CLARENCE  My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
FIRST MURDERER  Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
     Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.
CLARENCE  Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me;
     I am his brother, and I love him well.
     If you be hired for meed, go back again,
     And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
     Who shall reward you better for my life
     Than Edward will for tidings of my death.
SECOND MURDERER  You are deceived, your brother Gloucester hates you.
CLARENCE  O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
     Go you to him from me.
BOTH  Ay, so we will.
CLARENCE  Tell him, when our princely father York
     Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
     And charged us from his soul to love each other,
     He little thought of this divided friendship:
     Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep.
FIRST MURDERER  Ay, millstones; as be lesson'd us to weep.
CLARENCE  O, do not slander him, for he is kind.
FIRST MURDERER  Right,
     As snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself:
     'Tis he that sent us hither now to slaughter thee.
CLARENCE  It cannot be; for when I parted with him,
     He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
     That he would labour my delivery.
SECOND MURDERER  Why, so he doth, now he delivers thee
     From this world's thraldom to the joys of heaven.
FIRST MURDERER  Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.
CLARENCE  Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
     To counsel me to make my peace with God,
     And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
     That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
     Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
     To do this deed will hate you for the deed.
SECOND MURDERER  What shall we do?
CLARENCE  Relent, and save your souls.
FIRST MURDERER  Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.
CLARENCE  Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.
     Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
     Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
     If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
     'Would not entreat for life?
     My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:
     O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
     Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
     As you would beg, were you in my distress
     A begging prince what beggar pities not?
SECOND MURDERER  Look behind you, my lord.
FIRST MURDERER  Take that, and that: if all this will not do,
     [Stabs him]
     I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
     [Exit, with the body]
SECOND MURDERER  A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!
     How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
     Of this most grievous guilty murder done!
     [Re-enter FIRST MURDERER]
FIRST MURDERER  How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
     By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou art!
SECOND MURDERER  I would he knew that I had saved his brother!
     Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
     For I repeat me that the duke is slain.
     [Exit]
FIRST MURDERER  So do not I: go, coward as thou art.
     Now must I hide his body in some hole,
     Until the duke take order for his burial:
     And when I have my meed, I must away;
     For this will out, and here I must not stay.

ACT II  SCENE I  London. The palace.
     [Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD IV sick, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others]
KING EDWARD IV  Why, so: now have I done a good day's work:
     You peers, continue this united league:
     I every day expect an embassage
     From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
     And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven.
     Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other’s hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.
RIVERS    By heaven, my heart is purged from
grudging hate:
And with my hand I seal my true heart’s love.
HASTINGS   So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!
KING EDWARD IV   Take heed you daily not
before your king;
Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other’s end.
HASTINGS   So prosper I, as I swear perfect
love!
RIVERS    And I, as I love Hastings with my
heart!
KING EDWARD IV   Madam, yourself are not
exempt in this,
Nor your son Dorset, Buckingham, nor you;
You have been factious one against the other,
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.
QUEEN ELIZABETH    Here, Hastings; I will never
more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!
KING EDWARD IV   Dorset, embrace him;
Hastings, love lord marquess.
DORSET    This interchange of love, I here
protest,
Upon my part shall be unviolable.
HASTINGS   And so swear I, my lord
[They embrace]
KING EDWARD IV   Now, princely Buckingham,
seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife’s allie,
And make me happy in your unity.
BUCKINGHAM    Whenever Buckingham doth turn his
hate
On you or yours,
[To the Queen]
but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of God,
When I am cold in zeal to yours.
KING EDWARD IV   A pleasing cordial, princely
Buckingham,
is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There waiteth now our brother Gloucester here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.
BUCKINGHAM    And, in good time, here comes
the noble duke.
[Enter Gloucester]
GLoucester   Good morrow to my sovereign king
and queen:
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!
KING EDWARD IV   Happy, indeed, as we have
spent the day.
Brother, we done deeds of charity;
Made peace enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-encensed peers.
GLoucester   A blessed labour, my most
sovereign liege:
Amongst this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
’Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men’s love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodged between us;
Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you;
That without desert have frown’d on me;
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishmen alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds
More than the infant that is born to-night
I thank my God for my humility.
QUEEN ELIZABETH    A holy day shall this be
kept hereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
GLoucester    Why, madam, have I offer’d love
for this
To be so bounted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the noble duke is dead?
[They all start]
You do him injury to scorn his corse.
RIVERS    Who knows not he is dead! who
knows he is?
QUEEN ELIZABETH    All seeing heaven, what a
world is this!
BUCKINGHAM    Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the
rest?
DORSET Ay, my good lord; and no one in this presence
But his red colour hath forsaken his cheeks.
KING EDWARD IV Is Clarence dead? the order was reversed.
GLOUCESTER But he, poor soul, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear:
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too late to see him buried.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!
[Enter DERBY]
DORSET A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!
KING EDWARD IV I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.
DORSET I will not rise, unless your highness grant.
KING EDWARD IV Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st.
DORSET The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a righteous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.
KING EDWARD IV Have a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall the same give pardon to a slave?
My brother slew no man; his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruel death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised
Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did for sake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field by Tewsbury
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, 'Dear brother, live, and be a king'?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his own garments, and gave himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I unjustly too, must grant it you
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this!
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.
Oh, poor Clarence!
[Exeunt some with KING EDWARD IV and QUEEN MARGARET]
GLOUCESTER This is the fruit of rashness! Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the king!
God will revenge it. But come, let us in,
To comfort Edward with our company.
BUCKINGHAM We wait upon your grace.
[Exeunt]

ACT II SCENE II The palace.

[Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, with the two children of CLARENCE]
BOY Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead?
DUCHESS OF YORK No, boy.
BOY Why do you wring your hands, and beat your breast,
And cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son!'
GIRL Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us wretches, orphans, castaways
If that our noble father be alive?
DUCHESS OF YORK My pretty cousins, you mistake me much;
I do lament the sickness of the king.
As loath to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.
BOY Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With daily prayers all to that effect.
GIRL And so will I.
DUCHESS OF YORK Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caused your father's death.
BOY  Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloucester
    Told me, the king, provoked by the queen,
    Devised impeachments to imprison him:
    And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
    And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
    Bade me rely on him as on my father,
    And he would love me dearly as his child.
DUCHESS OF YORK  Oh, that deceit should steal
    such gentle shapes,
    And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile!
    He is my son; yes, and therein my shame;
    Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
BOY  Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?
DUCHESS OF YORK  Ay, boy.
    I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?
[Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, with her hair about her ears; RIVERS, and DORSET after her]
QUEEN ELIZABETH  Oh, who shall hinder me to
    wail and weep,
    To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
    I'll join with black despair against my soul,
    And to myself become an enemy.
DUCHESS OF YORK  What means this scene of rude impatience?
QUEEN ELIZABETH  To make an act of tragic violence:
    Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead.
    Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?
    Why wither not the leaves the sap being gone?
    If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,
    That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
    Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.
DUCHESS OF YORK  Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
    As I had title in thy noble husband!
    I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
    And lived by looking on his images:
    But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
    Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
    And I for comfort have but one false glass,
    Which grieves me when I see my shame in him.
    Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
    And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
    But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
    And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,
    Edward and Clarence. O, what cause have I,
    Thine being but a moiety of my grief,
    To overgo thy plains and drown thy cries!
BOY  Good aunt, you wept not for our father's death;
    How can we aid you with our kindred tears?
    Our fatherless distress was left
    unmoan'd;
    Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!
QUEEN ELIZABETH  Give me no help in
    lamentation;
    I am not barren to bring forth complaints
    All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
    That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
    May send forth pleurous tears to drown the world!
    Oh for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!
CHILDREN  Oh for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!
DUCHESS OF YORK  Alas for both, both mine,
    Edward and Clarence!
QUEEN ELIZABETH  What stay had I but
    Edward? and he's gone.
CHILDREN  What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.
DUCHESS OF YORK  What stays had I but they?
    and they are gone.
QUEEN ELIZABETH  Was never widow had so
dear a loss!
CHILDREN  Were never orphans had so dear a loss!
DUCHESS OF YORK  Was never mother had so
dear a loss!
    Alas, I am the mother of these moans!
    Their woes are parcel'd, mine are general.
    She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
    I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
    These babes for Clarence weeps and so do I;
    I for an Edward weep, so do not they:
    Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
    Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,
    And I will pamper it with lamentations.
DORSET  Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeased
    That you take with unthankfulness, his doing:
    In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,
    With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
    Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
    Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
    For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
RIVERS  Madam, bethink you, like a careful
    mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him
Let him be crown'd: in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.
[Enter GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, DERBY,
HASTINGS, and RATCLIFF]
GLOUCESTER Madam, have comfort: all of us
have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace: humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.
DUCHESS OF YORK God bless thee; and put
meekness in thy mind,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!
GLOUCESTER [Aside] Amen; and make me die a
good old man!
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing:
I marvel why her grace did leave it out.
BUCKINGHAM You cloudy princes and
heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.
RIVERS Why with some little train, my Lord
of Buckingham?
BUCKINGHAM Marry, my lord, lest, by a
multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous
By how much the estate is green and yet
ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.
GLOUCESTER I hope the king made peace with all
of us
And the compact is firm and true in me.
RIVERS And so in me; and so, I think, in
all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,

Which hapy by much company might be urged:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.
HASTINGS And so say I.
GLOUCESTER Then be it so; and go we to
determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to
Ludlow.
Madam, and you, my mother, will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business?

QUEEN ELIZABETH |
| With all our harts.

DUCHESS OF YORK |

[Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOUCESTER]
BUCKINGHAM My lord, whoever journeys to the
Prince,
For God's sake, let not us two be behind;
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the king.
GLOUCESTER My other self, my counsel's
consistory,
My oracle, my prophet! My dear cousin,
I, like a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.
[Exeunt]

KING RICHARD III

ACT II SCENE III London. A street.

[Enter two CITIZENS meeting]
FIRST CITIZEN Neighbour, well met: whither away
so fast?
SECOND CITIZEN I promise you, I scarcely
know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?
FIRST CITIZEN Ay, that the king is dead.
SECOND CITIZEN Bad news, by'r lady;
seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear 'twill prove a troublous world.
[Enter ANOTHER CITIZEN]
THIRD CITIZEN Neighbours, God speed!
FIRST CITIZEN Give you good morrow, sir.
THIRD CITIZEN Doth this news hold of good King
Edward's death?
SECOND CITIZEN Ay, sir, it is too true; God
help the while!
THIRD CITIZEN Then, masters, look to see a
troublesome world.

FIRST CITIZEN No, no; by God’s good grace his son shall reign.

THIRD CITIZEN Woe to the land that’s govern’d by a child!

SECOND CITIZEN In him there is a hope of government,
    That in his nonage council under him,
    And in his full and ripen’d years himself,
    No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.

FIRST CITIZEN So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
    Was crown’d in Paris but at nine months old.

THIRD CITIZEN Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot; For then this land was famously enrich’d With politic grave counsel; then the king Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

FIRST CITIZEN Why, so hath this, both by the father and mother.

THIRD CITIZEN Better it were they all came by the father, Or by the father there were none at all; For emulation now, who shall be nearest, Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not. O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester! And the queen’s sons and brothers haught and proud:
    And were they to be ruled, and not to rule, This sickly land might solace as before.

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

THIRD CITIZEN When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks; When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand; When the sun sets, who doth not look for night? Untimely storms make men expect a dearth. All may be well; but, if God sort it so, ’Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

SECOND CITIZEN Truly, the souls of men are full of dread: Ye cannot reason almost with a man That looks not heavily and full of fear.

THIRD CITIZEN Before the times of change, still is it so: By a divine instinct men’s minds mistrust Ensuing dangers; as by proof, we see The waters swell before a boisterous storm. But leave it all to God. whither away?

SECOND CITIZEN Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

THIRD CITIZEN And so was I: I’ll bear you company.

[Exeunt]

KING RICHARD III
ACT II SCENE IV London. The palace.

[Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, young YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the DUCHESS OF YORK]

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;
    At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night: To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

DUCHESS OF YORK I long with all my heart to see the prince:
    I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

QUEEN ELIZABETH But I hear, no; they say my son of York
    Hath almost overta’en him in his growth.

YORK Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

DUCHESS OF YORK Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

YORK Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
    My uncle Rivers talk’d how I did grow More than my brother: ‘Ay,’ quoth my uncle Gloucester, ‘Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.’ And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast, Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.

DUCHESS OF YORK Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold In him that did object the same to thee; He was the wretched’st thing when he was young, So long a-growing and so leisurely, That, if this rule were true, he should be gracious.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is.

DUCHESS OF YORK I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

YORK Now, by my troth, if I had been remember’d, I could have given my uncle’s grace a stout, To touch his growth nearer than he touch’d mine.

DUCHESS OF YORK How, my pretty York? I pray thee, let me hear it.

YORK Marry, they say my uncle grew so
fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duchess of York I pray thee, pretty York,
who told thee this?
York Grandam, his nurse.
Duchess of York His nurse! why, she was
dead ere thou wert born.
York If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who
told me.
Queen Elizabeth A parlous boy: go to, you
are too shrewd.
Archbishop of York Good madam, be not angry
with the child.
Queen Elizabeth Pitchers have ears.
[Enter a Messenger]
Archbishop of York Here comes a messenger.
What news?
Messenger Such news, my lord, as grieves me
to unfold.
Queen Elizabeth How fares the prince?
Messenger Well, madam, and in health.
Duchess of York What is thy news then?
Messenger Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent
to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duchess of York Who hath committed them?
Messenger The mighty dukes
Gloucester and Buckingham.
Queen Elizabeth For what offence?
Messenger The sum of all I can, I have
disclosed;
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.
Queen Elizabeth Ay me, I see the downfall
of our house!
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and aweless throne:
Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Duchess of York Accursed and unquiet
wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors.
Make war upon themselves; blood against blood,
Self against self: O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!
Queen Elizabeth Come, come, my boy; we
will to sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.
Duchess of York I'll go along
with you.
Queen Elizabeth You have no cause.
Archbishop of York My gracious
lady, go;
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep: and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.
[Exeunt]

KING RICHARD III
ACT III SCENE I London. A street.

[The trumpets sound. Enter the young Prince
Edward, Gloucester, Buckingham, Cardinal,
Catesby, and others]
Buckingham Welcome, sweet prince, to London,
to your chamber.
Gloucester Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prince Edward No, uncle; but our crosses
on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy
I want more uncles here to welcome me.
Gloucester Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of
your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpheth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false
friends!
Prince Edward God keep me from false
friends! but they were none.
Gloucester My lord, the mayor of London
comes to greet you.
[Enter the Lord Mayor and his train]
Lord Mayor God bless your grace with health