



The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus.

Now is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that low'd vpon our house
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments;
Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures.
Grim-visag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearefull Aduersaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a Lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
I, that am Rudely stamp'd, and want loues Maiesty,
To strut before a wonton ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vn-fashionable,
That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them.
Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne Deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot proue a Louer,
To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,
I am determin'd to proue a Villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.
Plots haue I laide, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophecies, Labels, and Dreames,
To set my Brother *Clarence* and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And if King *Edward* be as true and iust,
As I am Subtle, Falie, and Treacherous,
This day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd vp:
About a Prophecie, which sayes that G,
Of *Edwards* heyres the murtherer shall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my soule, here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury guarded.
Brother, good day: What meanes this armed guard

That waites vpon your Grace?

Cl. His Maiesty tendring my persons safety,
Hath appointed this Conduet, to conuey me to th' Tower

Rich. Vpon what cause?

Cl. Because my name is *George*.

Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He should for ~~that~~ commit your Godfathers.

O belike, his Maiesty hath some intent,
That you should be new Christned in the Tower,
But what's the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cl. Yea *Richard*, when I know: but I protest
As yet I do not: But as I can learne,
He hearkens after Prophecies and Dreames,
And from the Crosse-row pluckes the letter G:
And sayes, a Wizard told him, that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.

And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought, that I am he.
These (as I learne) and such like toys as these,
Hath mou'd his Highnesse to commit me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women:
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Grey* his Wife, *Clarence*'tis shee,
That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.
Was it not shee, and that good man of Worship,
Anthony Woodville her Brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the Tower?
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Cl. By heauen, I thinke there is no man secure
But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking *Heralds*,
That trudge betwixt the King, and *Mistris Shore*.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was, for her deliuey?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
He tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her Liury.
The iealous ore-worne Widdow, and her selfe,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy.

Era. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Maiesty hath straightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate Conference
(Of what degree soeuer) with your Brother.

Rich.

Rich. Euen so, and please your Worship *Brakenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we say :
We speake no Treason man ; We say the King
Is wife and vertuous, and his Noble Queene
Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not iealous.
We say, that *Shores* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a pasing pleasing tongue :
And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How say you sir? can you deny all this ?

Bra. With this (my Lord) my selfe haue nought to doo.

Rich. Naught to do with *Mistris Shore*?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were best to do it secretly alone.

Bra. What one, my Lord ?

Rich. Her Husband *Knaue*, wouldst thou betray me?

Bra. I do beseech your Grace
To pardon me, and withall forbear
Your Conference with the Noble Duke.

Cla. We know thy charge *Brakenbury*, and wil obey.

Rich. We are the Queenes abiects, and must obey.

Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatsoe're you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* Widdow, Sister,
I will performe it to infranchise you.
Meane time, this deepe disgrace in Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.

Rich. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliuer you, or else lye for you :
Meane time, haue patience.

Cla. I must perforce : Farewell. *Exit Clar.*

Rich. Go treade the path that thou shalt ne're returne:
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy Soule to Heauen,
If Heauen will take the present at our hands.
But who comes heere? the new deliuered *Hastings*?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine :
Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,
How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue (my Lord) to giue them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And haue preuail'd as much on him, as you,

Hast. More pittie, that the Eagles should be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty.

Rich. What newes abroad ?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home :
The King is sickly, weake, and melancholly,
And his Physicians feare him mightily.

Rich. Now by S. Iohn, that Newes is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an euill Diet long,
And ouer-much consum'd his Royall Person:
'Tis very greuous to be thought vpon.
Where is he, in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.

Exit Hastings.

He cannot liue I hope, and must not dye,
Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse vp to Heauen.

He in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With Lyes well steel'd with weighty Arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue :
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to busle in.
For then, He marry *Warwicks* yongest daughter.
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readiest way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband, and her Father :
The which will I, not all so much for loue,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horse to Market :
Clarence still breathes, *Edward* still liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. *Exit*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter the Coarse of Henrie the first with Halberds to guard it,
Lady Anne being the Mourner.*

Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable load,
If Honor may be shrowded in a Herse ;
Whil'st I a-while obsequiously lament
Th'vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster.
Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale Athes of the House of Lancaster ;
Thou bloodlesse Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghost,
To heare the Lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtered Sonne,
Stab'd by the telletime hand that made these wounds,
Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helpelesse Balme of my poore eyes.
O cursed be the hand that made these holes :
Cursed the Heart, that had the heart to do it :
Cursed the Blood, that let this blood from hence :
More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can wish to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.
If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it,
Prodigious, and vntimely brought to light,
Whose vgly and vnnaturall Aspect
May fright the hopefull Mother at the View,
And that be Heyre to his unhappinesse.
If euer he haue Wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards *Chertsey* with your holy Lode,
Taken from *Paules*, to be interred there.
And still as you are weary of this waight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King *Henries* Coarle.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster.

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarse, & set it downe.

An. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this Fiend,
To stop deuoted charitable deeds ?

Rich. Villaines set downe the Coarse, or by S. Paul,
He make a Coarse of him that disobeyes.

Gen.

Gen. My Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe.
Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge,
 Stand'st thou when I commaund:
 Aduance thy Halbert higher then my brest,
 Or by S. Paul Ile strike thee to my Foote,
 And spurne vpon thee Begger for thy boidnesse.
Anne. What do you tremble? are you all affraid?
 Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall;
 And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
 Auant thou dreadfull minister of Heil;
 Thou had'st but power ouer his Mortall body,
 His Soule thou canst not haue: Therefore be gone.
Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst.
An. Foule Diuell,
 For Gods sake hence, and trouble vs not,
 For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell:
 Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deepe exclames:
 If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,
 Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries.
 Oh Gentlemen, see, see dead *Henries* wounds,
 Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afresh.
 Blush, blush, thou lumpe of fowle Deformitie:
 For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
 From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels.
 Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnaturall,
 Prouokes this Deluge most vnnaturall.
 O God! which this Blood mad'st, reuenge his death:
 O Earth! which this Blood drink't, reuenge his death.
 Either Hea'v'n with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead:
 Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
 As thou dost swallow vp this good Kings blood,
 Which his Hell-gouern'd armie hath butchered.
Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
 Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curses.
An. Villaine, thou know'st nor law of God nor Man,
 No Beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pitty.
Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.
An. O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth!
Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry:
 Vouchsafe (diuine perfection of a Woman)
 Of these supposed Crimes, to giue me leaue
 By circumstance, but to acquit my selfe.
An. Vouchsafe (defus'd infection of man)
 Of these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue
 By circumstance, to curse thy cursed Selfe.
Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
 Some patient leysure to excuse my selfe.
An. Fouler then heart can thinke thee,
 Thou can'st make no excuse currant,
 But to hang thy selfe.
Rich. By such dispaire, I should accuse my selfe.
An. And by dispairing shalt thou stand excused,
 For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe,
 That did'st vnworthy slaughter vpon others.
Rich. Say that I slew them not.
An. Then say they were not slaine:
 But dead they are, and diuellish slaue by thee.
Rich. I did not kill your Husband.
An. Why then he is aliue.
Rich. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hands.
An. In thy foule throat thou Ly'st,
Queene Margaret saw
 Thy murd'rous Faulchion smooeking in his blood:
 The which, thou once didd'st bend against her brest,
 But that thy Brothers beate aside the point.
Rich. I was prouoked by her sland'rous tongue,

That laid their guilt, vpon my guiltlesse Shoulders.
An. Thou was't prouoked by thy bloody minde,
 That neuer dream'st on ought but Butcheries:
 Did'st thou not kill this King?
Rich. I graunt ye.
An. Do'st grant me Hedge-hogge,
 Then God graunt me too
 Thou may't be damned for that wicked deede,
 O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Rich. The better for the King of heauen that hath him.
An. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.
Rich. Let him thanke me, that holpe to send him thi-
 ther:
 For he was fitter for that place then earth
An. And thou vnfit for any place, but hell.
Rich. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.
An. Some dung-on.
Rich. Your Bed-chamber.
An. Ill rest beside the chamber where thou lyeest.
Rich. So will it Madam, till I lye with you.
An. I hope so.
Rich. I know so. But gentle Lady *Anne*,
 To leaue this keene encounter of our wites,
 And fall something into a slower method.
 Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths
 Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henrie* and *Edward*,
 As blamefull as the Executioner.
An. Thou was't the cause, and most accurst effect.
Rich. Your beauty was the cause of that effect:
 Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleepe,
 To vndertake the death of all the world,
 So I might liue one houre in your sweet bosome.
An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,
 These Nails should rent that beauty from my Cheekes.
Rich. These eyes could not endure thy beauties wrack.
 You should not blemish it, if I stood by;
 As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
 So I by that: It is my day, my life.
An. Blacke night ore-shade thy day, & death thy life
Rich. Curse not thy selfe faire Creature,
 Thou art both.
An. I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee.
Rich. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
 To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee.
An. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
 To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.
Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,
 Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.
An. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Rich. He liues, that loues thee better then he could.
An. Name him.
Rich. *Plantagenet*.
An. Why that was he.
Rich. The selfesame name, but one of better Nature.
An. Where is he?
Rich. Heere: *Spits at him.*
 Why dost thou spit at me.
An. Would it were mortall poyson, for thy sake.
Rich. Neuer came poyson from so sweet a place.
An. Neuer hung poyson on a fowler Toade.
 Out of my sight, thou dost infect mine eyes.
Rich. Thine eyes (sweet Lady) haue infected mine.
An. Would they were Basiliskes, to strike thee dead.
Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:
 For now they kill me with a liuing death.
 Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt Teares;
 For

Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish drops:
 These eyes, which neuer shed remoriefull teare,
 No, when my Father Yorke, and *Edward* wept,
 To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made
 When black-fac'd *Clifford* shooke his sword at him.
 Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe,
 Told the sad storie of my Fathers death,
 And twenty times, made pause to sob and weepe:
 That all the standers by had wet their cheekes
 Like Trees bedash'd with raine. In that sad time,
 My manly eyes did scorne an humble teare:
 And what these sorrowes could not thence exhale,
 Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.
 I neuer sued to Friend, nor Enemy:
 My Tongue could neuer learne sweet smoothing word.
 But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake.

She looks scornfully at him.

Teach not thy lip such Scorne; for it was made
 For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.
 If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
 Loe heere I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword,
 Which if thou please to hide in this true brest,
 And let the Soule forth that adoreth thee,
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
 And humbly begge the death vpon my knee,

He layes his brest open, she offers at with his sword.

Nay do not pause. For I did kill King *Henrie*,
 But 'twas thy Beauty that prouoked me
 Nay now dispatch: 'twas I that slabb'd yong *Edward*,
 But 'twas thy Heauenly face that set me on.

She falls the Sword.

Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.

An. Artie Dissembler, though I wish thy death,
 I will not be thy Executioner.

Rich. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it.

An. I haue already.

Rich. That was in thy rage.

Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
 This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thy Loue,
 Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer Loue,
 To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

An. I would I knew thy heart.

Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue

An. I feare me, both are false.

Rich. Euen neuer Man was true.

An. Well, well, put vp your Sword.

Rich. Soy then my Peace is made.

An. That shalt thou know heereafter.

Rich. But shall I liue in hope.

An. All men I hope liue so.

Vouchsafe to weare this Ring

Rich. Looke how my Ring incompasseth thy Finger,
 Euen so thy Brest incloseth my poore heart:
 Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.
 And if thy poore deuoted Seruant may
 But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
 Thou dost confirme his happinesse for euer

An. What is it?

Rich. That it may please you leaue these sad designs,
 To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,
 And presently repaire to Crosby House:
 Where (after I haue solemnly interr'd
 At *Chertsey* Monast'ry this Noble King,
 And wet his Graue with my Repentant Teares)
 I will with all expedient duty see you,

For diuers vnknowne Reasions, I beseech you,
 Grant me this Boon.

An. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
 To see you are become so penitent.

Tressel and Barkley, go along with me.

Rich. Bid me farewell.

An. 'Tis more then you deserue:
 But since you teach me how to flatter you,
 Imagine I haue saide farewell already.

Exit two with Anne.

Genl. Towards *Chertsey*, Noble Lord?

Rich. No: to *White Friars*, there attend my comming

Exit Garse

Was euer woman in this humour woo'd?
 Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
 He haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
 What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,
 To take her in her hearts extreamest hate,
 With curses in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,
 The bleeding witnessse of my hatred by,
 Hauing God, her Conscience, and these bars against me,
 And I, no Friends to backe my suite withall,
 But the plaine Duell, and dissembling lookes?
 And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.
 Hah!

Hath she forgot alreadie that braue Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I (some three monthes since)
 Stab'd in my angry mood, at *Tewkesbury*?
 A sweeter, and a louelier Gentleman,
 Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature:
 Yong, Valiant, Wite, and (no doubt) right Royal,
 The spacious World cannot againe affoord:
 And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
 That cropt the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,
 And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed?
 On me, whose All not equals *Edwards* Moytie?
 On me, that halts, and am misshapen thus?
 My Dukedome, to a Beggery denier!
 I do mistake my person all this while:
 Vpon my life she findes (although I cannot)
 My selfe to be a mar'ulous proper man.
 He be at Charges for a Looking-glasse,
 And entertaine a core or two of Taylors,
 To study fashions to adorne my body:
 Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
 I will maintaine it with some little cost.
 But first He turne you Fellow in his Graue,
 And then returne lamenting to my Loue.
 Shine out faire Sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,
 That I may see my Shadow as I passe. *exit.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Rivers,
 and Lord Gray.*

Riv. I haue patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Maiesty
 Will soone recouer his accustom'd health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
 Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
 And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes

Q. If he were dead, what would bestride on me?

Gray.

If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Gray. No other harme, but losse of such a Lord.

Qu. The losse of such a Lord, includes all harmes.

Gray. The Heavens have blest you with a goodly Son,
To be your Comforter, when he is gone.

Qu. Ah! he is yong; and his minority
Is put vnto the trust of *Richard Glouster*,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.

Rich. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

Qu. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.

Buc. Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace.

Der. God make your Maiesty ioyful, as you haue bin

Qu. The Countesse *Richmond*, good my L. of *Derby*.

To your good prayer, wth scantely say, Amen.

Yet *Derby*, notwithstanding shee's your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Der. I do beseech you, either not beleue
The enuious slanders of her false Accusers:
Or if she be accus'd on true report,
Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.

Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of *Derby*?

Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Are come from visiting his Maiesty.

Qu. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords.

Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully.

Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?

Buc. I Madam, he desires to make attonement
Betweene the Duke of Glouster, and your Brothers,
And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And sent to warne them to his Royall presence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,
If eare our happinesse is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,
Who is it that complaines vnto the King,
Thar I (forsooth) am sterne, and loue them not?
By holy *Paul*, they loue his Grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with such dissentious Rumors.

Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue, and cogge,
Ducke with French nods, and Apish curtesie,
I must be held a rancorous Enemy.

Cannot a plaine man liue, and thinke no harme,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd,
With filken, slye, insinuating Iackes?

Gray. To who in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Rich. To thee, that hast not Honesty, nor Grace:
When haue I iniur'd thee? When done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?

A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace
(Whom God preserue better then you would wish)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Qu. Brother of Glouster, you mistake the matter:
The King on his owne Royall disposition,
(And not prouok'd by any Sutor elie)

Ayming (belike) at your interiour hatred,

That in your outward action shewes it selfe
Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,
Makes him to send, that he may learne the ground.

Rich. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,
That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not pearch.
Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Iacke.

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother
You enuy my aduancement, and my friends: (Glouster
God grant we neuer may haue neede of you.

Rich. Meane time, God grants that I haue need of you.
Our Brother is imprison'd by your meanes,
My selfe disgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, while great Promotions
Are daily giuen to enuoble those
That scarce some two dayes since were worth a Noble.

Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I inioy'd,
I neuer did incense his Maiestie
Against the Duke of *Clarence*, but haue bin
An earnest aduocate to plead for him.

My Lord you do me shamefull iniurie,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Rich. You may deny that you were not the meane
Of my Lord *Hastings* late imprisonment.

Rich. She may my Lord, for

Rich. She may Lord *Rivers*, why who knowes not for
She may do more sir then denying that:

She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay those Honors on your high desert.
What may she not, she may, I marry may she.

Rich. What marry may she?

Rich. What marrie may she? Marrie with a King,
A Batcheller, and a handsome stripling too,
I wis your Grandam had a worser match.

Qu. My Lord of Glouster, I haue too long borne
Your blurt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes:

By heauen, I will acquaint his Maiestie
Of those grosse taunts that oft I haue endur'd.

I had rather be a Countrie seruant maide
Then a great Queene, with this condition,

To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at,
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. And lesned be that small, God I beseech him,
Thy honor, state, and seate, is due to me.

Rich. What? threat you me with telling of the King?

I will auouch't in presence of the King:

I dare aduenture to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speake,

My paines are quite forgot.

Margaret. Out Diuell,

I do remember them too well:

Thou kill'd'st my Husband *Henry* in the Tower,

And *Edward* my poore Son, at Tewkesburie.

Rich. Ere you were Queene,

I, or your Husband King:

I was a packe-horse in his great affaires:

A weeder out of his proud Aduerfaries,

A liberall rewarder of his Friends,

To royalize his blood, I spent mine owue.

Margaret. I and much better blood

Then his, or thine.

Rich.

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband *Greg*
Were factious, for the House of *Lancaster*;
And *Rivers*, so were you: Was not your Husband,
In *Margarets* Battaile, at *Saint Albons*, slaine?
Let me put in your mindes, if you forget
What you have beene ere this, and what you are:
Withall, what I have beene, and what I am.

Q. M. A murth'rous Villaine, and so still thou art.

Rich. Poore *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwicke*,
I, and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)

Q. M. Which God reuenge.

Rich. To fight on *Edwards* partie, for the Crowne,
And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mew'd vp:
I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edwards*,
Or *Edwards* soft and pittifull, like mine;
I am too childish foolish for this World.

Q. M. High thee to Hell for shame, & leaue this World
Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is.

Rich. My Lord of *Gloster*: in those busie dayes,
Which here you vrge, to proue vs Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King,
So should we you, if you should be our King.

Rich. If I should be? I had rather be a Pedler:
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Qu. As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should enioy, were you this Countries King,
As little ioy you may suppose in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof.

Q. M. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am shee, and altogether ioylesse:
I can no longer hold me patient.

Heare me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,
In sharing that which you haue pill'd from me:
Which off you trembles not, that lookes on me?
If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subiects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebels.
Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away. (sight?)

Rich. Foule wrinkled Witch, what mak'st thou in my

Q. M. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee goe.

Rich. Wert thou not banished, on paine of death?

Q. M. I was: but I doe find more paine in banishment,
Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.

A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'st to me,
And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegiance:
This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the Pleasures you vsurpe, are mine.

Rich. The Curse my Noble Father layd on thee,
When thou didst Crowne his Warlike Brows with Paper,
And with thy scorres drew'st *Rivers* from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gau'st the Duke a Clowt,
Steep'd in the faultlesse blood of prettie *Ruiland*:
His Curtes then, from bitterness of Soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are all false vpon thee:
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Qu. So iust is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe,
And the most mercilesse, that ere was heard of.

Rich. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported.

Dorf. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.

Back Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. M. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you all your hatred now on me?
Did *Yorbes* dread Curse preuaile so much with Heauen,
That *Henries* death, my louely *Edwards* death,

Their Kingdomes losse, my wofull Banishment,
Should all but answer for that peeuish Brat?
Can Curses pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen?
Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quick Curses,
Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your King,
As ours by Murther, to make him a King.

Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales,
For *Edward* our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales,
Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence.
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out-lieue thy glory, like my wretched selfe:
Long may'st thou liue, to wayle thy Childrens death,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine.
Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death,
And after many length ned howres of griefe,
Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.
Rivers and *Dorset*, you were standers by,
And so wast thou, Lord *Hastings*, when my Sonne
Was stab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may liue his naturall age,
But by some vnlook'd accident cut off.

Rich. Haue done thy Charme, y' hateful wither'd Hagge.

Q. M. And leaue out thee? stay Dog, for y' shalt heare me.
If Heauen haue any grieuous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee,
O let them keepe it, till thy sinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace.
The Worme of Conscience still begnaw thy Soule,
Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liu'st,
And take deepe Traytors for thy dearest Friends:
No sleepe close vp that deadly Eye of thine,
Vnlesse it be while some tormenting Dreame
Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Deuills.
Thou elusht mark'd, abortiue rooting Hogge,
Thou that wast seal'd in thy Natuities
The slaue of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell:
Thou slander of thy heauie Mothers Wombe,
Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers Loynes,
Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detested--

Rich. Margarets.

Q. M. Richard. Rich. Ha.

Q. M. I call thee not.

Rich. I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.

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

Qu. Thus haue you breath'd your Curse against your selfe.

Q. M. Poore painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune,
Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,
Whose deadly Web ensnareth thee about?

Foole, foole, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy selfe:
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,
To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bunch-backt Toad.

Hast. False boding Woman, end thy frantick Curse,
Least to thy harme, thou moue our patience.

Q. M. Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.

Rich. Were you wel seru'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. M. To serue me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects:
O serue me well, and teach your selues that duty.

Dorf. Dispute not with her, shee is lunaticke.

Q. M. Peace Master Marquesse, you are malapert,
Your fire-new stamp of Honor is scarce currant.

O that your yong Nobility could iudge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable.
They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to peeces.

Rich. Good counsaile marry, learne it, learne it Mar-
queffe.

Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me.

Rich. I, and much more: but I was borne so high:
Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the Sunne.

Mar. And turnes the Sun to shade: alas, alas,
Witnesse my Sonne, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright out-shining beames, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall darknesse folded vp.

Your ayery buildeth in our ayeries Nest:

O God that seest it, do not suffer it,
As it is wonne with blood, lost be't so.

Buc. Peace, peace for shame: If not, for Charity.

Mar. Urge neither charity, nor shame to me:
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.
My Charity is outrage, Life my shame,
And in that shame, still liue my sorrowes rage.

Buc. Haue done, haue done.

Mar. O Princely Buckingham, Ile kisse thy hand,
In signe of League and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble house:
Thy Garments are not spotted with our blood:
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.

Buc. Nor no one heere: for Curses neuer passe
The lips of those that breath them in the ayre.

Mar. I will not thinke but they ascend the sky,
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge:
Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Haue not to do with him, beware of him,
Sinne, death, and hell haue set their markes on him,
And all their Ministers attend on him.

Rich. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham.

Buc. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

Mar. What dost thou scorne me
For my gentle counsell?
And sooth the diuell that I warne thee from:
O but remember this another day:

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow:
And say (poore *Margaret*) was a Prophetesse:
Liue each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to Gods.

Exit.

Buc. My haire doth stand an end to heare her curses.

Rich. And so doth mine, I muse why she's at libertie.

Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I haue done to her.

Mar. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.

Rich. Yet you haue all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for *Clarence*, he is well repayed:
He is frank'd vp to fasting for his paines,
God pardon them, that are the cause thereof.

Rich. A vertuous, and a Christian-like conclusion
To pray for them that haue done scath to vs.

Rich. So do I euer, being well aduis'd.

Speakes to himselfe.

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

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Maiesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.

Qu. *Catesby* I come, Lords will you go with mee.

Rich. We wait vpon your Grace.

Exeunt all but Gloucester.

Rich. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle.
The secret Mischiefes that I set abroad,
I lay vnto the greuous charge of others.

Clarence, who I indeede haue cast in darknesse,
I do beweepe to many simple Goules,
Namely to *Derby*, *Hastings*, *Buckingham*,
And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,
That stirre the King against the Duke my Brother.
Now they beleue it, and withall whet me
To be reueng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorset*, *Gray*.

But then I sigh, and with a peece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill;
And thus I cloath my naked Villanie
With odde old ends, stolne forth of holy Writ,
And seeme a Saint, when most I play the deuill.

Enter two murderers.

But soft, heere come my Executioners,
How now my hardy stout resolued Mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

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

Rich. Well thought vpon, I haue it heare about me:
When you haue done, repayre to *Crosby* place;
But sirs be sodaine in the execution,
Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade;
For *Clarence* is well spoken, and perhappes
May moue your hearts to pittie, if you marke him.

Uil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good dooers, be assur'd:
We go to vse our hands, and not our tongues.

Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-stones, when Fooles eyes
fall Teares:

I like you Lads, about your businesse straight.
Go, go, dispatch.

Uil. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why looks your Grace so heauily to day.

Cl. O, I haue past a miserable night,
So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly sights,
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy daies:
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me.

Cl. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to crosse to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother Gloucester,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,
Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England,
And cited vp a thousand beaury times,

r 2

During

During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster
That had befall vs. As we pac'd along
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Glouster stumbled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to stay him) ouer-board,
Into the rumbling billowes of the maine.
O Lord, methought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noise of water in mine eares,
What sights of vgly death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes:
A thousand men that Fishes gnaw'd vpon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Inestimable Stones, vnaiewed Jewels,
All scattred in the bottome of the Sea,
Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes,
That woo'd the slimy bottome of the deepe,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattred by.

Keep. Had you such leysure in the time of death
To gaze vpon these secrets of the deepe?

Clas. Me thought I had, and often did I striue
To yeeld the Ghost: but still the enuious Flood
Stop'd in my soule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring ayre:
But smother'd it within my panting bulke,
Who almost burst, to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this sore Agony?

Clas. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempest to my Soule.
I pass (me thought) the Melancholly Flood,
With that sowre Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.
The first that there did greet my Stranger-soule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke,
Who spake aloud: What scourge for Periurie,
Can this darke Monarchy afford false *Clarence*?
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre
Dabbell'd in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periur'd *Clarence*,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment.
With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine eares
Such hiddeous cries, that with the very Nois,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a season after,
Could not belecue, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impression made my Dreame.

Keep. No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am affraid (me thinks) to heare you tell it.

Clas. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I haue done these things
(That now giue euidence against my Soule)
For *Edwards* sake, and see how he requits mee.
O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aueng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O spare my guiltlesse Wife, and my poore children.
Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while,
My Soule is heavy, and I faine would sleepe.

Keep. I will my Lord, God giue your Grace good rest.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breakes Seasons, and reposing houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon tide night.

Princes haue but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle;
And for vnselc Imaginations
They often feele a world of restlesse Cares:
So that betweene their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Murderers.

1. *Mur.* Ho, who's heere?

Bra. What wouldst thou Fellow? And how camm'st
thou hither.

2. *Mur.* I would speak with *Clarence*, and I came hi-
ther on my Legges.

Bra. What so breese?

1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him see our Commission, and talke no more. *Reads*

Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliuer
The Noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.
I will not reason what is meant heereby,
Because I will be guiltlesse from the meaning.
There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes.
He to the King, and signifie to him,
That thus I haue resign'd to you my charge. *Exit.*

1 You may sir, 'tis a point of wisdome:
Far you well.

2 What shall we stab him as he sleepe.

1 No: hee'l say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes

2 Why he shall neuer wake, vntill the great Iudge-
ment day.

1 Why then hee'l say, we stab'd him sleeping.

2 The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred a
kinde of remorse in me.

1 What? art thou affraid?

2 Not to kill him, hauing a Warrant,

But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.

1 I thought thou hadst bin resolute.

2 So I am, to let him liue.

1 Hee backe to the Duke of Glouster, and tell him so.

2 Nay, I prythee stay a little:

I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change,
It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty.

1 How dost thou feele thy selfe now?

2 Some certaine dregges of conscience are yet with-
in mee.

1 Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.

2 Come, hee dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1 Where's thy conscience now.

2 O, in the Duke of Glousters purse.

1 When hee opens his purse to giue vs our Reward,
thy Conscience flies out.

2 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will
entertaine it.

1 What if it come to thee againe?

2 Hee not tneddle with it, it makes a man a Coward:
A man cannot steale, but it accuseth him: A man cannot
Swears, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his
Neighbours Wife, but it deteets him. 'Tis a blushing
shamefac'd spirit, that mutinies in a mans bosome: It
fills a man full of Obstacles. It made me once restore a
Purse of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any
man that keepest it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Cit-
ties for a dangerous thing, and euery man that means to
liue well, endeouours to trust to himselfe, and liue vvith-
out it.

1 'Tis

1 'Tis euen now at my elbow, perswading me not to kill the Duke.

2 Take the diuell in thy minde, and belceue him not: He would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 I am strong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me.

2 Spoke like a tall man, that respects thy reputation. Come, shall we fall to worke?

1 Take him on the Costard, with the hiltes of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmesey-Butte in the next roome.

2 O excellent deuice; and make a sop of him.

1 Soft, he wakes.

2 Strike.

1 No, wee'l reason with him.

Cl^a. Where art thou Keeper? Giue me a cup of wine.

2 You shall haue Wine enough my Lord anon.

Cl^a. In Gods name, what art thou?

1 A man, as you are.

Cl^a. But not as I am Royall.

1 Nor you as we are, Lovall.

Cl^a. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.

Cl^a. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speake?

Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 To, to, to——

Cl^a. To murder me?

Both. I, I.

Cl^a. You scarcely haue the hearts to tell me so, And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.

Wherein my Friends haue I offended you?

1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Cl^a. I shall be reconcil'd to him againe.

2 Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Cl^a. Are you drawne forth among a world of men To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the Euidence that doth accuse me?

What lawfull Quest haue giuen their Verdict vp Vnto the frowning Iudge? Or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death, Before I be conuict by course of Law?

To threaten me with death, is most vnlawfull.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodnesse,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me:

The deed you vndertake is damnable.

1 What we will do, we do vpon command.

2 And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Cl^a. Erroneous Vassais, the great King of Kings Hath in the Table of his Law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder. Will you then Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans?

Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand, To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law.

2 And that same Vengeance doth he hurle on thee, For false Forswearing, and for murtner too:

Thou did'st receiue the Sacrament, to fight In quarrell of the House of Lancaster.

1 And like a Traitor to the name of God, Did'st breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade, Vnrip'st the Bowels of thy Sou'raignes Sonne.

2 Whom thou was't sworne to cherish and defend.

1 How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs, When thou hast broke it in such deere degree?

Cl^a. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deede?

For Edward, for my Brother, for his sake.

He sends you not to murder me for this:

For in that sinne, he is as deepe as I.

If God will be auenged for the deed,

O know you yet, he doth it publicquely,

Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme:

He needs no indirect, or lawlesse course,

To cut off those that haue offended him.

1 Who made thee then a bloody minister,

When gallant springing braue Plantagenet,

That Princely Nouice was strucke dead by thee?

Cl^a. My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage.

1 Thy Brothers Loue, our Duty, and thy Faults,

Prouoke vs hither now, to slaughter thee.

Cl^a. If you do loue my Brother, hate not me:

I am his Brother, and I loue him well.

If you are hyrd for meed, go backe againe,

And I will send you to my Brother Glouster:

Who shall reward you better for my life,

Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

2 You are deceiu'd,

Your Brother Glouster hates you.

Cl^a. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere:

Go you to him from me.

1 I so we will.

Cl^a. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke,

Blest his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme,

He little thought of this diuided Friendship:

Bid Glouster thinke on this, and he will weepe.

1 I Millstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe.

Cl^a. O do not slander him, for he is kinde,

1 Right, as Snow in Haruest:

Come, you deceiue your selfe,

'Tis he that sends vs to destroy you heere.

Cl^a. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,

And hugg'd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,

That he would labour my deliury.

1 Why so he doth, when he deliuers you

From this earths thraldome, to the ioyes of heauen,

2 Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.

Cl^a. Haue you that holy feeling in your ioules,

To counsaile me to make my peace with God,

And are you yet to your owne soules so blinde,

That you will warre with God, by murd'ring me.

O sirs consider, they that set you on

To do this deede, will hate you for the deede.

2 What shall we do?

Cl^a. Relent, and saue your soules:

Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,

Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,

If two such murderers as your selues came to you,

Would not intreat for life, as you would begge

Were you in my distresse.

1 Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.

Cl^a. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, diuellish:

My Friend, I spy some pittie in thy lookes:

O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and intreate for mee,

A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.

2 Looke behinde you, my Lord.

1 Take that, and that, if all this will not do, *Stabs him.*

He drowne you in the Malmesey-But within. *Exit.*

2 A bloody deed, and desperately dispatcht:

How faine (like *Psilate*) would I wash my hands

Of this most greuous murder. *Enter 1. Murderer*

1 How now? what mean'st thou that thou help'st me

not? By Heauen the Duke shall know how slacke you

haue beene.

2. *Mar.* I would he knew that I had sau'd his brother,
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*

1. *Mar.* So do not I: go Coward as thou art.
Well, Ile go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the Duke giue order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meede, I will away,
For this will out, and then I must not stay. *Exit*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Flourish.

*Enter the King sicke, the Queene, Lord Marquesse
Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby,
Buckingham, Woodvill.*

King. Why so: now haue I done a good daies work.
You Peeres, continue this vnited League:
I, euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.

And more to peace my soule shall part to heauen,
Since I haue made my Friends at peace on earth.

Dorset and *Rivers*, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, Swear your loue.

King. By heauen, my soule is purg'd from grudging hate
And with my hand I seale my true hearts Loue.

Hast. So thriue I, as I truly swear the like.

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

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

Rs. And I, as I loue *Hastings* with my heart,

King. Madam, your selfe is not exempt from this:
Nor you Sonne *Dorset*, *Buckingham* nor you;
You haue bene factious one against the other.
Wife, loue Lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfeignedly.

Qu. There *Hastings*, I will neuer more remember
Our forme: hatred, so thriue I, and mine.

King. *Dorset*, imbrace him:

Hastings, loue I ord Marquesse,

Dor. This interchange of loue, I heere protest
Vpon my part, shall be inuolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

King. Now Princely *Buckingham*, seale y^e this league
With thy embracements to my wiues Allies,
And make me happy in your vnity.

Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious loue,
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most need to imploy a Friend,
And most assured that he is a Friend,
Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he vnto me: This do I begge of heauen,
When I am cold in loue, to you, or yours. *Embrace*

King. A pleasing Cordiall, Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy Vow, vnto my sickely heart:
There wanteth now our Brother *Gloster* heere,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buc. And in good time,
Heere comes Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloster.

Rich. Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen
And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day.

King. Happy indeed, as we haue spent the day:
Gloster, we haue done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.

Rich. A blessed labour my most Soueraigne Lord:
Among this Princely heape, if any heere
By false intelligence, or wrong surmize
Hold me a Foe: If I vnwillingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his Friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmitie:

I hate it, and desire all good mens loue,
First Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.

Of you my Noble Cousin *Buckingham*,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs.

Of you and you, Lord *Rivers* and of *Dorset*,
That all without desert haue frown'd on me:
Of you Lord *Woodvill*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.

I do not know that Englishman aliue,
With whom my soule is any iot at oddes,
More then the Infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my Humility.

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept heereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My Soueraigne Lord, I do beseech your Highnesse
To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.

Rich. Why Madam, haue I offered loue for this,
To be so flowted in this Royall presence?

Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead? *They*
You do him iniurie to scorne his Coarse. *all start.*

King. Who knowes not he is dead?
Who knowes he is?

Qu. All-seeing heauen, what a world is this?

Buc. Looke I so pale Lord *Dorset*, as the rest?

Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.

King. Is *Clarence* dead? The Order was reuerst.

Rich. But he (poore man) by your first order dyed,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare:

Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,
That came too lagge to see him buried.

God grant, that some lesse Noble, and lesse Loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,

Deserue not worse then wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go currant from Suspition.

Enter Earle of Derby.

Der. A boone my Soueraigne for my seruice done.

King. I prethee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.

Der. I will not rise, vnlesse your Highnesse heare me.

King. Then say at once, what is it thou request?

Der. The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my seruants life,
Who slew to day a Riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of *Norfolke*.

King. Haue I a tongue to doome my Brothers death?
And shall that tongue giue pardon to a slaue?
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be adu's'd?
Who spoke of Brother-hood? who spoke of loue?
Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me:
And said deare Brother liue, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen (almost) to death, how he did lap me
Euen in his Garments, and did giue himselfe
(All rai'd and naked) to the numbe cold night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your Carters, or your wayting Vassalls
Haue done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
And I (vnjustly too) must grant it you.
But for my Brother, not a man would speake,
Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe
For him poore Soule. The proudest of you all,
Haue bin behoiding to him in his life:
Yet none of you, would once begge for his life.
O God! I feare thy iustice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come *Hastings* helpe me to my Closset.

Ah poore *Clarence*. *Exeant some with K. & Queen.*

Rich. This is the fruits of rashnes: Marke you nor,
How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene
Look'd pale, when they did heare of *Clarence* death.
O! they did urge it still vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go,
To comfort *Edward* with our company.

Luc. We wait vpon your Grace. *exeant.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter the old Dutchesse of Yorke, with the two
children of Clarence.*

Idv. Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead?

Dutch. No Boy.

Daugh. Why do weepe so oft? And beate your Brest?

And cry, O *Clarence*, my vnhappy Sonne.

Boy. Why do you looke on vs, and shake your head,
And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Castawayes,
If that our Noble Father were alime?

Dut. My pretty Cofins, you mistake me both,
I do lament the sicknesse of the King,
As loath to lose him, not your Fathers death:
It were lost sorrow to waile one that's lost.

Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:
The King mine Vnckle is too blame for it.

God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you wel.
Incapeable, and shallow Innocents,
You cannot guesse who caus'd your Fathers death.

Boy. Grandam we can: for my good Vnckle Gloster

Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him;
And when my Vnckle told me so he wept.
And pittied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek:
Bad me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would loue me deere as a childe.

Dut. Ah! that Deceit should steale such gentle shape,
And with a vertuous Viz or hide deepe vice,
He is my sonne, I, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vnckle did dissemble Grandam?

Dut. I Boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noise is this?

*Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears,
Rimers & Dowles after her.*

Qu. Ah! who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.
He toyne with blacke dispaire against my Soule,
And to my selfe, become an enemy.

Dut. What meanes this Scene of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of Tragicke violence.

Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?
Why wither not the leaues that want their sap?
If you will liue, Lament: if dye, be breefe,
That our swift-winged Soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient Subiects follow him,
To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night.

Dut. Ah so much interest haue in thy sorrow,
As I had Tide in thy Noble Husband:
I haue bewept a worthy Husbonds death,
And hūd with looking on his Images:
But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort, haue but one false Glasse,
That grieues me, when I see my, shame in him.
Thou art a Widdow, yet thou art a Mother,
And hast the comfort of thy Children left,
But death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and *Edward*. O, what cause haue I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my moane)
To ouer-gothy woes, and drowne thy cries.

Boy. Ah Aunt! you weep not for our Fathers death:
How can we ayde you with our Kindred teares?

Daugh. Our father like distresse was left vnmoan'd,
Your widdow-dolour, I know be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe in this lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being govern'd by the watere Moone,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.
Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord *Edward*.

Chil. Ah for our Father for our deere Lord *Clarence*.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.

Qu. What stay had I but *Edward*, and hee's gone?

Chil. What stay had we but *Clarence*? and he's gone.

Dut. What staves had I, but they? and they are gone.

Qu. Was neuer widdow had to deere a losse.

Chil. Were neuer Orphans had so deere a losse.

Dut. Was neuer Mother had to deere a losse.

Alas! I am the Mother of these Greefes,
Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.
She for an *Edward* weepes, and so do I:

I for a *Clarence* weepes, so doth not thee:
These Babes for *Clarence* weepe, so do not they.
Alas! you three, on me threefold distrest:
Power all your teares, I am your sorrowes Nurse,
And I will pamper it with Lamentation.

Dor. Comfort deere Mother, God is much displeas'd,
That you take with unthankfulnesse his doing.
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd vngratefull,
With dull vnwillingnesse to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus opposite with heauen,
For it requires the Royall debt it lent you.

Rivers. Madam, berhinke you like a carefull Mother
Of the young Prince your sonne: send straight for him,
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort liues.
Drowne desperate sorrow in dead *Edwards* graue,
And plant your ioyes in liuing *Edwards* Throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, and Rascliffe.

Rich. Sister haue comfort, all of vs haue cause
To waile the dimming of our shining Starre:
But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercie,
I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I craue your Blessing.

Dor. God blese thee, and put meeknes in thy breast,
Loue Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.

Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt-end of a Mothers blessing;
I maruell that her Grace did leaue it out.

Buc. You cloudy-Princes, & hart-sorowing-Peeres,
That beare this heauie mutuall load of Moane,
Now cheere each other, in each others Loue:
Though we haue spent our Haruest of this King,
We are to reape the Haruest of his Sonne.
The broken rancour of your high-swolne hates,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and ioyn'd together,
Must gently be preferu'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that with some little Traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Rivers. Why with some little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham?

Buc. Marrie my Lord, least by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of Malice should breake out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is greene, and yet vngouern'd.
Where euery Horse beares his commanding Reine,
And may direct his course as please himselfe,
As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant,
In my opinion, ought to be preuented.

Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of vs.
And the compact is firme, and true in me.

Riv. And so in me, and so (I thinke) in all.
Yet since it is but greene, it should be put
To no apparant likely-hood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be vrg'd:
Therefore I say with Noble Buckingham,
That it is meete so few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Rich. Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that strait shall poste to London.
Madam, and you my Sister, will you go
To giue your censures in this businesse.

Exeunt.

Manet Buckingham, and Richard.

Buc. My Lord, who euer iournies to the Prince,
For God sake let not vs two stay at home:
For by the way, Ile sort occasion,
As Index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.

Rich. My other selfe, my Countesses Consiatory,
My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Cousin,
I, as a childe, will go by thy direction,
Toward London, for wee'l not stay behinde.

Scena Tertia.

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

1 *Cit.* Good morrow Neighbour, whether away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I sca sely know my telfe:
Heare you the newes abroad?

1. Yes, that the King is dead.

2. Ill newes byrlady, seldome comes the better:
I feare, I feare, 'twill proue a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God speed.

1. Giue you good morrow sir.

3. Doth the newes hold of good king *Edwards* death?

2. I sir, it is too true, God helpe the while.

3. Then Masters looke to see a troublous world.

1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne.

3. Woe to that Land that's gouern'd by a Childe.

2. In him there is a hope of Gouernment,

Which in his nonage, counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe
No doubt shall direct and till then gouerne well.

1. So stood the State, when *Henry* the first
Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.

3. Stood the State for No, no, good friends, God wot
For then this Land was famously enrich'd
With politike graue Counsell; then the King
Had vertuous Vnkles to protect his Grace.

1. Why so hath this, both by his Father and Mother.

2. Better it were they all came by his Father:

Or by his Father there were none at all:

For emulation, who shall now be neere,
Will touch vs all too neere, if God preuent not.

O full of danger is the Duke of Glouster,
And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly Land, might solace as before.

1. Come, come, we feare the worst: all will be well.

3. When Clouds are seen, wisemen put on their clokes;
When great leaues fall, then Winter is at hand;
When the Sun sets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely stormes, makes men expect a Death:
All may be well; but if God fort it so,
'Tis more then we deserue, or I expect.

2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:
You cannot reason (almost) with a man,
That lookes not heauily, and full of dread.

3. Before the dayes of Change, still is it so,
By a diuine instruct, mens mindes mistrust

Enfuing

Pursuing danger : as by prooffe we see
The Water swell before a boyst'rons storme :
But leaue it all to God. Whither away?
2 Marry we were sent for to the Iustices.
3 And so was I : Ile beare you company. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Arch-bishop, yong Yorke, the Queene,
and the Dutchesse*

Arch. Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to night :
To morrow, or next day, they will be heere.

Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince :
I hope he is much grown, since last I saw him.

Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke
Ha's almost ouertane him in his growth.

Yorke. I Mother, but I would not haue it so.

Dut. Why my good Cousin, it is good to grow.

Yor. Grandam, one night as we did sit at Supper,
My Vnkle *Rimers* talk'd how I did grow
More then my Brother. I quoth my Vnkle *Glouster*,
Small Herbes haue grace, great Weeds do grow apace.
And since, me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet Flowres are slow, and Weeds make hast.

Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did obiekt the same to thee.

He was the wretched'st thing when he was yong,
So long a growing, and so leysurely,
That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Yor. And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.

Yor. Now by my troth, if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vnkles Grace, a flour,
To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine.

Dut. How my yong Yorke,
I prythee let me heare it.

Yor. Marry (they say) my Vnkle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old,
I was full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would haue beene a byting Iest.

Dut. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?

Yor. Grandam, his Nurse.

Dut. His Nurse? why she was dead, ere y' wast borne.

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

Qu. A parlous Boy: go too, you are too shrew'd.

Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.

Qu. Pitchers haue cares.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Heere comes a Messenger: What Newes?

Mes. Such newes my Lord, as greues me to report.

Qu. How doth the Prince?

Mes. Well Madam, and in health.

Dut. What is thy Newes?

Mes. Lord *Rimers*, and Lord *Grey*,
Are sent to Pomfret, and with them,
Sir *Thomas C'augban*, Prisoners.

Dut. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty Dukes, *Glouster* and *Buckingham*.

Arch. For what offence?

Mes. The summe of all I can, I haue discios'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lord.

Qu. Aye me! I see the ruine of my House:
The Tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle Hinde,
Insulting Tyranny beginnes to Iure
Vpon the innocent and awelesse Throate:
Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Massacre,
I see (as in a Map) the end of all.

Dut. Accursed, and vnquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My Husband lost his life, to get the Crowne,
And often vp and downe my ionnes were tost
For me to ioy, and weepe, their gaue and losse,
And being seated, and Domesticke broyles
Cleane ouer-blowne, themselues the Conquerors,
Make warre vpon themselues, Brother to Brother;
Blood to blood, selfe against selfe: O prepositorous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.

Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary:
Madam, farewell.

Dut. Stay, I will go with you.

Qu. You haue no cause.

Arch. My gracious Lady go,
And thether beare your Treasure and your Goodes,
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace
The Seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

The Trumpets sound.

*Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Gloucester, and Buckingham,
Lord Cusduall, with others.*

Bac. Welcome sweete Prince to London,
To your Chamber.

Rich. Welcome deere Cousin, my thoughts Soueraign
The wearie way hath made you Melancholly.

Prim. No Vnkle, but our crosses on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauie.
I want more Vnkles heere to welcome me.

Rich. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeers
Hath not yet d'u'd into the Worlds deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart.
Those Vnkles which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,
But look'd not on the poyson of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from such false Friends.

Prim. God keepe me from false Friends,
But they were none.

Rich. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet
you. *Exeunt*

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. Maior. God bleffc your Grace, with health and
happie dayes.

Prim. I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all:
1

I thought my Mother, and my Brother *Torke*,
Would long, ere this, haue met vs on the way.
Fie, what a Slug is *Hastings*, that he comes not
To tell vs, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time, heere comes the sweating
Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother
come?

Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I;
The Queene your Mother, and your Brother *Torke*,
Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine haue come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fie, what an indire& and peeuishe course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene, to send the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his Princely Brother presently?

If she denie, Lord *Hastings* goe with him,
And from her ieaious Armes pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Oratorie
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy Priuiledge
Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this Land,
Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.

Buck. You are too sencelesse obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditionall.

Weigh it but with the grossenesse of this Age,
You breake not Sanctuarie, in seizing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To those, whose dealings haue deseru'd the place,
And those who haue the wit to clayme the place:
This Prince hath neyther claym'd it, nor deseru'd it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot haue it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You breake no Priuiledge, nor Charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children, ne're till now.

Card. My Lord, you shall o're-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Hastings*, will you goe with me?

Hast. I goe, my Lord. *Exit Cardinall and Hastings.*

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedie hast you may.

Say, Vnckle *Glocester*, if our Brother come,
Where shall we sojourne, till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it think't best vnto your Royall selfe.
If I may counsaile you, some day or two
Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health, and recreation.

Prince. I doe not like the Tower, of any place:
Did *Iulius Caesar* build that place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which since, succeeding Ages haue re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it vpon record? or else reported
Successiuely from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Vpon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not registred,
Me thinks the truth should liue from age to age,
As'twere retayl'd to all posteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.

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

Prince. What say you, Vnckle?

Glo. I say, without Characters, Fame lues long.
Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquitie,
Imorallize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That *Iulius Caesar* was a famous man,
With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,
His Wit set downe, to make his Valour lue:
Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror,
For now he lues in Fame, though not in Life.
He tell you what, my Cousin *Buckingham*.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. And if I lue vntill I be a man,
He win our ancient Right in France againe,
Or dye a Souldier, as I lue'd a King.

Glo. Short Summers lightly haue a forward Spring.

Enter young Torke, Hastings, and Cardinall.

Buck. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of
Yorke.

Prince. *Richard* of Yorke, how fares our Noble Bro-
ther?

Torke. Well, my deare Lord, so must I call you now.

Prince. I, Brother, to our grieffe, as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd, that might haue kept that Title,
Which by his death hath lost much Maieftie.

Glo. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of Yorke?

Torke. I thanke you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince, my Brother, hath out-growne me farre.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

Torke. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire Cousin, I must not say so.

Torke. Then he is more beholding to you, then I.

Glo. He may command me as my Soueraigne,
But you haue power in me, as in a Kinsman.

Torke. I pray you, Vnckle, giue me this Dagger.

Glo. My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A Begger, Brother?

Torke. Of my kind Vnckle, that I know will giue,
And being but a Toy, which is no grieffe to giue.

Glo. A greater gift then that, He giue my Cousin.

Torke. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.

Glo. I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.

Torke. O then I see, you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'll say a Begger nay.

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

Torke. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you haue my Weapon, little Lord?

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

Glo. How?

Torke. Little.

Prince. My Lord of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:
Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.

Torke. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle, my Brother mockes both you and me,
Because that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinks that you should beare me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons:

To mittigate the scorne he giues his Vnckle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lord, wilt please you passe along?
My selfe, and my good Cousin *Buckingham*,
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Torke. What.

Torke. What, will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord?

Prince. My Lord Protector will haue it so.

Torke. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you feare?

Torke. Marry, my Vnckle Clarence angry Ghost:
My Grandam told me he was murthred there.

Prince. I feare no Vnckles dead.

Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.

Prince. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my Lord: and with a heaue heart,
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.

A Senet. Exeunt Prince, Torke, Hastings, and Dorset.

Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buck. Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating Torke
Was not incensed by his subtle Mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt. Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable:
Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest: Come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art sworne as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons vng'd vpon the way.
What think'st thou? is it not an easie matter,
To make *William* Lord *Hastings* of our minde,
For the installment of this Noble Duke
In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile?

Cates. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of *Stanley*? Will
not hee?

Cates. Hee will doe all in all as *Plantagenet* doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this:
Goe gentle *Catesby*, and as it were farre off,
Sound thou Lord *Hastings*,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose,
And summon him to morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the Coronation.

If thou do'st finde him tractable to vs,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, ycie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou so too, and so breake off the talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination:
For we tomorrow hold diuided Councils,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employ'd.

Rich. Commend me to Lord *William*: tell him *Catesby*,
His ancient Knot of dangerous Aduersaries
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my Lord, for ioy of this good newes,
Giue Mistrisse *Shore* one gentle Kisse the more.

Buck. Good *Catesby*, goe effect this businesse soundly.

Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can

Rich. Shall we heare from you, *Catesby*, ere we sleepe?

Cates. You shall, my Lord.

Rich. At *Crosby* Houie, there shall you find vs both.

Exit Catesby.

Buck. Now, my Lord,
What shall wee doe, if wee perceiue
Lord *Hastings* will not yeeld to our Complots?

Rich. Chop off his Head:
Something wee will determine:

And looke when I am King, clayme thou of me
The Earledome of Hereford, and all the moueables
Whereof the King, my Brother, was posselt.

Buck. Ile clayme that promise at your Graces hand.

Rich. And looke to haue it yeilded with all kindnesse.
Come, let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards
Wee may digest our complots in some forme.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Messenger to the Doore of Hastings.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord.

Hast. Who knockes?

Mess. One from the Lord *Stanley*.

Hast. What is't a Clocke?

Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord *Stanley* sleepe these tedious
Nights?

Mess. So it appeares, by that I haue to say:
First, he commends him to your Noble selfe.

Hast. What then?

Mess. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night
He did cant, the Bore had rased off his Helme.
Besides, he saies there are two Councils kept;
And it may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.
Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure,
If you will prefe itly take Horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the North,
To shun the danger that his soule diumes.

Hast. Goe te low, goe, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the seperated Councell:
His Honor and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other, is my good friend *Catesby*;
Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not haue intelligence:
Tell him his Feares are shallow, without instance.
And for his Dreames, I wonder hee's so simple,
To trust the mock'ry of vnquiet slumbers.
To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursues,
Were to incense the Bore to follow vs,
And make pursuit, where he did meane no chase.
Goe, bid thy Master rise, and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the Bore will vse vs kindly.

Mess. Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say.

Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.
Hast. Good morrow *Catesby*, you are early stirring:
What newes, what newes, in this our tottering State?

Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:
And I beleeeue will neuer stand vpright,
Till *Richard* wear the Garland of the Realme.

Hast. How weare the Garland?
Doe'st thou meane the Crowne?

Cates. I, my good Lord.

Hast. Ile haue this Crown of mine cut fro' my Shoulders,
Before Ile see the Crowne so foule mis-plac'd:
But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it?

Cates. I.

Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,
Vpon his partie, for the gaine thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good newes,
That this same very day your enemies,

The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they haue beene still my aduersaries:
But, that Ile giue my voice on *Richards* side,
To barre my Masters Heires in true Descent,
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.

Cates. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelue-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Masters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their Tragedie.

Well *Catesby*, ere a fort-night make me older,
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on t.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprepar'd, and looke not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*, and so 'twill doe
With some men else, that thinke themselves as safe
As thou and I, who (as thou know'st) are deare
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his Head vpon the Bridge.

Hast. I know they doe, and I haue well deseru'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-speare man?
Feare you the Bore, and goe so vnprouided?

Stan. My Lord good morrow, good mortow *Catesby*:
You may ieast on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like these feuerall Councils, I.

Hast. My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours,
And neuer in my dayes, I doe protest,
Was it so precious to me, as 'tis now:
Thinke you, but that I know our State secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The Lords at Pomfret, whē they rode from London,
Were iocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see, how soone the Day o're-cast.
This sudden stab of Rancour I misdoubt:

Pray God (I say) I proue a needlesse Coward.
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, haue with you:
Wot you what, my Lord,

To day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads
Then some that haue accus'd them, weare their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow.

Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby.

How now, Sirrha? how goes the World with thee?

Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to aske.

Hast. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,
Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:
Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queenes Allies.
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)
This day those Enemies are put to death,

And I in better state then ere I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your Honors good content.

Hast. Gramercie fellow: there, drinke that for me.
Throws him his Purse.

Purs. I thanke your Honor. Exit Pursuivant.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Honor.

Hast. I thanke thee, good Sir *John*, with all my heart.
I am in your debt, for your last Exercise:

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you

Priest. Ile wait vpon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine?
Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Priest,
Your Honor hath no shewing worke in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talke of, came into my minde.
What goe you toward the Tower?

Buc. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:
I shall retaine before your Lordship, thence.

Hast. Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.

Buc. And Supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come will you goe?

Hast. Ile wait vpon your Lordship. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying
the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Rivers. Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, let me tell thee this,
To day shalt thou behold a S. Biecht die,
For Faith, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.

Grey. God blesse the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knot you are, of damned Blood-suckers.

Clough. You lue, that shall cry woe for this heere-
after.

Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Lues is out.

Rivers. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison:
Fatale and ominous to Noble Peeres:

Within the guiltie Cloiure of thy Walls,
Richard the second here was hakt to death:

And for more thar der to thy dismal seat,
Wee giue our eor' gunttles blood to drinke.

Grey. Now *Margaret* Curie is faine vpon our Heads,
When shee exclaim'd on *Hastings* you, and I,
For standing by, when *Richard* stab'd her Sonne.

Rivers. Then curs'd shee *Richard*,
Then curs'd shee *Buckingham*,
Then curs'd shee *Hastings*. Oh remember God,

To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs:

And for my sister, and her Princely Sonnes,
Be satisfy'd, deare God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, vniuently must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste, the houre of death is expiate.

Rivers. Come *Grey* come *Vaughan*, let vs here embrace.
Farewell, vntill we meet againe in Heauen.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Quarta.

Enter Buckingham Darby, Hastings, Bishp of Ely,
Norfolke, Ratcliffe, Lonell, with others,
at a Table.

Hast. Now Noble Peeres, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation:

In Gods Name speake, when is the Royall day?

Buck. Is all things ready for the Royall time?

Darb. It is, and wants but nomination

Ely. To morrow then I iudge a happie day.

Buck. Who knowes the Lord Protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?

Ely. Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his minde.

Buck. We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,
He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:
Lord Hastings, you and he are neere in loue.

Hast. I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well.
But for his purpose in the Coronation,
I haue not founded him, nor he dehaer'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my Voice,
Which I presume hee'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happie time, here comes the Duke himselfe.

Rich. My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow:
I haue beene long a Sleeper: but I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great designe,
Which by my presence might haue beene concluded.

Buck. Had you not come vpon your Queene my Lord,
William, Lord Hastings, had pronounc'd your part;
I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King.

Rich. Then my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well,
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborne,
I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I doe beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Exit Bishop.

Rich. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Catesby hath founded Hastings in our business,
And findes the testie Gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his Head, ere giue consent
His Masters Child, as worshipfully he tearmes it,
Shall lose the Royaltie of Englands Throne.

Buck. Withdraw your selfe a while, Ile goe with you.

Exeunt.

Darb. We haue not yet set downe this day of Triumph:
To morrow, in my iudgement, is too sudden,
For I my selfe am not so well prouided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd:

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster?
I haue sent for these Strawberries.

Ha. His Grace looks chearfully & smooth this morning,

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I thinke there's neuer a man in Christen-dome
Can lesse hide his loue, or hate, then hee,
For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart.

Darb. What of his Heart perceiue you in his face,
By any liuelyhood he shew'd to day?

Hast. Mary, that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had shewne it in his Lookes.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deserue,
That doe conspire my death with diuellish Plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that haue prevail'd
Vpon my Body with their Hellish Charmes.

Hast. The tender loue I beare your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward, in this Princely presence,
To doome th'Offendors, wholoe're they be:
If euer, my Lord, they haue deserued death.

Rich. Then be your eyes the witness of their euill.
Looke how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme
Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd vp:
And this is Edwards Wife, that monstrous Witch,
Conforted with that Harlot, Strumpet Shore,
That by their Witchcraft thus haue marked me.

Hast. If they haue done this deed, my Noble Lord.

Rich. If thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk thou to me of His: thou art a Traytor,
Oil with his Head; now by Saint Paul I sweare,
I will not dine, vntill I see the same.

Lonell and Ratcliffe, looke that it be done: Exeunt.

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

Exeunt Lonell and Ratcliffe, with the
Lord Hastings.

Hast. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,
For I too fond, might haue prevented this:
Catesby did dreame, the Boe did rowse our Helmes,
And I did scorne it, and disdain'd to flye:
Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horse did tumble,
And I started, when he look'd vpon the Tower,
As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.
O now I need the Priest, that spake to me:
I now repent I told the Pursiuant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my selfe secure, in grace and fauour.
Oh Margaret, Margaret, now thy heauie Curse
Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched Head.

Ra. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your Head.

Hast. O momentarie grace of mortall men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,
Lies like a drunken Saylor on a Mast,
Readie with euery Nod to tumble downe,
Into the fatal Bowels of the Deepe.

Lon. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootlesse to exclaime.

Hast. O bloody Richard: miserable England,
I prophecie the fearefull'st time to thee,
That euer wretched Age hath look'd vpon.
Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head,
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

Exeunt.

Enter

*Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour,
marvellous ill-favoured.*

Richard. Come Cousin,

Cast thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then againe begin, and stop againe,
As if thou were distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeist the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deepe suspition, gasty Lookes
Are at my seruice, like enforced Smiles;
And both are readie in their Offices,
At any time to grace my Stratagemes.

But what, is *Catesby* gone?

Rich. He is, and see he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Maior, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Maior.

Rich. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there.

Buck. Hearke, a Drumme.

Rich. *Catesby*, o're-looke the Walls.

Buck. Lord Maior, the reason we haue sent.

Rich. Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.

Buck. God and our Innocencie defend, and guard vs.

Enter Louell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: *Ratcliffe*, and *Louell*.

Louell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor,
The dangerous and unsuspected *Hastings*.

Rich. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse Creature,
That breath'd vpon the Earth, a Christian.
Made him my Booke, wherein my Souie recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts.
So smooth he dawb'd his Vice with shew of Vertue,
That his apparant open Guilt omitted,
I meane, his Conuersation with *Shores* Wife,
He hold from all attender of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the couerit flouted Traytor
That euer liu'd.

Would you imagine, or almost belecue,
Wert not, that by great preteruation
We liue to tell it, that the subtil Traytor
This day had plotted, in the Councill-House,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloster.

Maior. Had he done so?

Rich. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?
Or that we would, against the forme of Law,
Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death,
But that the extreme perill of the case,
The Peace of England, and our Persons safetic,
Enfore vs to this Execution.

Maior. Now faire befall you, he deseru'd his death,
And your good Graces both haue well proceeded,
To warne this Traytors from the like Attempts.

Buck. I neuer look'd for better at his hands,
After he once tell'd with *Mistresse Shore*:
Yet had we not determin'd he should dye,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his end,
Which now the louing haste of these our friends,
Something against our meanings, haue preuented;
Because, my Lord, I would haue had you heard
The Traytor speake, and timorously confesse
The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:

That you might well haue signify'd the same
Vnto the Citizens, who haply may
Misconster vs in him, and wayle his death.

Ma. But, my good Lord, your Graces words shal serue,
As well as I had scene, and heard him speake:
And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint our dutious Citizens
With all your iust proceedings in this case.

Rich. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
T'auoid the Censures of the carping World.

Buck. Which since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witnesse what you heare we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell.

Exit Maior.

Rich. Goe after, after, Cousin *Buckingham*.
The Maior towards Guild-Hall hies him in all poste:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Inferre the Bastardie of *Edwards* Children:
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying, he would make his Sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his House,
Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed so.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull Luxurie,
And bestiall appetite in change of Lust,
Which stretcht vnto their Seruants, Daughters, Wiues,
Euen where his raging eye, or sauage heart,
Without controll, lusted to make a prey.

Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Person:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that insatiate *Edward*; Noble *Torke*,
My Princely Father, then had Warres in France,
And by true computation of the time,
Found, that the Issue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his Lineaments,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as we were tart off,
Because, my Lord, you know my Mother hues.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the Golden Lee, for which I plead,
Were for my selfe: and to, my Lord, adue.

Rich. If you throue wel, bring them to Baynards Castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied
With reuerend Fathers, and well-learned Bishops.

Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke
Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affords.

Exit Buckingham.

Rich. Goe *Louell* with all speed to Doctor *Shaw*,
Goe thou to Fryer *Pecker*, bid them both
Meet me within this houre at Baynards Castle. *Exit.*
Now will I goe to take some priue order,
To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of sight,
And to giue order, that no manner person
Haue any time recourse vnto the Princes. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Sermoner.

Ser. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*,
Which in a set Hand fairely is engros'd,
That it may be to day read o're in *Pauls*.
And marke how well the sequell hangs together:
Eleuen houres I haue spent to write it ouer,
For yester-night by *Catesby* was it sent me,
The Precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within these five houres *Hastings* liu'd,
Vntainted, vnexamind, free, at libertie.
Here's a good World the while.
Who is so grosse, that cannot see this palpable deuce?

Yet

Yet who so bold, but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Richard and Buckingham at severall Doores.

Rich. How now, how now, what say the Citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, say not a word.

Rich. Toucht you the Bastardie of Edwards Children?

Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady Lucy,
And his Contract by Deputie in France,
Th' insatiate greedinesse of his desire,
And his enforcement of the Citie Wives,
His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Bastardie,
As being got, your Father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments,
Being the right *Idea* of your Father,
Both in your forme, and Noblenesse of Minde:
Layd open all your Victories in Scotland,
Your Discipline in Warre, Wisdome in Peace,
Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose,
Vntoucht, or sleightly handled in discourse.
And when my Oratorie drew toward end,
I bid them that did loue their Countries good,
Cry, God saue *Richard*, Englands Royall King.

Rich. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God helpe me, they spake not a word,
But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Maior, what meant this wilfull silence?
His answer was, the people were not vsed
To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrg'd to tell my Tale againe:
Thus sayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing spoke, in warrant from himselfe.
When he had done, some followers of mine owne,
At lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their Caps,
And some tenne voyces cry'd, God saue King *Richard*:
And thus I tooke the vantage of thole few.
Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,
This generall applause, and chearefull shewt,
Argues your wisdome, and your loue to *Richard*:
And euen here brake off, and came away.

Rich. What tongue-lesse Blockes were they,
Would they not speake?
Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren, come?

Buck. The Maior is here at hand: intend some feare,
Be not you spoke with, but by mightie suit:
And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,
And stand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile make a holy Descant:
And be not easily wonne to our requests,
Play the Maids part, still answer nay, and take it.

Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,
No doubt we bring it to a happie issue.

Buck. Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.

Enter the Maior, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Now *Catesby*, what sayes your Lord to my request?

Catesby. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To visit him to morrow, or next day.
He is within, with two right reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to Meditation,
And in no Worldly suites would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy Exercise.

Buck. Returne, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my selfe, the Maior and Aldermen,
In deepe designs, in matter of great moment,
No lesse imposing then our generall good,
Are come to haue some conference with his Grace.

Catesby. He signifie so much vnto him straight. *Exit.*

Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*,
He is not lulling on a lewd Loue-Bed,
But on his Knees, at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Carbizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not sleeping, to engrosse his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule.
Happie were England, would this verruous Prince
Take on his Grace the Soueraignie thereof.
But sure I feare we shall not winne him to it.

Maior. Marry God defend his Grace should say vs nay.

Buck. I feare he will: here *Catesby* comes againe.

Enter Catesby.

Now *Catesby*, what sayes his Grace?

Catesby. He wonders to what end you haue assembled
Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him,
His Grace nor being warn'd thereof before:
He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Cousin should
Suspect me, that I meane no good to him:
By Hesuen, we come to him in perfit loue,
And to once more returne, and tell his Grace. *Exit.*
When holy and deuout Religious men
Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard aloft, betweene two Bishops.

Maior. See where his Grace stands, twene two Clergie men.

Buck. Two Preps of Vertue, for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of Vanitie:
And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man,
Famous *Plantagenet*, most gracious Prince,
Lend fauourable eare to our requests,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy Deuotion, and right Christian Zeale.

Rich. My Lord, there needes no such Apologie:
I doe beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But leauing this, what is your Graces pleasure?

Buck. Euen that (I hope) which pleaseth God aboute,
And all good men, of this vngouern'd Ile.

Rich. I doe suspect I haue done some offence,
That seemes disgracious in the Citie eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

f 2

Buck. You

Buck. You haue, my Lord:
Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.
Rich. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land.
Buck. Know then, it is your fault, that you resigne
The Supreme Seat, the Throne Maiesticall,
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,
Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth,
The Lineall Glory of your Royall Houfe,
To the corruption of a blemisht Stock;
Whiles in the mildnesse of your sleepe thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countries good,
The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes:
His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie,
His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulfe
Of darke Forgetfulnesse, and deepe Obliuion.
Which to recure, we heartily sollicite
Your gracious selfe to take on you the charge
And Kingly Government of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine;
But as successiue, from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Emphyre, your owne.
For this, comforted with the Citizens,
Your very Worshipfull and louing friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this iust Cause come I to inuoe your Grace.
Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best sitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
If not to answer, you might haply thinke,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded
To beare the Golden Yoake of Soueraignie,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithfull loue to me,
Then on the other side check'd my friends.
Therefore to speake, and to auoid the fist,
And then in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitiuely thus I answer you.
Your loue deserues my thanks, but my desert
Vnmerciable, shunnes your high request.
First, if all Obstacles were cut away,
And that my Path were euen to the Crowne,
As the ripe Reuenue, and due of Birth:
Yet so much is my pouertie of spirit,
So mightie, and so manie my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatnesse,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea;
Then in my Greatnesse couer to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you, were there need:
The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the stealing howres of time,
Will well become the Seat of Maiestie,
And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne.
On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.
Buck. My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace,
But the respects thereof are nice, and triuiall,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that *Edward* is your Brothers Sonne,
So say we too, but not by *Edwards* Wife:

For first was he contract to Lady *Lucie*,
Your Mother liues a Witnesse to his Vow;
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To *Bona*, Sister to the King of France.
These both put off, a poore Petitioner,
A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes,
A Beautie-waining, and distressed Widow,
Euen in the after-noon of her best dayes,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,
To base declension, and loath'd Bigamie.
By her, in his vnlawfull Bed, he got
This *Edward*, whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Sawe that for reuerence to some aloue,
I giue a sparing limit to my Tongue.
Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall selfe
This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie:
If not to blesse vs and the Land withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancestrie
From the corruption of abusing times,
Vnto a Lineall true deriued course.

Maior. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue.

Catesb. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull suit.

Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me?

I am unfit for State, and Maiestie:

I doe beseech you take it not amisse,

I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, as in loue and zeale,

Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers Sonne,

As well we know your tenderesse of heart,

And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorse,

Which we haue noted in you to your Kindred,

And egally indeede to all Estates:

Yet know, where you accept our suit, or no,

Your Brothers Sonne shall neuer reigne our King,

But we will plant some other in the Throne,

To the disgrace and down-fall of your Houfe:

And in this resolution here we leaue you.

Come Citizens, we will entreat no more. *Exeunt.*

Catesb. Call him againe, sweet Prince, accept their suit:
If you denie them, all the Land will rue it.

Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares,

Call them againe, I am not made of Stones,

But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,

Albeit against my Conscience and my Soule.

Enter Buckingham, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage graue men,

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,

To beare her burthen, where I will or no.

I must haue patience to endure the Load:

But if black Scandall, or foule-fac'd Reproach,

Attend the sequell of your Imposition,

Your meere enforcement shall acquaintance me

From all the impure blots and staynes thereof;

For God doth know, and you may partly see,

How farre I am from the desire of this.

Maior. God blesse your Grace, wee see it, and will
say it.

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

Buck. Then I salute you with this Royall Title,

Long liue King *Richard*, Englands worthie King.

All. Amen.

Buck. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd.

Rich. Euen when you please, for you will haue it so.

Buck. To

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so most ioyfully we take our leaue.

Rich. Come, let vs to our holy Worke againe
Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the Queene, Anne Duchesse of Gloucester, the
Duchesse of Yorke, and Marquesse Dorset.*

Duch. Yorke. Who meetes vs heere?
My Neece *Plantagenet*,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my Life, shee's wandring to the Tower,
On pure hearts loue, to greet the tender Prince,
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God giue your Graces both, a happie
And a ioyfull time of day.

Qu. As much to you, good Sister: whither away?

Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Qu. Kind Sister thanks, wee'll enter all together:

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leaue,
How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of *Yorke*?

Lieu. Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them,
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Qu. The King? who's that?

Lieu. I meane, the Lord Protector.

Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he set bounds betweene their loue, and me?
I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them?

Duch. Yorke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see
them.

Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their Mother:
Then bring me to their sights, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my perill.

Lieu. No, Madame, no; I may not leaue it so:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.

Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
And Ile salute your Grace of *Yorke* as Mother,
And reuerend looker on of two faire Queenes.
Come Madame, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crowned *Richards* Royall Queene.

Qu. Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
That my pert heart may haue some scope to beat,
Or else I swoone with this dead-killing newes.

Anne. Despightfull tidings, O vnpleasing newes.

Dorf. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your
Grace?

Qu. O *Dorset*, speake not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heeles,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.

If thou wilt out-strip Death, goe crosse the Seas,
And liue with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.
Goe hye thee, hye thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou encrease the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of *Margarets* Curse,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

Stanley. Full of wise care, is this your counsaile, Madame:
Take all the swift aduantage of the howres:
You shall haue Letters from me to my Sonne,
In your behalfe, to meet you on the way:
Be not raue tardie by vnwise delay.

Duch. Yorke. O ill dispersing Wine of Miseric,
O my accursed Wombe, the Red of Death:
A Cockatrice hast thou hatcht to the Worlds,
Whose vnauoided Eye is numberous.

Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all vnwillingnesse will goe.
O would to God, that the incutiue Verge
Of Golden Metall, that must round my Brow,
Were red hot Steele, to leare me to the Braines,
Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome,
And dye ere men can say, God saue the Queene.

Qu. Goe, goe, poore soule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feed my humor, with thy telse no harme.

Anne. No: why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henries* Corse,

When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands,
Which issued from my other Angell Husband,
And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O, when I say I look'd on *Richards* Face,

This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurst,
For making me, so young, so old a Widow:
And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,

Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death,
Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe,

Within so small a time, my Womans heart
Grossely grew captiue to his honey words,
And prou'd the subiect of mine owne Soules Curse,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:

For neuer yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleepe,
But with his timorous Dreames was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my Father *Warwicke*,
And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.

Qu. Poore heart adieu, I pittie thy complaining.

Anne. No more, then with my soule I mourne for
yours.

Dorf. Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory.

Anne. Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy leaue
of it.

Duch. Yorke. Go thou to *Richmond*, & good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee,
Go thou to Sanctuarie, and good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my Graue, where peace and rest lye with mee.
Eightie odde yeeres of sorrow haue I scene,
And each howres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

Qu. Stay, yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower.
Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes,
Whom Enuie hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones,
Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes: vse my Babies well;
So foolish Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Lonel.

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

Buck. My gracious Soueraigne.

Rich. Giue me thy hand. Sound.

Thus high, by thy aduice, and thy assistance,
Is King Richard seated:

But shall we weare these Glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them?

Buck. Still liue they, and for euer let them last.

Rich. Ah Buckingham, now doe I play the Touch,
To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed:

Young Edward liues, thinke now what I would speake.

Buck. Say on my louing Lord.

Rich. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Buck. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.

Rich. Ha? am I King? 'tis so; but Edward liues.

Buck. True, Noble Prince.

Rich. O bitter consequence!

That Edward still should liue true Noble Prince.

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plaine? I wish the Bastards dead,

And I would haue it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speake suddenly, be briefe.

Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:

Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye?

Buc. Giue me some litle breath, some pause, deare Lord,
Before I positiuely speake in this:

I will resolue you herein presently. Exit Buck.

Catesby. The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe.

Rich. I will conuerse with Iron-witted Fooles,
And vnrrespectiue Boyes: none are for me,
That looke into me with considerate eyes,
High-reaching Buckingham growes circumspect
Boy.

Page. My Lord.

Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt vnto a close exploit of Death?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie spirit:
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.

Rich. What is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is Tyrrell.

Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither,
Boy. Exit.

The deepe resoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbor to my countsaies
Hath he so long held out with me, myr'd,
And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

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

Stanley. Know my louing Lord, the Marquesse Dorset
As I heare, is fled to Richmond,
In the parts where he abides.

Rich. Come hither Catesby, rumor it abroad,
That Anne my Wife is very grieuous sicke,

I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some theane poore Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence Daughter:
The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.

Looke how thou dream'st: I say againe, giue out,
That Anne, my Queene, is sicke, and like to dye.
About it, for it stands me much vpon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may dammage me.
I must be marryed to my Brothers Daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse:
Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in
So farre in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne,
Teare-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name Tyrrel?

Tyr. Iames Tyrrel, and your most obedient subiect.

Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tyr. Proue me, my gracious Lord.

Rich. Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you:

But I had rather kill two enemies.

Rich. Why then thou hast it: two deepe enemies,
Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbers,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tyrrel, I meane those Bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.

Rich. Thou sing'st sweet Musique:
Hearke, come hither Tyrrel,

Goe by this token: rise, and lend thine Eare, *Whispers.*
There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. Exit.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I haue consider'd in my minde,
The late request that you did sound me in.

Rich. Well, let that rest: Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I heare the newes, my Lord.

Rich. Stanley, hee is your Wives Sonne: well, looke
vnto it.

Buck. My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promise,
For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd,
Th' Earledome of Hertford, and the moueables,
Which you haue promised I shall possesse.

Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if she conuey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What sayes your Highnesse to my iust request?

Rich. I doe remember me, Henry the Sixt
Did propheticke, that Richmond should be King,
When Richmond was a little peeuish Boy.
A King perhaps.

Buck. May it please you to resolue me in my suit.

Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. Exit.

Buck. And is it thus? repayes he my deepe seruice
With such contempt? made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearefull Head is on. Exit.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,
The most arch deed of pittious massacre

That

That euer yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forrest*, who I did suborne
 To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,
 Albeit they were flesht Villaines, bloody Dogges,
 Melted with tendernesse, and milde compassion,
 Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.
 O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:
 Thus, thus (quoth *Forrest*) girrelling one another
 Within their Alablaster innocent Armes:
 Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalke,
 And in their Summer Beauty kist each other.
 A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
 Which one (quoth *Forrest*) almost chang'd my minde:
 But oh the Diuel, there the Villaine flopt:
 When *Dighton* thus told on, we smothered
 The most replenished sweet worke of Nature,
 That from the prime Creation ere she framed.
 Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,
 They could not speake, and so I left them both,
 To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

Enter Richard.

And heere he comes. All health my Soueraigne Lord.

Ric. Kinde *Tirrell*, am I happy in thy Newes.

Tir. If I haue done the thing you gaue in charge,
 Beget your happinesse, be happy then,
 For it is done.

Ric. But did'st thou see them dead.

Tir. I did my Lord.

Ric. And buried gentle *Tirrell*.

Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,
 But where (to say the truth) I do not know.

Ric. Come to me *Tirrell* loone, and after Supper,
 When thou shalt tell the processe of their death,
 Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good,
 And be inheritor of thy desire.
 Farewell till then.

Tir. I humbly take my leaue.

Ric. The Sonne of *Clarence* haue I pent vp close,
 His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage,
 The Sonnes of *Edward* sleepe in *Abrahams* bolome,
 And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.
 Now for I know the Britaine *Richmond* aymes
 At yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter,
 And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne,
 To her go I, a iolly thrusing wooer.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

Ric. Good or bad newes, that thou com'st in so
 bluntly?

Rat. Bad news my Lord, *Mourton* is fled to *Richmond*,
 And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy *Welshmen*
 Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

Ric. Ely with *Richmond* troubles me more neere,
 Then *Buckingham* and his rath Ieuied Strength.
 Come, I haue learn'd, that fearfull commenting
 Is leaden seruitor to dull delay.

Delay leds impotent and Snail-pac'd Beggery:
 Then sicrie expedition vs my wing,
 Ioues Mercury, and Herald for a King:
 Go muster men: My counsaile is my Sheeld,
 We must be breese, when Traitors braue the Field.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
 Heere in these Confines slyly haue I lurkt,
 To watch the waning of mine enemies.
 A dire induction, am I witness to,
 And will to France, hoping the consequence
 Will proue as bitter, blacke, and Tragically.
 Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere?

Enter Dutchesse and Queene.

Qu. Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender Babes:
 My vnblowen Flowres, new appearing sweets:
 If yet your gentle soules flye in the Ayre,
 And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
 Houer about me with your ayery wings,
 And heare your mothers Lamentation.

Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right
 Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night

Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voyce,
 That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Mar. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward*, payes a dying debt.

Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from such gentle Lambs,
 And throw them in the intrails of the Wolfe?
 When dost thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?

Mar. When holy *Harry* dyed, and my sweet Sonne.

Dut. Dead life, blind sight, poore mortall liuing ghost,
 Woos Scene, Worlds shame, Graues due, by life vsurpt,
 Breefe abstract and record of tedious dayes,
 Rest thy vnrest on Englands lawfull earth,
 Vnlawtully made drunke with innocent blood.

Qu. Ah that thou wou'd'st affoone affoord a Graue,
 As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seate:
 Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere,
 Ah who hath any cause to mourne but wee?

Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
 Give mine the benefit of signeurie,
 And let my greefes frowne on the vpper hand
 If sorrow can admit Society.

I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
 I had a Husband, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
 Thou had'st an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
 Thou had'st a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him.

Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'st kill him;
 I had a *Rutland* too, thou hop'st to kill him.

Mar. Thou had'st a *Clarence* too,
 And *Richard* kill'd him.

From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept
 A Hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death:
 That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
 To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood:
 That foule defacer of Gods handy worke:
 That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping soules:
 That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,
 Thy wombe let loose to chase vs to our graues.
 O vpright, iust, and true-disposing God,
 How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre

Prayes

Prayes on the issue of his Mothers body,
And makes her Pue-fellow with others mone.

Duc. Oh *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes :
God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thine.

Mar. Beare with me : I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*,
The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward* :
Yong *Yorke*, he is but boote, because both they
Matcht not the high perfection of my losse.
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that stab'd my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this franticke play,
Th'adulterate *Hastings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Vntimely smother'd in their dusky Graues.
Richard yet liues, Hels blacke Intelligencer,
Onely referu'd their Factor, to buy soules,
And send them thither : But at hand, at hand
Insues his pittious and vnpittied end.

Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him sodainly conuey'd from hence :
Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray,
That I may liue and say, The Dogge is dead.

Qu. O thou did'st prophesie, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That bottel'd Spider, that soule bunch-back'd Toad.

Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune :
I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,
The presentation of but what I was ;
The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant ;
One heau'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below :
A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes ;
A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagge
To be the ayne of euery dangerous Shot ;
A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble ;
A Queene in least, onely to fill the Scene.
Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers ?
Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein dost thou Ioy ?
Who sues, and kneeles, and sayes, God saue the Queene ?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.

For happy Wife, a most distressed Widnow :

For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name :

For one being sued too, one that humbly sues :

For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care :

For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of mee :

For she being feared of all, now fearing one :

For she commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of Iustice whirl'd about,

And left thee but a very prey to time,

Hauiug no more but Thought of what thou wast.

To torture thee the more, being what thou art,

Thou didst vsurpe my place, and dost thou not

Vsurpe the iust proportion of my Sorrow?

Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke,

From which, euen heere I slip my wearied head,

And leaue the burthen of it all, on thee.

Farwell *Yorke*s wife, and Queene of sad mischance,

These English woes, shall make me smile in France.

Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curses, stay a-while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day :

Compare dead happinesse, with liuing woe :

Thinke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were,

And he that slew them fowler then he is :

Bett'ring thy losse, makes the bad causer worse,

Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to Curse.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Mar. Thy woes will make them sharpe,
And pierce like mine.

Exit Margaret.

Duc. Why should calamity be full of words?

Qu. Windy Attornies to their Clients Woes,
Ayery succeders of intestine ioyes,
Poore breathing Orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they will impart,
Helpe nothing els, yet do they ease the hart.

Duc. If so then, be not Tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother
My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes smother'd.
The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclames.

Enter King Richard, and his Traine.

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?

Duc. O she, that might haue intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her seursed wombe,
From all the slaughters (Wretch) that thou hast done.

Qu. Hid'st thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne
Where't should be branded, if that right were right?
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,
And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.
Tell me thou Villaine-flaue, where are my Children?

Duc. Thou Toad, thou Toade,

Where is thy Brother *Clarence*?

And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Sonne?

Qu. Where is the gentle *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?

Duc. Where is kinde *Hastings*?

Rich. A flourish Trumpets, strike Alarum Drummes :
Let not the Heauens heare these Tell-tale women
Raile on the Lords Anointed. Strike I say.

Flourish.

Alarums.

Either be patient, and intreat me sayre,
Or with the clamorous report of Warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Duc. Art thou my Sonne?

Rich. I, I thanke God, my Father, and your selfe.

Duc. Then patiently heare my impatience.

Rich. Madam, I haue a touch of your condition,
That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

Duc. O let me speake.

Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare.

Duc. I will be milde, and gentle in my words.

Rich. And breefe (good Mother) for I am in hast.

Duc. Art thou so hasty? I haue staid for thee
(God knowes) in torment and in agony.

Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duc. No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my Hell.

A greuous burthen was thy Birth to me,

Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie.

Thy School-daies frightfull, desp'rate, wilde, and furious,

Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:

Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, slye, and bloody,

More milde, but yet more harmfull; Kinde in hatred :

What comfortable houre canst thou name,

That euer grac'd me with thy company?

Rich. Faith none, but *Humphrey Hower*,

That call'd your Grace

To Breakefast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your eye,

Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.

Strike vp the Drumme.

Duc. I prythee heare me speake.

Rich.

Rich. You speake too bitterly.

Duc. Heare me a word:

For I shall neuer speake to thee againe.

Rich. So.

Duc. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods iust ordinance
Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror:

Or I with greefe and extreame Age shall perish,
And neuer more behold thy face againe.

Therefore take with thee my most greivous Curse,
Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more

Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st.

My Prayers on the aduerser party fight,

And there the little soules of *Edwards* Children,

Whisper the Spirits of their enemies,

And promise them Successe and Victory:

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:

Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

Qu. Though far more cause see each leife spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to it.

Rich. Stay Madam I must speake a word with you.

Qu. I haue no more names of the Royall Blood

For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (*Richard*)

They shall be praying Nunnies, not weeping Queenes:

And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.

Rich. You haue a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?

Qu. And must she dye for this? O let her liue,

And he corrupt her Manners, staine her Beauty,

Slander my selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed:

Throw ouer her the vaile of Infamy,

So she may liue vnscar'd of bleeding slaughter,

I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter.

Rich. Wrong not her Byrth, she is a Royall Princessse.

Qu. To saue her life, he say she is not so.

Rich. Her life is lost by her byrth.

Qu. And onely in her life, dyed her Brothers.

Rich. Loe at their Birth, good starres were opposite.

Qu. No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary.

Rich. All vnauoyded is the doome of Destiny.

Qu. True: when auoyded grace makes Destiny.

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,

If grace had biest thee with a fairer life.

Rich. You speake as if that I had slaine my Cosins?

Qu. Cosins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend,

Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,

Whose hand soeuer lanch'd their tender hearts,

Thy head (all indirectly) gaue direction.

No doubt the murderous Knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To reuell in the Intrailes of my Lambes.

But that still vse of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame,

My tongue should to thy eares not name my Boyes,

Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes:

And I in such a desperate Bay of death,

Like a poore Barke, of stiles and tackling rest,

Rush all to peeces on thy Rocky bosome.

Rich. Madam, so thinne I in my enterprize

And dangerous successe of bloody warres,

As I intend more good to you and yours,

Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd.

Qu. What good is couer'd with the face of heauen,

To be discovered, that can do me good.

Rich. Th'auancement of your children, gentle Lady

Qu. Vp to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads.

Rich. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortane,

The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my sorrow with report of it:

Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
Canst thou demise to any childe of mine.

Rich. Euen all I haue; I, and my selfe and all,
Will I withall indow a childe of thine:

So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,

Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs,

Which thou supposedst I haue done to thee.

Qu. Be breefe, lea't thou be processe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse date

Rich. Then know,

That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter.

Qu. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her soule.

Rich. What do you thinke?

Qu. That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule

So from thy Soules loue didst thou loue her Brothers,

And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it.

Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:

I meane that with my Soule I loue thy daughter,

And do intend to make her Queene of England.

Qu. Well then, who dost thou meane shall be her King.

Rich. Euen he that makes her Queene:

Who else should bee?

Qu. What, thou?

Rich. Euen so: How thinke you of it?

Qu. How canst thou woo her?

Rich. That I would learne of you,

As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?

Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her Brothers,

A paire of bleeding hearts: the eon in graue

Edward and *Torke*, then haply will she weepe:

Therefore present to her, as sometime *Margaret*

Did to thy Father, stept in *Putlands* blood,

A hand-kercheefe, which say to her did dreyne

The purple sappe from her sweet Brothers body,

And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.

If this inducement moue her not to loue,

Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds:

Tell her, thou mad'st away her Vnckle *Clarence*,

Her Vnckle *Rivers*, I (and for her sake)

Mad'st quicke conueyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.

Rich. You mocke me Madam, this not the way

To win your daughter.

Qu. There is no other way,

Vnlesse thou could'st put on some other shape,

And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.

Rich. Say that I did all this for loue of her.

Qu. Nay then indeed she cannot choise but hate thee

Having bought loue, with such a bloody spoyle.

Rich. Looke what is done, cannot be now amended:

Men shall deale vnadvisedly sometimes,

Which after-houres giues leysure to repent.

If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,

To make amends, he giue it to your daughter:

If I haue kill'd the issue of your wombe,

To quicken your encrease, I will beget

Mine yssue of your blood, vpon your Daughter:

A Grandams name is little lesse in loue,

Then is the doting Title of a Mother;

They are as Children but one steppe below,

Euen of your mettall, of your very blood:

Of all one paine, saue for a night of groanes

Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow:

Your Children were vexation to your youth,

But

But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
The losse you haue, is but a Sonne being King,
And by that losse, your Daughter is made Queene.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindnesse as I can.
Dorset your Sonne, that with a fearfull soule
Leads discontented steppes in Forraine soyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset*, Brother:
Againe shall you be Mother to a King:
And all the Ruines of distressefull Times,
Repay'd with double Riches of Content.
What? we haue many goodly dayes to see:
The liquid drops of Teares that you haue shed,
Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,
Aduantaging their Loue, with interest
Osten-times double gaine of happinesse.
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,
Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale.
Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring Flame
Of Golden Soueraignty: Acquaint the Princesse
With the sweet silent houres of Marriage ioyes:
And when this Arme of mine hath chastised
The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will retails my Conquest wonne,
And she shall be sole Victoresse, *Casars Casar*.

Qu. What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnkle?
Or he that slew her Brothers, and her Vnkles?
Vnder what Title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue,
Can make seeme pleasing to her tendery cares?

Rich. Inferre saue Englands peace by this Alliance.

Qu. Which she shall purchase with too lasting warre.

Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.

Qu. That at her hands, which the kings King forbids.

Rich. Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.

Qu. To waile the Title, as her Mothe doth.

Rich. Say I will loue her euerlastingly.

Qu. But how long shall that title euer last?

Rich. Sweetly in force, vnto her faire liues end.

Qu. But how long fairely shall her sweet life last?

Rich. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.

Qu. As long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it.

Rich. Say, I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low.

Qu. But she your Subiect, lothes such Soueraignty.

Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

Qu. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale.

Qu. Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style.

Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quicke.

Qu. O no, my Reasons are too deepe and dead,
Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graues;
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.

Rich. Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.

Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

Qu. Prophand, dishonor'd, and the third vsurpt.

Rich. I sweare.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:

Thy George prophand, hath lost his Lordly Honor;
Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue;

Thy Crowne vsurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If something thou wouldst sweare to be beleeu'd,
Sweare then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.

Rich. Then by my Selfe.

Qu. Thy Selfe, is selfe-misvs'd.

Rich. Now by the World.

Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

Rich. My Fathers death.

Qu. Thy life hath it dishonor'd.

Rich. Why then, by Heauen.

Qu. Heuens wrong is most of all:

If thou didst feare to breake an Oath with him,

The vnity the King my husband made,

Thou hadst not broken, nor my Brothers died.

If thou hadst feard to breake an oath by him,

Th'Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,

Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,

And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,

Which now two tender Bed-fellowes for dust,

Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.

What canst thou sweare by now.

Rich. The time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time ore-past:

For I my selfe haue many teares to wash

Heereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.

The Children liue, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,

Vngouern'd youth, to waile it with their age:

The Parents liue, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,

Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.

Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast

Misvs'd ere vs'd, by times ill-vs'd repast.

Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent:

So thrive I in my dangerous Affayres

Of hostile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound:

Heauen, and Fortune bane me happy houres:

Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy rest.

Be opposite all Planets of good lucke

To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue,

Immaculate deuotion, holy thoughts,

I tender not thy beauteous Princely daughter.

In her, consists my Happinesse, and thine:

Without her, followes to my selfe, and thee;

Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule,

Death, Desolation, Ruine, and Decay:

It cannot be auoyded, but by this:

It will not be auoyded, but by this:

Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so)

Be the Attorney of my loue to her:

Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene;

Not my deserts, but what I will deserue:

Vrge the Necessity and state of times,

And be not peeuish found, in great Designs.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?

Rich. I, if the Diuell tempt you to do good.

Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.

Rich. I, if your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe.

Qu. Yet thou didst kil my Children.

Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them.

Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed

Selues of themselues, to your recomforture.

Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.

Qu. I go, write to me very shortly,

And you shall vnderstand from me her mind. *Exit Qu.*

Rich. Beare her my true loues kisse, and so farewell.

Relenting Foole, and shallow-changing Woman.

How

How now, what newes ?

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. Most mightie Soueraigne, on the Westerne Coast
Rideth a puissant Nauie : to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
Vnarm'd, and vnresol'd to beat them backe.
'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admirall :
And there they hull, expecting but the aide
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore.

Rich. Some light-foot friend poste to y^e Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is hee ?

Cat. Here, my good Lord.

Rich. *Catesby*, flye to the Duke.

Cat. I will, my Lord, with all conuenient haste.

Rich. *Catesby* come hither, poste to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither: Dull vnmindfull Villaine,
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke ?

Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliuer to him.

Rich. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him leuie straight
The greatest strength and pow'ie that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cat. I goe.

Exit.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salis-
bury ?

Rich. Why, what would'st thou doe there, before I
goe ?

Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should poste before.

Rich. My minde is chang'd :

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you ?

Sta. None good my Liege, to please you with y^e hearing,
Nor none to bad, but well may be reported.

Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need'st thou runne so many miles about,
When thou mayest tell thy Tale the neereſt way ?
Once more, what newes ?

Stan. *Richmond* is on the Seas.

Rich. There let him sinke, and be the Seas on him,
White-liuer'd Runnagate, what doth he there ?

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

Rich. Well, as you guesſe.

Stan. Stirr'd vp by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.

Rich. Is the Chayre emptie ? is the Sword vnſway'd ?
Is the King dead ? the Empire vnpoſſeſt ?

What Heire of *Yorke* is there aliue, but wee ?
And who is Englands King, but great *Yorke's* Heire ?
Then tell me, what makes he vpon the Seas ?

Stan. Vnlesſe for that, my Liege, I cannot guesſe.

Rich. Vnlesſe for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesſe wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt reuolt, and flye to him, I feare.

Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore miſtruſt me not.

Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back ?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers ?
Are they not now vpon the Westerne Shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes ?

Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the
North.

Rich. Cold friends to me : what do they in the North,
When they should serue their Soueraigne in the West ?

Stan. They haue not been commanded, mightie King:
Pleaseth your Maieſtie to giue me leaue,
He muſter vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Maieſtie ſhall pleaſe.

Rich. I, thou would'st be gone, to ioyne with *Richmond*:
But He not truſt thee.

Stan. Most mightie Soueraigne,
You haue no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be falſe.

Rich. Goe then, and muſter men; but leaue behind
Your Sonne *George Stanley* : looke your heart be firme,
Or elſe his Heads aſſurance is but fraile.

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

Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Meſſ. My gracious Soueraigne, now in *Deuonſhire*,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many moe Confederates, are in Armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Meſſ. In *Kent*, my Liege, the *Guisfords* are in Armes,
And euery houre more Competitors
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes ſtrong.

Enter another Messenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, the Armie of great *Buckingham*.

Rich. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,
He ſtraketh him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.

Meſſ. The newes I haue to tell your Maieſtie,
Is, that by iudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham's Armie is diſpers'd and ſcatter'd,
And he himſelfe wandred away alone,
No man knowes whither.

Rich. I cry thee mercie :

There is my Purſe, to cure that Blow of thine,
Hath any well-aduised friend proclaym'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in ?

Meſſ. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

Meſſ. *Sir Thomas Lovell*, and Lord *Marqueſſe Dorset*,
'Tis ſaid, my Liege, in *Yorkeſhire* are in Armes :
But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesſe,
The Brittain Nauie is diſpers'd by Tempeſt.

Richmond in *Dorſetſhire* ſent out a Boat
Vnto the ſhore, to aſke thoſe on the Banks,
If they were his Aſſiſtants, yea, or no ?

Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*,
Vpon his partie : he miſtruſting them,
Hoy'd ſayle, and made his courſe againe for Brittain.

Rich. March on, march on, ſince we are vp in Armes,
If not to fight with forraine Enemies,
Yet to beat downe theſe Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the beſt newes : that the Earle of *Richmond*

15

Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder Newes, but yet they must be told.

Rich. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A Royall battail might be wonne and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me. *Flourish. Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the sty of the most deadly Bore,
My Sonne George Stanley is frankt vp in hold:
If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, holds off my present ayde.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall say, that the Queene hath heartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth his daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?

Chri. At Pembroke, or at Hertford West in Wales.

Der. What men of Name resort to him.

Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned Souldier,
Sir Gulbe & Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir Iames Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Der. Well hie thee to thy Lord: I kisse his hand,
My Letter will resolute him of my minde.
Farewell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Buckingham with Halberd, led
to Execution*

Buc. Will not King Richard let me speake with him?

Sher. No my good Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. Hastings, and Edwards children, Gray & Rivers,
Holy King Henry, and thy faire Sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried
By vnder-hand corrupted foule iniustice,
If that your moody discontented soules,
Do through the clouds behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction.
This is All-foyles day (Fellow, is it not?)

Sher. It is.

Buc. Why then All-foyles day, is my bodies doomsday
This is the day, which in King Edwards time
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
Falsse to his Children, and his Wives Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wish to fall
By the falsse Faith of him whom most I trusted.
This, this All-foyles day to my fearfull Soule,
Is the determin'd respit of my wrongs.
That high All-seer, which I dallied with,

Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest, what I begg'd in iest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turne their owne points in their Masters bosomes.
Thus Margarets curse falles heauy on my necke:
When he (quoth she) shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margarets was a Prophetesse:
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and
others, with drum and colours.*

Richm. Fellowes in Armes, and my most louing Friends
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoke of Tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment:
And heere receiue we from our Father Stanley
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and turning Boare,
(That spoild your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)
Swilles your warm blood like wash & makes his trough
In your emboweld bosomes. This foule Swine
Is roweuen in the Centre of this Ile,
Ne're to the Towne of Leicester, as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name cheerefully on, couragious Friends,
To reape the Haruest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of sharpe Warre.

Oxf. Every mans Conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty Homicide.

Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,
Which in his deereft neede will flye from him.

Richm. All for our vantage, the true Gods name march,
True Hope is swift, and flies with Swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.
Exeunt Omnes.

*Enter King Richard in Armes with Norfolke, Ratcliffe,
and the Earle of Surrey.*

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, euen here in Bishworth field,
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so sad?

Sar. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.

Rich. My Lord of Norfolke.

Nor. Heere most gracious Liege.

Rich. Norfolke, we must haue knockes:
Ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both giue and take my louing Lord.

Rich. Vp with my Tent, heere wil I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath defcried the number of the Traitors?

Nor. Six or seuen thousand is their utmost power.

Rich. Why our Barralia trebbles that account:
Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerser Faction want.
Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,
Let vs suruey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's

Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day.

Exeunt

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorset.

Richm. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden let,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
Giues token of a goodly day to morrow.

Sir William Brandon, you shall beare my Standard
Giue me some Inke and Paper in my Tent
He draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaille,
Limit each Leader to his feuerall Charge.

And part in iust proportion our small Powes
My Lord of Oxford, you *Sir William Brandon,*
And you *Sir Walter Herbert* stay with me
The Earle of Pembroke keepes his Regiment,
Good Captaine *Blunt,* beare my goodnight to him,
And by the second houre in the Morning.

Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent:
Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me:
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Vnlesse I haue mistane his Colours much,
(Which well I am assur'd I haue not done)
His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least
South, from the mighty Power of the King.

Richm. If without perill it be possible,
Sweet *Blunt,* make some good meanes to speak with him
And giue him from me, this most needfull Note.

Blunt. Vpon my life, my Lord, He vndertake it,
And so God giue you quiet rest to night.

Richm. Good night good Captaine *Blunt*:
Come Gentlemen

Let vs consult vpon to morrowes businesse;
Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.

They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolk, & Catesby.

Rich. What is't a Clocke?

Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.

King. I will not sup to night,

Giue me some Inke and Paper:

What, is my Beauer easier then it was?

And all my Armour laid into my Tent?

Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readinesse.

Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull Watch, choose trusty Centinels,

Nor. I go my Lord.

Rich. Sit with the Laike to morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

Exit

Rich. Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

Rich. Send out a Pursuiuant at Armes
To *Stanleys* Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, lest his Sonne *George* fall
Into the blinde Caue of eternall night.

Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Giue me a Watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow:

Look that my Staues be found, & not too heauy. *Ratcliff.*

Rat. My Lord.

Rich. Saw'st the melancholly Lord Northumberland?

Rat. *Thomas* the Earle of Surrey, and himselfe,
Much about Cockshut time, from Troope to Troope
Went through the Army, chearing vp the Souldiers.

King. So, I am satisfied: Giue me a Bowle of Wine,
I haue not that Alacrity of Spirit,

Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to haue.
Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leau me.

Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my Tent

And helpe to arme me. Leau me I say. *Exit Ratclif.*

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy Person, Noble Father in Law.
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?

Der. I by Attourney, blesse thee from thy Mother,
Who prayes continually for Richmonds good:
So much for that. The silent houres steale on,
And flake darknesse breakes within the East.
In breece, for so the season bids vs be,
Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th' Arbitrement

Of bloody Brookes, and mortall staring Warre:

I, as I may, that which I would. I cannot,
With best advantage will deceiue thee time,

And ayde thee in this doubtfull Shocke of Armes.

But on thy side I may not be too forward,

Least being scene, thy Brother, tender *George*

Be executed in his Fathers sight.

Farewell: the leysure, and the fearfull time

Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loue,

And ample emerchange of sweet Discourse,

Which to long fundred Friends should dwell vpon:

God giue vs leysure for these rites of Loue.

Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well.

Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:

He strue with troubled noise, to take a Nap,

Lest leaden Sumber peize me downe to morrow,

When I should mount with wings of Victory:

Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.

Exeunt. Mars Richmond.

O thou, whose Captaine I account my selfe,

Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye:

Put in their hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,

That they may crush downe with a heauy fall,

Th' vsurping Helms of our Aduersaries:

Make vs thy ministers of Chastisement,

That we may praise thee in thy victory:

To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,

Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:

Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me still.

Sleeps.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to

Henry the sixt.

Ch to R. Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow:

Thinke how thou stab'st me in my prime of youth

At Teukesbury: Dispaire therefore, and dye.

Ghost to Richm. Be chearefull Richmond,

For the wronged Soules

Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:

King *Henries* issue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixt.

Ghost. When I was mortall, my Anointed body

By thee was punched full of holes;

Thinke on the Tower, and me: Dispaire, and dye,

Harry the sixt, bids thee dispaire, and dye.

To Richm. Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror:

Harry that prophesied thou should'st be King,

Doth comfort thee in sleepe: Liue, and flourish.

Enter

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heauy in thy soule to morrow,
I that was wash'd to death with Fulsome Wane:
Poore Clarence by thy guilt, betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battell, thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye.

To Richm. Thou off-spring of the house of Lancaster
The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Liue and Flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riu. Let me sit heauy in thy soule to-morrow,
Riuers, that dy'de at Pomfret: dispaire, and dye.

Grey. Thinke vpon Grey, and let thy soule dispaire.

Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guilty feare
Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.

All to Richm. Awake,
And chunke our wrongs in Richards Bosome,
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Gho. Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord Hastings: dispaire, and dye.

Hast. to Rich. Quiet vntroubled soule,
Awake, awake:

Arise, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. Dreame on thy Cousins
Smothered in the Tower:

Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame, and death,
Thy Nephewes soule bids thee dispaire and dye.

Ghosts to Richm. Sleepe Richmond,
Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue, and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife.

Ghost to Rich. Richard, thy Wife,
That wretched Anne thy Wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fills thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battaille, thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye:

Ghost to Richm. Thou quiet soule,
Sleepe thou a quiet sleepe:
Dreame of Successe, and Happy Victory,
Thy Aduersaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost to Rich. The first was I
That help'd thee to the Crowne:
The last was I that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battaille thinke on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy guiltinesse.
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire; despairing yeeld thy breath.

Ghost to Richm. I dyed for hope
Ere I could lend thee Ayde;
But cheere thy heart, and be thou not disinayde:
God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

Richard starts out of his dreame.

Rich. Giue me another Horse, bind vp my Wounds:
Haue mercy Iesu. Soft, I did but dreame.
O coward Conscience! how dost thou afflict me?
The Lights burne blew, It is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I.
Is there a Murtherer heere? No; Yes, I am:
Then flye; What from my Selfe? Great reason: why?
Left I Reuenge. What? my Selfe vpon my Selfe?
Alacke, I loue my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good
That I my Selfe, haue done vnto my Selfe?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe,
For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe.
I am a Villaine: yet I Lye, I am not.
Foole, of thy Selfe speake well: Foole, do not flatter.
My Conscience hath a thousand seuerall Tongues,
And euery Tongue brings in a seuerall Tale,
And euery Tale condemnes me for a Villaine;
Periurie, in the high'st Degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dy'st degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vs'd in each degree,
Throng all to th' Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty.
I shall dispaire, there is no Creature loues me;
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me.
Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I my Selfe,
Finde in my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe.
Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliffe my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock
Hath twice done salutation to the Morne,
Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour.

King. O Ratcliffe. I feare, I feare.

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadows.

King. By the Apostle Paul, shadows to night
Haue stroke more terror to the soule of Richard,
Then can the substance of ten thousand Souldiers
Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow Richmond.
'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the Ease-dropper,
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me.

Exeunt Richard & Ratcliffe.

*Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting
in his Tent.*

Richm. Good morrow Richmond.

Rich. Cry mercy Lords and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard heere?

Lords. How haue you slept my Lord?

Rich. The sweetest sleepe,
And fairest boading Dreames,
That euer entred in a drowsie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their Soules, whose bodies Rich. murther'd,
Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory:
I promise you my Heart is very iocund,
In the remembrance of to faire a dreame,
How farre into the Morning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and giue direction.

His Orat[i]on to his Souldiers.

More then I haue said, louing Countrymen,
The leysure and inforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell vpon: yet remember this,

God

God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
 The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
 Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, stand before our Faces,
 (*Richard except*) those whom we fight against,
 Had rather haue vs win, then him they follow.
 For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
 A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide.
 One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
 One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
 And slaughter'd those that were the meanes to help him.
 A base foule Stone, made precious by the soyle
 Of Englands Chaire, where he is falsely set:
 One that hath euer beene Gods Enemy.
 Then if you fight against Gods Enemy,
 God will in iustice ward you as his Soldiers.
 If you do sweare to put a Tyrant downe,
 You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine:
 If you do fight against your Countries Foes,
 Your Countries Fat shall pay your paines the hyre.
 If you do fight, in safegard of your wiues,
 Your wiues shall welcome home the Conquerors.
 If you do free your Children from the Sword,
 Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
 Then in the name of God and all these rights,
 Aduance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
 For me, the ranfome of my bold attempt,
 Shall be this cold Corpes on the earths cold face.
 But if I thrive, the gaine of my attempt,
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,
 God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

K. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in Armes.
King. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?
Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.
King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is.
 Tell the clocke there. *(Clocke strikes.)*
 Giue me a Kalender: Who saw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he disdaines to shine: for by the Booke
 He should haue brau'd the East an houre ago,
 A blacke day will it be to somebody. *Ratcliffe.*
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be seene to day,
 The sky doth frowne, and lowre vpon our Army.
 I would these dewy teares were from the ground.
 Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me
 More then to Richmond? For the selfe-same Heauen
 That frownes on me, lookes sadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse:
 Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,
 I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine,
 And thus my Battell shall be ordred.
 My Foreward shall be drawne in length,
 Consisting equally of Horse and Foot:
 Our Archers shall be placed in the mid'st;
John Duke of Norfolk, *Thomas Earle of Surrey*,
 Shall haue the leading of the Foot and Horse.
 They thus directed, we will filow

In the maine Battell, whose puissance on either side
 Shall be well-winged with our cheefest Horse:
 This, and Saint *George* to boote.
 What think'st thou *Norfolke*.
Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne,
 This found I on my Tent this Morning.
Lockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
 For *Dickon* thy maister is bought and sold.
King. A thing deuic'd by the Enemy.
 Go Gentlemen, euery man to his Charge,
 Let not our babling Dreames affright our soules:
 For Conscience is a word that Cowards vse,
 Deuis'd at first to keepe the strong in awe,
 Our strong armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law.
 March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too r pell mell,
 If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell.
 What shall I say more then I haue inferr'd?
 Remember whom you are to cope withall,
 A sort of Vagabonds, Rascals, and Run-aways,
 A scum of Brittaines, and base Lackey Pezants,
 Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth
 To desperate Aduentures, and assur'd Destruction.
 You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest:
 You hauing Lands, and blest with beauteous wiues,
 They would restrain the one, distaine the other,
 And who doth leade them, but a pa'try Fellow?
 Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers cost,
 A Muke-top, one that neuer in his life
 Felt so much cold, as ouer shooes in Snow:
 Let's whip these straglers o're the Seas againe,
 I aske hence these ouer-weening Rages of France,
 These famish'd Beggers, weary of their liues,
 Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
 For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themselues.
 If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
 And not these bastard Brittaines, whom our Fathers
 Haue in their owne Land beaten, bobbd, and thump'd,
 And on Record, left them the heires of shame.
 Shall these enioy our Lands? lye with our Wiues?
 Raushe our daughters? *Drum afarre off*
 Hearke, I heare their Drumme,
 Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
 Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head,
 Spurre your proud Horses hard, and ride in blood,
 Amaze the welkin with your broken stauces.

Enter a Messenger.

What sayes Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?
Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his soune *Georges* head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh:
 After the battaile, let *George Stanley* dye.
King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
 Aduance our Standards, set vpon our Foes,
 Our Ancient word of Courage, faire *S. George*
 Inspire vs with the spleene of fiery Dragons:
 Vpon them, Victorie sits on our helpes.

Alarums, excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Rescue my Lord of Norfolk,
 Rescue, Rescue:
 The King enacts more wonders then a man,
 Daring an opposite to euery danger:
 His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
 Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarums.

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Enter

*Enter Richard.**Rich.* A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.*Cates.* Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a Horse*Rich.* Slave, I have set my life vpon a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:

I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,

Five haue I slaine to day, in stead of him.

A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.

*Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine.**Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crowne, with diuers other Lords.**Richm.* God, and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.*Der.* Courageous Richmond,
Well hast thou acquit thee: Loe,
Heere these long vsurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Weare it, and make much of it.*Richm.* Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all.
But tell me, is yong *George Stanley* liuing?*Der.* He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,
Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.*Richm.* What men of name are slaine on either side?*Der.* *John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferris,*
*Sir Robert Brokebury, and Sir William Brandon.**Richm.* Interre their Bodies, as become their Births,
Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers fled,
That in submission will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
We will vnite the White Rose, and the Red.
Smile Heauen vpon this faire Coniunction,
That long haue frown'd vpon their Enmity:
What Traitor heares me, and sayes not Amen?
England hath long beene mad, and scarr'd her selfe;
The Brother blindely shed the Brothers blood;
The Father, rashly slaughtered his owne Sonnes
The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire;
All this diuided Yorke and Lancaster,
Diuided, in their dire Diuision.O now, let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true Succeeders of each Royall House,
By Gods faire ordinance, conioyne together:
And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,
With smiling Plenty, and faire Prosperous dayes.
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
That would reduce thele bloody dayes againe,
And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood;
Let them not hue to taste this Lands increafe,
That would with Treason, wound this faire Lands peace.
Now Ciull wounds are stopp'd, Peace liues agen;
That she may long lue heere, God say, Amen. *Exeunt*

FINIS.

