sc. iv. 184–5—

"I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins," etc.

reduced in the F. to—

"I charge you, as you hope for any goodness"—

line 185 being struck out altogether. That at least is the explanation of previous commentators, and I am willing to accept it; though it is an instance that would tell strongly in favour of my theory that the Q. was a revision of the F. text.

7. IV.iii. 22. "To beare this tydings to the bloody king." F. Q1–5. Q6 has these. Most editors are content to accept "this tidings" as the true reading, and probably it was that of the theatrical MS., in which case, if Q6 was used for printing the F. text, these would have been changed to this: so that this case can scarcely be said to tell against the Q6 theory.

8. IV.iv.45. "I had a Rutland too, thou hop'st to kill him." F. thou hop'st Q1, 2; and thou hop'st Q3–6. Qos. 1 and 2 have so little claim to the parentage of F. that if this misprint, hop'st, is not merely an accidental coincidence, I should be disposed to conjecture that Q1 got it from the theatrical MS., and that from that MS. it was again transferred by the scribe to the later Q. from which the F. was printed; the superfluous and, which had got into the later Qos., being at the same time struck out.

9. IV.iv.392. "Ungouern'd youth, to wail it with their age" F. Q5: in their Q1–4; with her Q6. Here Q5 puts in its solitary claim to exclusive connection with F.; but all things considered I am disposed to think that so far from this case telling against Q6 it affords proof in its favour: in their is clearly the right reading, and it is quite possible that the scribe who prepared the "copy" for the F., with the theatrical MS. before him and working on a copy of Q6, may, in correcting the obvious blunder her, have overlooked the other correction of with to in which he should also have made. This is one of the errors which correctors for the press are, I know from experience, very liable to fall into. Note, Malone assigns the reading with their to "Quarto 1602, [Q3] etc."; he is wrong: the Cam. edd. give the variations of the Qos. correctly, as above.

10. IV.iv.423. "But in your daughter's wombe I bury them" F. Q3, 4: I buried Q1, 2; He burye Q5, 6. Q1 and 2 are of course wrong; Q5 and 6 seem to me to have the best reading; but if Q3, 4, and F. are right, as all editors by their acceptance seem to consider, the F. would get its reading independently of Q3 and 4
with which it agrees, and therefore there would be no case here against Q6.

11. V.iii.114. "That we may praise thee in thy victory." F. Q3-5: the Q1, 2, 6. Editors are not agreed as to the true reading in this case; some adopting thy, others the: it can hardly therefore be taken into account in deciding the question of the Q. used for the preparation of the F. text.

12, 13. V.iii.131&139. "Let me sit heaue in thy soule to-morrow." F. Q1—4: on Q5, 6. Where this line first occurs—l. 118—all the old editions agree in on: in these two repetitions of it they differ as noted above. In or on are equally fitting here; but no doubt all three repetitions of the line should be uniform. The agreement of F1 and Q1 in in in two places (l. 131, 139) must be set against their agreement in on in one place (l. 118), and I take it the balance is in favour of in as the true reading, or at any rate as the reading of the theatrical MS.; in which case its occurrence in these lines 131 and 139 of the F. text can neither be taken as proof in favour of one of the Qos. 1—4, nor against Qos. 5 and 6.

14. V.iii.221. "Vnder our Tents Ile play the Ease-dropper." F. : ease dropper Q1; the rest, ease, cause, and evese-dropper: it is not 'till F4 that we arrive at eaves-dropper. I hardly think it can be maintained that ease in Q1 and F1 is a survival of easen, and if not, it is difficult to guess how what must be a misprint can have found its way into both Q1 and F.—Q1 being out of the question as regards the pedigree of F1—unless, as I have suggested of other cases, both derived it from the theatrical MS.

15. V.iii.304. "Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold" F. Q1—5: too, according to the Chronicles, was the right word, and Q6 has to; so that if Q6 was used for printing from, it must have been "corrected" to so, because that was the reading of the theatrical MS., whence also Q1 must have derived it.

16. V.v.20,21. "Smile Heauen. . . . That long have frown'd," etc. F. Q1—5: hath Q6. Till editors are agreed that have in this place is a misprint, it can hardly be maintained that the F. must have derived it from one of the Qos. 1—5. It may very well have been the reading of the theatrical MS., and so transferred by the scribe to Q6, which I believe to have been the Q. used in the preparation of the F. text: and I venture to think that this examination of the 16 "errors" shared by the F. with other Qos. than Q6 scarcely touches that Q.'s claim to the parentage of the F.; that claim, moreover, being immensely strengthened by the exclusive connection which is shown to exist between the two in the following instances, which form part of the 72 doubtful or erroneous readings supposed to have been transferred from Q. to F.
instances of exclusive connection of Q6 with F.

3. I.iv.135. "Bid Gloucester thinke on this and he will weep." of Q1-5.
4. I.iv.272. "By Heauen the Duke shall know," etc. heauen Q1-5.
5. IV.i.82. "Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest." my Q1-5. All the Qos., however, give the line very differently—

"Which euer since hath kept my’eyes from sleepe.”

Q6 differing from them only in the word mine, as in F. version.

6. IV.iv.112. "From which euen heere I slip my weariest head." wearie Q1-5. All the Qos., however, for head have neck; an erroneous repetition of the word, I believe, caught by the printer of Q. from the preceding line.

7. IV.iv.238. "Then euer you and yours by me were harm’d." or Q1-5. All the Qos., however, give the line very differently—

"Then euer you or yours were by me wrong’d.’”

Q6 differing from them only in the word and, as in F. version.

In these three instances (5, 6, and 7) we may easily imagine that the scribe at work on a copy of Q6, while altering that text in accordance with the theatrical MS., overlooked the tell-tale words mine, wearied, and and of that Q.


9. V.iii.250. "A base foule Stone, made precious by the soyle."

The true reading is of course that of Qos. 1 and 2—foile; the rest have soyle, but Q6 prints the word as it is found in the F. soyle. In the case of an error such as this undoubtedly is, its form may perhaps point to the source of its derivation, and I have therefore set this down as an instance of exclusive connection between Q6 and F.; though, as I have pointed out in Nos. 3 and 5 of the preceding list, not much reliance is, as a rule, to be placed on mere spelling.

To these nine instances of readings peculiar to Q6 and F. I add three more, completing my list of 12 exclusive Q6–F1 errors, out of the order in which they occur in the play, because I wish to group them with others which, with them, seem to me to point pretty clearly to the fact that conjectural emendations of errors have been made in the F. text.

III.v.66. "With all your just proceedings in this case.” F.: cause Q1-5, corrupted to ease in Q6. Though the F. word fits
the place well enough, it has all the look of a correction of the Q6 error.

III.v.74. "There at your meetest vantage of the time." F. The Q1–5 have meetst advantage, which Q6 corrupts to meetest advantage. The F. reading looks very like a metrical correction of this corruption.

IV.iv.533–6.

"My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best newes: that the Earle of Richmond
Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder Newes, but yet they must be told." F.

For the last line Q1–5 have—

"Is colder tidings yet they must be told."

The printer of Q6 catching the word newes from the second line repeated it here in place of tidings—

"Is colder newes yet they must be told"

and so left an imperfect line. Here again the F. line has all the appearance of a conjectural emendation of the Q6 blunder.

In the other instances of this kind of "correction," though the errors which occasioned it are not peculiar to Q6, they are all shared by that Q:

I.i.65.

"That tempers him to this harsh Extremity." F.

The 1st Q., which certainly has the better reading, gives the line thus—

"That tempers him to this extremity."

Qos. 2, 5, 6, corrupt tempers to temps, Qos. 3 and 4 to temps, and thus they leave an imperfect line which the editor of F 1 "corrects" by the addition of harsh.

V.iii.199.

"Throng all to' th' Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty." F.

The Qos. 1 and 2, which are undoubtedly right, have—

"Throng to the bar crying all, Guilty, Guilty—"

corrupted in Qos. 3–6 to "Throng all to the bar," etc. The printer of F., instead of striking out the redundant all, tried to reduce the line to measure by contracting to the to' th'.

V.iii.309.

"For Conscience is a word that cowards use." F.
"Conscience is but a word that cowards use." Q1 and 2.
Qos. 3-6 omit but, leaving the line defective, and F. restores the metre at the expense of the sense.

V.v.4. “these long vsurped Royalties,” F.: “this long vsurped roialtie” Q1. Q2-6 corrupt roialtie to roialties, whereupon F., accepting the corruption, “corrects” this to these.

These instances are all I can find in the play which afford proof of conjectural emendation; and the errors being all found in Q6, some exclusively, it is probable that the “emendations” all resulted from the errors in that Q6, and therefore it is obvious that Shakespeare himself can have had nothing to do with them; nor can they be supposed the work of the scribe, who, as I have endeavoured to show, was employed in adding to and altering a copy of Q6 in accordance with the theatrical MS.: with that MS. before him, there could have been no need for him to resort to conjectural emendation. But we have seen, in the transfer of Q. errors to the F., that his work was far from perfect, and that he left many errors of his printed book uncorrected. The conclusion necessarily then must be, that these errors were “corrected” conjecturally in the proofs of the F. text itself: and the fact that such “corrections” exist brings into full relief the importance of this inquiry into the nature of the “copy” supplied to the printers of the F.; for it is possibly to them we owe the notion that the play was revised throughout by some unknown hand, and, as the Cambridge editors suppose, shortly before 1623. I cannot, however, admit that they justify such a theory, and I have been quite unable to find any other grounds for it. Indeed, considering the plentiful crop of errors this unknown reviser might have exercised his ingenuity upon, but did not, I think we may safely decline to believe at all in his existence.

Incidentally in examining the list of F.-Q. “errors” not derived from Q6, we have touched on the important question which now remains to be decided, viz.: the priority of Q. or F.; for we have seen reason to believe that both derived some of the errors they have in common from the same MS. source, and therefore primâ facie the F. = MS. would represent the original play; but the following cases are of still greater weight, to my thinking, as affording proof that the Q. text is altered or revised on that given in the F.: on them chiefly must depend the acceptance or rejection of my conclusions.

INSTANCES OF ALTERATION OF THE F. TEXT IN THE Q.

I.i.138. “Now by S. John, that Newes is bad indeed.” F. The Q. alters to Paul, the saint by whom Richard swears elsewhere, I.ii., I.iii., III.iv. and V.iii. Unless we suppose the John of F. to
be a mere misprint, I do not see how we can avoid the conclusion
that a deliberate change was made to *Paul* in the Q.

I.ii.19,20.

"Then I can wish to *Wolves, to Spiders*, Toades
Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues." F.

The Q. here has,—"to *adders, Spiders,*" etc., an obvious
correction.

I.ii.180–182.

"Nay, do not pause: *For I did kill King Henrie,*
But 'twas thy Beauty that prouoked me.
Nay now dispatch: *'Twas I that stabb'd young Edward.*" F.

The Q. restores the historical order of these crimes, reading in
the first line—"*'twas I that kild your husband*"—and in the
third—"*kild King Henry*" : and the alterations in the text show
that the transposition was made advisedly. Against this might
perhaps be urged the fact that in the Qos. 1 and 2, in V. iii., the
ghosts of the young Princes enter before the Ghost of Hastings,
while in the F. they enter in due chronological order; but this case
must be merely an instance of blundering in the two first Qos., for
in the other Qos. the error is corrected.

I.ii.213. "*Crosbie House,*" F.; altered in Q. to "*Crosbie place.*"
"Then have you one great house called Crosby place." Stowe,
1603, ed. Thoms 1842, p. 65. This mansion is twice elsewhere
mentioned in the Play: I.iii.345, where F. agrees with Q. in calling
it *place,* and III.i.191 where the Q. again alters Crosbie *house* to
Crosbie *place*.

I.iii.333. "To be reveng'd on *Riuers,* *Dorset,* Grey." F. For
*Dorset* the Q. substitutes *Vaughan* ; no doubt for the sufficient
reason that he is associated in death with the other two.

I.iv. In the F. Brackenbury's position is not very clear here.
The author seems to have begun the scene with the intention of
making the keeper in attendance on Clarence a distinct personage,
and then, as the scene progressed, to have resolved that Bracken-
bury himself should be this keeper. I don't see how else we are
to account for the way in which, after l. 75, Brackenbury enters,
takes up the words of the keeper, and assumes his post. The
consolidation of the two parts has the advantage of economizing
the services of one actor, and accordingly in the Q. we find the
new plan consistently carried out: the lines 67 and 73—

"Ah keeper, keeper, I have done these things"—

and—

"Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while"

being changed to—
PROOF THAT Q. IS A REVISION OF F. TEXT.

"O Brokenbury, I haue done those things,"

and to—

"I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me,"—

while at the same time the entry of Brackenbury, as Lieutenant, is struck out, and in the first entry to the Scene and in the prefixes to speeches, his name is substituted for keeper.

II.i.66–68.

"Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset,
That all without desert haue frown'd on me:
Of you Lord Wooduill, and Lord Scales of you.” F.

In the Q. we find only:—

"Of you Lo: Riuers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without desert haue frown'd on me.”

The third line being omitted altogether. All three lines, I believe to have been in the original MS.; but not in the order in which they stand in the F.: the line—"Of you Lord Wooduill, and Lord Scales of you”—was second in order; but the scribe who was preparing, from the original MS. with the aid of one of the printed Qos., "copy" for the F. edition, either inserted the line wanting in the Q. in the wrong place, or the printer mistook his directions and did it for him. But why was the line wanting in the Q.? Here we have good proof, I think, that when the play was shortened for the Q. edition it was also revised. Woodville (Anthony Woodville—there was no Lord Woodville) was the "Lord Rivers" addressed in the first line of the passage quoted above; he was also "Lord Scales" in right of his wife, the “heir and daughter of Lord Scales,” who Richard, in 3 Henry VI. IV. i., complains would better have been bestowed on him or Clarence. This mistake in making Rivers three separate persons, was evidently corrected when the play was revised for the Q. version, the “Woodville” line struck out altogether, and its form given to the first line as we find it in the Q.: “Gray,” Dorset’s younger brother, being substituted for “Dorset” because he was, in history as in the play, associated in death with his uncle Rivers: for the same reason in fact which caused the substitution of “Vaughan” for “Dorset” in I. iii. 333.\(^1\) I do not set down the

\(^1\) It may be further noted with reference to this correction in the Q. that Anthony Woodville, Earl Rivers, is the only brother of the Queen who is introduced in this play, and the only brother who fell a victim to Richard’s hatred; yet in the F. it is always her "brothers" who are referred to (I.iii.37,67; II. iii.28; IV.iv.92,143,380). I suspect that the original author of the play was not very clear as to the relationship of his dramatix persona, and that he supposed Grey, who is nowhere referred to as one of the Queen’s sons, to be one of her brothers. In two places in the Q., I.iii.67 and IV.iv.380, brothers is corrected
substitution of "Hastings" for "Dorset" in line 7 of this scene as the result of revision, because, tho' undoubtedly a correction, the occurrence of Dorset's name here in the F. was probably merely a blunder on the part of transcriber or printer: the context shows that Hastings was meant. So again in the next scene, II. ii. 142 and 154, where the F. has London the Q. gives it correctly Ludlow, and Ludlow was clearly the place meant. Perhaps both these cases are to be attributed to error in the MS. copy of the play.

II.iv.1–3.

"Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
    And at Northampton they do rest to night:
    Tomorrow, or next day, they will be here." F.

Now this—an error as regards the conduct of the Play—curiously enough coincides with the Chronicles on which the play is founded: the young Prince on his way from Ludlow to London was actually taken back from Stony Stratford to Northampton. This seems to me proof positive that the F. gives the first version of the lines; but now comes the revision for the Q., and the reviser, recollecting that Stony Stratford is nearer to London than Northampton, gives us:

"Last night I heare they lay at Northampton
    At Stonistratford will they be to night,
    Tomorrow or next day they will be here."

This transposition of localities has the additional advantage of agreement with the intention of the author as expressed in the third line; and, whether it appear paradoxical or not, I should say that the slight sacrifice of rhythm involved in the change is another proof of the revision itself.

Note, that we have here in the F., in the first line, one of the numerous proofs that one of the later Qos. was used in preparing that version for the press. The "tell-tale" word heard was derived from one of the Qos. 3–6: from Q6, of course, according to my theory.

Later in this scene we have an incontestible proof of change from F. to Q: for the service of the stage, and to economize a Messenger, Dorset is made to deliver this part, and is thereby placed in a most incongruous position. It is impossible to read the part given to him in the Q. without at once perceiving that it was never originally intended for him: the Messenger of the F. was clearly its first exponent.

to brother, though in the other four places this correction has been overlooked. The Cam. edd., in error, note brothers in I.iii.67 as the reading of both Q. and F.
PROOF THAT Q. IS A REVISION OF F. TEXT.

III.iii.15-17. Rivers, Vaughan and Grey on their way to execution:

"Grey. Now Margaret's Curse is fallen upon our Heads
When shee exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by, when Richard stabb'd her Sonne." F.

This is of course a direct reference to Margaret's curse in I.iii. 210-14; but Margaret had not there "exclaimed on" Grey, but on Rivers, Dorset and Hastings. The Q. omits the second line of the passage quoted above, and perhaps the omission was due to some bungled attempt to conceal the discrepancy; if so, the reviser overlooked a second misstatement in the line following the above—"then cursed she Buckingham." Margaret did not then curse Buckingham.

III. iv. and v. The substitution in these scenes in the Q. of Catesby for the Lovell and Ratcliff of the F. is a clearer case of "revision," and may be taken as a measure of the generally careless manner in which that revision was done; or rather, perhaps, of the incomplete state in which it got to press. The economy of the stage no doubt recommended the abolition of Lovell as a separate part; but Catesby in Sc. iv., leading Hastings to execution, is in almost as incongruous a position as Dorset in II. iv. as the Messenger; in Sc. v., however, his displacement of Lovell and Ratcliff brings in a world of confusion: while actually on the stage with Richard, his double enters bearing the head of Hastings! Yet that this office originally devolved (as in the F.) on Ratcliff and Lovell, is shown in the Q. itself in certain tell-tale words in I. 54, where Richard refers to the haste with which "these our friends" have executed their commission.

IV.i. The Queen, Duchess of York, etc., on their way to the Tower, meet with Anne, Duchess of Gloucester:

"Duch-Yorke. Who meetes us here?
My Neece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?
Now for my Life, shee's wandring to the Tower,
On pure hearts love, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God giue your Graces both, a happie
And a joyfull time of day.
Qu. As much to you, good Sister: whither away?" F.

The Q. has only—

"Dut. Who meets vs heere, my neece Plantagenet?
Qu. Sister well met, whither away so fast?"

Now though no other indication of the presence of this "Neece," either in the text or stage directions, is given in F. or Q., I suppose all will admit that modern editors, following Theobald, are right in defining her as Clarence's young daughter; and the Duchess could no more be supposed to address her daughter-in-law Anne as
“neece Plantagenet” than the Queen could address this “neece” as sister; the presence therefore of my neece Plantagenet in the Q. can only be accounted for as a remnant of the passage omitted in the Q., and seems to me clear proof that here the F. presents the original draught, and the Q. a copy mangled in revision.

V.i. In the Q., Ratcliff takes the part given in the F. to the Sheriff, and thus the services of an additional actor are economized; so also in

V.ii. Catesby takes the part given in the F. to Surrey; both marks, these, of the Q. version having been “revised” on the original, as presented in the F.

V.iii. In stage direction, in F., Dorset enters with Richmond, Brandon and Oxford. In Q., Richmond enters only with “Lordes, etc.” Malone supposes (Dorset not having been at the battle) that Dorset’s name was put in the F. by the Players; on the contrary, I should suppose it to be struck out when the Q. was prepared.

All these variations, it seems to me, can only be regarded as alteratons of the F. version, and therefore, till evidence to the contrary is forthcoming, all the other textual variations in the two versions must be set down to the same cause, due allowance being of course made for error and corruption.

How else is it possible to account for such a case as this:— Richard and Buckingham, III.i.188-9, commission Catesby to sound Hastings as to his willingness to join in their plots:

"Richard. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleepe?
Catesby. You shall my Lord."

So it appears in both F. and Q.; but in the Q., IV.iii.85-6, with a mere change of name, these speeches occur again:—

"King. Shall we hear from you, Tirrel, ere we sleepe?
Tirrel. Ye shall my Lord."

Now, as regards the first occurrence of these speeches, it is to be noted that Catesby does not execute his commission till the next morning, and it surely does not require any great effort of the imagination to suppose that, in revision, these speeches were therefore transferred to the Tyrell scene, where they fit better; though through oversight they were not struck out in the previous Catesby scene. It could never have been intended that they should appear in both places.

Again in II.ii.23,24, in the F. we find—

"And when my Vnckle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kist my cheeke”—

changed in Q. into the following extraordinary “verses”—

"And when he told me so, he wept
And hugd me in his arme and kindly kist my cheeke."
RESULT: F. THE ORIGINAL PLAY, Q. A REVISION OF IT.

This, in my view of the case,—although a strong point with those who believe the F. to be a weak revision of the Q., sacrificing vigour of expression to smoothness of verse,—really affords proof that the F. gives us the original version of the lines, the Q. a corruption of a proposed emendation. See back to I.iv.241-3, where Clarence tells the murderers how he parted with Gloucester—

"It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune 
And hugg’d me in his arms, and swore with sobs 
That he would labour my deliver.
"

The audience had witnessed this parting, and this account of it would strike them as fanciful, to say the least; it was therefore probably proposed to take some part of Clarence’s speech and give it to his son, in whose mouth it would be more appropriate. Clarence’s speech has been partly altered in the Q., and reads—

"It cannot be for when I parted with him
He hugg’d me," etc.

The transfer to his son of the words “hugg’d me in his arms” was probably not fully carried out, at least not in the copy from which the Q. was printed; a copy which may be shrewdly suspected of containing many such half-realized emendations, such as would be suggested when the play was first read to the company; and which was probably further scored with such cuts, alterations and gags, as may have arisen during the rehearsals. Only from a copy in this chaotic condition can I imagine the Q. to have been printed.1

And now to sum up the results of my inquiry.

I have shown, I think, that the F. edition was printed from a copy of Q6 altered and enlarged in accordance with a complete MS. copy of the play, and, errors, etc., allowed for, must be taken as a faithful representation of that MS. No evidence whatever being forthcoming of any revision of the MS., subsequent to the publication of the Q., the F. must therefore be accepted as the Play as first set forth by Shakespeare. I have also shown, I believe, that the Q. is a revised copy of this play, though shortened and much confused and corrupted in its passage to and through the Press.

The relations to each other of the F. and Q. being thus

1 If I may hazard a guess, I should say that if the proposed changes, here indicated, had been carried out we should have found in Clarence’s speech—

"It cannot be, for when I parted with him
He swore he’d labour my delivery"—

and in his son’s speech—

"And when my Uncle told me so he wept,
And hugg’d me in his arms and kissed my cheek."
established, some reasonably certain guidance in the settlement of the text is obtained: the Q. being too imperfect for the purpose, an Editor should take the F. as the basis of his text. He will retain in it those characters (as Lovell, Surrey, Sheriff, Messenger, etc.) whose parts have either been struck out or given to other actors in the Q. for the mere sake of stage convenience; he will restore to it all those lines which, accidentally omitted from it, have been preserved in the Q.; he will correct in it all those errors which have crept into it from corruptions in the Q. which was used in preparing it for the Press; he will reject the conjectural emendations in it which have resulted from those corruptions; and lastly, he will alter it in accordance with the Q. in all places where it can be reasonably supposed that the variations of the Q. are the result of deliberate revision for the sake of correction or improvement. A sufficiently arduous task, but—if he bears steadily in mind the relationship of the two versions, and recollects that, besides being a revised and corrected copy, the Q. has also suffered much from transcribers, printers, players, stage licencer, etc.—a task which he need not despair of conducting to a reasonably successful issue.

In the margins of the Facsimile the Acts, Scenes, and lines are numbered as in the Globe edition; in the F. the division of the scenes is incomplete; scenes v., vi., and vii. of Act III. not being numbered; Scena secunda of Act IV. includes sc. ii. and iii., Scena tertia equals our sc. iv., and Scena quarta, sc. v.; in Act V. scenes iii., iv., and v. are not numbered.

All lines of Q. which differ from those of F. are marked with a dagger (†); all the lines which are not found in F. are marked with a star (*); and where lines and passages of F. are not found in Q. a < is placed, the last preceding line and the first line following being numbered as in the Globe edition.

On the night 3rd and 4th June last, all the negatives, and the Photographic copy of this play which had been prepared for publication, were destroyed in the fire which consumed Mr. Griggs’s premises: at Mr. Furnivall’s request, and with a liberality which needs only to be mentioned to be appreciated, his Grace the Duke of Devonshire at once consented to his copy of the precious Q. being again photographed for this series of Facsimiles.

P. A. DANIEL.
CORRIGENDA, Etc.

p. 3. I. i. 44.—Read appointed; deficient in original.

p. 6. " " 151.—Read mercy; deficient in original.—l. 1, I. ii. The Cam. Edd. note that this line in Q1 ends with to; amplified in subsequent Qos. to lord. This copy of Q1 has but a solitary l. The true reading, that of the Fo., is load.

p. 15. " iii. 72.—Read Gentleman:—l. 86, A colon after Clarence:—l. 98, A comma after not.

p. 16. " " 100, 118.—Commas at the ends of those lines.

p. 17. " " 161.—Read bow like; damaged in original.—l. 177, Read gau'st with the apostrophe.

p. 19. " " 227.—Read bell, diews; deficient in original.

p. 20. " " 296.—Read alas, alas.


p. 49. III. iv. 8.—Read inward; deficient in original.

p. 63. IV. ii. 8.—A comma at the end of line.—l. 17, A comma after Coosin. —l. 18, A comma at the end of line.

p. 66. " " —The line numbered 100 in the margin should be 110.—l. 112, A note of interrogation after clocke.

p. 67. " iii. 46.—A comma after Richmond.—l. 53, A hyphen in snaile-pact.

p. 68. " iv. 9.—A note of exclamation after babes.—l. 11, Read gentle.

p. 70. " " 85.—An e in direfull.—l. 105, An apostrophe to whe'eld.

p. 72. " " 174.—An apostrophe to grac't.

p. 73. " " 204.—Full stop at end of line.

p. 74. " " 282.—Comma after Rivers.—l. 284, full stop at end of line, thus wai'e.

p. 75. " " 358.—A period after Qu.

p. 76. " " 385.—A hyphen to plaie-fellowes.—l. 303, A comma after butcherd.

p. 88. V. iii. 197.—A comma after second murther.

p. 90. " " 285.—Note of interrogation at the end of line.—l. 290, A comma after battle.

p. 91. " " 303.—A full stop after paper.—l. 334, A comma at the end of line.—l. 338, A comma after England.

It should be noted, with reference to the last paragraph of the Introduction, that that Introduction was printed in 1883, in the expectation that the Fac-simile of Richard III. would be issued before the end of that year.

P. A. D.

26th January, 1885.
THE TRAGEDY OF
King Richard the third.

Containing,
His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence:
the pittiefull mutther of his innocent nephewes:
his tyrannicall usurpation: with the whole course
of his detested life, and most deserued death.

As it hath beene lately Acted by the
Right honourable the Lord Chamber-
laire his seruants.

AT LONDON
Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise,
dwelling in Paules Chuch-yard, at the
Signe of the Angell.
1597.
Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.

Now is the winter of our discontent,
Made glorious summer by this sonne of Yorke:
And all the cloudes that lowrd vp on our house,
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for monuments,
Our sterne alarms changd to merry meetings,
Our dreadsfull marches to delightfull measures.
Grim-vifage warre hath smoothde his wrinkled front,
And now in fteed of mounting barbed steedes,
To fright the soules of fearfull aduersaries.
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
To the lasciuous pleasing of a loue.
But I that am not shapte for sportiue tricke,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glasse,
I that am rudely stampd and want loues majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph:
I that am curtaid of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformd, vnshin'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world scarce halfe made vp.
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Have no delight to passe away the time,
Valeffe to spie my shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne deformity:
And therefore since I cannot prove a louer
To entertaine these faire well spoken daies.
The Tragedy

I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days:
Plots have I laid inductious dangerous,
By drunken Prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other.
And if King Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous:
This day should Clarence closely be mewed up,
About a Prophecy which saies that G.
Of Edward's heirs the murthers shall be.
Due thoughts downe to my soule,
Enter Clarence with a guard of men.
Brother, good days, what means this armed guard
That waits upon your grace?
Clar. His Maiefty tendering my persons safety hath appointed
This conduct to conuay me to the tower.
Glo. Upon what cause?
Clar. Because my name is George.
Glo. Alacke my Lord that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your Godfathers:
Obelike his Maiefty hath some intent
That you shall be new christened in the Tower.
But what the matter Clarence may I know?
Clar. Yea Richard when I know; for I protest
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after Prophecies and dreams,
And from the crose-rose plucks the letter G:
And saies a wisard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited shou'd be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These as I learne and such like toies as these,
Have moved his highnes to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are rulede by women,
Tis not the King that sends you to the tower.
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence is she,
That
That tempers him to this extremity,
Was it not she and that good man of worshippe
Anthony Wooduile her brother there,
That made him send Lord Haftings to the tower.
From whence this present day he is delivered?
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe.

Cla. By heauen I thinke there is no man is secure,
But the Queenes kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistress Shore,
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Haftings was to her for his deliverie.

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity,
Gort my Lord Chamberlaine his liberty.
Ie tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men and weare her huery.
The ivealus oreworne widdow and herfelse,
Since that our brother dubd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gosips in this monarchy.

Bro. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me:
His Maiesty hath streightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue private conference,
Of what degree soever with his brother.

Glo. Even so and please your worship Brokenbury,
You may pertake of any thing we say:
We speake no treason man, we say the King
Is wife and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well stroke in yerse, faire and not jealous,
We say that Shores wife hath a pretie foote,
A cherry lippe, a bonny eie, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentlefolks.

How say you sir, can you deny all this?

Bro. With this (my Lord) my selfe have naught to do.

Glo. Naught to do with Mistris Shore, I tell shee fellow.
He that doth naught with her, excepting one
Were best he doe it secretly alone.

Bro. I beseech your Grace to pardon me, and withal for
Your conference with the noble Duke.
The Tragedy

Cl. We know thy charge Brokenbury and will obey,

Glo. We are the Queenes abietts and must obey.

Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,

And whatsoeuer you will imploy me in,

Were it to call King Edwards widdow sister,

I will performe it to enfranchise you,

Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,

Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cl. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well:

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,

I will deliver you or lie for you,

Meane time haue patience.

Cl. I must perforce; farewell. Exit Clar.

Glo. Go treading the path that thou shalt there return,

Simple plaine Clarence I doe love thee so,

That I will shortly send thy soule to heaven,

If heaven will take the present at our hands:

But who comes here the new delivered hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gratious Lord:

Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:

Well are you welcome to the open aire,

How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:

But I shall liue my Lord to giue them thankes

That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,

For they that were your enemies are his,

And have preuailed as much on him as you.

Hast. More pitty that the Eagle should be mewed,

While kiehts and buffards prey at liberty.

Glo. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad as this at home:

The King is sickly, weake and melancholy,

And his Phisitions feare him mightily.

Glo. Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeede,

Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,

And overmuch consumed his royall person,
of Richard the third.

'Tis very grievous to be thought upon:
What is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before and I will follow you. Exit Hæ.
He cannot live I hope, and must not die,
Till George be packt with post horse up to heaven.
Ile in to wge, his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steeld with weighty arguments,
And if I faile not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live
Which done, God take King Edward to his merc
And leave the world for me to buflEl in,
For then Ile marry Warwicks younges daughter:
What though I kild her husband and her father,
The readieft way to make the wenches amends,
Is to become her husband and her father
The which will I, not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reignes,
When they are gone then must I count my gaines. Exit.

Enter Lady Anne with the heare of Harry the 6.

Lady An. Set downe set downe your honourable I
If honor may be shrowded in a heare,
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous Lancastcr:
Poore kei-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster,
Thou bloudlesse remnant of that royall bloud,
Be it lawfull that I nuocate thy ghost,
To heare the lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered sone,
Stabd by the selfe same hands that made these holes,
In those windowes that let froth thy life,
I powre the helplesse balme of my poore eies,
Curtf be the hand that made these fatall holes,
Curtf be the heart that had the heart to doe it.
The Tragedy

More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toades,
Or any creeping venome thing that liues.
If ever he haue child abortiue be it,
Prodigious and untimely brought to light:
Whole vgly and unnaturall aspect,
May fright the hopefull mother at the view.
If ever he haue wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paules to be interred there:
And still as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you whiltes I lament King Henries corse.

Enter Gloucesters.

Glo. Stay you that bear the corse and set it downe.

La. What blacke magitian coniures vp this fiend,
To stop deuoted charitable deeds.

Glo. Villaine set downe the corse, or by S.Paule,
Ile make a corse of him that disobeies.

Gent. My Lord, stand backe and let the coffin passe.

Glo. Vnmanerd dog, stand thou when I command,
Advance thy halbert higher than my brest,
Or by Saint Paul Ile strike thee to my loote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.

La. What doe you tremble are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortall,
And mortall eies cannot endure the diuell,
Aunt thou dreaddull minister of hell,
Theou haftt but power ouer his mortall body,
His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweete Saint for Charity be not so curst.

La. Foulle Diuell for Gods sake hence & trouble vs not,
For thou haft made the happy earth thy hell:
Fild it with cursing cries and deepe exclamyes.
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.

Oh
of Richard the third.

Oh gentlemen see, see dead Henries woundes,
Open their congeald mouthes and bleede as fast.
Blush, blush thou lump of foule deformity,
For tis thy presence that exhales this bloud,
From cold and empty veines where no bloud dwells.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Promokes this deluge most vnnaturall.
Oh earth which this bloud drinkst, reuenge his death:
As thou doest swallow vp this good Kings bloud,
Which his hell-gouernd arme hath butchered.

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

Lady Villaine thou knowest no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knowes some touch of pity.

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

Lady Oh wonderfull when Diuels tell the truthe,

Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry
Voulsafe divine perfection of a woman.
Of these supposed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumstance but to acquite my selfe.

La. Voulsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowne euils but to giue me leaue,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.

Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leisure to excuse my selfe.

La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee thou canst make
No excuse currant but to hang thy selfe.

Glo. By such despaire I should accuse my selfe.

La. And by despairing shouldst thou stand excusde,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst vnworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say that I slew them not.

La. Why then they are not dead,
But dead they are, and diuellish slaine by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.
The Tragedy

La. Why then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edwards hand.

La. In thy foulè throat thou liest, Queene Margaret saw

Thy bloudy faulchion smoking in his bloud,

The which thou once didst bend against her breast,

But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was prouoked by her flaunderous tongue,

Which laid their guilt upon my guiltlesse shoulders.

La. Thou waft prouoked by thy bloudy minde,

Which never dreamt on ought but butcheries,

Dost thou not kil this King. Glo. I grant yea.

La. Does grant me hedghogge then god grant me too

Thou maieft be damnd for that wicked deede,

Oh he was gentle, mild, and vertuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.

La. He is in heauen where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,

For he was fitter for that place then earth.

La. And thou vnsfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes one place els if you will heare me name it.


La. I'll rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

Glo. So will it Madame till I lie with you.

La. I hope so.

Glo. I know so, but gentle Lady Anne,

To leaue this keen incounter of our wits,

And fall somewhat into a flower methode:

Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths,

Of these Plantagenets Henry and Edward,

As blamefull as the executioner.

La. Thou art the cause and most accurst effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect.

Your beauty which did haunt me in my sleepe:

To vndertake the death of all the world

So I might rest one houre in your sweete bosome.

La. If I thought that I tell thee homicide,

These nailes should rend that beauty from my cheekes.

Glo. These eies could never indure sweet beauties wrack,

You
of Richard the third.

You should not blemish them if I flood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sonne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.

La. Blacke night overshadeth thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to be requenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell most unnatural,
To be requenged on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell just and reasonable,
To be requenged on him that slew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.
La. His better doth not breath upon the earth.
Glo. Go to, he liues that loues you better then he could.
La. Why that was hee.
Glo. The selfe same name but one of better nature.
La. Where is he. Shee spitteth at him.
Glo. Here.

Why doest thou spitt at me.
La. Would it were mortall poifon for thy sake.
Glo. Neuer came poifon from so sweete a place.
La. Neuer hung poifon on a fouler toade.
Out of my sight thou doest infect my eyes.
Glo. Thine eies sweete Lady have infected mine.
La. Would they were basiliskes to strike thee dead.
Glo. I would they were that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living death:
Those eies of thine from mine have drawen salt teares,
Shame their aspect with store of childish drops:
I neuer sued to friend nor enemy,
My tongue could never learne sweete soothing words:
But now thy beauty is propos'de my mee:
My proud heart flames and prompts my tongue to speake,
Teach not thy lips such scorne, for they were made
For kissing Lady not for such contempt.
If thy requengefull heart cannot forgive,
Lo hie thee this sharpe pointed sword:
Which
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosome,  
And let the soule forth that adoreth thee:
I hate it taked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
Nay, doe not pawse, twas I that kild your husband,
But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:
Nay now dispatch twas I that kild King Henry:
But twas thy heavenly face that set me on: *Heros he 'les fall.*
Take vp the sword againe or take vp me. *The sword.*

La. Arise dissembler, though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will doe it:
La. I have already.
Glo. Tush that was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and even with the word,
That hand which for thy loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue:
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

La. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my tongue,
La. I feare me both are falle.
Glo. Then never was man true.
La. Well, well, put vp your sword
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That shall you know hereafter.
Glo. But shall I liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue so.
Glo. Voutsafe to weare this ring.
La. To take is not to giue.
Glo. Look how this ring incompassteth thy finger,
Euen so thy breast incloseth my poore heart.
Weare both of them for both of them are thine,
And if thy poore devoted suppliant may
But beg one sauour at thy gratious hand,
Thou doest confirme his happines for euer.

La. What is it?
Glo. That it would please thee leave these sad desigines,
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner.
of Richard the third.

And presently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where after I haue solemnly interred
At Chertfie monastery this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie see you:
For divers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you
Grant me this boone.

La. With all my heart, and much it ioies me too,
To see you are become to penitent:
Tresill and Barkley go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell
La. Tis more then you deserve:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue saied farewell already.  
Glo. Sirs take vp the corse.
Ser. Towards Chertfie noble Lord,
Glo. No.to white Friers there attend my comming.
Was ever woman in this humor wroed,  Exeunt.  manet Gl.
Was ever woman in this humor wonne:
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What I that kild her husband and his father,
To take her in her hearts extreamest hate:
With curses in her mouth, teares in her eies,
The bleeding witnesse of her hatred by,
Hauing God,her conscience, and these bars against me:
And I nothing to backe my suite at all,
But the plaine Diuell and dissembling lookes,
And yet to win her all the world to nothing,  Hah
Hath she forgot already that braue Prince
Edward, her Lord whom I some three moneths since,
Stabd in my angry moode at Tewxbery,
A sweeter and a louelie gentleman,
Framd in the prodigality of nature:
Young, valiant, wife, and no doubt right royall,
The spacious world cannot againe afford:
And will she yet debase her eyes on me
That cropt the golden prime of this sweete Prince,
And made her widdow to a wofull bed,
The Tragedy

On me whose all not equals Edwards moiety,
On me that halts, and am vnthapen thus.
My Duke domes to a beggerly denier.
I doe mistake my person all this while.
Upon my life she findes, although I cannot:
My selfe, to be a merueilous proper man.
He be at charges for a looking glasse,
And entertain some score or two of taylers,
To study fashions to adorne my body,
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with some little cost:
But first Ie turne you fellow in his graue,
And then returne lamenting to my lone.
Shine out faire sunne till I haue bought a glasse,
That I may see my shadow as I pale. Exit.

Enter Queene, Lord Rivers, Gray.

Ri. Have patience Madame, there is no doubt his Maiestie will soone recover his accustomed health. (Out)

Gray In that you brooke it, ill it makes him worse.
Therefore for God's sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his grace quick and mery words.
Qu. If he were dead what would betide of me.
Ry. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.
Gr. The heauen have blest you with a goodly sone,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Qu. Oh he is young, and his minority
Is but unto the trust of Rich. Gloucester,
A man that loves not me nor none of you.
Ri. Is it concluded he shall be protector?
Qu. It is determinde, not concluded yet,
But to it must be if the King miscarry. (Enter Buck, Darby
Gr. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.
Buck. Good time of day unto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your Maiestie joyfull as you have been.
Qu. The Countesse Richmond good my Lo: of Darby,
To your good prayers will fearcely say, Amen:
Yet Darby notwithstanding, shees your wife,

And
of Richard the third.

And loues not me, be you good Lo. affurde
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Dar. I doe beleeue you either not beleue
The envious Sauls of her fale accusers,
Or if she be accused in true report,
Bear with her weakenes which I think proceedes
From wayward ficknesse, and no grounded malice.

Ry. Saw you the King to day, my Lo. of Darby?
Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
 Came from visiting his Maiestie.

Qy. With likelihood of his amendment Lords?
Buc. Madame good hope, his Grace speakes cheerfully.
Qy. God grant him health, did you confer with him.
Buc. Madame we did: He desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Glocefter and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my Lord chamberlaine,
And sent to warne them to his royall prescence.

Qy. Would all were well, but that will never be.
I feare our happines is at the highest. Enter Glocefter

Glo. They doe me wrong and I will not endure it,
Who are they that complaines vnto the King,
That I forsooth am sterne and love them not:
By holy Paul they love his grace burthily,
That fill his eares with such discentious rumors:
Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,
Smile in mens faces, smoothe, deceiue and cog,
Ducke with french nods and apish courtesie,
I must be held a rankerous enimy.

Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harms,
But thus his simple truth must be abusde,
By sullen straie insinuating iackes?

Ry. To whom in all this prescence speakes your Grace?
Glo. To thee that hast nor honesty nor grace,
When have I injurued thee, when done thee wrong,
Or thee or thee or any of your faction:
A plague vpon you all. His royall person
(Whom God preferue better then you would wish)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,

But
The Tragedy

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

_Qu._ Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter:
The King of his owne royall disposition,
And not provokt by any suiter else,
Ayming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe
Against my kindred, brother, and my selfe:
Makes him to send that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will and to remoue it.

_Glo._ I cannot tell, the world is growen so bad
That wracks make pray where Eagles dare not pearch,
Since every Jacke became a Gent
There's many a gentle person made a Jacke.

_Qu._ Come, come, we know your meaning brother _Gl._
You enuy my advancement and my friends,
God graunt we neuer may haue neede of you.

_Glo._ Meantime God grants that we haue neede of you,
Our brother is imprisoned by your meanes,
My selfe disgract, and the nobility
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions,
Are daily guen to enoble those
That scarce some two daies since were worth a noble.

_Qu._ By him that rafte me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
In euery did incense his Maiesty
Against the Duke of Clarence but haue beene,
An earnest advocate to pleade for him,
My Lord you doe me shamefull injury,
Fallacy to draw me in these vile suspects.

_Glo._ You may deny that you were not the caufe,
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.

_Ryn._ She may my Lord.

_Glo._ She may Lo:Ryuers, why who knowes not so?
She may doe more Sir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her aying hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts,
What may she not she may, yea marry may she.
of Richard the third.

Ry. What Mary may she.
Glo. What Mary may she, marry with a King.
A Batchelor, a handsome stripling too.
Iwis your Grandam had a worser match.
Qu. My Lo: of Gloucester, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraiding and your bitter scoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiesty
With those gross taunts I often have endured:
I had rather be a country servant maid.
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at: Enter Qu.
Small joy have I in being Englands Queene. Margarets.
Qu. Mar. And lefned be that small, God I befeech thee;
Thy honour, state, and feate is due to me.
Glo. What threat you me with telling of the King,
Tell him and spare not, looke what I have said;
I will auouch in presence of the King: I
Tis time to speake, my paines are quite forgot.
Qu. Mar. Out dinell I remember them too well;
Thou slewest my husband Henry in the tower,
And Edward my poore sonne at Teuxbery.
Glo. Ere you were Queene, yea or your husband King,
I was a packhorse in his great affaires,
A weeder out of his proud adueraries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his bloud I spilt mine owne.
Qu. Mar. Yea and much better bloud then his or thine.
Glo. In all which time you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster:
And Ryuers, so were you, was not your husband
In Margarets battale at Saint Albones slaine:
Let me put in your mindes, if yours forget
What you have beeene ere now, and what you are.
Withall, what I have been, and what I am.
Qu. Ma. A murtherous villaine, and so still thou art.
Glo. Poore Clarence did forfake his father Warwicke,
Yea and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)
Qu. Ma. Which God reuenge.

C.

Glo.
The Tragedy

Glo. To fight on Edwards party for the crowne,
And for his meede poore Lo: he is meved vppe:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards soft and pittifull like mine,
I am too childish, foolish for this world.

Qu. Ma. Hie thee to hell for shame and leave the world
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.

Ry. My Lo: of Glocelter in those busie daies,
Which here you urge to prove vs enemies,
We followed then our Lo: our lawfull King,
So shold we you if you should be our King.

Glo. If I should be? I had rather be a pedler,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.

Qu. As little joy my Lord as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this countries King,
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy being the Queene thereof.

Qu. M. A little joy eniories the Queene thereof,
For I am the and altogether joylesse,
I cano longer hold me patient:
Hearc me you wrangling Pyrats that fall out,
In sharing that which you have told from me:
Which of you trembles not that lookes on me?
Ifnot, that I being Queene you bow like labiefts,
Yet that by you depolise you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaines doe not turne away.

Glo. Foule wrinckled witch what makst thou in my sight?


That will I make before I let thee go:
A husband and a son thou owest to me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegiance:
The sorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you shurpe are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy fcorne drewst riuers from his eies,
And then to drie them gauft the Duke a clout,
Steept in the faultlesse bloud of pretty Rutland:

His
of Richard the third.

His curfes then from bitternes of soule
Denounft, against thee, are all fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagde thy bloudy deede.

Qu. So inft is God to right the innocent.

Hast. O twas the fouleft deede to slaine that babe,
And the most merciless that ever was heard of.

Riu. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dorfe. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.

Buch. Northumberland then present wept to see it.

Qu. M. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you all your hatred now on me?
Did Yorkes dread curfe prevaine so much with heauen,
That Henries death my louely Edwards death,
Their kingdomes losse, my wofull banishment,
Could all but anfwer for that pecuial brat?
Can curfes pierce the clouds and enter heauen?
Why then give way dull cloudes to my quicke curfes:
If not, by war, by turfe set die your King,
As ours by murder to make him a King.
Edward thy sonne which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my sonne which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like vntimely violence,
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Outluye thy glory like my wretched selfe:
Long maiest thou liue to waile thy childrens losse,
And see another as I see thee now
Deckt in thy rights, as thou art flaid in mine:
Long die thy happy daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened hours of griefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene:
Riuers and Dorset you were standers by,
And so waft thou Lo: Haftings when my sonne
Was stabd with bloudy daggers, god I pray him,
That none of you may liue your naturall age.
But by some vnlookt accident cut off,

1 Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withred hag.

Q. M. And leaue out the stay dog for thou shalt hear me

C 2

Execcc-
The Tragedy

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee:
O let them keeper it till thy sinnes be ripe.
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conscience still bregnaw thy soule,
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liuest,
And take deepes: traitors for thy dearest friends:
No sleepe, close vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnlesse it be whilest some tormenting dreame
Affrights thee with a hel of vgly duels.
Thou clusht marke abortiuine rooting hog.
Thou that wast cald in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the sonne of hell,
Thou slander of thy mothers heauy wombe,
Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.

Glo. Margaret.
Q.M. I call thee not.
Glo. Then I cry thee mercy, for I had thought
That thou hadst cald me all these bitter names.
Q.M. Why so I did, but lookt for no reply,
O Let me make the period to my curse.
Glo. Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret. (sels.
Q.M. Thus hare you breathed your curse against your
Q.M. Poore painted Queen, vaine flourishe of my for-
Why streueth thou sigher on that bottled spider, (truse
Whose deadly web enshareth thee about?
Foolo foolo, thou whetst a knife to kill thy selfe,
The time will come that thou shalt with for me,
To helpe thee curse that poifous hunchback toad.
Hast. False boading woman, end thy frantike curse,
Left to thy harme thou moue our patience.
Q.M. Foul shame vpon you, you have all mord mine,
Rt. Were you well servd you would be taught your duty.
Q.M. To serve me well, you all should doe me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my subiects.
of Richard the third.

O serve me well, and teach your followers that duty,

Dor. Dispute not with her; she is lunatique.

Q M. Peace Master Marques, you are malapert,

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce currant:

O that your young nobility could judge,

What twere to lose it and be miserable:

They that stand high have many blast to shake them.

And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

Clo. Good counsell Mary, learn it learn it Marques.

Dor. It toucheth you my Lord as much as me.

Clo. Yea and much more, but I was borne so high,

Our airy buildeth in the Cedars top,

And dallies with the winde, and scorner the sunne.

Qui M. And turnes the sun to shade, alas; alas,

Witness my son, now in the shade of death,

Whose bright outshining beames, thy cloudy wrath

Hath in eternall darkenes fouled up.

Your airy buildeth in our airies nest

O God that feest it, do not suffer it:

As it was wonne with bloud, loft be it so.

Buck. Haue done for shame, if not for charity.

 Qui M. Verge neither charity nor shame to me,

Witcharitably with me haue you dealt.

And shamefully by you my hopes are butcherd,

My charity is outrage, life my shame,

And in my shame, ill live: my forrowes rage.

Buck. Haue done.

Q M. O Princely Buckingham, I will kisse thy hand

In signe of league and amity with thee:

Now faire befall thee and thy Princely house,

Thy garments are not spotted with our bloud,

Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here, for curses neuer passe

The lips of thos[e] that breath them in the aire.

Q M. Ile not beleue but they ascend the skie,

And there awake gods gentle sleeping peace.

O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,

Leeke, when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,
The Tragedy

His venome tooth will rackle thee to death,
Hauent not to doe with him, beware of him:
Sulne, death and hell, have set their markes on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth the say my Lo: of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

Qu. M. What doest thou come for my gentle coun-

And looth the diuell that I warne thee from: (fell,

O but remember this another day,

When he shall spit thy very heart with sorrow,

And say poore Margaret was a prophetesse:

And me each of you the subjects of his hate,

And he to your, and all of you to Gods. Exit.

Hafs. My haire doth stand on end to heare her curses.

Ryn. And so doth mine, I wonder shees at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her by gods holy mother,

She hath had too much wrong, and I repent.

My part thereof that I have done.

Qu. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.

Glo. But you have all the vantage of this wrong.

It was too hot to doe some body good,

That is too cold in thinking of it now:

Marry as for Clarence he is well repaid,

And for his paines, God pardon them that are the cause of it.

Ryn. A vertuous and a Christianlike conclusion,

To pray for them that have done scathe to vs.

Glo. So doe I ever being well aduised,

For had I curst, now I had curst my selfe.

Cates. Madam his Maiefty doth call for you,

And for your Grace, and you my noble Lo:

Qu. Catesby we come, Lords will you go with vs.

Ry. Madame we will attend your grace. Exeunt man. Ri.

Glo. I doe the wrong, and first began to braule.

The secret mischiefes that I set abroach,

May into the grievous charge of others:

Clarence whom I indeed have laid in darkenes,

I doe beweep to many simple guls:
Namely to Haftings, Darby, Buckingham,
And say it is the Queene and her allies,
That stirre the King against the Duke my brother.
Now they beleue me, and withall whet me,
To be revenged on Ryuers, Vaughan, Gray:
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs doe good for cuill:
And thus I clothe my naked villany,
With old odde ends stolne out of holy writ,
And seem a Saint when most I play the Diuell:
But soft here come my executioners. Enter Executioners.
How now my hardy stout resolue mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this deede.

Execu. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

clo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it here about me,
When you haue done repaire to Crosby place;
But fir, be sudden in the execution,
Withall obdurate, doe not heare him pleade,
For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps,
May, move your harts to pitty if you marke him.

Exec. Tush seare not my Lo: we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be assured:
We come to vse our hands, and not our tongues.

clo. Your eies drop millstones when fooles eies drop tears,
I like you lads, about your busines. Exeunt.

Enter Clarence, Brokenbury.

Brok. Why lookes your grace so heauily to day?

Clar. Oh I haue past a miserable night,
So full of vgly fights, of gastly dreams,
That as I am a christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though twere to buy a world of happy daies,
So full of dismall terror was the time.

Brok. What was your dreame, I long to heare you tell it.

Clas. Me thoughts I was imbarke for Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Glocester,
Who from my cabbine tempted me to walke,
The Tragedy

Upon the hatches thence we lookt toward England,
And cited vp a thousand searefull times,
During the wars of Yorke and Lancaster:
That had befallen vs, as we past along,
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches:
Me thought that Glocefter stumbled, and in stumbling,
Stroke me that thought to stay him ouer board,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne.
What dreamefull noize of waters in my ears,
What ugely sights of death within my eies:
Me thought I sawe a thousand searefull wracks,
Ten thousand men, that fishes gnawed vp on,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heapes of pearle,
Ineximable stones, unvalued Jewels,
Some lay in dead mens sculls, and in those holes,
Where eies did once inhabite, there were crept
As twere in scorne of eies reflecting gems,
Which woed the slimy bottome of the depe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brok. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the secrets of the depe?

Clar. Me thought I had, for still the envious floud
Kept in my soule, and would not let it forth,
To seeke the emptie vall and wandering aire,
But smothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brok. Awakt you not with this sore agony.

Cla. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest to my soule,
Who past me thought the melancholy floud,
With that grim ferriman, which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greet my stranger soule,
Was my great father in law renowned Warwicke,
Who cried aloud what scourge for periury.
Can this darke monarchy affoord false Clarence,
And so he vanish't, then came wandring by,
of Richard the third.

A shadow like an angell in bright haire,
Dabled in bloud, and he squakt out aloud,
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periurd Clarence,
That stabd me in the field by Teuxbery:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your tormentes,
With that me thoughts a legion of foule fiends
Environd me about, and howled in mine eares
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling, wakt, and for a season after
Could not beleue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.

Bro. No marueile my Lo: though it affrighted you,
I promise you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.

Cla. O Brokenbury I haue done those things,
Which now beare evidence against my soule
For Edwards sake, and fee how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper stay by me,
My soule is heauy, and I faine would sleepe.

Bro. I will my Lo: God giue your Grace good rest,
Sorrowe breake seasons, and reposing howers
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night,
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour, for an inward toyle,
And for vnfelt imagination,
They often feele a world of restless cares:
So that betwixt their titles and lowe names,
Theres nothing differs but the outward fame.

The murthers enter.

In Gods name what are you and how came you hither?

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

Bro. Yea, are you fo briefe.

2 Exe. O sir, it is better to be briefe then tedious,
Shew him our commision, talke no more. He readeth it.

Bro. I am in this commanded to deliever
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I wilbe guiltles of the meaning:
Here are the keies, there fits the Duke a sleepe,
The Tragedy

Ile to his Majesty, and certify his Grace,
That thus I haue resignd my charge to you.

Exe. Doe so, it is a point of wisedome.
2 What shall I stab him as he sleepeas?
1 No then he will say twas done cowardly

When he wakes.
2 When he wakes,

Why foole he shall never wake till the judgement day.
1 Why then he will say, we stab him sleeping.
2 The bringing of that word Judgement, hath bred

A kind of remorse in me.
1 What art thou afraid.
2 Not to kill him having a warrant for it, but to be dand

For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.
1 Backe to the Duke of Glocester, tell him so.
2 I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy humor will

Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tel xx.
1 How doest thou feel thy selfe now? (in me.
2 Faith some certaine dregs of conscience are yet with
1 Remember our reward when the deed is done.
2 Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.
1 Where is thy conscience now?
2 In the Duke of Glocesters purse.
1 So when he opens his purse to give vs our reward,

Thy conscience flies out.
2 Let it go, theres few or none will entertaine it.
1 How if it come to thee againe?
2 Ile not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing.

It makes a man a coward: A man cannot steale.
But it accuseth him: he cannot sweare, but it checks him:
He cannot lie with his neighbors wife, but it detects
Him. It is a blushing shamefast spirit, that mutinies
In a mans bosome: it fills one full of obstacles,
It made me once restore a purse of gold that I found,
It beggers any man that keepes it: it is turned out of all
Townes and Citties for a dangerous thing, and avery
Man that means to live wel, endeavours to trust to
To himselfe, and to live without it.

1 Zounds
of Richard the third.

1 Zounds it is even now at my elbowe persuading me Not to kill the Duke.
2 Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleue him not,
He would infinate with thee to make thee sigh.
1 Tut, I am strong in fraud, he cannot preuaile with me,
I warrant thee.
2 Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation, Come shall we to this grece.
1 Take him ouer the costard with the hils of thy sword,
And then we wil chop him in the malmsey But in the next
2 Oh excellent device, make a sop of him. (roome.
1 Harke he stirres, shall I strike.
2 No, first letts reason with him.
Cla. Where art thou keeper, give me a cup of wine.
1 You shall haue wine enough my Lo: anon.
Cla. In Gods name what art thou.
2 A man as you are,
Cla. But not as I am, royall.
2 Nor you as we are, loyall.
Cla. Thy voice is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.
2 My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.
Cla. How darkly, and how deadly doest thou speake:
Tell me who are you, wherefore come you hither?
Am. To, to, to.
Cla. To murther me. Am. 1.
Cla. You scarcely haue the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to doe it.
Wherein my friends haue Ioffended you?
1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.
Cla. I shalbe reconcilid to him againe.
2 Neuer my Lo: therefore prepare to die.
Cla. Are you cald foorth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? what is my offence.
Where are the evidence that doe accuse me:
What lawfull quest haue giuen their verdict vp
Vnto the frowning ludge, or who pronounft
The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,
Before I be convict by course of law?

D 2 To
The Tragedy

To threaten me with death, is most unlawful:
I charge you as you hope to have redemption,
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sinnes,
That you depart and lay no hands on me,
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1. What we will doe, we doe upon command.
2. And he that hath commanded, is the King.

Cl. Erronious Vaffaile, the great King of Kings.

Hath in the tables of his law commanded,
That thou shalt doe no murder, and wilt thou then
Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?
Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurle upon their heads that break his law.

2. And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou diest not receive the holy sacrament,
To fight in quarrell of the house of Lancaster.

1. And like a traitor to the name of God.
Didst breake that vow, and with thy trecherous blade,
Vnripst the bowels of thy soueraigns sonne.

2. Whom thou wast sworne to cherish and defend.

1. How canst thou urge Gods dreadful Law to vs,
When thou hast broke it in so deare degree?

Cl. Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deed,
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why first, he sends ye not to murder me for this,
For in this sinne he is as deep as I:

If God will be revenged for this deed,
Take not the quarrell from his powerful armes,
He needs no indirect, nor lawlesse course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant springing braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nounce was stroke dead by thee?

Cl. My brothers love, the diuell, and my rage.

1. Thy brothers love, the diuell and thy fault
Have brought vs hither now to murder thee.

Cl. Oh if you love my brother, hate not me.
of Richard the third.

I have his brother, and I love him well:
If you be hirde for meede, go backe againe,
And I will fend you to my brother Gloucester,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

2. You are deceiu'd, your brother Gloucester hates you.

Cl. Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me deare,

Go you to him from me.

Am. I,so we will.

Cl. Tell him, when that our princely father Yorke,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious armes:
And chargd vs from his soule, to loue each other,
He little thought of this deuided friendship.
Bid Gloucester thinke of this, and he will weewe.

Am. I, milstones as he lessond vs to weewe.

Cl. O doe not slaund her him for he is kind,

1. Right as snow in haruest, thou deceiu'st thy selfe,
Tis he hath lent vs here now to slaughter thee.

Cl. It cannot be, for when I parted with him,
He hugh me in his armes, and swore with fobs,
That he would labour my deliucry.

2. Why so he doth, now he deliverst thee,
From this worlds thraldome, to the ioies of heaueni,

1. Makes peace with God, for you must die my Lo:

Cl. Haft thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsell me to make my peace with God;
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blinde,
That thou wilt war with God, by murdring me?
Ah firs, consider, he that set you on
To doe this deede, will hate you for this deede.

2. What shall we doe?

Cl. Relent, and save your soules.

1. Relent, tis cowardly and womanish.

Cl. Not to relent, is beaftly, sauage, diuellish,
My friend, I spie some pitty in thy lookes:
Oh ifthy eue be not a fatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreat for me,
A begginc Prince, what begger pitties not?
The Tragedy

1 I thus, and thus: if this wil not serve. He stabs him.
2 He chop thee in the malmecey But, in the next room.
3 A bloody deedee and desperately performd,
How faine like Pilate would I wash my hand,
Of this most grievous guilty murder done.
1 Why doest thou not helpe me,
By heauens the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.
2 I would he knew that I had saue my brother.
Take thou the see, and tell him what I say,
For I repente me that the Duke is slaine. Exit.
1 So doe not I, go coward as thou art:
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his burial:
And when I haue my meede I must away,
For this will out and here I must not stay. Exeunt.

Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Ruyers, Dorce, &c.

Kin. So, now I haue done a good daies work,
You peeres continue this united league,
I every day expect an Embassage
From my redeemer to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my soule shall part from heauen,
Since I haue set my friends at peace on earth:
Riuers and Hastings, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.

Riu. By heauen, my heart is purgd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I seale my true hearts loue.

Hast. So thriue I as I truely sweare the like.

Kin. Take heede you dally not before your King,
Least he that is the supreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falshood and award
Either of you to be the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.

Riu. And I, as I loue hastings with my heart.

Kin. Madame your selfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your son Dorce, Buckingham nor you,
You have beeene factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lo: Hastings, let him kisse your hand,
And what you doe, doe it vnflainedly.

Q. Here Hastings I will never more remember Our
of Richard the third.

Our former hatred so thrice I and mine.

Dor. This enterchange of love I here protest,

Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so sweare I my Lord.

Kin. Now princely Buckingham seale thou this league

With thy embraces to my wifes allies,

And make me happy in your unity.

Buc. When ever Buckingham doth turne his hate,

On you or yours, but with all duteous love

Doth cherish you and yours, God punishe me

With hate, in those where I expect most love.

When I have most neede to imploy a friend,

And most assured that he is a friend,

Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile

Be he vnto me, this doe I begge of God,

When I am cold in zeale to you or yours,

Kin. A pleasing cordiall Princely Buckingham,

Is this thy vow vnto my sickly heart:

There wanteth now our brother Glocefter here,

To make the perfect period of this peace. Enter Glocest.

Buc. And in good time here cometh the noble Duke.

Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne King & Queene,

And Princely peeres, a happy time of day.

Kin. Happy indeede as we have spent the day:

Brother we haue done deedes of charity:

Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,

Betwene these swelling wrong insenced peeres.

Glo. A blessed labouer, my most soueraigne liege,

Amongst this princely heape, if any here

By false Intelligence or wrong surmise,

Hold me a foe, if I unwittingly or in my rage,

Have ought committed that is hardly borne

By any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly peace,

Tis death to me to be at enmity.

I hate it, and desire all good mens loue.

First Madam I intreate true peace of you,

Which I will purchase with my dutious service.
Of you my noble Cozen Buckingham,
If euery any grudge were lodde betwene vs.
Of you Lo: Riuers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without defect haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, gentlemen, indeed of all:
I doe not know that English man alive,
With whom my soule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thank my God for my humility.

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My soueraigne liege I doe befeech your Maiesty,
To take our brother Clarence to your Grace.
Glo. Why Madame, haue I offered loue for this,
To be thus scorned in this royall presence:
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead,
You doe him iury to scorn his corfe.

Ryu. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?
Qu. All seeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buck. Looke I to pale Lo: Dorset as the rest?
Dor. I my good L: and no one in this presence,
But his red couler hath forsooke his cheekes.
Kin. Is Clarence dead, the order was reuerst.
Glo. But he poore soule by your first order died,
And that a wingled Mercury did beare,
Some tardy cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lag to see him buried:
God grant that some lesse noble, and lesse loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blond:
Defence not worse then wretched Clarence did.
And yet go currant from suspition.

Enter Darby.
Dar. A boone my soueraigne for my seruice done,
Kin. I pray thee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.
Dar. I will not rise vnlesse your highnesse grant.
Kin. Then speake at once, what is it thou demandst.
Dar. The soueraigne of my servants life,
Who flew to day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.
of Richard the third.

Kin. Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death, 
And shall the same giue pardon to a slawe?
My brother slew no man, his fault was thought, 
And yet his punishment was cruell death.
Who sued to me for him? who in my rage, 
Kned at my seete and bad me be aduisde?
Who spake of Brotherhood? who of loute?
Who told me how the poore soule did forake
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me:
Who told me in the field by Teuxbery, 
When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me,
And said deare brother, liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lappe me
Euen in his owne garments, and gave himselfe
All thin and naked to the numbeldon night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully puckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters, or your waiting vassalies
Haue done a drunken slaughter, and defaste
The pretious image of our deare Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon pardon.
And I vnustly too, must grant it you:
But for my brother, not a man would speake,
Nor I vngratious speake vnto my selfe,
For him poore soule: The proudest of you all
Haue beene beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
Oh God I feare thy Justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (Exit).
Come Haftings help me to my closet, oh poore Clarence,
Glo. This is the fruit of rashnes: markt you not
How that the guilty kindred of the Queene,
Lookt pale when they did heare of Clarence death?
Oh they did urge it still vnto the King,
God will revenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company. (Exit).

Enter.
The Tragedy

Enter Dutches of Yorke, with Clarence Children.

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

Dut. No boy. (breast,

Boy. Why do you wring your hands, and beat your
And cry, Oh Clarence my vnhappy sonne?

Gel. Why do you looke on vs and shake your head,
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, castaways.

If that our noble father be alieue?

Dut. My pretty Cosens, you mistake me much,
I doe lament the sicknesse of the King:
As loth to loose him,not your fathers death:
It were lost labour, to weepc for one thats lost.

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

Dut. Peace children,peace, the King doth love you wel.
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guele who causde your fathers death.

Boy. Granam we can: For my good Vnckle Glocefter
Tould me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuised impeachments to imprison him:
And when he tould me so, he wept,

And hugh me in his arm, and kindly kist my checke,
And bad me rely on him as in my father,
And he would love me dearsly as his child.

Dut. Oh that deceit should fleache such gentle shapes,
And with a vertuous visard hide soule guile:
He is my sonne, yea, and therein my shame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vnckle did dissemble Granam?

Dut. I boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it, hark what noife is this. Enter the

Qu. Oh who shall hinder me to waile and wepe? Quee.

To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
He ioine with blakc despaine against my soule,
And to my selfe become an enemy.

Dut. What means this sceane of rude impatience.

Qu. To make an act of tragick violence;
of Richard the third.

Edward, my Lord, your sonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd?
Why wither not the leaves, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our swiftwinged soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah somuch interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrours of his Princeely semblance,
Are crackt in pieces by malignant death:
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which grieues me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widdow, yet thou art a mother;
And haft the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cause haue I
Then, being but moity of my griefe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?
Boy. Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares.
Gerl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widdowes dolours likewise be vnwept.
Qu. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their current to mine eies,
That I being gouerned by the watry moane,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my eire Lo: Edward.

Ambo Oh for our father, for our deare Lo: Clarence.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.
Qu. What slaye had I but Edward, and he is gone?
Am. What slaye had we but Clarence, and he is gone?
Dut. What slaites had I but they, and they are gone?
Qu. Was neuer Widdow, had so deare a losse.
The Tragedy

Ambo. Was neuer Orphanes had a dearer losse.

Du. Was neuer mother had a dearer losse:

Alas, I am the mother of these mones,
Their woes are parcel'd mine are generall:
She for Edward weepes, and so doe I:
I for a Clarence weepes, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weepes, and so doe I:
I for an Edward weepes, so doe not they.
Alas, you three on me threefold distrest,
Poure all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations. Enter Glocest.

Glo. Madame haue comfort, al of vs haue cause, with others,
To waile the dimming of our shinning starre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them,
Madame my mother, I doe erie you mercy,
Idid not see your Grace, humbly on my knee
I craue your blesing.

Du. God blesse thee, and put meekenes in thy minde,

Loue, charity, obedience, and true duety.

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
Thats the butt end of a mothers blesing:
I maruell why her Grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy Princes, and hart-sorrowing peers
That beare this mutuall heavy lode of moane:
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though we haue spent our harvest of this King,
We are to reape the harvest of his sonne:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lately splinterd, knit, and joyned eceather,
Must genrly be preferu'd, cherisht and kept,
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the yong Prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our King.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine,
Who they shalbe that straight shall post to Ludlow:
Madame, and you my mother will you go,
To giue your censures in this waigthy busines,

Ans. With all our hearts. Exeunt man, Glo. Buck.
of Richard the third.

Buck. My Lord who euery journeies to the Prince,
For Gods sake let not vs two stay behinde:
For by the way Ie sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talkt of,
To part the Queenes proud kindred from the King.
Glo. My other selfe,my counsels consistory:
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cousen:
I like a childe will go by thy direction:
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behinde.

Enter two Cittizens.

1 Cit. Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?
2 Cit. I promise you, I scarce know my selfe.
1 Heare you the newes abroad?
2 I, that the King is dead.
1 Bad newes birlady, seldome comes the better,
I feare, I feare, will prooue a troublous world. Ent.ano-
3 Cit. Good morrow neighbours.

Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?
1 It doth. 3 Then masters looke to see a troublous world
1 No no, by Gods good grace his sonne shall raigne.
3 Woe to that land thats gouerned by a childe.
2 In him there is a hope of gouernement,
That in his nonage counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeres himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.
1 So stoode the statute when Harry the fixt
Was crownd at Paris, but at ix, moneths olde.
3 Stoode the statute no good my friend not so,
For then this land was famously enricht
With pollutike graue counsell: then the King
Had vertuous Vnckles to protect his Grace.
2 So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3 Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be neerest:
Will touch vs all too nerere, if God prevent not.
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Glocefter,
And the Queenes kindred hauty and proud,
The Tragedy

And were they to be rulde, and not to rule,
This sickly land might sojace as before.
2 Come come, we feare the worst, all shalbe well,
3 When cloudes appeare, wise men put on their clokes:
When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:
When the sunne sets, who doth not looke for night:
Vntimely stormes, make men expect a darth:
All may be well: but if God forit it so,
Tis more then we deserve or I expect.
1 Truely the soules of men are full of bread:
Yee cannot almoft reason with a man
That lookes not heauily, and full of feare.
3 Before the times of change still is it so:
By a divine instinct mens mindes mistrust
Ensuing dangers, as by proofe we see.
The waters swel before a boistrous storme:
But leave it all to God: whither away?
2 We are sent for to the Iustice.
3 And so was I, Ile beare you company.  Exeunt.

Enter Cardinal, Dutches of Torke, Quee. young Yorke.

Car. Last night I heare they lay at Northhampton.
At Stonistratford will they be to night,
To morrow or next day, they will be here.
Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince,
I hope he is much growen since last I saw him.
Q. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke
Hath almost ouertane him in his growth.
Tor. I mother, but I would not haue it so,
Dut. Why my young Cofen it is good to growe.
Tor. Grandam, one night as we did fit at supper,
My Vnckle Riuers talkt how I did grow
More then my brother. I quoth my Vnckle Gloucester,
Small herbes have grace, great weedes grow apace,
And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast:
Because sweete flowers are flow, and weedes make haste.
Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,

So
of Richard the third.

So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That if this were a true rule, he should be gracious.

Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.

Dut. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.

Tor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could have gien my Vnckles grace a flout, mine.
That should have neerer toucht his growth then he did

Dut. How my pretty Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.

Tor. Mary they say, my Vnckle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours olde:
'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.

Granam this would haue heene a biting ies.

Dut. I pray thee pretty Yorke who tolde thee so.

Tor. Granam his nurfe.

Dut. His nurfe: why she was deade ere thou wert borne.

Tor. If were not she, I cannot tell who tolde me.

Qu. A perilous boy, go to, you are too hrewde,

Car. Good Madame be not angry with the childe:

Qu. Pitchers have eares.

Enter Dorset.

Car. Here comes your sonne, Lo: M. Dorset.

What newes Lo: Marques?

Dor. Such newes my Lo: as grieues me to vnfolde.

Qu. How fares the Prince?

Dor. Well Madame, and in health.

Dut. What is thy newes then?

Dor. Lo: Riuers and Lo: Gray are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Dut. Who hath committed them?

Dor. The mighty Dukes, Glocefter and Buckingham.

Car. For what offence.

Dor. The summe of all I can, I have disclofed:
Why, or for what, these nobles were committed,
Is all vnsknowne to me my gratious Lady.

Qu. Ay me I see the downfall of our house,
The tyge now hath ceazd the gentle hinde:
Insulting tyranny beginnes to iet,
Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:
Welcome destruction, death and massacre,

I see
The Tragedy

I see as in a mappe the ende of all.

Du. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eies beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost:
For me to joy and weepe their gaine and losse,
And being seate and domestike broiles,
Cleanse ouerblowne themselves, the conquerours
Make warre vpon themselues, vbloud against vbloud,
Selfe against selfe, O preposterous
And frantike outrage, ende thy damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.

Qn. Oome come my boy, we will to sanctuary.

Dut. Ile go along with you.

Qn. You haue no cause.

Car. My gratious Lady go,
And thither beare your treasure and your goods,
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace
The seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you and all of yours:
Come Ile conduct you to the sanctuary. Exeunt.

The Trumpets sound. Enter young Prince, the Dukes of Glocester, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c. (ber.

Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London to your soueraigne,
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prin. No Vnckle, but our crosse on the way
Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more Vnckles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeres, Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you distinguis of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldom or never iumpeth with the heart:
Those Vnckles which you want, were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their subred words,
But looke not on the poison of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.

Prin.
of Richard the third.

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

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

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo:M. God bieul your grace with health and happy daies.

Prin. I thanke you good my Lo: and thanke you all:

I thought my mother, and my brother Yorke,
Would long ere this have met vs on the way:
Fie, what a slugg is Hastings that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come, or no. (Enter L.Haft.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating Lo:

Pri. Welcome my Lo: what will our mother come?

Haft. On what occasion, God he knowes not I:
The Queene your mother and your brother Yorke
Have taken sanctuary: The tender Prince
Would faine have come with me, to meete your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers? Lo: Cardinal will your grace
Persuade the Queene to send the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his Princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lo: Hastings go with him,
And from her jealous aimes plucke him perforce.

Car. My Lo: of Buckingham, if my weake oratory
Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anone expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy priviledge
Of blessed sanctuary, not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deepe a sinne.

Buck. You are too senselesse obstinate my Lo:
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossenes of this age,
You breake not sanctuary in seazing him;
The benefit thereof is alwaies granted
To those whose dealings have deferred the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deferred it;
And therefore in mine opinion, cannot have it.

Then
The Tragedy

Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You breake no privilege nor charter there:
Of haue I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children neuer till now.

Car. My Lo: you shall ouer rule my minde for once:
Come on Lo: Haftings will you go with me?

Hast. I go my Lord.

Prin. Good Lords make all the speedy haft you may:
Say Vnckle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we soiourne till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seemes best vnto your royall selfe:
If I may counsell you, some day or two,
Your highnes shall repose you at the tower:
Then where you please, and shalbe thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prin. I doe not like the tower of any place:
Did Iulius Cæsar build that place my Lord?

Buc. He did, my gratious Lo: begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue reedified.

Prin. Is it vpon record, or els reported
Successiuely from age to age he built it?

Buc. Vpon record my gratious Lo:

Pri. But say my Lo: it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As twere retailde to all posterity,
Euen to the generall all-ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say doe neuer liue long.

Pri. What say you Vnckle?

Glo. I say without characters fame liues long:
Thus like the formall vice iniquity,
I morallize two meanings in one word.

Pri. That Iulius Cæsar was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit fer downe to make his valure liue:
Death makes no conquest of this conquerour,
For now he liues in fame though not in life:
Ille tell you what my Cofen Buckingham.

Buc. What my gratious Lord?

Prin.
of Richard the third.

Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man,
Ile winne our auncient right in France againe,
Or die a loudier as I liue a King.

Glo. Short summers lightly haue a forwarde spritng.
Enter young Yorke, Hastings, Cardinal.

Esc. Now in good time here comes the Duke of Yorke.

Pri. Rich. of Yorke how fares our louing brother?

Tor. Well my dread Lo: so muft I call you now.

Pri I brothe to our griefe as it is yours:
Too late he died that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much maiestie.

Glo. How fares our Cozen noble Lo: of Yorke?

Tor. I thanke you gentle Vnkle. O my Lo:
You said that idle weedes are fast in growth:
The Prince my brother hath outgrown me farre.

Glo. He hath my Lo:
Tor. And thersore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire Cozen, I muft not say so.

Tor. Then he is more beholding ro you then I.

Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.

Tor. I pray you Vnkle giue me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger little Cozen, withal my heart.

Pri. A begger brother?

Tor. Of my kind Vnkle that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no griefe to giue.

Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Cozen.

Tor. A greater gift, O that the sword to it.

Glo. I gentle Cozen, were it light enough.

Tor. Othen I see you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youe say a begger nay

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

Tor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.

Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lord?

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


Pri. My Lo: of Yorke will still be croffe in talke:
Vnkle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
The Tragedy

Tor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me; Vnckle, my brother mockes both you and me, Because that I am little like an Ape, He thinkes that you should beare me on your Shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharpe provieded witt he reasons, To mitigate the scorne he gues his Vnckle: He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe, So cunning and so young is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lo: wilt please you passe along, My selfe and my good Coosen Buckingham, Will to your mother, to entreate of her, To meeke you at the tower, and welcome you.

Tor. What will you go vnto the tower my Lo? Prin. My Lo: protector needes will haue it so.

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

Glo. Why, what should you feare?

Tor. Mary my Vnckle Clarence angry ghost:

My Granam tolde me he was murdred there.

Pri. I feare no Vnckles dead.

Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.

Pri. And if they liue, I hope I neede not feare;

But come my Lo: with a heauy heart

Thinking on them, go I vnto the tower.


Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this little prating Yorke,

Was not incensed by his subtile mother, To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt. Oh tis a perillous boy,

Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,

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

Buc. Well, let them rest: Come hither Catesby,

Thou art sworne as deeply to effect what we intend,

As closely to conceale what we impart.

Thou knowest our reasons vrged vpon the way:

What thinkest thou: is it not an easie matter
To make William Lo: Haftings of our minde,

For the instalement of this noble Duke,

In the seate royall of this famous ile?

Cates.
of Richard the third.

Catesb. He for his fathers sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.
Buck. What thinkest thou then of Stanley what will he?
Cat. He will doe all in all as Haftings doth.
Buck. Well then no more but this:
Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off,
Sound thou Lo: Haftings, how he stands affected
Vnto our purpose, if he be willing,
Encourage him, and shew him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,
And give vs notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold deuided counsels,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be emploied.

Glo. Commend me to Lo: William, tell him Catesby,
His aunctient knot of dangerous adueraries
To morrow are let bloud at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my friend for joy of this good newes,
Gieue Mistrelle Shore, one gentle kiss, the more.

Buck. Good Catesby effect this busines soundly.

Cat. My good Lo: both, with all the heedie i may.
Glo. Shall we haere from you Catesby ere we sleepe?
Cat. You shall my Lord.
Glo. At Crosbye place there shall you finde vs both.
Buc. Now my Lo: what shall we doe, if we perceiue
William Lo: Haftings will not yeld to our complots?
Glo. Chop of his head man, somwhat we will doe,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me .
The Earldome of Hereford and the moveables,
Whereof the King my brother stood possed.
Buc. Ile claime that promise at your Graces hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yelded with all willingnes:
Come let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some forme.

Exeunt.

Enter a Messenger to Lo: Haftings.


Haft. Who knockes at the dore.

Mes. A messenger from the Lo: Stanley. Enter L Haft
The Tragedy

Haft.  What's a clocke?
Meft.  Upon the stroke offoure.
Haft.  Cannot thy Master sleepe these tedious nights?
Meft.  So it should seeme by that I have to say:
First he commends him to your noble Lordship.
Haft.  And then, Meft. And then he sends you word.
He dreamt to night the beare had raste his helme:
Besides, he saies there are two counces held,
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rewe at the other,
Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure:
If prestantly you will take horse with him,
And with all speede post into the North,
To shun the danger that his soule diuines.
Haft.  Go fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the seperated counsels:
His honour and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other, is my servant Catesby:
Where nothing can proceede that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his feares are shallow, wanting instance.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is so fond,
To trull the mockery of vnquiet tumbers,
To sticke the boare, before the boare pursues vs,
Were to incende the boare to follow vs,
And make pursuite where he did meane no chafe:
Go bid thy Master rise and come to me,
And we will both togethers to the tower,
Where he shall see the boare will vs vs kindely.
Meft.  My gratious Lo: Ile tell him what you say.  Enter
Cat.  Many good morrowes to my noble Lo.  (Cates.
Haft.  Good morrow Catesby, you are early stirring,
What newes what newes, in this our tottering state?
Cat.  It is a reeling world indeede: my Lo:
And I beleue it will neuer stand vpright,
Till Richard weare the garland of the Realme.
Haft.  Howes weare the garland? doest thou meane the
Cat.  Imy good Lord.  (crowne?
Haft.
of Richard the third.

Haft. Ile have this crowne of mine, cut from my shoul-
Ere I will see the crowne fo foule misplaste: (ders
But canst thou guesse that he doth aime at it.
Cat. Upon my life my Lo: and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he sends you this good newes,
That this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene must die at Pomfret.
Haft. Indede I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they have beene still mine enemies:
But that Ile gue my voice on Richards side,
To barre my Masters heires in true descent,
God knowes I will not doe it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordship in that gratious minde.
Haft. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they who brought me in my Masters hate,
I liue to looke upon their tragedy:
I tell thee Catesby. Cat. What my Lord?
Haft. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on it
Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gratious Lord,
When men are vnprepard and looke not for it.
Haft. O monstrous monstrous, and so fals it out
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray, and so twill doe
With some mens els, who thinke themselves as safe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowest are deare
To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head upon the bridge.
Haft. I know they doe, and I have well deserued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my Lo: where is your boare-speare man?
Fear you the boare and go so vnprovided?
Stan. My Lo: good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
You may ieft on: but by the holy roode,
I doe not like these feuerall counsels I.
Haft. My Lo: I hould my life as deare as you doe yours,
And neuer in my life I doe protest,
The Tragedy

Was it more precious to me then it is now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am? (don,
Stan. The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from Lon-
Were iocund, and supposestheir states was sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see how soone the day overcast,
This sodaine scab of rancour I misdoubt,
Pray God, I say, I prove a needlesse coward:
But come my Lo: shall we to the tower?
Haft. I go: but stay, heare you not the newes,
This day those men you talke of, are beheaded.
Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then some that haue accusde them weare their hats:
But come my Lo: let vs away. Enter Haftin.
Haft. Go you before, I feel follow presently. (a Pursuante.

Haft. Well met Haftings, how goes the world with thee?

Pur. The better that it please your Lo: to aske.

Haft. I tell thee fellow tis better with me now.
Then when I met thee last where now wee meete:
Then was I going prisoner to the tower,
By the suggestion of the Queens allies:
But now I tell thee (kepeit to thy selfe.)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I am better state then euer I was.

Pur. God hold it to your honors good content.

Haft. Gramercy Haftings hold spend thou that, He gives

Pur. God saue your Lordship. (him his purse.

Haft. What Sir John, you are wel met, (Enter a priest.

I am beholding to you for your last daies exercis:
Come the next sabbath and I will content you. He whis-

Enter Buckingham. (pers in his care.

Buc. How now Lo: Chamberlaine, what talking with a
Your friends at Pomfret they are need the priest (priest;
Your honour hath no shirring worke in hand.

Haft. Good faith and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talke of came into my minde:
What, go you to the tower my Lord?

Buck.
of Richard the third.

Buck. I doe, but long I shall not stay,
I shall returne before your Lordship thence.

Has. Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buck. And supper too, although thou knowest it not:
Come shall we go along? Exeunt.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with the Lo: Rivers,
Gray, and Vaughan, prisoners.

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Ryu. Sir Richard Ratcliffe let me tell thee this:
Today shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned bloudsuckers.

Ryu. O Pomfret Pomfret. Oh thou bloudy prison,
Fatall and ominous to noble peeres.

Within the guilty closure of thy wals
Richard the second here was hackt to death:
And for more slander to thy dismall soule,
We give thee vp our guileless blouds to drinke.

Gray. Now Margarets curse is false vpou our heads:
For standing by, when Richard stabb her sonne.

Ryu. Then curse the Hastings, then curse the Bucking:
Then curse the Richard. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister, and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knowest vnjustly must be spilt.

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

Ryu. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
And take our leave untill we meete in heauen. Exeunt.

Enter the Lords to Councell.

Has. My Lords at once the caufe why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation:
In Gods name say, when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things fittong for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and wants but nomination.

Ryu. To morrow then, I guesse a happy time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lo: protectors mind herein?

G

Who
The Tragedy

Who is most inward with the noble Duke.

Bi. Why you my Lo: me thinks you should sooneft know

Buc. Who I my Lo: we know each others faces: (his mind

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

Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine:

Lo: Haftings you and he are eere in loue.

Haft. I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well:

But for his purpose in the coronation:

I have not founged him nor he deliuerd

His Graces pleasure any way therein:

But you my noble Lo: may name the time,

And in the Dukes behalfe, Iie giue my voice,

Which I presume he will take in Gentle part.

Bis. Now in good time here comes the Duke himselfe.

Glo. My noble L. and Cozens all, good morrow, (Ent.Glo.

I have beene long a sleeper, but I hope

My absence doth not neglect no great designes,

Which by my presence might have beene concluded.

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lo:

William L: Haftings had now pronounfyt your part:

I meane your voice for crowning of the King.

Glo. Than my Lo: Haftings no man might be bolder,

His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well:

Haft. I thanke your Grace.

Glo. My Lo: of Elie, Bisb. My Lo:

Glo. When I was last in Holborne:

I saw good Strawberries in your garden there,

I doe beseech you send for some of them.

Bisb. I go my Lord.

Glo. Cozen Buckingham, a word with you: Catesby hath founded Haftings in our busines,

And findes the tefty Gentleman so hoat,

As he will loose his head earie giue consent,

His Masters fonne as worshipful he termes it,

Sha I loose the rotality of Englands throane.

Buc. Withdraw you hence my Lo: He follow you. Ex Gl.

Dor. We have not yet set downe this day of triumph,

To morrow in mine opinion is too sodaine:
of Richard the third.

For I my selfe am not so well provided,
As els I would be, were the day prolonged.
By. Where is my L. protector, I haue sent for these Strawbe-
Ha. His Grace lookes cheerfully and smooth to day, (rics.
Theres some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.
I thinke there is never a man in christendome,
That can lesser hide his love or hate then he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face.
By any likelihood he shewed to day?

Haust. Mary, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would have shewen it in his lookes.

Dar. I pray God he be not, I say. Enter Glocester.

Glo. I pray you all, what doe they deserue,
That doe conspire my death with diuellish plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuald.
Vpon my body with their hellish charmes?

Haust. The tender loue I bearc your grace my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence,
To doome the offenders whatsoever they be:
I say my Lo: they have deserued death.

Glo. Then be your cies the witnesse of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine armc
Is like a blasted sapling withered vp.
This is that Edwards wife, that monfrous witch,
Conforted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft, thus haue marked me.

Haust. If they haue done this thing my gratious Lo:

Glo. If, thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Telt thou me of ises thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paule,
I will not die to day I sweare,
Vntill I see the same, some see it done,
The rest that love me, come and follow me. Exeunt manet

Ha. WO wo for England, not a whit for me: Cat. with Ha.
For I too fond might have prevented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,

G 2

But
The Tragedy

But I disdain'd it, and did come to fly,
Three times to day, my footcloth horse did stumble,
And started when he lookt upon the tower.
As loath to beare me to the slaughterhouse,
Oh, now I want the Priest that spake to me,
I now repent I tolde the Pursuant,
As were triumphing at mine enemies:
How they at Pomfret bloudily were butchered,
And I my selfe secure in grace and fav'our:
Oh Margaret Margaret: now thy heauy curse,
Iis lighted on poore Hafling's wretched head.

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

Haft. O momentary state of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in aire of your faire looks,
Lives like a drunken sayler on a mast,
Ready with euerie nod to tumble downe
Into the fallall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They finile at me that shortlie halbe dead. Exeunt.

Enter Duke of Glocester and Buckingham in armour.

Glo. Come Cofen, canst thou quake and change thy co-
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then beginne againe, and flop againe,
As if thou wert disstraught and mad with terror.

Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfai't the deepe Tragedian:
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euerie side:
Intending deepe suspition, gaslily lookes
Are at my service like inforced finiles,
And both are ready in their offices
To grace my stratagems, Enter Maior.

Glo. Here comes the Maior.

Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lo. Maior,

Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.

Buc. The reason we haue sent for you.

Glo. Catesby ouerlooke the wals.
Buck. Hark, I heare a drumme.

Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buc. God and our innocence defend vs. Enter Catesby

Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby. with Haft.head.

Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The daungerous and vnuspected Haftings.

Glo. So deare I lou’d the man, that I must wepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a chriflian,
Looke ye my Lo: Maior.
Made him my booke, wherein my soule recorded,
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smoothe he daubd his vice with flue of vertue,
That his apparant open guilt omitted:
I meane his conversation with Shores wife,
He laid from all attainder of suspect.

Buc. Well well, he was the couerel3 s heltred traitor
That euer liu’d, would you have imagined,
Or almost beleue, wert not by great preseruation
We lieue to tell it you? The subtile traitor
Had this day plotted in the counsell house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Glocefter.

Maior. What, had he so?

Glo. What thinke you we are Turkes or Infidels,
Or that we would against the forme of lawe,
Proceede thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the extreame perill of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons safety
Inforst vs to this execution.

Ma. Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,
And you my good Lords both, haue well proceeded
To warne false traitours from the like attempres:
I never lookt for better at his hand,
After he once fell in with Mistrelle Shore.

Dut. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Untill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing haft of theseour friends,
Somewhat against our meaning haue prevented,
Because, my Lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speake, and tinerously confess
The maner, and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the Citizens, who happily may
Misconfer vs in him, and wayle his death.

But my good Lord, your graces word shall serue
As well as I had scene or heard him speake,
And doubt you not, right noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint your dutious citizens,
With all your just proceedings in this cause.

And to that end we wiliht your Lordship here
To auoyde the carping cenfures of the world.

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

Glo. After, after, coofin Buckingham, Exit Major.

The Major towards Guildhall hies him in all post,
There at your meetst advantage of the time,
Inferre the bastardy of Edwards children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying he would make his sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeede) his house,
Which by the signe thereof was termed so.

Moreover, urge his hatefull luxuric,
And belifai appetitc in change of lust,
Which stretched to theyr seruants, daughters, wiuvs,
Euen where his hustfull eye, or saufag heart
Without controll listed to make his prey:
Nay for a neede thus farre, come neere my person,
Tell them, when that my mother went with childe
Of that vnfatiate Edward, noble Yorke
My princely father then had warres in Fraunce,
And by just computation of the tyme
Found, that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
But touch this sparingly as it were farre off,
Because you know, my Lord, my mother liues.
of Richard the third

Buck.  Fear not, my Lord, I'll play the Orator,
As if the golden see for which I plead
Were for my self.
Glo.  If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied,
With reverence fathers and well learned Bishops.
Buck.  About three or foure a clocke look to heare
What news Guildhall affordeth, and so my Lord farewell.
Glo.  Now will I in to take some priuie order.  Exit Buck.
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to give notice, that no maner of person
At any tymue haue recourse unto the Princes.  Exit.

Enter a Scrivener with a paper in his hand.

This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a fet hand fairely is engross'd,
That it may be this day read ouer in Paulas;
And make how well the sequele hangs together,
Eleven hours I spent to wyrite it ouer,
For yeasternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The president was full as long a doyng,
And yet within these five hours liued Lord Hastings,
Untainted, vnexamined, free, at liberty:
Here's a good world, the while. Why whoes so grosse
That sees not this palpable device?
Yet whoes so blinde but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to naught,
When such bad dealing must be seene in thought.  Exit

Enter Gloucester at one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo.  How now my Lord, what say the Citizens?
Buck.  Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mumme, and speake not a word.
Glo.  Touche you the bastardy of Edwards children?
Buck.  I did, wyth the infratiate greediness of his desires,
His tyrannye for trifles, his owne bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France:
Withall I did inferre your lineaments,
Beyng the right Idea of your father,
Both in your forme and noblenesse of minde,
The Tragedy

Laid open all your victories in Scotland:
Your discipline in warre, wisedome in peace:
Your bounty, vertue, faire humility:
Indeeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untoucht, or sleightly handled in discourse:
And when mine oratory grew to an ende.
I bid them that did loue their countries good,
Crie, God saue Richard, Englands royall King.

Glo A and did they so?

Buc. No so God helpe me,
But like dumbe statues or breathing stones,
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And askt the Maior what meant this wilfull silence?
His answere was, the people were not wont
To be spake to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus, faith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferred:
But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:
When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their caps,
And some ten voices cried, God saue King Richard.
Thanks louing Citizens and friends quoth I,
This general applause and louing thoute,
Argues your wisedomes and your loue to Richard:
And so brake off and came away.

Glo. What tonglasse blockes were they, would they not

Buc. No by my troth my Lo:

Glo. Will not the Maior then, and his brethren come.

Glo. The Maior is here at hand, and intend some feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mighty suite:
And looke you get a praiere booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen good my Lo:
For on that ground Ile build a holy descant:
Be not easly wonne to our request:
Play the maides part, say no, but take it.

Glo. Feare not me, if thou canst pleade aswell for them,
As I can say nay to thee, for my selue:
of Richard the third.

No doubt weele bring it to a happie issue.

**Buck.** You shal see what I can do, get you vp to the leads. **Exit.**

Now my L. Maior, I dance attendance heare,

I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall.  **Enter Catesby.**

Here coms his servant: how now **Catesby** what faies he.

**Cates.** My Lord, he doth intreat your grace

To visit him to morrow or next daie,

He is within with two right reuerend fathers,

Divinely bent to meditation,

And in no worldly suite would he be mou'd,

To draw him from his holy exercise.

**Buck.** Returne good Catesby to thy Lord againe,

Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Citizens,

In deepe designes and matters of great moment,

No lesse importing then our generall good,

Are come to have some conference with his grace.

**Cates.** Ile tell him what you say my Lord. **Exit.**

**Buck.** A ha my Lord this prince is not an Edward:

He is not lulling on a lewd day bed,

But on his knees at meditation;

Not dalying with a brace of Curtizans,

But meditating with two deepe Diuines:

Not sleepeing to ingrosse his idle body,

But praying to inrich his watchfull soule,

Happy were England, would this gracious prince

Take on himselfe the fouerainty thereon,

But sure I feare we shall never winne him to it.

**Maior.** Marty God forbid his grace should say vs nay.

**Buck.** I feare he wil, how now **Catesby,**  **Enter Cates.**

What faies your Lords?

**Cates.** My Lo. he wonders to what end, you haue assembled

Such troups of Citizens to speake with him,

His grace not being warnd thereof before,

My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.

**Buck.** Sorrie I am my noble Colen should

Suspect me that I meane no good to him.

By heauen I come in perfect love to him,

And so once more returne and tell his grace: **Exit Catesby.**

When
The Tragedy

When hollie and devout religious men,
Arc at their beads, tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Rich, with two bishops at last.

Major. See where he stands between two clergymen.

Buck. Two props of vertue for a christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity,
Famous Plantaganet, moft gracious prince,
Lend favorable eares to our request,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeale,

Glo. My Lord, there needs no such apologie,
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends,
But leaving this, what is your graces pleasure?

Buck. Even that I hope which pleaseth God aoeue,
And all good men of this vngoverned Ile.

Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seemes disgracious in the Citie's cies,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance,

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

Glo. Else wherefore breath I in a Christian land?

Buck. Then know it is your fault that you resign,
The supreame sear, the throne majesticall,
The sceptred office of your ancetors,
The lineall glorie of your roiall house,
To the corruption of a blenish'd flocke;
Whilst in the mildnesse of your sleepey thoughts,
Which here we waken to our countries good,
This noble Ile doth want her proper limbes,
Her face defac't with scars of insamie,
And almost shoudred in the swallowing gulph,
Of blind forgetfulnesse and darke obliuion,
Which to recure we hartily solict,
Your gracious selfe to take on you the soueraignty thereof,
Not as Protector Steward substitute,
of Richard the third.

Or lowlie factor for anothers gaine;
But as successiue from bloud to bloud,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this consoled with the Citizens
Your verie worshipfull and louing frinds,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this iust suite come I to moue your grace.

Glo. I know not whether to depart in silence,
Or bitterlie to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition;
Your loue defertes my thanks, but my desert
Unmeritable shunes your high request,
First if all obstacles were cut awaie,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As my ripe reuene and dew by birth,
Yet so much is my pouerty of spirt,
So mightie and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnes,
Beinge a Barke to brooke no mightie sea,
Then in my greatnes couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glorie smotherd:
But God be thanked there's no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you if need were,
The roiall tree hath left vs roiall fruit,
Which mellowed by the steele of hours of time,
Will well become the seat of maiestie,
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him I laie what you would laie on me;
The right and fortune of his happie stars,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respeets thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumstances well considered;
You faie that Edward is your brothers sone,
So faie we too, but not by Edwards wife,
For first he was contract to lady Lucy,
Your mother liues a wittes to that vowe,
And afterward by substitute betrothed.
The Tragedy

To Bena sister to the king of Fraunce,
These both put by a poore petitioner
A care-craz’d mother of a many children,
A beauty-waning and distreßed widow,
Euen in the afternoone of her best daies
Made prise and purchase of his lustfull eye,
Seducent the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To base declension and loath’d bigamie,
By her in his unlawful bed he got.
This Edward whom our maners terme the prince,
More bitterlie could I expostulate,
Sawe that for reuerence to some aliue
I giue a sparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall selfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie:
If not to blesse vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall stocke,
From the corruption of abusing time,
Vnto a lineall true derived course.

Maso. Do good my Lord your Citizens entreat you.
Cat. O make them joyful grant their lawful suite.
Glo. Alas, why would you heape these cares on me,
I am vnfit for state and dignitie,
I do beseech you take it not amiss,
I cannot nor I will not yeeld to you.

Buck. If you refuse it as in love and zeale,
Loath to depose the child your brothers sonne,
As well we know your tendernes of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
Which wee haue noted in you to your kin,
And gallic indeed to all estates,
Yet whether you accept our suite or no,
Your brothers sonne shall neuer raigne our king,
But we will plant some other in the throane,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leaue you.

Come Citizens, zounds ile intreat no more.

Glo. O do not sweare my Lord of Buckingham.

Casesby
of Richard the third.

Cates. Call them againe, my lord, and accept their suite.

Ano. Doe, good my lord, leaff all the land do rew it.

Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care:
Well, call them againe, I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind intreates,
Albeit against my conscience and my soule.
Coosin of Buckingham, and you sage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare her butthen whether I will or no,
I must have patience to indure the lode,
But if blacke scandale or soule-fac're reproch
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere enforcement shall acquittance mee
From all the impure blots and staines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.

Mayor. God blesse your grace, we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this kingly title:

Long live Richard, Englands royall king.

M yer. Amen.

Buck. To morrow will it please you to be crown'd.

Glo. Even when you will, since you will haue it so.

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your grace.

Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:

Farewel good coosine, farwel gentle friends.

Enter Quee. mother, Duchesse of Tonke, Marques Dorset, at one doore, Duchesse of Gioryst, at another doore.

Duch. Who meets vs here, my neece Plantagenet?

Qu. Sister well met, whether auaie so fast?

Duch. No farther then the Tower, and as I gheffe
Upon the like devotion as your felues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.

Qu. Kind sister thanks, weele enterel together, Enter
And in good time here the Lieutenant comes. Lieutenant.

M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leue,
How faze the Prince?

Lien. Wel Madam, and in health, but by your leue,
The Tragedie

I may not suffer you to visit him,
The King hath straightlie charged the contrarie.

_Qu._ The King? why, whose that?

_Liue._ I trie you mergie, I meane the Lord protector.

_Qu._ The Lord protect him from that Kinglie title:
Hath he set boundes betwixt their love and me:
I am their mother, who should kepe me from them?

_Du.yor._ I am their Father, Mother, I will see them.

_Duch.glo._ Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then feare not thou, Ille beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my peril.

_Liue._ I doe beseech your graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it. _Enter L.Stanlie._

_Stan._ Let me but meete you Ladies an houre hence,
And Ile salute your grace of Yorke, as Mother:
And reuerente looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you must go with me to Welfminster,
There to be crowned, Richards royall Queene.

_Qu._ O cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart,
May haue some scope to beate, or else I found,
With this dead killing newes.

_Dor._ Madam, haue comfort, how fares your grace?

_Qu._ O Dorset speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy Mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt outstrip death, go crosse the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell,
Go hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter house,
Least thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curse,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

_Stan._ Full of wife care is this your counsell Madam,
Take all the swift advantage of the time,
You shall haue letters from me to my sonne,
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not tane tardie, by vnwise delaie:

_Duch.yor._ O ill dispersing windes of mistrie,
O my accursed wombe, the bed of death,
of Richard the third.

A Cocatrice hast thou hatch to the world,
Whose vnauoided eye is murtherous.

Stan. Come Madam, I in all hast was sent.
Duch. And I in all vnwillingnes will go,
I would to God that the incluifie verge,
Of golden meall that must round my browe,
were red hotte steek to scare me to the braine,
Annointed let me be with deadlie poyson,
And die,ere men can say, God saue the Queene.

Qu. Alas poore soule, I enue not thy glorie,
To feede my humor, wish thy selfe no harme.

Duch. glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as I followed Henries course,
When scarce the bloud was well washt from his handes,
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dead faint, which then, I weeping followed,
O, when I say, I lookt on Richards face,
This was my wish, be thou quoth I accurst,
For making me so young, so olde a widow,
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be so madde,
As miserable by the death of thee,
As thou hast made me by my deare Lordes death,
Looe, care I can repeate this curse againe,
Euen in so short a space, my wouams hart,
Groffehe grewe captiue to his honie wordes,
And prou'd the subiecte of my owne soules curse,
Which euer since hath kept my eyes from sleepe,
For neuer yet, one home in his bed,
Hauie I enioyed the golden dew of sleepe,
But hauie bene waked by his timorous dreams,
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will no doubt, shorttie be rid of me.

Qu. Alas poore soule, I pitie thy complaints.

Duch. glo. No more then from my soule I moune for yours.
Der. Farewell, thou woodful welcomer of glorie.
Duch. glo. Aedew poore soule, thou takst thy leave of it.
Dw. jor. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee.
Go thou to Richard, and good Angels garde thee,
Go thou to sanctuary, good thoughts possesse thee,
To my grave where peace and rest lie with me,
Eightie odd yeares of sorrow haue I seen.;
And each houre doe joy wrackt with a weake of teene.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Richard crownd, Buckingham, Catesby with other Nobles.

King. Stand al apart. Coosin of Buckingham,
Give me thy hand: Here he ascended the throne.
This high by thy advice
And thy affittance is king Richard seated:
But shall we wear thee these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them.
Buc. Still live they, and for ever may they last.
King. O Buckingham, now do I plaie the touch
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:
Young Edward liues; thinke now what I would say.
Buc. Saie on my gracious soueraigne,
King. While Buckingham, I saie I would be king.
Buc. Whose so you are my thricc renowned liege.
King. Ha: am I king? tis so, but Edward liues.
Buc. True noble prince.
King. O bitter consequence,
That Edward stil should liue true noble prince.
Coosin, thou wert not wont to be so dul:
Shal I be plaine? I wish the bastards dead,
And I would haue it suddenlie performd.
What saist thou? speake suddenlie, be briefe.
Buc. Your grace may doe your pleasure.
King. Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindnesse freezeeth,
Saie, haue I thy consent that they shal die?
Buc. Give me some breath, some little pause my lord,
Before I posituelie speake herein:
I wil refulue your grace immediatlie.
Cates. The king is angrie, see, he bites the lip.
King. I wil converte with iron wittedfooles
And vnspective boies, none are forme
That looke into me with considerate eies:

Boy,
of Richard the third.

Boy, high reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.

Boy. My Lord.

King. Knowest thou not any whom corrupting gold

Would tempt uo to a close exploit of death.

Boy. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,

Whose humble means match not his haughty mind,

Gould were as good as twentie Orators,

And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

King. What is his name.

Boy. His name my Lord is Tirrell.

King. Go call him hither prestilie.

The deepe revoluing wittie Buckingham.

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,

Hath he so long held out with me vntirde

And stops he nowe for breath? Enter Darby.

How now, what newes wth you?

Darby. My Lord, I hear the Marques Dorset

Is fled to Richmond, in those partes beyond the seas where he abides.

King. Catesby. Cat. My Lord.

King. Rumor it abroad

That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die;

I will take order for her keeping close;

Enquire me our some meane borne gentleman,

Whom I will marrie straight to Clarence daughter,

The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:

Looke how thou dreamft: I say againe giue out

That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.

About it, for it stands me much ypon

To stop all hopes whose growth may damadge me,

I must be married to my brothers daughter,

Or else my kingdome stands on brittle glasfe,

Murther her brothers, and then marriue her,

Vnscertaine vsale of gaine, but I am in

So far in bloud that sinne vsille plucke on fin,

T ear falling pitie dwels not in this cie, Enter Tirrell.

Is thy name Tirrell?

Jr. James Tirrell and your most obedient subject.

I King.
The Tragedy

King Art thou indeed?

Tir. Prove me my gracious soueraigne,

King Darft thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two enemies.

King Why there thou hast it two deepe enemies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleepes disturb,

Are they that I would have thee deale upon;

Tirrel I mean those baillards in the tower.

Tir. Let me have open meanes to come to them,

And soone iie rid you from the feare of them.

King Thou singit sweet musick. Come hither Tirrel,

Go by that token, tife and lend thine care, he wipseres in his ear.

Tis no more but so, saie is it done,

And I will loue thee and prefer thee too.

Tir. Tis done my gracious lord.

King Shal we heare from thee? Tis ere we sleep? Enter Buck.

Tir. Ye shall my lord,

Buck. My lord, I haue considered in my mind,

The late demand that you did sound me in.

King Well, let that passe, Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I heare that newes my lord.

King Stanley he is your wifes sonnes. Wel looke to it.

Buck. My lord, I cline your gift, my dew by promisse,

For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,

The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,

The which you promisst I should possesse.

King Stanley looke to your wife, if she covey

Letters to Richmond you shall answere it.

Buck. What saies your highnes to my iust demand.

King As I remember, Henrie the sixt

Did prophesie that Richmond should be king,

When Richmond was a little peeuish boy:


King How chance the prophet could not at that time,

Haue told me I being by, that I should kill him.

Buck. My lord, your promisse for the Earledome.

King Richmond, when last I was at Exeter,

The Maior in curtse he showd me the Castile,
of Richard the third.

And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I started,
Because a Bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

King. My lord.
Buck. What a clocke?

Of what you promised me.

King. Well, but what a clocke?
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

Buck. Why let it strike?

King. Because that like a lacke thou keepst the stroke

Buck. Whie then resolve me whether you will or no?

King. Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vain. Exit.

Buck. Is it even so, rewardst he my true service

With such deep contempt, made I him king for this?

O let me think on Hastings and be gone

To Brecnock while my fearfull head is on.
End Sir Francis Tiriell.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloudie deed is done,
The most arch. act of pitireous massacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forrest whom I did suborne,
To do this ruthles peece of butcherie,
Although they were vilest villains, bloudie dogs,
Melting with tendernes and kind compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:
Lo thus quoth Dighton laie those tender babes,
Thus thus quoth Forrest girdling on another,
Within their innocent alabaster armes,
Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalte,
Which in their summer beautie kist each other,
A booke of prayers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forrest almost changed my mind,
But of the Diuell their the villaine stopt,
Whilst Dighton thus told on we smothered

The
The Tragedy

The most replenished sweet worke of nature,
That from the prime creation euer he framed,
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speake and so I left them both,
To bring this tidinges to the bloudie king. Enter K.r. Richard.
And here he comes, all haile my soueraigne leige.

King. Kind Tirrell am I happie in thy newes.

Tyr. If to haue done the thing you giue in charge,
Beget your happinesse, be happie then
For it is done my Lord.

King. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did my Lord.

King. And buried gentle Tirrell?

Tir. The Chaplaine of the tower hath buried them,
But how or in what place I do not know

Tir. Come to me Tirrel sloone at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the processe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire. Exeit Tirrel.

Farewel til sloone.

The sonne of Clarence haue I pent vp close,
His daughter meanelie haue I matcht in mariage,
The sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahams bosome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world godnigh,
Now for I know the Britaine Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I go a iollie thriuing woer. Enter Catesby.

Car. My Lord,

King. Good newes or bad that thou comf in so bluntly?

Cates. Bad newes my lord. Ely is fled to Richmond
And Buckingham backt with the hardie Welchmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

King. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then Buckingham and his rash leued armie:
Come I haue heard that seareful commenting,
Is laden seruitour to dull delaie,
Delaie leads impotent and snailie pact beggerie,
Then fierie expedition be my wing.
of Richard the third.

Ioues Mercurie and Herald for a king:
Come muster men, my counsaile is my shield,
We must be briefe when traitors braue the field.  

Enter Queene Margaret sola.

Q. Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of Death:
Here in these confines slie have I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduetaries:
A dire induction am I witness to,
And wil to France, hoping the consequence
Wil prooue as bitter, blacke and tragical.
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes here?

Enter the Qu. and the Dutchess of York.

Qn. Ah my young princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flowers, new appearing fweets,
If yet your gentle soules flie in the ayre
And be not fixt in doome perpetual,
Houre about me with your aeria wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.

Qu. Mar. Houer about her, saie that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night.

Quee. Wilt thou, O God, flie from such gentle lambe,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe :
When didst thou sleepe when such a deed was done ?
Q. Mar. When hollie Harry died, and my sweet sonne.

Dutch. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortal dying ghoilt,
Woeslice, worlde shame, graves due by life vfurpt,
Reft thy unreft on Englandes lawful earth,
Vnlawfulie made drunke with innocents bloud.

Qu. O that thou wouldst aswel assoord a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholie seate,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here:
O who hath anie caufe to mourne but I !

Duch. So manie miferies haue crazd my voice
That my woe-weared roong is mute and dumbe.
Edward Plantagenet, whic art thou dead ?

Qu. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most teuent,
Give tyme the benefite of signorie,
The Tragicall

And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admitte societie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine,
I had an Edward, till a Richard kild him;
I had a Richard, till a Ricard kild him:
Thou hadft an Edward, till a Richard kild him:
Thou hadft a Richard, till a Richard kild him.

Duch. I had a Richard to, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland to, thou hopft to kill him.

Qu. Mar. Thou hadft a Clarence to, and Richard kild him:
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
A hel-hound that doeth hunt vs all to death,
That dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle blouds,
That soule defacer of Gods handie worke,
Thy wombe let loose, to chase vs to our graves,
O vpright, just, and true disposing God,

How doe I thanke thee, that this carnal curte,
Praies on the issue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her puse fellow with others mone.

Duch. O, Harriess wifes triumph not in my woes,
God witnes with me, I haue wept for thine.

Qu. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungrie for reuenge,
And now I doe me with beholding it,
Thy Edward, he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quitte my Edward,
Yong Yorke, he is but boote becaufe both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse,
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,
And the beholders of this tragick plaie,
The adulterate Haflings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,
Vntimelie smotherd in their duskie graves,
Richard yet liues, hel's blacke intelligenccer,
Onely referred their factor to buie soules,
And send them thether, but at hand at handes,
enfues his piteous, and unpitted end,
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiendes roare, sainctes praiie,
To haue him suddenly conuiced away.
of Richard the third.

Cancell his bond of life, deare God I pray,
That I may lie me to saye, the dog is dead.

Qu. O thou didst prophesie the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse,
That botteld spider, that foule bunch-backt toade.

Qu Mar. I caled thee then, vaine floorish of my fortune,
I caled thee then, poore shadow, painted Queene,
The presentation of, but what I was,
The flattering Index of a direfull pageant,
One heaued a high, to be hurld downe belowe,
A mother onelie, mockt with two sweete babes,
A dreame of which thou wert a breath, a bubble,
A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,
To be the aime of euerie dangerous shot,
A Queene in ieast onelie to fill the seeue,
Where is thy husand now, where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children, wherein doest thou ioye?
Who sues to thee, and cries God saue the Queene?
Where be the bending peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troopes that followed thee?
decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happie wife, a most distrefed widow,
For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name,
For Queene, a verie caitiue crownd with care,
For one being sued to, one that humblie sues,
For one commaunding all, obeyed of none,
For one that scornd at me, now sconrd of me,
Thus hath the course of iustice whe eld about,
And left thee out, a verie praiet time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didst vfurpe my place, and doest thou not,
Vfurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow,
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen here, I slippe my weare necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes, will make me smile in France.

Qu. 0
The Tragedy

Qu. O thou well skil'd in curses, staic a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Qu. Mar. Forbear to sleepe the nights, and fast the daies,
Compare dead happiness with living woe,
Think ye that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that flew them souer then he is,
Bettring thy losse makes the bad causer worse,
Resolving this, will teach thee how to curse.

Qu. My words are dul, O quicken them with thine.
Qu. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, & pierce like mine.
Du. Why should calamity be ful of words? Exit Mar.
Qu. Windie attunies to your Client woes,
A crie successers of interrate ioies,
Poor breathing Orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they do impart,
Help not at al, yet do they ease the hart.
Duch. If so, then be not tooong-tide, go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words lets smother
My damned sonne, which thy two sweet sons smotherd,
I heare his drum, be copious in exclames.

Enter K. Richard marching with Drummes
and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?
Duch. A she, that might have intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slauuters wretch, that thou hast done.
Qu. Hidst thou that forehead with a golden crowne
Where should be grauen, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that owed that Crowne,
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers:
Tel me thou villaine Flaue, where are my children?
Duch. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his sonne?
Qu. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughun, Gray?
King. A flourish trumpets, strike aiaum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed, Strike I saie. The trumpets
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
of Richard the third.

Or with the clamorous report of war;
Thus will I drowne your exclamations,
   Du. Art thou my son?
king. I, I thank e God, my father and your selfe,
   Du. Then patiently here my impatience,
king. Madam I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
   Du. I will be mild and gentle in my speach.
king. And briefe good mother for I am in haste,
   Du. Art thou so haftie I haue staied for thee,
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie,
king. And came I not at last to comfort you?
   Du. No by the holie roode thou knowst it well,
Thou canst on earth to make the earth my hell,
A greuous burthen was thy berth to me,
   Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy schoele-daiies frightful, desperate, wild, and furious.
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous,
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtile, bloudie, treacherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name
That ever grace me in thy companie?
king. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breake fast on the my companie,
If I be so disgracious in your fight,
   Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
   Du. O heare me speake for I shall never see thee more.
king. Come, come, you art too bitter.
   Du. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
Eearie from this war thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And never looke upon thy face againe,
Therefore take with thee my most heaxy curse,
Which in the daie of battle tire thee more
Then all the compleat armor that thou weare,
My praiers on the aduerse partie fight,
And there the little soules of Edwards children,
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them succeffe and victorie, bloudie
The Tragedy

Bloudie thou art, bloudie wilt be thy end,
Shame feres thy life, and doth thy death attend.

Qu. Though far more cause, yet much leffe spirit to curse
Abides in me, I saie Amen to all.

King. State Madam, I must speake a word with you.

Qu. I have no more sonnes of the royall bloud,
For thee to murther for my daughters Richard,
They shalbe praying nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their lines.

King. You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Verious and faire, royall and gracious.

Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue!
And ife corrupt her maners, faine her beautie,
Slander my selfe as faine to Edwards bed
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So she may liue vnscared from bleeding slaughter,
I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.

King. Wrong not her birth, she is of royall bloud.

Qu. To fave her life, iie faine she is not fo.

King. Her life is onlie safest in her birth.

Qu. And onlie in that safetie died her brothers.

King. Lo at their birth his good stars were oppoite.

Qu. No to their lines bad friends were contrarie.

King. All vnauidoed is the doome of destinie,

Qu. True when avoided grace makes destinie,

My babes were defilnde to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

King. Madam, so thrue I in my dangerous attempt of hostile

As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then eueryou or yours were by me wrongd.

Qu. What good is couerd with the face of heauen,

To be discouerd that can do me good,

King. The advancement of your children mightie Ladie.

Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads,

King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,

The high imperial tipe of this earths glorie.

Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,

Tell me what flate, what dignitie, what honor?
of Richard the third.

Canst thou demife to anie child of mine.

King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angrie soule,
Thou drown the add remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.

Qu. Be briefe, lest that the proceede of thy kindnes,
Last longer telling then thy kindnes doe.

King. Then know that from my soule I love thy daughter.

Qu. My daughters mother thinkes it with her soule.

King. What do you thinke?

Qu. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy soules love didst thou love her brothers,
And from my harts love do thanke thee for it.

King. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my soule I love thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.

Qu. Saie then, who dost thou meane shal be her king?

King. Euen he that makes her Queen, who should be else?

Qu. What thou;

King. I euen I, what thinke you of it Maddame?

Qu. How canst thou wooe her?

King. That would I learne of you,
As one that are best acquainted with her humor.

Qu. And wilt thou learn of me?

King. Madam with al my hart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that flew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding harts thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happelie she wil wepe,
Therefore present to her as sometimes Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercher steeped in Rutlands bloud,
And bid her drie her weeping cies therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a storie of thy noble acts,
Tell her thou madst awaie her VnCLE Clarence,
Her VnCLE Riuers ye, and for her sake
Madst quicke conueiance with her good Aunt Anne,

King. Come, come, you mocke me, this is not the waie

K.2
The Tragedy

To win your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way
Vnlesse thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

King Inter fairo England's peace by this alliance.
Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.
King Saye that the king which may command intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the kings king forbids.
King Saye she shalbe a high and mightie Queene,
Qu. To waile the tide as her mother doth.
King Saye I will loue her euerlastinglie.
Qu. But how long shall that title euer last.
King Sweetlie inforne into her faire lyues end,
Qu. But how long farely shall her sweet life last?
King So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.
King Saye I her soueraigne am her subject loue.
Qu. But she your subject loothe such soueraintie.
King Be eloquent in my behalfe to her,
Qu. An honest tale speedes best being plainlie told.
King Then in plaine termes tell her my louing tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honest is to harsh a file.
King Madame your reasons are too shallow & too quicke
Qu. Ono my reasons are to deepe and dead.
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their grave.
King Harpe not one that string Madam that is part.
Qu. Harpe on it still shall I till hartrings breake.
King Now by my George, my Garter and my crown.
Qu. Prophand, dishonerd, and the third vsurped.
King I sweare by nothing.
Qu. By nothing for this is no oath.

The George prophand hath loft his holie honor,
The Garter blemisht pawnd his knightlie vertue,
The crown vsurpt disgrac't his kinglie dignitie,
If something thou wilt sweare to be beleued,
Sweare then by something that thou haft not wrongd.
King Now by the world.
Qu. Tis ful of thy soule wrongs.
of Richard the third.

King. My Fathers death.

Qu. Thy life hath that dishonord.

King. Then by my selfe.

Qu. Thy selfe thy selfe misufest.

King. Whie, then by God.

Qu. Gods wrong is most of all,

If thou hadst feared, to breake an oath by him,

The vnitie the king my brother made,

Had not bene broken, nor my brother slaine.

If thou hadst feared to breake an oath by him,

The emperiall mettal circling now thy brow,

Had graft the tender temples of my childde,

And both the princes had bene breathing heere,

Which now, two tender plaie fellows for duft,

Thy broken faith,hath made a plaie for wormes,

King. By the time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wrongd in time orepast,

For I my selfe, have manie teares to wash,

Hereafter time, for time, by the past wrongd,

The children live, whose parents thou hast slaunderd,

Vngouerd youth, to waile it in their age,

The parents live, whose children thou hast butcherd

Olde withered plantes, to waile it with their age.

Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast,

Misused care vfed, by time mistused orepast.

King. As I intend to prosper and repent,

So thriue I in my dangerous attempt,

Of hostile armes, my selfe,my selfe confound,

Dayes yeeld me not thy sight, nor night thy rest,

Be opposte, all planets of good lucke,

To my proceedings, if with pure heartes love,

Immaculate devotion, holic thoughtes,

I tender nor thy beauteous princelie daughter,

In her confisst my happines and thine,

Withouther follows to this land and me,

To thee her selfe, and manie a Christian soul,

Sad defolation,ruine, and decay,

It cannot be avoided but by this,
The Tragedie

It will not be avoided but this:
Therefore good mother (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Please what I will be, not what I have been,
Not by desert, but what I will deserve,
Vige the necessity and state of times,
And be not plious fond in great designs.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the duel thus.
King. I, if the duel tempt thee to do good.
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.
King. I, if your selfe's remembrance, wrong your selfe.
Qu. But thou didst kill my children.
King. But in your daughters wombe, I buried them,
Where in that nest of spicerie they shall breed.

Selues of themselves, to your reconstruite.

Qu. Shall I go winne my daughter to thy will.
King. And be a happy mother by the deed,
Qu. I goe, write to me verie shortlie.
King. Beare her my true loves kisse, fareweal. Exit.

Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. Enter Rat.

Rat. My gracious Soueraigne on the westerne coast,
Rideth a puissant Nauie. To the shore,
Throng manie doubtfull hollow harted frienides,
Vnamrd, and vnresolud to beate them backe;
Tis thought that Richmond is their admirall,
And there they hull, expecting but the aide,
Of Buckingham, to welcome them a shore.

King. Some light foote friend, post to the Duke of Norff.
Ratchifte thy selfe, or Catesbie, where is hee?

Cat. Here my Lord.

King. Fie to the Duke, post thou to Salisburie,
When thou comft there, dullestнул full villane,
Whieftand'ft thou still, and goest not to the Duke.

Cat. First mightie Soueraigne, let me know your minde,
What, from your grace, I shall deliver them.

King. O, true good Catesbie, bid him leuie straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meete me pretendent at Salisburie.
of Richard the third.

Rat. What is it your highnes pleasure, I shall do at Salisbury.

King. Whie? what wouldst thou doe there before I goe? (ry,

Rat. Your highnes told me I should post before.

King. My mind is changed sir, my minde is chang'd.

How now, what newes with you?

Enter Darbie.

Dar. None good my Lord, to please you with the hearing.

Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good, nor bad:

Why doest thou runne so many mile about,

When thou maist tell thy tale a neerer way.

Once more, what newes?

Dar. Richmond is on the Seas.

King. There let him sinke, and he the seas on him,

White liuerd runnagate, what doeth he there?

Dar. I know not mightie Soueraigne, but by guesse.

King. Well sir, as you guesse, as you guesse.

Dar. Sturd vp by Dorset, Buckingham, and Elie,

He makes for England, there to/claine the crowne.

King. Is the chaire emptie? is the sword vnswaid?

Is the king dead? the Empire vnpoised?

What heire of Yorke is there alive but we?

And who is Englands King, but great Yorkes heire?

Then tell me, what doeth he vpon the sea?

Dar. Unlesse for that my liege, I cannot guesse.

King. Unlesse for that he comes to be your liege,

You cannot guesse, wherefore the Welshman comes,

Thou wilt revolt, and flie to him /scare,

Dar. No mightie liege, therefore mistrust me not.

King. Where is thy power then? to beate him backe,

Where are thy tennants? and thy followers?

Are they not now vpon the Westerne Shore?

Safe conducting, the rebels from their ships.

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

King. Cold friends to Richard, what doe they in the North?

When they should sereue, their Soueraigne in the West.

Dar. They have not bin commannded, mightie Soueraigne.

Please it your Maiestie to giue me leaue,

Ile mu-
The Tragedie

He muste vp my friendes and meete your grace,
Where, and what time, your Majestie shall please.

King. I, I, thou wouldest be gone, to ioyne with Richmond,
I will not truft you Sir.

Dar. Most mightie Soueraigne,
You haue no caufe to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I never was, nor never will be false.

King. Well, go muster men, but heare you, leave behind,
Your sonne George Stanlie, looke your faith be firme,
Or else, his heads assurance is but fraile.

Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Devonshire,
As I by friendes am well aduertized,
Sir William Courtney, and the haughty Prelate,
Bishop of Exceter, his brother there,
With manic mo confederates, are in armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Liege, in Kent the Guilforde are in armes,
And euery hour more competitors,
Flocke to their aide, and till their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of Buckingham.

He strike him.

King. O I cry you mercie, I did mistake,
Reorde reward him, for the blow I gaue him,
Hath any well aduised friend given out,
Rewardes for him that brings in Buckingham.

Mes. Such proclamation hath bene made my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir Thomas Louel, and Lord Marques Dorset,
Tis said my liege, are vp in armes,
of Richard the third.

Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Britaine nauic is dispersft, Richmond in Dorshire
Sent out a boate to aske them on the shore,
If they were his assistants yea, or no:
Who answered him, they came from Buckingham,
Upon his partie, he mistrusting them,
Hoist sate, and made away for Britaine.

King. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forreine enemies,
Yet to beate downe, these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesbie.

Cat. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That's the best newes, that the Earle of Richmond,
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told,

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

Exeunt.

Dor. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloudie bore,
My sonne George Stanlie is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuolt, off goes young Georges head,
The seare of that, with holdes my present aide,
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

S. Chrift. At Pembroke, or at Harford-west in Wales.

Dor. What men of name resort to him.

Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanlie,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew,
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards London they doe bend their course,
If by the way, they be not fought withall.

Dor. Retourne vnto thy Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartelie consented,
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter,

L. These
The Tragedy

These letters will resolve him of my minde.

Farewell.

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speake with him.

Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buck. Hasting, and Edwards children, Rivers, Gray, Holie king Henrie, and thy faire sonne Edward,

Vaughan, and all that have miscarried,

By vnderhand corrupted, soule injustice,

If that your moodie discontented soules,

Doe through the cloudes, behold this present houre,

Euen for reuenge, mочек my destruction.

This is Alfooles day fellowes, is it not?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Buck. While then Alfooles day, is my bodies domesday;

This is the day, that in king Edwards time,

I with might fall on me, when I was found,

False to his children, or his wiuues allies:

This is the day, wherein I wiuht to fall,

By the false faith, of him I trusted most:

This, this Alfooles day, to my fearefull soule,

Is the determind respit of my wrongs:

That high al-feer, that I dallied with,

Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,

And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.

Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men,

To turne their owne pointes, on their Maisters bosome:

Now Margarets curse, is fallen vpon my head,

When he quorh she, shall split thy hart with sorrow.

Remember, Margaret was a Propheteffe,

Come sirs, convey me to the blocke of shame,

Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the dew of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friendes,

Bruifd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,

Thus farre into the bowels of the land,

Hauwe we marcht on without impediment,

And here receiue we, from our Father Stanlie,
of Richard the third.

Lines offaire comfort, and incouragement,
The wretched, bloudie, and vsurping bore,
That spoild your former fieldes, and fruitfull vines,
Swills your warme bloud like waft, and makes his trough,
In your inboweld bosomes, this soule swine,
Lies now even in the center of this ille,
Neare to the towne of Leyecester as we learne:
From Tamworth thether, is but one dayes march,
In Gods name cheerelie on, courageous friendes,
To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloudie triall of sharpe warre.

1 Lo. Euerie mans conscience is a thousand swordes,
To fight against that bloudie homicide.

2 Lo. I doubt not but his friendes will fly to vs,

3 Lo. He hath no friendes, but who are friendes for feare,
Which in his greatest neede will shrinke from him.

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

Enter King Richard, Norffolke, Ratcliffe,
Catesbie with others.

King. Here pitch our tentes, euen here in Bosworth field,
Whie, how now Catesbie, whie lookst thou so sad.

Cat. My hart is ten times lighter then my lookes.

King. Norffolke, come hether.

Norffolke, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not?

Norff. We must both give, and take, my gracious Lord.

King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lie to night,
But where to morrow, well, all is one for that:
Who hath dispersd the number of the foe.

Norff. Sixe or seuen thousand is their greateft number.

King. Whie our battalion trebles that account,
Besides, the Kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse partie want,
Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,
Let vs surucy the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline, make no delaie,

L 2
The Tragedy

For Lordes, to morrow is a busie day. Exeunt.

Rich. The weareié sorne hath made a golden fete,
And by the bright tracke of his ficher Carre,
Gives signall of a goodlie day to morrow,
Where is Sir William Brandon, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of Pembroke keepe his regiment,
Good capaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the seconde houre in the morning,

Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goest;
Where is Lord Stanlie quartered, doest thou know.

Blunt. Vnlesse I haue mistanke his coulers much,
Which well I am assured, I haue not done,
His regiment, lies halfe a mile at leaft,

Rich. If without perrill it be possible,
Good capaine Blunt beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this most needfull scrowle.

Blunt. Vpon my life, my Lord, Ile vnder take it.

Rich. Farewell good Blunt.

Give me some inke, and paper, in my tent,
Ile drawe the forme, and modle of our battel,
Limit each leader to his feuerall charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength,

Come, let vs consult upon to morrowes busines,
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold.

Enter king Richard, Norff, Ratcliffe, Cateftec, &c.

Kng. What is a clocke.

Cat. It is fike of clocke, full supper time.

Kng. I will not sup to night, giue me some inke and paper,

What is my beuer easier then it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cat. It is my Liege, and all things are in readines.

Kng. Good Norffolke, he thee to thy charge,

Vfie carefull watch, chuse trutlie centinell.

Norff. I goe my Lord.
of Richard the third.

King. Stur with the Lark to morrow gentle Norffolke:

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

King. Catesby.

Rat. My lord.

King. Send out a Pursuant at armes
To Stanleys regiment, bid him bring his power
Before sun rising, let his sonne George fall
Into the blind cause of eternal night.
Fill me a bowle of wine, give me a watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,
Looke that my statues be found and not too heavy Ratliffe.

Rt. My lord.

King. Sawfl thou the melancholick Lo. Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himselfe,
Much about cockshutt time, from troupe to troupe Went through the army cheeting vp the soldiours.

King. So I am satisfied, give me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacrity of spirit
Nor cheere of mind that I was wont to haue:
Set it down. Is inke and paper ready?

Rat. It is my lord.

King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me.
Ratliffe about the mid of night come to my tent
And helpe to arm me, leaue me I say.

Exiit. Ratliffe

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Darby. Fortune and victorie set on thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy person noble father in law,
Tel me how fares our loving mother?

Dar. I by atturney bleffe thee from thy mother, Who praies continually for Richmonds good,
So much for that the silent hours steeele on,
And flakie darkness breake within the east,
In briefe, for to the seafon bids us be:
Prepare thy battell arelie in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement,
Of bloodie strokes and mortal stearing war,
As I may, that which I would, I cannot,
The Tragedie

With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aide thee in this doubtful shocke of armes,
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Leaft being seene thy brother tender George
Be executed in his fathers sight,
Farewel, the leasure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremounious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sundried friends should dwell upon,
God giue vs leasure for these rights of loue,
Once more adiewe, be valiant and speed well.

Rich. Good lords conduct him to his regiment;
Leaft triue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Leaft leadenumber peise me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victorie,
Once more good night kind Lords and gentlemen,
O thou whole Captaine I account myselfe,
Looke on my forces with a gracious eie;
Put in their hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with a beauie fall,
The usurping helmets of our adueraries,
Make vs thy ministers of chasliment,
That we may praise thee in the victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Eare let fall the windowes of mine eies,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me still!

Enter the ghost of young Prince Edward, sorne
Harry the sixte, to Ri.

Ghost to Ri. Let me set heauie on thy soule to morrow.
Think how thou stabst me in my prime of youth,
At Tuakesburie, dispaire therefore and die,
To Rich, Be cheerful Richmond for the wronged soules
Of Butchered princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henries illue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the ghost of Henry the sixte.

Ghost to Ri. When I was mortall my annointed body,
By thee was punched full of deadlie holes,
Think on the tower and me dispaire and die,

Harric
of Richard the third.

Harrie the sixt bids thee dispaire and die.
To Rich. Vertuous and holie be thou conqueror,
Harrie that prophised thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe live and flourishe.

Enter the Goasts of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me let heauie in thy soule to morrow,
I that was waisht to death with fullsome wine,
Poore Clarence by thy guiile betraid to death;
To morrow in the bataile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeles sword, dispaire and die,
To Rich. Thou ofspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good angels guard thy bataile live and flourishe.

Enter the goasts of Rivers, Grey, Vaughan.

King. Let me sit heauie in thy soule to morrow,
Rivers that died at Pombiect, dispaire and die,
Grey. Thinke vpom Graie, and let thy soule dispaire.
Vaugh. Thinke vpom Vaughan, and with guiltie fears,
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die.

Altro Ri. Awake and thinke our wrongs in Richards bosome,
Wel conquer him, awake and win the daie.

Enter the goasts of the two yong Princes.

Ghost to Rs. Dreame on thy Coeens smothered in the tower,
Let vs be lead within thy bosome Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruine, shame, and death,
Thy nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.
To Rich. SLEEPE RICHMOND SLEEPE, in peace and wake in joy,
Good angels guard thee from the bores annoy,
Lie and beget a happy race of kings,
Edwards unhappy tonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the ghost of Haftings.

Ghost. Bloudie and guiltie, guiltie awake,
And in a bloudie bataile end thy daies,
Thinke on lord Haftings, dispaire and die;
To Rich. Quiet untroubled soule, awake, awake,
Anne, fight and conquer for faire Englands sake.

Enter the ghost of Lady Anne his wife,
Richard thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
The Tragedie

That never slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now safe thy sleepe with present tations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeles sword despairs and die.

To Rich. Tho' quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dream of success and happy victory,
Thy aduersaries wise doth praise for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the crown,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O in the battaile thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy ghtinesse,
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting, despair, despairing yield thy breath,

To Rich. I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismayed,
God and good angels fight on Richmons side,
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

King Ri. Give me another horse, bind up my wounds,
Haue mercie Jesu: soft, I did but dreame,
O Coward conscience, how doft thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is now dead midnight,
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I feare? my selfe? there is none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is I and I,
Is there aurtherer here? no. Yes I am,
Then flye, what from my selfe? great reason whie?
Least I reuenge. What my selfe upon my selfe?
Alacke! I love my selfe, wherefore? for anie good
That I my selfe haue done vnto my selfe;
O no, alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hateful deedes committed by my selfe,
I am a villaine, yet I lie I am not,
Fool of thy selfe speake well, fools do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euerie tongue bring in a seuerall tale,
And euerie tale condemneth me for a villaine,
of Richard the third.

Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree,
Murder, stern murder in the direst degree,
All severall sinnes, all vice in each degree,
Throng to the barre, crying all guiltie, guiltie.
I shall dispare, there is no creature loves me,
And if I die, no soule will pitie me:
And wherefore should they, since that I my selfe,
Finde in my selfe, no pitie to my selfe,
Me thought the soules of all that I had murtherd,
Came to my tent, and every one did threat,
To morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Zoundes, who is there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my Lord, tis I, the earlie village cocke,
Hath twise done salutation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.

King. O Ratcliff, I have dreamd a fearefull dreame,
What thinkst thou, will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt my Lord.

King. O Ratcliff, I feare, I feare.

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of shadowes.

King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night,
Haue stroke more terror to the soule of Richard,
Then can the substance of ten thousand soouldiers,
Armed in profe, and led by shallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neere day, come, go with me,
Under our tents Ie plaie the casse dropper,
To see if any meane to shrinke from me.

Enter the Lordes to Richmond.

Lo. Good morrow Richmond.

Rich. Crie mercie Lordes, and watchfull gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard here,

Lo. How haue you slept my Lord?

Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowsie head,
Haue I since your depature had my Lordes,
The Tragedy

Methought their soules, whose bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie,
I promise you, my soule is very Iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame.

How farre into the morning is it Lordes?

Lo. Upon the stroke of foure.

Rich. Why, then tis time to arme, and give direction.

His oration to his soildiers.

More then I have said, loving countriemen,
The leasure and enforcement of the time,
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The praiers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulwarke, stand before our faces,
Richard, except those whome we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow;
For, what is he they follow? truelie gentlemen,
A bloudie tirant, and a homicide.
One raisd in bloud, and one in bloud established,
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughtred thowe, that were the meane to helpe him.
A base soule stone, made precious by the soile,
Of Englands chaire, where he is falsely set,
One that hath euuer bene Gods enemie.

Then if you fight against Gods enemie,
God will In justice, ward you as his soildiers,
If you doe sweate to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the tyrant being slaine,

If you doe fight against your countries foes,
Your countries fat, shall paie your paines the hire,
If you doe fight in safegard of your wifes,
Your wifes shall welcome home the conquerors.

If you doe free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:
Then in the name of God and all these rightes,

Aduaunce your standards, drawe your willing swordes,
For me, the raunome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this could corps on the earths cold face.
of Richard the third.

But if I thrive, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you, shall share his part thereof.
Sound drummes and trumpets boldlie, and cheerefullie,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and victorie.

Enter King Richard, Rat., &c.

King. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond.

Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in armes.

King. He said the truth, and what said Surrey then.

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

King. He was in the right, and so in deed it is.

Tell the clocke there. The clocke striketh.

Give me a calender, who saw the Sunne to day?

Rat. Not I my Lord,

King. Then he disdaines to shine, for by the booke,
He should have braud the East an hower agoe,
A blacke day will it be to some bodie Rat.

Rat. My Lord.

King. The Sunne will not be seene to day,
The skie doeth frowne, and lowe uppon our armes,
I would these dewic teares were from the ground,
Not shine to day: while, what is that to me:
More then to Richmond, for the selfe-same heauen,
That frownes on me, lockes sadlie uppon him.

Enter Norffolke.

Norff. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

King. Come, busy, busy, caparison my horse,
Call vp Lord Standle, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth, my soildiers to the plaine,
And thus my battaile shall be ordered.

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equallie of horse and fooht,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
John, Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of this fooht and horse,
They thus directed, we will follow,
In the matne battle, whose puissence on either side,
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse:
This, and Saint George to bootes what thinkst thou Norffolke?

M. 2. A good
The Tragedy

Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, be sheweth him. This found I on my tent this morning.

Locky of Norfolk make not so bonid.

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

King. A thing devised by the enemie.

Go gentlemen every man into his charge,

Let not our babbling dreams affright our soules:

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,

Deusd at first to kepe the strong in awe,

Our strong armes be our conscience swords, our law.

March on, joine brauclie, let vs to it pell mell,

If not to heauen then hand in hand to hell.

His Oration to his army.

What shall I say more then I have inferred?

Remember whom you are to cope withall,

A fort of vagabonds, rascals and runawies,

A scum of Britains and base lacky peecants,

Whom their oecloied country vomits forth,

To desperat adventures and afflurd destruction,

You sleeping safe they bring to you unrest,

You hauing lands and blest with beauteous wifes,

They would restraine the one, distaine the other,

And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,

Long kept in Britaine at our mothers cost,

A milkefop, one that neuer in his life

Felt so much cold as our shoos in snow:

Let us whip these stragglers ore the seas againe,

Lash hence these overweening rags of France,

These famish beggers wearie of their lives,

Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,

For want of means poore rats had hangd themselves,

If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,

And not these bastard Britains whom our fathers

Have in their own land beaten bobd and thump't,

And in record left them the heires of shame.

Shall these enjoy our lands, lie with our wifes?

Raid in our daughters, harke I heare their drum,

Fight gentlemen of England, fight boldelycomen,
Draw archers draw your arrowes to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in bloud,
Amaze the welkin with your broken fluaes,
What saies lord Stanley, wil he bring his power?

M: What, my lord, he doth deny to come,
King: Off with his sonne Georges head.
Nor, My lord, the enemie is past the marsh,
After the battle let George Stanley die.

King: A thousand harts are great within my bosome,
Aduaunce our standards, set upon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint George
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them victorie sits on our helmes.

Alarum, excursions, Enter Catesby.

Cates: Rescwe my lord of Northfolke, rescwe, rescwe,
The king enactts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euery danger,
His horse is flaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,
Rescwe faire lord, or else the daie is lost.

Enter Richard.

King: A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.
Cates: Withdraw my lord, ile help you to a horse.
King: Slaue I haue set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die,
I thinke there be fiue Richmonds in the field,
Fие haue I flaine to daie in stead of him,
A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.

Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine
then retrat being founded. Enter Richmond, Darby, bearing the
crowne with other Lords, & c.

Rt. God and your armes be praisd victorious freends,
The daie is ours, the bloudie dog is dead,
Dar. Courageous Richmond, we haft thou acquit thee,
Loe here this long usurped toialtie,
From the dead temples of this bloudie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, enjoy it, and make much of it.
The Tragedie

Rich. Great God of heauen sие Amen to all,
But tell me, is yong George Stanley living,
Dar. He is my lord, and safe in Leicesters towne,
Whether if it please you we may now withdraw vs.

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

John Duke of Norfolke, Water Lord Ferris, sir
Robert Brookenbury & sir William Brandon.

Rich. Inter their bodies as become their births,
Proclame a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will returne to vs,
And then as we have tane the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red,
Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,
That long have frownd vpon their enmitye,
What traitor heares me, and faies not Amen?

England hath long been madde and scard her selfe,
The brother blindlie shed the brothers bloud,
The father rashlie slaughterd his own sonne,
The sonne compeld ben butcher to the fire,
All this deuided Yorke and Lancaster,
Deuided in their dire deuision.

O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royall house,
By Gods faire ordinance conioine together,
And let their heites (God if thy will be so)

Enrich the time to come with smooth, faire peace,
With smiling plentie and faire prosperous daies,
Abate the edge of traitors gracious Lord,

That would reduce these bloudy daies againe,
And make poore England weepe in streames of bloud,
Let them not liue to taft this lands increase,
That would with treason wound this faire lands peace,
Now civill wounds are stop, peace liues againe,
That she may long liue heare, God saie Amen.

FINIS.