
The Tragedy of
RICHARD III

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
and PAUL WERSTINE

Folger Shakespeare Library

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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theater.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exist to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

Textual Introduction

By **Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine**

Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for

example, from *Henry V*: “With [blood] and sword and tire to win your right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest <soldier.> Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

Synopsis

As *Richard III* opens, Richard is Duke of Gloucester and his brother, Edward IV, is king. Richard is eager to clear his way to the crown. He manipulates Edward into imprisoning their brother, Clarence, and then has Clarence murdered in the Tower. Meanwhile, Richard succeeds in marrying Lady Anne, even though he killed her father-in-law, Henry VI, and her husband.

When the ailing King Edward dies, Prince Edward, the older of his two young sons, is next in line for the throne. Richard houses the Prince and his younger brother in the Tower. Richard then stages events that yield him the crown.

After Richard's coronation, he has the boys secretly killed. He also disposes of Anne, his wife, in order to court his niece, Elizabeth of York. Rebellious nobles rally to Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond. When their armies meet, Richard is defeated and killed. Richmond becomes Henry VII. His marriage to Elizabeth of York ends the Wars of the Roses and starts the Tudor dynasty.

Characters in the Play

RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, later King Richard III
LADY ANNE, widow of Edward, son to the late King Henry VI;
later wife to Richard

KING EDWARD IV, brother to Richard
QUEEN ELIZABETH, Edward's wife, formerly the Lady Grey
PRINCE EDWARD
RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK } *their sons*

GEORGE, DUKE OF CLARENCE, brother to Edward and Richard
Clarence's BOY
Clarence's DAUGHTER

DUCHESS OF YORK, mother of Richard, Edward, and Clarence

QUEEN MARGARET, widow of King Henry VI

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

WILLIAM, LORD HASTINGS, Lord Chamberlain

LORD STANLEY, Earl of Derby

EARL RIVERS, brother to Queen Elizabeth
LORD GREY
MARQUESS OF DORSET } *sons of Queen Elizabeth by her
former marriage*

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFFE
LORD LOVELL
DUKE OF NORFOLK
EARL OF SURREY } *Richard's supporters*

EARL OF RICHMOND, Henry Tudor, later King Henry VII

EARL OF OXFORD
SIR JAMES BLUNT
SIR WALTER HERBERT
SIR WILLIAM BRANDON
SIR CHRISTOPHER, a priest } *Richmond's supporters*

ARCHBISHOP

CARDINAL

JOHN MORTON, BISHOP OF ELY

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower in London

THREE THIRTY gentlemen

JAMES TYRREL, gentleman

GENTLEMAN, attending Lady Anne

TWO MURDERERS

KEEPER in the Tower

Three CITIZENS

LORD MAYOR of London

PURSUIVANT

SIR JOHN, a priest

SCRIVENER

PAGE

SHERIFF

Seven MESSENGERS

GHOSTS of King Henry VI, his son Prince Edward, Clarence, Rivers,
Grey, Vaughan, the two Princes, Hastings, Lady Anne, and
Buckingham

Guards, Tressel, Berkeley, Halberds, Gentlemen, Anthony
Woodeville and Lord Scales (brothers to Queen Elizabeth), Two
Bishops, Sir William Brandon, Lords, Attendants, Citizens,
Aldermen, Councillors, Soldiers

ACT 1

Scene 1

Enter Richard, Duke of Gloucester, alone.

RICHARD

FTLN 0001	Now is the winter of our discontent	
FTLN 0002	Made glorious summer by this son of York,	
FTLN 0003	And all the clouds that loured upon our house	
FTLN 0004	In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.	
FTLN 0005	Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,	5
FTLN 0006	Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,	
FTLN 0007	Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,	
FTLN 0008	Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.	
FTLN 0009	Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front;	
FTLN 0010	And now, instead of mounting barbèd steeds	10
FTLN 0011	To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,	
FTLN 0012	He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber	
FTLN 0013	To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.	
FTLN 0014	But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,	
FTLN 0015	Nor made to court an amorous looking glass;	15
FTLN 0016	I, that am rudely stamped and want love's majesty	
FTLN 0017	To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;	
FTLN 0018	I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,	
FTLN 0019	Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,	
FTLN 0020	Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time	20
FTLN 0021	Into this breathing world scarce half made up,	
FTLN 0022	And that so lamely and unfashionable	
FTLN 0023	That dogs bark at me as I halt by them—	

CLARENCE

FTLN 0056 Yea, Richard, when I know, ⟨for⟩ I protest
 FTLN 0057 As yet I do not. But, as I can learn,
 FTLN 0058 He hearkens after prophecies and dreams,
 FTLN 0059 And from the crossrow plucks the letter *G*,
 FTLN 0060 And says a wizard told him that by “*G*” 60
 FTLN 0061 His issue disinherited should be.
 FTLN 0062 And for my name of George begins with *G*,
 FTLN 0063 It follows in his thought that I am he.
 FTLN 0064 These, as I learn, and such like toys as these
 FTLN 0065 Hath moved his Highness to commit me now. 65

RICHARD

FTLN 0066 Why, this it is when men are ruled by women.
 FTLN 0067 ’Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower.
 FTLN 0068 My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, ’tis she
 FTLN 0069 That ⟨tempers⟩ him to this extremity.
 FTLN 0070 Was it not she and that good man of worship, 70
 FTLN 0071 Anthony Woodeville, her brother there,
 FTLN 0072 That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
 FTLN 0073 From whence this present day he is delivered?
 FTLN 0074 We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

CLARENCE

FTLN 0075 By heaven, I think there is no man secure 75
 FTLN 0076 But the Queen’s kindred and night-walking heralds
 FTLN 0077 That trudge betwixt the King and Mistress Shore.
 FTLN 0078 Heard you not what an humble suppliant
 FTLN 0079 Lord Hastings was ⟨to her⟩ for ⟨his⟩ delivery?

RICHARD

FTLN 0080 Humbly complaining to her Deity 80
 FTLN 0081 Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.
 FTLN 0082 I’ll tell you what: I think it is our way,
 FTLN 0083 If we will keep in favor with the King,
 FTLN 0084 To be her men and wear her livery.
 FTLN 0085 The jealous o’erworn widow and herself, 85
 FTLN 0086 Since that our brother dubbed them gentlewomen,
 FTLN 0087 Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

BRAKENBURY

FTLN 0088 I beseech your Graces both to pardon me.
 FTLN 0089 His Majesty hath straitly given in charge
 FTLN 0090 That no man shall have private conference, 90
 FTLN 0091 Of what degree soever, with your brother.

RICHARD

FTLN 0092 Even so. An please your Worship, Brakenbury,
 FTLN 0093 You may partake of anything we say.
 FTLN 0094 We speak no treason, man. We say the King
 FTLN 0095 Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen 95
 FTLN 0096 Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous.
 FTLN 0097 We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
 FTLN 0098 A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue,
 FTLN 0099 And that the Queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.
 FTLN 0100 How say you, sir? Can you deny all this? 100

BRAKENBURY

FTLN 0101 With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.

RICHARD

FTLN 0102 Naught to do with Mistress Shore? I tell thee,
 FTLN 0103 fellow,
 FTLN 0104 He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
 FTLN 0105 Were best to do it secretly, alone. 105

BRAKENBURY

FTLN 0106 I do beseech your Grace to pardon me, and withal
 FTLN 0107 Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

CLARENCE

FTLN 0108 We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

RICHARD

FTLN 0109 We are the Queen's abjects and must obey.—
 FTLN 0110 Brother, farewell. I will unto the King, 110
 FTLN 0111 And whatso'er you will employ me in,
 FTLN 0112 Were it to call King Edward's widow "sister,"
 FTLN 0113 I will perform it to enfranchise you.
 FTLN 0114 Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
 FTLN 0115 Touches me deeper than you can imagine. 115

CLARENCE

FTLN 0116 I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

RICHARD

FTLN 0117 Well, your imprisonment shall not be long.

FTLN 0118 I will deliver you or else lie for you.

FTLN 0119 Meantime, have patience.

FTLN 0120 CLARENCE I must, perforce. Farewell. 120

Exit Clarence, 「Brakenbury, and guard.」

RICHARD

FTLN 0121 Go tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return.

FTLN 0122 Simple, plain Clarence, I do love thee so

FTLN 0123 That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,

FTLN 0124 If heaven will take the present at our hands.

FTLN 0125 But who comes here? The new-delivered Hastings? 125

Enter Lord Hastings.

HASTINGS

FTLN 0126 Good time of day unto my gracious lord.

RICHARD

FTLN 0127 As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain.

FTLN 0128 Well are you welcome to ⟨the⟩ open air.

FTLN 0129 How hath your Lordship brooked imprisonment?

HASTINGS

FTLN 0130 With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must. 130

FTLN 0131 But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks

FTLN 0132 That were the cause of my imprisonment.

RICHARD

FTLN 0133 No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too,

FTLN 0134 For they that were your enemies are his

FTLN 0135 And have prevailed as much on him as you. 135

HASTINGS

FTLN 0136 More pity that the eagles should be mewed,

FTLN 0137 Whiles kites and buzzards 「prey」 at liberty.

FTLN 0138 RICHARD What news abroad?

HASTINGS

FTLN 0139 No news so bad abroad as this at home:

FTLN 0140	The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy,	140
FTLN 0141	And his physicians fear him mightily.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0142	Now, by Saint John, that news is bad indeed.	
FTLN 0143	O, he hath kept an evil diet long,	
FTLN 0144	And overmuch consumed his royal person.	
FTLN 0145	'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.	145
FTLN 0146	Where is he, in his bed?	
FTLN 0147	HASTINGS He is.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0148	Go you before, and I will follow you.	
	<i>Exit Hastings.</i>	
FTLN 0149	He cannot live, I hope, and must not die	
FTLN 0150	Till George be packed with post-horse up to heaven.	150
FTLN 0151	I'll in to urge his hatred more to Clarence	
FTLN 0152	With lies well steeled with weighty arguments,	
FTLN 0153	And, if I fail not in my deep intent,	
FTLN 0154	Clarence hath not another day to live;	
FTLN 0155	Which done, God take King Edward to His mercy,	155
FTLN 0156	And leave the world for me to bustle in.	
FTLN 0157	For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.	
FTLN 0158	What though I killed her husband and her father?	
FTLN 0159	The readiest way to make the wench amends	
FTLN 0160	Is to become her husband and her father;	160
FTLN 0161	The which will I, not all so much for love	
FTLN 0162	As for another secret close intent	
FTLN 0163	By marrying her which I must reach unto.	
FTLN 0164	But yet I run before my horse to market.	
FTLN 0165	Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns.	165
FTLN 0166	When they are gone, then must I count my gains.	
	<i>He exits.</i>	

Scene 2

*Enter the corse of Henry the Sixth [on a bier,] with
Halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the mourner,
[accompanied by Gentlemen.]*

ANNE

FTLN 0167 Set down, set down your honorable load,
FTLN 0168 If honor may be shrouded in a hearse,
FTLN 0169 Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
FTLN 0170 Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
[They set down the bier.]

FTLN 0171 Poor key-cold figure of a holy king, 5
FTLN 0172 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster,
FTLN 0173 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood,
FTLN 0174 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost
FTLN 0175 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
FTLN 0176 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son, 10
FTLN 0177 Stabbed by the selfsame hand that made these
FTLN 0178 wounds.
FTLN 0179 Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life
FTLN 0180 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
FTLN 0181 O, cursèd be the hand that made these holes; 15
FTLN 0182 Cursèd the heart that had the heart to do it;
FTLN 0183 Cursèd the blood that let this blood from hence.
FTLN 0184 More direful hap betide that hated wretch
FTLN 0185 That makes us wretched by the death of thee
FTLN 0186 Than I can wish to wolves, to spiders, toads, 20
FTLN 0187 Or any creeping venomèd thing that lives.
FTLN 0188 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
FTLN 0189 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
FTLN 0190 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
FTLN 0191 May fright the hopeful mother at the view, 25
FTLN 0192 And that be heir to his unhappiness.
FTLN 0193 If ever he have wife, let her be made
FTLN 0194 More miserable by the death of him
FTLN 0195 Than I am made by my young lord and thee.—

FTLN 0196 Come now towards Chertsey with your holy load, 30
 FTLN 0197 Taken from Paul's to be interrèd there.

「*They take up the bier.*」

FTLN 0198 And still, as you are weary of this weight,
 FTLN 0199 Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

Enter Richard, Duke of Gloucester.

RICHARD

FTLN 0200 Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

ANNE

FTLN 0201 What black magician conjures up this fiend 35
 FTLN 0202 To stop devoted charitable deeds?

RICHARD

FTLN 0203 Villains, set down the corse or, by Saint Paul,
 FTLN 0204 I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

GENTLEMAN

FTLN 0205 My lord, stand back and let the coffin pass.

RICHARD

FTLN 0206 Unmannered dog, 〈stand〉 thou when I command!— 40
 FTLN 0207 Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
 FTLN 0208 Or by Saint Paul I'll strike thee to my foot
 FTLN 0209 And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

「*They set down the bier.*」

ANNE, 「*to the Gentlemen and Halberds*」

FTLN 0210 What, do you tremble? Are you all afraid?
 FTLN 0211 Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal, 45
 FTLN 0212 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
 FTLN 0213 Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell.
 FTLN 0214 Thou hadst but power over his mortal body;
 FTLN 0215 His soul thou canst not have. Therefore begone.

RICHARD

FTLN 0216 Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst. 50

ANNE

FTLN 0217 Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us
 FTLN 0218 not,
 FTLN 0219 For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,

FTLN 0220	Filled it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.	
FTLN 0221	If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,	55
FTLN 0222	Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.	
	<i>〔She points to the corpse.〕</i>	
FTLN 0223	O, gentlemen, see, see dead Henry's wounds	
FTLN 0224	Open their congealed mouths and bleed afresh!—	
FTLN 0225	Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,	
FTLN 0226	For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood	60
FTLN 0227	From cold and empty veins where no blood dwells.	
FTLN 0228	Thy deeds, inhuman and unnatural,	
FTLN 0229	Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—	
FTLN 0230	O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!	
FTLN 0231	O Earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his	65
FTLN 0232	death!	
FTLN 0233	Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer	
FTLN 0234	dead,	
FTLN 0235	Or Earth gape open wide and eat him quick,	
FTLN 0236	As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,	70
FTLN 0237	Which his hell-governed arm hath butcherèd.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0238	Lady, you know no rules of charity,	
FTLN 0239	Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.	
	ANNE	
FTLN 0240	Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man.	
FTLN 0241	No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.	75
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0242	But I know none, and therefore am no beast.	
	ANNE	
FTLN 0243	O, wonderful, when devils tell the truth!	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0244	More wonderful, when angels are so angry.	
FTLN 0245	Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,	
FTLN 0246	Of these supposed crimes to give me leave	80
FTLN 0247	By circumstance but to acquit myself.	
	ANNE	
FTLN 0248	Vouchsafe, defused infection of <i>⟨a⟩</i> man,	

FTLN 0249 Of these known evils but to give me leave
 FTLN 0250 By circumstance to curse thy cursèd self.

RICHARD

FTLN 0251 Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have 85
 FTLN 0252 Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

ANNE

FTLN 0253 Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
 FTLN 0254 No excuse current but to hang thyself.

RICHARD

FTLN 0255 By such despair I should accuse myself.

ANNE

FTLN 0256 And by despairing shalt thou stand excused 90
 FTLN 0257 For doing worthy vengeance on thyself
 FTLN 0258 That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

FTLN 0259 RICHARD Say that I slew them not.

FTLN 0260 ANNE Then say they were not slain.

FTLN 0261 But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee. 95

FTLN 0262 RICHARD I did not kill your husband.

FTLN 0263 ANNE Why then, he is alive.

RICHARD

FTLN 0264 Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's hands.

ANNE

FTLN 0265 In thy foul throat thou liest. Queen Margaret saw
 FTLN 0266 Thy murd'rous falchion smoking in his blood, 100
 FTLN 0267 The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
 FTLN 0268 But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

RICHARD

FTLN 0269 I was provokèd by her sland'rous tongue,
 FTLN 0270 That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

ANNE

FTLN 0271 Thou wast provokèd by thy bloody mind, 105
 FTLN 0272 That never dream'st on aught but butcheries.
 FTLN 0273 Didst thou not kill this king?

FTLN 0274 RICHARD I grant you.

ANNE

FTLN 0275 Dost grant me, hedgehog? Then, God grant me too

FTLN 0301	These nails should rend that beauty from my	135
FTLN 0302	cheeks.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0303	These eyes could not endure that beauty's wrack.	
FTLN 0304	You should not blemish it, if I stood by.	
FTLN 0305	As all the world is cheerèd by the sun,	
FTLN 0306	So I by that. It is my day, my life.	140
	ANNE	
FTLN 0307	Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0308	Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.	
	ANNE	
FTLN 0309	I would I were, to be revenged on thee.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0310	It is a quarrel most unnatural	
FTLN 0311	To be revenged on him that loveth thee.	145
	ANNE	
FTLN 0312	It is a quarrel just and reasonable	
FTLN 0313	To be revenged on him that killed my husband.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0314	He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband	
FTLN 0315	Did it to help thee to a better husband.	
	ANNE	
FTLN 0316	His better doth not breathe upon the earth.	150
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0317	He lives that loves thee better than he could.	
	ANNE	
FTLN 0318	Name him.	
FTLN 0319	RICHARD Plantagenet.	
FTLN 0320	ANNE Why, that was he.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0321	The selfsame name, but one of better nature.	155
	ANNE	
FTLN 0322	Where is he?	
FTLN 0323	RICHARD Here. (<i>She spits at him.</i>) Why dost	
FTLN 0324	thou spit at me?	

ANNE

FTLN 0325 Would it were mortal poison for thy sake.

RICHARD

FTLN 0326 Never came poison from so sweet a place. 160

ANNE

FTLN 0327 Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

FTLN 0328 Out of my sight! Thou dost infect mine eyes.

RICHARD

FTLN 0329 Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

ANNE

FTLN 0330 Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead.

RICHARD

FTLN 0331 I would they were, that I might die at once, 165

FTLN 0332 For now they kill me with a living death.

FTLN 0333 Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt

FTLN 0334 tears,

FTLN 0335 Shamed their aspects with store of childish drops.

FTLN 0336 These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear— 170

FTLN 0337 No, when my father York and Edward wept

FTLN 0338 To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made

FTLN 0339 When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;

FTLN 0340 Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

FTLN 0341 Told the sad story of my father's death 175

FTLN 0342 And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,

FTLN 0343 That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks

FTLN 0344 Like trees bedashed with rain—in that sad time,

FTLN 0345 My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;

FTLN 0346 And what these sorrows could not thence exhale 180

FTLN 0347 Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with

FTLN 0348 weeping.

FTLN 0349 I never sued to friend, nor enemy;

FTLN 0350 My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word.

FTLN 0351 But now thy beauty is proposed my fee, 185

FTLN 0352 My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to

FTLN 0353 speak. *She looks scornfully at him.*

FTLN 0354 Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made

FTLN 0355	For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.	
FTLN 0356	If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,	190
FTLN 0357	Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,	
FTLN 0358	Which if thou please to hide in this true breast	
FTLN 0359	And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,	
FTLN 0360	I lay it naked to the deadly stroke	
FTLN 0361	And humbly beg the death upon my knee.	195
	<i>He</i> ¹ <i>kneels and</i> ¹ <i>lays his breast open;</i> <i>she offers at</i> ¹ <i>it</i> <i>with his sword.</i>	
FTLN 0362	Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry—	
FTLN 0363	But 'twas thy beauty that provokèd me.	
FTLN 0364	Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabbed young	
FTLN 0365	Edward—	
FTLN 0366	But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.	200
	<i>She falls the sword.</i>	
FTLN 0367	Take up the sword again, or take up me.	
	ANNE	
FTLN 0368	Arise, dissembler. Though I wish thy death,	
FTLN 0369	I will not be thy executioner.	
	RICHARD, ¹ <i>rising</i>	
FTLN 0370	Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.	
	ANNE	
FTLN 0371	I have already.	205
FTLN 0372	RICHARD That was in thy rage.	
FTLN 0373	Speak it again and, even with the word,	
FTLN 0374	This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,	
FTLN 0375	Shall for thy love kill a far truer love.	
FTLN 0376	To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.	210
FTLN 0377	ANNE I would I knew thy heart.	
FTLN 0378	RICHARD 'Tis figured in my tongue.	
FTLN 0379	ANNE I fear me both are false.	
FTLN 0380	RICHARD Then never <i><was man></i> true.	
FTLN 0381	ANNE Well, well, put up your sword.	215
FTLN 0382	RICHARD Say then my peace is made.	
FTLN 0383	ANNE That shalt thou know hereafter.	
FTLN 0384	RICHARD But shall I live in hope?	

FTLN 0385 ANNE All men I hope live so.

FTLN 0386 ‹RICHARD› Vouchsafe to wear this ring. 220

FTLN 0387 ‹ANNE To take is not to give.›
He places the ring on her hand.

RICHARD

FTLN 0388 Look how my ring encompasseth thy finger;
 FTLN 0389 Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart.
 FTLN 0390 Wear both of them, for both of them are thine. 225
 FTLN 0391 And if thy poor devoted servant may
 FTLN 0392 But beg one favor at thy gracious hand,
 FTLN 0393 Thou dost confirm his happiness forever.

FTLN 0394 ANNE What is it?

RICHARD

FTLN 0395 That it may please you leave these sad designs
 FTLN 0396 To him that hath most cause to be a mourner, 230
 FTLN 0397 And presently repair to Crosby House,
 FTLN 0398 Where, after I have solemnly interred
 FTLN 0399 At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king
 FTLN 0400 And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
 FTLN 0401 I will with all expedient duty see you. 235
 FTLN 0402 For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
 FTLN 0403 Grant me this boon.

ANNE

FTLN 0404 With all my heart, and much it joys me too
 FTLN 0405 To see you are become so penitent.—
 FTLN 0406 Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me. 240

RICHARD

FTLN 0407 Bid me farewell.

FTLN 0408 ANNE 'Tis more than you deserve;
 FTLN 0409 But since you teach me how to flatter you,
 FTLN 0410 Imagine I have said “farewell” already.
Two exit with Anne. The bier is taken up.

FTLN 0411 GENTLEMAN Towards Chertsey, noble lord? 245

RICHARD

FTLN 0412 No, to Whitefriars. There attend my coming.
Halberds and gentlemen exit with corse.

FTLN 0413 Was ever woman in this humor wooed?
 FTLN 0414 Was ever woman in this humor won?
 FTLN 0415 I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
 FTLN 0416 What, I that killed her husband and his father, 250
 FTLN 0417 To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
 FTLN 0418 With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
 FTLN 0419 The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
 FTLN 0420 Having God, her conscience, and these bars against
 FTLN 0421 me, 255
 FTLN 0422 And I no friends to back my suit (at all)
 FTLN 0423 But the plain devil and dissembling looks?
 FTLN 0424 And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
 FTLN 0425 Ha!
 FTLN 0426 Hath she forgot already that brave prince, 260
 FTLN 0427 Edward, her lord, whom I some three months since
 FTLN 0428 Stabbed in my angry mood at Tewkesbury?
 FTLN 0429 A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
 FTLN 0430 Framed in the prodigality of nature,
 FTLN 0431 Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal, 265
 FTLN 0432 The spacious world cannot again afford.
 FTLN 0433 And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
 FTLN 0434 That cropped the golden prime of this sweet prince
 FTLN 0435 And made her widow to a woeful bed?
 FTLN 0436 On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety? 270
 FTLN 0437 On me, that halts and am misshapen thus?
 FTLN 0438 My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
 FTLN 0439 I do mistake my person all this while!
 FTLN 0440 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 FTLN 0441 Myself to be a marv'lous proper man. 275
 FTLN 0442 I'll be at charges for a looking glass
 FTLN 0443 And entertain a score or two of tailors
 FTLN 0444 To study fashions to adorn my body.
 FTLN 0445 Since I am crept in favor with myself,
 FTLN 0446 I will maintain it with some little cost. 280
 FTLN 0447 But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave

FTLN 0448 And then return lamenting to my love.
 FTLN 0449 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 FTLN 0450 That I may see my shadow as I pass.

He exits.

Scene 3

*Enter Queen [Elizabeth, the Lord Marquess of Dorset,
 Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.]*

RIVERS

FTLN 0451 Have patience, madam. There's no doubt his
 FTLN 0452 Majesty
 FTLN 0453 Will soon recover his accustomed health.

GREY

FTLN 0454 In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse.
 FTLN 0455 Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort 5
 FTLN 0456 And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 0457 If he were dead, what would betide on me?

GREY

FTLN 0458 No other harm but loss of such a lord.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 0459 The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

GREY

FTLN 0460 The heavens have blessed you with a goodly son 10
 FTLN 0461 To be your comforter when he is gone.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 0462 Ah, he is young, and his minority
 FTLN 0463 Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,
 FTLN 0464 A man that loves not me nor none of you.

RIVERS

FTLN 0465 Is it concluded he shall be Protector? 15

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 0466 It is determined, not concluded yet;
 FTLN 0467 But so it must be if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and [Lord Stanley, Earl of] Derby.

GREY

FTLN 0468 Here comes the Lord of Buckingham, and Derby.

BUCKINGHAM, [to Queen Elizabeth]

FTLN 0469 Good time of day unto your royal Grace.

STANLEY

FTLN 0470 God make your Majesty joyful, as you have been. 20

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 0471 The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Derby,

FTLN 0472 To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.

FTLN 0473 Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife

FTLN 0474 And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured

FTLN 0475 I hate not you for her proud arrogance. 25

STANLEY

FTLN 0476 I do beseech you either not believe

FTLN 0477 The envious slanders of her false accusers,

FTLN 0478 Or if she be accused on true report,

FTLN 0479 Bear with her weakness, which I think proceeds

FTLN 0480 From wayward sickness and no grounded malice. 30

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 0481 Saw you the King today, my Lord of Derby?

STANLEY

FTLN 0482 But now the Duke of Buckingham and I

FTLN 0483 Are come from visiting his Majesty.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 0484 What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 0485 Madam, good hope. His Grace speaks cheerfully. 35

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 0486 God grant him health. Did you confer with him?

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 0487 Ay, madam. He desires to make atonement

FTLN 0488 Between the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,

FTLN 0489 And between them and my Lord Chamberlain,

FTLN 0490 And sent to warn them to his royal presence. 40

RICHARD

FTLN 0521 I cannot tell. The world is grown so bad
 FTLN 0522 That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.
 FTLN 0523 Since every Jack became a gentleman,
 FTLN 0524 There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 0525 Come, come, we know your meaning, brother 75
 FTLN 0526 Gloucester.
 FTLN 0527 You envy my advancement, and my friends'.
 FTLN 0528 God grant we never may have need of you.

RICHARD

FTLN 0529 Meantime God grants that ⟨we⟩ have need of
 FTLN 0530 you. 80
 FTLN 0531 Our brother is imprisoned by your means,
 FTLN 0532 Myself disgraced, and the nobility
 FTLN 0533 Held in contempt, while great promotions
 FTLN 0534 Are daily given to ennoble those
 FTLN 0535 That scarce some two days since were worth a 85
 FTLN 0536 noble.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 0537 By Him that raised me to this careful height
 FTLN 0538 From that contented hap which I enjoyed,
 FTLN 0539 I never did incense his Majesty
 FTLN 0540 Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been 90
 FTLN 0541 An earnest advocate to plead for him.
 FTLN 0542 My lord, you do me shameful injury
 FTLN 0543 Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

RICHARD

FTLN 0544 You may deny that you were not the mean
 FTLN 0545 Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment. 95

FTLN 0546 RIVERS She may, my lord, for—

RICHARD

FTLN 0547 She may, Lord Rivers. Why, who knows not so?
 FTLN 0548 She may do more, sir, than denying that.
 FTLN 0549 She may help you to many fair preferments

FTLN 0550	And then deny her aiding hand therein,	100
FTLN 0551	And lay those honors on your high desert.	
FTLN 0552	What may she not? She may, ay, marry, may she—	
FTLN 0553	RIVERS What, marry, may she?	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0554	What, marry, may she? Marry with a king,	
FTLN 0555	A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too.	105
FTLN 0556	Iwis, your grandam had a worsè match.	
	QUEEN ELIZABETH	
FTLN 0557	My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne	
FTLN 0558	Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs.	
FTLN 0559	By heaven, I will acquaint his Majesty	
FTLN 0560	Of those gross taunts that oft I have endured.	110
FTLN 0561	I had rather be a country servant-maid	
FTLN 0562	Than a great queen with this condition,	
FTLN 0563	To be so baited, scorned, and stormèd at.	
	<i>Enter old Queen Margaret, [apart from the others.]</i>	
FTLN 0564	Small joy have I in being England's queen.	
	QUEEN MARGARET, [aside]	
FTLN 0565	And lessened be that small, God I beseech Him!	115
FTLN 0566	Thy honor, state, and seat is due to me.	
	RICHARD, [to Queen Elizabeth]	
FTLN 0567	What, threat you me with telling of the King?	
FTLN 0568	⟨Tell him and spare not. Look, what I have said,⟩	
FTLN 0569	I will avouch 't in presence of the King;	
FTLN 0570	I dare adventure to be sent to th' Tower.	120
FTLN 0571	'Tis time to speak. My pains are quite forgot.	
	QUEEN MARGARET, [aside]	
FTLN 0572	Out, devil! I do remember them too well:	
FTLN 0573	Thou killed'st my husband Henry in the Tower,	
FTLN 0574	And Edward, my poor son, at Tewkesbury.	
	RICHARD, [to Queen Elizabeth]	
FTLN 0575	Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,	125
FTLN 0576	I was a packhorse in his great affairs,	
FTLN 0577	A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,	

FTLN 0578 A liberal rewarder of his friends.
 FTLN 0579 To royalize his blood, I spent mine own.
 QUEEN MARGARET, *「aside」*

FTLN 0580 Ay, and much better blood than his or thine. 130
 RICHARD, *「to Queen Elizabeth」*

FTLN 0581 In all which time, you and your husband Grey
 FTLN 0582 Were factious for the House of Lancaster.—
 FTLN 0583 And, Rivers, so were you.—Was not your husband
 FTLN 0584 In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain?
 FTLN 0585 Let me put in your minds, if you forget, 135
 FTLN 0586 What you have been ere this, and what you are;
 FTLN 0587 Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
 QUEEN MARGARET, *「aside」*

FTLN 0588 A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.
 RICHARD, *「to Queen Elizabeth」*

FTLN 0589 Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
 FTLN 0590 Ay, and forswore himself—which Jesu pardon!— 140
 FTLN 0591 QUEEN MARGARET, *「aside」* Which God revenge!
 RICHARD

FTLN 0592 To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
 FTLN 0593 And for his meed, poor lord, he is mewed up.
 FTLN 0594 I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's,
 FTLN 0595 Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine. 145
 FTLN 0596 I am too childish-foolish for this world.
 QUEEN MARGARET, *「aside」*

FTLN 0597 Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
 FTLN 0598 Thou cacodemon! There thy kingdom is.
 RIVERS

FTLN 0599 My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days
 FTLN 0600 Which here you urge to prove us enemies, 150
 FTLN 0601 We followed then our lord, our sovereign king.
 FTLN 0602 So should we you, if you should be our king.
 RICHARD

FTLN 0603 If I should be? I had rather be a peddler.
 FTLN 0604 Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 0605 As little joy, my lord, as you suppose 155
 FTLN 0606 You should enjoy were you this country's king,
 FTLN 0607 As little joy you may suppose in me
 FTLN 0608 That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

QUEEN MARGARET, *aside*

FTLN 0609 *As* little joy enjoys the queen thereof,
 FTLN 0610 For I am she, and altogether joyless. 160
 FTLN 0611 I can no longer hold me patient.

She steps forward.

FTLN 0612 Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
 FTLN 0613 In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
 FTLN 0614 Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
 FTLN 0615 If not, that I am queen, you bow like subjects, 165
 FTLN 0616 Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels.—
 FTLN 0617 Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away.

RICHARD

FTLN 0618 Foul, wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my
 FTLN 0619 sight?

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0620 But repetition of what thou hast marred. 170
 FTLN 0621 That will I make before I let thee go.

RICHARD

FTLN 0622 Wert thou not banishèd on pain of death?

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0623 I was, but I do find more pain in banishment
 FTLN 0624 Than death can yield me here by my abode.
 FTLN 0625 A husband and a son thou ow'st to me; 175
 FTLN 0626 *To Queen Elizabeth.* And thou a kingdom;—all
 FTLN 0627 of you, allegiance.
 FTLN 0628 This sorrow that I have by right is yours,
 FTLN 0629 And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

RICHARD

FTLN 0630 The curse my noble father laid on thee 180
 FTLN 0631 When thou didst crown his warlike brows with
 FTLN 0632 paper,

FTLN 0633	And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,	
FTLN 0634	And then, to dry them, gav'st the Duke a clout	
FTLN 0635	Steeped in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland—	185
FTLN 0636	His curses then, from bitterness of soul	
FTLN 0637	Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee,	
FTLN 0638	And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.	
	QUEEN ELIZABETH	
FTLN 0639	So just is God to right the innocent.	
	HASTINGS	
FTLN 0640	O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,	190
FTLN 0641	And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!	
	RIVERS	
FTLN 0642	Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.	
	DORSET	
FTLN 0643	No man but prophesied revenge for it.	
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 0644	Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.	
	QUEEN MARGARET	
FTLN 0645	What, were you snarling all before I came,	195
FTLN 0646	Ready to catch each other by the throat,	
FTLN 0647	And turn you all your hatred now on me?	
FTLN 0648	Did York's dread curse prevail so much with	
FTLN 0649	heaven	
FTLN 0650	That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,	200
FTLN 0651	Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,	
FTLN 0652	Should all but answer for that peevish brat?	
FTLN 0653	Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?	
FTLN 0654	Why then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick	
FTLN 0655	curses!	205
FTLN 0656	Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,	
FTLN 0657	As ours by murder to make him a king.	
FTLN 0658	「 <i>To Queen Elizabeth.</i> 」 Edward thy son, that now is	
FTLN 0659	Prince of Wales,	
FTLN 0660	For Edward our son, that was Prince of Wales,	210
FTLN 0661	Die in his youth by like untimely violence.	
FTLN 0662	Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,	

FTLN 0663	Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self.	
FTLN 0664	Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's death	
FTLN 0665	And see another, as I see thee now,	215
FTLN 0666	Decked in thy rights, as thou art stalled in mine.	
FTLN 0667	Long die thy happy days before thy death,	
FTLN 0668	And, after many lengthened hours of grief,	
FTLN 0669	Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen.—	
FTLN 0670	Rivers and Dorset, you were standers-by,	220
FTLN 0671	And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son	
FTLN 0672	Was stabbed with bloody daggers. God I pray Him	
FTLN 0673	That none of you may live his natural age,	
FTLN 0674	But by some unlooked accident cut off.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0675	Have done thy charm, thou hateful, withered hag.	225
	QUEEN MARGARET	
FTLN 0676	And leave out thee? Stay, dog, for thou shalt hear	
FTLN 0677	me.	
FTLN 0678	If heaven have any grievous plague in store	
FTLN 0679	Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,	
FTLN 0680	O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe	230
FTLN 0681	And then hurl down their indignation	
FTLN 0682	On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace.	
FTLN 0683	The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul.	
FTLN 0684	Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,	
FTLN 0685	And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends.	235
FTLN 0686	No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,	
FTLN 0687	Unless it be while some tormenting dream	
FTLN 0688	Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils.	
FTLN 0689	Thou elvish-marked, abortive, rooting hog,	
FTLN 0690	Thou that wast sealed in thy nativity	240
FTLN 0691	The slave of nature and the son of hell,	
FTLN 0692	Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb,	
FTLN 0693	Thou loathèd issue of thy father's loins,	
FTLN 0694	Thou rag of honor, thou detested—	
FTLN 0695	RICHARD	
	Margaret.	245

FTLN 0696 QUEEN MARGARET Richard!

FTLN 0697 RICHARD Ha?

FTLN 0698 QUEEN MARGARET I call thee not.

RICHARD

FTLN 0699 I cry thee mercy, then, for I did think

FTLN 0700 That thou hadst called me all these bitter names. 250

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0701 Why, so I did, but looked for no reply.

FTLN 0702 O, let me make the period to my curse!

RICHARD

FTLN 0703 'Tis done by me and ends in "Margaret."

QUEEN ELIZABETH, *to Queen Margaret*

FTLN 0704 Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0705 Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune, 255

FTLN 0706 Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,

FTLN 0707 Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

FTLN 0708 Fool, fool, thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

FTLN 0709 The day will come that thou shalt wish for me

FTLN 0710 To help thee curse this poisonous bunch-backed 260

FTLN 0711 toad.

HASTINGS

FTLN 0712 False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,

FTLN 0713 Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0714 Foul shame upon you, you have all moved mine.

RIVERS

FTLN 0715 Were you well served, you would be taught your 265

FTLN 0716 duty.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0717 To serve me well, you all should do me duty:

FTLN 0718 Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.

FTLN 0719 O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

DORSET, *to Rivers*

FTLN 0720 Dispute not with her; she is lunatic. 270

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0721 Peace, Master Marquess, you are malapert.
 FTLN 0722 Your fire-new stamp of honor is scarce current.
 FTLN 0723 O, that your young nobility could judge
 FTLN 0724 What 'twere to lose it and be miserable!
 FTLN 0725 They that stand high have many blasts to shake 275
 FTLN 0726 them,
 FTLN 0727 And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

RICHARD

FTLN 0728 Good counsel, marry.—Learn it, learn it, marquess.

DORSET

FTLN 0729 It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

RICHARD

FTLN 0730 Ay, and much more; but I was born so high. 280
 FTLN 0731 Our aerie buildeth in the cedar's top,
 FTLN 0732 And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0733 And turns the sun to shade. Alas, alas,
 FTLN 0734 Witness my son, now in the shade of death,
 FTLN 0735 Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath 285
 FTLN 0736 Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
 FTLN 0737 Your aerie buildeth in our aerie's nest.
 FTLN 0738 O God, that seest it, do not suffer it!
 FTLN 0739 As it is won with blood, lost be it so.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 0740 Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity. 290

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0741 Urge neither charity nor shame to me.
 FTLN 0742 *Addressing the others.* Uncharitably with me have
 FTLN 0743 you dealt,
 FTLN 0744 And shamefully my hopes by you are butchered.
 FTLN 0745 My charity is outrage, life my shame, 295
 FTLN 0746 And in that shame still live my sorrows' rage.

FTLN 0747 BUCKINGHAM Have done, have done.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0748 O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand

FTLN 0749	In sign of league and amity with thee.	
FTLN 0750	Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!	300
FTLN 0751	Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,	
FTLN 0752	Nor thou within the compass of my curse.	
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 0753	Nor no one here, for curses never pass	
FTLN 0754	The lips of those that breathe them in the air.	
	QUEEN MARGARET	
FTLN 0755	I will not think but they ascend the sky,	305
FTLN 0756	And there awake God's gentle sleeping peace.	
FTLN 0757	「 <i>Aside to Buckingham.</i> 」 O Buckingham, take heed of	
FTLN 0758	yonder dog!	
FTLN 0759	Look when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,	
FTLN 0760	His venom tooth will rankle to the death.	310
FTLN 0761	Have not to do with him. Beware of him.	
FTLN 0762	Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,	
FTLN 0763	And all their ministers attend on him.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0764	What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?	
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 0765	Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.	315
	QUEEN MARGARET	
FTLN 0766	What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel,	
FTLN 0767	And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?	
FTLN 0768	O, but remember this another day,	
FTLN 0769	When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,	
FTLN 0770	And say poor Margaret was a prophetess.—	320
FTLN 0771	Live each of you the subjects to his hate,	
FTLN 0772	And he to yours, and all of you to God's. <i>She exits.</i>	
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 0773	My hair doth stand an end to hear her curses.	
	RIVERS	
FTLN 0774	And so doth mine. I muse why she's at liberty.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0775	I cannot blame her. By God's holy mother,	325

FTLN 0802 Now they believe it and withal whet me
 FTLN 0803 To be revenged on Rivers, Dorset, Grey;
 FTLN 0804 But then I sigh and, with a piece of scripture,
 FTLN 0805 Tell them that God bids us do good for evil; 355
 FTLN 0806 And thus I clothe my naked villainy
 FTLN 0807 With odd old ends stol'n forth of Holy Writ,
 FTLN 0808 And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

FTLN 0809 But soft, here come my executioners.—
 FTLN 0810 How now, my hardy, stout, resolvèd mates? 360
 FTLN 0811 Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

「MURDERER」

FTLN 0812 We are, my lord, and come to have the warrant
 FTLN 0813 That we may be admitted where he is.

RICHARD

FTLN 0814 Well thought upon. I have it here about me.

「He gives a paper.」

FTLN 0815 When you have done, repair to Crosby Place. 365
 FTLN 0816 But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
 FTLN 0817 Withal obdurate; do not hear him plead,
 FTLN 0818 For Clarence is well-spoken and perhaps
 FTLN 0819 May move your hearts to pity if you mark him.

「MURDERER」

FTLN 0820 Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate. 370
 FTLN 0821 Talkers are no good doers. Be assured
 FTLN 0822 We go to use our hands and not our tongues.

RICHARD

FTLN 0823 Your eyes drop millstones when fools' eyes fall
 FTLN 0824 tears.

FTLN 0825 I like you lads. About your business straight. 375
 FTLN 0826 Go, go, dispatch.

FTLN 0827 「MURDERERS」 We will, my noble lord.

〈They exit.〉

Scene 4

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

KEEPER

FTLN 0828 Why looks your Grace so heavily today?

CLARENCE

FTLN 0829 O, I have passed a miserable night,
 FTLN 0830 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
 FTLN 0831 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 FTLN 0832 I would not spend another such a night 5
 FTLN 0833 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
 FTLN 0834 So full of dismal terror was the time.

KEEPER

FTLN 0835 What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

CLARENCE

FTLN 0836 Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower
 FTLN 0837 And was embarked to cross to Burgundy, 10
 FTLN 0838 And in my company my brother Gloucester,
 FTLN 0839 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 FTLN 0840 Upon the hatches. ⟨Thence⟩ we looked toward
 FTLN 0841 England
 FTLN 0842 And cited up a thousand heavy times, 15
 FTLN 0843 During the wars of York and Lancaster,
 FTLN 0844 That had befall'n us. As we paced along
 FTLN 0845 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 FTLN 0846 Methought that Gloucester stumbled, and in falling
 FTLN 0847 Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard 20
 FTLN 0848 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 FTLN 0849 O Lord, methought what pain it was to drown,
 FTLN 0850 What dreadful noise of ⟨waters⟩ in ⟨my⟩ ears,
 FTLN 0851 What sights of ugly death within ⟨my⟩ eyes.
 FTLN 0852 Methoughts I saw a thousand fearful wracks, 25
 FTLN 0853 A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon,
 FTLN 0854 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 FTLN 0855 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 FTLN 0856 All scattered in the bottom of the sea.

FTLN 0857	Some lay in dead men's skulls, and in the holes	30
FTLN 0858	Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept—	
FTLN 0859	As 'twere in scorn of eyes—reflecting gems,	
FTLN 0860	That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep	
FTLN 0861	And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.	
	KEEPER	
FTLN 0862	Had you such leisure in the time of death	35
FTLN 0863	To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?	
	CLARENCE	
FTLN 0864	Methought I had, and often did I strive	
FTLN 0865	To yield the ghost, but still the envious flood	
FTLN 0866	Stopped in my soul and would not let it forth	
FTLN 0867	To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air,	40
FTLN 0868	But smothered it within my panting bulk,	
FTLN 0869	Who almost burst to belch it in the sea.	
	KEEPER	
FTLN 0870	Awaked you not in this sore agony?	
	CLARENCE	
FTLN 0871	No, no, my dream was lengthened after life.	
FTLN 0872	O, then began the tempest to my soul.	45
FTLN 0873	I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,	
FTLN 0874	With that sour ferryman which poets write of,	
FTLN 0875	Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.	
FTLN 0876	The first that there did greet my stranger-soul	
FTLN 0877	Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,	50
FTLN 0878	Who spake aloud "What scourge for perjury	
FTLN 0879	Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"	
FTLN 0880	And so he vanished. Then came wand'ring by	
FTLN 0881	A shadow like an angel, with bright hair	
FTLN 0882	Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud	55
FTLN 0883	"Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjured	
FTLN 0884	Clarence,	
FTLN 0885	That stabbed me in the field by Tewkesbury.	
FTLN 0886	Seize on him, furies. Take him unto torment."	
FTLN 0887	With that, (methoughts,) a legion of foul fiends	60

FTLN 0888 Environed me and howlèd in mine ears
 FTLN 0889 Such hideous cries that with the very noise
 FTLN 0890 I trembling waked, and for a season after
 FTLN 0891 Could not believe but that I was in hell,
 FTLN 0892 Such terrible impression made my dream. 65

KEEPER
 FTLN 0893 No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you.
 FTLN 0894 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

CLARENCE
 FTLN 0895 Ah keeper, keeper, I have done these things,
 FTLN 0896 That now give evidence against my soul,
 FTLN 0897 For Edward's sake, and see how he requites me.— 70
 FTLN 0898 O God, if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 FTLN 0899 But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
 FTLN 0900 Yet execute thy wrath in me alone!
 FTLN 0901 O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!—
 FTLN 0902 Keeper, I prithee sit by me awhile. 75
 FTLN 0903 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

KEEPER
 FTLN 0904 I will, my lord. God give your Grace good rest.
[Clarence sleeps.]

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

BRAKENBURY

FTLN 0905 Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
 FTLN 0906 Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
 FTLN 0907 Princes have but their titles for their glories, 80
 FTLN 0908 An outward honor for an inward toil,
 FTLN 0909 And, for unfelt imaginations,
 FTLN 0910 They often feel a world of restless cares,
 FTLN 0911 So that between their titles and low name
 FTLN 0912 There's nothing differs but the outward fame. 85

Enter two Murderers.

FTLN 0913 FIRST MURDERER Ho, who's here?

FTLN 0945 SECOND MURDERER So I am—to let him live.

FTLN 0946 FIRST MURDERER I'll back to the Duke of Gloucester
FTLN 0947 and tell him so. 120

FTLN 0948 SECOND MURDERER Nay, I prithee stay a little. I hope
FTLN 0949 this passionate humor of mine will change. It was
FTLN 0950 wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

FTLN 0951 FIRST MURDERER How dost thou feel thyself now?

FTLN 0952 SECOND MURDERER 〈Faith,〉 some certain dregs of conscience 125
FTLN 0953 are yet within me.

FTLN 0954 FIRST MURDERER Remember our reward when the
FTLN 0955 deed's done.

FTLN 0956 SECOND MURDERER 〈Zounds,〉 he dies! I had forgot the
FTLN 0957 reward. 130

FTLN 0958 FIRST MURDERER Where's thy conscience now?

FTLN 0959 SECOND MURDERER O, in the Duke of Gloucester's
FTLN 0960 purse.

FTLN 0961 FIRST MURDERER When he opens his purse to give us
FTLN 0962 our reward, thy conscience flies out. 135

FTLN 0963 SECOND MURDERER 'Tis no matter. Let it go. There's
FTLN 0964 few or none will entertain it.

FTLN 0965 FIRST MURDERER What if it come to thee again?

FTLN 0966 SECOND MURDERER I'll not meddle with it. It makes a
FTLN 0967 man a coward: a man cannot steal but it accuseth 140
FTLN 0968 him; a man cannot swear but it checks him; a man
FTLN 0969 cannot lie with his neighbor's wife but it detects
FTLN 0970 him. 'Tis a blushing, shamefaced spirit that mutinies
FTLN 0971 in a man's bosom. It fills a man full of
FTLN 0972 obstacles. It made me once restore a purse of gold 145
FTLN 0973 that by chance I found. It beggars any man that
FTLN 0974 keeps it. It is turned out of towns and cities for a
FTLN 0975 dangerous thing, and every man that means to live
FTLN 0976 well endeavors to trust to himself and live without it.

FTLN 0977 FIRST MURDERER 〈Zounds,〉 'tis even now at my elbow, 150
FTLN 0978 persuading me not to kill the Duke.

FTLN 0979 SECOND MURDERER Take the devil in thy mind, and

FTLN 0980	believe him not. He would insinuate with thee but	
FTLN 0981	to make thee sigh.	
FTLN 0982	FIRST MURDERER I am strong-framed. He cannot prevail	155
FTLN 0983	with me.	
FTLN 0984	SECOND MURDERER Spoke like a tall man that respects	
FTLN 0985	thy reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?	
FTLN 0986	FIRST MURDERER Take him on the costard with the	
FTLN 0987	hilt of thy sword, and then throw him into the	160
FTLN 0988	malmsey butt in the next room.	
FTLN 0989	SECOND MURDERER O excellent device—and make a	
FTLN 0990	sop of him!	
FTLN 0991	FIRST MURDERER Soft, he wakes.	
FTLN 0992	SECOND MURDERER Strike!	165
FTLN 0993	FIRST MURDERER No, we'll reason with him.	
	<i>Clarence wakes.</i>	
	CLARENCE	
FTLN 0994	Where art thou, keeper? Give me a cup of wine.	
	SECOND MURDERER	
FTLN 0995	You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.	
	CLARENCE	
FTLN 0996	In God's name, what art thou?	
FTLN 0997	FIRST MURDERER A man, as you are.	170
FTLN 0998	CLARENCE But not, as I am, royal.	
FTLN 0999	FIRST MURDERER Nor you, as we are, loyal.	
	CLARENCE	
FTLN 1000	Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.	
	FIRST MURDERER	
FTLN 1001	My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.	
	CLARENCE	
FTLN 1002	How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!	175
FTLN 1003	Your eyes do menace me. Why look you pale?	
FTLN 1004	Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?	
FTLN 1005	SECOND MURDERER To, to, to—	
FTLN 1006	CLARENCE To murder me?	
FTLN 1007	BOTH Ay, ay.	180

CLARENCE

FTLN 1008 You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so
 FTLN 1009 And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
 FTLN 1010 Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

FIRST MURDERER

FTLN 1011 Offended us you have not, but the King.

CLARENCE

FTLN 1012 I shall be reconciled to him again. 185

SECOND MURDERER

FTLN 1013 Never, my lord. Therefore prepare to die.

CLARENCE

FTLN 1014 Are you drawn forth among a world of men
 FTLN 1015 To slay the innocent? What is my offense?
 FTLN 1016 Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
 FTLN 1017 What lawful quest have given their verdict up 190
 FTLN 1018 Unto the frowning judge? Or who pronounced
 FTLN 1019 The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death
 FTLN 1020 Before I be convict by course of law?
 FTLN 1021 To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

FTLN 1022 I charge you, as you hope (to have redemption,
 FTLN 1023 By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,) 195
 FTLN 1024 That you depart, and lay no hands on me.
 FTLN 1025 The deed you undertake is damnable.

FIRST MURDERER

FTLN 1026 What we will do, we do upon command.

SECOND MURDERER

FTLN 1027 And he that hath commanded is our king. 200

CLARENCE

FTLN 1028 Erroneous vassals, the great King of kings
 FTLN 1029 Hath in the table of His law commanded
 FTLN 1030 That thou shalt do no murder. Will you then
 FTLN 1031 Spurn at His edict and fulfill a man's?
 FTLN 1032 Take heed, for He holds vengeance in His hand 205
 FTLN 1033 To hurl upon their heads that break His law.

SECOND MURDERER

FTLN 1034 And that same vengeance doth He hurl on thee

FTLN 1035	For false forswearing and for murder too.	
FTLN 1036	Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight	
FTLN 1037	In quarrel of the House of Lancaster.	210
	FIRST MURDERER	
FTLN 1038	And, like a traitor to the name of God,	
FTLN 1039	Didst break that vow, and with thy treacherous	
FTLN 1040	blade	
FTLN 1041	「Unrippedst」 the bowels of thy sovereign's son.	
	SECOND MURDERER	
FTLN 1042	Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.	215
	FIRST MURDERER	
FTLN 1043	How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us	
FTLN 1044	When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?	
	CLARENCE	
FTLN 1045	Alas! For whose sake did I that ill deed?	
FTLN 1046	For Edward, for my brother, for his sake.	
FTLN 1047	He sends you not to murder me for this,	220
FTLN 1048	For in that sin he is as deep as I.	
FTLN 1049	If God will be avengèd for the deed,	
FTLN 1050	O, know you yet He doth it publicly!	
FTLN 1051	Take not the quarrel from His powerful arm;	
FTLN 1052	He needs no indirect or lawless course	225
FTLN 1053	To cut off those that have offended Him.	
	FIRST MURDERER	
FTLN 1054	Who made thee then a bloody minister	
FTLN 1055	When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,	
FTLN 1056	That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?	
	CLARENCE	
FTLN 1057	My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.	230
	FIRST MURDERER	
FTLN 1058	Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy faults	
FTLN 1059	Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.	
	CLARENCE	
FTLN 1060	If you do love my brother, hate not me.	
FTLN 1061	I am his brother, and I love him well.	
FTLN 1062	If you are hired for meed, go back again,	235

FTLN 1063 And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
 FTLN 1064 Who shall reward you better for my life
 FTLN 1065 Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

SECOND MURDERER

FTLN 1066 You are deceived. Your brother Gloucester hates
 FTLN 1067 you. 240

CLARENCE

FTLN 1068 O no, he loves me, and he holds me dear.
 FTLN 1069 Go you to him from me.

FTLN 1070 FIRST MURDERER Ay, so we will.

CLARENCE

FTLN 1071 Tell him, when that our princely father York
 FTLN 1072 Blessed his three sons with his victorious arm, 245
 FTLN 1073 He little thought of this divided friendship.
 FTLN 1074 Bid Gloucester think *<of>* this, and he will weep.

FIRST MURDERER

FTLN 1075 Ay, millstones, as he lessoned us to weep.

CLARENCE

FTLN 1076 O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

FIRST MURDERER

FTLN 1077 Right, as snow in harvest. Come, you deceive 250
 FTLN 1078 yourself.
 FTLN 1079 ’Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

CLARENCE

FTLN 1080 It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,
 FTLN 1081 And hugged me in his arms, and swore with sobs
 FTLN 1082 That he would labor my delivery. 255

FIRST MURDERER

FTLN 1083 Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
 FTLN 1084 From this Earth’s thralldom to the joys of heaven.

SECOND MURDERER

FTLN 1085 Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

CLARENCE

FTLN 1086 Have you that holy feeling in your souls
 FTLN 1087 To counsel me to make my peace with God, 260
 FTLN 1088 And are you yet to your own souls so blind

FTLN 1089	That you will war with God by murd'ring me?	
FTLN 1090	O sirs, consider: they that set you on	
FTLN 1091	To do this deed will hate you for the deed.	
	SECOND MURDERER, <i>['to First Murderer']</i>	
FTLN 1092	What shall we do?	265
FTLN 1093	CLARENCE Relent, and save your souls.	
FTLN 1094	Which of you—if you were a prince's son	
FTLN 1095	Being pent from liberty, as I am now—	
FTLN 1096	If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,	
FTLN 1097	Would not entreat for life? <i>['Ay,']</i> you would beg,	270
FTLN 1098	Were you in my distress.	
	FIRST MURDERER	
FTLN 1099	Relent? No. 'Tis cowardly and womanish.	
	CLARENCE	
FTLN 1100	Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.	
FTLN 1101	<i>['To Second Murderer.']</i> My friend, I spy some pity	
FTLN 1102	in thy looks.	275
FTLN 1103	O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,	
FTLN 1104	Come thou on my side and entreat for me.	
FTLN 1105	A begging prince what beggar pities not?	
FTLN 1106	SECOND MURDERER Look behind you, my lord.	
	FIRST MURDERER	
FTLN 1107	Take that, and that. <i>(Stabs him.)</i> If all this will not	280
FTLN 1108	do,	
FTLN 1109	I'll drown you in the malmsey butt within.	
	<i>He exits ['with the body.']</i>	
	SECOND MURDERER	
FTLN 1110	A bloody deed, and desperately dispatched.	
FTLN 1111	How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands	
FTLN 1112	Of this most grievous murder.	285

Enter First Murderer.

FIRST MURDERER

FTLN 1113	How now? What mean'st thou that thou help'st me
FTLN 1114	not?

FTLN 1115 By ‹heavens,› the Duke shall know how slack you
FTLN 1116 have been.

SECOND MURDERER

FTLN 1117 I would he knew that I had saved his brother. 290
FTLN 1118 Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
FTLN 1119 For I repent me that the Duke is slain. *He exits.*

FIRST MURDERER

FTLN 1120 So do not I. Go, coward as thou art.
FTLN 1121 Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole
FTLN 1122 Till that the Duke give order for his burial. 295
FTLN 1123 And when I have my meed, I will away,
FTLN 1124 For this will out, and then I must not stay.
He exits.

ACT 2

Scene 1

*Flourish. Enter King 'Edward,' sick, Queen 'Elizabeth,'
Lord Marquess Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham,
Woodeville, 'Grey, and Scales.'*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1125 Why, so. Now have I done a good day's work.
FTLN 1126 You peers, continue this united league.
FTLN 1127 I every day expect an embassy
FTLN 1128 From my Redeemer to redeem me hence,
FTLN 1129 And more ⟨in⟩ peace my soul shall part to heaven 5
FTLN 1130 Since I have made my friends at peace on earth
FTLN 1131 ⟨Rivers and Hastings,⟩ take each other's hand.
FTLN 1132 Dissemble not your hatred. Swear your love.

RIVERS, *'taking Hastings' hand'*

FTLN 1133 By heaven, my soul is purged from grudging hate,
FTLN 1134 And with my hand I seal my true heart's love. 10

HASTINGS

FTLN 1135 So thrive I as I truly swear the like.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1136 Take heed you dally not before your king,
FTLN 1137 Lest He that is the supreme King of kings
FTLN 1138 Confound your hidden falsehood and award
FTLN 1139 Either of you to be the other's end. 15

HASTINGS

FTLN 1140 So prosper I as I swear perfect love.

RIVERS

FTLN 1141 And I as I love Hastings with my heart.

KING EDWARD, 「to Queen Elizabeth」

FTLN 1142 Madam, yourself is not exempt from this,—

FTLN 1143 Nor you, son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you.

FTLN 1144 You have been factious one against the other.— 20

FTLN 1145 Wife, love Lord Hastings. Let him kiss your hand,

FTLN 1146 And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 1147 There, Hastings, I will never more remember

FTLN 1148 Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine.

「Hastings kisses her hand.」

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1149 Dorset, embrace him.—Hastings, love Lord 25

FTLN 1150 Marquess.

DORSET

FTLN 1151 This interchange of love, I here protest,

FTLN 1152 Upon my part shall be inviolable.

FTLN 1153 HASTINGS And so swear I. 「They embrace.」

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1154 Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league 30

FTLN 1155 With thy embracements to my wife's allies

FTLN 1156 And make me happy in your unity.

BUCKINGHAM, 「to Queen Elizabeth」

FTLN 1157 Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate

FTLN 1158 Upon your Grace, but with all duteous love

FTLN 1159 Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me 35

FTLN 1160 With hate in those where I expect most love.

FTLN 1161 When I have most need to employ a friend,

FTLN 1162 And most assurèd that he is a friend,

FTLN 1163 Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile

FTLN 1164 Be he unto me: this do I beg of 〈God,〉 40

FTLN 1165 When I am cold in love to you or yours.

「Queen Elizabeth and Buckingham」 embrace.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1166 A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,

FTLN 1167 Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
 FTLN 1168 There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here
 FTLN 1169 To make the blessed period of this peace. 45
 FTLN 1170 BUCKINGHAM And in good time
 FTLN 1171 Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliffe, and Richard, Duke of Gloucester.

RICHARD

FTLN 1172 Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen,
 FTLN 1173 And, princely peers, a happy time of day.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1174 Happy indeed, as we have spent the day. 50
 FTLN 1175 Gloucester, we have done deeds of charity,
 FTLN 1176 Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
 FTLN 1177 Between these swelling, wrong-incensed peers.

RICHARD

FTLN 1178 A blessed labor, my most sovereign lord.
 FTLN 1179 Among this princely heap, if any here 55
 FTLN 1180 By false intelligence or wrong surmise
 FTLN 1181 Hold me a foe,
 FTLN 1182 If I *⟨unwittingly,⟩* or in my rage,
 FTLN 1183 Have aught committed that is hardly borne
 FTLN 1184 *⟨By⟩* any in this presence, I desire 60
 FTLN 1185 To reconcile me to his friendly peace.
 FTLN 1186 'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
 FTLN 1187 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
 FTLN 1188 First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
 FTLN 1189 Which I will purchase with my duteous service;— 65
 FTLN 1190 Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
 FTLN 1191 If ever any grudge were lodged between us;—
 FTLN 1192 Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset,
 FTLN 1193 That all without desert have frowned on me;—
 FTLN 1194 Of you, Lord Woodeville and Lord Scales;—of you, 70
 FTLN 1195 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
 FTLN 1196 I do not know that Englishman alive
 FTLN 1197 With whom my soul is any jot at odds

FTLN 1198	More than the infant that is born tonight.	
FTLN 1199	I thank my God for my humility.	75
	QUEEN ELIZABETH	
FTLN 1200	A holy day shall this be kept hereafter.	
FTLN 1201	I would to God all strifes were well compounded.	
FTLN 1202	My sovereign lord, I do beseech your Highness	
FTLN 1203	To take our brother Clarence to your grace.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 1204	Why, madam, have I offered love for this,	80
FTLN 1205	To be so flouted in this royal presence?	
FTLN 1206	Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?	
	<i>They all start.</i>	
FTLN 1207	You do him injury to scorn his corpse.	
	KING EDWARD	
FTLN 1208	Who knows not he is dead! Who knows he is?	
	QUEEN ELIZABETH	
FTLN 1209	All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!	85
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 1210	Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?	
	DORSET	
FTLN 1211	Ay, my good lord, and no man in the presence	
FTLN 1212	But his red color hath forsook his cheeks.	
	KING EDWARD	
FTLN 1213	Is Clarence dead? The order was reversed.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 1214	But he, poor man, by your first order died,	90
FTLN 1215	And that a wingèd Mercury did bear.	
FTLN 1216	Some tardy cripple bare the countermand,	
FTLN 1217	That came too lag to see him buried.	
FTLN 1218	God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,	
FTLN 1219	Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,	95
FTLN 1220	Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,	
FTLN 1221	And yet go current from suspicion.	

Enter [Lord Stanley,] *Earl of Derby.*

STANLEY, [*kneeling*]

FTLN 1222 A boon, my sovereign, for my service done.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1223 I prithee, peace. My soul is full of sorrow.

STANLEY

FTLN 1224 I will not rise unless your Highness hear me.

100

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1225 Then say at once what is it thou requests.

STANLEY

FTLN 1226 The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life,

FTLN 1227 Who slew today a riotous gentleman

FTLN 1228 Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1229 Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,

105

FTLN 1230 And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?

FTLN 1231 My brother killed no man; his fault was thought,

FTLN 1232 And yet his punishment was bitter death.

FTLN 1233 Who sued to me for him? Who, in my wrath,

FTLN 1234 Kneeled <at> my feet, and <bade> me be advised?

110

FTLN 1235 Who spoke of brotherhood? Who spoke of love?

FTLN 1236 Who told me how the poor soul did forsake

FTLN 1237 The mighty Warwick and did fight for me?

FTLN 1238 Who told me, in the field at Tewkesbury,

FTLN 1239 When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,

115

FTLN 1240 And said "Dear brother, live, and be a king"?

FTLN 1241 Who told me, when we both lay in the field

FTLN 1242 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me

FTLN 1243 Even in his garments and did give himself,

FTLN 1244 All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?

120

FTLN 1245 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath

FTLN 1246 Sinfully plucked, and not a man of you

FTLN 1247 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.

FTLN 1248 But when your carters or your waiting vassals

FTLN 1249 Have done a drunken slaughter and defaced

125

FTLN 1250 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,

FTLN 1251 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
 FTLN 1252 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.

「*Stanley rises.*」

FTLN 1253 But for my brother, not a man would speak.
 FTLN 1254 Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself 130
 FTLN 1255 For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
 FTLN 1256 Have been beholding to him in his life,
 FTLN 1257 Yet none of you would once beg for his life.
 FTLN 1258 O God, I fear Thy justice will take hold
 FTLN 1259 On me and you, and mine and yours for this!— 135
 FTLN 1260 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.—
 FTLN 1261 Ah, poor Clarence.

Some exit with King and Queen.

RICHARD

FTLN 1262 This is the fruits of rashness. Marked you not
 FTLN 1263 How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
 FTLN 1264 Looked pale when they did hear of Clarence' death? 140
 FTLN 1265 O, they did urge it still unto the King.
 FTLN 1266 God will revenge it. Come, lords, will you go
 FTLN 1267 To comfort Edward with our company?
 FTLN 1268 BUCKINGHAM We wait upon your Grace.

They exit.

Scene 2

*Enter the old Duchess of York with the two
 children of Clarence.*

BOY

FTLN 1269 Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

FTLN 1270 DUCHESS No, boy.

DAUGHTER

FTLN 1271 Why do ~~you~~ weep so oft, and beat your breast,
 FTLN 1272 And cry “O Clarence, my unhappy son”?

BOY

FTLN 1273 Why do you look on us and shake your head, 5

FTLN 1274	And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,	
FTLN 1275	If that our noble father were alive?	
	DUCHESS	
FTLN 1276	My pretty cousins, you mistake me both.	
FTLN 1277	I do lament the sickness of the King,	
FTLN 1278	As loath to lose him, not your father's death.	10
FTLN 1279	It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.	
	BOY	
FTLN 1280	Then, you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.	
FTLN 1281	The King mine uncle is to blame for it.	
FTLN 1282	God will revenge it, whom I will importune	
FTLN 1283	With earnest prayers, all to that effect.	15
FTLN 1284	DAUGHTER And so will I.	
	DUCHESS	
FTLN 1285	Peace, children, peace. The King doth love you	
FTLN 1286	well.	
FTLN 1287	Incapable and shallow innocents,	
FTLN 1288	You cannot guess who caused your father's death.	20
	BOY	
FTLN 1289	Grandam, we can, for my good uncle Gloucester	
FTLN 1290	Told me the King, provoked to it by the Queen,	
FTLN 1291	Devised impeachments to imprison him;	
FTLN 1292	And when my uncle told me so, he wept,	
FTLN 1293	And pitied me, and kindly kissed my cheek,	25
FTLN 1294	Bade me rely on him as on my father,	
FTLN 1295	And he would love me dearly as a child.	
	DUCHESS	
FTLN 1296	Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shape,	
FTLN 1297	And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice.	
FTLN 1298	He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,	30
FTLN 1299	Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.	
	BOY	
FTLN 1300	Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?	
FTLN 1301	DUCHESS Ay, boy.	
	BOY	
FTLN 1302	I cannot think it. Hark, what noise is this?	

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 1303 Ah, who shall hinder me to wail and weep, 35
FTLN 1304 To chide my fortune and torment myself?
FTLN 1305 I'll join with black despair against my soul
FTLN 1306 And to myself become an enemy.

DUCHESS

FTLN 1307 What means this scene of rude impatience?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 1308 To make an act of tragic violence. 40
FTLN 1309 Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
FTLN 1310 Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
FTLN 1311 Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
FTLN 1312 If you will live, lament. If die, be brief,
FTLN 1313 That our swift-wingèd souls may catch the King's, 45
FTLN 1314 Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
FTLN 1315 To his new kingdom of ne'er-changing night.

DUCHESS

FTLN 1316 Ah, so much interest have *(I)* in thy sorrow
FTLN 1317 As I had title in thy noble husband.
FTLN 1318 I have bewept a worthy husband's death 50
FTLN 1319 And lived with looking on his images;
FTLN 1320 But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
FTLN 1321 Are cracked in pieces by malignant death,
FTLN 1322 And I, for comfort, have but one false glass
FTLN 1323 That grieves me when I see my shame in him. 55
FTLN 1324 Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
FTLN 1325 And hast the comfort of thy children left,
FTLN 1326 But death hath snatched my husband from mine
FTLN 1327 arms
FTLN 1328 And plucked two crutches from my feeble hands, 60
FTLN 1329 Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,
FTLN 1330 Thine being but a moiety of my moan,
FTLN 1331 To overgo thy woes and drown thy cries!

BOY, *['to Queen Elizabeth']*

FTLN 1332 Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's death.
 FTLN 1333 How can we aid you with our kindred tears? 65

DAUGHTER, *['to Queen Elizabeth']*

FTLN 1334 Our fatherless distress was left unmoaned.
 FTLN 1335 Your widow-dolor likewise be unwept!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 1336 Give me no help in lamentation.
 FTLN 1337 I am not barren to bring forth complaints.
 FTLN 1338 All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes, 70
 FTLN 1339 That I, being governed by the watery moon,
 FTLN 1340 May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.
 FTLN 1341 Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

CHILDREN

FTLN 1342 Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

DUCHESS

FTLN 1343 Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence! 75

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 1344 What stay had I but Edward? And he's gone.

CHILDREN

FTLN 1345 What stay had we but Clarence? And he's gone.

DUCHESS

FTLN 1346 What stays had I but they? And they are gone.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 1347 Was never widow had so dear a loss.

CHILDREN

FTLN 1348 Were never orphans had so dear a loss. 80

DUCHESS

FTLN 1349 Was never mother had so dear a loss.
 FTLN 1350 Alas, I am the mother of these griefs.
 FTLN 1351 Their woes are parceled; mine is general.
 FTLN 1352 She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
 FTLN 1353 I for a Clarence *<weep;>* so doth not she. 85
 FTLN 1354 These babes for Clarence weep, *<and so do I;*
 FTLN 1355 I for an Edward weep;*>* so do not they.
 FTLN 1356 Alas, you three, on me, threefold distressed,

FTLN 1357	Pour all your tears. I am your sorrow's nurse,	
FTLN 1358	And I will pamper it with lamentation.	90
	DORSET, <i>「to Queen Elizabeth」</i>	
FTLN 1359	Comfort, dear mother. God is much displeas'd	
FTLN 1360	That you take with unthankfulness His doing.	
FTLN 1361	In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful	
FTLN 1362	With dull unwillingness to repay a debt	
FTLN 1363	Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;	95
FTLN 1364	Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,	
FTLN 1365	For it requires the royal debt it lent you.	
	RIVERS	
FTLN 1366	Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,	
FTLN 1367	Of the young prince your son. Send straight for	
FTLN 1368	him.	100
FTLN 1369	Let him be crown'd. In him your comfort lives.	
FTLN 1370	Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave	
FTLN 1371	And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.	
	<i>Enter Richard, 「Duke of Gloucester,」 Buckingham, 「Lord Stanley, Earl of」 Derby, Hastings, and Ratcliffe.</i>	
	RICHARD, <i>「to Queen Elizabeth」</i>	
FTLN 1372	Sister, have comfort. All of us have cause	
FTLN 1373	To wail the dimming of our shining star,	105
FTLN 1374	But none can help our harms by wailing them.—	
FTLN 1375	Madam my mother, I do cry you mercy;	
FTLN 1376	I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee	
FTLN 1377	I crave your blessing. <i>「He kneels.」</i>	
	DUCHESS	
FTLN 1378	God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,	110
FTLN 1379	Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.	
	RICHARD, <i>「standing」</i>	
FTLN 1380	Amen. <i>「Aside.」</i> And make me die a good old man!	
FTLN 1381	That is the butt end of a mother's blessing;	
FTLN 1382	I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.	
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 1383	You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers	115

FTLN 1384	That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,	
FTLN 1385	Now cheer each other in each other's love.	
FTLN 1386	Though we have spent our harvest of this king,	
FTLN 1387	We are to reap the harvest of his son.	
FTLN 1388	The broken rancor of your high-swoll'n hates,	120
FTLN 1389	But lately splintered, knit, and joined together,	
FTLN 1390	Must gently be preserved, cherished, and kept.	
FTLN 1391	Meseemeth good that with some little train	
FTLN 1392	Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet	
FTLN 1393	Hither to London, to be crowned our king.	125
	RIVERS	
FTLN 1394	Why "with some little train," my Lord of	
FTLN 1395	Buckingham?	
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 1396	Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude	
FTLN 1397	The new-healed wound of malice should break out,	
FTLN 1398	Which would be so much the more dangerous	130
FTLN 1399	By how much the estate is green and yet	
FTLN 1400	ungoverned.	
FTLN 1401	Where every horse bears his commanding rein	
FTLN 1402	And may direct his course as please himself,	
FTLN 1403	As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,	135
FTLN 1404	In my opinion, ought to be prevented.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 1405	I hope the King made peace with all of us;	
FTLN 1406	And the compact is firm and true in me.	
	RIVERS	
FTLN 1407	And so in me, and so, I think, in all.	
FTLN 1408	Yet since it is but green, it should be put	140
FTLN 1409	To no apparent likelihood of breach,	
FTLN 1410	Which haply by much company might be urged.	
FTLN 1411	Therefore I say with noble Buckingham	
FTLN 1412	That it is meet so few should fetch the Prince.	
FTLN 1413	HASTINGS And so say I.	145
	RICHARD	
FTLN 1414	Then be it so, and go we to determine	

FTLN 1415 Who they shall be that straight shall post to
 FTLN 1416 ⟨Ludlow.⟩—
 FTLN 1417 Madam, and you, my sister, will you go
 FTLN 1418 To give your censures in this business? 150
 All but Buckingham and Richard exit.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 1419 My lord, whoever journeys to the Prince,
 FTLN 1420 For ⟨God's⟩ sake let not us two stay at home.
 FTLN 1421 For by the way I'll sort occasion,
 FTLN 1422 As index to the story we late talked of,
 FTLN 1423 To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince. 155

RICHARD

FTLN 1424 My other self, my council's consistory,
 FTLN 1425 My oracle, my prophet, my dear cousin,
 FTLN 1426 I, as a child, will go by thy direction
 FTLN 1427 Toward ⟨Ludlow⟩ then, for we'll not stay behind.
 They exit.

Scene 3

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

FIRST CITIZEN

FTLN 1428 Good morrow, neighbor, whither away so fast?

SECOND CITIZEN

FTLN 1429 I promise you I scarcely know myself.

FTLN 1430 Hear you the news abroad?

FTLN 1431 FIRST CITIZEN Yes, that the King is dead.

SECOND CITIZEN

FTLN 1432 Ill news, by 'r Lady. Seldom comes the better. 5

FTLN 1433 I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

THIRD CITIZEN

FTLN 1434 Neighbors, God speed.

FTLN 1435 FIRST CITIZEN Give you good morrow, sir.

	THIRD CITIZEN	
FTLN 1436	Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?	
	SECOND CITIZEN	
FTLN 1437	Ay, sir, it is too true, God help the while.	10
	THIRD CITIZEN	
FTLN 1438	Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.	
	FIRST CITIZEN	
FTLN 1439	No, no, by God's good grace, his son shall reign.	
	THIRD CITIZEN	
FTLN 1440	Woe to that land that's governed by a child.	
	SECOND CITIZEN	
FTLN 1441	In him there is a hope of government,	
FTLN 1442	Which, in his nonage, council under him,	15
FTLN 1443	And, in his full and ripened years, himself,	
FTLN 1444	No doubt shall then, and till then, govern well.	
	FIRST CITIZEN	
FTLN 1445	So stood the state when Henry the Sixth	
FTLN 1446	Was crowned in Paris but at nine months old.	
	THIRD CITIZEN	
FTLN 1447	Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot,	20
FTLN 1448	For then this land was famously enriched	
FTLN 1449	With politic grave counsel; then the King	
FTLN 1450	Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.	
	FIRST CITIZEN	
FTLN 1451	Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.	
	THIRD CITIZEN	
FTLN 1452	Better it were they all came by his father,	25
FTLN 1453	Or by his father there were none at all,	
FTLN 1454	For emulation who shall now be nearest	
FTLN 1455	Will touch us all too near if God prevent not.	
FTLN 1456	O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,	
FTLN 1457	And the Queen's sons and brothers haught and	30
FTLN 1458	proud,	
FTLN 1459	And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,	
FTLN 1460	This sickly land might solace as before.	

FIRST CITIZEN

FTLN 1461 Come, come, we fear the worst. All will be well.

THIRD CITIZEN

FTLN 1462 When clouds are seen, wise men put on their 35
FTLN 1463 cloaks;

FTLN 1464 When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
FTLN 1465 When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

FTLN 1466 Untimely storms makes men expect a dearth.
FTLN 1467 All may be well; but if God sort it so, 40
FTLN 1468 'Tis more than we deserve or I expect.

SECOND CITIZEN

FTLN 1469 Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear.

FTLN 1470 You cannot reason almost with a man

FTLN 1471 That looks not heavily and full of dread.

THIRD CITIZEN

FTLN 1472 Before the days of change, still is it so. 45

FTLN 1473 By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust

FTLN 1474 Ensuing danger, as by proof we see

FTLN 1475 The water swell before a boist'rous storm.

FTLN 1476 But leave it all to God. Whither away?

SECOND CITIZEN

FTLN 1477 Marry, we were sent for to the Justices. 50

THIRD CITIZEN

FTLN 1478 And so was I. I'll bear you company.

They exit.

Scene 4

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

ARCHBISHOP

FTLN 1479 Last night, I (hear,) they lay at Stony Stratford,

FTLN 1480 And at Northampton they do rest tonight.

FTLN 1481 Tomorrow or next day they will be here.

DUCHESS

FTLN 1482 I long with all my heart to see the Prince.
 FTLN 1483 I hope he is much grown since last I saw him. 5

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 1484 But I hear no; they say my son of York
 FTLN 1485 Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

YORK

FTLN 1486 Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

DUCHESS

FTLN 1487 Why, my good cousin? It is good to grow.

YORK

FTLN 1488 Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper, 10
 FTLN 1489 My uncle Rivers talked how I did grow
 FTLN 1490 More than my brother. "Ay," quoth my uncle
 FTLN 1491 Gloucester,
 FTLN 1492 "Small herbs have grace; great weeds do grow
 FTLN 1493 apace." 15
 FTLN 1494 And since, methinks I would not grow so fast
 FTLN 1495 Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make
 FTLN 1496 haste.

DUCHESS

FTLN 1497 Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
 FTLN 1498 In him that did object the same to thee! 20
 FTLN 1499 He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
 FTLN 1500 So long a-growing and so leisurely,
 FTLN 1501 That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

YORK

FTLN 1502 And so no doubt he is, my gracious madam.

DUCHESS

FTLN 1503 I hope he is, but yet let mothers doubt. 25

YORK

FTLN 1504 Now, by my troth, if I had been remembered,
 FTLN 1505 I could have given my uncle's Grace a flout
 FTLN 1506 To touch his growth nearer than he touched mine.

DUCHESS

FTLN 1507 How, my young York? I prithee let me hear it.

YORK

FTLN 1508 Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast 30
FTLN 1509 That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old.
FTLN 1510 'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
FTLN 1511 Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

DUCHESS

FTLN 1512 I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?
FTLN 1513 YORK Grandam, his nurse. 35

DUCHESS

FTLN 1514 His nurse? Why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

YORK

FTLN 1515 If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 1516 A parlous boy! Go to, you are too shrewd.

DUCHESS

FTLN 1517 Good madam, be not angry with the child.

FTLN 1518 QUEEN ELIZABETH Pitchers have ears. 40

Enter a Messenger.

FTLN 1519 ARCHBISHOP Here comes a messenger.—What news?

MESSENGER

FTLN 1520 Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

FTLN 1521 QUEEN ELIZABETH How doth the Prince?

FTLN 1522 MESSENGER Well, madam, and in health.

FTLN 1523 DUCHESS What is thy news? 45

MESSENGER

FTLN 1524 Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,

FTLN 1525 And, with them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

FTLN 1526 DUCHESS Who hath committed them?

MESSENGER

FTLN 1527 The mighty dukes, Gloucester and Buckingham.

FTLN 1528 ARCHBISHOP For what offense? 50

MESSENGER

FTLN 1529 The sum of all I can, I have disclosed.

FTLN 1530 Why, or for what, the nobles were committed

FTLN 1531 Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 1532 Ay me! I see the ruin of my house.
 FTLN 1533 The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind. 55
 FTLN 1534 Insulting tyranny begins to jut
 FTLN 1535 Upon the innocent and aweless throne.
 FTLN 1536 Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre.
 FTLN 1537 I see, as in a map, the end of all.

DUCHESS

FTLN 1538 Accursèd and unquiet wrangling days, 60
 FTLN 1539 How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
 FTLN 1540 My husband lost his life to get the crown,
 FTLN 1541 And often up and down my sons were tossed
 FTLN 1542 For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loss.
 FTLN 1543 And being seated, and domestic broils 65
 FTLN 1544 Clean overblown, themselves the conquerors
 FTLN 1545 Make war upon themselves, brother to brother,
 FTLN 1546 Blood to blood, self against self. O, preposterous
 FTLN 1547 And frantic outrage, end thy damnèd spleen,
 FTLN 1548 Or let me die, to look on Earth no more. 70

QUEEN ELIZABETH, 「to York」

FTLN 1549 Come, come, my boy. We will to sanctuary.—
 FTLN 1550 Madam, farewell.

FTLN 1551 DUCHESS Stay, I will go with you.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 1552 You have no cause.
 FTLN 1553 ARCHBISHOP, 「to Queen Elizabeth」 My gracious lady, go, 75
 FTLN 1554 And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
 FTLN 1555 For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace
 FTLN 1556 The seal I keep; and so betide to me
 FTLN 1557 As well I tender you and all of yours.
 FTLN 1558 Go. I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. 80

They exit.

[ACT 3]

[Scene 1]

*The trumpets sound. Enter young Prince 'Edward,'
'Richard Duke of' Gloucester, Buckingham,
'the' Cardinal, 'Catesby,' and others.*

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 1559 Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

RICHARD, *'to Prince'*

FTLN 1560 Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign.

FTLN 1561 The weary way hath made you melancholy.

PRINCE

FTLN 1562 No, uncle, but our crosses on the way

FTLN 1563 Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy. 5

FTLN 1564 I want more uncles here to welcome me.

RICHARD

FTLN 1565 Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

FTLN 1566 Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit;

FTLN 1567 Nor more can you distinguish of a man

FTLN 1568 Than of his outward show, which, God He knows, 10

FTLN 1569 Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.

FTLN 1570 Those uncles which you want were dangerous.

FTLN 1571 Your Grace attended to their sugared words

FTLN 1572 But looked not on the poison of their hearts.

FTLN 1573 God keep you from them, and from such false 15

FTLN 1574 friends.

PRINCE

FTLN 1575 God keep me from false friends, but they were none.

RICHARD

FTLN 1576 My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Mayor [with others.]

MAYOR

FTLN 1577 God bless your Grace with health and happy days.

PRINCE

FTLN 1578 I thank you, good my lord, and thank you all.— 20

FTLN 1579 I thought my mother and my brother York

FTLN 1580 Would long ere this have met us on the way.

FTLN 1581 Fie, what a slug is Hastings that he comes not

FTLN 1582 To tell us whether they will come or no!

Enter Lord Hastings.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 1583 And in good time here comes the sweating lord. 25

PRINCE

FTLN 1584 Welcome, my lord. What, will our mother come?

HASTINGS

FTLN 1585 On what occasion God He knows, not I,

FTLN 1586 The Queen your mother and your brother York

FTLN 1587 Have taken sanctuary. The tender prince

FTLN 1588 Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace, 30

FTLN 1589 But by his mother was perforce withheld.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 1590 Fie, what an indirect and peevish course

FTLN 1591 Is this of hers!—Lord Cardinal, will your Grace

FTLN 1592 Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of York

FTLN 1593 Unto his princely brother presently?— 35

FTLN 1594 If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,

FTLN 1595 And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

CARDINAL

FTLN 1596 My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory

FTLN 1597	Can from his mother win the Duke of York,	
FTLN 1598	Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate	40
FTLN 1599	To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid	
FTLN 1600	We should infringe the holy privilege	
FTLN 1601	Of blessed sanctuary! Not for all this land	
FTLN 1602	Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.	
BUCKINGHAM		
FTLN 1603	You are too senseless obstinate, my lord,	45
FTLN 1604	Too ceremonious and traditional.	
FTLN 1605	Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,	
FTLN 1606	You break not sanctuary in seizing him.	
FTLN 1607	The benefit thereof is always granted	
FTLN 1608	To those whose dealings have deserved the place	50
FTLN 1609	And those who have the wit to claim the place.	
FTLN 1610	This prince hath neither claimed it nor deserved it	
FTLN 1611	And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.	
FTLN 1612	Then taking him from thence that is not there,	
FTLN 1613	You break no privilege nor charter there.	55
FTLN 1614	Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,	
FTLN 1615	But sanctuary children, never till now.	
CARDINAL		
FTLN 1616	My lord, you shall o'errule my mind for once.—	
FTLN 1617	Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?	
FTLN 1618	HASTINGS I go, my lord.	60
PRINCE		
FTLN 1619	Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.	
<i>[The Cardinal and Hastings exit.]</i>		
FTLN 1620	Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,	
FTLN 1621	Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?	
RICHARD		
FTLN 1622	Where it seems best unto your royal self.	
FTLN 1623	If I may counsel you, some day or two	65
FTLN 1624	Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower;	
FTLN 1625	Then where you please and shall be thought most fit	
FTLN 1626	For your best health and recreation.	

	PRINCE	
FTLN 1627	I do not like the Tower, of any place.—	
FTLN 1628	Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?	70
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 1629	He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,	
FTLN 1630	Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.	
	PRINCE	
FTLN 1631	Is it upon record, or else reported	
FTLN 1632	Successively from age to age, he built it?	
FTLN 1633	BUCKINGHAM Upon record, my gracious lord.	75
	PRINCE	
FTLN 1634	But say, my lord, it were not registered,	
FTLN 1635	Methinks the truth should live from age to age,	
FTLN 1636	As 'twere retailed to all posterity,	
FTLN 1637	Even to the general all-ending day.	
	RICHARD, <i>aside</i>	
FTLN 1638	So wise so young, they say, do never live long.	80
FTLN 1639	PRINCE What say you, uncle?	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 1640	I say, without characters fame lives long.	
FTLN 1641	<i>Aside.</i> Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,	
FTLN 1642	I moralize two meanings in one word.	
	PRINCE	
FTLN 1643	That Julius Caesar was a famous man.	85
FTLN 1644	With what his valor did enrich his wit,	
FTLN 1645	His wit set down to make his [valor] live.	
FTLN 1646	Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,	
FTLN 1647	For now he lives in fame, though not in life.	
FTLN 1648	I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham—	90
FTLN 1649	BUCKINGHAM What, my gracious lord?	
	PRINCE	
FTLN 1650	An if I live until I be a man,	
FTLN 1651	I'll win our ancient right in France again	
FTLN 1652	Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.	
	RICHARD, <i>aside</i>	
FTLN 1653	Short summers lightly have a forward spring.	95

Enter young Duke of York, Hastings, and the Cardinal.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 1654 Now in good time here comes the Duke of York.

PRINCE

FTLN 1655 Richard of York, how fares our loving brother?

YORK

FTLN 1656 Well, my dread lord—so must I call you now.

PRINCE

FTLN 1657 Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours.

FTLN 1658 Too late he died that might have kept that title, 100

FTLN 1659 Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

RICHARD

FTLN 1660 How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

YORK

FTLN 1661 I thank you, gentle uncle. O my lord,

FTLN 1662 You said that idle weeds are fast in growth.

FTLN 1663 The Prince my brother hath outgrown me far. 105

RICHARD

FTLN 1664 He hath, my lord.

FTLN 1665 YORK And therefore is he idle?

RICHARD

FTLN 1666 O my fair cousin, I must not say so.

YORK

FTLN 1667 Then he is more beholding to you than I.

RICHARD

FTLN 1668 He may command me as my sovereign, 110

FTLN 1669 But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

YORK

FTLN 1670 I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

RICHARD

FTLN 1671 My dagger, little cousin? With all my heart.

FTLN 1672 PRINCE A beggar, brother?

YORK

FTLN 1673 Of my kind uncle, that I know will give, 115

FTLN 1674 And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

RICHARD

FTLN 1675 A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

YORK

FTLN 1676 A greater gift? O, that's the sword to it.

RICHARD

FTLN 1677 Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

YORK

FTLN 1678 O, then I see you will part but with light gifts. 120

FTLN 1679 In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

RICHARD

FTLN 1680 It is too heavy for your Grace to wear.

YORK

FTLN 1681 I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

RICHARD

FTLN 1682 What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

YORK

FTLN 1683 I would, that I might thank you as you call me. 125

FTLN 1684 RICHARD How?

FTLN 1685 YORK Little.

PRINCE

FTLN 1686 My Lord of York will still be cross in talk.

FTLN 1687 Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

YORK

FTLN 1688 You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me.— 130

FTLN 1689 Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me.

FTLN 1690 Because that I am little, like an ape,

FTLN 1691 He thinks that you should bear me on your

FTLN 1692 shoulders.

BUCKINGHAM, *aside*

FTLN 1693 With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons! 135

FTLN 1694 To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

FTLN 1695 He prettily and aptly taunts himself.

FTLN 1696 So cunning and so young is wonderful.

RICHARD, *to Prince*

FTLN 1697 My lord, will 't please you pass along?

FTLN 1698	Myself and my good cousin Buckingham	140
FTLN 1699	Will to your mother, to entreat of her	
FTLN 1700	To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.	
	YORK, <i>['to Prince']</i>	
FTLN 1701	What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?	
	PRINCE	
FTLN 1702	My Lord Protector needs will have it so.	
	YORK	
FTLN 1703	I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.	145
FTLN 1704	RICHARD Why, what should you fear?	
	YORK	
FTLN 1705	Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost.	
FTLN 1706	My grandam told me he was murdered there.	
FTLN 1707	PRINCE I fear no uncles dead.	
FTLN 1708	RICHARD Nor none that live, I hope.	150
	PRINCE	
FTLN 1709	An if they live, I hope I need not fear.	
FTLN 1710	<i>['To York.']</i> But come, my lord. With a heavy heart,	
FTLN 1711	Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.	
	<i>[A sennet. Prince 'Edward, the Duke of' York,</i>	
	<i>'and' Hastings exit. Richard, Buckingham,</i>	
	<i>and Catesby remain.]</i>	
	BUCKINGHAM, <i>['to Richard']</i>	
FTLN 1712	Think you, my lord, this little prating York	
FTLN 1713	Was not incensèd by his subtle mother	155
FTLN 1714	To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 1715	No doubt, no doubt. O, 'tis a parlous boy,	
FTLN 1716	Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable.	
FTLN 1717	He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.	
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 1718	Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby.	160
FTLN 1719	Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend	
FTLN 1720	As closely to conceal what we impart.	
FTLN 1721	Thou knowest our reasons, urged upon the way.	

FTLN 1722	What thinkest thou? Is it not an easy matter	
FTLN 1723	To make William Lord Hastings of our mind	165
FTLN 1724	For the installment of this noble duke	
FTLN 1725	In the seat royal of this famous isle?	
	CATESBY	
FTLN 1726	He, for his father's sake, so loves the Prince	
FTLN 1727	That he will not be won to aught against him.	
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 1728	What think'st thou then of Stanley? Will not he?	170
	CATESBY	
FTLN 1729	He will do all in all as Hastings doth.	
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 1730	Well then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,	
FTLN 1731	And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings	
FTLN 1732	How he doth stand affected to our purpose	
FTLN 1733	And summon him tomorrow to the Tower	175
FTLN 1734	To sit about the coronation.	
FTLN 1735	If thou dost find him tractable to us,	
FTLN 1736	Encourage him and tell him all our reasons.	
FTLN 1737	If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,	
FTLN 1738	Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,	180
FTLN 1739	And give us notice of his inclination;	
FTLN 1740	For we tomorrow hold divided councils,	
FTLN 1741	Wherein thyself shalt highly be employed.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 1742	Commend me to Lord William. Tell him, Catesby,	
FTLN 1743	His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries	185
FTLN 1744	Tomorrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,	
FTLN 1745	And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,	
FTLN 1746	Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.	
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 1747	Good Catesby, go effect this business soundly.	
	CATESBY	
FTLN 1748	My good lords both, with all the heed I can.	190
	RICHARD	
FTLN 1749	Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?	

FTLN 1750 CATESBY You shall, my lord.
 RICHARD
 FTLN 1751 At Crosby House, there shall you find us both. 195
Catesby exits.

BUCKINGHAM
 FTLN 1752 Now, my lord, what shall we do if we perceive
 FTLN 1753 Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
 RICHARD
 FTLN 1754 Chop off his head. Something we will determine.
 FTLN 1755 And look when I am king, claim thou of me
 FTLN 1756 The earldom of Hereford, and all the movables
 FTLN 1757 Whereof the King my brother was possessed.

BUCKINGHAM
 FTLN 1758 I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand. 200
 RICHARD
 FTLN 1759 And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
 FTLN 1760 Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
 FTLN 1761 We may digest our complots in some form.
They exit.

Scene 2

Enter a Messenger to the door of Hastings.

FTLN 1762 MESSENGER, *knocking* My lord, my lord.
 FTLN 1763 HASTINGS, *within* Who knocks?
 FTLN 1764 MESSENGER One from the Lord Stanley.
 FTLN 1765 HASTINGS, *within* What is 't o'clock?
 FTLN 1766 MESSENGER Upon the stroke of four. 5

Enter Lord Hastings.

HASTINGS
 FTLN 1767 Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?
 MESSENGER
 FTLN 1768 So it appears by that I have to say.
 FTLN 1769 First, he commends him to your noble self.

FTLN 1770	HASTINGS	What then?	
	MESSENGER		
FTLN 1771		Then certifies your Lordship that this night	10
FTLN 1772		He dreamt the boar had razed off his helm.	
FTLN 1773		Besides, he says there are two councils kept,	
FTLN 1774		And that may be determined at the one	
FTLN 1775		Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.	
FTLN 1776		Therefore he sends to know your Lordship's	15
FTLN 1777		pleasure,	
FTLN 1778		If you will presently take horse with him	
FTLN 1779		And with all speed post with him toward the north	
FTLN 1780		To shun the danger that his soul divines.	
	HASTINGS		
FTLN 1781		Go, fellow, go. Return unto thy lord.	20
FTLN 1782		Bid him not fear the separated council.	
FTLN 1783		His Honor and myself are at the one,	
FTLN 1784		And at the other is my good friend Catesby,	
FTLN 1785		Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us	
FTLN 1786		Whereof I shall not have intelligence.	25
FTLN 1787		Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance.	
FTLN 1788		And for his dreams, I wonder he's so simple	
FTLN 1789		To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers.	
FTLN 1790		To fly the boar before the boar pursues	
FTLN 1791		Were to incense the boar to follow us	30
FTLN 1792		And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.	
FTLN 1793		Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,	
FTLN 1794		And we will both together to the Tower,	
FTLN 1795		Where he shall see the boar will use us kindly.	
	MESSENGER		
FTLN 1796		I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. <i>He exits.</i>	35

Enter Catesby.

CATESBY

FTLN 1797 Many good morrows to my noble lord.

HASTINGS

FTLN 1798 Good morrow, Catesby. You are early stirring.
FTLN 1799 What news, what news in this our tott'ring state?

CATESBY

FTLN 1800 It is a reeling world indeed, my lord,
FTLN 1801 And I believe will never stand upright 40
FTLN 1802 Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

HASTINGS

FTLN 1803 How "wear the garland"? Dost thou mean the
FTLN 1804 crown?

FTLN 1805 CATESBY Ay, my good lord.

HASTINGS

FTLN 1806 I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders 45
FTLN 1807 Before I'll see the crown so foul misplaced.
FTLN 1808 But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

CATESBY

FTLN 1809 Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward
FTLN 1810 Upon his party for the gain thereof;
FTLN 1811 And thereupon he sends you this good news, 50
FTLN 1812 That this same very day your enemies,
FTLN 1813 The kindred of the Queen, must die at Pomfret.

HASTINGS

FTLN 1814 Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
FTLN 1815 Because they have been still my adversaries.
FTLN 1816 But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side 55
FTLN 1817 To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
FTLN 1818 God knows I will not do it, to the death.

CATESBY

FTLN 1819 God keep your Lordship in that gracious mind.

HASTINGS

FTLN 1820 But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
FTLN 1821 That they which brought me in my master's hate, 60
FTLN 1822 I live to look upon their tragedy.
FTLN 1823 Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older
FTLN 1824 I'll send some packing that yet think not on 't.

CATESBY

FTLN 1825 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
 FTLN 1826 When men are unprepared and look not for it. 65

HASTINGS

FTLN 1827 O monstrous, monstrous! And so falls it out
 FTLN 1828 With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill do
 FTLN 1829 With some men else that think themselves as safe
 FTLN 1830 As thou and I, who, as thou know'st, are dear
 FTLN 1831 To princely Richard and to Buckingham. 70

CATESBY

FTLN 1832 The Princes both make high account of you—
 FTLN 1833 *Aside.* For they account his head upon the Bridge.

HASTINGS

FTLN 1834 I know they do, and I have well deserved it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

FTLN 1835 Come on, come on. Where is your boar-spear, man?
 FTLN 1836 Fear you the boar and go so unprovided? 75

STANLEY

FTLN 1837 My lord, good morrow.—Good morrow, Catesby.—
 FTLN 1838 You may jest on, but, by the Holy Rood,
 FTLN 1839 I do not like these several councils, I.

HASTINGS

FTLN 1840 My lord, I hold my life as dear as *<you do>* yours,
 FTLN 1841 And never in my days, I do protest, 80
 FTLN 1842 Was it so precious to me as 'tis now.
 FTLN 1843 Think you but that I know our state secure,
 FTLN 1844 I would be so triumphant as I am?

STANLEY

FTLN 1845 The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
 FTLN 1846 Were jocund and supposed their states were sure, 85
 FTLN 1847 And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
 FTLN 1848 But yet you see how soon the day o'ercast.
 FTLN 1849 This sudden stab of rancor I misdoubt.
 FTLN 1850 Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
 FTLN 1851 What, shall we toward the Tower? The day is spent. 90

HASTINGS

FTLN 1852 Come, come. Have with you. Wot you what, my lord?
 FTLN 1853 Today the lords you ⟨talked⟩ of are beheaded.

STANLEY

FTLN 1854 They, for their truth, might better wear their heads
 FTLN 1855 Than some that have accused them wear their hats.
 FTLN 1856 But come, my lord, let's away. 95

Enter a Pursuivant.

HASTINGS

FTLN 1857 Go on before. I'll talk with this good fellow.
Lord Stanley and Catesby exit.

FTLN 1858 How now, sirrah? How goes the world with thee?

PURSUIVANT

FTLN 1859 The better that your Lordship please to ask.

HASTINGS

FTLN 1860 I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now
 FTLN 1861 Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet. 100
 FTLN 1862 Then was I going prisoner to the Tower
 FTLN 1863 By the suggestion of the Queen's allies.
 FTLN 1864 But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—
 FTLN 1865 This day those enemies are put to death,
 FTLN 1866 And I in better state than e'er I was. 105

PURSUIVANT

FTLN 1867 God hold it, to your Honor's good content!

HASTINGS

FTLN 1868 Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that for me.
Throws him his purse.

FTLN 1869 PURSUIVANT I thank your Honor. *Pursuivant exits.*

Enter a Priest.

PRIEST

FTLN 1870 Well met, my lord. I am glad to see your Honor.

HASTINGS

FTLN 1871 I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart. 110

FTLN 1872 I am in your debt for your last exercise.
 FTLN 1873 Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.
 FTLN 1874 PRIEST I'll wait upon your Lordship. *「Priest exits.」*

Enter Buckingham.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 1875 What, talking with a priest, Lord Chamberlain?
 FTLN 1876 Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest; 115
 FTLN 1877 Your Honor hath no shriving work in hand.

HASTINGS

FTLN 1878 Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
 FTLN 1879 The men you talk of came into my mind.
 FTLN 1880 What, go you toward the Tower?

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 1881 I do, my lord, but long I cannot stay there. 120
 FTLN 1882 I shall return before your Lordship thence.

HASTINGS

FTLN 1883 Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

BUCKINGHAM, *「aside」*

FTLN 1884 And supper too, although thou know'st it not.—
 FTLN 1885 Come, will you go?

FTLN 1886 HASTINGS I'll wait upon your Lordship. 125
They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying the nobles ⟨Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan⟩ to death at Pomfret.

RIVERS

FTLN 1887 Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this:
 FTLN 1888 Today shalt thou behold a subject die
 FTLN 1889 For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

GREY, *「to Ratcliffe」*

FTLN 1890 God bless the Prince from all the pack of you!
 FTLN 1891 A knot you are of damnèd bloodsuckers. 5

VAUGHAN, [to Ratcliffe]

FTLN 1892 You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

RATCLIFFE

FTLN 1893 Dispatch. The limit of your lives is out.

RIVERS

FTLN 1894 O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,

FTLN 1895 Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

FTLN 1896 Within the guilty closure of thy walls, 10

FTLN 1897 Richard the Second here was hacked to death,

FTLN 1898 And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,

FTLN 1899 We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

GREY

FTLN 1900 Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,

FTLN 1901 When she exclaimed on Hastings, you, and I, 15

FTLN 1902 For standing by when Richard stabbed her son.

RIVERS

FTLN 1903 Then cursed she Richard. Then cursed she

FTLN 1904 Buckingham.

FTLN 1905 Then cursed she Hastings. O, remember, God,

FTLN 1906 To hear her prayer for them as now for us! 20

FTLN 1907 And for my sister and her princely sons,

FTLN 1908 Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,

FTLN 1909 Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

RATCLIFFE

FTLN 1910 Make haste. The hour of death is expiate.

RIVERS

FTLN 1911 Come, Grey. Come, Vaughan. Let us here embrace. 25

[They embrace.]

FTLN 1912 Farewell until we meet again in heaven.

They exit.

Scene 4

*Enter Buckingham, [Lord Stanley, Earl of] Derby,
Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Norfolk, Ratcliffe, Lovell, with
others, at a table.*

HASTINGS

FTLN 1913 Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
FTLN 1914 Is to determine of the coronation.
FTLN 1915 In God's name, speak. When is the royal day?

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 1916 Is all things ready for the royal time?

STANLEY

FTLN 1917 It is, and wants but nomination. 5

ELY

FTLN 1918 Tomorrow, then, I judge a happy day.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 1919 Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?

FTLN 1920 Who is most inward with the noble duke?

ELY

FTLN 1921 Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his
FTLN 1922 mind. 10

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 1923 We know each other's faces; for our hearts,

FTLN 1924 He knows no more of mine than I of yours,

FTLN 1925 Or I of his, my lord, than you of mine.—

FTLN 1926 Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

HASTINGS

FTLN 1927 I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well. 15

FTLN 1928 But for his purpose in the coronation,

FTLN 1929 I have not sounded him, nor he delivered

FTLN 1930 His gracious pleasure any way therein.

FTLN 1931 But you, my honorable lords, may name the time,

FTLN 1932 And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice, 20

FTLN 1933 Which I presume he'll take in gentle part.

Enter [Richard, Duke of] Gloucester.

ELY

FTLN 1934 In happy time here comes the Duke himself.

RICHARD

FTLN 1935 My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.

FTLN 1936 I have been long a sleeper; but I trust

FTLN 1937 My absence doth neglect no great design 25

FTLN 1938 Which by my presence might have been concluded.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 1939 Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,

FTLN 1940 William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part—

FTLN 1941 I mean your voice for crowning of the King.

RICHARD

FTLN 1942 Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder. 30

FTLN 1943 His Lordship knows me well and loves me well.—

FTLN 1944 My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn

FTLN 1945 I saw good strawberries in your garden there;

FTLN 1946 I do beseech you, send for some of them.

ELY

FTLN 1947 Marry and will, my lord, with all my heart. 35

Exit Bishop [of Ely.]

RICHARD

FTLN 1948 Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

They move aside.

FTLN 1949 Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business

FTLN 1950 And finds the testy gentleman so hot

FTLN 1951 That he will lose his head ere give consent

FTLN 1952 His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it, 40

FTLN 1953 Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 1954 Withdraw yourself awhile. I'll go with you.

Richard and Buckingham exit.

STANLEY

FTLN 1955 We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

FTLN 1956 Tomorrow, in my judgment, is too sudden,

FTLN 1957 For I myself am not so well provided 45

FTLN 1958 As else I would be, were the day prolonged.

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

ELY

FTLN 1959 Where is my lord the Duke of Gloucester?

FTLN 1960 I have sent for these strawberries.

HASTINGS

FTLN 1961 His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth this

FTLN 1962 morning. 50

FTLN 1963 There's some conceit or other likes him well

FTLN 1964 When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.

FTLN 1965 I think there's never a man in Christendom

FTLN 1966 Can lesser hide his love or hate than he,

FTLN 1967 For by his face straight shall you know his heart. 55

STANLEY

FTLN 1968 What of his heart perceive you in his face

FTLN 1969 By any livelihood he showed today?

HASTINGS

FTLN 1970 Marry, that with no man here he is offended,

FTLN 1971 For were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Enter Richard and Buckingham.

RICHARD

FTLN 1972 I pray you all, tell me what they deserve 60

FTLN 1973 That do conspire my death with devilish plots

FTLN 1974 Of damnèd witchcraft, and that have prevailed

FTLN 1975 Upon my body with their hellish charms?

HASTINGS

FTLN 1976 The tender love I bear your Grace, my lord,

FTLN 1977 Makes me most forward in this princely presence 65

FTLN 1978 To doom th' offenders, whosoe'er they be.

FTLN 1979 I say, my lord, they have deservèd death.

RICHARD

FTLN 1980 Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.

「He shows his arm.」

FTLN 1981 Look how I am bewitched! Behold mine arm

FTLN 1982 Is like a blasted sapling withered up; 70

FTLN 1983	And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,	
FTLN 1984	Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,	
FTLN 1985	That by their witchcraft thus have markèd me.	
	HASTINGS	
FTLN 1986	If they have done this deed, my noble lord—	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 1987	If? Thou protector of this damnèd strumpet,	75
FTLN 1988	Talk'st thou to me of "ifs"? Thou art a traitor.—	
FTLN 1989	Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul I swear	
FTLN 1990	I will not dine until I see the same.—	
FTLN 1991	Lovell and Ratcliffe, look that it be done.—	
FTLN 1992	The rest that love me, rise and follow me.	80
	<i>They exit. Lovell and Ratcliffe remain, with the Lord Hastings.</i>	
	HASTINGS	
FTLN 1993	Woe, woe for England! Not a whit for me,	
FTLN 1994	For I, too fond, might have prevented this.	
FTLN 1995	Stanley did dream the boar did ⟨raze his helm,⟩	
FTLN 1996	And I did scorn it and disdain to fly.	
FTLN 1997	Three times today my foot-cloth horse did stumble,	85
FTLN 1998	And started when he looked upon the Tower,	
FTLN 1999	As loath to bear me to the slaughterhouse.	
FTLN 2000	O, now I need the priest that spake to me!	
FTLN 2001	I now repent I told the pursuivant,	
FTLN 2002	As too triumphing, how mine enemies	90
FTLN 2003	Today at Pomfret bloodily were butchered,	
FTLN 2004	And I myself secure in grace and favor.	
FTLN 2005	O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse	
FTLN 2006	Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.	
	RATCLIFFE	
FTLN 2007	Come, come, dispatch. The Duke would be at	95
FTLN 2008	dinner.	
FTLN 2009	Make a short shrift. He longs to see your head.	
	HASTINGS	
FTLN 2010	O momentary grace of mortal men,	
FTLN 2011	Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!	

Enter the Mayor and Catesby.

FTLN 2036	BUCKINGHAM	Lord Mayor—	15
FTLN 2037	RICHARD	Look to the drawbridge there!	
FTLN 2038	BUCKINGHAM	Hark, a drum!	
FTLN 2039	RICHARD	Catesby, o'erlook the walls.	
		「 <i>Catesby exits.</i> 」	
FTLN 2040	BUCKINGHAM	Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent—	
	RICHARD		
FTLN 2041		Look back! Defend thee! Here are enemies.	20
	BUCKINGHAM		
FTLN 2042		God and our 〈innocence〉 defend and guard us!	

Enter Lovell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings' head.

	RICHARD		
FTLN 2043		Be patient. They are friends, Ratcliffe and Lovell.	
	LOVELL		
FTLN 2044		Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,	
FTLN 2045		The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.	
	RICHARD		
FTLN 2046		So dear I loved the man that I must weep.	25
FTLN 2047		I took him for the plainest harmless creature	
FTLN 2048		That breathed upon the Earth a Christian;	
FTLN 2049		Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded	
FTLN 2050		The history of all her secret thoughts.	
FTLN 2051		So smooth he daubed his vice with show of virtue	30
FTLN 2052		That, his apparent open guilt omitted—	
FTLN 2053		I mean his conversation with Shore's wife—	
FTLN 2054		He lived from all attainder of suspects.	
	BUCKINGHAM		
FTLN 2055		Well, well, he was the covert'st sheltered traitor	
FTLN 2056		That ever lived.—	35
FTLN 2057		Would you imagine, or almost believe,	
FTLN 2058		Were 't not that by great preservation	
FTLN 2059		We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor	

FTLN 2060	This day had plotted, in the council house,	
FTLN 2061	To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?	40
FTLN 2062	MAYOR Had he done so?	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 2063	What, think you we are Turks or infidels?	
FTLN 2064	Or that we would, against the form of law,	
FTLN 2065	Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,	
FTLN 2066	But that the extreme peril of the case,	45
FTLN 2067	The peace of England, and our persons' safety	
FTLN 2068	Enforced us to this execution?	
	MAYOR	
FTLN 2069	Now fair befall you! He deserved his death,	
FTLN 2070	And your good Graces both have well proceeded	
FTLN 2071	To warn false traitors from the like attempts.	50
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 2072	I never looked for better at his hands	
FTLN 2073	After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.	
FTLN 2074	Yet had we not determined he should die	
FTLN 2075	Until your Lordship came to see his end	
FTLN 2076	(Which now the loving haste of these our friends,	55
FTLN 2077	Something against our meanings, have prevented),	
FTLN 2078	Because, my lord, I would have had you heard	
FTLN 2079	The traitor speak and timorously confess	
FTLN 2080	The manner and the purpose of his treasons,	
FTLN 2081	That you might well have signified the same	60
FTLN 2082	Unto the citizens, who haply may	
FTLN 2083	Misconster us in him, and wail his death.	
	MAYOR	
FTLN 2084	But, my good lord, your Graces' words shall serve	
FTLN 2085	As well as I had seen and heard him speak;	
FTLN 2086	And do not doubt, right noble princes both,	65
FTLN 2087	But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens	
FTLN 2088	With all your just proceedings in this case.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 2089	And to that end we wished your Lordship here,	
FTLN 2090	T' avoid the censures of the carping world.	

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2091 Which since you come too late of our intent, 70
 FTLN 2092 Yet witness what you hear we did intend.
 FTLN 2093 And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

Mayor exits.

RICHARD

FTLN 2094 Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
 FTLN 2095 The Mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post.
 FTLN 2096 There, at your meetest vantage of the time, 75
 FTLN 2097 Infer the bastardy of Edward's children.
 FTLN 2098 Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen
 FTLN 2099 Only for saying he would make his son
 FTLN 2100 Heir to the Crown—meaning indeed his house,
 FTLN 2101 Which, by the sign thereof, was termèd so. 80
 FTLN 2102 Moreover, urge his hateful luxury
 FTLN 2103 And bestial appetite in change of lust,
 FTLN 2104 Which stretched unto their servants, daughters,
 FTLN 2105 wives,
 FTLN 2106 Even where his raging eye or savage heart, 85
 FTLN 2107 Without control, lusted to make a prey.
 FTLN 2108 Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
 FTLN 2109 Tell them when that my mother went with child
 FTLN 2110 Of that insatiate Edward, noble York
 FTLN 2111 My princely father then had wars in France, 90
 FTLN 2112 And, by true computation of the time,
 FTLN 2113 Found that the issue was not his begot,
 FTLN 2114 Which well appearèd in his lineaments,
 FTLN 2115 Being nothing like the noble duke my father.
 FTLN 2116 Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off, 95
 FTLN 2117 Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2118 Doubt not, my lord. I'll play the orator
 FTLN 2119 As if the golden fee for which I plead
 FTLN 2120 Were for myself. And so, my lord, adieu.

RICHARD

FTLN 2121 If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle, 100

FTLN 2146 Bad is the world, and all will come to naught
 FTLN 2147 When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.

He exits.

「Scene 7」

Enter Richard and Buckingham at several doors.

RICHARD

FTLN 2148 How now, how now? What say the citizens?

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2149 Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
 FTLN 2150 The citizens are mum, say not a word.

RICHARD

FTLN 2151 Touched you the bastardy of Edward's children?

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2152	I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy	5
FTLN 2153	And his contract by deputy in France;	
FTLN 2154	Th' unsatiate greediness of his desire	
FTLN 2155	And his enforcement of the city wives;	
FTLN 2156	His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,	
FTLN 2157	As being got, your father then in France,	10
FTLN 2158	And his resemblance being not like the Duke.	
FTLN 2159	Withal, I did infer your lineaments,	
FTLN 2160	Being the right idea of your father,	
FTLN 2161	Both in your form and nobleness of mind;	
FTLN 2162	Laid open all your victories in Scotland,	15
FTLN 2163	Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,	
FTLN 2164	Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;	
FTLN 2165	Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose	
FTLN 2166	Untouched or slightly handled in discourse.	
FTLN 2167	And when ⟨mine⟩ oratory drew toward end,	20
FTLN 2168	I bid them that did love their country's good	
FTLN 2169	Cry "God save Richard, England's royal king!"	
FTLN 2170	RICHARD And did they so?	

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2171 No. So God help me, they spake not a word
 FTLN 2172 But, like dumb statues or breathing stones, 25
 FTLN 2173 Stared each on other and looked deadly pale;
 FTLN 2174 Which when I saw, I reprehended them
 FTLN 2175 And asked the Mayor what meant this willful silence.
 FTLN 2176 His answer was, the people were not used
 FTLN 2177 To be spoke to but by the Recorder. 30
 FTLN 2178 Then he was urged to tell my tale again:
 FTLN 2179 “Thus saith the Duke. Thus hath the Duke
 FTLN 2180 inferred”—
 FTLN 2181 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
 FTLN 2182 When he had done, some followers of mine own, 35
 FTLN 2183 At lower end of the hall, hurled up their caps,
 FTLN 2184 And some ten voices cried “God save King Richard!”
 FTLN 2185 And thus I took the vantage of those few.
 FTLN 2186 “Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,” quoth I.
 FTLN 2187 “This general applause and cheerful shout 40
 FTLN 2188 Argues your <wisdoms> and your love to Richard”—
 FTLN 2189 And even here brake off and came away.

RICHARD

FTLN 2190 What tongueless blocks were they! Would they not
 FTLN 2191 speak?
 FTLN 2192 Will not the Mayor then and his brethren come? 45

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2193 The Mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear;
 FTLN 2194 Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit.
 FTLN 2195 And look you get a prayer book in your hand
 FTLN 2196 And stand between two churchmen, good my lord,
 FTLN 2197 For on that ground I’ll make a holy descant. 50
 FTLN 2198 And be not easily won to our requests.
 FTLN 2199 Play the maid’s part: still answer “nay,” and take it.

RICHARD

FTLN 2200 I go. An if you plead as well for them
 FTLN 2201 As I can say “nay” to thee for myself,
 FTLN 2202 No doubt we bring it to a happy issue. 55

Knocking within.

FTLN 2227 Take on his Grace the sovereignty thereof. 80
 FTLN 2228 But sure I fear we shall not win him to it.

MAYOR

FTLN 2229 Marry, God defend his Grace should say us nay.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2230 I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.

Enter Catesby.

FTLN 2231 Now, Catesby, what says his Grace?

CATESBY

FTLN 2232 He wonders to what end you have assembled 85
 FTLN 2233 Such troops of citizens to come to him,
 FTLN 2234 His Grace not being warned thereof before.
 FTLN 2235 He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2236 Sorry I am my noble cousin should
 FTLN 2237 Suspect me that I mean no good to him. 90
 FTLN 2238 By heaven, we come to him in perfect love,
 FTLN 2239 And so once more return and tell his Grace.

⟨Catesby⟩ exits.

FTLN 2240 When holy and devout religious men
 FTLN 2241 Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence,
 FTLN 2242 So sweet is zealous contemplation. 95

Enter Richard aloft, between two Bishops.

「Catesby reenters.」

MAYOR

FTLN 2243 See where his Grace stands, 'tween two clergymen.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2244 Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
 FTLN 2245 To stay him from the fall of vanity;
 FTLN 2246 And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
 FTLN 2247 True ornaments to know a holy man.— 100
 FTLN 2248 Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
 FTLN 2249 Lend favorable ear to our requests,

FTLN 2250	And pardon us the interruption	
FTLN 2251	Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 2252	My lord, there needs no such apology.	105
FTLN 2253	I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,	
FTLN 2254	Who, earnest in the service of my God,	
FTLN 2255	Deferred the visitation of my friends.	
FTLN 2256	But, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure?	
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 2257	Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above	110
FTLN 2258	And all good men of this ungoverned isle.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 2259	I do suspect I have done some offense	
FTLN 2260	That seems disgracious in the city's eye,	
FTLN 2261	And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.	
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 2262	You have, my lord. Would it might please your	115
FTLN 2263	Grace,	
FTLN 2264	On our entreaties, to amend your fault.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 2265	Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?	
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 2266	Know, then, it is your fault that you resign	
FTLN 2267	The supreme seat, the throne majestical,	120
FTLN 2268	The sceptered office of your ancestors,	
FTLN 2269	Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,	
FTLN 2270	The lineal glory of your royal house,	
FTLN 2271	To the corruption of a blemished stock,	
FTLN 2272	Whiles in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,	125
FTLN 2273	Which here we waken to our country's good,	
FTLN 2274	The noble isle doth want ⟨her⟩ proper limbs—	
FTLN 2275	⟨Her⟩ face defaced with scars of infamy,	
FTLN 2276	⟨Her⟩ royal stock graft with ignoble plants,	
FTLN 2277	And almost shouldered in the swallowing gulf	130
FTLN 2278	Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion;	
FTLN 2279	Which to recure, we heartily solicit	

FTLN 2280 Your gracious self to take on you the charge
 FTLN 2281 And kingly government of this your land,
 FTLN 2282 Not as Protector, steward, substitute, 135
 FTLN 2283 Or lowly factor for another's gain,
 FTLN 2284 But as successively, from blood to blood,
 FTLN 2285 Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
 FTLN 2286 For this, consorted with the citizens,
 FTLN 2287 Your very worshipful and loving friends, 140
 FTLN 2288 And by their vehement instigation,
 FTLN 2289 In this just cause come I to move your Grace.

RICHARD

FTLN 2290 I cannot tell if to depart in silence
 FTLN 2291 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof
 FTLN 2292 Best fitteth my degree or your condition. 145
 FTLN 2293 If not to answer, you might haply think
 FTLN 2294 Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
 FTLN 2295 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
 FTLN 2296 Which fondly you would here impose on me.
 FTLN 2297 If to reprove you for this suit of yours, 150
 FTLN 2298 So seasoned with your faithful love to me,
 FTLN 2299 Then on the other side I checked my friends.
 FTLN 2300 Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
 FTLN 2301 And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
 FTLN 2302 Definitively thus I answer you: 155
 FTLN 2303 Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
 FTLN 2304 Unmeritable shuns your high request.
 FTLN 2305 First, if all obstacles were cut away
 FTLN 2306 And that my path were even to the crown
 FTLN 2307 As the ripe revenue and due of birth, 160
 FTLN 2308 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 FTLN 2309 So mighty and so many my defects,
 FTLN 2310 That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
 FTLN 2311 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
 FTLN 2312 Than in my greatness covet to be hid 165
 FTLN 2313 And in the vapor of my glory smothered.
 FTLN 2314 But, God be thanked, there is no need of me,

MAYOR

FTLN 2350 Do, good my lord. Your citizens entreat you.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2351 Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffered love.

CATESBY

FTLN 2352 O, make them joyful. Grant their lawful suit. 205

RICHARD

FTLN 2353 Alas, why would you heap this care on me?

FTLN 2354 I am unfit for state and majesty.

FTLN 2355 I do beseech you, take it not amiss;

FTLN 2356 I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2357 If you refuse it, as in love and zeal 210

FTLN 2358 Loath to depose the child, your brother's son—

FTLN 2359 As well we know your tenderness of heart

FTLN 2360 And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,

FTLN 2361 Which we have noted in you to your kindred

FTLN 2362 And equally indeed to all estates— 215

FTLN 2363 Yet know, whe'er you accept our suit or no,

FTLN 2364 Your brother's son shall never reign our king,

FTLN 2365 But we will plant some other in the throne,

FTLN 2366 To the disgrace and downfall of your house.

FTLN 2367 And in this resolution here we leave you.— 220

FTLN 2368 Come, citizens. ⟨Zounds, I'll⟩ entreat no more.

⟨RICHARD

FTLN 2369 O, do not swear, my Lord of Buckingham!⟩

「*Buckingham and some others*」 *exit.*

CATESBY

FTLN 2370 Call him again, sweet prince. Accept their suit.

FTLN 2371 If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

RICHARD

FTLN 2372 Will you enforce me to a world of cares? 225

FTLN 2373 Call them again. I am not made of stones,

FTLN 2374 But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

FTLN 2375 Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Enter Buckingham and the rest.

FTLN 2376 Cousin of Buckingham and sage, grave men,
 FTLN 2377 Since you will buckle Fortune on my back, 230
 FTLN 2378 To bear her burden, whe'er I will or no,
 FTLN 2379 I must have patience to endure the load;
 FTLN 2380 But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
 FTLN 2381 Attend the sequel of your imposition,
 FTLN 2382 Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me 235
 FTLN 2383 From all the impure blots and stains thereof,
 FTLN 2384 For God doth know, and you may partly see,
 FTLN 2385 How far I am from the desire of this.

MAYOR
 FTLN 2386 God bless your Grace! We see it and will say it.

RICHARD
 FTLN 2387 In saying so, you shall but say the truth. 240

BUCKINGHAM
 FTLN 2388 Then I salute you with this royal title:
 FTLN 2389 Long live Richard, England's worthy king!

ALL Amen.
 BUCKINGHAM
 FTLN 2391 Tomorrow may it please you to be crowned?

RICHARD
 FTLN 2392 Even when you please, for you will have it so. 245

BUCKINGHAM
 FTLN 2393 Tomorrow, then, we will attend your Grace,
 FTLN 2394 And so most joyfully we take our leave.

RICHARD, *['to the Bishops']*
 FTLN 2395 Come, let us to our holy work again.—
 FTLN 2396 Farewell, my *<cousin.>* Farewell, gentle friends.

They exit.

ACT 4

Scene 1

⟨Enter Queen Elizabeth, with the Duchess of York, and the Lord Marquess of Dorset, at one door; Anne, Duchess of Gloucester with Clarence's daughter, at another door.⟩

DUCHESS

FTLN 2397 Who meets us here? My niece Plantagenet
FTLN 2398 Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?
FTLN 2399 Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,
FTLN 2400 On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
FTLN 2401 Daughter, well met. 5

FTLN 2402 ANNE God give your Graces both
FTLN 2403 A happy and a joyful time of day.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2404 As much to you, good sister. Whither away?

ANNE

FTLN 2405 No farther than the Tower, and, as I guess,
FTLN 2406 Upon the like devotion as yourselves, 10
FTLN 2407 To gratulate the gentle princes there.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2408 Kind sister, thanks. We'll enter all together.

Enter Brakenbury, the Lieutenant.

FTLN 2409 And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.—
FTLN 2410 Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
FTLN 2411 How doth the Prince and my young son of York? 15

BRAKENBURY

FTLN 2412 Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
 FTLN 2413 I may not suffer you to visit them.
 FTLN 2414 The King hath strictly charged the contrary.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2415 The King? Who's that?

FTLN 2416 BRAKENBURY I mean, the Lord Protector. 20

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2417 The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
 FTLN 2418 Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
 FTLN 2419 I am their mother. Who shall bar me from them?

DUCHESS

FTLN 2420 I am their father's mother. I will see them.

ANNE

FTLN 2421 Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother. 25
 FTLN 2422 Then bring me to their sights. I'll bear thy blame
 FTLN 2423 And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

BRAKENBURY

FTLN 2424 No, madam, no. I may not leave it so.
 FTLN 2425 I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.
Brakenbury the Lieutenant exits.

Enter Stanley.

STANLEY

FTLN 2426 Let me but meet you ladies one hour hence, 30
 FTLN 2427 And I'll salute your Grace of York as mother
 FTLN 2428 And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.

FTLN 2429 *To Anne.* Come, madam, you must straight to
 FTLN 2430 Westminster,

FTLN 2431 There to be crownèd Richard's royal queen. 35

FTLN 2432 QUEEN ELIZABETH Ah, cut my lace asunder
 FTLN 2433 That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
 FTLN 2434 Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!

ANNE

FTLN 2435 Despiteful tidings! O, unpleasing news!

	DORSET, <i>['to Queen Elizabeth']</i>	
FTLN 2436	Be of good cheer, mother. How fares your Grace?	40
	QUEEN ELIZABETH	
FTLN 2437	O Dorset, speak not to me. Get thee gone.	
FTLN 2438	Death and destruction dogs thee at thy heels.	
FTLN 2439	Thy mother's name is ominous to children.	
FTLN 2440	If thou wilt outstrip death, go, cross the seas,	
FTLN 2441	And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.	45
FTLN 2442	Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughterhouse,	
FTLN 2443	Lest thou increase the number of the dead	
FTLN 2444	And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,	
FTLN 2445	Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.	
	STANLEY	
FTLN 2446	Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.	50
FTLN 2447	<i>['To Dorset.']</i> Take all the swift advantage of the	
FTLN 2448	hours.	
FTLN 2449	You shall have letters from me to my son	
FTLN 2450	In your behalf, to meet you on the way.	
FTLN 2451	Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.	55
	DUCHESS	
FTLN 2452	O ill-dispersing wind of misery!	
FTLN 2453	O my accursèd womb, the bed of death!	
FTLN 2454	A cockatrice hast thou hatched to the world,	
FTLN 2455	Whose unavoyded eye is murderous.	
	STANLEY, <i>['to Anne']</i>	
FTLN 2456	Come, madam, come. I in all haste was sent.	60
	ANNE	
FTLN 2457	And I with all unwillingness will go.	
FTLN 2458	O, would to God that the inclusive verge	
FTLN 2459	Of golden metal that must round my brow	
FTLN 2460	Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brains!	
FTLN 2461	Anointed let me be with deadly venom,	65
FTLN 2462	And die ere men can say "God save the Queen."	
	QUEEN ELIZABETH	
FTLN 2463	Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory.	
FTLN 2464	To feed my humor, wish thyself no harm.	

ANNE

FTLN 2465 No? Why? When he that is my husband now
 FTLN 2466 Came to me as I followed Henry's corse, 70
 FTLN 2467 When scarce the blood was well washed from his
 FTLN 2468 hands
 FTLN 2469 Which issued from my other angel husband
 FTLN 2470 And that dear saint which then I weeping followed—
 FTLN 2471 O, when, I say, I looked on Richard's face, 75
 FTLN 2472 This was my wish: be thou, quoth I, accursed
 FTLN 2473 For making me, so young, so old a widow;
 FTLN 2474 And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
 FTLN 2475 And be thy wife, if any be so mad,
 FTLN 2476 More miserable by the life of thee 80
 FTLN 2477 Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death.
 FTLN 2478 Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
 FTLN 2479 Within so small a time my woman's heart
 FTLN 2480 Grossly grew captive to his honey words
 FTLN 2481 And proved the subject of mine own soul's curse, 85
 FTLN 2482 Which hitherto hath held ⟨my⟩ eyes from rest,
 FTLN 2483 For never yet one hour in his bed
 FTLN 2484 Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
 FTLN 2485 But with his timorous dreams was still awaked.
 FTLN 2486 Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick, 90
 FTLN 2487 And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2488 Poor heart, adieu. I pity thy complaining.

ANNE

FTLN 2489 No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

DORSET

FTLN 2490 Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory.

ANNE

FTLN 2491 Adieu, poor soul that tak'st thy leave of it. 95

DUCHESS, *['to Dorset']*

FTLN 2492 Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee.

FTLN 2493 *['To Anne.']* Go thou to Richard, and good angels

FTLN 2494 tend thee.

FTLN 2495	「 <i>To Queen Elizabeth.</i> 」 Go thou to sanctuary, and	
FTLN 2496	good thoughts possess thee.	100
FTLN 2497	I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me.	
FTLN 2498	Eighty-odd years of sorrow have I seen,	
FTLN 2499	And each hour's joy wracked with a week of teen.	
	QUEEN ELIZABETH	
FTLN 2500	Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.—	
FTLN 2501	Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes	105
FTLN 2502	Whom envy hath immured within your walls—	
FTLN 2503	Rough cradle for such little pretty ones.	
FTLN 2504	Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow	
FTLN 2505	For tender princes, use my babies well.	
FTLN 2506	So foolish sorrows bids your stones farewell.	110
	<i>They exit.</i>	

Scene 2

Sound a sennet. Enter Richard in pomp; Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Lovell, 「and others, including a Page.」

	RICHARD	
FTLN 2507	Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham.	
	<i>「The others move aside.」</i>	
FTLN 2508	BUCKINGHAM My gracious sovereign.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 2509	Give me thy hand.	
	<i>«Here he ascendeth the throne.» Sound 「trumpets.」</i>	
FTLN 2510	Thus high, by thy advice	
FTLN 2511	And thy assistance is King Richard seated.	5
FTLN 2512	But shall we wear these glories for a day,	
FTLN 2513	Or shall they last and we rejoice in them?	
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 2514	Still live they, and forever let them last.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 2515	Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,	
FTLN 2516	To try if thou be current gold indeed:	10
FTLN 2517	Young Edward lives; think now what I would speak.	

FTLN 2518	BUCKINGHAM	Say on, my loving lord.	
	RICHARD		
FTLN 2519		Why, Buckingham, I say I would be king.	
	BUCKINGHAM		
FTLN 2520		Why so you are, my thrice-renownèd lord.	
	RICHARD		
FTLN 2521		Ha! Am I king? 'Tis so—but Edward lives.	15
	BUCKINGHAM		
FTLN 2522		True, noble prince.	
FTLN 2523	RICHARD	O bitter consequence	
FTLN 2524		That Edward still should live “true noble prince”!	
FTLN 2525		Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.	
FTLN 2526		Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead,	20
FTLN 2527		And I would have it suddenly performed.	
FTLN 2528		What sayst thou now? Speak suddenly. Be brief.	
FTLN 2529	BUCKINGHAM	Your Grace may do your pleasure.	
	RICHARD		
FTLN 2530		Tut, tut, thou art all ice; thy kindness freezes.	
FTLN 2531		Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?	25
	BUCKINGHAM		
FTLN 2532		Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,	
FTLN 2533		Before I positively speak in this.	
FTLN 2534		I will resolve you herein presently.	
		<i>Buckingham exits.</i>	
	CATESBY, 「 <i>aside to the other Attendants</i> 」		
FTLN 2535		The King is angry. See, he gnaws his lip.	
	RICHARD, 「 <i>aside</i> 」		
FTLN 2536		I will converse with iron-witted fools	30
FTLN 2537		And unrespective boys. None are for me	
FTLN 2538		That look into me with considerate eyes.	
FTLN 2539		High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—	
FTLN 2540		Boy!	
FTLN 2541	PAGE, 「 <i>coming forward</i> 」	My lord?	35
	RICHARD		
FTLN 2542		Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold	
FTLN 2543		Will tempt unto a close exploit of death?	

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FTLN 2544 I know a discontented gentleman
 FTLN 2545 Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit.
 FTLN 2546 Gold were as good as twenty orators, 40
 FTLN 2547 And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

RICHARD

FTLN 2548 What is his name?

FTLN 2549 PAGE His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

RICHARD

FTLN 2550 I partly know the man. Go, call him hither, boy.
[Page] exits.

FTLN 2551 [Aside.] The deep-revolving witty Buckingham 45
 FTLN 2552 No more shall be the neighbor to my counsels.
 FTLN 2553 Hath he so long held out with me, untired,
 FTLN 2554 And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

FTLN 2555 How now, Lord Stanley, what's the news?
 FTLN 2556 STANLEY Know, my loving lord, 50
 FTLN 2557 The Marquess Dorset, as I hear, is fled
 FTLN 2558 To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.
[He walks aside.]

RICHARD

FTLN 2559 Come hither, Catesby. Rumor it abroad
 FTLN 2560 That Anne my wife is very grievous sick.
 FTLN 2561 I will take order for her keeping close. 55
 FTLN 2562 Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,
 FTLN 2563 Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter.
 FTLN 2564 The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
 FTLN 2565 Look how thou dream'st! I say again, give out
 FTLN 2566 That Anne my queen is sick and like to die. 60
 FTLN 2567 About it, for it stands me much upon
 FTLN 2568 To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.
[Catesby exits.]

FTLN 2569 [Aside.] I must be married to my brother's daughter,
 FTLN 2570 Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.

FTLN 2571 Murder her brothers, and then marry her— 65
 FTLN 2572 Uncertain way of gain. But I am in
 FTLN 2573 So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin.
 FTLN 2574 Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

FTLN 2575 Is thy name Tyrrel?
 TYRREL

FTLN 2576 James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject. 70
 RICHARD

FTLN 2577 Art thou indeed?
 FTLN 2578 TYRREL Prove me, my gracious lord.
 RICHARD

FTLN 2579 Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
 TYRREL

FTLN 2580 Please you. But I had rather kill two enemies.
 RICHARD

FTLN 2581 Why then, thou hast it. Two deep enemies, 75
 FTLN 2582 Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
 FTLN 2583 Are they that I would have thee deal upon.
 FTLN 2584 Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.
 TYRREL

FTLN 2585 Let me have open means to come to them,
 FTLN 2586 And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them. 80
 RICHARD

FTLN 2587 Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel.
 「Tyrrel approaches Richard and kneels.」

FTLN 2588 Go, by this token. Rise, and lend thine ear.
 「Tyrrel rises, and Richard」 whispers
 「to him. Then Tyrrel steps back.」

FTLN 2589 There is no more but so. Say it is done,
 FTLN 2590 And I will love thee and prefer thee for it.
 FTLN 2591 TYRREL I will dispatch it straight. *He exits.* 85

Enter Buckingham.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2592 My lord, I have considered in my mind
FTLN 2593 The late request that you did sound me in.

RICHARD

FTLN 2594 Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

FTLN 2595 BUCKINGHAM I hear the news, my lord.

RICHARD

FTLN 2596 Stanley, he is your wife's son. Well, look unto it. 90

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2597 My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
FTLN 2598 For which your honor and your faith is pawned—
FTLN 2599 Th' earldom of ⟨Hereford⟩ and the movables
FTLN 2600 Which you have promised I shall possess.

RICHARD

FTLN 2601 Stanley, look to your wife. If she convey 95

FTLN 2602 Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2603 What says your Highness to my just request?

RICHARD

FTLN 2604 I do remember me, Henry the Sixth
FTLN 2605 Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
FTLN 2606 When Richmond was a little peevish boy. 100
FTLN 2607 A king perhaps—

FTLN 2608 ⟨BUCKINGHAM My lord—

RICHARD

FTLN 2609 How chance the prophet could not at that time
FTLN 2610 Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2611 My lord, your promise for the earldom— 105

RICHARD

FTLN 2612 Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
FTLN 2613 The Mayor in courtesy showed me the castle
FTLN 2614 And called it Rougemont, at which name I started,
FTLN 2615 Because a bard of Ireland told me once
FTLN 2616 I should not live long after I saw Richmond. 110

FTLN 2617 BUCKINGHAM My lord—

FTLN 2618 RICHARD Ay, what's o'clock?
BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2619 I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
FTLN 2620 Of what you promised me.

FTLN 2621 RICHARD Well, but what's o'clock? 115
FTLN 2622 BUCKINGHAM Upon the stroke of ten.

FTLN 2623 RICHARD Well, let it strike.
FTLN 2624 BUCKINGHAM Why let it strike?
RICHARD

FTLN 2625 Because that, like a jack, thou keep'st the stroke
FTLN 2626 Betwixt thy begging and my meditation. 120
FTLN 2627 I am not in the giving vein today.
BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2628 Why then, resolve me whether you will or no.)
RICHARD

FTLN 2629 Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.
He exits, [and is followed by all but Buckingham.]
BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2630 And is it thus? Repays he my deep service
FTLN 2631 With such contempt? Made I him king for this? 125
FTLN 2632 O, let me think on Hastings and be gone
FTLN 2633 To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on!

He exits.

「Scene 3」
Enter Tyrrel.

TYRREL

FTLN 2634 The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
FTLN 2635 The most arch deed of piteous massacre
FTLN 2636 That ever yet this land was guilty of.
FTLN 2637 Dighton and Forrest, who I did suborn
FTLN 2638 To do this piece of 「ruthless」 butchery, 5
FTLN 2639 Albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
FTLN 2640 Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,

FTLN 2641 Wept like two children in their deaths' sad story.
 FTLN 2642 "O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes."
 FTLN 2643 "Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another 10
 FTLN 2644 Within their alabaster innocent arms.
 FTLN 2645 Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
 FTLN 2646 And in their summer beauty kissed each other.
 FTLN 2647 A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
 FTLN 2648 Which ⟨once,⟩" quoth Forrest, "almost changed my 15
 FTLN 2649 mind,
 FTLN 2650 But, O, the devil—" There the villain stopped;
 FTLN 2651 When Dighton thus told on: "We smotherèd
 FTLN 2652 The most replenishèd sweet work of nature
 FTLN 2653 That from the prime creation e'er she framed." 20
 FTLN 2654 Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
 FTLN 2655 They could not speak; and so I left them both
 FTLN 2656 To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter Richard.

FTLN 2657 And here he comes.—All health, my sovereign lord.
 RICHARD
 FTLN 2658 Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news? 25
 TYRREL
 FTLN 2659 If to have done the thing you gave in charge
 FTLN 2660 Beget your happiness, be happy then,
 FTLN 2661 For it is done.
 FTLN 2662 RICHARD But did'st thou see them dead?
 TYRREL
 FTLN 2663 I did, my lord. 30
 FTLN 2664 RICHARD And buried, gentle Tyrrel?
 TYRREL
 FTLN 2665 The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,
 FTLN 2666 But where, to say the truth, I do not know.
 RICHARD
 FTLN 2667 Come to me, Tyrrel, soon ⟨at⟩ after-supper,
 FTLN 2668 When thou shalt tell the process of their death. 35
 FTLN 2669 Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,

FTLN 2670 And be inheritor of thy desire.

FTLN 2671 Farewell till then.

FTLN 2672 TYRREL I humbly take my leave.

⟨Tyrrel exits.⟩

RICHARD

FTLN 2673 The son of Clarence have I pent up close, 40

FTLN 2674 His daughter meanly have I matched in marriage,

FTLN 2675 The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,

FTLN 2676 And Anne my wife hath bid this world goodnight.

FTLN 2677 Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims

FTLN 2678 At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter, 45

FTLN 2679 And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,

FTLN 2680 To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Ratcliffe.

FTLN 2681 RATCLIFFE My lord.

RICHARD

FTLN 2682 Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

RATCLIFFE

FTLN 2683 Bad news, my lord. Morton is fled to Richmond, 50

FTLN 2684 And Buckingham, backed with the hardy Welshmen,

FTLN 2685 Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

RICHARD

FTLN 2686 Ely with Richmond troubles me more near

FTLN 2687 Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.

FTLN 2688 Come, I have learned that fearful commenting 55

FTLN 2689 Is leaden servitor to dull delay;

FTLN 2690 Delay *⟨leads⟩* impotent and snail-paced beggary;

FTLN 2691 Then fiery expedition be my wing,

FTLN 2692 Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king.

FTLN 2693 Go, muster men. My counsel is my shield. 60

FTLN 2694 We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

They exit.

[Scene 4]

Enter old Queen Margaret.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2695	So now prosperity begins to mellow	
FTLN 2696	And drop into the rotten mouth of death.	
FTLN 2697	Here in these confines slyly have I lurked	
FTLN 2698	To watch the waning of mine enemies.	
FTLN 2699	A dire induction am I witness to,	5
FTLN 2700	And will to France, hoping the consequence	
FTLN 2701	Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.	
FTLN 2702	Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret. Who comes	
FTLN 2703	here? <i>[She steps aside.]</i>	

Enter Duchess <of York> and Queen [Elizabeth.]

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2704	Ah, my poor princes! Ah, my tender babes,	10
FTLN 2705	My <unblown> flowers, new-appearing sweets,	
FTLN 2706	If yet your gentle souls fly in the air	
FTLN 2707	And be not fixed in doom perpetual,	
FTLN 2708	Hover about me with your airy wings	
FTLN 2709	And hear your mother's lamentation.	15

QUEEN MARGARET, *[aside]*

FTLN 2710	Hover about her; say that right for right	
FTLN 2711	Hath dimmed your infant morn to aged night.	

DUCHESS

FTLN 2712	So many miseries have crazed my voice	
FTLN 2713	That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.	
FTLN 2714	Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?	20

QUEEN MARGARET, *[aside]*

FTLN 2715	Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet;	
FTLN 2716	Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.	

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2717	Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs	
FTLN 2718	And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?	
FTLN 2719	When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?	25

QUEEN MARGARET, *「aside」*

FTLN 2720 When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

DUCHESS, *「to Queen Elizabeth」*

FTLN 2721 Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
FTLN 2722 Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life
FTLN 2723 usurped,
FTLN 2724 Brief abstract and record of tedious days, 30
FTLN 2725 Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
FTLN 2726 Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, *「as they both sit down」*

FTLN 2727 Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave
FTLN 2728 As thou canst yield a melancholy seat,
FTLN 2729 Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here. 35
FTLN 2730 Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?

QUEEN MARGARET, *「coming forward」*

FTLN 2731 If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
FTLN 2732 Give mine the benefit of seigniory,
FTLN 2733 And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
FTLN 2734 If sorrow can admit society, 40
FTLN 2735 〈Tell over your woes again by viewing mine.〉
FTLN 2736 I had an Edward till a Richard killed him;
FTLN 2737 I had a husband till a Richard killed him.
FTLN 2738 Thou hadst an Edward till a Richard killed him;
FTLN 2739 Thou hadst a Richard till a Richard killed him. 45

DUCHESS

FTLN 2740 I had a Richard too, and thou did'st kill him;
FTLN 2741 I had a Rutland too; thou *「holp'st」* to kill him.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2742 Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard killed him.
FTLN 2743 From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
FTLN 2744 A hellhound that doth hunt us all to death— 50
FTLN 2745 That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
FTLN 2746 To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood;
FTLN 2747 That excellent grand tyrant of the Earth,
FTLN 2748 That reigns in gallèd eyes of weeping souls;
FTLN 2749 That foul defacer of God's handiwork 55

FTLN 2750	Thy womb let loose to chase us to our graves.	
FTLN 2751	O upright, just, and true-disposing God,	
FTLN 2752	How do I thank thee that this carnal cur	
FTLN 2753	Preys on the issue of his mother's body	
FTLN 2754	And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!	60
	DUCHESS, <i>standing</i>	
FTLN 2755	O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!	
FTLN 2756	God witness with me, I have wept for thine.	
	QUEEN MARGARET	
FTLN 2757	Bear with me. I am hungry for revenge,	
FTLN 2758	And now I cloy me with beholding it.	
FTLN 2759	Thy Edward he is dead, that killed my Edward,	65
FTLN 2760	⟨Thy⟩ other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;	
FTLN 2761	Young York, he is but boot, because both they	
FTLN 2762	Matched not the high perfection of my loss.	
FTLN 2763	Thy Clarence he is dead that stabbed my Edward,	
FTLN 2764	And the beholders of this frantic play,	70
FTLN 2765	Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,	
FTLN 2766	Untimely smothered in their dusky graves.	
FTLN 2767	Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,	
FTLN 2768	Only reserved their factor to buy souls	
FTLN 2769	And send them thither. But at hand, at hand	75
FTLN 2770	Ensues his piteous and unpitied end.	
FTLN 2771	Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,	
FTLN 2772	To have him suddenly conveyed from hence.	
FTLN 2773	Cancel his bond of life, dear God I pray,	
FTLN 2774	That I may live and say "The dog is dead."	80
	QUEEN ELIZABETH, <i>standing</i>	
FTLN 2775	O, thou didst prophesy the time would come	
FTLN 2776	That I should wish for thee to help me curse	
FTLN 2777	That bottled spider, that foul bunch-backed toad!	
	QUEEN MARGARET	
FTLN 2778	I called thee then "vain flourish of my fortune."	
FTLN 2779	I called thee then poor shadow, "painted queen,"	85
FTLN 2780	The presentation of but what I was,	
FTLN 2781	The flattering index of a direful pageant,	

FTLN 2782 One heaved a-high to be hurled down below,
 FTLN 2783 A mother only mocked with two fair babes,
 FTLN 2784 A dream of what thou wast, a garish flag 90
 FTLN 2785 To be the aim of every dangerous shot,
 FTLN 2786 A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble,
 FTLN 2787 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
 FTLN 2788 Where is thy husband now? Where be thy brothers?
 FTLN 2789 Where *⟨are⟩* thy two sons? Wherein dost thou joy? 95
 FTLN 2790 Who sues and kneels and says “God save the
 FTLN 2791 Queen?”
 FTLN 2792 Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
 FTLN 2793 Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
 FTLN 2794 Decline all this, and see what now thou art: 100
 FTLN 2795 For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
 FTLN 2796 For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
 FTLN 2797 For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
 FTLN 2798 For queen, a very caitiff crowned with care;
 FTLN 2799 For she that scorned at me, now scorned of me; 105
 FTLN 2800 For she being feared of all, now fearing one;
 FTLN 2801 For she commanding all, obeyed of none.
 FTLN 2802 Thus hath the course of justice whirled about
 FTLN 2803 And left thee but a very prey to time,
 FTLN 2804 Having no more but thought of what thou wast 110
 FTLN 2805 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 FTLN 2806 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
 FTLN 2807 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
 FTLN 2808 Now thy proud neck bears half my burdened yoke,
 FTLN 2809 From which even here I slip my *⟨weary⟩* head 115
 FTLN 2810 And leave the burden of it all on thee.
 FTLN 2811 Farewell, York’s wife, and queen of sad mischance.
 FTLN 2812 These English woes shall make me smile in France.

〔She begins to exit.〕

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2813 O, thou well-skilled in curses, stay awhile,
 FTLN 2814 And teach me how to curse mine enemies. 120

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2815 Forbear to sleep the ⟨nights,⟩ and fast the ⟨days;⟩
 FTLN 2816 Compare dead happiness with living woe;
 FTLN 2817 Think that thy babes were sweeter than they were,
 FTLN 2818 And he that slew them fouler than he is.
 FTLN 2819 Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse. 125
 FTLN 2820 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2821 My words are dull. O, quicken them with thine!

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2822 Thy woes will make them sharp and pierce like
 FTLN 2823 mine. *Margaret exits.*

DUCHESS

FTLN 2824 Why should calamity be full of words? 130

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2825 Windy attorneys to their clients' woes,
 FTLN 2826 Airy succeeders of ⟨intestate⟩ joys,
 FTLN 2827 Poor breathing orators of miseries,
 FTLN 2828 Let them have scope, though what they will impart
 FTLN 2829 Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart. 135

DUCHESS

FTLN 2830 If so, then be not tongue-tied. Go with me,
 FTLN 2831 And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
 FTLN 2832 My damnèd son that thy two sweet sons smothered.
「A trumpet sounds.」
 FTLN 2833 The trumpet sounds. Be copious in exclams.

Enter King Richard and his train, 「including Catesby.」

RICHARD

FTLN 2834 Who intercepts me in my expedition? 140

DUCHESS

FTLN 2835 O, she that might have intercepted thee,
 FTLN 2836 By strangling thee in her accursèd womb,
 FTLN 2837 From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, 「to Richard」

FTLN 2838 Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown
 FTLN 2839 Where should be branded, if that right were right, 145
 FTLN 2840 The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown
 FTLN 2841 And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
 FTLN 2842 Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

DUCHESS, 「to Richard」

FTLN 2843 Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence,
 FTLN 2844 And little Ned Plantagenet his son? 150

QUEEN ELIZABETH, 「to Richard」

FTLN 2845 Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

FTLN 2846 DUCHESS, 「to Richard」 Where is kind Hastings?

RICHARD

FTLN 2847 A flourish, trumpets! Strike alarum, drums!
 FTLN 2848 Let not the heavens hear these telltale women
 FTLN 2849 Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say! 155

Flourish. Alarums.

FTLN 2850 Either be patient and entreat me fair,
 FTLN 2851 Or with the clamorous report of war
 FTLN 2852 Thus will I drown your exclamations.

FTLN 2853 DUCHESS Art thou my son?

RICHARD

FTLN 2854 Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself. 160

DUCHESS

FTLN 2855 Then patiently hear my impatience.

RICHARD

FTLN 2856 Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
 FTLN 2857 That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

DUCHESS

FTLN 2858 O, let me speak!

FTLN 2859 RICHARD Do then, but I'll not hear. 165

DUCHESS

FTLN 2860 I will be mild and gentle in my words.

RICHARD

FTLN 2861 And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.

DUCHESS

FTLN 2862 Art thou so hasty? I have stayed for thee,
FTLN 2863 God knows, in torment and in agony.

RICHARD

FTLN 2864 And came I not at last to comfort you? 170

DUCHESS

FTLN 2865 No, by the Holy Rood, thou know'st it well.
FTLN 2866 Thou cam'st on Earth to make the Earth my hell.
FTLN 2867 A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
FTLN 2868 Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
FTLN 2869 Thy school days frightful, desp'rate, wild, and 175
FTLN 2870 furious;
FTLN 2871 Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous;
FTLN 2872 Thy age confirmed, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
FTLN 2873 More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred.
FTLN 2874 What comfortable hour canst thou name, 180
FTLN 2875 That ever graced me with thy company?

RICHARD

FTLN 2876 Faith, none but Humfrey Hower, that called your
FTLN 2877 Grace
FTLN 2878 To breakfast once, forth of my company.
FTLN 2879 If I be so disgracious in your eye, 185
FTLN 2880 Let me march on and not offend you, madam.—
FTLN 2881 Strike up the drum.

DUCHESS I prithee, hear me speak.

RICHARD

FTLN 2883 You speak too bitterly.

FTLN 2884 DUCHESS Hear me a word, 190

FTLN 2885 For I shall never speak to thee again.

FTLN 2886 RICHARD So.

DUCHESS

FTLN 2887 Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance
FTLN 2888 Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
FTLN 2889 Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish 195
FTLN 2890 And nevermore behold thy face again.
FTLN 2891 Therefore take with thee my most grievous curse,

FTLN 2892 Which in the day of battle tire thee more
 FTLN 2893 Than all the complete armor that thou wear'st.
 FTLN 2894 My prayers on the adverse party fight, 200
 FTLN 2895 And there the little souls of Edward's children
 FTLN 2896 Whisper the spirits of thine enemies
 FTLN 2897 And promise them success and victory.
 FTLN 2898 Bloody thou art; bloody will be thy end.
 FTLN 2899 Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend. 205

She exits.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2900 Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to
 FTLN 2901 curse
 FTLN 2902 Abides in me. I say amen to her.

RICHARD

FTLN 2903 Stay, madam. I must talk a word with you.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2904 I have no more sons of the royal blood 210
 FTLN 2905 For thee to slaughter. For my daughters, Richard,
 FTLN 2906 They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens,
 FTLN 2907 And therefore level not to hit their lives.

RICHARD

FTLN 2908 You have a daughter called Elizabeth,
 FTLN 2909 Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious. 215

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2910 And must she die for this? O, let her live,
 FTLN 2911 And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,
 FTLN 2912 Slander myself as false to Edward's bed,
 FTLN 2913 Throw over her the veil of infamy.
 FTLN 2914 So she may live unscarred of bleeding slaughter, 220
 FTLN 2915 I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

RICHARD

FTLN 2916 Wrong not her birth. She is a royal princess.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2917 To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

RICHARD

FTLN 2918 Her life is safest only in her birth.

	QUEEN ELIZABETH	
FTLN 2919	And only in that safety died her brothers.	225
	RICHARD	
FTLN 2920	Lo, at their birth good stars were opposite.	
	QUEEN ELIZABETH	
FTLN 2921	No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 2922	All unavoided is the doom of destiny.	
	QUEEN ELIZABETH	
FTLN 2923	True, when avoided grace makes destiny.	
FTLN 2924	My babes were destined to a fairer death	230
FTLN 2925	If grace had blessed thee with a fairer life.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 2926	You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.	
	QUEEN ELIZABETH	
FTLN 2927	Cousins, indeed, and by their uncle cozened	
FTLN 2928	Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.	
FTLN 2929	Whose hand soever launched their tender hearts,	235
FTLN 2930	Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.	
FTLN 2931	No doubt the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt	
FTLN 2932	Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,	
FTLN 2933	To revel in the entrails of my lambs.	
FTLN 2934	But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,	240
FTLN 2935	My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys	
FTLN 2936	Till that my nails were anchored in thine eyes,	
FTLN 2937	And I, in such a desp'rate bay of death,	
FTLN 2938	Like a poor bark of sails and tackling reft,	
FTLN 2939	Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.	245
	RICHARD	
FTLN 2940	Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise	
FTLN 2941	And dangerous success of bloody wars	
FTLN 2942	As I intend more good to you and yours	
FTLN 2943	Than ever you ⟨or⟩ yours by me were harmed!	
	QUEEN ELIZABETH	
FTLN 2944	What good is covered with the face of heaven,	250
FTLN 2945	To be discovered, that can do me good?	

RICHARD

FTLN 2946 Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2947 Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.

RICHARD

FTLN 2948 Unto the dignity and height of fortune,

FTLN 2949 The high imperial type of this Earth's glory. 255

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2950 Flatter my sorrow with report of it.

FTLN 2951 Tell me what state, what dignity, what honor,

FTLN 2952 Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

RICHARD

FTLN 2953 Even all I have—ay, and myself and all—

FTLN 2954 Will I withal endow a child of thine; 260

FTLN 2955 So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

FTLN 2956 Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs

FTLN 2957 Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2958 Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness

FTLN 2959 Last longer telling than thy kindness' date. 265

RICHARD

FTLN 2960 Then know that from my soul I love thy daughter.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2961 My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

FTLN 2962 RICHARD What do you think?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2963 That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul.

FTLN 2964 So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers, 270

FTLN 2965 And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

RICHARD

FTLN 2966 Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.

FTLN 2967 I mean that with my soul I love thy daughter

FTLN 2968 And do intend to make her Queen of England.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2969 Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king? 275

RICHARD

FTLN 2970 Even he that makes her queen. Who else should be?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2971 What, thou?

FTLN 2972 RICHARD Even so. How think you of it?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2973 How canst thou woo her?

FTLN 2974 RICHARD That *<would I>* learn of you, 280

FTLN 2975 As one being best acquainted with her humor.

FTLN 2976 QUEEN ELIZABETH And wilt thou learn of me?

FTLN 2977 RICHARD Madam, with all my heart.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2978 Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,

FTLN 2979 A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave 285

FTLN 2980 “Edward” and “York.” Then haply will she weep.

FTLN 2981 Therefore present to her—as sometime Margaret

FTLN 2982 Did to thy father, steeped in Rutland’s blood—

FTLN 2983 A handkerchief, which say to her did drain

FTLN 2984 The purple sap from her sweet brother’s body, 290

FTLN 2985 And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.

FTLN 2986 If this inducement move her not to love,

FTLN 2987 Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;

FTLN 2988 Tell her thou mad’st away her uncle Clarence,

FTLN 2989 Her uncle Rivers, ay, and for her sake 295

FTLN 2990 Mad’st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

RICHARD

FTLN 2991 You mock me, madam. This *<is>* not the way

FTLN 2992 To win your daughter.

FTLN 2993 QUEEN ELIZABETH There is no other way,

FTLN 2994 Unless thou couldst put on some other shape 300

FTLN 2995 And not be Richard, that hath done all this.

RICHARD

FTLN 2996 Say that I did all this for love of her.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2997 Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,

FTLN 2998 Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

RICHARD

FTLN 2999	Look what is done cannot be now amended.	305
FTLN 3000	Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,	
FTLN 3001	Which after-hours gives leisure to repent.	
FTLN 3002	If I did take the kingdom from your sons,	
FTLN 3003	To make amends I'll give it to your daughter.	
FTLN 3004	If I have killed the issue of your womb,	310
FTLN 3005	To quicken your increase I will beget	
FTLN 3006	Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.	
FTLN 3007	A grandam's name is little less in love	
FTLN 3008	Than is the doting title of a mother.	
FTLN 3009	They are as children but one step below,	315
FTLN 3010	Even of your metal, of your very blood,	
FTLN 3011	Of all one pain, save for a night of groans	
FTLN 3012	Endured of her for whom you bid like sorrow.	
FTLN 3013	Your children were vexation to your youth,	
FTLN 3014	But mine shall be a comfort to your age.	320
FTLN 3015	The loss you have is but a son being king,	
FTLN 3016	And by that loss your daughter is made queen.	
FTLN 3017	I cannot make you what amends I would;	
FTLN 3018	Therefore accept such kindness as I can.	
FTLN 3019	Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul	325
FTLN 3020	Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,	
FTLN 3021	This fair alliance quickly shall call home	
FTLN 3022	To high promotions and great dignity.	
FTLN 3023	The king that calls your beauteous daughter wife	
FTLN 3024	Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother.	330
FTLN 3025	Again shall you be mother to a king,	
FTLN 3026	And all the ruins of distressful times	
FTLN 3027	Repaired with double riches of content.	
FTLN 3028	What, we have many goodly days to see!	
FTLN 3029	The liquid drops of tears that you have shed	335
FTLN 3030	Shall come again, transformed to orient pearl,	
FTLN 3031	Advantaging their love with interest	
FTLN 3032	Of ten times double gain of happiness.	
FTLN 3033	Go then, my mother; to thy daughter go.	

FTLN 3034	Make bold her bashful years with your experience;	340
FTLN 3035	Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;	
FTLN 3036	Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame	
FTLN 3037	Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the Princess	
FTLN 3038	With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys;	
FTLN 3039	And when this arm of mine hath chastisèd	345
FTLN 3040	The petty rebel, dull-brained Buckingham,	
FTLN 3041	Bound with triumphant garlands will I come	
FTLN 3042	And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed,	
FTLN 3043	To whom I will retail my conquest won,	
FTLN 3044	And she shall be sole victoress, Caesar's Caesar.	350
	QUEEN ELIZABETH	
FTLN 3045	What were I best to say? Her father's brother	
FTLN 3046	Would be her lord? Or shall I say her uncle?	
FTLN 3047	Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?	
FTLN 3048	Under what title shall I woo for thee,	
FTLN 3049	That God, the law, my honor, and her love	355
FTLN 3050	Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 3051	Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.	
	QUEEN ELIZABETH	
FTLN 3052	Which she shall purchase with still-lasting war.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 3053	Tell her the King, that may command, entreats—	
	QUEEN ELIZABETH	
FTLN 3054	That, at her hands, which the King's King forbids.	360
	RICHARD	
FTLN 3055	Say she shall be a high and mighty queen.	
	QUEEN ELIZABETH	
FTLN 3056	To vail the title, as her mother doth.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 3057	Say I will love her everlastingly.	
	QUEEN ELIZABETH	
FTLN 3058	But how long shall that title "ever" last?	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 3059	Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.	365

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 3060 But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

RICHARD

FTLN 3061 As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 3062 As long as hell and Richard likes of it.

RICHARD

FTLN 3063 Say I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 3064 But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty. 370

RICHARD

FTLN 3065 Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 3066 An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

RICHARD

FTLN 3067 Then plainly to her tell my loving tale.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 3068 Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

RICHARD

FTLN 3069 Your reasons are too shallow and too quick. 375

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 3070 O no, my reasons are too deep and dead—

FTLN 3071 Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

RICHARD

FTLN 3072 ⟨Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 3073 Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.

RICHARD⟩

FTLN 3074 Now by my George, my Garter, and my crown— 380

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 3075 Profaned, dishonored, and the third usurped.

RICHARD

FTLN 3076 I swear—

FTLN 3077 QUEEN ELIZABETH By nothing, for this is no oath

FTLN 3078 Thy George, profaned, hath lost his lordly honor;

FTLN 3079	Thy Garter, blemished, pawned his knightly virtue;	385
FTLN 3080	Thy crown, usurped, disgraced his kingly glory.	
FTLN 3081	If something thou wouldst swear to be believed,	
FTLN 3082	Swear then by something that thou hast not	
FTLN 3083	wronged.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 3084	Then, by myself—	390
FTLN 3085	QUEEN ELIZABETH Thyself is self-misused.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 3086	Now, by the world—	
FTLN 3087	QUEEN ELIZABETH 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 3088	My father's death—	
FTLN 3089	QUEEN ELIZABETH Thy life hath it dishonored.	395
	RICHARD	
FTLN 3090	Why then, by ⟨God.⟩	
FTLN 3091	QUEEN ELIZABETH ⟨God's⟩ wrong is most of all.	
FTLN 3092	If thou didst fear to break an oath with Him,	
FTLN 3093	The unity the King my husband made	
FTLN 3094	Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died.	400
FTLN 3095	If thou hadst feared to break an oath by Him,	
FTLN 3096	Th' imperial metal circling now thy head	
FTLN 3097	Had graced the tender temples of my child,	
FTLN 3098	And both the Princes had been breathing here,	
FTLN 3099	Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,	405
FTLN 3100	Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.	
FTLN 3101	What canst thou swear by now?	
FTLN 3102	RICHARD The time to come.	
	QUEEN ELIZABETH	
FTLN 3103	That thou hast wrongèd in the time o'erpast;	
FTLN 3104	For I myself have many tears to wash	410
FTLN 3105	Hereafter time, for time past wronged by thee.	
FTLN 3106	The children live whose fathers thou hast	
FTLN 3107	slaughtered,	
FTLN 3108	Ungoverned youth, to wail it ⟨in⟩ their age;	

FTLN 3109	The parents live whose children thou hast	415
FTLN 3110	butchered,	
FTLN 3111	Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.	
FTLN 3112	Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast	
FTLN 3113	Misused ere used, by times ill-used ⟨o'erpast.⟩	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 3114	As I intend to prosper and repent,	420
FTLN 3115	So thrive I in my dangerous affairs	
FTLN 3116	Of hostile arms! Myself myself confound,	
FTLN 3117	Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours,	
FTLN 3118	Day, yield me not thy light, nor night thy rest,	
FTLN 3119	Be opposite all planets of good luck	425
FTLN 3120	To my proceeding if, with dear heart's love,	
FTLN 3121	Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,	
FTLN 3122	I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter.	
FTLN 3123	In her consists my happiness and thine.	
FTLN 3124	Without her follows to myself and thee,	430
FTLN 3125	Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,	
FTLN 3126	Death, desolation, ruin, and decay.	
FTLN 3127	It cannot be avoided but by this;	
FTLN 3128	It will not be avoided but by this.	
FTLN 3129	Therefore, dear mother—I must call you so—	435
FTLN 3130	Be the attorney of my love to her;	
FTLN 3131	Plead what I will be, not what I have been;	
FTLN 3132	Not my deserts, but what I will deserve.	
FTLN 3133	Urge the necessity and state of times,	
FTLN 3134	And be not peevish found in great designs.	440
	QUEEN ELIZABETH	
FTLN 3135	Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 3136	Ay, if the devil tempt you to do good.	
	QUEEN ELIZABETH	
FTLN 3137	Shall I forget myself to be myself?	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 3138	Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.	
FTLN 3139	QUEEN ELIZABETH Yet thou didst kill my children.	445

RICHARD

FTLN 3140 But in your daughter's womb I bury them,
 FTLN 3141 Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed
 FTLN 3142 Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 3143 Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

RICHARD

FTLN 3144 And be a happy mother by the deed. 450

FTLN 3145 QUEEN ELIZABETH I go. Write to me very shortly,
 FTLN 3146 And you shall understand from me her mind.

RICHARD

FTLN 3147 Bear her my true love's kiss; and so, farewell.
Queen exits.

FTLN 3148 Relenting fool and shallow, changing woman!

Enter Ratcliffe.

FTLN 3149 How now, what news? 455

RATCLIFFE

FTLN 3150 Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
 FTLN 3151 Rideth a puissant navy. To our shores
 FTLN 3152 Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
 FTLN 3153 Unarmed and unresolved to beat them back.
 FTLN 3154 'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral; 460
 FTLN 3155 And there they hull, expecting but the aid
 FTLN 3156 Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

RICHARD

FTLN 3157 Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of
 FTLN 3158 Norfolk—
 FTLN 3159 Ratcliffe thyself, or Catesby. Where is he? 465

CATESBY

FTLN 3160 Here, my good Lord.

FTLN 3161 RICHARD Catesby, fly to the Duke.

CATESBY

FTLN 3162 I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

RICHARD

FTLN 3163 「Ratcliffe,」 come hither. Post to Salisbury.

FTLN 3164	When thou com'st thither— 「 <i>To Catesby.</i> 」 Dull,	470
FTLN 3165	unmindful villain,	
FTLN 3166	Why stay'st thou here and go'st not to the Duke?	
	CATESBY	
FTLN 3167	First, mighty liege, tell me your Highness' pleasure,	
FTLN 3168	What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 3169	O true, good Catesby. Bid him levy straight	475
FTLN 3170	The greatest strength and power that he can make	
FTLN 3171	And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.	
FTLN 3172	CATESBY I go.	<i>He exits.</i>
	RATCLIFFE	
FTLN 3173	What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 3174	Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?	480
	RATCLIFFE	
FTLN 3175	Your Highness told me I should post before.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 3176	My mind is changed.	
	<i>Enter Lord Stanley.</i>	
FTLN 3177	Stanley, what news with you?	
	STANLEY	
FTLN 3178	None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing,	
FTLN 3179	Nor none so bad but well may be reported.	485
	RICHARD	
FTLN 3180	Hoyday, a riddle! Neither good nor bad.	
FTLN 3181	What need'st thou run so many miles about	
FTLN 3182	When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?	
FTLN 3183	Once more, what news?	
FTLN 3184	STANLEY Richmond is on the seas.	490
	RICHARD	
FTLN 3185	There let him sink, and be the seas on him!	
FTLN 3186	White-livered runagate, what doth he there?	
	STANLEY	
FTLN 3187	I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.	

FTLN 3188	RICHARD	Well, as you guess?	
	STANLEY		
FTLN 3189		Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,	495
FTLN 3190		He makes for England, here to claim the crown.	
	RICHARD		
FTLN 3191		Is the chair empty? Is the sword unswayed?	
FTLN 3192		Is the King dead, the empire unpossessed?	
FTLN 3193		What heir of York is there alive but we?	
FTLN 3194		And who is England's king but great York's heir?	500
FTLN 3195		Then tell me, what makes he upon the seas?	
	STANLEY		
FTLN 3196		Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.	
	RICHARD		
FTLN 3197		Unless for that he comes to be your liege,	
FTLN 3198		You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.	
FTLN 3199		Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear.	505
	STANLEY		
FTLN 3200		No, my good lord. Therefore mistrust me not.	
	RICHARD		
FTLN 3201		Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?	
FTLN 3202		Where be thy tenants and thy followers?	
FTLN 3203		Are they not now upon the western shore,	
FTLN 3204		Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?	510
	STANLEY		
FTLN 3205		No, my good lord. My friends are in the north.	
	RICHARD		
FTLN 3206		Cold friends to me. What do they in the north	
FTLN 3207		When they should serve their sovereign in the west?	
	STANLEY		
FTLN 3208		They have not been commanded, mighty king.	
FTLN 3209		Pleaseth your Majesty to give me leave,	515
FTLN 3210		I'll muster up my friends and meet your Grace	
FTLN 3211		Where and what time your Majesty shall please.	
	RICHARD		
FTLN 3212		Ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond,	
FTLN 3213		But I'll not trust thee.	

FTLN 3214 STANLEY Most mighty sovereign, 520
 FTLN 3215 You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.
 FTLN 3216 I never was nor never will be false.

RICHARD

FTLN 3217 Go then and muster men, but leave behind
 FTLN 3218 Your son George Stanley. Look your heart be firm,
 FTLN 3219 Or else his head's assurance is but frail. 525

STANLEY

FTLN 3220 So deal with him as I prove true to you.

Stanley exits.

Enter a Messenger.

「FIRST」 MESSENGER

FTLN 3221 My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
 FTLN 3222 As I by friends am well advertised,
 FTLN 3223 Sir Edward Courtney and the haughty prelate,
 FTLN 3224 Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother, 530
 FTLN 3225 With many more confederates are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

「SECOND」 MESSENGER

FTLN 3226 In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in arms,
 FTLN 3227 And every hour more competitors
 FTLN 3228 Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

「THIRD」 MESSENGER

FTLN 3229 My lord, the army of great Buckingham— 535

RICHARD

FTLN 3230 Out on you, owls! Nothing but songs of death.
He striketh him.

FTLN 3231 There, take thou that till thou bring better news.

「THIRD」 MESSENGER

FTLN 3232 The news I have to tell your Majesty
 FTLN 3233 Is that by sudden floods and fall of waters
 FTLN 3234 Buckingham's army is dispersed and scattered, 540

FTLN 3235 And he himself wandered away alone,
 FTLN 3236 No man knows whither.
 FTLN 3237 RICHARD I cry thee mercy.
 FTLN 3238 There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
「He gives money.」

FTLN 3239 Hath any well-advised friend proclaimed 545
 FTLN 3240 Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

「THIRD」 MESSENGER
 FTLN 3241 Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

Enter another Messenger.

「FOURTH」 MESSENGER
 FTLN 3242 Sir Thomas Lovell and Lord Marquess Dorset,
 FTLN 3243 'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
 FTLN 3244 But this good comfort bring I to your Highness: 550
 FTLN 3245 The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest.
 FTLN 3246 Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
 FTLN 3247 Unto the shore to ask those on the banks
 FTLN 3248 If they were his assistants, yea, or no—
 FTLN 3249 Who answered him they came from Buckingham 555
 FTLN 3250 Upon his party. He, mistrusting them,
 FTLN 3251 Hoised sail and made his course again for Brittany.

RICHARD
 FTLN 3252 March on, march on, since we are up in arms,
 FTLN 3253 If not to fight with foreign enemies,
 FTLN 3254 Yet to beat down these rebels here at home. 560

Enter Catesby.

CATESBY
 FTLN 3255 My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken.
 FTLN 3256 That is the best news. That the Earl of Richmond
 FTLN 3257 Is with a mighty power landed at Milford
 FTLN 3258 Is colder <tidings,> yet they must be told.

RICHARD
 FTLN 3259 Away towards Salisbury! While we reason here, 565
 FTLN 3260 A royal battle might be won and lost.

FTLN 3261 Someone take order Buckingham be brought
 FTLN 3262 To Salisbury. The rest march on with me.
Flourish. They exit.

「Scene 5」

Enter 「Stanley, Earl of」 Derby, and Sir Christopher.

STANLEY

FTLN 3263 Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:
 FTLN 3264 That in the sty of the most deadly boar
 FTLN 3265 My son George Stanley is franked up in hold;
 FTLN 3266 If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
 FTLN 3267 The fear of that holds off my present aid. 5
 FTLN 3268 So get thee gone. Commend me to thy lord.
 FTLN 3269 Withal, say that the Queen hath heartily consented
 FTLN 3270 He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
 FTLN 3271 But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

CHRISTOPHER

FTLN 3272 At «Pembroke,» or at Ha'rfordwest in Wales. 10

FTLN 3273 STANLEY What men of name resort to him?

CHRISTOPHER

FTLN 3274 Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
 FTLN 3275 Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
 FTLN 3276 Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
 FTLN 3277 And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew, 15
 FTLN 3278 And many other of great name and worth;
 FTLN 3279 And towards London do they bend their power,
 FTLN 3280 If by the way they be not fought withal.

STANLEY, 「giving Sir Christopher a paper」

FTLN 3281 Well, hie thee to thy lord. I kiss his hand.
 FTLN 3282 My letter will resolve him of my mind. 20
 FTLN 3283 Farewell.

They exit.

ACT 5

Scene 1

Enter Buckingham, with [Sheriff and] Halberds, led to execution.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 3284 Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

SHERIFF

FTLN 3285 No, my good lord. Therefore be patient.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 3286 Hastings and Edward's children, Grey and Rivers,

FTLN 3287 Holy King Henry and thy fair son Edward,

FTLN 3288 Vaughan, and all that have miscarried 5

FTLN 3289 By underhand, corrupted, foul injustice,

FTLN 3290 If that your moody, discontented souls

FTLN 3291 Do through the clouds behold this present hour,

FTLN 3292 Even for revenge mock my destruction.—

FTLN 3293 This is All Souls' Day, fellow, is it not? 10

FTLN 3294 SHERIFF It is.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 3295 Why, then, All Souls' Day is my body's doomsday.

FTLN 3296 This is the day which, in King Edward's time,

FTLN 3297 I wished might fall on me when I was found

FTLN 3298 False to his children and his wife's allies. 15

FTLN 3299 This is the day wherein I wished to fall

FTLN 3300 By the false faith of him whom most I trusted.

FTLN 3301 This, this All Souls' Day to my fearful soul

FTLN 3302	Is the determined respite of my wrongs.	
FTLN 3303	That high All-seer which I dallied with	20
FTLN 3304	Hath turned my feignèd prayer on my head	
FTLN 3305	And given in earnest what I begged in jest.	
FTLN 3306	Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men	
FTLN 3307	To turn their own points in their masters' bosoms.	
FTLN 3308	Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck:	25
FTLN 3309	"When he," quoth she, "shall split thy heart with	
FTLN 3310	sorrow,	
FTLN 3311	Remember Margaret was a prophetess."—	
FTLN 3312	Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame.	
FTLN 3313	Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.	30
	<i>Buckingham exits with Officers.</i>	

Scene 2

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others,
with Drum and Colors.*

RICHMOND

FTLN 3314	Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,	
FTLN 3315	Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,	
FTLN 3316	Thus far into the bowels of the land	
FTLN 3317	Have we marched on without impediment,	
FTLN 3318	And here receive we from our father Stanley	5
FTLN 3319	Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.	
FTLN 3320	The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,	
FTLN 3321	That spoiled your summer fields and fruitful vines,	
FTLN 3322	Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his	
FTLN 3323	trough	10
FTLN 3324	In your embowelled bosoms—this foul swine	
FTLN 3325	Is now even in the ⟨center⟩ of this isle,	
FTLN 3326	⟨Near⟩ to the town of Leicester, as we learn.	
FTLN 3327	From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.	
FTLN 3328	In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,	15

FTLN 3329 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
 FTLN 3330 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.
 OXFORD
 FTLN 3331 Every man's conscience is a thousand men
 FTLN 3332 To fight against this guilty homicide.
 HERBERT
 FTLN 3333 I doubt not but his friends will turn to us. 20
 BLUNT
 FTLN 3334 He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
 FTLN 3335 Which in his dearest need will fly from him.
 RICHMOND
 FTLN 3336 All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march.
 FTLN 3337 True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
 FTLN 3338 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. 25
All exit.

「Scene 3」

*Enter King Richard, in arms, with Norfolk, Ratcliffe, and
 the Earl of Surrey, 「with Soldiers.」*

RICHARD
 FTLN 3339 Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.
 「Soldiers begin to pitch the tent.」
 FTLN 3340 My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
 SURREY
 FTLN 3341 My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
 RICHARD
 FTLN 3342 My Lord of Norfolk—
 FTLN 3343 NORFOLK Here, most gracious liege. 5
 RICHARD
 FTLN 3344 Norfolk, we must have knocks, ha, must we not?
 NORFOLK
 FTLN 3345 We must both give and take, my loving lord.
 RICHARD
 FTLN 3346 Up with my tent!—Here will I lie tonight.

FTLN 3347	But where tomorrow? Well, all's one for that.	
FTLN 3348	Who hath descried the number of the traitors?	10
	NORFOLK	
FTLN 3349	Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 3350	Why, our battalia trebles that account.	
FTLN 3351	Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength	
FTLN 3352	Which they upon the adverse faction want.—	
FTLN 3353	Up with the tent!—Come, noble gentlemen,	15
FTLN 3354	Let us survey the vantage of the ground.	
FTLN 3355	Call for some men of sound direction;	
FTLN 3356	Let's lack no discipline, make no delay,	
FTLN 3357	For, lords, tomorrow is a busy day.	
	<i>「The tent now in place,」 they exit.</i>	
	<i>Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, Dorset, 「Herbert, Blunt, and others who set up Richmond's tent.」</i>	
	RICHMOND	
FTLN 3358	The weary sun hath made a golden set,	20
FTLN 3359	And by the bright ⟨track⟩ of his fiery car	
FTLN 3360	Gives token of a goodly day tomorrow.—	
FTLN 3361	Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—	
FTLN 3362	Give me some ink and paper in my tent;	
FTLN 3363	I'll draw the form and model of our battle,	25
FTLN 3364	Limit each leader to his several charge,	
FTLN 3365	And part in just proportion our small power.—	
FTLN 3366	My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,	
FTLN 3367	And 「you,」 Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.	
FTLN 3368	The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment.—	30
FTLN 3369	Good Captain Blunt, bear my goodnight to him,	
FTLN 3370	And by the second hour in the morning	
FTLN 3371	Desire the Earl to see me in my tent.	
FTLN 3372	Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me.	
FTLN 3373	Where is Lord Stanley quartered, do you know?	35

BLUNT

FTLN 3374 Unless I have mista'en his colors much,
 FTLN 3375 Which well I am assured I have not done,
 FTLN 3376 His regiment lies half a mile, at least,
 FTLN 3377 South from the mighty power of the King.

RICHMOND

FTLN 3378 If without peril it be possible, 40
 FTLN 3379 Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with
 FTLN 3380 him,
 FTLN 3381 And give him from me this most needful note.
「He gives a paper.」

BLUNT

FTLN 3382 Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it,
 FTLN 3383 And so God give you quiet rest tonight. 45

RICHMOND

FTLN 3384 Good night, good Captain Blunt. *「Blunt exits.」*
 FTLN 3385 Come, gentlemen,
 FTLN 3386 Let us consult upon tomorrow's business.
 FTLN 3387 Into my tent. The dew is raw and cold.
「Richmond, Brandon, Dorset, Herbert, and Oxford」
withdraw into the tent. 「The others exit.」

*Enter 「to his tent」 Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolk, and
 Catesby, 「with Soldiers.」*

FTLN 3388 RICHARD What is 't o'clock? 50

CATESBY

FTLN 3389 It's suppertime, my lord. It's nine o'clock.

RICHARD

FTLN 3390 I will not sup tonight. Give me some ink and paper.
 FTLN 3391 What, is my beaver easier than it was,
 FTLN 3392 And all my armor laid into my tent?

CATESBY

FTLN 3393 It is, my liege, and all things are in readiness. 55

RICHARD

FTLN 3394 Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge.
 FTLN 3395 Use careful watch. Choose trusty [sentinels.]

FTLN 3396	NORFOLK	I go, my lord.	
	RICHARD		
FTLN 3397		Stir with the lark tomorrow, gentle Norfolk.	
FTLN 3398	NORFOLK	I warrant you, my lord.	[<i>He exits.</i>] 60
FTLN 3399	RICHARD	Catesby.	
FTLN 3400	「CATESBY」	My lord.	
FTLN 3401	RICHARD	Send out a pursuivant-at-arms	
FTLN 3402		To Stanley's regiment. Bid him bring his power	
FTLN 3403		Before sunrising, lest his son George fall	65
FTLN 3404		Into the blind cave of eternal night.	「 <i>Catesby exits.</i> 」
FTLN 3405		「 <i>To Soldiers.</i> 」 Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a	
FTLN 3406		watch.	
FTLN 3407		Saddle white Surrey for the field tomorrow.	
FTLN 3408		Look that my staves be sound and not too heavy.—	70
FTLN 3409		Ratcliffe.	
FTLN 3410	RATCLIFFE	My lord.	
	RICHARD		
FTLN 3411		Sawst thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?	
	RATCLIFFE		
FTLN 3412		Thomas the Earl of Surrey and himself,	
FTLN 3413		Much about cockshut time, from troop to troop	75
FTLN 3414		Went through the army cheering up the soldiers.	
	RICHARD		
FTLN 3415		So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine.	
FTLN 3416		I have not that alacrity of spirit	
FTLN 3417		Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have.	
			「 <i>Wine is brought.</i> 」
FTLN 3418		Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?	80
	RATCLIFFE		
FTLN 3419		It is, my lord.	
FTLN 3420	RICHARD	Bid my guard watch. Leave me.	
FTLN 3421		Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my tent	
FTLN 3422		And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.	
			<i>Ratcliffe exits.</i> 「 <i>Richard sleeps in his tent,</i> <i>which is guarded by Soldiers.</i> 」

Enter [Stanley, Earl of] Derby to Richmond in his tent.

STANLEY

FTLN 3423 Fortune and victory sit on thy helm! 85

RICHMOND

FTLN 3424 All comfort that the dark night can afford

FTLN 3425 Be to thy person, noble father-in-law.

FTLN 3426 Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

STANLEY

FTLN 3427 I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,

FTLN 3428 Who prays continually for Richmond's good. 90

FTLN 3429 So much for that. The silent hours steal on,

FTLN 3430 And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

FTLN 3431 In brief, for so the season bids us be,

FTLN 3432 Prepare thy battle early in the morning,

FTLN 3433 And put thy fortune to the arbitrament 95

FTLN 3434 Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.

FTLN 3435 I, as I may—that which I would I cannot—

FTLN 3436 With best advantage will deceive the time

FTLN 3437 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms.

FTLN 3438 But on thy side I may not be too forward, 100

FTLN 3439 Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,

FTLN 3440 Be executed in his father's sight.

FTLN 3441 Farewell. The leisure and the fearful time

FTLN 3442 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love

FTLN 3443 And ample interchange of sweet discourse, 105

FTLN 3444 Which so-long-sundered friends should dwell upon.

FTLN 3445 God give us leisure for these rites of love!

FTLN 3446 Once more, adieu. Be valiant and speed well.

RICHMOND

FTLN 3447 Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.

FTLN 3448 I'll strive with troubled thoughts to take a nap, 110

FTLN 3449 Lest leaden slumber peise me down tomorrow

FTLN 3450 When I should mount with wings of victory.

FTLN 3451 Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

¶ All but Richmond leave his tent and ¶ exit.

¶ Richmond kneels. ¶

FTLN 3452	O Thou, whose captain I account myself,	
FTLN 3453	Look on my forces with a gracious eye.	115
FTLN 3454	Put in their hands Thy bruising irons of wrath,	
FTLN 3455	That they may crush down with a heavy fall	
FTLN 3456	The usurping helmets of our adversaries.	
FTLN 3457	Make us Thy ministers of chastisement,	
FTLN 3458	That we may praise Thee in the victory.	120
FTLN 3459	To Thee I do commend my watchful soul,	
FTLN 3460	[Ere] I let fall the windows of mine eyes.	
FTLN 3461	Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still!	[Sleeps.]

Enter the Ghost of young Prince Edward, son [to] Harry the Sixth.

GHOST *¶ OF EDWARD, ¶ (to Richard)*

FTLN 3462	Let me sit heavy on thy soul tomorrow.	
FTLN 3463	Think how thou <i>¶ stabbed'st ¶</i> me in my prime of	125
FTLN 3464	youth	
FTLN 3465	At Tewkesbury. Despair therefore, and die!	
FTLN 3466	<i>(To Richmond.)</i> Be cheerful, Richmond, for the	
FTLN 3467	wrongèd souls	
FTLN 3468	Of butchered princes fight in thy behalf.	130
FTLN 3469	King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.	

¶ He exits. ¶

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.

GHOST *¶ OF HENRY, ¶ (to Richard)*

FTLN 3470	When I was mortal, my anointed body	
FTLN 3471	By thee was punchèd full of deadly holes.	
FTLN 3472	Think on the Tower and me. Despair and die!	
FTLN 3473	Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.	135
FTLN 3474	<i>(To Richmond.)</i> Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror.	
FTLN 3475	Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,	
FTLN 3476	Doth comfort thee in thy sleep. Live and flourish.	

¶ He exits. ¶

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

GHOST [⌈]OF CLARENCE, *(to Richard)* [⌋]

FTLN 3477	Let me sit heavy in thy soul tomorrow,	
FTLN 3478	I, that was washed to death with fulsome wine,	140
FTLN 3479	Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death.	
FTLN 3480	Tomorrow in the battle think on me,	
FTLN 3481	And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair and die!	
FTLN 3482	<i>(To Richmond.)</i> Thou offspring of the house of	
FTLN 3483	Lancaster,	145
FTLN 3484	The wrongèd heirs of York do pray for thee.	
FTLN 3485	Good angels guard thy battle. Live and flourish.	

⌈He exits.⌋

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, [and] Vaughan.

[⌈]GHOST OF RIVERS, *(to Richard)* [⌋]

FTLN 3486	Let me sit heavy in thy soul tomorrow,	
FTLN 3487	Rivers, that died at Pomfret. Despair and die!	

[⌈]GHOST OF [⌋] GREY, *(to Richard)* [⌋]

FTLN 3488	Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!	150
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[⌈]GHOST OF [⌋] VAUGHAN, *(to Richard)* [⌋]

FTLN 3489	Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear	
FTLN 3490	Let fall thy lance. Despair and die!	

ALL, *(to Richmond)*

FTLN 3491	Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom	
FTLN 3492	[Will] conquer him. Awake, and win the day.	

⌈They exit.⌋

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

[⌈]GHOSTS OF PRINCES, [⌋] *(to Richard)*

FTLN 3493	Dream on thy cousins smothered in the Tower.	155
FTLN 3494	Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,	
FTLN 3495	And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death.	
FTLN 3496	Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die.	
FTLN 3497	<i>(To Richmond.)</i> Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace	
FTLN 3498	and wake in joy.	160

FTLN 3499 Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy.
 FTLN 3500 Live, and beget a happy race of kings.
 FTLN 3501 Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.
「They exit.」

Enter the Ghost of Hastings.

GHOST 「OF HASTINGS, (to Richard)」

FTLN 3502 Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
 FTLN 3503 And in a bloody battle end thy days. 165
 FTLN 3504 Think on Lord Hastings. Despair and die!
 FTLN 3505 (To Richmond.) Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake.
 FTLN 3506 Arm, fight, and conquer for fair England's sake.
「He exits.」

Enter the Ghost of Lady Anne his wife.

「GHOST OF ANNE, (to Richard)」

FTLN 3507 Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
 FTLN 3508 That never slept a quiet hour with thee, 170
 FTLN 3509 Now fills thy sleep with perturbations.
 FTLN 3510 Tomorrow, in the battle, think on me,
 FTLN 3511 And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair and die!
 FTLN 3512 (To Richmond.) Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet
 FTLN 3513 sleep. 175
 FTLN 3514 Dream of success and happy victory.
 FTLN 3515 Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee. 「She exits.」

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

「GHOST OF BUCKINGHAM, (to Richard)」

FTLN 3516 The first was I that helped thee to the crown;
 FTLN 3517 The last was I that felt thy tyranny.
 FTLN 3518 O, in the battle think on Buckingham, 180
 FTLN 3519 And die in terror of thy guiltiness.
 FTLN 3520 Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death.
 FTLN 3521 Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath.
 FTLN 3522 (To Richmond.) I died for hope ere I could lend
 FTLN 3523 thee aid, 185

FTLN 3524 But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismayed.
 FTLN 3525 God and good angels fight on Richmond's side,
 FTLN 3526 And Richard [fall] in height of all his pride.

「He exits.」

Richard starteth up out of a dream.

RICHARD

FTLN 3527	Give me another horse! Bind up my wounds!	
FTLN 3528	Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft, I did but dream.	190
FTLN 3529	O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!	
FTLN 3530	The lights burn blue; it is now dead midnight.	
FTLN 3531	Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.	
FTLN 3532	What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by.	
FTLN 3533	Richard loves Richard, that is, I [am] I.	195
FTLN 3534	Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am.	
FTLN 3535	Then fly! What, from myself? Great reason why:	
FTLN 3536	Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?	
FTLN 3537	Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? For any good	
FTLN 3538	That I myself have done unto myself?	200
FTLN 3539	O, no. Alas, I rather hate myself	
FTLN 3540	For hateful deeds committed by myself.	
FTLN 3541	I am a villain. Yet I lie; I am not.	
FTLN 3542	Fool, of thyself speak well. Fool, do not flatter.	
FTLN 3543	My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,	205
FTLN 3544	And every tongue brings in a several tale,	
FTLN 3545	And every tale condemns me for a villain.	
FTLN 3546	Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree;	
FTLN 3547	Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;	
FTLN 3548	All several sins, all used in each degree,	210
FTLN 3549	Throng to the bar, crying all "Guilty, guilty!"	
FTLN 3550	I shall despair. There is no creature loves me,	
FTLN 3551	And if I die no soul will pity me.	
FTLN 3552	And wherefore should they, since that I myself	
FTLN 3553	Find in myself no pity to myself?	215
FTLN 3554	Methought the souls of all that I had murdered	
FTLN 3555	Came to my tent, and every one did threat	
FTLN 3556	Tomorrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.	

Enter Ratcliffe.

FTLN 3557	RATCLIFFE	My lord.	
FTLN 3558	RICHARD	Zounds, who is there?	220
	RATCLIFFE		
FTLN 3559		Ratcliffe, my lord, 'tis I. The early village cock	
FTLN 3560		Hath twice done salutation to the morn.	
FTLN 3561		Your friends are up and buckle on their armor.	
	RICHARD		
FTLN 3562		O Ratcliffe, I have dreamed a fearful dream!	
FTLN 3563		What think'st thou, will our friends prove all true?	225
	RATCLIFFE		
FTLN 3564		No doubt, my lord.	
FTLN 3565	RICHARD	O Ratcliffe, I fear, I fear.	
	RATCLIFFE		
FTLN 3566		Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.	
	RICHARD		
FTLN 3567		By the apostle Paul, shadows tonight	
FTLN 3568		Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard	230
FTLN 3569		Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers	
FTLN 3570		Armed in proof and led by shallow Richmond.	
FTLN 3571		'Tis not yet near day. Come, go with me.	
FTLN 3572		Under our tents I'll play the eavesdropper	
FTLN 3573		To see if any mean to shrink from me.	235

[Richard and Ratcliffe] exit.

Enter the Lords to Richmond, [in his tent.]

FTLN 3574	LORDS	Good morrow, Richmond.	
	RICHMOND		
FTLN 3575		Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,	
FTLN 3576		That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.	
FTLN 3577	A LORD	How have you slept, my lord?	
	RICHMOND		
FTLN 3578		The sweetest sleep and fairest-boding dreams	240
FTLN 3579		That ever entered in a drowsy head	
FTLN 3580		Have I since your departure had, my lords.	

FTLN 3581	Methought their souls whose bodies Richard	
FTLN 3582	murdered	
FTLN 3583	Came to my tent and cried on victory.	245
FTLN 3584	I promise you, my soul is very jocund	
FTLN 3585	In the remembrance of so fair a dream.	
FTLN 3586	How far into the morning is it, lords?	
FTLN 3587	A LORD Upon the stroke of four.	
	RICHMOND, [<i>leaving the tent</i>]	
FTLN 3588	Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.	250

His oration to his soldiers.

FTLN 3589	More than I have said, loving countrymen,	
FTLN 3590	The leisure and enforcement of the time	
FTLN 3591	Forbids to dwell upon. Yet remember this:	
FTLN 3592	God, and our good cause, fight upon our side.	
FTLN 3593	The prayers of holy saints and wrongèd souls,	255
FTLN 3594	Like high-reared bulwarks, stand before our faces.	
FTLN 3595	Richard except, those whom we fight against	
FTLN 3596	Had rather have us win than him they follow.	
FTLN 3597	For what is he they follow? Truly, gentlemen,	
FTLN 3598	A bloody tyrant and a homicide;	260
FTLN 3599	One raised in blood, and one in blood established;	
FTLN 3600	One that made means to come by what he hath,	
FTLN 3601	And slaughtered those that were the means to help	
FTLN 3602	him;	
FTLN 3603	A base foul stone, made precious by the foil	265
FTLN 3604	Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;	
FTLN 3605	One that hath ever been God's enemy.	
FTLN 3606	Then if you fight against God's enemy,	
FTLN 3607	God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers.	
FTLN 3608	If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,	270
FTLN 3609	You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain.	
FTLN 3610	If you do fight against your country's foes,	
FTLN 3611	Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire.	
FTLN 3612	If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,	
FTLN 3613	Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors.	275

FTLN 3614 If you do free your children from the sword,
 FTLN 3615 Your children's children quits it in your age.
 FTLN 3616 Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
 FTLN 3617 Advance your standards; draw your willing swords.
 FTLN 3618 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt 280
 FTLN 3619 Shall be this cold corpse on the Earth's cold face,
 FTLN 3620 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 FTLN 3621 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 FTLN 3622 Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully.
 FTLN 3623 God, and Saint George, Richmond, and victory! 285
They exit.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Soldiers.

RICHARD

FTLN 3624 What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

RATCLIFFE

FTLN 3625 That he was never trained up in arms.

RICHARD

FTLN 3626 He said the truth. And what said Surrey then?

RATCLIFFE

FTLN 3627 He smiled and said "The better for our purpose."

RICHARD

FTLN 3628 He was in the right, and so indeed it is. 290

The clock striketh.

FTLN 3629 Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.

He looks in an almanac.

FTLN 3630 Who saw the sun today?

FTLN 3631 RATCLIFFE Not I, my lord.

RICHARD

FTLN 3632 Then he disdains to shine, for by the book

FTLN 3633 He should have braved the east an hour ago. 295

FTLN 3634 A black day will it be to somebody.

FTLN 3635 Ratcliffe!

RATCLIFFE

FTLN 3636 My lord.

FTLN 3637 RICHARD The sun will [not] be seen today.

FTLN 3638 The sky doth frown and lour upon our army. 300
 FTLN 3639 I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
 FTLN 3640 Not shine today? Why, what is that to me
 FTLN 3641 More than to Richmond, for the selfsame heaven
 FTLN 3642 That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

NORFOLK

FTLN 3643 Arm, arm, my lord. The foe vaunts in the field. 305

RICHARD

FTLN 3644 Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.—
 FTLN 3645 Call up Lord Stanley; bid him bring his power.—
 FTLN 3646 I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
 FTLN 3647 And thus my battle shall be orderèd:
 FTLN 3648 My foreward shall be drawn out all in length, 310
 FTLN 3649 Consisting equally of horse and foot;
 FTLN 3650 Our archers shall be placèd in the midst.
 FTLN 3651 John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
 FTLN 3652 Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
 FTLN 3653 They thus directed, we will follow 315
 FTLN 3654 In the main battle, whose puissance on either side
 FTLN 3655 Shall be well wingèd with our chiefest horse.
 FTLN 3656 This, and Saint George to [boot]—What think'st
 FTLN 3657 thou, Norfolk?

NORFOLK

FTLN 3658 A good direction, warlike sovereign. 320

He sheweth him a paper.

FTLN 3659 This found I on my tent this morning.

〔RICHARD reads〕

FTLN 3660 *Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold.*
 FTLN 3661 *For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.*
 FTLN 3662 A thing devisèd by the enemy.—
 FTLN 3663 Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge. 325
 FTLN 3664 Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls.
 FTLN 3665 Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
 FTLN 3666 Devisèd at first to keep the strong in awe.

FTLN 3667 Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
 FTLN 3668 March on. Join bravely. Let us to it pell mell, 330
 FTLN 3669 If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

His oration to his army.

FTLN 3670 What shall I say more than I have inferred?
 FTLN 3671 Remember whom you are to cope withal,
 FTLN 3672 A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
 FTLN 3673 A scum of Bretons and base lackey peasants, 335
 FTLN 3674 Whom their o'erloyed country vomits forth
 FTLN 3675 To desperate adventures and assured destruction.
 FTLN 3676 You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;
 FTLN 3677 You having lands and blessed with beauteous wives,
 FTLN 3678 They would restrain the one, distain the other. 340
 FTLN 3679 And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
 FTLN 3680 Long kept in Brittany at our mother's cost,
 FTLN 3681 A milksop, one that never in his life
 FTLN 3682 Felt so much cold as overshoes in snow?
 FTLN 3683 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again, 345
 FTLN 3684 Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
 FTLN 3685 These famished beggars weary of their lives,
 FTLN 3686 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 FTLN 3687 For want of means, poor rats, had hanged
 FTLN 3688 themselves. 350
 FTLN 3689 If we be conquered, let men conquer us,
 FTLN 3690 And not these bastard Bretons, whom our fathers
 FTLN 3691 Have in their own land beaten, bobbed, and
 FTLN 3692 thumped,
 FTLN 3693 And in record left them the heirs of shame. 355
 FTLN 3694 Shall these enjoy our lands, lie with our wives,
 FTLN 3695 Ravish our daughters? [Drum afar off.]
 FTLN 3696 Hark, I hear their drum.
 FTLN 3697 Fight, gentlemen of England.—Fight, bold
 FTLN 3698 yeomen.— 360
 FTLN 3699 Draw, archers; draw your arrows to the head.—

FTLN 3700 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood.
 FTLN 3701 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves.—

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

FTLN 3702 What says Lord Stanley? Will he bring his power?

FTLN 3703 MESSENGER My lord, he doth deny to come. 365

FTLN 3704 RICHARD Off with his son George's head!

NORFOLK

FTLN 3705 My lord, the enemy is past the marsh.

FTLN 3706 After the battle let George Stanley die.

RICHARD

FTLN 3707 A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.

FTLN 3708 Advance our standards. Set upon our foes. 370

FTLN 3709 Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,

FTLN 3710 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons.

FTLN 3711 Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

They exit.

[*Scene 4*]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter [Norfolk, with Soldiers, and] Catesby.

CATESBY

FTLN 3712 Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!

FTLN 3713 The King enacts more wonders than a man,

FTLN 3714 Daring an opposite to every danger.

FTLN 3715 His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

FTLN 3716 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death. 5

FTLN 3717 Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost.

[*Norfolk exits with Soldiers.*]

[*Alarums.*] *Enter Richard.*

RICHARD

FTLN 3718 A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!

CATESBY

FTLN 3719 Withdraw, my lord. I'll help you to a horse.

RICHARD

FTLN 3720 Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
 FTLN 3721 And I will stand the hazard of the die. 10
 FTLN 3722 I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
 FTLN 3723 Five have I slain today instead of him.
 FTLN 3724 A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!

「*They exit.*」

「Scene 5」

*Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond. They fight.
 Richard is slain. Then retreat being sounded, 「Richmond
 exits, and Richard's body is removed.」 [Flourish.] Enter
 Richmond, 「Stanley, Earl of」 Derby, bearing the crown,
 with other Lords, 「and Soldiers.」*

RICHMOND

FTLN 3725 God and your arms be praised, victorious friends!
 FTLN 3726 The day is ours; the bloody dog is dead.

STANLEY, 「*offering him the crown*」

FTLN 3727 Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
 FTLN 3728 Lo, here this long-usurpèd royalty
 FTLN 3729 From the dead temples of this bloody wretch 5
 FTLN 3730 Have I plucked off, to grace thy brows withal.
 FTLN 3731 Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

RICHMOND

FTLN 3732 Great God of heaven, say amen to all!
 FTLN 3733 But tell me, is young George Stanley living?

STANLEY

FTLN 3734 He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town, 10
 FTLN 3735 Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

RICHMOND

FTLN 3736 What men of name are slain on either side?

[STANLEY]

FTLN 3737 John, Duke of Norfolk, [Walter], Lord 「Ferrers,」
 FTLN 3738 Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

RICHMOND

FTLN 3739	Inter their bodies as ¹ becomes ¹ their births.	15
FTLN 3740	Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled	
FTLN 3741	That in submission will return to us.	
FTLN 3742	And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,	
FTLN 3743	We will unite the white rose and the red;	
FTLN 3744	Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,	20
FTLN 3745	That long have frowned upon their enmity.	
FTLN 3746	What traitor hears me and says not "Amen"?	
FTLN 3747	England hath long been mad and scarred herself:	
FTLN 3748	The brother blindly shed the brother's blood;	
FTLN 3749	The father rashly slaughtered his own son;	25
FTLN 3750	The son, compelled, been butcher to the sire.	
FTLN 3751	All this divided York and Lancaster,	
FTLN 3752	Divided in their dire division.	
FTLN 3753	O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,	
FTLN 3754	The true succeeders of each royal house,	30
FTLN 3755	By God's fair ordinance conjoin together,	
FTLN 3756	And let their heirs, God, if Thy will be so,	
FTLN 3757	Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,	
FTLN 3758	With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days.	
FTLN 3759	Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,	35
FTLN 3760	That would reduce these bloody days again	
FTLN 3761	And make poor England weep in streams of blood.	
FTLN 3762	Let them not live to taste this land's increase,	
FTLN 3763	That would with treason wound this fair land's peace.	
FTLN 3764	Now civil wounds are stopped, peace lives again.	40
FTLN 3765	That she may long live here, God say amen.	

[They exit.]
