

Duke of Buckingham--

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

[He striketh him]

Take that, until thou bring me better news.

THIRD MESSENGER The news I have to tell
your majesty

Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

KING RICHARD III I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

THIRD MESSENGER Such proclamation hath
been made, my liege.

[Enter ANOTHER MESSENGER]

FOURTH MESSENGER Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord
Marquis Dorset,

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest:
Richmond, in Yorkshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham.
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hoisted sail and made away for Brittany.

KING RICHARD III March on, march on, since
we are up in arms;

If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

[Re-enter CATESBY]

CATESBY My liege, the Duke of Buckingham
is taken;

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

KING RICHARD III Away towards Salisbury!
while we reason here,

A royal battle might be won and lost
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.

[Flourish. Exeunt]

KING RICHARD III
ACT IV SCENE V Lord Derby's house.

[Enter DERBY and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK]

DERBY Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this

from me:

That in the sty of this most bloody boar
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.

But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

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

DERBY What men of name resort to him?

CHRISTOPHER Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned
soldier;

Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas with a valiant crew;
And many more of noble fame and worth:
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

DERBY Return unto thy lord; commend me
to him:

Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.

Farewell.

[Exeunt]

KING RICHARD III
ACT V SCENE I Salisbury. An open place.

[Enter the SHERIFF, and BUCKINGHAM, with
halberds, led to execution]

BUCKINGHAM Will not King Richard let me speak
with him?

SHERIFF No, my good lord; therefore be
patient.

BUCKINGHAM Hastings, and Edward's children,
Rivers, Grey,

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!

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

SHERIFF It is, my lord.

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

This is the day that, in King Edward's time,
I wish't might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children or his wife's allies
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him I trusted most;

This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
 Is the determined respite of my wrongs:
 That high All-Seer that I dallied with
 Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head
 And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
 Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head;
 'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with
 sorrow,
 Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'
 Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of
 blame.
 [Exeunt]

KING RICHARD III
ACT V SCENE II The camp near
 Tamworth.

[Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, HERBERT,
 and others, with drum and colours]

RICHMOND Fellows in arms, and my most
 loving friends,

Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
 Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we march'd on without impediment;
 And here receive we from our father Stanley
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
 That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his
 trough

In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
 Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
 Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn
 From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
 In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

OXFORD Every man's conscience is a
 thousand swords,

To fight against that bloody homicide.

HERBERT I doubt not but his friends will fly to
 us.

BLUNT He hath no friends but who are
 friends for fear.

Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

RICHMOND All for our vantage. Then, in God's
 name, march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings:

Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
 [Exeunt]

KING RICHARD III
ACT V SCENE III Bosworth Field.

[Enter KING RICHARD III in arms, with
 NORFOLK, SURREY, and others]

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

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

SURREY My heart is ten times lighter than
 my looks.

KING RICHARD III My Lord of Norfolk,—

NORFOLK Here, most gracious liege.

KING RICHARD III Norfolk, we must have
 knocks; ha! must we not?

NORFOLK We must both give and take, my
 gracious lord.

KING RICHARD III Up with my tent there! here
 will I lie tonight;

But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.

Who hath descried the number of the foe?

NORFOLK Six or seven thousand is their
 utmost power.

KING RICHARD III Why, our battalion trebles
 that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
 Which they upon the adverse party want.

Up with my tent there! Valiant gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the field

Call for some men of sound direction

Let's want no discipline, make no delay,

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

[Exeunt]

[Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND,
 Sir William Brandon, OXFORD, and others. Some
 of the Soldiers pitch RICHMOND's tent]

RICHMOND The weary sun hath made a golden
 set,

And by the bright track of his fiery car,

Gives signal, of a goodly day to-morrow.

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.

Give me some ink and paper in my tent

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small strength.

My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,

And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.

The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:

Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him

And by the second hour in the morning
 Desire the earl to see me in my tent:
 Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou go'st,
 Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know?

BLUNT Unless I have mista'en his colours
 much,

Which well I am assured I have not done,
 His regiment lies half a mile at least
 South from the mighty power of the king.

RICHMOND If without peril it be possible,
 Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
 And give him from me this most needful scroll.

BLUNT Upon my life, my lord, I'll
 under-take it;

And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

RICHMOND Good night, good Captain Blunt.
 Come gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business
 In to our tent; the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the tent]

[Enter, to his tent, **KING RICHARD III**, **NORFOLK**,
RATCLIFF, **CATESBY**, and others]

KING RICHARD III What is't o'clock?

CATESBY It's supper-time, my lord;
 It's nine o'clock.

KING RICHARD III I will not sup to-night.
 Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was?

And all my armour laid into my tent?

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

KING RICHARD III Good Norfolk, hie thee to
 thy charge;

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

NORFOLK I go, my lord.

KING RICHARD III Stir with the lark
 to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

NORFOLK I warrant you, my lord.

[Exit]

KING RICHARD III Catesby!

CATESBY My lord?

KING RICHARD III Send out a pursuivant at
 arms

To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
 Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
 Into the blind cave of eternal night.

[Exit **CATESBY**]

Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.
 Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
 Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
 Ratcliff!

RATCLIFF My lord?

KING RICHARD III Saw'st thou the melancholy
 Lord Northumberland?

RATCLIFF Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and
 himself,

Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
 Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

KING RICHARD III So, I am satisfied. Give me
 a bowl of wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
 Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
 Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

RATCLIFF It is, my lord.

KING RICHARD III Bid my
 guard watch; leave me.

Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent
 And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

[Exeunt **RATCLIFF** and the other Attendants]

[Enter **DERBY** to **RICHMOND** in his tent, Lords and
 others attending]

DERBY Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

RICHMOND All comfort that the dark night can afford
 Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

DERBY I, by attorney, bless thee from thy
 mother

Who prays continually for Richmond's good:

So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
 And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—

Prepare thy battle early in the morning,

And put thy fortune to the arbitrement

Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.

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

With best advantage will deceive the time,

And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:

But on thy side I may not be too forward

Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,

Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time

Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love

And ample interchange of sweet discourse,

Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon:

God give us leisure for these rites of love!

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

RICHMOND Good lords, conduct him to his
 regiment:

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

Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,

When I should mount with wings of victory:

Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[Exeunt all but RICHMOND]

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in the victory!
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
 Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still!
 [Sleeps]

[Enter the GHOST OF PRINCE EDWARD, son to
 KING HENRY VI]

GHOST OF PRINCE EDWARD [To KING
 RICHARD III]

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

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

[Enter the GHOST OF KING HENRY VI]

GHOST OF KING HENRY VI [To KING
 RICHARD III]

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

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
 Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
 Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: live, and flourish!
 [Enter the GHOST OF CLARENCE]

GHOST OF CLARENCE [To KING RICHARD III]

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

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster
 The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee
 Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!
 [Enter the Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and

VAUGHAN]

GHOST OF RIVERS [To KING RICHARD III]

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

GHOST OF GREY [To KING RICHARD III]

Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

GHOST OF VAUGHAN [To KING RICHARD III]

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

ALL [To RICHMOND]

Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
 Will conquer him! awake, and win the day!

[Enter the GHOST OF HASTINGS]

GHOST OF HASTINGS [To KING RICHARD III]

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

[To RICHMOND]

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!

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

[Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes]

GHOSTS OF YOUNG PRINCES [To RICHARD III]

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

[To RICHMOND]

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

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!

Live, and beget a happy race of kings!

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

[Enter the GHOST OF LADY ANNE]

GHOST OF LADY ANNE [To KING RICHARD III]

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

[To RICHMOND]

Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep

Dream of success and happy victory!

Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

[Enter the GHOST OF BUCKINGHAM]

GHOST OF BUCKINGHAM [To KING
 RICHARD III]

The last was I that helped thee to the crown;

The last was I that felt thy tyranny:

O, in the battle think on Buckingham,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness!

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:

Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!

[To RICHMOND]

I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid:

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:

God and good angel fight on Richmond's side;

And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish]

[KING RICHARD III starts out of his dream]

KING RICHARD III Give me another horse:
bind up my wounds.

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

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!

The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

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

Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.

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

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

Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?

Alack. I love myself. Wherefore? for any good

That I myself have done unto myself?

O, no! alas, I rather hate myself

For hateful deeds committed by myself!

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

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

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale,

And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree

Murder, stem murder, in the direst degree;

All several sins, all used in each degree,

Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty! guilty!

I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;

And if I die, no soul shall pity me:

Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself

Find in myself no pity to myself?

Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd

Came to my tent; and every one did threat

To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

[Enter RATCLIFF]

RATCLIFF My lord!

KING RICHARD III 'Zounds! who is there?

RATCLIFF Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early
village-cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn;

Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

KING RICHARD III O Ratcliff, I have dream'd
a fearful dream!

What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

RATCLIFF No doubt, my lord.

KING RICHARD III O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

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

KING RICHARD III By the apostle Paul,
shadows to-night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard

Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers

Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;

Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,

To see if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exeunt]

[Enter the Lords to RICHMOND, sitting in his tent]

LORDS Good morrow, Richmond!

RICHMOND Cry mercy, lords and watchful
gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

LORDS How have you slept, my lord?

RICHMOND The sweetest sleep, and
fairest-boding dreams

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,

Have I since your departure had, my lords.

Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard
murder'd,

Came to my tent, and cried on victory:

I promise you, my soul is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords?

LORDS Upon the stroke of four.

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

[His oration to his soldiers]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,

The leisure and enforcement of the time

Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,

God and our good cause fight upon our side;

The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,

Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;

Richard except, those whom we fight against

Had rather have us win than him they follow:

For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,

A bloody tyrant and a homicide;

One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;

One that made means to come by what he hath,

And slaughter'd those that were the means to help
him;

Abase foul stone, made precious by the foil

Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;

One that hath ever been God's enemy:

Then, if you fight against God's enemy,

God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;

If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,

You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;

If you do fight against your country's foes,

Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,

Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;

If you do free your children from the sword,

Your children's children quit it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully;
 God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!
 [Exeunt]

[Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF,

Attendants and Forces]

KING RICHARD III What said Northumberland
 as touching Richmond?

RATCLIFF That he was never trained up in
 arms.

KING RICHARD III He said the truth: and what
 said Surrey then?

RATCLIFF He smiled and said 'The better for
 our purpose.'

KING RICHARD III He was in the right; and so
 indeed it is.

[Clock striketh]

Ten the clock there. Give me a calendar.

Who saw the sun to-day?

RATCLIFF Not I, my lord.

KING RICHARD III Then he disdains to shine;
 for by the book

He should have braved the east an hour ago
 A black day will it be to somebody. Ratcliff!

RATCLIFF My lord?

KING RICHARD III The sun will not be seen to-day;
 The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.

I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
 Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
 More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven
 That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

[Enter NORFOLK]

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

KING RICHARD III Come, bustle, bustle;
 caparison my horse.

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
 I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
 And thus my battle shall be ordered:
 My forward shall be drawn out all in length,
 Consisting equally of horse and foot;
 Our archers shall be placed in the midst
 John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
 Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
 They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle, whose puissance on either side
 Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.

This, and Saint George to boot! What think'st thou,
 Norfolk?

NORFOLK A good direction, warlike sovereign.
 This found I on my tent this morning.

[He sheweth him a paper]

KING RICHARD III [Reads]

'Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
 For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'
 A thing devised by the enemy.

Go, gentleman, every man unto his charge
 Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls:
 Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
 Devised at first to keep the strong in awe:

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our
 law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell
 If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

[His oration to his Army]

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?

Remember whom you are to cope withal;
 A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
 A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,
 Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
 To desperate ventures and assured destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;
 You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
 They would restrain the one, distain the other.

And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
 Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?

A milk-sop, one that never in his life
 Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
 Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd

themselves:

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not these bastard Bretons; whom our fathers
 Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and

thump'd,

And in record, left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
 Ravish our daughters?

[Drum afar off]

Hark! I hear their drum.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yoemen!
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;

Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

[Enter a MESSENGER]

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

MESSENGER My lord, he doth deny to come.

KING RICHARD III Off with his son George's head!

NORFOLK My lord, the enemy is past the marsh

After the battle let George Stanley die.

KING RICHARD III A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:

Advance our standards, set upon our foes
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! victory sits on our helms.

[Exeunt]

KING RICHARD III

ACT V SCENE IV Another part of the field.

[Alarum: excursions. Enter NORFOLK and forces fighting; to him CATESBY]

CATESBY Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!

The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

[Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD III]

KING RICHARD III A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

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

KING RICHARD III Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
[Exeunt]

KING RICHARD III

ACT V SCENE V Another part of the field.

[Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD III and

RICHMOND; they fight. KING RICHARD III is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter RICHMOND, DERBY bearing the crown, with divers other Lords]

RICHMOND God and your arms be praised, victorious friends,

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

DERBY Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.

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

RICHMOND Great God of heaven, say Amen to all!

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

DERBY He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;

Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

RICHMOND What men of name are slain on either side?

DERBY John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,

Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

RICHMOND Inter their bodies as becomes their births:

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

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say amen!

[Exeunt]