

Prologue

The family is arrayed. Clarence is on his knees in front of Edward.

FIGHT: Prop submachine guns for up to 3 extras.

CLARENCE

Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends:
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

KING EDWARD IV

Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved,
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

GLOUCESTER

Welcome, good Clarence; this is brotherlike.
Soldiers bring in Prince Edward and Margaret

KING EDWARD IV

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

PRINCE EDWARD

Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,
Which traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.
I know my duty; you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,
And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all
I am your better, traitors as ye are:
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

FIGHT: Ed, R, and C stab Prince

KING EDWARD IV

Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.

GLOUCESTER

Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

CLARENCE

And there's for twitting me with perjury.

QUEEN MARGARET

O, kill me too!

GLOUCESTER

Marry, and shall.
Offers to kill her

KING EDWARD IV

Hold, Richard, hold

QUEEN MARGARET

O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!
They that stabb'd Caesar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect, a child:
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

KING EDWARD IV

Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

QUEEN MARGARET

So come to you and yours, as to this Prince!
Exit, led out forcibly

Enter KING HENRY VI, guarded

KING HENRY VI

And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye--
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And, yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou camest to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou camest--

GLOUCESTER

FIGHT: R fires 6 pistol shots

I'll hear no more: die, prophet in thy speech:
For this amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

KING HENRY VI

Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
God forgive my sins, and pardon thee!
Dies

GLOUCESTER

What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither:

KING EDWARD IV

Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

ACT I

SCENE I.

GLOUCESTER

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barded steeds

To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deformed, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
 Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
 And descant on mine own deformity:
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determin'd to prove a villain
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Enter Anne

For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest 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 love
 As for another secret close intent,
 By marrying her which I must reach unto.

LADY ANNE

Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of Poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
 Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!
 Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes!
 Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it!
 Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
 If ever he have wife, let her he made
 A miserable by the death of him
 As I am made by my poor lord and thee!

GLOUCESTER

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

LADY ANNE

What black magician conjures up this fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable deeds?

GLOUCESTER

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

Gentleman

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

GLOUCESTER

Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I command:

LADY ANNE

What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
 Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
 Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
 Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
 His soul thou canst not have; therefore be gone.

GLOUCESTER

Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

LADY ANNE

Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
 For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
 Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclams.
 If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
 Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
 Blush, Blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
 O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death!
 O earth, which this blood drink'st revenge his death!
 Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,
 Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,
 As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood
 Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

GLOUCESTER

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

LADY ANNE

Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:
 No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

GLOUCESTER

But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

LADY ANNE

O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

GLOUCESTER

More wonderful, when angels are so angry.
 Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
 Of these supposed-evils, to give me leave,
 By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

LADY ANNE

Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,
 For these known evils, but to give me leave,
 By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

GLOUCESTER

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

LADY ANNE

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

GLOUCESTER

By such despair, I should accuse myself.

LADY ANNE

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

GLOUCESTER

Say that I slew them not?

LADY ANNE

Why, then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and devilish slave, by thee.

GLOUCESTER

I did not kill your husband.

LADY ANNE

Why, then he is alive.

GLOUCESTER

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

LADY ANNE

In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood.

GLOUCESTER

I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

LADY ANNE

Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind.
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?

GLOUCESTER

I grant ye.

LADY ANNE

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

GLOUCESTER

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

LADY ANNE

He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

GLOUCESTER

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

LADY ANNE

And thou unfit for any place but hell.

GLOUCESTER

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

LADY ANNE

Some dungeon.

GLOUCESTER

Your bed-chamber.

LADY ANNE

Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

GLOUCESTER

So will it, madam till I lie with you.

LADY ANNE

I hope so.

GLOUCESTER

I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

LADY ANNE

Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect.

GLOUCESTER

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

LADY ANNE

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

GLOUCESTER

These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

LADY ANNE

Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

GLOUCESTER

Curse not thyself, fair creature thou art both.

LADY ANNE

I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

GLOUCESTER

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

LADY ANNE

It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that slew my husband.

GLOUCESTER

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

LADY ANNE

His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

GLOUCESTER

He lives that loves thee better than he could.

LADY ANNE

Where is he?

GLOUCESTER

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

LADY ANNE

Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

GLOUCESTER

Never came poison from so sweet a place.

LADY ANNE

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

GLOUCESTER

Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

LADY ANNE

Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

GLOUCESTER

I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops:
These eyes that never shed remorseful tear,

No, when my father York and Edward wept,
 To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
 When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;
 And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
 Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
 I never sued to friend nor enemy;
 My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word;
 But now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
 Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made
 For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
 If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
 Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
 Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom.
 And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
 And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
 Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry,
 But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
 Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,
 But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
Here she lets fall the sword
 Take up the sword again, or take up me.

LADY ANNE

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

GLOUCESTER

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

LADY ANNE

I have already.

GLOUCESTER

Tush, that was in thy rage:
 Speak it again, and, even with the word,
 That hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
 Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
 To both their deaths thou shalt be accessory.

LADY ANNE

I would I knew thy heart.

GLOUCESTER

'Tis figured in my tongue.

LADY ANNE

I fear me both are false.

GLOUCESTER

Then never man was true.

LADY ANNE

Well, well, put up your sword.

GLOUCESTER

Say, then, my peace is made.

LADY ANNE

That shall you know hereafter.

GLOUCESTER

But shall I live in hope?

LADY ANNE

All men, I hope, live so.

GLOUCESTER

Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

LADY ANNE

To take is not to give.

GLOUCESTER

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

LADY ANNE

What is it?

GLOUCESTER

That it would please thee leave these sad designs
 To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
 And presently repair to Crosby Place;
 Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
 At Chertsey monastery this noble king,
 And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
 I will with all expedient duty see you:
 For divers unknown reasons. I beseech you,
 Grant me this boon.

LADY ANNE

With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
 To see you are become so penitent.
 Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

GLOUCESTER

Bid me farewell.

LADY ANNE

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

GLOUCESTER

Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
 Was ever woman in this humour won?
 I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.
 What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
 To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
 With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
 The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
 Having God, her conscience, and these bars against
 me,
 And I nothing to back my suit at all,
 But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
 And yet to win her, all the world to nothing! Ha!
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
 And entertain some score or two of tailors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body:
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,
 Will maintain it with some little cost.
 But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;

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

Scene Ib. The same, later

GLOUCESTER

Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here
Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY

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

CLARENCE

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

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

CLARENCE

I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

GLOUCESTER

Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
Meantime, have patience.

CLARENCE

I must perforce. Farewell.

Exeunt CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY

GLOUCESTER

Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return.
Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

Exit

GLOUCESTER

But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

CLARENCE

Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these
Have moved his highness to commit me now.

GLOUCESTER

Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women:
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower:
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to this extremity.
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

BRAKENBURY

I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

CLARENCE

We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

GLOUCESTER

We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you.

SCENE III. The palace.

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS,
and GREY*

RIVERS

Have patience, madam: there's no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

If he were dead, what would betide of me?

RIVERS

No other harm but loss of such a lord.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

The loss of such a lord includes all harm.

GREY

The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

RIVERS

Is it concluded that he shall be protector?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

It is determined, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.
Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY

GREY

Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

BUCKINGHAM

Good time of day unto your royal grace!

STANLEY

God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

RIVERS

Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Stanley?

STANLEY

But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

BUCKINGHAM

Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

BUCKINGHAM

Madam, we did: he desires to make atonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Would all were well! but that will never be
I fear our happiness is at the highest.

*Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, and
DORSET*

GLOUCESTER

They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:
Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.

RIVERS

To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

GLOUCESTER

To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person,--
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!--
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

God grant we never may have need of you!

GLOUCESTER

Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
My brother is imprison'd by your means.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind

Small joy have I in being England's queen.

QUEEN MARGARET

And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
Thy honour, state and seat is due to me.

GLOUCESTER

Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.

QUEEN MARGARET

Yea, and much better blood than his or thine.

Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,
Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.

RIVERS

My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king:
So should we you, if you should be our king.

GLOUCESTER

If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

QUEEN MARGARET

Advancing

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?
O gentle villain, do not turn away!

GLOUCESTER

Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

QUEEN MARGARET

I was; but I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou owest to me;
And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance:
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

GLOUCESTER

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

So just is God, to right the innocent.

HASTINGS

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

RIVERS

Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

DORSET

No man but prophesied revenge for it.

QUEEN MARGARET

What were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick
curses!

If not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

GLOUCESTER

Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag!

QUEEN MARGARET

And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested Richard.

to Elizabeth

Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The time will come when thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse that poisonous bunchback'd toad.

HASTINGS

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

QUEEN MARGARET

Foul shame upon you! you have all moved mine.

DORSET

Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.

QUEEN MARGARET

Peace, master marquess, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake
them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

BUCKINGHAM

Have done, have done.

QUEEN MARGARET

O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

GLOUCESTER

What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

BUCKINGHAM

Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

QUEEN MARGARET

What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess!
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's!
Exit

HASTINGS

My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

RIVERS

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

GLOUCESTER

I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Enter CATESBY

CATESBY

Madam, his majesty doth call for you,
And for your grace; and you, my noble lords.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

RIVERS

Madam, we will attend your grace.

Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER

GLOUCESTER

And thus I clothe my naked villany
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.
Enter two Murderers
But, soft! here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates!
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

RATCLIFF

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

GLOUCESTER

Well thought upon; I have it here about me.

Gives the warrant

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity if you mark him.

RATCLIFF

Tush!
Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers: be assured
We come to use our hands and not our tongues.

GLOUCESTER

Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop
tears:
I like you, lads; about your business straight;
Go, go, dispatch.

RATCLIFF

We will, my noble lord.

Exeunt

SCENE IV. London. The Tower.**BRAKENBURY**

Why looks your grace so heavily today?

CLARENCE

O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time!

BRAKENBURY

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

CLARENCE

Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!

BRAKENBURY

Awaked you not with this sore agony?

CLARENCE

O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he squeak'd out aloud,
'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!'
With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream.

BRAKENBURY

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

CLARENCE

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

BRAKENBURY

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

CLARENCE sleeps

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their tides for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imagination,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, betwixt their tides and low names,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers

RATCLIFF

Ho! who's here?

BRAKENBURY

In God's name what are you, and how came you
hither?

RATCLIFF

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

BRAKENBURY

Yea, are you so brief?

LOVEL

O sir, it is better to be brief than tedious. Show
him our commission; talk no more.

BRAKENBURY reads it

BRAKENBURY

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

RATCLIFF

Do so, it is a point of wisdom: fare you well.

Exit BRAKENBURY

RATCLIFF

What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

LOVEL

No; then he will say 'twas done cowardly, when he
wakes.

RATCLIFF

When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till
the judgment-day.

LOVEL

The urging of that word 'judgment' hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

RATCLIFF

What, art thou afraid?

LOVEL

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

RATCLIFF

I thought thou hadst been resolute.

LOVEL

So I am, to let him live.

RATCLIFF

Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so.

LOVEL

I pray thee, stay a while: I hope my holy humour will change; 'twas wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

RATCLIFF

How dost thou feel thyself now?

LOVEL

'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

RATCLIFF

Remember our reward, when the deed is done.

LOVEL

'Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

RATCLIFF

Where is thy conscience now?

LOVEL

In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

RATCLIFF

So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

LOVEL

Let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

RATCLIFF

How if it come to thee again?

LOVEL

I'll not meddle with it: it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot swear, but it cheques him; he cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it.

RATCLIFF

Hark! he stirs:

CLARENCE

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

LOVEL

You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

CLARENCE

In God's name, what art thou?

LOVEL

A man, as you are.

CLARENCE

But not, as I am, royal.

LOVEL

Nor you, as we are, loyal.

CLARENCE

How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both

To, to, to--

CLARENCE

To murder me?

Both

Ay, ay.

CLARENCE

You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

RATCLIFF

Offended us you have not, but the king.

CLARENCE

I shall be reconciled to him again.

LOVEL

Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

CLARENCE

Are you call'd forth from out a world of men

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where are the evidence that do accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart and lay no hands on me
The deed you undertake is damnable.

RATCLIFF

What we will do, we do upon command.

LOVEL

And he that hath commanded is the king.

CLARENCE

Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the tables of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder: and wilt thou, then,
Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

RATCLIFF

How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?

CLARENCE

Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake: Why, sirs,
He sends ye not to murder me for this
For in this sin he is as deep as I.

RATCLIFF

Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

CLARENCE

My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

RATCLIFF

Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

CLARENCE

Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you be hired for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

LOVEL

You are deceived, your brother Gloucester hates you.

CLARENCE

O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

RATCLIFF

Ay, so we will.

CLARENCE

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

RATCLIFF

Right, as snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself:
'Tis he that sent us hither now to slaughter thee.

CLARENCE

It cannot be; for when I parted with him,
He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

LOVEL

Why, so he doth, now he delivers thee
From this world's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

RATCLIFF

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

CLARENCE

Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

LOVEL

What shall we do?

CLARENCE

Relent, and save your souls.

RATCLIFF

Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

CLARENCE

Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
if two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

RATCLIFF

Take that, and that: if all this will not do,
FIGHT. Ratic. garottes C, then drowns him.

How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me
not?

By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou art!

Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Until the duke take order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I must away;
For this will out, and here I must not stay.

ACT II**SCENE I. London. The palace.****KING EDWARD IV**

Why, so: now have I done a good day's work:
 You peers, continue this united league:
 I every day expect an embassy
 From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
 And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
 Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.
 Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
 Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

RIVERS

By heaven, my heart is purged from grudging hate:
 And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

HASTINGS

So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

KING EDWARD IV

Take heed you dally not before your king;
 Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
 Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
 Either of you to be the other's end.

HASTINGS

So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

RIVERS

And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

KING EDWARD IV

Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,
 Nor your son Dorset, Buckingham, nor you;
 You have been factious one against the other,
 Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
 And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Here, Hastings; I will never more remember
 Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

KING EDWARD IV

Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love lord marquess.

DORSET

This interchange of love, I here protest,
 Upon my part shall be unviolable.

HASTINGS

And so swear I, my lord

KING EDWARD IV

Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
 With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
 And make me happy in your unity.

BUCKINGHAM

Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
 On you or yours,
To the Queen
 but with all duteous love
 Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me

With hate in those where I expect most love!
 When I have most need to employ a friend,
 And most assured that he is a friend
 Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
 Be he unto me! this do I beg of God,
 When I am cold in zeal to yours.

KING EDWARD IV

A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
 is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
 There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,
 To make the perfect period of this peace.

BUCKINGHAM

And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOUCESTER

GLOUCESTER

Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen:
 And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

KING EDWARD IV

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

GLOUCESTER

A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege:
 Amongst this princely heap, if any here,
 By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
 Hold me a foe;
 If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne
 By any in this presence, I desire
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

QUEEN ELIZABETH

A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:
 I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
 My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

GLOUCESTER

Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this
 To be so bouted in this royal presence?
 Who knows not that the noble duke is dead?

You do him injury to scorn his corpse.

RIVERS

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

All seeing heaven, what a world is this!

KING EDWARD IV

Is Clarence dead? the order was reversed.

GLOUCESTER

But he, poor soul, by your first order died,
 And that a winged Mercury did bear:
 Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
 That came too lag to see him buried.

God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

KING EDWARD IV

My brother slew no man; his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruel death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised
Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his own garments, and gave himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this!
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.
Oh, poor Clarence!
Dies

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Oh, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.
Enter DUCHESS OF YORK

DUCHESS OF YORK

What means this scene of rude impatience?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

To make an act of tragic violence:
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?
Why wither not the leaves the sap being gone?

DUCHESS OF YORK

Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
Which grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:

But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,
Edward and Clarence.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!

DORSET

Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd
That you take with unthankfulness, his doing:
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

RIVERS

Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

GLOUCESTER

Madam, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
Exit QUEEN ELIZABETH and DORSET
Madam, my mother, humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

DUCHESS OF YORK

God bless thee; and put meekness in thy mind,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!
Exits

GLOUCESTER

[Aside] Amen; and make me die a good old man!
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing:
I marvel why her grace did leave it out.

BUCKINGHAM

You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

GLOUCESTER

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

RIVERS

And so in me

HASTINGS

And so say I.

GLOUCESTER

Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Exeunt all but Buck and Glo

BUCKINGHAM

My lord, whoever journeys to the Prince,
For God's sake, let not us two be behind;

GLOUCESTER

My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet! My dear cousin,
I, like a child, will go by thy direction.
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables
Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.

BUCKINGHAM

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

GLOUCESTER

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

SCENE III. London. A street.*Enter two Citizens meeting***First Citizen**

Neighbour, well met: whither away so fast?

Second CitizenI promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?**First Citizen**

Ay, that the king is dead.

Second CitizenBad news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear 'twill prove a troublous world.**First Citizen**Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.**Second Citizen**

Who hath committed them?

First CitizenThe mighty dukes
Gloucester and Buckingham.**Second Citizen**

For what offence?

First CitizenThe sum of all I can, I have disclosed;
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me
*Enter another Citizen***First Citizen**

Give you good morrow, sir.

Third Citizen

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

Second Citizen

Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!

Third Citizen

Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

First Citizen

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

Third Citizen

Woe to the land that's govern'd by a child!

First CitizenSo stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.**Third Citizen**Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.**First Citizen**

Come, come, we fear the worst; all shall be well.

Third CitizenWhen clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.**Second Citizen**Truly, the souls of men are full of dread:
Ye cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of fear.**Third Citizen**Before the times of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing dangers; as by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God. whither away?**Second Citizen**

Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

Third CitizenAnd so was I: I'll bear you company.
Exeunt

ACT III**SCENE I. London. A street.**

*Enter the young PRINCE EDWARD,
GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM,
CATESBY.*

BUCKINGHAM

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

GLOUCESTER

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

PRINCE EDWARD

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

GLOUCESTER

Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :
God keep you from them, and from such false
friends!

PRINCE EDWARD

God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

GLOUCESTER

My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.
Enter the Lord Mayor and his train

Lord Mayor

God bless your grace with health and happy days!

PRINCE EDWARD

I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all.
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

PRINCE EDWARD

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

GLOUCESTER

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

PRINCE EDWARD

I do not like the Tower, of any place.
Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?

BUCKINGHAM

He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

PRINCE EDWARD

I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,--

BUCKINGHAM

What, my gracious lord?

PRINCE EDWARD

An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

GLOUCESTER

[Aside] Short summers lightly have a forward spring.
Enter young YORK and HASTINGS

BUCKINGHAM

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

PRINCE EDWARD

Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

YORK

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

PRINCE EDWARD

Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

GLOUCESTER

How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

YORK

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

GLOUCESTER

He hath, my lord.

YORK

And therefore is he idle?

GLOUCESTER

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

YORK

Then is he more beholding to you than I.

GLOUCESTER

He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

*FIGHT: York takes prop pistol from
Richard's shoulder holster.*

YORK

I pray you, uncle, give me this.

PRINCE EDWARD

A beggar, brother?

YORK

Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

GLOUCESTER

A gentle cousin, were it light enough.

YORK

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

GLOUCESTER

What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

YORK

I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

GLOUCESTER

How?

YORK

Little.

FIGHT: York levels gun at R. Buck disarms

PRINCE EDWARD

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

YORK

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

BUCKINGHAM

With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning and so young is wonderful.

GLOUCESTER

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

YORK

What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

PRINCE EDWARD

My lord protector needs will have it so.

YORK

I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

GLOUCESTER

Why, what should you fear?

YORK

Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murdered there.

PRINCE EDWARD

I fear no uncles dead.

GLOUCESTER

Nor none that live, I hope.

PRINCE EDWARD

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

BUCKINGHAM

Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby.
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way;
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

CATESBY

He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

BUCKINGHAM

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

CATESBY

He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

BUCKINGHAM

Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off sound thou Lord Hastings,
How doth he stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.

CATESBY

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

BUCKINGHAM

Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do:
Exits

CATESBY

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

HASTINGS

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

CATESBY

Ay, my good lord.

HASTINGS

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

CATESBY

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

HASTINGS

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

CATESBY

God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

HASTINGS

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

CATESBY

What, my lord?

HASTINGS

Ere a fortnight make me elder,
 I'll send some packing that yet think not on it.

CATESBY

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

HASTINGS

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

CATESBY

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

HASTINGS

I know they do; and I have well deserved it.
 What, go you toward the Tower?

CATESBY

I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay
 I shall return before your lordship thence.

HASTINGS

'Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.

CATESBY

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

HASTINGS

I'll wait upon your lordship.
Exeunt

HASTINGS

Ere a fortnight make me elder,
 I'll send some packing that yet think not on it.

SCENE III. Pomfret Castle.

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

RATCLIFF

Come, bring forth the prisoners.

RIVERS

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

GREY

God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers!

VAUGHAN

You live that shall cry woe for this after.

RATCLIFF

Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

RIVERS

O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the second here was hack'd to death;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

GREY

Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

RIVERS

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

RATCLIFF

Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.

RIVERS

Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us all embrace:
And take our leave, until we meet in heaven.

Exeunt

SCENE IV. The Tower of London.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY,
HASTINGS, the Lord Mayor of London*

HASTINGS

My lords, at once: the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation.

In God's name, speak: when is the royal day?

BUCKINGHAM

Are all things fitting for that royal time?

STANLEY

It is, and wants but nomination.

Lord Mayor

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

BUCKINGHAM

Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the royal duke?

Lord Mayor

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

BUCKINGHAM

Who, I, my lord I we know each other's faces,
But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine,
Than I of yours;

Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

HASTINGS

I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation.

I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my noble lords, may name the time;

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,

Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOUCESTER

Lord Mayor

Now in good time, here comes the duke himself.

GLOUCESTER

My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.

I have been long a sleeper; but, I hope,

My absence doth neglect no great designs,

Which by my presence might have been concluded.

BUCKINGHAM

Had not you come upon your cue, my lord

William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,--

I mean, your voice,--for crowning of the king.

GLOUCESTER

Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

HASTINGS

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

GLOUCESTER

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

HASTINGS

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

GLOUCESTER

If I thou protector of this damned strumpet--
Tellest thou me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor:
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovell and Ratcliff, look that it be done:

HASTINGS

Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

RATCLIFF

Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

HASTINGS

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hopes in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

LOVELL

Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

HASTINGS

O bloody Richard! miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head.
They smile at me that shortly shall be dead.

*FIGHT: Hastings blindfolded, against wall.
One shot from a rifle.*

Exeunt

GLOUCESTER

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

BUCKINGHAM

Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever lived.

I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots

Would you imagine, or almost believe,
 Were't not that, by great preservation,
 We live to tell it you, the subtle traitor
 This day had plotted, in the council-house
 To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?

Exit

Lord Mayor

What, had he so?

GLOUCESTER

What, think You we are Turks or infidels?
 Or that we would, against the form of law,
 Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,
 But that the extreme peril of the case,
 The peace of England and our persons' safety,
 Enforced us to this execution?

Lord Mayor

But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
 As well as I had seen and heard him speak
 And doubt you not, right noble princes both,
 But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
 With all your just proceedings in this cause.

GLOUCESTER

And to that end we wish'd your lord-ship here,
 To avoid the carping censures of the world.

BUCKINGHAM

But since you come too late of our intents,
 Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
 And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.
Exit Lord Mayor and STANLEY

GLOUCESTER

Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
 The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:
 There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,
 Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
 Tell them, when that my mother went with child
 Of that unsatiate Edward, noble York
 My princely father then had wars in France
 But touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,
 Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.

BUCKINGHAM

Fear not, my lord, I'll play the orator
 As if the golden fee for which I plead
 Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

GLOUCESTER

If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle;
 Where you shall find me well accompanied
 With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

BUCKINGHAM

I go: and towards three or four o'clock
 Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.
Exit BUCKINGHAM

GLOUCESTER

Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER

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

SCENE VII. Baynard's Castle.

Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM

GLOUCESTER

How now, my lord, what say the citizens?

BUCKINGHAM

Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum and speak not a word.

GLOUCESTER

Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

BUCKINGHAM

I did; and his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France,
His resemblance, being not like the duke;
Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse
And when mine oratory grew to an end
I bid them that did love their country's good
Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king!'

GLOUCESTER

Ah! and did they so?

BUCKINGHAM

No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,
Gazed each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;

GLOUCESTER

What tongueless blocks were they! would not they
speak?

BUCKINGHAM

No, by my troth, my lord.

GLOUCESTER

Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?

BUCKINGHAM

The mayor is here at hand: intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll build a holy descant:

And be not easily won to our request:

Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

GLOUCESTER

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

BUCKINGHAM

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

Exit GLOUCESTER

Enter the Lord Mayor and Citizens

Welcome my lord; I dance attendance here;

I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter CATESBY

How now, Catesby, what says your lord?

CATESBY

My lord,
He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to speak with him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.

BUCKINGHAM

Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, I come in perfect love to him;
And so once more return and tell his grace.

Exit CATESBY

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

Enter GLOUCESTER, with Ratcliff and

Lovel as a priest and a nun

Lord Mayor

See, where he stands between two clergymen!

BUCKINGHAM

Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ears to our request;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

GLOUCESTER

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

BUCKINGHAM

Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

GLOUCESTER

I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

BUCKINGHAM

Then know, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemished stock:

GLOUCESTER

Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
But, God be thank'd, there's no need of me,
And much I need to help you, if need were;
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

BUCKINGHAM

You say that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first he was contract to Lady Lucy--
Your mother lives a witness to that vow--
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put by a poor petitioner,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his lustful eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loathed bigamy
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners term the prince.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;

Lord Mayor

Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat you.

BUCKINGHAM

Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

CATESBY

O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

BUCKINGHAM

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

GLOUCESTER

O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.
Exit BUCKINGHAM with the Citizens

CATESBY

Call them again, my lord, and accept their suit.

GLOUCESTER

Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well, call them again. I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:

Lord Mayor

God bless your grace!

BUCKINGHAM

Then I salute you with this kingly title:
Long live Richard, England's royal king!

Lord Mayor/Citizens

Amen.

BUCKINGHAM

To-morrow will it please you to be crown'd?

GLOUCESTER

Even when you please, since you will have it so.

BUCKINGHAM

To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace:
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

GLOUCESTER

Come, let us to our holy task again.
Farewell, good cousin; farewell, gentle friends.

ACT IV**SCENE I. Before the Tower.**

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

DUCHESS OF YORK

Daughter, well met.

LADY ANNE

God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

LADY ANNE

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

Enter BRAKENBURY

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

BRAKENBURY

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

The king! why, who's that?

BRAKENBURY

I cry you mercy: I mean the lord protector.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

DUCHESS OF YORK

I am their fathers mother; I will see them.

LADY ANNE

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

BRAKENBURY

No, madam, no; I may not leave it so:
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.
Exit

Enter LORD STANLEY

LORD STANLEY

Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker on, of two fair queens.
To LADY ANNE
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

O, cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon
With this dead-killing news!

LADY ANNE

Despiteful tidings! O displeasing news!

LORD STANLEY

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

LADY ANNE

And I in all unwillingness will go.
I would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, God save the queen!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

LADY ANNE

No! why? When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,
This was my wish: 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accursed,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife--if any be so mad--
As miserable by the life of thee
As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words
And proved the subject of my own soul's curse,
Which ever since hath kept my eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,
But have been waked by his timorous dreams.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

LADY ANNE

Adieu, poor soul, that takest thy leave of it!

DUCHESS OF YORK

[To DORSET]

Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!

To LADY ANNE

Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard thee!

To QUEEN ELIZABETH

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wrecked with a week of teen.

Exeunt

SCENE II. London. The palace.

Enter KING RICHARD III, BUCKINGHAM

KING RICHARD III

Stand all apart Cousin of Buckingham!

BUCKINGHAM

My gracious sovereign?

KING RICHARD III

Give me thy hand.

Here he ascendeth his throne

Thus high, by thy advice

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated;

But shall we wear these honours for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

BUCKINGHAM

Still live they and for ever may they last!

KING RICHARD III

O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,

To try if thou be current gold indeed

Young Edward lives: think now what I would say.

BUCKINGHAM

Say on, my loving lord.

KING RICHARD III

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

BUCKINGHAM

Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.

KING RICHARD III

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

BUCKINGHAM

True, noble prince.

KING RICHARD III

O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live! 'True, noble prince!'

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What sayest thou? speak suddenly; be brief.

BUCKINGHAM

Your grace may do your pleasure.

KING RICHARD III

Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth:

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

BUCKINGHAM

Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord

Before I positively herein:

I will resolve your grace immediately.

Exit

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel:

Hath he so long held out with me untired,

And stops he now for breath?

Enter STANLEY

How now! what news with you?

STANLEY

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

Stands apart

KING RICHARD III

Catesby!

CATESBY

My lord?

KING RICHARD III

Rumour it abroad

That Anne my wife is sick and like to die:

About it; for it stands me much upon,

To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

Exit CATESBY

I must be married to my brother's daughter,

Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.

Murder her brothers, and then marry her!

Uncertain way of gain! But I am in

So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin:

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Enter TYRREL

TYRREL

James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

KING RICHARD III

Art thou, indeed?

TYRREL

Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

KING RICHARD III

Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

TYRREL

Ay, my lord;

But I had rather kill two enemies.

KING RICHARD III

Why, there thou hast it: two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers

Are they that I would have thee deal upon:

Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

TYRREL

Let me have open means to come to them,

And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

KING RICHARD III

Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel

Go, by this token: rise, and lend thine ear:

Whispers

There is no more but so: say it is done,

And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

TYRREL

'Tis done, my gracious lord.

KING RICHARD III

Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we sleep?

TYRREL

Ye shall, my Lord.

Exit

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM

BUCKINGHAM

My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

KING RICHARD III

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

BUCKINGHAM

I hear that news, my lord.

KING RICHARD III

Stanley, he is your wife's son well, look to it.

BUCKINGHAM

My lord, I claim your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford and the moveables
The which you promised I should possess.

KING RICHARD III

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

BUCKINGHAM

What says your highness to my just demand?

KING RICHARD III

As I remember, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king, perhaps, perhaps,--

BUCKINGHAM

My lord!

KING RICHARD III

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

BUCKINGHAM

My lord, your promise for the earldom,--

KING RICHARD III

A bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

BUCKINGHAM

My Lord!

KING RICHARD III

Ay, what's o'clock?

BUCKINGHAM

I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.

KING RICHARD III

Well, but what's o'clock?

BUCKINGHAM

Upon the stroke of ten.

KING RICHARD III

Well, let it strike.

BUCKINGHAM

Why let it strike?

KING RICHARD III

Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

BUCKINGHAM

Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

KING RICHARD III

Tut, tut,

Thou troublest me; am not in the vein.

Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM

BUCKINGHAM

Is it even so? rewards he my true service
With such deep contempt made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on!

Exit

SCENE III. The same.

Enter TYRREL

TYRREL

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

Enter KING RICHARD III

All hail, my sovereign liege!

KING RICHARD III

Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

TYRREL

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

KING RICHARD III

But didst thou see them dead?

TYRREL

I did, my lord.

KING RICHARD III

And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

TYRREL

The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But how or in what place I do not know.

KING RICHARD III

Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till soon.

Exit TYRREL

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

Exeunt

SCENE IV. Before the palace.*Enter QUEEN MARGARET***QUEEN MARGARET**

So, now prosperity begins to mellow
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
 Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,
 To watch the waning of mine adversaries.
 A dire induction am I witness to,
 And will to France, hoping the consequence
 Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
 Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes
 here?

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the
DUCHESS OF YORK***QUEEN ELIZABETH**

Ah, my young princes! ah, my tender babes!
 My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
 If yet your gentle souls fly in the air
 And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
 Hover about me with your airy wings
 And hear your mother's lamentation!

QUEEN MARGARET

Hover about her; say, that right for right
 Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

DUCHESS OF YORK

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

QUEEN MARGARET

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

QUEEN MARGARET

When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living ghost,
 Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life
 usurp'd,
 Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
 Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
Sitting down

Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

O, that thou wouldst as well afford a grave
 As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
 Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
 O, who hath any cause to mourn but I?
Sitting down by her

QUEEN MARGARET

If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
 Give mine the benefit of seniority,

And let my woes frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society,

Sitting down with them

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:
 I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
 I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him;
 Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
 Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard killed him;

DUCHESS OF YORK

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

QUEEN MARGARET

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

DUCHESS OF YORK

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

QUEEN MARGARET

I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;
 I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
 The presentation of but what I was;
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
 Where is thy husband now?
 Where are thy children? wherein dost thou, joy?
 Who sues to thee and cries 'God save the queen'?
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;
 From which even here I slip my weary neck,
 And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
 Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:
 These English woes will make me smile in France.

*Exit**Enter KING RICHARD III, marching, with
drums and trumpets***KING RICHARD III**

Who intercepts my expedition?

DUCHESS OF YORK

O, she that might have intercepted thee,
 By strangling thee in her accursed womb
 From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown,
 Where should be graven, if that right were right,
 The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,
 And the dire death of my two sons and brothers?
 Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

DUCHESS OF YORK

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

DUCHESS OF YORK

Art thou my son?

KING RICHARD III

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

DUCHESS OF YORK

Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
 God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

KING RICHARD III

And came I not at last to comfort you?

DUCHESS OF YORK

No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
 Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.
 A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
 Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
 What comfortable hour canst thou name,
 That ever graced me in thy company?

KING RICHARD III

You speak too bitterly.

DUCHESS OF YORK

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

KING RICHARD III

So.

DUCHESS OF YORK

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

Exit

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

KING RICHARD III

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

I have no more sons of the royal blood
 For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,
 They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
 And therefore level not to hit their lives.

KING RICHARD III

You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
 Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

And must she die for this? O, let her live,
 And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
 Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
 Throw over her the veil of infamy:
 So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
 I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

KING RICHARD III

Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

KING RICHARD III

Her life is only safest in her birth.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

And only in that safety died her brothers.

KING RICHARD III

You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

KING RICHARD III

Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
 And dangerous success of bloody wars,
 As I intend more good to you and yours,
 Than ever you or yours were by me wrong'd!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Be brief, lest that be process of thy kindness
 Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

KING RICHARD III

Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul:
 So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;
 And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

KING RICHARD III

Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And mean to make her queen of England.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

KING RICHARD III

Even he that makes her queen who should be else?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

What, thou?

KING RICHARD III

I, even I: what think you of it, madam?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

How canst thou woo her?

KING RICHARD III

That would I learn of you,
As one that are best acquainted with her humour.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

And wilt thou learn of me?

KING RICHARD III

Madam, with all my heart.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding-hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then haply she will weep:
Therefore present to her--as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,--
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement force her not to love,
Send her a story of thy noble acts;
Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; yea, and, for her sake,
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

KING RICHARD III

Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, Ill give it to your daughter.
Go, then my mother, to thy daughter go
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

KING RICHARD III

Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

KING RICHARD III

Say that the king, which may command, entreats.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

KING RICHARD III

Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

To wail the tide, as her mother doth.

KING RICHARD III

Say, I will love her everlastingly.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

KING RICHARD III

Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

But how long fairly shall her sweet lie last?

KING RICHARD III

So long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

KING RICHARD III

Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

KING RICHARD III

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

KING RICHARD III

As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceedings, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to this land and me,
To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

KING RICHARD III

Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

But thou didst kill my children.

KING RICHARD III

But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

KING RICHARD III

And be a happy mother by the deed.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

I go. Write to me very shortly.
And you shall understand from me her mind.

KING RICHARD III

Bear her my true love's kiss; and so, farewell.
Exit QUEEN ELIZABETH
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!
Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following
How now! what news?

RATCLIFF

My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolved to beat them back:
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

KING RICHARD III

Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he?

CATESBY

Here, my lord.

KING RICHARD III

Fly to the duke:
To RATCLIFF
Post thou to Salisbury
When thou comest thither--
To CATESBY
Dull, unmindful villain,
Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke?

CATESBY

First, mighty sovereign, let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

KING RICHARD III

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

CATESBY

I go.
Exit

RATCLIFF

What is't your highness' pleasure I shall do at
Salisbury?

KING RICHARD III

Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

RATCLIFF

Your highness told me I should post before.

KING RICHARD III

My mind is changed, sir, my mind is changed.
Enter STANLEY
How now, what news with you?

STANLEY

Richmond is on the seas.

KING RICHARD III

There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

STANLEY

I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

KING RICHARD III

Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess?

STANLEY

Stirr'd up by Dorset and Buckingham
He makes for England, there to claim the crown.

KING RICHARD III

Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what doth he upon the sea?

STANLEY

Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

KING RICHARD III

Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

STANLEY

No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

KING RICHARD III

Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore.
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships!

STANLEY

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

KING RICHARD III

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

STANLEY

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

KING RICHARD III

Ay, ay. thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:
I will not trust you, sir.

STANLEY

Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:
I never was nor never will be false.

KING RICHARD III

Well,
Go muster men; but, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be firm.
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

STANLEY

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

Re-enter CATESBY

CATESBY

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

KING RICHARD III

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

SCENE V. Lord Stanley's house.

Enter STANLEY and Messenger

STANLEY

Tell Richmond this from me:
That in the sty of this most bloody boar
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
Return unto thy lord; commend me to him:
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind. Farewell.
Exeunt

ACT V**SCENE I. Salisbury. An open place.**

*Enter the Ratcliff, Lovel, and
BUCKINGHAM, led to execution*

BUCKINGHAM

Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

RATCLIFF

No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

BUCKINGHAM

Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

LOVEL

It is, my lord.

BUCKINGHAM

Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day that, in King Edward's time,
I wish't might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children or his wife's allies
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him I trusted most;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determined respite of my wrongs:
That high All-Seer that I dallied with
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head;
'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with
sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

FIGHT: *Ratcliff breaks Buckingham's neck*

Exeunt

SCENE II. The camp near Tamworth.

Enter RICHMOND, DORSET, RIVERS

RICHMOND

Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his
trough
In your embowell'd bosoms.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

DORSET

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

STANLEY

I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

DORSET

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

RICHMOND

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

SCENE III.

Enter KING RICHARD III, CATESBY

KING RICHARD III

My Lord of Catesby, why look you so sad?

CATESBY

My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

KING RICHARD III

We must have knocks; ha! must we not?

CATESBY

We must both give and take, my gracious lord.

KING RICHARD III

Who hath descried the number of the foe?

CATESBY

Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

KING RICHARD III

Why, our battalion trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse party want.

CATESBY

If is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

Exit CATESBY.

Richard

sleeps.

Enter Ghosts

Ghost of Prince Edward

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

Ghost of King Henry VI

When I was mortal, my anointed body
By thee was punched full of deadly holes
Think on the Tower and me: despair, and die!
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die!

Ghost of CLARENCE

Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!--

Enter the Ghosts of RIVERS, GRAY, and VAUGHAN

Ghost of RIVERS

Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
Rivers. that died at Pomfret! despair, and die!

Ghost of GREY

Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

Ghost of VAUGHAN

Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!

Ghost of HASTINGS

Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die!

Ghosts of young Princes

Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower:
Let us be led within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!

Ghost of LADY ANNE

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!

Ghost of BUCKINGHAM

The last was I that helped thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!

The Ghosts vanish

KING RICHARD III starts out of his dream

KING RICHARD III

Give me another horse: bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, Jesu!--Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!

The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
 Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
 Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am;
 Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why:
 Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
 Alack. I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
 That I myself have done unto myself?
 O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
 For hateful deeds committed by myself!
 I am a villain: yet I lie. I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.
 I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
 And if I die, no soul shall pity me:
 Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself?
 Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
 Came to my tent; and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.
Enter RATCLIFF

RATCLIFF

My lord!

KING RICHARD III

'Zounds! who is there?

RATCLIFF

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

KING RICHARD III

O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!
 What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

RATCLIFF

No doubt, my lord.

KING RICHARD III

O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,--

RATCLIFF

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

KING RICHARD III

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

The sun will not be seen to-day;
 Why, what is that to me
 More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven
 That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Go, gentleman, every man unto his charge
 Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls:
 Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
 Devised at first to keep the strong in awe:
 Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
 March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell
 If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.
*You having lands, and blest with beauteous
 wives,
 They would restrain the one, distain the
 other.
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not these bastard Bretons
 Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
 Ravish our daughters?*

Enter a Messenger

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Messenger

My lord, he doth deny to come.

KING RICHARD III

Off with his son George's head!

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
 Advance our standards, set upon our foes
 Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
 Upon them! victory sits on our helms.
Exeunt

SCENE IV.

Enter KING RICHARD III and CATESBY

KING RICHARD III

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

CATESBY

Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

KING RICHARD III

Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
 And I will stand the hazard of the die:
 I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
 Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
 A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

*FIGHT: Richmond, one pistol shot to
 Richard. Prop guns (preferably submachine
 guns) for Stanley, Dorset, Rivers. Catesby
 captured.*

RICHMOND

God and your arms be praised, victorious friends,
 The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

STANLEY

Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
 Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty

From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

RICHMOND

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us:
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red:
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long have frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's
peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say amen!
Exeunt