

# THE TRUE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD THE THIRD

Modern spelling version

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**The True Tragedie of Richard the third**

Published anonymously 1594

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*With a lamentable ende of Sboras wife, an example  
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And lastly, the coniunction and ioyning of the two noble  
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As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties  
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LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by  
William Barley, at his shop in Newgate Market, neare  
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### Scene i

*Enter Truth and Poetry. To them the Ghost of George, Duke of Clarence.*

GHOST: ***Cresce cruor!*** *Sanguis satietur sanguine!*  
*Cresce, Quod spero citò. O citò, citò, vendicta!*  
(Exit)

(1. **Cresce, cruor!** etc. Increase, blood! Let blood  
be satiated by blood! Rise up that which I hope for,  
quickly! O quickly, quickly, revenge!)

POETRY: Truth well met.

TRUTH: Thanks, Poetry; what makes thou upon a stage?

POETRY: Shadows.

TRUTH: Then will I add bodies to the shadows. [10]  
Therefore depart and give Truth leave  
To show her pageant.

POETRY: Why, will Truth be a Player?

TRUTH: No, but Tragedia like for to present  
A tragedy in England done but late,  
That will revive the hearts of drooping minds.

POETRY: Whereof?

TRUTH: Marry thus.  
Richard Plantagenet of the House of York,  
Claiming the crown by wars, not by descent, [20]  
Had, as the chronicles make manifest,  
In the two and twentieth year of Henry the Sixth,  
By Act of Parliament entailed to him

(36. **style**: the ceremonial designation of a  
sovereign - OED 18)

The crown and titles to that dignity,  
And to his offspring lawfully begotten,  
After the decease of that forenamed King,  
Yet not contented for to stay the time,  
Made wars upon King Henry then the Sixth,  
And by outrage suppressed that virtuous King,  
And won the crown of England to himself. [30]  
But since at Wakefield, in a battle pitched,  
Outrageous Richard breathed his latest breath,  
Leaving behind three branches of that line,  
Three sons: the first was Edward, now the King,  
George of Clarence, and Richard, Gloucester's Duke.  
Then Henry, claiming after his decease  
His **style**, his crown and former dignity,  
Was quite suppressed, till this Edward the Fourth.

POETRY: But tell me Truth, of Henry what ensued?

TRUTH: Imprisoned he, in the Tower of London lies, [40]  
By strict command, from Edward, England's King,  
Since cruelly murdered by Richard, Gloucester's Duke.

POETRY: Whose Ghost was that did appear to us?

TRUTH: It was the ghost of George, the Duke of Clarence,  
Who was attainted in King Edward's reign,  
Falsely of treason to his royalty,  
Imprisoned in the Tower was most unnaturally,  
By his own brother, shame to parents' stock,  
By Gloucester's Duke drowned in a butt of wine.

POETRY: What shield was that he let fall? [50]

TRUTH: A shield containing this, in full effect,  
Blood sprinkled, springs: blood spilt, craves due revenge:  
Whereupon he writes, *Cresce cruor,*  
*Sanguis satietur sanguine. Cresce,*  
*Quod spero citō. O citō, citō, vendicta.*

POETRY: What manner of man was this Richard Duke of Gloucester?

TRUTH: A man ill shaped, crooked backed, lame armed, withal,  
Valiantly minded, but tyrannous in authority.  
So during the minority of the young Prince,  
He is made Lord Protector over the realm. [60]  
Gentles, suppose that Edward now hath reigned

Full two and twenty years, and now like to die,  
Hath summoned all his nobles to the Court,  
To swear allegiance with the Duke his brother,  
For truth unto his son, the tender Prince,  
Whose father's soul is now near flight to God,  
Leaving behind two sons of tender age,  
Five daughters to comfort the hapless Queen,  
All under the protection of the Duke of Gloucester:  
Thus gentles, excuse the length by the matter, [70]  
And here begins Truth's Pageant. Poetry,  
Wend with me. (*Exeunt.*)

### **Scene ii**

*Enter Edward IV, Lord Hastings, Lord Grey, Marquess of Dorset, and Elizabeth. To them, Richard.*

HASTINGS: Long live my sovereign, in all happiness.

MARQUESS: An honourable age with Croesus' wealth,  
Hourly attend the person of the King:

KING: And welcome, you peers of England, unto your King:

HASTINGS: For unthankfulness the heavens hath thrown thee [80]  
down.

MARQUESS: I fear for our ingratitude; our angry God doth frown.

KING: Why nobles, he that lay me here,  
Can raise me at his pleasure.  
But my dear friends and kinsmen,  
In what estate I now lie, it is seen to you all,  
And I feel myself near the dreadful stroke of death,  
And the cause that I have requested you in friendly wise  
To meet together is this:  
That where malice and envy sowing sedition in the hearts of men, [90]  
So would I have that admonished and friendly favours,  
Overcome in the heart of you Lord Marquess and Lord Hastings  
Both; for how I have governed these two and twenty years,  
I leave it to your discretions,  
The malice hath still been an enemy to you both,  
That in my life time I could never get any league of amity betwixt you.  
Yet at my death let me entreat you to embrace each other,  
That at my last departure you may send my soul  
To the joys celestial,  
For leaving behind me my young son, [100]

Your lawful King after my decease,  
May be by your wise and grave counsel so governed,  
Which no doubt may bring comfort  
To his famous realm of England.

But what saith Lord Marquess and Lord Hastings?  
What not one word? Nay then, I see it will not be,  
For they are resolute in their ambition.

ELIZ: Ah yield, Lord Hastings,  
And submit yourselves to each other.  
And you, Lord Marquess, submit your self, [110]  
See here the aged King, my father,  
How he sues for peace betwixt you both.  
Consider Lord Marquess, you are son to my mother the Queen,  
And therefore, let me entreat you to mitigate your wrath,  
And in friendly sort, embrace each other.

KING: Nay, cease thy speech Elizabeth,  
It is but folly to speak to them.  
For they are resolute in their ambitious minds.  
Therefore Elizabeth, I feel myself at the last instant of death,  
And now must die, being thus tormented in mind. [120]

HASTINGS: May it be that thou, Lord Marquess,  
That neither by entreaty of the Prince,  
Nor courteous words of Elizabeth his daughter,  
May withdraw thy ambition from me?

MARQUESS: May it be, Lord Hastings,  
Canst not perceive the mark his Grace aims at?

HASTINGS: No, I am resolute, except thou submit.

MARQUESS: If thou be resolute, give up the upshot,  
And perhaps thy head may pay for the losses.

KING: Ah Gods, sith at my death you jar, [130]  
What will you do to the young Prince after my decease?  
For shame, I say, depart from my presence, and leave me to myself;  
For these words strikes a second dying in my soul.  
Ah my Lords, I thought I could have commanded  
A greater thing than this at your hands.  
But sith I cannot, I take my leave of you both,  
And so depart and trouble me no more.

HASTINGS: With shame, and like your Majesty I submit therefore,

Craving humble pardon on my knees,  
And would rather that my body shall be a prey to mine enemy, [140]  
Rather than I will offend my Lord at the hour  
And instance of his death.

KING: Ah, thanks, Lord Hastings.

ELIZ: Ah, yield, Lord Marquess, sith Lord Hastings  
Is contented to be united.

KING: Ah yield, Lord Marquess, thou art too obstinate.

MARQUESS: My gracious Lord, I am content,  
And humbly crave your Grace's pardon on my knee,  
For my foul offence,  
And see, my Lord, my breast opened to mine adversary, [150]  
That he may take revenge, than once it shall be said,  
I will offend my gracious sovereign.

KING: Now let me see you friendly give one another your hands.

HASTINGS: With a good will and like your Grace,  
Therefore, Lord Marquess, take here my hand,  
Which once was vowed and sworn to be thy death,  
But now through entreaty of my Prince,  
I knit a league of amity forever.

MARQUESS: Well, Lord Hastings, not in show but in deed,  
Take thou here my hand, which was once vowed [160]  
To have shivered thy body in piecemeals,  
That the fowls of the air should have fed  
Their young withal,  
But now, upon allegiance to my Prince, I vow perfect love,  
And live friendship for ever.

KING: Now for confirming of it, here take your oaths.

HASTINGS: If I, Lord Hastings, falsify my league of friendship  
Vowed to Lord Marquess, I crave confusion.

MARQUESS: Like oath take I, and crave **confusion**. (168-70 confusion: ruin, destruction)

KING: Confusion. [170]  
Now my Lords, for your young King, that lieth now at Ludlow,  
Attended with Earl Rivers, Lord Grey, his two uncles,  
And the rest of the Queen's kindred,

I hope you will be unto him as you have been to me.  
His years are but young, thirteen at the most,  
Unto whose government, I commit to my brother the Protector.  
But to thee Elizabeth, my daughter,  
I leave thee in a world of trouble;  
And commend me to thy mother, to all thy sisters,  
And especially I give thee this in charge upon and at my death, [180]  
Be loyal to thy brother during his authority.  
As thyself art virtuous, let thy prayers be modest,  
Still be bountiful in devotion.  
And thus, leaving thee with a kiss, I take my last farewell,  
For I am so sleepy that I must now make an end;  
And here before you all, I commit my soul to almighty God,  
My saviour, and sweet redeemer, my body to the earth,  
My scepter and crown to the young Prince my son.  
And now nobles, draw the curtains and depart.  
He that made me, save me, [190]  
Unto whose hands I commit my spirit.

*The King dies in his bed. (Exit all)*

**Scene iii**

*Enter Shore's wife, and Hursly her maid.*

SHORE'S WIFE: O fortune, wherefore wert thou called fortune?  
But that thou art fortunate?  
Those whom thou favourest be famous,  
Meriting mere mercy,  
And fraught with mirrors of magnanimity,  
And fortune, I would thou hadst never favoured me. [200]

HURSLY: Why Mistress, if you exclaim against fortune,  
You condemn yourself,  
For who hath advancéd you but fortune?

SHORE'S WIFE: Aye, as she hath advancéd me,  
So may she throw me down.  
But Hursly, dost not hear the King is sick?

HURSLY: Yes Mistress, but never heard that every sick man  
died.

SHORE'S WIFE: Ah Hursly, my mind presageth  
Some great mishaps unto me. [210]  
For last time I saw the King, me thought  
Ghastly death approachéd in his face.

For thou knowest this, Hursly, I have been good to all,  
And still ready to prefer my friends,  
To what preferment I could.  
For what was it his Grace would deny Shore's wife?  
Of anything, yea were it half his revenues,  
I know his Grace would not see me want,  
And if his Grace should die,  
As heavens forfend it should be so, [220]  
I have left me nothing now to comfort me withal,  
And then those that are my foes will triumph at my fall.  
But if the King escape, as I hope he will,  
Then will I feather my nest,  
That blow the stormy winter never so cold,  
I will be thoroughly provided for one.  
But here comes Lodowick, servant to Lord Hastings,  
How now, Lodowick, what news?

*Enter Lodowick*

LODOWICK: Mistress Shore, my Lord would request you [230]  
To come and speak with him.

SHORE'S WIFE: I will Lodowick.  
But tell me, what news? Is the King recovered?

LODOWICK: Aye, Mistress Shore, he hath recovered  
That he long looked for.

SHORE'S WIFE: Lodowick, how long is it since  
He began to mend?

LODOWICK: Even when the greatest of his torments had left him.

SHORE'S WIFE: But are the nobles agreed to the contentment of the  
Prince? [240]

LODOWICK: The nobles and peers are agreed as the King would  
with them.

SHORE'S WIFE: Lodowick, thou revivest me.

LODOWICK: Aye, but few thought that the agreement and his life  
would have ended together.

SHORE'S WIFE: Why Lodowick, is he dead?

LODOWICK: In brief, Mistress Shore, he hath changed his life.

SHORE'S WIFE: His life! Ah me, unhappy woman,  
Now is misery at hand,  
Now will my foes triumph at this my fall. [250]  
Those whom I have done most good, will now  
forsake me.

(252. **entertained**: employed)

Ah Hursly, when I **entertained** thee first,  
I was far from change. So was I, Lodowick,  
When I restored thee thy lands.  
Ah, sweet Edward, farewell my gracious Lord and  
sovereign,  
For now shall Shore's wife be a mirror and a looking  
glass,  
To all her enemies.  
Thus shall I find Lodowick, and have cause to say,  
That all men are unconstant.

LODOWICK: Why Mistress Shore, for the loss of one friend, [260]  
Will you abandon the rest that wish you well?

SHORE'S WIFE: Ah, Lodowick, I must; for when the tree decays  
Whose fruitful branch have flourished many a year,  
Then farewell those joyful days and offspring of my heart,  
But say, Lodowick, who hath the King made Protector  
During the minority of the young Prince?

LODOWICK: He hath made his brother Duke of Gloucester Protector.

SHORE'S WIFE: Ah me, then comes my ruin and decay,  
For he could never abide me to the death,  
No, he always hated me whom his brother loved so well, [270]  
Thus must I lament and say, all the world is unconstant.

LODOWICK: But Mistress Shore, comfort yourself,  
And think well of my Lord,  
Who hath always been a helper unto you.

SHORE'S WIFE: Indeed, Lodowick, to condemn his honour I cannot,  
For he hath always been my good Lord,  
For as the world is fickle, so changeth the minds of men.

LODOWICK: Why Mistress Shore, rather than want should oppress  
You, that little land which you beg'd for me of the King,  
Shall be at your dispose. [280]

SHORE'S WIFE: Thanks, good Lodowick.

*Enter a Citizen, and Morton, a serving man.*

CITIZEN: O Master Morton, you are very welcome met,  
I hope you think on me for my money.

MORTON: I pray sir bear with me, and you shall have it,  
With thanks too.

CITIZEN: Nay, I pray sir let me have my money,  
For I have had thanks and too much more than I looked for.

MORTON: In faith, sir you shall have it,  
But you must bear with me a little, [290]  
But sir, I marvel how you can be so greedy for your money,  
When you see sir, we are so uncertain of our own.

CITIZEN: How so uncertain of mine own?  
Why, dost thou know anybody will come to rob me?

MORTON: Why no.

CITIZEN: Wilt thou come in the night and cut my throat?

MORTON: No.

CITIZEN: Wilt thou and the rest of thy companions,  
Come and set my house on fire?

MORTON: Why no, I tell thee. [300]

CITIZEN: Why how should I then be uncertain of mine own?

MORTON: Why sir, by reason the King is dead.

CITIZEN: O sir! Is the King dead?  
I hope he hath given you no quittance for my debt.

MORTON: No sir, but I pray stay a while, and you shall have it  
As soon as I can.

CITIZEN: Well I must be content, where nothing is to be had,  
The King loseth his right they say,  
But who is this?

MORTON: Marry sir, it is Mistress Shore, [310]  
To whom I am more beholden to for my service,  
Than the dearest friend that ever I had.

CITIZEN: And I for my son's pardon.

MORTON: Now Mistress Shore, how fare you?

SHORE'S WIFE: Well Morton, but not so well as thou hast known me,  
For I think I shall be driven to try my friends one day.

MORTON: God forfend, Mistress Shore,  
And happy be that sun shall shine upon thee,  
For preserving the life of my son.

SHORE'S WIFE: Gramercies, good father. [320]  
But how doth thy son? Is he well?

CITIZEN: The better that thou lives, doth he.

SHORE'S WIFE: Thanks father, I am glad of it.  
But come, Master Lodowick, shall we go?  
And you Morton, you'll bear us company?

LODOWICK: Aye Mistress Shore,  
For my Lord thinks long for our coming.

*Exit omnes*

CITIZEN: There, there, **huffer**; but by your leave,  
The King's death is a maim to her credit. [330]  
But they say there is my Lord Hastings in the Court;  
He is as good as the ace of hearts at **maw**.  
Well, even as they brew, so let them bake for me.  
But I must about the streets, to see and I can meet  
With such cold customers as they I met withal even  
now,  
Mass, if I meet with no better,  
I am like to keep a bad household of it. (*Exit*)

(329. **huffer**: a boastful, swaggering, hectoring person)

(332. **maw**: an old game of cards)

#### Scene iv

*Enter Richard, Sir William Catesby, Page of his  
chamber, and his train*

RICHARD: My friends, depart. [341]  
The hour commands your absence.  
Leave me, and every man look to his charge. (*Exit train.*)

CATESBY: Renowned and right worthy Protector,  
Whose excellency far deserves the name of King than Protector,  
Sir William Catesby wisheth my Lord,  
That your Grace may so govern the young Prince,  
That the crown of England may flourish in all happiness. (*Exit Catesby*)

RICHARD: Ah, "young Prince," and why not I? [350]  
Or who shall inherit Plantagenet's but his son?  
And who the King deceased, but the brother?  
Shall law bridle nature, or authority hinder inheritance?  
No! I say no! Principality brooks no equality,  
Much less superiority,  
And the title of a King is next under the degree of a God.  
For if he be worthy to be called valiant,  
That in his life wins honour, and by his sword wins riches,  
Why now I with renown of a soldier, which is never sold but  
By weight, nor changed but by loss of life, [360]  
I reaped not the gain but the glory, and since it becometh  
A son to maintain the honor of his deceased father,  
Why should not I hazard his dignity by my brother's sons?  
To be baser than a King I disdain,  
And to be more than Protector the law deny,  
Why my father got the crown, my brother won the crown,  
And I will wear the crown,  
Or I'll make them hop without their crowns that denies me.  
Have I removed such logs out of my sight, as my brother Clarence  
And King Henry the Sixth, to suffer a child to shadow me? [370]  
Nay more, my nephew to disinherit me?  
Yet most of all, to be released from the yoke of my brother,  
As I term it, to become subject to his son?  
No death nor hell shall not withhold me, but as I rule I will reign,  
And so reign, that the proudest enemy shall not abide  
The sharpest hour. Why, what are the babes but a puff of  
Gunpowder? A mark for the soldiers, food for fishes,  
Or lining for beds, devices enough to make them away,  
Wherein I am resolute, and determining, needs no counsel.  
Ho, whose within? [380]

*Enter Page and Percival*

PERCIVAL: May it please your Majesty.

RICHARD: Ha, villain! Majesty!

PERCIVAL: I speak but upon that which shall be, my good Lord.

RICHARD: But what's he with thee?

PAGE: A messenger with a letter from the right honourable  
The Duke of Buckingham.

*Exit Page*

RICHARD: Sirrah, give place.

Ah, how this title of Majesty animates me to my purpose. [390]  
Rise man, regard no fall; haply this letter brings good luck,  
May it be, or is it possible?

Doth fortune so much favour my happiness,  
That I no sooner devise, but she sets abroach?  
Or doth she but to try me, that raising me aloft,  
My fall may be the greater? Well laugh on, sweet change,  
Be as be may, I will never fear colours nor regard ruth,  
Valour brings fame, and fame conquers death.  
Percival.

PERCIVAL: My Lord. [400]

RICHARD: For so thy letter declares thy name,  
Thy trust to thy Lord, is a sufficient warrant  
That I utter my mind fully unto thee;  
And seeing thy Lord and I have been long foes,  
And have found now so fit opportunity to join league,  
To allay the proud enemy, tell him thus as a friend:  
I do accept of his Grace, and will be as ready to put in practice  
To the uttermost of my power, what e'er he shall be to devise.  
But whereas he hath writ that the removing of the young  
Prince from the Queen's friends might do well, [410]  
Tell him thus: it is the only way to our purpose.  
For he shall shortly come up to London to his coronation,  
At which instant, we will be both present,  
And where by the help of thy Lord, I will so play my part,  
That I'll be more than I am, and not much less than I look for,  
No, nor a hair breadth from that I am,  
Ajudge thou what it is, Percival.

PERCIVAL: God sent it, my Lord; but my Lord willed me to  
satisfy you, and to tell you by word of mouth that he hath in  
readiness a brave company of men. [420]

RICHARD: What power hath he?

PERCIVAL: A brave band of his own.

RICHARD: What number?

PERCIVAL: My Lord, to the number of five hundred footmen.  
And horsemen aiders unto him, is my Lord Chamberlain, and  
my Lord Hastings.

RICHARD: Zounds! Dares he trust the Lord Hastings?

PERCIVAL: Aye, my Lord, as his own life; he is secret I warrant you.

RICHARD: Well Percival, this matter is weighty and must not be  
slipt; therefore, return this answer to thy Lord, that tomorrow [430]  
I will meet him, for to day I cannot; for now the funeral is past  
I must set a screen before the fire for fear of suspicion. Again, I  
am now to strengthen myself by the controversy that is be-  
twixt the kindred of the King deceased, and the Queen that's  
living. The young Prince is yet in hucksters handling, and they not  
thoroughly friends; now must I so work that that water that  
drives the mill may drown it. I climb, Percival. I regard more  
the glory than the gain, for the very name of a King redouble  
a man's life with fame, when death hath done his worst. And so  
commend me to thy Lord, and take thou this for thy pains. [440]

PERCIVAL: I thank your Grace; I humbly take my leave.

*Exit Percival.*

RICHARD: Why so, now fortune make me a King;  
Fortune give me a kingdom. Let the world report  
The Duke of Gloucester was a King,  
Therefore fortune me a King:  
If I be but King for a year, nay but half a year,  
Nay a month, a week, three days, one day, or half a day,  
Nay an hour; Zounds, half an hour.  
Nay, sweet fortune, clap but the crown on my head, [450]  
That the vassals may but once say,  
God save King Richard's life, it is enough.  
Sirrah, who is there?

*Enter Page*

PAGE: My Lord.

RICHARD: What hearest thou about the Court?

PAGE: Joy, my Lord, of your Protectorship for the most part;  
Some murmur, but my Lord they be of the baser sort.

RICHARD: A mighty arm will sway the baser sort; authority doth terrify.  
But what other news hearest thou?

PAGE: This, my Lord: they say the young king is coming up  
to his coronation, attended on by his two uncles, Earl Rivers and  
Lord Grey, and the rest of the Queen's kindred. [460]

RICHARD: A parlous bone to ground upon, and a rush stifly knit,  
which if I could find a knot, I would give one half to the dogs  
and set fire on the other.

PAGE: It is reported, my Lord, but I know not whether it be  
true or no, that the Duke of Buckingham is up in the Marches  
of Wales with a band of men, and as they say, he aims at the  
crown.

RICHARD: Tush, a shadow without a substance, and a fear  
without a cause; but yet if my neighbour's house be on fire, let  
me seek to save mine own. In trust is treason; time slippeth. It is [470]  
ill jesting with edge tools, or dallying with Prince's matters.  
I'll strike whilst the iron is hot, and I'll trust never a Duke of  
Buckingham, no never a Duke in the world, further than I see  
him. And sirrah, so follow me. Exit Richard.

PAGE: I see my Lord is fully resolved to climb, but  
how he  
climbs I'll leave that to your judgements; but what  
his fall will  
be, that's hard to say. But I marvel that the Duke of  
Buckingham  
and he are now become such great friends, who had  
wont  
to love one another so well as the spider doth the fly. (483. **How this gear will cotton:** How this  
business will turn out)  
But this I  
have noted, since he hath had the charge of Protector,  
how [480]  
many noble men hath fled the realm; first the Lord  
Marquess, son  
to the Queen, the Earls of Westmoreland and

Northumberland,  
are secretly fled. **How this gear will cotten** I know  
not. But  
what do I meddling in such matters, that should  
meddle with the  
unting of my Lord's points, faith do even as a great  
many do  
beside, meddle with Princes matters so long, til they  
prove them-  
selves beggars in the end. Therefore I, for fear I  
should be taken  
napping with any words, I'll set a lock on my lips, for  
fear my  
tongue grow too wide for my mouth. [489]  
(*Exit Page*)

### Scene v

*Enter the young Prince, his brother, Duke of York, Earl Rivers,  
Lord [Thomas] Grey, Sir [Richard] Haute, Sir Thomas Vaughan.*

KING: Right loving uncles, and the rest of this company, my mother hath written, and thinks it convenient that we dismiss our train, for fear the town of Northampton is not able to receive us. And again my uncle of Gloucester may rather think we come of malice against him and his blood. Therefore my Lords, let me hear your opinions, for my words and her letters are all one. And besides, I myself give consent.

RIVERS: Then thus may it please your Grace, I will show my opinion. First note the two houses of Lancaster and York, the [500] league of friendship is yet but green betwixt them, and little cause of variance may cause it break; and thereby I think it not requisite to discharge the company because of this. The Duke of Buckingham is up in the Marches of Wales with a great power, and with him is joined the Protector, for what cause I know not. Therefore my Lords, I have spoken my mind boldly, but do as your honours shall think good.

VAUGHAN: Why my Lord Rivers, wherefore is he Protector but for the Kings safety?

RIVERS: Aye, Sir Thomas Vaughan, and therefore a traitor, because [510] he is Protector.

GREY: We have the Prince in charge, therefore we need not care.

RIVERS: We have the Prince, but they the authority.

GREY: Why take you not the Duke of Buckingham for the Kings friend?

RIVERS: Yes, and yet we may misdoubt the Duke of Gloucester as a foe.

GREY: Why then my Lord Rivers, I think it is convenient that we leave you here behind us at Northampton, for conference [520] with them; and if you hear their pretence be good towards the King, you may in God's name make return and come with them. But if not, leave them and come to us with speed. For my sister the Queen hath willed that we should dismiss our company, and the King himself hath agreed to it, therefore we must needs obey.

RIVERS: If it please your Grace, I am content, and humbly take my leave of you all. (Exit.)

KING: Farewell good uncle. Ah gods, if I do live my father's [530] years, as God forbid I may, I will so root out this malice and envy sown among the nobility, that I will make them weary that were the first beginners of these mischiefs. Grey. Worthily well-spoken of your princely Majesty, Which no doubt sheweth a king-like resolution.

VAUGHAN: A toward young Prince, and no doubt forward to all virtue, whose reign God long prosper among us.

KING: But come uncle, let us forward of our journey towards London.

RIVERS: We will attend upon your Majesty. [540]

*Exit omnes*

### **Scene vi**

*Enter an old Innkeeper, and Richard's Page.*

PAGE: Come on, mine host, what dost thou understand my tale or no?

HOST: I' faith my guest, you have amazed me already, and to hear it again, it will mad me altogether, but because I may think

upon it the better, I pray you let me hear it once more.

PAGE: Why then, thus, I serve the right honourable the Lord Protector.

HOST: I, I know that too well. [550]

PAGE: Then this is his Grace's pleasure, that this night he will be lodged in thy house, thy fare must be sumptuous, thy lodgings cleanly, his men used friendly and with great courtesy, and that he may have his lodging prepared as near Lord Rivers as possible may be.

HOST: Why sir if this be all, this is done already.

PAGE: Nay more.

HOST: Nay sir, and you love me no more, here's too much already.

PAGE: Nay, my Lord's Grace's pleasure is further, that when all thy guests have ta'en their chambers, that thou convey into my [560] Lord's hands the keys of every several chamber; and what my Lord's pleasure is further, thou shalt know in the morning.

HOST: How lock in my guests like prisoners, why do you hear my guests? Me thinks there should be little better than treason in these words you have uttered.

PAGE: Treason, villain, how darest thou have a thought of treason against my Lord? Therefore, you were best be brief, and tell me whether you will do it or no.

HOST: Alas, what shall I do? Who were I best to offend? Shall I betray that good old Earl that hath lain at my house this [570] forty years? Why and I do, he will hang me. Nay, then on the other side, if I should not do as my Lord Protector commands, he will chop off my head. But is there no remedy?

PAGE: Come sir, be brief. There is no remedy; therefore be brief and tell me straight.

HOST: Why then, sir, here's my hand. Tell my Lord Protector he shall have it; I will do as he commands me, but even against my will. God is my witness.

PAGE: Why then, farewell mine host.

HOST: Farewell, even the worst guest that ever came to my [580] house. Ah masters, masters, what a troublesome vocation am I crept into. You think we that be innkeepers get all the world, but I think I shall get a fair halter to my neck; but I must go see all things done to my great grief.

*Exit.*

**Scene vii**

*Enter the Mother Queen [Elizabeth], and her daughter [Elizabeth], and her son [Richard, Duke of York], to sanctuary.*

**Earl Rivers** speaks out of his chamber:

Ho, mine host, Chamberlain, where's my key?  
What? Penned up like a prisoner? But stay, I fear I am betrayed; [590]  
The sudden sight of Gloucester's Duke doth make me sore afraid.

I'll speak to him, and gently him salute,  
Though in my heart I envy much the man. (593. envy: hate)  
Good morrow, my Lord Protector, to your Grace,  
And Duke of Buckingham, Good morrow too,  
Thanks, noble Dukes, for our good cheer, and for your company.

*Here enter Buckingham and Gloucester, and their train.*

RICHARD: Thou wretched Earl, whose aged head imagines nought but treachery,  
Like Judas, thou admitted wast to sup with us last night, [600]  
But heavens prevented thee our ills, and left thee in this plight.  
Griev'st thou that I, the Gloucester Duke, should as Protector sway?  
And were you he was left behind, to make us both away?  
Wilt thou be ringleader to wrong, must you guide the realm?  
Nay, overboard all such mates I hurl, whilst I do guide the helm.  
I'll weed you out by one and one, I'll burn you up like chaff;  
I'll rend your stock up by the roots, that yet in triumphs laugh.

RIVERS: Alas, good Dukes, for ought I know, I never did offend,  
Except unto my Prince, unloyal I have been,  
Then show just cause, why you exclaim so rashly in this sort, [610]  
So falsely thus me to condemn, upon some false report.  
But am I here as prisoner kept, imprisoned here by you?  
Then know, I am as true to my Prince, as the proudest in thy crew.

BUCK: Ah, bravely spoken good old Earl, who though his limbs be numb,  
He hath his tongue as much at use, as though his years were young.

RICHARD: Speakest you the truth? How darst you speak, for justice to appeal?  
When as thy packing with thy Prince, thy falsehood do reveal.  
Ah Rivers, blush for shame to speak, like traitor as thou art.

RIVERS: Upbraid you me a traitor to your Grace?  
No, although a prisoner, I return defiance in thy  
face. [620]  
The chronicles I record, talk of my fidelity, and of  
my progeny,  
Where, as in a glass you maist behold thy ancestors  
and their treachery.  
The wars in France, Irish conflicts, and Scotland  
knows my trust,  
When thou hast kept thy skin unscarred, and let thine  
armor rust.  
How thou unjustly here exclaim'st,  
Yea, far from love or kin,  
Was this the oath which at our Prince's death,  
With us thou didst combine?  
But time **permits now**, to tell thee all my mind,  
For well 'tis known that but for fear, you never  
would have climbed. [630]  
Let Commons now have it in hand, the matter is  
begun,  
Of whom I fear the lesser sort, upon thy part will run.  
My Lords, I cannot breathe it out in words like to  
you, but this:  
My honor I will set to sale, let any common man  
come in,  
And say Earl Rivers' faith unto his Prince did quail,  
Then I will lose my lands and life, but if none so can  
do,  
Then thou Protector injur'st me, and thy copartner  
too;  
But since as judges here you are, and taking no  
remorse,  
Spare me not, let me have law; in justice do your  
worst.

BUCK: My Lord, lay down **a cooling card**, this  
game is gone too far. [640]

You have him fast, now cut him off, for fear of

(629. **permits now**: an apparent misprint for  
"permits not")

(640. **a cooling card**: from an unknown game;  
something that cools passion or enthusiasm.)

(646. **Pomfret Castle**: Pontefract Castle, in  
Yorkshire.)

civil war.

Injurious Earl, I hardly brook this portion thou hast given,  
Thus with my honor me to touch, but thy ruth shall begin.

RICHARD: But as thou art, I leave thee here,  
Unto the officers' custody,  
First bear him to **Pomphret Castle**,  
Charge them to keep him secretly:  
And as you hear from me so deal,  
Let it be done immediately :  
Take from our garrison one whole band, [650]  
To guard him thither safely.  
Rivers. And send'st thou me to common jail?  
Nay then, I know thy mind; (667. **straightly**: strictly)  
God bless these young and tender babes,  
That I do leave behind.  
And God above protect them day and night,  
Those are the marks thou aim'st at, to rid them from  
their right.  
Farewell, sweet England, and my countrymen,  
Earl Rivers leads the way:  
Yet would my life might rid you from this  
thrall, [660]  
But for my stock and kindred to the Queen, I greatly  
fear them all.  
And thus disloyal Duke, farewell. Whenever this is  
known,  
The shame and infamy thereof, be sure will be thine  
own. *Exit.*

RICHARD: So now my Lord of Buckingham, let us  
hoist up sail  
while the wind serves, this hot beginning must have  
a quick  
dispatch, therefore I charge and command  
**straightly**, that every  
highway be laid close, that none may be suffered to  
carry this  
news before we ourselves come, for if word come  
before us,  
then is our pretence bewraid, and all we have done to  
no effect. [670]  
If any ask the cause why they may not pass, use my  
authority,

and if he resist shoot him through. Now my Lord of  
Bucking-  
ham, let us take post horse to Stony Stratford, where  
happily I'll  
say such grace to the Prince's dinner, that I will make  
the devou-  
test of them forget what meat they eat, and yet all for  
the best I  
hope. *Exit.*

### **Scene viii**

*Enter the young Prince [King Edward V], Lord Grey,  
Sir Thomas Vaughan, Sir Richard Haute and their train.*

HAUTE: Lord Grey, you do discomfit the King by reason of  
your heaviness. [680]

GREY: Alas, Sir Richard, how can I be merry when we have  
so great a charge of his Grace? And again, this makes me to grieve  
the more, because we cannot hear from Earl Rivers, which  
makes me think the Protector and he have been at some words.

KING: Why good uncle, comfort yourself; no doubt my un-  
cle Earl Rivers is well, and is coming no doubt with my uncle  
of Gloucester to meet us. Else we should have heard to the contrary.  
If any have cause to fear, it is my self; therefore, good uncle  
comfort yourself and be not sad.

GREY: The sweet juice of such a grape would comfort a man [690]  
were he half dead, and the sweet words of such a Prince would  
make men careless of mishaps, how dangerous soever.

HAUTE: Lord Grey, we hear now by all likelihoods the Protec-  
tor not to be far; therefore, we are to entertain him and the  
Duke of Buckingham with courtesy, both for the Prince's behalf  
and for our own.

GREY: Sir Richard Haute, I shall hardly show the Protector or  
the Duke of Buckingham any merry countenance, considering  
how hardly I have been used by them both; but yet for love to  
my prince I will bridle my affection; but in good time they come. [700]  
Enter Richard [and] Duke of Buckingham, and their train.

RICHARD: Long live my Princely nephew in all happiness.

KING: Thanks, uncle of Gloucester for your courtesy, yet you

have made haste, for we looked not for you as yet.

RICHARD: Therein I show my humble duty to your Grace, whose life I wish to redouble your deceased father's days.

KING: Thanks, good uncle.

BUCK: . Long live my gracious Prince.

KING: Thanks, Buckingham; but uncle you will bear us company towards London? [710]

RICHARD: For that cause we came.

BUCK: **Gentlemen, on afore keep your rooms.**

How now, Lord

Grey, do you jostle in the presence of the King? This is more than needs.

(712. **Gentlemen on afore keep your rooms:**  
keep to your proper places till time afford the law to take place.)

GREY: . My Lord, I scarce touched you. I hope it be no offence.

RICHARD: Sir, no great offence, but inward envy will burst out. No Lord Grey, you cannot hide your malice to us of the King's blood.

KING: Why, good uncle, let me know the cause of your sudden quarrel? [720]

RICHARD: Marry thus, noble Nephew, the old wound of envy, being rubbed by Lord Grey's venomous rashness, is grown to such a venomous sore that it is incurable, without remove of dead flesh.

Buck. Lord Grey, I do so much dislike thy abuse, that were it not in presence of the Prince, I would bid thee combat; but thus, and it shall like your Grace, I arrest and attach this Lord Grey, Sir Thomas Vaughan, and Richard Haute, of high treason to your Grace. And that Lord Grey hath conveyed money out of the Tower to relieve our enemies the Scots, and now by currying favour with your Majesty, he thinks it to be hid. [730]

RICHARD: Only this I add: you govern the Prince without my authority, allowing me no more than the bare name of Protector, which I will have in the despite of you; and therefore, as your competitor Earl Rivers is already imprisoned, so shall you be,

GREY: But, whereas we are attached as traitors to his Grace, and govern him without your authority, why we have authority from the Mother Queen. And for the delivery of the money to the Scots, it was done by a general consent of you all, and that I [740] have your hands to show for my discharge. Therefore, your arrest and attachment is not lawful; and yet, as lawful as your quarrel is right.

RICHARD: Thy presumption condemns thee, Lord Grey; thy arrest is lawful. Therefore, see them speedily and secretly imprisoned: and after the coronation they shall answer it by law. Meanwhile, officers look to your charge.

KING: Ah gods, and is it justice without my consent? Am I a King and bear no authority? My loving kindred committed to prison as traitors in my presence, and **I stand to give aim at** them? Ah Edward, would thou laist by thy father's side, or else he [750] had lived till thou hadst been better able to rule. If my near kindred be committed to prison, what remains for me? A crown? Ah, but how? So beset with sorrows that the care and grief will kill me ere I shall enjoy my kingdom? Well, since I cannot command, I will entreat. Good uncle of Gloucester, for all I can say little, but for my uncle Lord Grey, what need he be a thief or convey money out of the Tower, when he hath sufficient of his own? But good uncle, let me bail them all. If not, I will bail my uncle Lord Grey, if I may.

(749. **I stand to give aim at them:** stand near butts to inform archers how near their arrows fell.)

RICHARD: Your Grace undertakes you know not what; the matters are perilous, especially against the Lord Grey. [760]

KING: What perilous matters, considering he is a friend to us?

RICHARD: He may be a friend to win favour, and so climb to promotion in respect of his equals. His equals, nay his betters.

KING: I know my uncle will conceal no treason or dangerous secrecy from us.

RICHARD: Yes, secrets that are too subtle for babes. Alas, my Lord, you are a child, and they use you as a child; but they consult and conclude of such matters, as were we not careful, would prove prejudicial to your Majesty's person. Therefore, let not your [770] Grace fear anything by our determination, for as my authority is only under your Grace, so shall my loyalty deserve hereafter the just recompense of a true subject. Therefore, I having charge from my brother your father, and our late deceased king, during the minority of your Grace, I will use my authority as I see good.

KING: Aye me, unhappy king.

GREY: Nay, let not your Grace be dismayed for our imprisonment; but I would we could warrant your Grace from harm. And so we humbly take our leaves of your Grace, hoping that ere long we shall answer by law to the shame and disgrace of you all. *Exit.* [780]

RICHARD: Go, you shall answer it by law.

KING: But come, uncle; shall we to London to our untimely coronation?

RICHARD: What else? And, please your majesty, where by the way I will appoint trusty officers about you.

BUCK: Sound trumpet in this parley. God save the King:

RICHARD: Richard.

*Enter the Mother Queen, and her young son, the Scene ix  
Duke of York, and Elizabeth.*

YORK: May it please your Grace to show to your children the cause of your heaviness that we, knowing it, may be copartners [790] of your sorrows?

QUEEN: Aye me, poor husbandless Queen, and you poor fatherless princes.

ELIZ: Good mother, expect the living, and forget the dead. What though our father be dead, yet behold his children, the image of himself.

QUEEN: Ah poor Princes, my mourning is for you and for

your brother, who is gone up to an untimely coronation.

ELIZ: Why mother he is a Prince, and in hands of our two uncles, Earl Rivers, and Lord Grey, who will no doubt be careful of his estate. [800]

QUEEN: I know they will; but kings have mortal enemies, as well as friends that esteem and regard them. Ah sweet children, when I am at rest my nightly dreams are dreadful. Methinks as I lie in my bed, I see the league broken which was sworn at the death of your kingly father. 'Tis this, my children, and many other causes of like importance, that makes your aged mother to lament as she doth.

YORK: May it please your Grace.

QUEEN: Ah my son, no more grace, for I am so sore disgraced, that without God's grace, I fall into dispair with my self, but [810] who is this?

*Enter a Messenger.*

YORK: What art thou that with thy ghastly looks presseth into sanctuary, to affright our mother Queen.

MESSENGER: Ah sweet Princes, doth my countenance bewray me? My news is doubtful and heavy.

ELIZ: Then utter it to us, that our mother may not hear it.

QUEEN: Ah yes, my friend, speak whate'er it be.

MESSENGER: Then thus may it please your Grace. The young prince coming up to his coronation, attended on by his two uncles, [820] Earl Rivers and Lord Grey, and the rest of your kindred, was by the Duke of Buckingham and the Protector met at Stony Stratford, where on a sudden grew malice between the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Grey; but in the end, the Duke of Buckingham's malice grew so great that he arrested and attached all those of your kindred of high treason; whereupon the Protector, being too rash in judgement, hath committed them all to Pomphret Castle.

QUEEN: . Where I fear he will butcher them all. But where is the Prince, my son? [830]

MESSENGER: He remains at London in the Bishop's palace, in the hands of the Protector.

QUEEN: Ah traitors, will they lay hands on their Prince, and imprison his peers, which no doubt means well towards him? But tell me, art not thou servant to the Archbishop of York? Mess. Yes, and it please your Grace, for himself is here at hand with letters from the Council; and here he comes.

*Enter Cardinal.*

QUEEN: . But here my friend, grief had almost made me forget thy reward. [840]

Ah come, my Lord, thou bringest the heavy news, come shoot thine arrow, and hit this heart that is almost dead with grief already.

CARDINAL: Whate'er my news be, have patience. The Duke of Gloster greets your Grace.

QUEEN: Draw home, my Lord, for now you hit the mark.

CARDINAL: The Prince, your son, doth greet your Grace.

QUEEN: A happy gale that blew that arrow by. Ah, let me see the letter that he sent. Perhaps it may prolong my life a while.

YORK: How doth my brother? Is he in health my Lord? [850]

CARDINAL: In health, sweet Prince, but longs to have thy company.

YORK: I am content, if my mother will let me go.

CARDINAL: Content or not, sweet Prince it must be so.

QUEEN: Hold! And have they persuaded thee my son to have thy brother too away from me? Nay, first I will know what shall become of thee, before I send my other son to them.

CARDINAL: Look on this letter and advise yourself; for thus the Council hath determined.

QUEEN: And have they chosen thee among the rest, for to [860] persuade me to this enterprise? No my Lord, and thus persuade yourself, I will not send him to be butchered.

CARDINAL: Your Grace misdoubts the worst; they send for him only to have him bedfellow to the King, and there to stay and keep him company. And if your son miscarry, then let his blood be laid unto my charge. I know their drifts and what they do pretend, for they shall both this night sleep in the Tower, and tomorrow they shall come forth to his happy coronation. Upon my honour, this is the full effect, for see the ambushed nobles are at hand to take the Prince away from you by force, if you will [870] not by fair means let him go.

QUEEN: Why my Lord, will you break sanctuary, and bring in rebels to affright us thus? No, you shall rather take away my life before you get my boy away from me.

CARDINAL: Why Madam, have you taken sanctuary?

QUEEN: Aye, my Lord, and high time too, I trow.

CARDINAL: A heavy case when Princes fly for aid, where cut-throats, rebels, and bankrupts should be. But Madam, what answer do you return? If I could persuade you, 'twere best to let him go. [880]

QUEEN: But for I see you counsel for the best, I am content that you shall have my son, in hope that you will send him safe to me. Here I deliver him into your hands.  
Farewell my boy, commend me to thy brother.

YORK: Mother farewell, and farewell sister too; I will but see my brother and return to you.

QUEEN: Tears stops my speech. Come let us in my Lord.

*Exit.*

CARDINAL: I will attend upon your Grace. Hold take the Prince, the Queen and I have done. I'll take my leave, and after you I'll come. [890]

*Exit Cardinal*

YORK: How now, my friend, shall I go to my brother?

CATESBY: What else, sweet Prince? And for that cause we are come, to bear you company. (*Exit omnes.*)

**Scene x**

*Enter four watchmen.*

*Enter Richard's Page.*

PAGE: Why thus by keeping company, am I become like unto those with whom I keep company. As my Lord hopes to wear the crown, so I hope by that means to have preferment. But instead of the crown, the blood of the headless light upon his head. He hath made but a wrong match, for blood is a threat- [900] ener and will have revenge. He makes havoc of all to bring his purpose to pass. All those of the Queen's kindred that were committed to Pomphret Castle, he hath caused them to be secretly put to death without judgement. The like was never seen in England. He spares none. Whom he but mistrusteth to be a hinderer to his proceedings, he is straight chopped up in prison. The valiant Earl of Oxford, being but mistrusted, is kept close prisoner in Hammes Castle. Again, how well Doctor Shaw hath pleased my Lord, that preached at Paul's Cross yesterday, that proved the two Princes to be bastards. Whereupon in the afternoon came [910] down my Lord Mayor and the Aldermen to Baynard's Castle, and offered my Lord the whole estate upon him, and offered to make him King, which he refused so faintly that if it had been offered once more, I know he would have taken it. The Duke of Buckingham is gone about it, and is now in the Guild Hall making his oration. But here comes my Lord.

*Enter Richard and Catesby.*

RICHARD: Catesby, content thee. I have warned the Lord Hastings to this Court, and since he is so hard to be won, 'tis better to cut him off than suffer him. He hath been all this while partaker [920] to our secrets, and if he should but by some mislike utter it, then were we all cast away.

CATESBY: Nay, my Lord do as you will; yet I have spoken what I can in my friend's cause.

RICHARD: Go to no more ado, Catesby. They say I have been a long sleeper today, but I'll be awake anon to some of their costs. But sirrah, are those men in readiness that I appointed you to get?

PAGE: Aye, my Lord, give diligent attendance upon your Grace.

RICHARD: Go to, look to it then, Catesby; get thee thy weapons ready, for I will enter the Court. [930]

CATESBY: I will, my Lord. (*Exit Richard and Catesby*)

PAGE: Doth my Lord say he hath been a long sleeper to day? There are those of the Court that are of another opinion--that thinks his Grace lieth never long enough abed. Now there is Court held today by diverse of the Council, which I fear me will cost the Lord Hastings and the Lord Stanley their best caps; for my Lord hath willed me to get half a dozen ruffians in readiness, and when he knocks with his fist upon the board, they to rush in, and to cry, "treason," "treason," and to lay hands upon the Lord Hastings, and the Lord Stanley, which for fear I should [940] let slip, I will give my diligent attendance.

*Enter Richard, Catesby, and others, pulling Lord Hastings.*

RICHARD: Come, bring him away; let this suffice. Thou and that accursed sorceress the mother Queen hath bewitched me, with assistance of that famous strumpet of my brother's, Shore's wife. My withered arm is a sufficient testimony. Deny it if thou canst; lay not Shore's wife with thee last night?

HASTINGS: That she was in my house, my Lord, I cannot deny, but not for any such matter. If . . .

RICHARD: If, villain? Feedest thou me with ifs and ands? Go fetch me [950] a Priest; make a short shrift, and dispatch him quickly. For by the blessed Saint Paul, I swear I will not dine till I see the traitor's head. Away, Sir Thomas! Suffer him not to speak. See him executed straight, and let his copartner the Lord Stanley be carried to prison also; tis not his broke head I have given him shall excuse him.

*Exit Hastings and his captors.*

Catesby, go you and see it presently proclaimed throughout the City of London by a Herald of Arms that the cause of his death, and the rest, were for conspiring by witchcraft the death [960] of me and the Duke of Buckingham, that so they might govern the King and rule the realm. I think the proclamation be almost done.

CATESBY: Aye, my good Lord, and finished too.

RICHARD: Well then, about it. But hearest thou, Catesby; meanwhile I will listen after success of the Duke of Buckingham, who is labouring all this while with the citizens of London to

make me King, which I hope shall be shortly. For thou seest our foes now are fewer, and we nearer the mark than before; and when I have it, look thou for the place of thy friend the Lord [970]

HASTINGS: Meanwhile, about thy business.

CATESBY: I thank your Grace.

*Exit Catesby.*

RICHARD: Now sirrah, to thee. There is one thing more undone, which grieves me more than all the rest; and to say the truth, it is of more importance than all the rest.

PAGE: Ah that my Lord would utter it to his page, then should I count myself a happy man, if I could ease my Lord of that great doubt.

RICHARD: I commend thy willingness, but it is too mighty and [980] reacheth the stars.

PAGE: The more weighty it is, the sooner shall I, by doing it, increase your honour's good liking toward me.

RICHARD: Be assured of that; but the matter is of weight and great importance, and doth concern the state.

PAGE: Why, my Lord, I will choke them with gifts that shall perform it. Therefore, good my Lord, trust me in this cause.

RICHARD: Indeed, thy trust I know to be so true, that I care not to utter it unto thee. Come hither -- and yet the matter is too weighty for so mean a man. [990]

PAGE: Yet good my Lord, utter it.

RICHARD: Why thus it is: I would have my two nephews, the young Prince and his brother, secretly murdered. Zounds, villain, 'tis out! Wilt thou do it? Or wilt thou betray me?

PAGE: My Lord, you shall see my forwardness herein. I am acquainted with one James Tyrell, that lodgeth hard (996-7 soon at night: tonight) by your honor's chamber. With him, my Lord, will I so work,

that **soon**  
**at night** you shall speak with him.

RICHARD: Of what reputation or calling is that Tyrell? May we trust him with that which, once known, were the utter confu- [1000] sion of me and my friends for ever?

PAGE: For his trust, my Lord, I dare be bound; only this: a poor gentleman he is, hoping for preferment by your Grace; and upon my credit, my Lord, he will see it done.

RICHARD: Well, in this be very circumspect and sure with thy diligence. Be liberal, and look for a day to make thee bless thy self, wherin thou servedst so good a Lord. And now that Shore's wife's goods be confiscate, go from me to the Bishop of London, and see that she receive her open penance. Let her be turned out of prison, but so bare as a wretch that worthily hath deserved [1010] that plague; and let there be straight proclamation made, by my Lord the Mayor, that none shall relieve her nor pity her; and privy spies set in every corner of the city, that they may take notice of them that relieves her. For as her beginning was most famous above all, so will I have her end most infamous above all. Have care now, my boy, and win thy master's heart for ever. *(Exit Richard and Page)*

**Scene xi**  
*Enter Shore's wife.*

SHORE'S WIFE: Ah, unfortunate Shore's wife,  
dishonour to the King,  
a shame to thy country, and the only blot of defame  
to all thy [1020]  
kindred. Aye, why was I made fair that a King  
should favour  
me? But my friends should have preferred discipline  
before affec-  
tion, for they know of my folly. Yea, my own  
husband knew  
of my breach of disloyalty, and yet suffered me, by  
reason he  
knew it bootless **to kick against the prick**. Ah,  
sweet King  
Edward, little didst thou think Shore's wife should  
have been so  
hardly used. Thy unnaturall brother, not content with  
my goods

(1025. **to kick against the prick**: to struggle against fate.)

which are yet confiscate in his custody, but yet more  
to add to  
my present misery, hath proclaimed upon great  
penalty, that  
none whatsoever, shall either aid or succour me, but  
here being [1030]  
comfortless to die in the streets with hunger. I am  
constrained  
to beg, but I fear tis in vain, for none will pity me.  
Yet  
here come one to whom I have done good, in  
restoring his lands  
that were lost; now will I try him to see if he will  
give me any  
thing.

*Enter Lodowick.*

LODOWICK: Ah time, how thou suffrest fortune to alter estates, and  
changest the minds of the good for the worst. How many headless  
peers sleep in their graves, whose places are furnish with their  
inferiors? Such as are neither nobly born, nor virtuously minded. [1040]  
My heart hardly bewails the loss of the young King by  
the outrage of the Protector, who hath proclaimed himself  
King, by the name of Richard the Third. The Commons mur-  
mur at it greatly, that the young King and his brother should  
be imprisoned, but to what end tis hard to say; but many thinks  
they shall never come forth again. But God do all for the best,  
and that the right heirs may not be utterly overthrown.

SHORE'S WIFE: Ah Gods, what a grief is it for me to ask, where I have  
given.

LODOWICK: Ah, my good Lord Hastings, how innocently thou didst [1050]  
the heavens bear witness.

SHORE'S WIFE: Good sir, take pity upon me, and relieve  
me.

LODOWICK: Indeed, 'tis pity to see so fair a face to ask for alms.  
But tell me, hast thou no friends?

SHORE'S WIFE: Yes sir, I had many friends, but when my chiefest friend  
of all died, the rest then forsook me.

LODOWICK: Belike then thy fact was notorious, that thy friends leav-

ing thee would let thee go as a spoil for villains. But hear'st thou, I prithee tell me the truth, and as I am a gentleman, I will [1060] pity thee.

SHORE'S WIFE: Ah Lodowick, tell thee the truth, why have this entreatie served thee, when thy lands had been clean gone had it not been for Shore's wife? And dost thou make me so long to beg for a little?

LODOWICK: Indeed, my lands I had restored me by Mistress Shore, but may this be she?

SHORE'S WIFE: Aye, Lodowick, I am she that begged thy lands of King Edward the Fourth. Therefore, I pray thee bestow something on me. [1070]

LODOWICK: Ah Gods, what is this world, and how uncertain are riches? Is this she that was in such credit with the King? Nay more, that could command a King indeed? I cannot deny but my lands she restored me, but shall I by relieving of her hurt myself? No, for straight proclamation is made that none shall succour her. Therefore, for fear I should be seen talk with her, I will shun her company and get me to my chamber, and there set down in heroical verse, the shameful end of a King's concubine, which is no doubt as wonderful as the defoliation of a kingdom.

*Exit Lodowick* [1080]

SHORE'S WIFE: Ah Lodowick, if thou wilt give me nothing, yet stay and talk with me. Ah no, he shuns my company. All my friends now forsake me. In prosperity I had many, but in adversity none. Ah Gods, have I this for my good I have done, for when I was in my chiefest pomp, I thought that day well spent wherein I might pleasure my friend by suits to the King; for if I had spoken, he would not have said nay. For though he was King, yet Shore's wife swayed the sword. I where need was; there was I bountiful, and mindful I was still upon the poor to relieve them; and now none will know me nor succour me. Therefore, [1090] here shall I die for want of sustenance. Yet here comes another whom I have done good unto in saving the life of his son. Well, I will try him, to see if he will give me anything.

*Enter a Citizen and another.*

CITIZEN: No men, no laws, no Princes, no orders; all's hushed, neighbour, now he's King. But before he was King, how was the Thames

thwacked with ruffians? What frays had we in the streets? Now he hath proclaimed peace between Scotland and England for six years, to what end I know not; usurpers had need to be wise. [1100]

SHORE'S WIFE: Ah good sir, relieve me, and bestow something upon me.

CITIZEN: Ah neighbour, hedges have eyes, and highways have ears, but who is a beggar-woman? The streets are full of them, i' faith. But here's thou, hast thou no friends that thou goest a begging so?

SHORE'S WIFE: Yes sir, I had friends, but they are all dead as you are.

CITIZEN: Why am I dead, neighbour? Why, thou arrant quean, what meanst thou by that?

SHORE'S WIFE: I mean they are dead in charity. But I pray, sir, had [1110] not you the life of your son saved in the time of King Edward the Fourth by one Shore's wife?

CITIZEN: Yes, marry had I; but art thou a sprig of the same bough? I promise you, neighbor, I thought so, that so idle a houswife could not be without the acquaintance of so noble a strumpet. Well, for her sake I'll give thee somewhat.

SHORE'S WIFE: Nay, then know that I am she that saved the life of thy condemned son.

CITIZEN: Who art thou? Shore's wife? Lie still purse. Neighbour, I would not for twenty pounds have given her one farthing, the [1120] proclamation is so hard by King Richard. Why minion, are you she that was the dishonour to the King? The shame to her husband? The discredit to the City? Hear you, lay your fingers to work, and get thereby somewhat to maintain you. O neighbour, I grow very choleric. (*To Shore*) And thou didst save the life of my son. Why if thou hadst not, another would; and for my part, I would he had been hanged seven years ago. It had saved me a great deal of money then. But come, let us go in and let the quean alone. (*Exit Citizen*)

SHORE'S WIFE: Alas, thus am I become an open shame to the world; [1130] here shall I die in the streets for want of sustenance. Alas, is my fact so heinous that none will pity me? Yet here come another to whom I have done good, who is least able to pleasure

me; yet I will try him, to see if he will give me any thing.

*Enter Morton, a serving man.*

MORTON: Now sir, who but King Richard bears sway, and hath proclaimed John, Earl of Lincoln, heir apparent to the crown. The young Princes, they are in the Tower, nay some says more, they are murdered. But this makes me to muse: the Duke of Buckingham and the King is at such variance, that did all in all [1140] to help him to the crown. But the Duke of Buckingham is rid down to Brecknock Castle in Wales, and there he means to raise up a power to pull down the usurper. But let them agree as they will, for the next fair wind I'll over seas.

SHORE'S WIFE: Ah Shore's wife, so near driven, to beg of a servingman. Aye, necessity hath no law, I must needs. Good sir, relieve me, and give me something.

MORTON: Why, what art thou?

SHORE'S WIFE: In brief, Morton, I am Shore's wife, that have done good to all. [1150]

MORTON: A fool, and ever thy own enemy. In truth, Mistress Shore, my store is but small, yet as it is, we'll part stakes; but soft, I cannot do what I would; I am watched.

*Enter Page.*

SHORE'S WIFE: Good Morton, relieve me.

MORTON: What? Should I relieve my King's enemy?

SHORE'S WIFE: Why, thou promised thou wouldest.

MORTON: I tell thee I will not, and so be answered. Sownes I would with all my heart, but for yonder villain. A plague on him.

*Exit Morton [1160]*

PAGE: An honest fellow I warrant him. How now, Shore's wife, will none relieve thee?

SHORE'S WIFE: No, none will relieve her, that hath been good to all.

PAGE: Why 'twere pity to do thee good, but me thinks she

is fulsome and stinks.

SHORE'S WIFE: If I be fulsome, shun my company, for none but thy Lord sought my misery and he hath undone me.

PAGE: Why hath he undone thee? Nay, thy wicked and naughty life hath undone thee; but if thou wantest maintenance, why dost thou not fall to thy old trade again? [1170]

SHORE'S WIFE: Nay, villain, I have done open penance, and am sorry for my sins that are past.

PAGE: Zounds! Is Shore's wife become an holy whore?  
Nay then, we shall never have done.

SHORE'S WIFE: Why hang thee, if thy faults were so written in thy forehead as mine is, it would be as wrong with thee. But I pri-thee leave me, and get thee from me.

PAGE: And cannot you keep the City, but you must run gadding to the Court? And you stay here a little longer, I'll make you be set away; and for my part, would all whores were so 1180 served, then there would be fewer in England than there be.  
And so farewell, good Mistress Shore: *(Exit Page)*

SHORE'S WIFE: And all such usurping kings, as thy Lord is, may come to a shameful end, which no doubt I may live yet to see.  
Therefore, sweet God, forgive all my foul offence.  
And though I have done wickedly in this world,  
Into hell fire, let not my soul be hurled. [1188]

*Exit Shore's Wife*

### Scene xii

Enter Master Tyrell, and Sir Robert Brakenbury. [1190]

BRAKENBURY: Master Tyrell, the King hath written, that for one night I should deliver you the keys, and put you in full possession. But good Master Tyrell, may I be so bold to demand a question without offence?

TYRELL: Else God forbid, say on what e'er it be.

BRAKENBURY: Then this, Master Tyrell, for your coming I partly knowv the cause, for the King oftentimes hath sent to me to have them both dispatched. But because I was servant to their father,

being Edvard the Fourth, my heart would never give me to do the deed. [1200]

TYRELL: Why Sir Robert, you are beside the matter. What need you use such speeches? What matters are between the King and me, I pray you leave it, and deliver me the keys.

BRAKENBURY: Ah, here with tears I deliver you the keys, and so farewell Master Tyrell.

*Exit Brakenbury. Enter Forest.*

TYRELL: Alas, good Sir Robert, he is kind-hearted, but it must not prevail; what I have promised the King I must perform. But ho, Myles Forest.

FOREST: Here Sir. [1210]

TYRELL: Myles Forest, have you got those men I spake of? They must be resolute and pitiless.

FOREST: I warrant you, Sir, they are such pitiless villains that all London cannot match them for their villainy. One of their names is Will Sluter, yet the most part calls him Black Will; the other is Jack Denton -- two murderous villains that are resolute.

TYRELL: I prithee call them in that I may see them, and speak with them. (*Enter Will and Jack*)

FOREST: Ho, Will and Jack: [1220]

WILL: Here Sir, we are at hand.

FOREST: These be they that I told you of.

TYRELL: Come hither, sirs. To make a long discourse were but a folly; you seem to be resolute in this cause that Myles Forest hath delivered to you. Therefore, you must cast away pity, and not so much as think upon favour, for the more stern that you are, the more shall you please the King.

WILL: Zounds Sir, ne'er talk to us of favour; tis not the first that Jack and I have gone about.

TYRELL: Well said, but the King's pleasure is this, that he will have [1230]

no blood shed in the deed doing. Therefore, let me hear your advises?

FOREST: Why then, I think this, Master Tyrell, that as they sit at supper there should be two **dags** ready charged, and so suddenly to shoot them both through.

(1234. **dags**: heavy pistols or handguns)

TYRELL: No, I like not that so well. What sayest thou Will? What is thy opinion?

WILL: Tush, here's more ado than needs; I pray bring me where they are, and I'll take them by the heels and beat their brains against the walls. [1240]

TYRELL: Nay, that I like not, for 'tis too tyrannous.

DENT: Then hear me, Master Tyrell, let Will take one, and I'll take another, and by the life of Jack Denton we'll cut both their throats.

TYRELL: Nay, sirs, then hear me. I will have it done in this order; when they be both abed and at rest, Myles Forest, thou shalt bring them up both, and between two feather beds smother them both.

FOREST: Why this is very good, but stand aside, for here comes the Princes. I'll bring you word when the deed is done. [1250]

*Exit Tyrell.*

*Enter the Princes [King Edward and Richard, Duke of York]*

YORK: How fares my noble Lord and loving brother?

KING: Ah, worthy brother, Richard, Duke of York, my cause of sorrow is not for my self, but this is it that adds my sorrow more -- to see our uncle whom our father left as our Protector in minority, should so digress from duty, love and zeal, so unkindly thus to keep us up prisoners, and know no sufficient cause for it.

YORK: Why brother, comfort yourself, for though he detain [1260] us a while, he will not keep us long; but at last he will send us to our loving mother again, whither if it please God to send us, I doubt not but our mother would keep us so safe, that all the Prelates in the world should not deprive her of us again. So

much I assure myself of. But here comes Myles Forest. I prithee, Myles, tell my kingly brother some merry story to pass away the time, for thou seest he is melancholy.

KING: No Myles, tell me no merry story, but answer me to one question. What was he that walked with thee in the garden? Me thought he had the keys. [1270]

FOREST: My Lord, it was one that was appointed by the King to be an aide to Sir **Thomas Brakenbury**.

(1272. **Thomas Brakenbury**: an error for Robert Brakenbury)

KING: Did the King? Why Myles Forest, am not I King?

FOREST: I would have said, my Lord, your uncle the Protector.

KING: Nay, my kingly uncle I know he is now; but let him enjoy both crown and kingdom, so my brother and I may but enjoy our lives and liberty. But tell me, is Sir Robert Brakenbury clean discharged?

FOREST: No my Lord, he hath but charge for a night or two.

KING: Nay then, new officers, new laws; would we had kept [1280] the old still. But who are they whose ghastly looks doth present a dying fear to my living body? I prithee, tell me Myles what are they?

FOREST: One, my Lord, is called Jack Denton; the other is called Will Slawter. But why starts your Grace?

KING: Slawter? I pray God he come not to slaughter my brother and me, for from murder and slaughter, good Lord deliver us. But tell me, Myles, is our lodging prepared?

FOREST: Aye my Lord, if it please your brother and you to walk up.

KING: Then come brother, we will go to bed. [1290]

FOREST: I will attend upon your Grace.

YORK: Come Myles Forest, bear us company.

FOREST: [to Will and Denton] Sirs, stay you two here, and when they are asleep I'll call you up. *Exit Forest*

DENTON: I promise thee, Will, it grieves me to see what moan these young Princes make. I had rather than forty pounds I had ne'er ta'en it in hand. 'Tis a dangerous matter to kill innocent princes; I like it not.

WILL: Why you base slave, are you faint-hearted? A little thing would make me strike thee, I promise thee. [1300]

DENTON: Nay, go forward, for now I am resolute. But come, let's to it.

WILL: I prithee, stay; he'll call us up anon. But sirrah Jack, didst thou mark how the King started when he heard my name? What will he do when he feels me? (*Enter Forest*)

FOREST: But ho, sirs, come softly, for now they are at rest.

WILL: Come, we are ready. By the mass, they are asleep indeed.

FOREST: I hear they sleep. And sleep, sweet Princes, never wake no more, for you have seen the last light in this world. [1310]

DENTON: Come, press them down; it boots not to cry again. Jack, upon them so lustily. But Master Forest, now they are dead, what shall we do with them?

FOREST: Why, go and bury them at the heap of stones at the stair foot, while I go and tell Master Tyrell that the deed is done.

WILL: Well, we Will: Farewell Master Forest.

*Exit Will and Denton. Enter Tyrell.*

TYRELL: How now, Myles Forest, is this deed dispatched?

FOREST: Aye Sir, a bloody deed we have performed. [1320]

TYRELL: But tell me, what hast thou done with them?

FOREST: I have conveyed them to the stairs' foot among a heap of stones, and anon I'll carry them where they shall be no more found again, nor all the chronicles shall ne'er make mention what shall become of them. Yet good Master Tyrell, tell the King my name, that he may but reward me with a kingly thanks.

TYRELL: I will go certify the King with speed that Myles Forest, Will Slawter, and Jack Denton -- they three have done the deed. And so farewell.

*Exeunt omnes.* [1330]

**Scene xiii**

*Enter Banister and the Duke of Buckingham with his dagger drawn.*

BANISTER: Ah good my Lord, save my life.

BUCKINGHAM: Ah villain, how canst thou ask for mercy, when thou hast so unjustly betrayed me?

BANISTER: I desire your Grace but give me leave to speak.

BUCKINGHAM: Aye, speak thy last, villain, that those that hear it may see how unjustly thou hast betrayed me.

BANISTER: Then thus, my Lord. First, the proclamation was death to him that harboured your Grace. [1340]

BUCKINGHAM: Ah villain, and a thousand crowns to him that could betray me.

BANISTER: Ah my Lord, my obeisance to my Prince is more.

BUCKINGHAM: Ah villain, thou betrayedst me for lucre, and not for duty to thy Prince. Why Banister, a good servant thinks his life well spent, that spends it in the quarrel of his Master. But villain, make thyself ready, and here receive thy death.

*Enter a Herald.*

HERALD: Henry, Duke of Buckingham, I arrest thee in King Richard's name as a traitor. [1350]

BUCKINGHAM: . Well, Herald, I will obey thy 'rest. But am I arrested in King Richard's name, usurping Richard? That insatiate blood sucker? That traitor to God and man? Ah Richard, did I in Guild-Hall plead the orator for thee, and held thee in all thy sly and wicked practices, and for my reward dost thou allot me death? Ah Buckingham, thou playedst thy part and made him King, and put the lawful heirs besides. Why then is Buckingham guilty

now of his death? Yet had not the Bishop of Ely fled, I had escaped.

*Enters six others, to rescue the Duke [1360]*

ALL: Come, the Duke of Buckingham shall not die.  
We will take him away by force.

HERALD: Why villains, will you be traitors to your Prince?

BUCKINGHAM:Nay, good my friends, give me leave to speak,  
And let me entreat you to lay your weapons by.  
Then know this, countrymen; the cause I am arrested this,  
Is for bringing in your lawful King,  
Which is Henry Earl of Richmond, now in Brittany;  
And means ere long to land at Milford Haven in Wales, [1370]  
Where I do know he shall have aid of the chiefest of the Welsh.  
He is your lawful King, and this a wrongful usurper.  
When you shall hear of him landed in that place,  
Then take up weapons and amaine to him;  
He is the man must reave you of this yoke,  
And send the usurper headless to his home.  
And poor Buckingham prays upon his knees,  
To bless good Richmond in his enterprise;  
And when the conquest shall be given to him,  
Grant he may match with Lady Elizabeth, [1380]  
As promise hath to fore by him been past.

**While then**, my friends, leave me along to death,  
(1382. **While then: till then**)

And let me take this punishment in peace.  
Ah Buckingham, was not thy meaning good  
In displacing the usurper, to raise a lawfull king?  
Ah Buckingham, it was too late.  
The lawful heirs were smothered in the Tower.  
Sweet Edward and thy brother,  
I ne'er slept quiet thinking of your deaths.  
But vaunt Buckingham, thou was altogether innocent of their deaths. [1390]  
But thou, villain, whom of a child I nursed thee up,  
And hast so unjustly betrayed thy Lord,  
Let the curse of Buckingham ne'er depart from thee.  
Let vengeance, mischiefs, tortures, light on thee and thine.  
And after death thou maist more torture feel,  
Than when **Exeon** turns the restless wheel.  
And ban thy soul where e'er thou seem to rest.

(1396. **Exeon: Ixion. In Greek legend, a treacherous king  
who was condemned by Zeus to be bound to a wheel of fire**

that revolved throughout eternity. Cf. *King Lear* IV, vii, 47.)  
But come, my my friends, let me away.

HERALD: My Lord, we are sorry. But come, lay hands on  
Banister.

*Exeunt.* [1400]

#### Scene xiv

*Enter King Richard, Sir William Catesby, and others.*

KING: The goal is got, and golden crown is won,  
And well deservest thou to wear the same,  
That ventured hast thy body and thy soul;  
But what boots Richard, now the diadem  
Or kingdom got, by murder of his friends?  
My fearful shadow that still followed me,  
Hath summoned me before the severe judge;  
My conscience, witness of the blood I spilt,  
Accuseth me as guilty of the fact; [1410]  
The fact a damnéd judgement craves,  
Whereas impartial justice hath condemned.  
Methinks the crown which I before did wear,  
Enchased with pearl and costly diamonds,  
Is turned now into a fatal wreath  
Of fiery flames, and ever burning stars;  
And raging fiends hath passed their ugly shapes,  
In **student** lakes, **addressed** to tend on me.

(1418a. **student**: perhaps Stygian, pertaining to the River Styx; infernal, gloomy.  
Cf. *Troilus and Cressida* III, ii, 8.)

(1418b. **addressed**: poised to act, prepared to.)

If it be thus, what wilt thou do in this extremity?  
Nay, what canst thou do to purge thee of thy guilt? [1420]  
Even repent, crave mercy for thy damnéd fact?  
Appeal for mercy to thy righteous God?  
Ha, repent? Not I; crave mercy they that list.  
My God is none of mine. Then Richard be thus resolv'd,  
**To pace** thy soul in vallence with their blood,  
(1425. **To pace** . . . blood: to measure thy soul in valiance (bravery) with their blood.)  
Soul for soul, and body for body, yea marry, Richard,  
That's good. Catesby!

CATESBY: You called my Lord, I think?

KING: It may be so. But what think'st thou Catesby?

CATESBY: Of what my Lord? [1430]

KING: Why, of all these troubles.

CATESBY: Why, my Lord, I hope to see them happily overcom'd.

KING: How villain, dost thou hope to see me happily overcom'd?

CATESBY: Who you, my Lord?

KING: Aye villain, thou points at me. Thou hopest to see me overcom'd.

CATESBY: No, my good Lord; your enemies, or else not.

KING: Ha, ha, good Catesby; but what hearest thou of the Duke of Buckingham?

CATESBY: Why he is dead, my Lord; he was executed at Salisbury yesterday.

KING: Why tis impossible, his friends hopes that he shall outlive me, to be my head.

CATESBY: Outlive you, Lord; that's strange. [1440]

KING: No Catesby, if a do, it must be in **fames**,

(1441. **fames**: perhaps "flames".)

And since they hope he shall outlive me, to be my head,  
He hops without his head, and rests among his fellow rebels.

CATESBY: Marry, no force, my Lord.

(1444 **Marry, no force**: no matter)

KING: But Catesby, what hearest thou of Henry Earl of Richmond ?

CATESBY: Not a word, my Lord.

KING: No? Hearest thou not he lives in Brittany,  
In favour with the Duke?

Nay more, Lady Margaret his mother conspires against us,  
And persuades him that he is lineally descended from Henry [1450]  
The Fourth, and that he hath right to the crown.  
Therefore, tell me what thinkst thou of the Earl?

CATESBY: My Lord, I think of the Earl as he doth deserve,  
A most famous gentleman.

KING: Villain, dost thou praise my foe, and commend him to my face?

CATESBY: Nay my Lord. I wish he were as good a friend as he is a foe, else the due deserts of a traitor.

KING: What's that?

CATESBY: Why my Lord, to lose his head. [1460]

KING: Yea, marry, I would 'twere off quickly, then.  
But more to the strengthening of his title,  
She goes about to marry him to the Queen's eldest daughter,  
Lady Elizabeth.

CATESBY: Indeed, my Lord, that I heard was concluded,  
By all the nobility of Brittany.

KING: Why then, there it goes,  
The great devil of hell go with all.  
A marriage begun in mischief, shall end in blood.  
I think that accursed sorceress, the mother Queen, [1470]  
Doth nothing but bewitch me, and hatcheth conspiracies,  
And brings out perilous birds to wound  
Their country's weal.  
The Earl is up in arms,  
And with him many of the nobility.  
He hath aid in France;  
He is rescued in Brittany,  
And meaneth shortly to arrive in England.  
But all this spites me not so much,  
As his escape from Landois, the Duke's Treasurer, [1480]  
Who, if he had been prickt forth for revenge,  
He had ended all by apprehending of our foe,  
But now he is in disgrace with the Duke,  
And we farther off our purpose than to fore;  
But the Earl hath not so many biting dogs abroad,  
As we have sleeping curs at home here,  
Ready for rescue.

CATESBY: But my Lord, I marvel how he should get aid there,  
Considering he is no friend to Brittany.

KING: Aye, so maist marvel how the Duke of Brittany, [1490]  
Durst wake such a foe as England against him;  
But evil fare makes open war.

But who come there, Catseyb?  
Ha, one of our spurs to revenge:  
The **Lord Stanley**, father-in-law to Lady Margaret,  
(1495. **Lord Stanley**, father in law to Lady Margaret:  
Thomas Stanley was actually Margaret's second husband,  
and stepfather to Henry Tudor.)  
His coming is to us, Catesby,  
Wert not that his life might serve,  
For apprehension against our foe,  
He should have neither judge nor jury,  
But guilty death without any more ado. [1500]  
Now, Lord Stanley, what news?  
Have you received any letters of your late embassage into  
Brittany? What answer have you received of your letters?

*Enter Lord Stanley, and his son George.*

STANLEY: Why my Lord, for that I sent, I have received.

KING: And how doth your son then, is he in health?

STANLEY: For his health my Lord, I do not mistrust.

KING: Faith tell us, when means he to arrive in England?  
And how many of our nobility is with him? [1510]  
And what power is with him ?

STANLEY: And please your Grace,  
His power is unknown to me,  
Nor willingly would not I be privy to such causes.

KING: Oh good words, Lord Stanley, but give  
me leave to glean out of your golden field of eloquence, how  
brave you plead ignorance, as though you knew not of your  
sons departure into Brittany out of England.

STANLEY: Not I, my Lord.

KING: Why, is not his mother thy wife, and dares he pass over [1520]  
without the blessing of his mother, whose husband thou art?

STANLEY: I desire your majesty but give me leave to speak.

KING: Yea, speak Stanley, no doubt some fine coloured tale.

STANLEY: And like your Grace, whereas you mistrust that I knew  
of my son's departure out of England into Brittany. God I

take to record it was unknown to me, nor know not yet what his pretence is. For at his departure, was I one of the Privy Council to your brother King Edward the Fourth, and that she was able to relieve him without my help. I hope her sufficiency is known to your Grace. Therefore, I humbly crave pardon. [1530]

KING: Well Stanley, I fear it will be proved to the contrary -- that thou didst furnish him both with money and munition, which if it be, then look for no favour at my hands, but the due deserts of a traitor; but let this pass. What's your repair to our presence?

STANLEY: Only this, my Lord, that I may repair from the Court, to my house in the country.

KING: Aye, Sir, that you might be in Cheshire and Lancashire; then should your posts pass invisible into Brittany, and you to depart the realm at your pleasure, or else I to suffer an intol- [1540] lerable foe under me, which I will not. But Stanley, to be brief, thou shalt not go. But soft, Richard, but that it were better to be alone than to have noisome company, he shall go, leaving for his loyalty a sufficient pledge. Come hither, Stanley; thou shalt go, leaving me here thy son and heir George Stanley for a pledge, that he may perish for thy fault if need should be. If thou likest this, go. If not, answer me briefly, and say quickly no.

STANLEY: I am to advise myself upon a secret cause, and of a matter that concerns me near. Say that I leave my son unto [1550] the King, and that I should but aid Earl Richmond, my son George Stanley dies; but if my faith be kept unto my Prince, George Stanley lives. Well, I will accept the King's proffer. And please your Grace, I am content, and will leave my son to pledge.

KING: Here, come hither, and with thee take this lesson. Thou art set free for our defence, Thou shalt upon thy pledge make this promise, Not only to stay the hindrance of the Earl, But to prevent his purpose with thy power. [1560] Thou shalt not seek by any means to aid or rescue him. This done, of my life thy son doth live. But otherwise, thy son dies and thou too, if I catch thee; And it shall go hard, but I will catch thee.

STANLEY: And you shall go apace, and yet go without me.

But I humbly take my leave of your Grace. Farewell George.

KING: How now, what do you give him letters?

STANLEY: No my Lord, I have done;  
The second sight is sweet, of such a son.

*(Exit Stanley)* [1570]

KING: Carry George Stanley to prison.

GEORGE: Alas my Lord, shall I go to prison?

KING: Shall you go to prison, what a question's that?  
So pricked the lamb, and wound the dam.  
How likest thou this, Catesby?

CATESBY: Oh my Lord, so excellent that you have imprisoned his  
son.

KING: Nay, now will we look to the rest,  
But I sent the Lord Lovell to the mother Queen,  
Concerning my suit to her daughter Elizabeth, [1580]  
But see, in good time here he is.  
How now, Lovell, what news?  
What saith the mother Queen to my suit?

*Enter Lovell.*

LOVELL: My Lord, very strange she was at the first,  
But when I had told her the cause, she gave consent,  
Desiring your majesty to make the nobility privy to it.

KING: God have mercy, Lovell, but what said Lady Elizabeth?

LOVELL: Why my Lord, strange, as women will be at the first;  
But through entreaty of her mother, she quickly gave consent. [1590]  
And the Queen willed me to tell your Grace that she means to  
leave Sanctuary, and to come to the Court with all her daughters.

KING: Aye, marry, Lovell, let not that opportunity slip. Look  
to it Catesby. Be careful for it, Lovell, for thereby hangs such  
a chance, that may enrich us and our heirs for ever. But Sirs, heard  
ye nothing of the Scottish nobles that met at Nottingham, to  
confer about the marriage of my niece?

CATESBY: Not a word my Lord.

*Enter Messenger.*

KING: God's wounds, who is that? Search the villain. Has he [1600] any dags about him?

MESSENGER: No, my Lord, I have none.

KING: From whence comes thou?

MESSENGER: From the peers at Nottingham and Scotland and they greet your Majesty.

LOVELL: Sirrah, is the marriage concluded between the Scottish Earl and the fair Lady Rosa?

CATESBY: Prithee, tell us. Is it concluded?

PAGE: How says thou, is it concluded?

KING: Nay, will you give me leave to tell you that? Why, you [1610] villains, will you know the secrets of my letter by interrupting messengers that are sent to me? Away, I say, begone; it is time to look about. Away, I say. What? Here yet, villains?

MESSENGER: My Lord, I have somewhat to say besides.

KING: Then speak it. What hast thou to say?

MESSENGER: This my Lord: when the peers of England and Scotland met at Nottingham together, to confer about the marriage of your niece, it was straight determined that she should be married with the Scottish Earl. And further, my Lord, the Council commanded me to deliver unto your Grace the treasons of Captain Blunt, who had the Earl of Oxford in charge in Hammes Castle. Now are they both fled, and purposeth to aid the Earl of Richmond against your Grace. Now, my Lord, I take my leave.

KING: Messenger stay! Hath Blunt betrayed?  
Doth Oxford rebel and aid the Earl Richmond?  
May this be true? What? Is our prison so weak,  
Our friends so fickle, our ports so ill lookt to,  
That they may pass and repass the seas at their pleasures?  
Then every one conspires, spoils our **conflex**,

(1629 **conflex**: conflux - a flowing together; Cf. Troilus I, iii, 7)

Conquers our castles, and arms themselves [1630]  
With their own weapons unresisted?  
O villains, rebels, fugitives, thieves, how are we betrayed,  
When our own swords shall beat us,  
And our own subjects seeks the subversion of the state,  
The fall of their Prince, and sack of their country -- of his!  
Nay, neither must nor shall, for I will  
Army with my friends and cut off my enemies,  
And beard them to their face that dares me;  
And but one, aye, one -- one beyond the seas that troubles me.  
Well, his power is weak, and we are strong; [1640]  
Therefore I will meet him with such melody  
That the singing of a bullet shall send him merrily  
To his longest home. Come, follow me.

**Scene xv**

*Enter Earl Richmond, Earl Oxford, P. Landois, and Captain Blunt.*

RICHMOND: Welcome, dear friends and loving countrymen,  
Welcome, I say, to England's blissful isle,  
Whose forwardness I cannot but commend,  
That thus do aid us in our enterprise.  
My right it is, and sole inheritance,  
And Richard but usurps in my authority; [1650]  
For in his tyranny he slaughtered those  
That would not succour him in his attempts,  
Whose guiltless blood craves daily at God's hands,  
Revenge for outrage done to their harmless lives:  
Then courage, countrymen, and never be dismayed,  
Our quarrel's good, and God will help the right,  
For we may know by dangers we have passed,  
That God no doubt will give us victory.

OXFORD: If love of gold, or fear of many foes,  
Could once have daunted us in our attempts, [1660]  
Thy foot had never toucht the English shore,  
And here Earl Oxford plights his faith to thee,  
Never to leave in what we have underta'en,  
But follow still with resolution,  
Till thou be crowned as conquerer in the field,  
Or lose thy life in following of thy right.  
Thy right, brave Richmond, which we will maintain,  
Maugre the proudest bird of Richard's brood.  
Then cousin Richmond being resolved thus,  
Let us straight to arms, and God and Saint George for us. [1670]

BLUNT: As this brave Earl have said, so say we all,  
We will not leave thee till the field be won,  
Which if with fortunate success we can perform,  
Think then Earl Richmond that I followed thee,  
And that shall be honour enough for me.  
Lan. So saith Landois that honors Richmond so  
With love unfeigned for his valor past,  
That if your honour lead the way to death,  
Peter Landois hath sworn to follow thee.  
For if Queen mother do but keep her word, [1680]  
And what the peers have promised be performed,  
Touching the marriage with Elizabeth,  
Daughter to our King Edward the Fourth,  
And by this mariage join in unity  
Those famous Houses Lancashire and York,  
Then England shall no doubt have cause to say,  
Edward's coronation was a joyful day.  
And tis is all Landois desires to see.

RICHMOND: Thanks, Landois, and hear Earl Richmond's vows:  
If their kind promises take but effect, [1690]  
That as they have promised I be made King,  
I will so deal in governing the state,  
Which now lies like a savage sheltered grove,  
Where brambles, briars, and thorns, overgrow those sprigs,  
Which if they might but spring to their effect,  
And not be crossed so by their contraries,  
Making them subject to these outrages,  
Would prove such members of the Commonweal,  
That England should in them be honoured,  
As much as ever was the Roman state, [1700]  
When it was govern'd by the consuls' rule.  
And I will draw my sword brave countrymen,  
And never leave to follow my resolve,  
Till I have mowed those brambles, briars and thorns  
That hinder those that long to do us good.

OXFORD: Why, we have 'scapt the dangeroust brunt of all,  
Which was his garrison at Milford Haven.  
Shall we dismay, or daunt our friends to come?  
Because he took the Duke of Buckingham?  
No, worthy friends, and loving countrymen, [1710]  
Oxford did never bear so base a mind;  
He will not wink at murders secretly put up,  
Nor suffer upstarts to enjoy our rights,  
Nor live in England under an usurping king,

And this is Oxford's resolution.

RICHMOND: But Blunt, look who's that knocks.

BLUNT: My Lord, 'tis a messenger from the mother Queen,  
And the Lady Stanley, your mother, with letters.

RICHMOND: Admit him straight, now shall we hear some news.

*Enter Messenger.*

MESSENGER: Long live Earl Richmond.  
The mother Queen doth greet your honour. [1720]

RICHMOND: Welcome my friend, how fares our mother and the rest?

MESSENGER: In health, my Lord, and glad to hear of your arrival safe.

RICHMOND: My friend, my mother hath written to me of certain  
that are coming in our aid, the report of whose names are referred to thee to deliver.

MESSENGER: First, there's the Lord Talbot, the Earl of Shrewsbury's  
son and heir, with a brave band of his own. There is also the Lord Fitz Herbert,  
the Earl of Pembroke's son and heir. Of the gentlemen of the Welsh,  
there is Sir Rhys ap Thomas, and Sir Thomas ap Richard, and Sir  
Owen Williams, brave gentlemen, my Lord. These are the chief.

RICHMOND: Are these the full number of all that come? [1730]

MESSENGER: Only two more, my Lord,  
which I have left unnamed.  
The one is Sir Thomas Denis, a Western gentleman; and joined  
with him, one Arnold Butler. A great many are willing, but dares  
not as yet.

RICHMOND: Doth Arnold Butler come? I can hardly brook his  
treachery, for he it was that wrought my disgrace with the

OXFORD: Well, my Lord, we are now to strengthen ourselves  
with friends, and not to reap up old quarrels; say that Arnold  
Butler did injure you in the time of peace; the mend is twice [1740]  
made, if he stand with you in the time of wars.

RICHMOND: Well, my friend, take this for thy good news.  
And commend me to our mother and the rest.  
Thus, my Lords, you see God still provides for us:  
But now my Lords, touching the placing of our **battle** best,  
(1745. **battle**: army)

And how we may be least endangeréd:  
Because I will be foremost in this fight,  
To encounter with that bloody murderer,  
Myself will lead the forward of our troop,  
My Lord of Oxford, you as our second self, [1750]  
Shall have the happy leading of the rear,  
A place I know which you will well deserve,  
And Captain Blunt, Peter Landois and you,  
Shall **by in quarters**, as our battle's scouts,

(1754. **by in quarters**: bide in quarters)

Provided, thus your bowmen Captain Blunt,  
Must scatter here and there to gall their horse,  
As also when that our promised friends do come,  
Then must you hold hard skirmish with our foes,  
Till I by cast of a counter march,  
Have joined our power with those that come to us, [1760]  
Then casting close, as wings on either side,  
We will give a new pravado on the foe,  
Therefore let us towards Atherstone amain,  
Where we this night, God-willing, will encamp,  
From thence towards Lichfield, we will march next day,  
And nearer London, bid King Richard play.

*Exit All*

### **Scene xvi**

*Enter the Page*

PAGE: Where shall I find a place to sigh my fill,  
And wail the grief of our sore troubled King? [1770]  
For now he hath obtain'd the diadem,  
But with such great discomfort to his mind,  
That he had better lived a private man; his looks are ghastly,  
Hideous to behold, and from the privy center of his heart,  
There comes such deep fetcht sighs and fearful cries,  
That being with him in his chamber oft,  
He moves me weep and sigh for company.  
For if he hear one stir he riseth up,  
And claps his hand upon his dagger straight,  
Ready to stab him, whatsoe'er he be. [1780]  
But he must think this is the just revenge,  
The heavens have poured upon him for his sins.  
Those peers which he unkindly murdereréd,  
Doth cry for justice at the hands of God,  
And he in justice sends continual fear,  
For to affright him both at bed and board,  
But stay, what noise is this? Who have we here?

*(Enter men to go to Richmond)*

How now, sirs; whither are you going so fast?

MEN: Why, to Earl Richmond's camp to serve with him, [1790]  
For we have left to serve King Richard now.

PAGE: Why comes there any more?

MEN: A number more.

*(Exit men)*

PAGE: Why, these are the villains my Lord would have put  
his life into their hands.

Ah Richard, now do my eyes witness that thy end is at hand;  
For thy commons make no more account of thee than of a  
private man, yet will I as duty binds, give thee advertisements of  
their unjust proceedings. My Master hath lifted out many, and [1800]  
yet hath left one to lift him out of all, not only of his crown,  
but also of his life. But I will in, to tell my Lord of what is  
happened.

*Enter Richmond and Oxford.*

RICHMOND: Good my Lord depart, and leave me to my self.

OXFORD: I pray my Lord, let me go along with you.

RICHMOND: My Lord it may not be, for I have promised my father  
that none shall come but my self, therefore good my Lord  
depart.

OXFORD: Good my Lord, have a care of yourself. I like not these [1810]  
night walks and scouting abroad in the evenings so disguised,  
for you must not, now that you are in the usurper's dominions,  
and you are the only mark he aims at; and your last night's  
absence bred such amazement in our soldiers that they, like  
men wanting the power to follow arms, were on a sudden  
more liker to fly than to fight. Therefore, good my Lord, if I  
may not stand near, let me stand aloof off.

RICHMOND: Content thee, good Oxford, and though I confess myself  
bound to thee for thy especial care, yet at this time I pray thee  
hold me excused. But farewell, my Lord, here comes my Lord [1820]

and father.

*Enter Stanley and another.*

STANLEY: Captain, I pray thee bring me word when thou dost descry the enemy. And so farewell, and leave me for a while.

RICHMOND: How fares my gracious Lord and father?

STANLEY: In good health my son, and the better to see thee thus forward in this laudable enterprise, but omitting vain circumstances, and to come briefly to the purpose, I am now in few words to deliver much matter. For know this, when I came to crave leave of the King to depart from the Court, the king very [1830] furiously began to charge me that I was both acquainted with thy practises and drifts, and that I knew of thy landing, and by no means would grant me leave to go, till as pledge of my loyalty and true dealing with the King, I should leave my young son, George Stanley. Thus have I left my son in the hands of a tyrant, only of purpose to come and speak with thee.

RICHMOND: But omitting this, I pray tell me, shall I look for your help in the battle?

STANLEY: Son, I cannot, for as I will not go to the usurper, no more I will not come to thee. [1840]

RICHMOND: Why then it is bootless for us to stay, for all we presumed upon, was on your aid.

STANLEY: Why son, George Stanley's death would do you no pleasure.

RICHMOND: Why the time is too troublesome, for him to tend to follow execution.

STANLEY: O son, tyrants expect no time, and George Stanley being young and a grissell, is the more easy to be made away.

(1848. **grissell**: a young or delicate person with a mountain.)

RICHMOND: This news goes to my heart, but tis in vain for me to look for victory, when with a mole-hill, we shall encounter [1850]

STANLEY: Why son, see how contrary you are, for I assure you the chieftest of his company are liker to fly to thee, than to fight against thee. And for me, think me not so simple but that I can at my pleasure fly to thee, or being with them, fight

so faintly, that the battle shall be won on thy part with small encountering. And not this besides, that the King is now come to Leicester, and means to morrow to bid thee battle in Bosworth.

*Enter Messenger.*

MESSENGER: Come my Lord, I do descry the enemy. [1860]

STANLEY: Why then son, farewell, I can stay no longer.

RICHMOND: Yet good father, one word more ere you depart. What number do you think the king's power to be?

STANLEY: Marry, some twenty thousand. And so farewell.

RICHMOND: And we, hardly five thousand, being beset with many enemies, hoping upon a few friends; yet dispair not Richmond, but remember thou fightest in right, to defend thy country from the tyranny of an usurping tyrant. Therefore, Richmond go forward; the more dangerous the battle is in attaining, it proves the more honourable being obtained. Then forward, [1870] Richmond! God and Saint George for me!

*Quisquam regno gaudit, ô fallax bonum.*

(1872 **Quisquam . . . bonum:** A false boon it is, to anyone who takes delight in ruling. - A quotation of line 6 from L. Seneca's *Oedipus*.)

### Scene xvii

*Enter the King [Richard], and the Lord Lovell.*

KING: The hell of life that hangs upon the crown,  
The daily cares, the nightly dreams,  
The wretched crews, the treason of the foe,  
And horror of my bloody practice past,  
Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,  
That sleep I, wake I, or whatsoe'er I do,  
Methinks their ghosts comes gaping for revenge, [1880]  
Whom I have slain in reaching for a crown.  
Clarence complains, and crieth for revenge.  
My nephew's bloods, "Revenge, revenge," doth cry.  
The headless peers come pressing for revenge.  
And every one cries, let the tyrant die.  
The sun by day shines hotly for revenge.  
The moon by night eclipseth for revenge.  
The stars are turned to comets for revenge.  
The planets change their courses for revenge.  
The birds sing not, but sorrow for revenge. [1890]  
The silly lambs sits bleating for revenge.

The screeking raven sits croaking for revenge.  
Whole herds of beasts come bellowing for revenge.  
And all, yea all the world, I think,  
Cries for revenge, and nothing but revenge.  
But to conclude, I have deserved revenge.  
In company I dare not trust my friend,  
Being alone, I dread the secret foe:  
I doubt my food, lest poison lurk therein.  
My bed is uncouth, rest refrains my head. [1900]  
Then such a life I count far worse to be,  
Than thousand deaths unto a damnéd death:  
How wast death, I said? Who dare attempt my death?  
Nay, who dare so much as once to think my death?  
Though enemies there be that would my body kill,  
Yet shall they leave a never dying mind.  
But you villains, rebels, traitors as you are,  
How came the foe in, pressing so near?  
Where, where, slept the garrison that should a beat them back?  
Where was our friends to intercept the foe? [1910]  
All gone? Quite fled? His loyalty quite laid a bed?  
Then vengeance, mischief, horror, with mischance,  
Wild-fire, with whirlwinds, light upon your heads,  
That thus betrayed your Prince by your untruth.  
Frantic man, what meanst thou by this mood?  
Now he is come more need to beat him back.

LOVELL: Sour is his sweet that favours thy delight, great is his power that threatens thy overthrow.

KING: The bad rebellion of my foe is not so much, as for to see my friends do fly in flocks from me. [1920]

LOVELL: May it please your Grace to rest your self content, for you have power enough to defend your land.

KING: Dares Richmond set his foot on land with such a small power of straggling fugitives?

LOVELL: May it please your Grace to participate the cause that thus doth trouble you?

KING: The cause, buzzard? What cause should I participate to thee? My friends are gone away, and fled from me. Keep silence, villain, least I by post do send thy soul to hell; not one word more, if thou dost love thy life. Enter Catesby. [1930]

CATESBY: My Lord.

KING: Yet again, villain? O Catesby, is it thou? What? Comes the Lord Stanley or no?

CATESBY: My Lord, he answers no.

KING: Why didst not tell him then, I would send his son George Stanley's head to him?

CATESBY: My Lord, I did so, and he answered he had another son left to make Lord Stanley.

KING: O villain vile, and breaker of his oath.  
The bastard's ghost shall haunt him at the heels, [1940]  
And cry revenge for his vile father's wrongs.  
Go, Lovell, Catesby! Fetch George Stanley forth;  
Him with these hands will I butcher for the dead,  
And send his headless body to his sire.

CATESBY: Leave off executions, now the foe is here that threatens us most cruelly of our lives.

KING: Zounds! Foe me no foes!  
The father's fact condemns the son to die.

LOVELL: But guiltless blood will for revengement cry.

KING: Why? Was not he left for father's loyalty? [1950]

LOVELL: Therein his father greatly injured him.

KING: Did not yourselves, in presence, see the bonds sealed and assigned?

LOVELL: **What, though** my Lord, the vardits own, the titles doth resign?

(1953. **What tho... doth resign:**

"What, though my Lord the verdict recognize, and the titles resign?"

KING: The bond is broke and I will sue the fine, except you will hinder me. What? Will you have it so?

LOVELL: In doing true justice, else we answer no.

KING: His treacherous father hath neglect his word and done impartial past by dint of sword; therefore, sirrah, go fetch him.

(1958. **done impartial past: abandoned his neutrality.**)

Zounds, draw you cuts who shall go. I bid you go, Catesby. Ah

Richard, now maist thou see thy end at hand. Why Sirs, why fear [1960]  
you thus? Why we are ten to one. If you seek promotion, I am  
a King already in possession, better able to perform than he.  
Lovell, Catesby, lets join lovingly and devoutly together, and  
I will divide my whole kingdom amongst you.

BOTH: We will my Lord.

KING: We will, my Lord. Ah Catesby, thou lookest like a dog,  
And thou Lovell too; but you will run away with them that be gone,  
And the devil go with you all.  
God, I hope . . . God? What talk I of God,  
That have served the devil all this while? [1970]  
No, fortune and courage for me,  
And join England against me with England,  
Join Europe with Europe, come Christendom,  
And with Christendom the whole world,  
And yet I will never yield but by death only.  
By death, no die, part not childishly from thy crown,  
But come the devil to claim it, strike him down.  
And though that fortune hath decreed,  
To set revenge with triumphs on my wretched head,  
Yet death, sweet death, my latest friend, [1980]  
Hath sworn to make a bargain for my lasting fame,  
And this, aye this very day, I hope with this lame hand of mine,  
To rake out that hateful heart of Richmond,  
And when I have it, to eat it panting hot with salt,  
And drink his blood luke warm, Though I be sure 'twill poison me.  
Sirs, you that be resolute follow me, The rest go hang your selves.  
*Exit.*

### Scene xviii

*The battle enters, Richard enters, wounded, with his Page.*

KING: A horse, a horse, a fresh horse.

PAGE: Ah, fly my Lord, and save your life. [1990]

KING: Fly villain, look I as though I would fly,  
No first shall this dull and senseless ball of earth  
Receive my body cold and void of sense,  
You watery heavens roll on my gloomy day,  
And darksome clouds close up my cheerful sound,  
Down is thy sun Richard, never to shine again,  
The birds whose feathers should adorn my head,  
Hovers aloft and dares not come in sight,

Yet faint not man, for this day if fortune will,  
Shall make thee King possest with quiet Crown, [2000]  
If Fates deny, this ground must be my grave,  
Yet golden thoughts that reachéd for a Crown,  
Daunted before by fortunes cruel spite,  
Are come as comforts to my drooping heart,  
And bids me keep my crown and die a King.  
These are my last, what more I have to say,  
I'll make report among the damned souls.

*(Exit Page)*

*Enter Richmond to battle again, and kills Richard.*

### **Scene xix**

*Enter Report and the Page.*

REPORT: How may I know the certain true report of this victorious battle fought to day? My friend, whate'er thou beest, tellunto me the true report. Which part hath won the victory, whether the King or no? [2010]

PAGE: Ah no, the King is slain, and he hath lost the day; and Richmond he hath won the field, and triumphs like a valiant conquerer.

REPORT: But who is slain besides our Lord and sovereign?

PAGE: Slain is the worthy Duke of Norfolk he, and with him Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower. Besides, Lovell, he made also a partner in this tragedy.

REPORT: But where's Sir William Catesby?

PAGE: He is this day beheaded on a stage at Leicester,  
Because he took part with my Lord, the King. But stay, Report,  
and thou shalt hear me tell the brief discourse, And how the battle fell.  
Then know, Report, that Richard came to field mounted [2020]  
On horseback, with as high resolve as fierce Achilles  
Mongst the sturdy Greeks, whom to encounter worthy Richmond,  
Came accompanied with many followers. And then my Lord  
displayed his colours straight, And with the charge of trumpet, drum, and fife,  
These brave battalions straight encountered.  
But in the skirmish, which continued long,  
My Lord gan faint, which Richmond straight perceived,  
And presently did sound a fresh alarm.  
But worthy Richard that did never fly,  
But followed honour to the gates of death, [2030]  
Straight spurred his horse to encounter with the Earl,  
In which encounter Richmond did prevail;

And taking Richard at advantage then, He threw his horse  
and him both to the ground; And there was worthy Richard  
wounded, so that after that he ne'er recovered strength.  
But to be brief, my Master would not yield, But with his loss  
of life he lost the field. Report, farewell.

*Enter Earl Richmond, Earl Oxford. Lord Stanley, and their Scene xx  
train, with the crown.*

RICHMOND: Now, noble peers and worthy countrymen,  
Since God hath given us fortune of the day, Let us first give thanks unto his Deity.  
And next, with honors fitting your deserts, [2040]  
I must be grateful to my countrymen; and worthy Oxford,  
For thy service shown in hot encountering of the enemy,  
Earl Richmond binds himself in lasting bonds  
Of faithful love and perfect unity.  
Sorry I am for those that I have lost  
By our so dangerous encountering with the foe,  
But sorrow cannot bring the dead to life;  
And therefore are my sorrows spent in vain.  
Only to those that live, thus much I say,  
I will maintain them with a **manuall pay**. [2050]  
(2050. **manuall pay**: perhaps annual pay.)  
And loving father, lastly to your self,  
Though not the least in our expected aid,  
We give more thanks for your unlooked for aid,  
Than we have power on sudden to declare;  
But for your thanks I hope it shall suffice that  
I in nature love and honor you.

STANLEY: Well spoken, son, and like a man of worth,  
Whose resolution in this battle past  
Hath made thee famous mongst thy enemies.  
And think my son, I glory more to hear [2060]  
What praise the common people gave of thee,  
Than if the peers by general full consent  
Had set me down to wear the diadem.  
Then live, my son, thus loved of thy friends,  
And for thy foes prepare to combat them.

OXFORD: And Oxford vows perpetual love to thee,  
Wishing as many honours to Earl Richmond,  
As Caesar had in conquering the world.  
And I doubt not but if fair fortune follow thee,  
To see thee honoured mongst thy countrymen, [2070]  
As Hector was among the Lords of Troy,  
Or Tully mongst the Roman Senators.

RICHMOND: How fares our lovely mother Queen?

*Enter Mother Queen and Elizabeth.*

QUEEN: In health Earl Richmond, glad to hear the news  
That God hath given thee fortune of the day.  
But tell me Lords, where is my son  
Lord Marquess Dorset, that he is not here?  
What? Was he murdered in this tragedy?

RICHMOND: No lovely Queen, your son doth live in France,  
For being distressed and driven by force of tempest to that shore; [2080]  
And many of our men being sick and dead,  
We were enforced to ask the King for aid,  
As well for men as for munition, which then the King  
Did willingly supply, provided, that as hostage for those men,  
Lord Marquess Dorset should be pledge with them.  
But Madam, now our troubled war is done.  
Lord Marquess Dorset shall come home again.

QUEEN: Richmond, gramecies for thy kind good news,  
Which is not little comfort to thy friends,  
To see how God hath been thy happy guide [2090]  
In this late conquest of our enemies.  
And Richmond, as thou art returned with victory,  
So we will keep our words effectually.

RICHMOND: Then Madame, for our happy battle's victory,  
First thanks to heaven, next to my forward countrymen.  
But Madam, pardon me, though I make bold  
To charge you with a promise that you made,  
Which was confirmed by diverse of the peers,  
Touching the marriage of Elizabeth, And having ended what I promised you,  
Madam, I look and hope to have my due. [2100]

STANLEY: Then know my son, the peers by full consent,  
In that thou hast freed them from a tyrant's yoke,  
Have by election chosen thee as King,  
First, in regard they account thee virtuous,  
Next, for that they hope all foreign broils shall cease,  
And thou wilt guide and govern them in peace.  
Then sit thou down, my son, and here receive  
The crown of England as thy proper own. Sit down.

OXFORD: Henry the Seventh, by the grace of God, King of England,

France, and Lord of Ireland, God save the King. [2110]

ALL: Long live Henry the Seventh, King of England.

RICHMOND: Thanks loving friends and my kind countrymen;  
And here I vow in presence of you all,  
To root abuses from this commonwealth,  
Which now flows faster than the furious tide  
That overflows beyond the banks of Nile.  
And loving father, and my other friends,  
Whose ready forwardness hath made me fortunate,  
Richmond will still in honourable love  
Count himself to be at your dispose; [2120]  
Nor do I wish to enjoy a longer life than  
I shall live to think upon your love.  
But what saith fair Elizabeth to us?  
For now we have welcomed our other friends,  
I must bid you welcome, Lady, amongst the rest;  
And in my welcome crave to be resolved,  
How you resolve touching my proffered love unto you;  
Here your mother and the peers agree,  
And all is ended, if you condescend.

ELIZABETH: Then know, my Lord, that if my mother please, [2130]  
I must in duty yield to her command;  
For when our aged father left his life,  
He willed us honour still our mother's age;  
And therefore as my duty doth command,  
I do commit myself to her dispose.

QUEEN: Then here, my Lord, receive thy royal spouse,  
Virtuous Elizabeth; for both the peers and Commons do agree,  
That this fair Princess shall be wife to thee.  
And we pray all, that fair Elizabeth may live **for aye**,  
(2139. **for aye**: forever)  
And never yield to death. [2140]

RICHMOND: And so say I, thanks to you all my Lords,  
That thus have honoured Richmond with a crown;  
And if I live, then make account, my Lords,  
I will deserve this with more than common love.

STANLEY: And now were but my son George Stanley here,  
How happy were our present meeting then.  
But he is dead, nor shall I evermore  
See my sweet boy whom I do love so dear;  
For well I know the usurper in his rage

Hath made a slaughter of my aged joy. [2150]

RICHMOND: Take comfort, gentle father, for I hope my brother George will **turn in safe** to us.

(2152. **turn in safe**: return in safety)

STANLEY: Ah no, my son, for he that joys in blood Will work his fury on the innocent.

*Enter two Messengers with George Stanley*

STANLEY: But, how now? What noise is this?

MESSENGER: Behold, Lord Stanley we bring thy son, thy son George Stanley, whom with great danger we have saved from fury of a tyrant's doom.

STANLEY: And lives George Stanley? Then happy that I am [2160] to see him freed thus from a tyrant's rage. Welcome my son, my sweet George, welcome home.

GEORGE: Thanks my good father, and George Stanley Joys to see you joined in this assembly. And like a lamb kept by a greedy wolf Within the encloséd center of the earth, Expecting death without delivery, Even from this danger is George Stanley come, To be a guest to Richmond and the rest; For when the bloody butcher heard your honour did refuse [2170] To come to him, he like a savage tiger then enraged, Commanded straight I should be murdered, And sent these two to execute the deed, But they, that knew how innocent I was, Did post him off with many long delays, Alleging reasons to allay his rage. But 'twas in vain, for he like to a starved lioness, Still called for blood, saying that I should die. But to be brief, when both the battles joined, These two and others, shifted me away. [2180]

RICHMOND: Now seeing that each thing turns to our content, I will it be proclaimed presently, that trait'rous Richard Be by our command, drawn through the streets of Leicester. Stark naked on a collier's horse let him be laid, For as of others' pains he had no regard, So let him have a traitor's due reward. Now for our marriage and our nuptial rites,

Our pleasure is they be solemnized  
In our Abbey of Westminster, according to the ancient custom due,  
The two and twentieth day of August next. [2190]  
Set forwards then, my Lords, towards London straight,  
There to take further order for the state.

MESSENGER: Thus, Gentles may you here behold,  
The joining of these Houses both in one,  
By this brave Prince Henry the Seventh,  
Who was for wit compared to Solomon.  
His government was virtuous in every way,  
And God did wondrously increase his store.  
He did subdue a proud rebellious Lord  
That did encounter him upon black health. [2200]

(2200. *black health*: presumably "black heath")

He died when he had reigned full three and twenty years eight months,  
and some odd days, and lies buried in Westmister. He died and left  
behind a son.

MESSENGER: A son he left, a Harry of that name,  
A worthy, valiant, and victorious Prince;  
For on the fifth year of his happy reign, he entered France,  
And to the Frenchmen's costs, he won **Turwin and Turney**.

(2207. *Turwin, Turney*: Thérouanne, Tournai. Cities captured by Henry VIII in 1513.)

The **Emperor** served this King for common pay,

(2208. The **Emperor** was Maximilian I, whom Henry VIII paid a daily allowance  
to join him in an attack on France in 1513.)

And as a mercenary prince did follow him.

Then after **Morle and Morles**, conquered he, [2210]

(2210) **Morles**: Morlaix, a town in Brittany near Brest. In July, 1522  
an English fleet entered its harbor, and several thousand soldiers "  
captured, pillaged, and burned the town.)

Still did keep the Frenchmen at a bay.

And lastly, in this King's decreasing age he conquered **Bullen**,

(2212. *Bullen*: Boulogne, which Henry VIII captured during his 1544 expedition to France.)

And after when he was turned home he died, when he had reigned  
full thirty-eight years, nine months and some odd days, and was  
buried in Windsor. He died and left three famous sprigs behind him.

Edward the Sixth, he did restore the Gospel to his light, and fini-  
shed that his father left undone. A wise young Prince, given  
greatly to his book. He brought the English service first in use,  
and died when he had reigned six years, five months, and some  
odd days, and lieth buried in Westminster. [2220]

ELIZABETH: Next after him a Mary did succeed, which married  
Philip, King of Spain. She reigned five years, four months,  
and some odd days, and is buried in Westminster. When she  
was dead, her sister did succeed.

QUEEN: Worthy Elizabeth, a mirror in her age, by whose  
wise life and civil government, her country was defended from  
the cruelty of famine, fire and sword, war's fearful messengers.  
This is that Queen, as writers truly say,  
That God had marked down to live for aye.  
Then happy England mongst thy neighbor isles, [2230]  
For peace and plenty still attends on thee;  
And all the favourable Planets smiles  
To see thee live, in such prosperity.  
She is that lamp that keeps fair England's light,  
And through her faith her country lives in peace.  
And she hath put proud Antichrist to flight,  
And been the means that civil wars did cease.  
Then England, kneel upon thy hairy knee,  
And thank that God that still provides for thee.  
The Turk admires to hear her government, [2240]  
And babies in Jewry, sound her princely name,  
All Christian Princes to that Prince hath sent,  
After her rule was rumored forth by fame.  
The Turk hath sworn never to lift his hand,  
To wrong the Princess of this blessed land.  
'Twere vain to tell the care this Queen hath had,  
In helping those that were oppressed by war,  
And how her Majesty hath still been glad,  
When she hath heard of peace, proclaim'd from far.  
Geneva, France, and Flanders hath set down, [2250]  
The good she hath done, since she came to the crown.  
For which, if e'er her life be ta'en away,  
God grant her soul may live in heaven for aye.  
For if her Grace's days be brought to end,  
Your hope is gone, on whom did peace depend.

F I N I S.