



**BRAVE SPIRITS THEATRE  
ARCHIVE**

REHEARSAL SCRIPT  
*Richard III*  
2012

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**Rachel (C?):** There's one kind favor I'll ask of you

**Rachel and Jenna (A?) :** There's one kind favor I'll ask of you

**Rachel and Jenna and Jack (B):** Yeah, there's one kind favor I'll ask of you  
See that my grave is kept clean

**Women of the cast: (Jack is beating a percussive beat. All women wander onstage, pick up a clothing item and take it off stage)**

There's two white horses in a line

There's two white horses in a line

There's two white horses in a line

Carryin' me to my buryin' ground

**Full cast: (Men of the cast wander on stage, pick up a clothing item and take it off stage) -- TRAVIS comes upstage center**

There's three black coaches in the rain

There's three black coaches in the rain

**(Full cast starts wandering back onstage)**

There's three black coaches in the rain

Empty now from their heavy load **(Everyone is in place for next verse)**

**(Sing Staccato and very soft) (some ooo-ing, some singing in counterpoint)**

Have you ever heard a coffin sound?

Have you ever heard a coffin sound?

Have you ever heard a coffin sound

Bein' lowered in the ground?

There's one kind favor I'll ask of you **(Jim and Ian leave and cease singing) Travis puts on coat and deformity?**

There's one kind favor I'll ask of you **(Bess, George, Victoria leave and cease singing)**

There's one kind favor I'll ask of you **(Jessica, Jenna, Rachel, Jack go to vaums)**  
See that my grave is kept clean

audible exhale

“Now is the winter...”

As ghosts enter from downstage, they say their identifiers at different times and volumes

Bess: King Henry's issue

Ian: Harry the Sixth

Jenna: Poor Clarence

Rachel: Rivers and Grey that died at Pomfret

Jim: Think on Lord Hastings

Jack: Edward's unhappy sons

Victoria: wretched Anne thy wife

George: think on Buckingham

The voices grow to a climax, everyone is throughout the stage space. Audible breath, ghosts turn into mist in a clump center. Each ghost in turn pops up and says their line. In the transitions, people can say things like "despair" "die" "awake" "dream" "think" etc

**Ghost of Prince Edward**

Think, how thou stab'st me in my prime of youth  
At Tewksbury

**Ghost of King Henry VI**

When I was mortal, my anointed body  
By thee was punched full of deadly holes.

**Ghost of CLARENCE**

I, that was washed to death with fulsome wine,  
To-morrow in the battle think on me,

**Ghost of RIVERS**

Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,

**Ghost of GREY**

Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

**Ghost of HASTINGS**

Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,  
And in a bloody battle end thy days!

**Ghosts of young Princes**

Let us be **lead** within thy bosom, Richard,  
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!

**Lady Anne**

Anne thy wife,  
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,

Now fills thy sleep with perturbations

**Gh of BUCKINGHAM**

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:  
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!

Everyone comes up with their heads facing Richard on the right

**ALL**

DESPAIR AND DIE

heads come forward

as each Ghost says praise line, their heads turn sharply to Richmond on the left. These lines can overlap

**Ghost of Prince Edward**

Be cheerful, Richmond

**Ghost of King Henry VI**

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!

**Ghost of CLARENCE**

Good angels guard thy battle!

**Ghost of GREY**

awake, and win the day!

**Ghost of HASTINGS**

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

**Ghosts of young Prince Edward**

sleep in peace, and wake in joy

**Lady Anne**

Dream of success and happy victory!

**Gh of BUCKINGHAM**

God and good angels fight on Richmond's side

**ALL**

LIVE AND FLOURISH

ghosts exit upstage whispering words, some deadly to Richard, some encouraging to Richmond

**ACT I. SCENE I.**

*Enter RICHARD*

**RICHARD**

Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this son of York;  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,  
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,  
Grim-visag'd war hath smoothed his wrinkled front;  
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;  
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,  
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up;  
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time,  
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun  
And descant on mine own deformity.  
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,  
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
I am determin'd to prove a villain

And hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
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 mew'd up,  
About a prophecy, which says that 'G'  
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.  
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

*Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY*

Brother, good day; what means this armed guard  
That waits upon your grace?

**CLARENCE**

His majesty  
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed  
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

**RICHARD**

Upon what cause?

**CLARENCE**

Because my name is George.

**RICHARD**

Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;  
He should for that commit your godfathers:  
But what's the matter, Clarence, may I know?

**CLARENCE**

He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;  
And says a wizard told him that by G  
His issue disinherited should be;

And, for my name of George begins with G,  
It follows in his thought that I am he.

These, as I learn, and such like toys as these  
Have moved his highness to commit me now.

**RICHARD**

Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women:

'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower:

My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she

That tempts him to this harsh extremity.

Was it not she

That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,

From whence this present day he is delivered?

We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

**CLARENCE**

By heaven, I think there is no man secure

But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds

That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.

**BRAKENBURY**

I beseech your graces both to pardon me;

His majesty hath straitly given in charge

That no man shall have private conference,

Of what degree soever, with your brother.

**RICHARD**

We speak no treason, man: we say the king

Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen

Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;

And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:

How say you sir? Can you deny all this?

**BRAKENBURY** I do beseech your grace to pardon me, and withal  
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

**CLARENCE** We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

**RICHARD** Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;  
And whatsoever you will employ me in,  
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,  
I will perform it to enfranchise you.  
Meantime, have patience.

**CLARENCE** I must perforce. Farewell.

*Exeunt CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and Guard*

**RICHARD** Simple, plain Clarence, I do love thee so,  
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven.  
But who comes here? the new-delivered Hastings?

*Enter HASTINGS*

**HASTINGS** Good time of day unto my gracious lord.

**RICHARD** As much unto my good lord chamberlain.  
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

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

**RICHARD** No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;  
For they that were your enemies are his,  
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.  
What news abroad?



**HASTINGS**

No news so bad abroad as this at home;  
The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy,  
And his physicians fear him mightily.

**RICHARD**

What, is he in his bed?

**HASTINGS**

He is.

**RICHARD**

Go you before, and I will follow you. *Exit HASTINGS*

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die  
Till George be packed with post-horse up to heaven.  
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,  
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,  
Clarence hath not another day to live:  
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,  
And leave the world for me to bustle in.  
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.  
What though I killed her husband and her father?  
The readiest way to make the wench amends  
Is to become her husband and her father:  
But yet I run before my horse to market:  
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:  
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. *Exit*

**ACT I. SCENE II.**

*Enter the corpse of KING HENRY the Sixth, Gentlemen with halberds to guard it; LADY ANNE being the mourner*

**LADY ANNE**

Set down, set down your honorable load,  
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament  
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.  
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood:  
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,  
To hear the lamentations of Poor Anne,  
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son,  
Stabbed by the selfsame hand that made these wounds.  
Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes.  
Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it.  
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence.  
If ever he have child, abortive be it,  
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light.  
If ever he have wife, let her be made  
More miserable by the death of him  
Then I am made by my poor lord and thee.  
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load.

*Enter RICHARD*

**RICHARD**

Stay, you that bear the corpse, and set it down.

**GENTLEMAN**

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

**RICHARD**

Unmannered dog! stand thou, when I command:

Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot.

**LADY ANNE**

What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,

And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!

**RICHARD**

Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

**LADY ANNE**

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

O, gentlemen! see, see, dead Henry's wounds

Open their congealed mouths and bleed afresh.

Blush, Blush, thou lump of foul deformity;

For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood

From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells.

**RICHARD**

Lady, you know no rules of charity,

Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

**LADY ANNE**

Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

**RICHARD**

But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

**LADY ANNE**

O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

**RICHARD**

More wonderful, when angels are so angry.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,

Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave,

By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

**LADY ANNE**

Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,

For these known evils, but to give me leave,

By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

**RICHARD**

Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have

Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

**LADY ANNE** Foulter than heart can think thee, thou canst make  
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

**RICHARD** By such despair, I should accuse myself.

**LADY ANNE** And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excused;  
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,  
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

**RICHARD** Say that I slew them not.

**LADY ANNE** Then say they were not slain:  
But dead they are, and devilish slave, by thee.

**RICHARD** I did not kill your husband.

**LADY ANNE** Why, then he is alive.

**RICHARD** Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

**LADY ANNE** In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw  
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood  
Didst thou not kill this king?

**RICHARD** I grant ye.

**LADY ANNE** Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too  
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed.  
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

**RICHARD** The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.

**LADY ANNE** He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

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

**LADY ANNE** And thou unfit for any place but hell.

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

**LADY ANNE** Some dungeon.

**RICHARD** Your bed-chamber.

**LADY ANNE** Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

**RICHARD** So will it, madam till I lie with you.

**LADY ANNE** I hope so.

**RICHARD** I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,  
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,  
As blameful as the executioner?

**LADY ANNE** Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect.

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

**LADY ANNE** If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,  
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

**RICHARD** These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck;  
As all the world is cheered by the sun,  
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

**LADY ANNE** Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life.

**RICHARD** Curse not thyself, fair creature, thou art both.

**LADY ANNE** I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

**RICHARD** It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
To be revenged on him that loveth you.

**LADY ANNE** It is a quarrel just and reasonable,  
To be revenged on him that killed my husband.

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

**LADY ANNE** His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

**RICHARD** He lives that loves thee better than he could.

**LADY ANNE** Where is he?

**RICHARD** Here. *She spitteth at him*  
Why dost thou spit at me?

**LADY ANNE** Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake.

**RICHARD** Never came poison from so sweet a place.

**LADY ANNE** Never hung poison on a fouler toad.  
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

**RICHARD** Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

**LADY ANNE** Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead.

**RICHARD** I would they were, that I might die at once;  
For now they kill me with a living death.  
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,  
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops:  
These eyes that never shed remorseful tear,  
No, when my father York and Edward wept,  
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made

When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;  
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,  
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

*She looks scornfully at him*

Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made  
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.  
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;  
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom.  
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

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

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry,  
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.  
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabbed young Edward,  
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

*Here she lets fall the sword*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

**LADY ANNE**

Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,  
I will not be thy executioner.

**RICHARD**

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

**LADY ANNE**

I have already.

**RICHARD**

That was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and, even with the word,

This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,  
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;  
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessory.

**LADY ANNE** I would I knew thy heart.

**RICHARD** 'Tis figured in my tongue.

**LADY ANNE** I fear me both are false.

**RICHARD** Then never man was true.

**LADY ANNE** Well, well, put up your sword.

**RICHARD** Say, then, my peace is made.

**LADY ANNE** That shall you know hereafter.

**RICHARD** But shall I live in hope?

**LADY ANNE** All men, I hope, live so.

**RICHARD** Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

**LADY ANNE** To take is not to give.

**RICHARD** Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger.  
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;  
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.  
And if thy poor devoted servant may  
But beg one favor at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

**LADY ANNE** What is it?

**RICHARD** That it would please thee leave these sad designs  
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby Place;



Where, after I have solemnly interred  
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,  
I will with all expedient duty see you:  
Grant me this boon.

**LADY ANNE** With all my heart; and much it joys me too,  
To see you are become so penitent.

**RICHARD** Bid me farewell.

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

*Exeunt LADY ANNE*

**RICHARD** Sirs, take up the corpse.

**GENTLEMEN** Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

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

*Exeunt all but RICHARD*

Was ever woman in this humor wooed?  
Was ever woman in this humor won?  
I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.  
What? I, that killed her husband and his father,  
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,  
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!  
Ha!  
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,  
Stabbed in my angry mood at Tewksbury?  
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,  
The spacious world cannot again afford  
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,  
On me, that halt and am unshapen thus?  
I do mistake my person all this while:  
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
Myself to be a marvelous proper man.  
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
That I may see my shadow as I pass. *Exit*

**ACT I. SCENE III.**

*Enter ELIZABETH, RIVERS, and GREY*

**RIVERS** Have patience, madam: there's no doubt his majesty  
Will soon recover his accustomed health.

**ELIZABETH** If he were dead, what would betide of me?

**GREY** No other harm but loss of such a lord.

**ELIZABETH** The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

**GREY** The heavens have blessed you with a goodly son,  
To be your comforter when he is gone.

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

**RIVERS** Is it concluded that he shall be protector?

**ELIZABETH** It is determined, not concluded yet.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY*

**GREY** Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.

**BUCKINGHAM** Good time of day unto your royal grace.

**STANLEY** God make your majesty joyful as you have been.

**RIVERS** Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Derby?

**ELIZABETH** What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

**BUCKINGHAM** Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

He desires to make atonement

Between the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,

And between them and my lord chamberlain;

And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

*Enter RICHARD, HASTINGS, and DORSET*

**RICHARD** They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:

Who is it that complains unto the king,

That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?

Because I cannot flatter and look fair,

Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,

I must be held a rancorous enemy.

**GREY** To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

**RICHARD** To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.

When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?

Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?

A plague upon you all! His royal person,  
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,  
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

**ELIZABETH**

Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.  
The king, of his own royal disposition,  
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,  
Against my children, brothers, and myself,  
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather  
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

**RICHARD**

I cannot tell: the world is grown so bad,  
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.

**ELIZABETH**

Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloucester;  
You envy my advancement and my friends':  
God grant we never may have need of you.

**RICHARD**

Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:  
Our brother is imprisoned by your means,--

**ELIZABETH**

I never did incense his majesty  
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been  
An earnest advocate to plead for him.

**RICHARD**

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

**RIVERS**

She may, my lord, for--

**RICHARD**

She may, Lord Rivers, why, who knows not so?  
She may do more, sir, than denying that:

She may help you to many fair preferments.

What may she not? She may, yea, marry, may she--

**RIVERS**

What, marry, may she?

**RICHARD**

What, marry, may she? marry with a king.

**ELIZABETH**

My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne

Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:

By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty

Of those gross taunts I often have endured.

I had rather be a country servant-maid

Than a great queen, with this condition,

To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at.

*Enter MARGARET, behind*

**RICHARD**

What! threat you me with telling of the king?

Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said

I will avouch in presence of the king:

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

**MARGARET**

Out, devil! I do remember them too well:

Thou killedst my husband Henry in the Tower,

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

**RICHARD**

Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries:

To royalize his blood I **spilt** **spent** mine own.

In all which time you and your husband Grey

Were factious for the house of Lancaster;  
And, Rivers, so were you. .

**RIVERS**

My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days  
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,  
We followed then our lord, our lawful king.

**MARGARET**

*Advancing* Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out  
In sharing that which you have pilled from me.

**RICHARD**

Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

**MARGARET**

I was; but I do find more pain in banishment  
Than death can yield me here by my abode.  
A husband and a son thou owest to me;  
And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance.

**RICHARD**

The curse my noble father laid on thee,  
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper  
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,  
And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout  
Steeped in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland--  
His curses, then from bitterness of soul  
Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;  
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

**ELIZABETH**

So just is God, to right the innocent.

**HASTINGS**

O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,  
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

**RIVERS**

Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

**DORSET**

No man but prophesied revenge for it.

**MARGARET**

What were you snarling all before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven?

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,

Could all but answer for that peevish brat?

Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?

Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!

If not by war, by surfeit die your king,

As ours by murder, to make him a king.

Edward thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,

For Edward my son, that was Prince of Wales,

Die in his youth by like untimely violence.

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,

Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self.

Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,

And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son

Was stabbed with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,

That none of you may live your natural age,

But by some unlooked accident cut off.

**RICHARD**

Have done thy charm, thou hateful withered hag.

**MARGARET**

And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store

Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,

O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,

And then hurl down their indignation

On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace.

The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul;

No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,

Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream

Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils.

Thou elvish-marked, abortive, rooting hog,

Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb,

Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins,

Thou rag of honor, thou detested--

**RICHARD**

Margaret!

**MARGARET**

Richard!

**RICHARD**

Ha?

**MARGARET**

I call thee not.

**RICHARD**

I cry thee mercy then, for I did think

That thou hadst called me all these bitter names.

**MARGARET**

Why, so I did; but looked for no reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse.

**RICHARD**

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

**ELIZABETH**

Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself.



**MARGARET** Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune:  
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,  
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?  
The day will come when thou shalt wish for me  
To help thee curse that poisonous bunchbacked toad.

**HASTINGS** False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,  
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

**MARGARET** Foul shame upon you, you have all moved mine.

**BUCKINGHAM** Peace, peace for shame, if not for charity.

**MARGARET** O princely Buckingham I'll kiss thy hand,  
In sign of league and amity with thee:  
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,  
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

**BUCKINGHAM** Nor no one here; for curses never pass  
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

**MARGARET** I'll will not believe think but they ascend the sky,  
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.  
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!  
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,  
His venom tooth will rankle thee to death.

**RICHARD** What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

**BUCKINGHAM** Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

**MARGARET** What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?  
O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,  
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess.

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,  
And he to yours, and all of you to God's. *Exit*

**HASTINGS** My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

**RIVERS** And so doth mine: I muse why she's at liberty.

*Enter CATESBY*

**CATESBY** Madam, his majesty doth call for you,  
And for your grace; and yours, my gracious lords.

**ELIZABETH** Catesby, we come. Lords, will you go with us?

**RIVERS** Madam, we will attend your grace.

*Exeunt all but RICHARD*

**RICHARD** I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.  
Clarence, who I, indeed, have cast in darkness,  
I do bewep to many simple gulls  
Namely to Derby, Hastings, and Buckingham  
And tell them tis the queen and her allies  
That stir the king against the duke my brother.  
Now, they believe it; and withal whet me  
To be revenged on Rivers, Dorset, Grey.

*Enter two Murderers*

But soft, here come my executioners.  
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

**1ST MURDERER** We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant  
That we may be admitted where he is.

**RICHARD** Well thought upon; I have it here about me.

*Gives the warrant*

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,  
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps  
May move your hearts to pity if you mark him.

**1ST MURDERER** Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;  
We come to use our hands and not our tongues.

**RICHARD** I like you, lads; about your business straight.

*Exeunt*

**ACT I. SCENE IV.**

*Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY*

**BRAKENBURY** Why looks your grace so heavily today?

**CLARENCE** O, I have passed a miserable night,  
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,  
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days.

**BRAKENBURY** What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it.

**CLARENCE** Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,  
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;  
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches: thence we looked toward England,  
And cited up a thousand fearful times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster  
That had befall'n us. As we paced along  
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling,  
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.  
Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown,  
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears,  
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes.  
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;  
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.

**BRAKENBURY**

Had you such leisure in the time of death  
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

**CLARENCE**

Methought I had; and often did I strive  
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood  
Stopped in my soul, and would not let it forth  
But smothered it within my panting bulk.

**BRAKENBURY**

Awaked you not with this sore agony?

**CLARENCE**

O, no, my dream was lengthened after life;  
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.  
Then came wandering by  
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,  
'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,  
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury;  
Seize on him, Furies, take him unto torment!'  
With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends  
Environed me, and howled in mine ears  
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise  
I trembling waked, and for a season after  
Could not believe but that I was in hell.

**BRAKENBURY**

No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted you;  
I am afraid methinks to hear you tell it.

**CLARENCE**

O Brakenbury, I have done these things,  
That now give evidence against my soul,  
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me.  
I pray thee gentle keeper stay by me,  
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

**BRAKENBURY**

I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest.

*CLARENCE sleeps. Enter the two Murderers*

**1ST MURDERER**

Ho, who's here?

**BRAKENBURY**

What would'st thou Fellow? And how cam'st thou hither?

**1ST MURDERER**

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

**BRAKENBURY** What so brief?

**2ND MURDERER** Tis better sir than to be tedious. Show him our  
commission; and talk no more.

*BRAKENBURY reads it*

**BRAKENBURY** I am, in this, commanded to deliver  
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:  
I will not reason what is meant hereby,  
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.  
There lies the Duke asleep, and there the keys.  
I'll to the king; and signify to him  
That thus I have resigned my charge to you.

**1ST MURDERER** You may sir, 'tis a point of wisdom: fare you well.

*Exit BRAKENBURY*

**2ND MURDERER** What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

**1ST MURDERER** No; then he will say 'twas done cowardly, when he  
wakes.

**2ND MURDERER** When he wakes? why, fool, he shall never wake  
until the great judgment-day.

**1ST MURDERER** Why, then he will say we stabbed him sleeping.

**2ND MURDERER** The urging of that word 'judgment' hath bred a  
kind of remorse in me.

**1ST MURDERER** What, art thou afraid?

**2ND MURDERER** Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend us.

**1ST MURDERER** I thought thou hadst been resolute.

**2ND MURDERER** So I am, to let him live.

**1ST MURDERER** I'll back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so.

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

**1ST MURDERER** How dost thou feel thyself now?

**2ND MURDERER** 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

**1ST MURDERER** Remember our reward, when the deed is done.

**2ND MURDERER** 'Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

**1ST MURDERER** Where is thy conscience now?

**2ND MURDERER** O, In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

**1ST MURDERER** How if it come to thee again?

**2ND MURDERER** I'll not meddle with it: it is a dangerous thing: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot swear, but it cheques him; he cannot lie with his neighbor's wife, but it detects him; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it, and every man that means to live well endeavors

to trust to himself and to live without it. Come,  
shall we to this gear?

**1ST MURDERER** Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword,  
and then throw him in the malmsey-butt in the next  
room.

**2ND MURDERER** O excellent devise: make a sop of him.

**1ST MURDERER** Soft, he wakes.

**2ND MURDERER** Strike.

**1ST MURDERER** No, we'll reason with him.

**CLARENCE** Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

**1ST MURDERER** You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

**CLARENCE** In God's name, what art thou?

**2ND MURDERER** A man, as you are.

**CLARENCE** How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak.  
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

**BOTH** To, to, to--

**CLARENCE** To murder me?

**BOTH** Ay, ay.

**CLARENCE** You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,  
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.  
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

**1ST MURDERER** Offended us you have not, but the king.

**CLARENCE** I shall be reconciled to him again.

**2ND MURDERER** Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.



**CLARENCE**

What is my offense?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

**1ST MURDERER**

What we will do, we do upon command.

**2ND MURDERER**

And he that hath commanded is the king.

**CLARENCE**

Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings

Hath in the tables of his law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder: will you then

Spurn at his edict and fulfill a man's?

Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hands,

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

**2ND MURDERER**

And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,

For false forswearing and for murder too:

Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,

To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

**1ST MURDERER**

And, like a traitor to the name of God,

Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade

Unripest the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

**2ND MURDERER**

Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

**1ST MURDERER**

How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,

When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?

**CLARENCE**

Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake: Why, sirs,

He sends ye not to murder me for this  
For in this sin he is as deep as I.  
If you be hired for meed, go back again,  
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,  
Who shall reward you better for my life  
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

**2ND MURDERER**

Thou deceivest thyself:  
'Tis he hath sent us hither now to slaughter thee.

**CLARENCE**

It cannot be.

**1ST MURDERER**

Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

**CLARENCE**

Have you that holy feeling in your souls,  
To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,  
That you will war with God by murdering me?

**2ND MURDERER**

What shall we do?

**CLARENCE**

Relent, and save your souls.

**1ST MURDERER**

Relent? 'tis cowardly and womanish.

**CLARENCE**

Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.  
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:  
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,  
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me.

**2ND MURDERER**

Look behind you, my lord.

**1ST MURDERER**

Take that, and that: if all this will not do, *Stabs him*  
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

*Exit, with the body*

**2ND MURDERER** A bloody deed, and desperately dispatched.  
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands  
Of this most grievous guilty murder done.

*Re-enter First Murderer*

**1ST MURDERER** How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?  
By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou art.

**2ND MURDERER** I would he knew that I had saved his brother.  
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;  
For I repent me that the duke is slain. *Exit*

**1ST MURDERER** So do not I: go, coward as thou art.  
Now must I hide his body in some hole,  
Until the duke give order for his burial:  
And when I have my meed, I will away;  
For this will out, and then I must not stay.

## **ACT II. SCENE I.**

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD IV sick, ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS,  
BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others*

**KING EDWARD IV** Why, so: now have I done a good day's work:  
I every day expect an embassy  
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;  
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,  
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

**RIVERS**

By heaven, my heart is purged from grudging hate:

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

**HASTINGS**

So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;

And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

**ELIZABETH**

There, Hastings; I will never more remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love lord marquess.

**DORSET**

This interchange of love, I here protest,

Upon my part shall be unviolable.

**HASTINGS**

And so swear I, my lord *They embrace*

**KING EDWARD IV**

Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,

And make me happy in your unity.

**BUCKINGHAM**

Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate

Upon your grace, God punish me

With hate in those where I expect most love.

**KING EDWARD IV**

A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

*Enter RICHARD*

**RICHARD**

Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen:

And, princely peers, a happy time of day.

**KING EDWARD IV** Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.  
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;  
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,  
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

**RICHARD** A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege:  
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,  
Have aught committed that is hardly borne  
By any in this presence, I desire  
To reconcile me to his friendly peace.  
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,  
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;  
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,  
Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you;  
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.

**ELIZABETH** I would to God all strifes were well compounded.  
My sovereign liege, I do beseech your highness  
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

**RICHARD** Why, madam, have I offered love for this  
To be so flouted in this royal presence?  
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?

**RIVERS** Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

**KING EDWARD IV** Is Clarence dead? the order was reversed.

**RICHARD** But he, poor soul, by your first order died,  
And that a winged Mercury did bear:

Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,  
That came too late to see him buried.

*Enter STANLEY*

**STANLEY** A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

**KING EDWARD IV** I prithee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.

**STANLEY** I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

**KING EDWARD IV** Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st.

**STANLEY** The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;  
Who slew to-day a righteous gentleman.

**KING EDWARD IV** Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,  
And shall the same give pardon to a slave?  
My brother slew no man; his fault was thought,  
And yet his punishment was cruel death.  
Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,  
Kneeled at my feet, and bade me be advised  
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?  
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury  
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,  
And said, dear brother, live, and be a king'?  
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath  
Sinfully plucked, and not a man of you  
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.  
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.  
Oh, poor Clarence!

*Exeunt some with KING EDWARD IV and Queen*

**RICHARD**                    This is the fruit of rashness. Marked you not  
How that the guilty kindred of the queen  
Looked pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?  
O, they did urge it still unto the king!  
God will revenge it. But come, let us in,  
To comfort Edward with our company.

*Exeunt*

**ACT II. SCENE II.**

*Enter the DUCHESS. Enter ELIZABETH, with her hair about her ears; RIVERS, and  
DORSET after her*

**ELIZABETH**                O, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,  
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?  
I'll join with black despair against my soul,  
And to myself become an enemy.

**DUCHESS**                 What means this scene of rude impatience?

**ELIZABETH**                To make an act of tragic violence:  
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead.

**DUCHESS**                 Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow  
As I had title in thy noble husband.  
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,  
And lived by looking on his images:  
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance

Are cracked in pieces by malignant death,  
And I for comfort have but one false glass,  
Which grieves me when I see my shame in him.  
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,  
And hast the comfort of thy children left:  
But death hath snatched my husband from mine arms,  
And plucked two crutches from my feeble limbs hands,  
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,  
To overgo thy woes and drown thy cries.

**ELIZABETH**

Give me no help in lamentation;  
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:  
Was never widow had so dear a loss.

**DUCHESS**

Was never mother had so dear a loss.

**RIVERS**

Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,  
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him  
Let him be crowned; in him your comfort lives.

*Enter RICHARD, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, and RATCLIFF*

**RICHARD**

Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause  
To wail the dimming of our shining star;  
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.

**BUCKINGHAM**

Though we have spent our harvest of this king,  
We are to reap the harvest of his son.  
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,



Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetched  
Hither to London, to be crowned our king.

**RIVERS**

Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

**BUCKINGHAM**

Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,  
The new-healed wound of malice should break out,  
Which would be so much the more dangerous  
By how much the estate is green and yet ungoverned.

**RICHARD**

I hope the king made peace with all of us  
And the compact is firm and true in me.

**RIVERS**

And so in me; and so, I think, in all:  
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put  
To no apparent likelihood of breach:  
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,  
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

**HASTINGS**

And so say I.

**RICHARD**

Then be it so;  
Madam, and you, my mother, will you go  
To give your censures in this weighty business?

**ELIZ / DUCHESS**

With all our hearts.

*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and RICHARD*

**BUCKINGHAM**

My lord, whoever journeys to the Prince,  
For God's sake, let not us two be behind;  
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,  
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

**RICHARD** My other self, my counsel's consistory,  
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

*Exeunt*

**ACT II. SCENE III.**

*Enter two Citizens meeting*

**FIRST CITIZEN** Good Morrow Neighbor, whither away so fast?

**SECOND CITIZEN** I promise you, I scarcely know myself:

Hear you the news abroad?

**FIRST CITIZEN** Yes that the king is dead.

**SECOND CITIZEN** Ill news, by'r lady.

*Enter another Citizen*

**THIRD CITIZEN** Neighbors, God speed.

**FIRST CITIZEN** Give you good morrow, sir.

**THIRD CITIZEN** Doth this news hold of good King Edward's death?

**SECOND CITIZEN** Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while.

**THIRD CITIZEN** Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

**FIRST CITIZEN** No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.

**SECOND CITIZEN** Woe to the land that's governed by a child!

**FIRST CITIZEN** So stood the state when Henry the Sixth  
Was crowned in Paris but at nine months old.

**THIRD CITIZEN** Stood the state so? No, good my friends not so  
For then this land was famously enriched

With politic grave counsel; then the king  
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

**FIRST CITIZEN** Why, so hath this, both by the father and mother.

**THIRD CITIZEN** O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,  
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud.

**FIRST CITIZEN** Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

**THIRD CITIZEN** All may be well; but, if God sort it so,  
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

**SECOND CITIZEN** Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear.

**THIRD CITIZEN** Before the days of change, still is it so:  
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

**SECOND CITIZEN** Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

**THIRD CITIZEN** And so was I: I'll bear you company.

*Exeunt*

#### **ACT II. SCENE IV.**

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, young YORK, ELIZABETH, and the DUCHESS*

**ARCHBISHOP** To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

**DUCHESS** I long with all my heart to see the prince:  
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

**ELIZABETH** But I hear, no; they say my son of York  
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

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

**DUCHESS** Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

**YORK**

Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,  
My uncle Rivers talked how I did grow  
More than my brother: 'Ay,' quoth my uncle Gloucester,  
'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.'  
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,  
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.

**DUCHESS**

Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold  
In him that did object the same to thee;  
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,  
So long a-growing and so leisurely,  
That, if this rule were true, he should be gracious.

**ARCHBISHOP**

And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

**DUCHESS**

I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

**YORK**

Now, by my troth, if I had been remembered,  
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,  
To touch his growth nearer than he touched mine.

**DUCHESS**

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

**YORK**

Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast  
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old  
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.  
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

*Enter a Messenger*

**ARCHBISHOP**

Here comes a messenger. What news?

**MESSENGER** Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.  
Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret, prisoners.

**DUCHESS** Who hath committed them?

**MESSENGER** The mighty dukes  
Gloucester and Buckingham.

**ELIZABETH** Ay me, I see the downfall ruin of my house!  
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!

**DUCHESS** Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,  
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?  
My husband lost his life to get the crown;  
And often up and down my sons were tossed,  
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss.  
O, preposterous  
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;  
Or let me die, to look on death no more.

**ELIZABETH** Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.

**ARCHBISHOP** For my part, I'll resign unto your grace  
The seal I keep: and so betide to me  
As well I tender you and all of yours.  
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

*Exeunt*

**ACT III. SCENE I.**

*The trumpets sound. Enter the young PRINCE EDWARD, RICHARD, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL, CATESBY, and others*

**BUCKINGHAM** Welcome, sweet prince, to London.

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

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

**RICHARD** Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years  
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit.  
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;  
God keep you from them, and from such false friends.

**PRINCE EDWARD** God keep me from false friends, but they were none.

**RICHARD** My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

*Enter the Hastings, Lord Mayor and his train*

**Lord Mayor** God bless your grace with health and happy days.

**PRINCE EDWARD** I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all.  
What, will our mother come?

**HASTINGS** On what occasion, God he knows, not I,  
The queen your mother, and your brother York,  
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince

Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,  
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

**BUCKINGHAM**

Fie, what an indirect and peevish course  
Is this of hers! Lord Cardinal, will your grace  
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York  
Unto his princely brother presently?  
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,  
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

**CARDINAL**

God in heaven forbid  
We should infringe the holy privilege  
Of blessed sanctuary.

**BUCKINGHAM**

You break not sanctuary in seizing him.  
The benefit thereof is always granted  
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,  
And those who have the wit to claim the place:  
This prince hath neither claimed it nor deserved it;  
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.  
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;  
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

**CARDINAL**

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

**HASTINGS**

I go, my lord.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

*Exeunt CARDINAL and HASTINGS*

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

**RICHARD**

Where it seems best unto your royal self.  
If I may counsel you, some day or two  
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:  
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit  
For your best health and recreation.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

I do not like the Tower, of any place.

*Enter young YORK, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL*

**BUCKINGHAM**

Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

Richard of York, how fares our loving brother?

**YORK**

Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours.

**RICHARD**

How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

**YORK**

I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,  
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth  
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

**RICHARD**

He hath, my lord.

**YORK**

And therefore is he idle?

**RICHARD**

O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

**YORK**

Then is he more beholding to you than I.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:  
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.



**YORK** You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:  
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;  
Because that I am little, like an ape,  
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

**BUCKINGHAM** With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons:  
So cunning and so young is wonderful.

**RICHARD** My lord, will't please you pass along?  
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham  
Will to your mother, to entreat of her  
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

**YORK** I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

**RICHARD** Why, what should you fear?

**YORK** Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost.

**PRINCE EDWARD** I fear no uncles dead.

**RICHARD** Nor none that live, I hope.

**PRINCE EDWARD** An if they live, I hope I need not fear.  
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,  
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

*A Sennet. Exeunt all but RICHARD, BUCKINGHAM and CATESBY*

**BUCKINGHAM** Think you, my lord, this little prating York  
Was not incensed by his subtle mother  
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

**RICHARD** No doubt, no doubt; O, 'tis a parlous boy;  
He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.

**BUCKINGHAM**

Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby.

Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend

As closely to conceal what we impart:

Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way;

What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter

To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,

For the installment of this noble duke

In the seat royal of this famous isle?

**CATESBY**

He for his father's sake so loves the prince,

That he will not be won to aught against him.

**BUCKINGHAM**

What think'st thou, then, of Stanley? what will he?

**CATESBY**

He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

**BUCKINGHAM**

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

And, as it were far off sound thou Lord Hastings,

How doth he stand affected to our purpose.

And give us notice of his inclination:

For we to-morrow hold divided councils,

Wherein thyself shalt highly be employed.

**RICHARD**

Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries

To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;

**BUCKINGHAM**

Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

**CATESBY**

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

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

**RICHARD** Chop off his head, man!  
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me  
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables  
Whereof the king my brother was possessed.

**BUCKINGHAM** I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.

**RICHARD** And look to have it yielded with all willingness kindness.  
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards  
We may digest our complots in some form.

*Exeunt*

### **ACT III. SCENE II.**

*Enter a Messenger*

**MESSENGER** What, ho, my lord!

**HASTINGS** [*Within*] Who knocks at the door?

**MESSENGER** A messenger from the Lord Stanley.

*Enter HASTINGS*

**HASTINGS** Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?

**MESSENGER** So it appears by that I have to say.  
He dreamt to-night the boar had razed his helm:  
Besides, he says there are two councils kept;  
And that may be determined at the one  
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,  
If you will presently take horse with him,  
And with all speed post with him toward the north,  
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

**HASTINGS**

Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;  
Bid him not fear the separated councils  
His honor and myself are at the one,  
And at the other is my servant Catesby  
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us  
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

**MESSENGER**

I'll go my lord and tell him what you say. *Exit*

*Enter CATESBY*

**CATESBY**

Many good morrows to my noble lord.

**HASTINGS**

Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring  
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

**CATESBY**

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

**HASTINGS**

How? wear the garland? dost thou mean the crown?

**CATESBY**

Ay, my good lord.

**HASTINGS**

I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders  
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplaced.  
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

**CATESBY**

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

**HASTINGS**

Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,  
Because they have been still mine enemies:  
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,  
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,  
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

**CATESBY**

God keep your lordship in that gracious mind.

**HASTINGS**

But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,  
That they who brought me in my master's hate  
I live to look upon their tragedy.

**CATESBY**

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

**HASTINGS**

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

**CATESBY**

The princes both make high account of you;  
*Aside* For they account his head upon the bridge.

**HASTINGS**

I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

*Enter STANLEY*

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

**STANLEY**

My lord, good morrow; good morrow, Catesby:

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,

I do not like these several councils, I.

**HASTINGS**

My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours;

And never in my life, I do protest,

Was it so precious to me as 'tis now:

Think you, but that I know our state secure,

I would be so triumphant as I am?

**STANLEY**

The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,

Were jocund, and supposed their state was sure,

But yet, you see how soon the day o'ercast.

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward.

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

*Enter a Pursuivant*

**HASTINGS**

Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.

*Exeunt STANLEY and CATESBY*

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

**PURSUIVANT**

The better that your lordship please to ask.

**HASTINGS**

I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now

Than when I met thee last where now we meet:

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the queen's allies;  
But now, I tell thee--keep it to thyself--  
This day those enemies are put to death,  
And I in better state than e'er I was.

**PURSUIVANT** God hold it, to your honor's good content.

**HASTINGS** Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.

*Throws him his purse.*

**PURSUIVANT** God save your lordship. *Exit*

*Enter a Priest*

**PRIEST** Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honor.

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

I am in your debt for your last exercise;

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM*

**BUCKINGHAM** What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;

Your honor hath no shriving work in hand.

**HASTINGS** Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

Those men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower my Lord?

**BUCKINGHAM** I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay

I shall return before your lordship thence.

**HASTINGS** 'Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.

**BUCKINGHAM** [Aside] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.  
Come, will you go?

**HASTINGS** I'll wait upon your lordship.

*Exeunt*

**ACT III. SCENE III.**

*Enter RATCLIFF, with halberds, carrying RIVERS, GREY to death*

**RATCLIFF** Come, bring forth the prisoners.

**RIVERS** Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:  
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die  
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

**GREY** God keep the prince from all the pack of you:  
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.  
Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,  
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,  
For standing by when Richard stabbed her son.

**RIVERS** Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she Buckingham,  
Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God  
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us  
And for my sister and her princely sons,  
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,  
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

**RATCLIFF** Dispatch, the limit of your lives is out.



**RIVERS**

Come, Grey, let us embrace:

And take our leave, until we meet in heaven.

*Exeunt*

**ACT III. SCENE IV.**

*Enter BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, the BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, with others, and take their seats at a table*

**HASTINGS**

Now Noble Peers the cause why we are met

Is, to determine of the coronation.

**BUCKINGHAM**

Are all things fitting for that royal time?

**STANLEY**

It is, and wants but nomination.

**BISHOP OF ELY**

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

**BUCKINGHAM**

Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?

**BISHOP OF ELY**

Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

**BUCKINGHAM**

We know each others faces: for our hearts,

He knows no more of mine, then I of yours,

Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

**HASTINGS**

I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;

But, for his purpose in the coronation.

I have not sounded him, nor he delivered

His gracious pleasure any way therein.

*Enter RICHARD*

**BISHOP OF ELY**

In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

**RICHARD**

My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.  
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust  
My absence doth neglect no great designs,  
Which by my presence might have been concluded.  
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there  
I do beseech you send for some of them.

**BISHOP OF ELY**

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

**RICHARD**

Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

*Drawing him aside*

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

**BUCKINGHAM**

Withdraw yourself, my lord, I'll go with you.

*Exit RICHARD, BUCKINGHAM following*

**STANLEY**

We have not yet set down this day of triumph.  
To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden.

*Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY*

**BISHOP OF ELY**

Where is my lord the Duke of Gloucester?  
I have sent for these strawberries.

**HASTINGS**

His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;  
I think there's never a man in Christendom

Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;  
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

**STANLEY** What of his heart perceive you in his face  
By any likelihood he showed to-day?

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

*Re-enter RICHARD and BUCKINGHAM*

**RICHARD** I pray you all, tell me what they deserve  
That do conspire my death with devilish plots  
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevailed  
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

**HASTINGS** The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,  
Makes me most forward in this noble presence  
To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be  
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

**RICHARD** Then be your eyes the witness of this ill:  
See how I am bewitched; behold mine arm  
Is, like a blasted sapling, withered up:  
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,  
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

**HASTINGS** If they have done this thing, my gracious lord--

**RICHARD** If? thou protector of this damned strumpet,  
Talkst thou to me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor!

Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,  
I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:

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

*Exeunt all but HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and LOVEL*

**HASTINGS**

Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,

For I, too fond, might have prevented this.

Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm,

But I disdained it, and did scorn to fly.

O, now I need the priest that spake to me;

I now repent I told the pursuivant

As 'twere triumphing at mine enemies,

How they at Pomfret bloodily were butchered,

And I myself secure in grace and favor.

O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

**RATCLIFF**

Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at dinner:

**LOVEL**

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

**HASTINGS**

O bloody Richard: miserable England,

I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee

That ever wretched age hath looked upon.

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

They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.

*Exeunt*

**ACT III. SCENE V.**

*Enter RICHARD and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten armor, marvelous ill-favored*

**RICHARD**                   Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy color,  
Murder thy breath in the middle of a word,  
And then begin again, and stop again,  
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

**BUCKINGHAM**               Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;  
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,  
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks  
Are at my service, like enforced smiles.  
But what, is Catesby gone?

**RICHARD**                   He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

*Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY*

**BUCKINGHAM**               Lord mayor,--

**RICHARD**                   Look to the drawbridge there!

**BUCKINGHAM**               Hark! a drum.

**RICHARD**                   Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

**BUCKINGHAM**               Lord mayor, the reason we have sent--

**RICHARD**                   Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

**BUCKINGHAM**               God and our innocency defend and guard us!

**RICHARD**                   Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.

*Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' head*

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

**RICHARD**

So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless man

That breathed upon this earth a Christian.

**BUCKINGHAM**

Would you have imagined, or almost believe,

Were't not that, by great preservation,

We live to tell it you, the subtle traitor

Had this day plotted, in the council-house

To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?

**LORD MAYOR**

What, had he so?

**RICHARD**

What, think you we are Turks or infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,

Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,

But that the extreme peril of the case,

The peace of England and our persons' safety,

Enforced us to this execution?

**LORD MAYOR**

Now, fair befall you, he deserved his death.

**RICHARD**

Yet had not we determined he should die,

Until your lordship came to see his death;

Which now the loving haste of these our friends,

Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented:

Because, my lord, we would have had you heard

The traitor speak, and timorously confess

That you might well have signified the same

Unto the citizens, who haply may

Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.

**LORD MAYOR**

But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,

As well as I had seen and heard him speak

And doubt you not, right noble princes both,

But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens

With all your just proceedings in this cause. *Exit Lord Mayor*

**RICHARD**

Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.

The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:

There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,

Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:

Moreover, urge his hateful luxury

And bestial appetite in change of lust.

**BUCKINGHAM**

Fear not, my lord, I'll play the orator

As if the golden fee for which I plead

Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

**RICHARD**

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

Where you shall find me well accompanied

With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

**BUCKINGHAM**

I go: and towards three or four o'clock

Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. *Exit*

**RICHARD**

Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw;

*To CATESBY* Go thou to Friar Penker; bid them both

Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

*Exeunt all but RICHARD*

Now will I in, to take some privy order,  
And to give order, that no manner person  
At any time have recourse unto the princes. *Exit*

**ACT III. SCENE VI.**

*Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand*

**SCRIVENER** Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;  
Which in a set hand fairly is engrossed,  
That it may be this day read over in Paul's.  
Eleven hours I spent to write it over,  
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;  
The precedent was full as long a-doing:  
And yet within these five hours lived Lord Hastings,  
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty  
Here's a good world the while! Why who's so gross,  
That cannot see this palpable device?  
Yet who's so blind, but says he sees it not?  
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,  
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought. *Exit*

**ACT III. SCENE VII.**

*Enter RICHARD and BUCKINGHAM, at several doors*

**RICHARD** How now, how now, what say the citizens?



**BUCKINGHAM** Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,  
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

**RICHARD** Touched you the bastardy of Edward's children?

**BUCKINGHAM** I did;-  
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,  
As being got, your father then in France,  
Withal I did infer your lineaments,  
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility:  
And when mine oratory grew to an end  
I bid them that did love their country's good  
Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king!'

**RICHARD** Ah -- and did they so?

**BUCKINGHAM** No, so God help me, they spake not a word;  
But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,  
Stared each on other, and looked deadly pale.

**RICHARD** What tongueless blocks were they! would not they speak?

**BUCKINGHAM** No, by my troth, my lord.

**RICHARD** Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?

**BUCKINGHAM** The mayor is here at hand: intend some fear;  
And be not easily won to our request:  
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, but take it.

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

**BUCKINGHAM** Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.

*Exit RICHARD*

*Enter the Lord Mayor and Citizens*

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

*Enter CATESBY*

Here comes his servant: how now, Catesby,  
What says your lord to my request?

**CATESBY** He doth entreat your grace; my noble lord,  
To visit him to-morrow or next day:  
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,  
Divinely bent to meditation.

**BUCKINGHAM** Return, good Catesby, to thy lord again;  
Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens,  
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

**CATESBY** I'll signify so much unto him straight. *Exit*

**BUCKINGHAM** Ah ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward.  
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,  
But on his knees at meditation;  
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,  
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:

Happy were England, would this virtuous prince  
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:

But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

**LORD MAYOR** Marry, God forbid his grace should say us nay!

*Enter RICHARD aloft, between two Bishops. CATESBY returns*

**LORD MAYOR** See, where he stands between two clergymen!

**BUCKINGHAM** Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,  
To stay him from the fall of vanity:  
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,  
Lend favorable ears to our request;  
And pardon us the interruption  
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

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

**BUCKINGHAM** Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,  
And all good men of this ungoverned isle.  
This noble land doth want her proper limbs;  
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,  
And almost shouldered in the swallowing gulf  
Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.  
Which to recure, we heartily solicit

Your gracious self to take on you the charge  
And kingly government of this your land.  
For this, consorted with the citizens,  
Your very worshipful and loving friends,  
And by their vehement instigation,  
In this just cause come I to move your grace.

**RICHARD**

I know not whether to depart in silence,  
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof.  
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert  
Unmeritable shuns your high request.  
But, God be thanked, there's no need of me,  
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,  
Will well become the seat of majesty,  
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.

**BUCKINGHAM**

My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;  
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,  
All circumstances well considered.  
You say that Edward is your brother's son:  
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;  
For first he was contract to Lady Lucy--  
And afterward by substitute betrothed  
To Bona, sister to the King of France.  
These both put by a poor petitioner,

A care-crazed mother of a many children,  
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got  
This Edward, whom our manners term the prince.  
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self  
This proffered benefit of dignity.

**LORD MAYOR** Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat you.

**BUCKINGHAM** Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffered love.

**CATESBY** O, make them joyful! grant their lawful suit!

**RICHARD** Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?

I am unfit for state and dignity;

I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

**BUCKINGHAM** Yet whether you accept our suit or no,  
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;  
But we will plant some other in the throne,  
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:  
And in this resolution here we leave you.--  
Come, citizens! 'zounds, I'll entreat no more!

**RICHARD** O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham!

*Exit BUCKINGHAM with the Citizens*

**CATESBY** Call them again, sweet prince, and accept their suit.

**RICHARD** Would you enforce me to a world of care?

Call them again. I am not made of stone.

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest*

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

**LORD MAYOR** God bless your grace: we see it, and will say it.

**RICHARD** In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

**BUCKINGHAM** Then I salute you with this royal title:

Long live Richard, England's worthy king!

**MAYOR / CITIZENS** Amen.

**BUCKINGHAM** To-morrow may it please you to be crowned?

**RICHARD** Even when you will, since you will have it so.

**BUCKINGHAM** To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace:

And so most joyfully we take our leave.

**RICHARD** Come, let us to our holy work again.

Farewell, good cousin; farewell, gentle friends.

*Exeunt*

**ACT IV. SCENE I.**

*Enter, on one side, ELIZABETH, DUCHESS, and DORSET; on the other, ANNE, Duchess of Gloucester*

**DUCHESS** Daughter, well met.

**LADY ANNE** God give your graces both  
A happy and a joyful time of day.

**ELIZABETH** As much to you, good sister. Whither away?

**LADY ANNE** No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,  
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,  
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

**ELIZABETH** Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together.

*Enter BRAKENBURY*

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.  
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

**BRAKENBURY** Right well, dear madam. By your patience,  
I may not suffer you to visit them;  
The king hath straitly charged the contrary.

**ELIZABETH** The king? why, who's that?

**BRAKENBURY** I mean the lord protector.

**ELIZABETH** The Lord protect him from that kingly title!  
Hath he set bounds betwixt their love and me?  
I am their mother; who should keep me from them?

**DUCHESS** I am their father's mother; I will see them.

**LADY ANNE**                    Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:  
  
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame  
  
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

**BRAKENBURY**                I do beseech your graces all to pardon me:  
  
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. *Exit*

*Enter LORD STANLEY*

**LORD STANLEY**              Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,  
  
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

**LADY ANNE**                    Despiteful tidings, O unpleasing news.

**DORSET**                        Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your grace?

**ELIZABETH**                    O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence!  
  
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.  
  
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,  
  
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.

**LORD STANLEY**              Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.  
  
You shall have letters from me to my son  
  
In your behalf to meet you on the way.

**DUCHESS**                      O my accursed womb, the bed of death!  
  
A cockatrice hast thou hatched to the world,  
  
Whose unavoyded eye is murderous.

**LORD STANLEY**              Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

**LADY ANNE**                    And I in all unwillingness will go.

**ELIZABETH**                    Alas poor soul, I envy not thy glory  
  
To feed my humor, wish thyself no harm.



**LADY ANNE**

No: why? When he that is my husband now  
Came to me, as I followed Henry's corpse,  
O, when, I say, I looked on Richard's face,  
This was my wish: 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accursed,  
For making me, so young, so old a widow;  
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;  
And be thy wife--if any be so mad--  
More miserable by the life of thee  
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death.  
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,  
Within so small a time, my woman's heart  
Grossly grew captive to his honey words  
And proved the subject of my own soul's curse,  
Which hitherto hath kept my eyes from rest.

**ELIZABETH**

Poor heart, adieu. I pity thy complaining.

**LADY ANNE**

No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

**DUCHESS**

[*To DORSET*]

Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee.

*To LADY ANNE*

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee.

*To ELIZABETH*

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me.

*Exeunt*

**ACT IV. SCENE II.**

*Sennet. Enter RICHARD, in pomp, crowned; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a page, others*

**RICHARD** Stand all apart! Cousin of Buckingham!

**BUCKINGHAM** My gracious sovereign?

**RICHARD** Give me thy hand. *Here he ascendeth his throne*  
Thus high, by thy advice  
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated;  
But shall we wear these glories for a day?  
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

**BUCKINGHAM** Still live they and for ever may they last.

**RICHARD** Young Edward lives: think now what I would say.

**BUCKINGHAM** Say on, my loving lord.

**RICHARD** Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king,

**BUCKINGHAM** Why, so you are, my thrice renowned lord.

**RICHARD** Ha! am I king? 'tis so: but Edward lives.

**BUCKINGHAM** True, noble prince.

**RICHARD** O bitter consequence,  
That Edward still should live 'True, noble prince.'  
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:  
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead.  
What sayest thou? speak suddenly; be brief.

**BUCKINGHAM** Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord  
Before I positively speak in this:  
I will resolve your grace immediately. *Exit*

**RICHARD**

I will converse with iron-witted fools  
And unrespective boys: none are for me  
That look into me with considerate eyes:  
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.  
Boy!

**PAGE**

My lord?

**RICHARD**

Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold  
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

**PAGE**

My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,  
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:  
Gold were as good as twenty orators,  
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

**RICHARD**

What is his name?

**PAGE**

His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

**RICHARD**

I partly know the man: go, call him hither.

*Exit Page*

*Enter STANLEY*

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

**STANLEY**

My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's fled  
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the sea  
Where he abides. *Stands apart*

**RICHARD**

Come hither Catesby. Rumor it abroad  
That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die.  
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.

About it; for it stands me much upon,  
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

*Exit CATESBY*

I must be married to my brother's daughter,  
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.  
Murder her brothers, and then marry her.  
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in  
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin.

*Re-enter Page, with TYRREL*

Is thy name Tyrrel?

**TYRREL** James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

**RICHARD** Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

**TYRREL** Please you. But I had rather kill two enemies.

**RICHARD** Why, there thou hast it: two deep enemies,  
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers  
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

**TYRREL** Let me have open means to come to them,  
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

**RICHARD** Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel  
Go, by this token: rise, and lend thine ear:

*Whispers*

There is no more but so: say it is done,  
And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

**TYRREL** I will dispatch it straight. *Exit*

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM*

**BUCKINGHAM** My Lord, I have considered in my mind  
The late request that you did sound me in.

**RICHARD** Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

**BUCKINGHAM** I hear that news, my lord.

**RICHARD** Stanley, he is your wife's son, well look unto it.

**BUCKINGHAM** My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,  
The earldom of Hereford and the moveables  
The which you promised I should possess.

**RICHARD** Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey  
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

**BUCKINGHAM** What says your highness to my just demand?

**RICHARD** I do remember me Henry the Sixth  
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king.

**BUCKINGHAM** My lord!

**RICHARD** How chance the prophet could not at that time  
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

**BUCKINGHAM** May it please you to resolve me in my suit.

**RICHARD** Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM*

**BUCKINGHAM** And is it thus? repays he my deep service  
With such contempt? made I him king for this?  
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone  
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. *Exit*

**ACT IV. SCENE III.**

*Enter TYRREL*

**TYRREL**

The tyrannous and bloody act is done.  
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,  
Although they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,  
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad stories.  
'Lo, thus' quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender babes:'  
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another  
Within their innocent alabaster arms:  
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;  
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind;  
But O, the devil'--there the villain stopped  
When Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered  
The most replenished sweet work of nature,  
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'  
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;  
They could not speak; and so I left them both,  
To bring this tidings to the bloody king.  
And here he comes.

*Enter RICHARD*

All hail, my sovereign liege.

**RICHARD**

Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

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

**RICHARD** But didst thou see them dead?

**TYRREL** I did, my lord.

**RICHARD** And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

**TYRREL** The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them.

**RICHARD** Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,  
And thou shalt tell the process of their death.  
Farewell till then.

**TYRREL** I humbly take my leave. *Exit*

**RICHARD** The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,  
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.  
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims  
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,  
And, by that knot, looks proudly o'er the crown,  
To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

*Enter CATESBY*

**CATESBY** My lord--

**RICHARD** Good news or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly?

**CATESBY** Bad news, my lord: Ely is fled to Richmond;  
And Buckingham, backed with the hardy Welshmen,  
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

**RICHARD**

Ely with Richmond troubles me more near  
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army.  
Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;  
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

*Exeunt*

**ACT IV. SCENE IV.**

*Enter MARGARET*

**MARGARET**

So, now prosperity begins to mellow  
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.  
A dire induction am I witness to,  
And will to France, hoping the consequence  
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.  
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

*Enter ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS*

**ELIZABETH**

Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!  
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air  
And be not fixed in doom perpetual,  
Hover about me with your airy wings  
And hear your mother's lamentation.

**DUCHESS**

So many miseries have crazed my voice,  
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb,  
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?



**MARGARET** Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet.  
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

**ELIZABETH** Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,  
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?  
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

**MARGARET** When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

**DUCHESS** Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, *Sitting down*  
Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood.

**ELIZABETH** O, that thou wouldst as well afford a grave  
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat:  
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.  
O, who hath any cause to mourn but **I** **we**?

**MARGARET** If ancient sorrow be most reverend,  
Give mine the benefit of seniory,  
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:  
I had an Edward, till a Richard killed him;  
I had a Harry, till a Richard killed him:  
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard killed him;  
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard killed him;

**DUCHESS** I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;  
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

**MARGARET** Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard killed him.  
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept  
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:

O upright, just, and true-disposing God,  
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur  
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,  
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan.

**DUCHESS**

O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes,  
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

**MARGARET**

Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,  
And now I cloy me with beholding it.  
Thy Edward he is dead, that killed my Edward:  
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;  
Young York he is but boot, because both they  
Match not the high perfection of my loss:  
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabbed my Edward;  
And the beholders of this tragic play,  
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Grey,  
Untimely smothered in their dusky graves.  
Richard yet lives:  
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I prey,  
That I may live to say, 'The dog is dead!'

**ELIZABETH**

O, thou didst prophesy the time would come  
That I should wish for thee to help me curse  
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-backed toad.

**MARGARET**

I called thee then vain flourish of my fortune;  
I called thee then poor shadow, painted queen;

The presentation of but what I was;  
One heaved a-high, to be hurled down below;  
A mother only mocked with two fair babes;  
A dream of what thou wast, a garish flag  
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;  
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;  
A queen in jest, only to fill the Scene.  
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?  
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?  
Who sues, and kneels, and cries, God save the Queen?  
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?  
Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?  
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:  
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;  
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;  
For queen, a very caitiff crowned with care;  
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;  
For one commanding all, obeyed of none.  
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:  
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

**ELIZABETH**

O thou well skilled in curses, stay awhile,  
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

**MARGARET**

Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days;  
Compare dead happiness with living woe;

Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,  
And he that slew them fouler than he is:  
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse:  
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

**ELIZABETH** My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine!

**MARGARET** Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. *Exit*

**DUCHESS** If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me.

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother

My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smothered.

*I hear his drum* *The trumpet sounds*: be copious in exclams.

*Enter RICHARD, marching, with drums and trumpets*

**RICHARD** Who intercepts me in my expedition?

**DUCHESS** O, she that might have intercepted thee,

By strangling thee in her accursed womb

From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

**ELIZABETH** Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,

The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,

And the dire death of my two sons and brothers?

Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

**DUCHESS** Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?

**ELIZABETH** Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, and Grey?

**RICHARD** A flourish! trumpets! strike alarum drums!  
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women  
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say!

*Flourish. Alarums*

**DUCHESS** Art thou my son?

**RICHARD** Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

**DUCHESS** Then patiently hear my impatience.

**RICHARD** Madam, I have a touch of your condition,  
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

**DUCHESS** I will be mild and gentle in my **speech words**.

**RICHARD** And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

**DUCHESS** Art thou so hasty? I have stayed for thee,  
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

**RICHARD** And came I not at last to comfort you?

**DUCHESS** No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,  
Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.  
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;  
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;  
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious,  
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,  
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody  
What comfortable hour canst thou name,  
That ever graced me in thy company?

**RICHARD**

If I be so disgracious in your sight,  
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.  
Strike up the drum.

**DUCHESS**

Hear me a word;  
For I shall never speak to thee again.

**RICHARD**

So.

**DUCHESS**

Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,  
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,  
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish  
And never more behold thy face again.  
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;  
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more  
Than all the complete armor that thou wear'st.  
My prayers on the adverse party fight;  
And there the little souls of Edward's children  
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies  
And promise them success and victory.  
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;  
Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend. *Exit*

**ELIZABETH**

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

**RICHARD**

Stay, madam; I must speak a word with you.

**ELIZABETH**

I have no more sons of the royal blood  
For thee to slaughter: for my daughters, Richard,

They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;  
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

**RICHARD** You have a daughter called Elizabeth,  
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

**ELIZABETH** And must she die for this? O, let her live,  
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;  
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;  
So she may live unscarred of bleeding slaughter,  
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

**RICHARD** Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

**ELIZABETH** To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

**RICHARD** Her life is safest only in her birth.

**ELIZABETH** And only in that safety died her brothers.

**RICHARD** Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

**ELIZABETH** No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

**RICHARD** You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

**ELIZABETH** Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozened  
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.  
Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,  
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:  
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt  
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,  
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

**RICHARD** Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise  
And dangerous success of bloody wars,  
As I intend more good to you and yours,  
Than ever you or yours by me were harmed.

**ELIZABETH** What good is covered with the face of heaven,  
To be discovered, that can do me good?

**RICHARD** The advancement of your children, mighty gentle lady.

**ELIZABETH** Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

**RICHARD** Unto the dignity and height of fortune  
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.  
Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.  
And do intend to make her queen of England.

**ELIZABETH** Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

**RICHARD** Even he that makes her queen who should be else?

**ELIZABETH** How canst thou woo her?

**RICHARD** That would I learn of you,  
As one being best acquainted with her humor.

**ELIZABETH** Therefore present to her--as sometime Margaret  
Did to thy father, steeped in Rutland's blood,--  
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain  
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' body  
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith.  
If this inducement force her not to love,  
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;



Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,  
Her uncle Rivers; yea, and, for her sake,  
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

**RICHARD** You mock me madam; this is not the way  
To win your daughter.

**ELIZABETH** There is no other way  
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,  
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

**RICHARD** Look, what is done cannot be now amended:  
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,  
To make amends, Ill give it to your daughter.  
If I have killed the issue of your womb,  
To quicken your increase, I will beget  
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.  
Go, then my mother, to thy daughter go  
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale  
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame  
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess  
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys.  
Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

**ELIZABETH** An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

**RICHARD** Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

**ELIZABETH** Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

**RICHARD** Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

**ELIZABETH** O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;  
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.

**RICHARD** Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

**ELIZABETH** Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.  
Swear then by something that thou hast not wronged.

**RICHARD** Then, by myself--

**ELIZABETH** Thyself thyself misusest.

**RICHARD** Now, by the world--

**ELIZABETH** 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

**RICHARD** Why then, by God --

**ELIZABETH** God's wrong is most of all.  
If thou hadst feared to break an oath by Him,  
The unity the king thy brother made  
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.

**RICHARD** Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!  
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!  
Be opposite all planets of good luck  
To my proceedings, if, with pure heart's love,  
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter.  
In her consists my happiness and thine;  
Without her, follows to this land and me,  
To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,  
Death, desolation, ruin and decay:  
It cannot be avoided but by this;

It will not be avoided but by this.

Therefore, dear mother,--I must call you so--

Be the attorney of my love to her:

Plead what I will be, not what I have been;

Not my deserts, but what I will deserve.

**ELIZABETH** Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

**RICHARD** Ay, if the devil tempt you to do good.

**ELIZABETH** Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

**RICHARD** And be a happy mother by the deed.

**ELIZABETH** I go. Write to me very shortly.

And you shall understand from me her mind.

**RICHARD** Bear her my true love's kiss; and so, farewell. *Exit ELIZABETH*

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman.

*Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following*

How now, what news?

**RATCLIFF** Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast

Rideth a puissant navy; to our shores

Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,

Unarmed, and unresolved to beat them back:

'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;

And there they hull, expecting but the aid

Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

**RICHARD** Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:

Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he?

**CATESBY** Here, my good lord.  
**RICHARD** Catesby, Fly to the duke:  
**CATESBY** I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.  
**RICHARD** Ratcliffe come hither, post to Salisbury:

When thou comest thither--

*To CATESBY*

Dull, unmindful villain,  
Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke?

**CATESBY** First, mighty liege, tell me your Highness' pleasure,  
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

**RICHARD** O, true, good Catesby: bid him levy straight  
The greatest strength and power he can make,  
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

**CATESBY** I go. *Exit*

**RATCLIFF** What may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

**RICHARD** Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

**RATCLIFF** Your highness told me I should post before.

**RICHARD** My mind is changed,

*Enter STANLEY*

Stanley what news with you?

**STANLEY** None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;  
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

**RICHARD** Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad.  
Once more, what news?

**STANLEY** Richmond is on the seas.

**RICHARD** White-livered runagate, what doth he there?

**STANLEY** Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,  
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

**RICHARD** Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

**STANLEY** No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

**RICHARD** Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?  
Are they not now upon the western shore,  
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

**STANLEY** No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

**RICHARD** Cold friends to me: what do they in the north,  
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

**STANLEY** They have not been commanded, mighty king:  
Please it your majesty to give me leave,  
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace  
Where and what time your majesty shall please.

**RICHARD** Go then and muster men; but leave behind  
Your son, George Stanley: look your **faith heart** be firm.  
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

**STANLEY** So deal with him as I prove true to you. *Exit*

*Enter a Messenger*

**MESSENGER** My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,  
As I by friends am well advertised,  
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate

Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,  
With many more confederates, are in arms.

*Enter another Messenger*

**2ND MESSENGER** In Kent My liege, the Guildfords are in arms;  
And every hour more competitors  
Flock to the rebels, and still their power increaseth.

*Enter another Messenger*

**3RD MESSENGER** My lord, the army of great Buckingham--

**RICHARD** Out on you, owls! nothing but songs of death?

*He striketh him*

There take thou that, til thou bring better news.

**3RD MESSENGER** The news I have to tell your majesty  
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,  
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scattered.

**RICHARD** I cry thee mercy:  
Ratcliffe reward him, for the blow I gave him,

*Enter another Messenger*

**4TH MESSENGER** Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset,  
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.  
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,  
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest.

**RICHARD** March on, march on, since we are up in arms;  
If not to fight with foreign enemies,  
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

*Re-enter CATESBY*

**CATESBY** My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken;  
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond  
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,  
Is colder tidings yet they must be told.

**RICHARD** Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here,  
A royal battle might be won and lost  
Some one take order Buckingham be brought  
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.

*Flourish. Exeunt*

**ACT IV. SCENE V.**

*Enter STANLEY and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK*

**STANLEY** Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:  
My son George Stanley is franked up in hold:  
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;  
The fear of that withholds my present aid.  
Withal say, that the Queen hath heartily consented  
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.  
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

**CHRISTOPHER** At Pembroke, or at Harford-west, in Wales.

**STANLEY** What men of name resort to him?

**CHRISTOPHER** Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;  
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,

And many other of great name and worth:  
And towards London they do bend their course,  
If by the way they be not fought withal.

**STANLEY**

Well hie thee to thy Lord: I kiss his hand,  
My letter will resolve him of my mind.  
Farewell.

*Exeunt*

**ACT V. SCENE I.**

*Enter Ratcliffe, and BUCKINGHAM, with halberds, led to execution*

**BUCKINGHAM**

Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

**RATCLIFFE**

No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

**BUCKINGHAM**

This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

**RATCLIFFE**

It is, my lord.

**BUCKINGHAM**

Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.

This is the day which in King Edward's time,

I wish't might fall on me, when I was found

False to his children or his wife's allies

This is the day wherein I wished to fall

By the false faith of him whom most I trusted most;

Now Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck;

'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,

Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'



Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;  
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

*Exeunt*

**ACT V. SCENE II.**

*Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, HERBERT, and others, with drum and colours*

**RICHMOND** Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,  
Thus far into the bowels of the land  
Have we marched on without impediment;  
And here receive we from our father Stanley  
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.  
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,  
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace  
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

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

**HERBERT** I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

**BLUNT** He hath no friends but who are friends for fear.  
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

**RICHMOND** All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:  
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings:  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

*Exeunt*

**ACT V. SCENE III.**

*Enter RICHARD in arms, with NORFOLK, SURREY, and others*

**RICHARD** Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

**SURREY** My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

**RICHARD** My Lord of Norfolk,--

**NORFOLK** Here, most gracious liege.

**RICHARD** Up with my tent! here will I lie tonight;

Who hath descried the number of the foe?

**NORFOLK** Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

**RICHARD** Why, our battalion trebles that account:

Up with my tent there! Valiant gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the field

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay,

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

*Exeunt*

*Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, OXFORD, and others. Some of the*

*Soldiers pitch RICHMOND's tent*

**RICHMOND** My Lord of Oxford,

And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.

The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:

Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him

And by the second hour in the morning

Desire the earl to see me in my tent:

Yet one thing more, good Captain, do for me,  
Where is Lord Stanley quartered, do you know?

**BLUNT** Unless I have mista'en his colors much,  
His regiment lies half a mile at least  
South from the mighty power of the king.

**RICHMOND** If without peril it be possible,  
Go give him from me this most needful note.

**BLUNT** Upon my life, my lord, I'll under-take it;  
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night.

**RICHMOND** Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come gentlemen,  
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business  
In to our tent; the air is raw and cold.

*They withdraw into the tent*

*Enter, to his tent, RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, CATESBY, and others*

**RICHARD** Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;  
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

**NORFOLK** I go, my lord. *Exit*

**RICHARD** Catesby!

**CATESBY** My lord?

**RICHARD** Send out a pursuivant at arms  
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power  
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall  
Into the blind cave of eternal night.

*Exit CATESBY*

Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.

Ratcliff!

**RATCLIFF**

My lord?

**RICHARD**

Bid my guard watch; leave me.

Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent

And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

*Exeunt RATCLIFF and the other Attendants*

*Enter STANLEY to RICHMOND in his tent, Lords and others attending*

**STANLEY**

Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

**RICHMOND**

All comfort that the dark night can afford

Be to thy person, noble father.

**STANLEY**

Prepare thy battle early in the morning,

I, as I may--that which I would I cannot,--

With best advantage will deceive the time,

And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:

But on thy side I may not be too forward

Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,

Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time

Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love

And ample interchange of sweet discourse,

Which so long sundered friends should dwell upon.

Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well.

**RICHMOND**

Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:  
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,  
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,  
When I should mount with wings of victory:  
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

*Exeunt all but RICHMOND*

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,  
Look on my forces with a gracious eye,  
That we may praise thee in the victory.  
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,  
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:  
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still!  
*Sleeps*

*Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, son to King Henry VI*

**Ghost of Prince Edward** [*To RICHARD*]

Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow.  
Think, how thou stab'st me in my prime of youth  
At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die!

*To RICHMOND*

Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls  
Of butchered princes fight in thy behalf  
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

*Enter the Ghost of King Henry VI*

**Ghost of King Henry VI** [*To RICHARD*]

When I was mortal, my anointed body

By thee was punched full of deadly holes.

Harry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die!

*To RICHMOND*

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror.

Live, and flourish!

*Enter the Ghost of CLARENCE*

**Ghost of CLARENCE** [To RICHARD]

Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death.

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!--

*To RICHMOND*

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee

Good angels guard thy battle. Live, and flourish!

*Enter the Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY*

**Ghost of RIVERS** [To RICHARD]

Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,

Rivers that died at Pomfret. Despair, and die!

**Ghost of GREY** [To RICHARD]

Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair.

**BOTH**

[To RICHMOND]

Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom

Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day!

*Enter the Ghost of HASTINGS*

**Ghost of HASTINGS** [To RICHARD]

Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,

And in a bloody battle end thy days.

Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die!

*To RICHMOND*

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

*Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes*

**Ghosts of young Princes** [*To RICHARD*]

Dream on thy cousins smothered in the Tower:

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death.

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!

*To RICHMOND*

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy.

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

*Enter the Ghost of LADY ANNE*

**Ghost of LADY ANNE** [*To RICHARD*]

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,

Now fills thy sleep with perturbations

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!

*To RICHMOND*

Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep

Dream of success and happy victory.

Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

*Enter the Ghost of BUCKINGHAM*

**Gh of BUCKINGHAM** [*To RICHARD*]

The first was I that helped thee to the crown;

The last was I that felt thy tyranny:

O, in the battle think on Buckingham,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness.

*To RICHMOND*

I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid:

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismayed:

God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;

And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

*The Ghosts vanish. RICHARD starts out of his dream*

**RICHARD**

Give me another horse: bind up my wounds.

Have mercy, Jesu!--Soft, I did but dream.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!

What? do I fear? myself? there's none else by:

Richard loves Richard; that is, I **am and I**.

Is there a murderer here? No! Yes, I am:

Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why:

Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?

Alack. I love myself. Wherefore? for any good

That I myself have done unto myself?

O, no! alas, I rather hate myself

For hateful deeds committed by myself!

I am a villain: yet I lie. I am not!

Fool, of thyself speak well! fool, do not flatter.



My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain.  
Methought the souls of all that I had murdered  
Came to my tent; and every one did threat  
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

*Enter RATCLIFF*

**RATCLIFF** My lord!

**RICHARD** 'Zounds! who is there?

**RATCLIFF** Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village-cock  
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;  
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armor.

**RICHARD** O Ratcliff, I have dreamed a fearful dream.

**RATCLIFF** Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

**RICHARD** By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard  
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers  
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

*Exeunt*

*Enter the Lords to RICHMOND, sitting in his tent*

**OXFORD** Good morrow, Richmond.

**RICHMOND** Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,  
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

**HERBERT** How have you slept, my lord?

**RICHMOND**

The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams  
That ever entered in a drowsy head.  
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murdered,  
Came to my tent, and cried on victory:  
I promise you, my heart is very jocund  
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.  
How far into the morning is it, lords?

**BLUNT**

Upon the stroke of four.

**RICHMOND**

Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

*His oration to his soldiers*

More than I have said, loving countrymen,  
The leisure and enforcement of the time  
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,  
God and our good cause fight upon our side;  
Richard except, those whom we fight against  
Had rather have us win than him they follow:  
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,  
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;  
One raised in blood, and one in blood established;  
One that hath ever been God's enemy:  
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,  
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;  
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,  
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,  
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;  
If you do free your children from the sword,  
Your children's children quit it in your age.  
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,  
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.  
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully;  
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!

*Exeunt*

*Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants and Forces, NORFOLK*

**NORFOLK**

Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

**RICHARD**

Come, bustle, bustle; caparison my horse.

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power.

Go, gentleman, every man unto his charge

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls:

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell

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

What shall I say more than I have inferred?

Remember whom you are to cope withal;

A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,

Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

To desperate ventures and assured destruction.

And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,

A milk-sop, one that never in his life

Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?  
If we be conquered, let men conquer us,  
And not these bastard Bretons; whom our fathers  
Have in their own land beaten, bobbed, and thumped.

*Drum afar off*

Hark, I hear their drum.

*Enter CATESBY*

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

**CATESBY** My lord, he doth deny to come.

**RICHARD** Off with his son George's head!

**NORFOLK** My lord, the enemy is past the marsh  
After the battle let George Stanley die.

**RICHARD** Advance our standards, set upon our foes  
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms!

*Exeunt*

#### **ACT V. SCENE IV.**

*Alarum: excursions. Enter NORFOLK and forces fighting; to him CATESBY*

**CATESBY** Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk! rescue! rescue!

*Alarums. Enter RICHARD*

**RICHARD** A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

**CATESBY** Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

**RICHARD**

Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

*Exeunt*

**ACT V. SCENE V.**

*Alarum. Enter RICHARD and RICHMOND; they fight. RICHARD is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter RICHMOND, STANLEY bearing the crown, with divers other Lords*

**RICHMOND**

God and your arms be praised, victorious friends,

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

**STANLEY**

Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty

From the dead temples of this bloody wretch

Have I plucked off, to grace thy brows withal:

Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

**RICHMOND**

Great God of heaven, say Amen to all!

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

**STANLEY**

He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;

**RICHMOND**

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled

That in submission will return to us.

We will unite the white rose and the red:

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,

That long have frowned upon their enmity.

What traitor hears me, and says not amen?

England hath long been mad, and scarred herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,  
The father rashly slaughtered his own son,  
The son, compelled, been butcher to the sire:  
All this divided York and Lancaster.  
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
The true succeeders of each royal house,  
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together.  
Now civil wounds are stopped, peace lives again;  
That she may long live here, God say amen!

*Exeunt*