BUCKINGHAM  My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
   But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
   All circumstances well considered.
   You say that Edward is your brother's son:
   So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
   For first he was contract to Lady Lucy—
   Your mother lives a witness to that vow—
   And afterward by substitute betroth'd
   To Bona, sister to the King of France.
   These both put by a poor petitioner,
   A care-crazed mother of a many children,
   A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
   Even in the afternoon of her best days,
   Made prize and purchase of his lustful eye,
   Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts
   To base declension and loathed bigamy
   By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
   This Edward, whom our manners term the prince.
   More bitterly could I expostulate,
   Save that, for reverence to some alive,
   I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
   Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
   This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
   If non to bless us and the land withal,
   Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
   From the corruption of abusing times,
   Unto a lineal true-derived course.
LORD MAYOR  Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat you.
BUCKINGHAM  Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.
CATESBY   O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!
GLOUCESTER  Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?
   I am unfit for state and majesty;
   I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
   I cannot nor I will not yield to you.
BUCKINGHAM  If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,
   Loath to depose the child, Your brother's son;
   As well we know your tenderness of heart
   And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
   Which we have noted in you to your kin,
   And equally indeed to all estates,—
   Yet whether you accept our suit or no,
   Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
   But we will plant some other in the throne,
   To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
   And in this resolution here we leave you.—
Come, citizens: 'zounds! I'll entreat no more.
GLOUCESTER  O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM with the CITIZENS]
CATESBY    Call them again, my lord, and accept their suit.
ANOTHER    Do, good my lord, lest all the land do rue it.
GLOUCESTER  Would you enforce me to a world of care?
   Well, call them again. I am not made of stone,
   But penetrable to your, kind entreats,
   Albeit against my conscience and my soul.
[Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest]
Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,
   Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
   To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,
   I must have patience to endure the load:
   But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
   Attend the sequel of your imposition,
   Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
   From all the impure blot and stains thereof;
   For God he knows, and you may partly see,
   How far I am from the desire thereof.
LORD MAYOR  God bless your grace! we see it, and
   will say it.
GLOUCESTER  In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
BUCKINGHAM  Then I salute you with this kingly title:
   Long live Richard, England's royal king!
LORD MAYOR    Amen.
CITIZENS    Amen.
BUCKINGHAM  To-morrow will it please you to be crown'd?
GLOUCESTER    Even when you please, since you will have it so.
BUCKINGHAM    To-morrow, then, we will attend
   your grace:
   And so most joyfully we take our leave.
GLOUCESTER    Come, let us to our holy task again.
   Farewell, good cousin; farewell, gentle friends.
[Exeunt]

KING RICHARD III
ACT IV  SCENE I  Before the Tower.

[Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS
OF YORK, and DORSET; on the other, ANNE,
DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, leading LADY
MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE's young
Daughter]
DUCHESS OF YORK Who meets us here? my
neece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love to greet the tender princes.
Daughter, well met.
LADY ANNE God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!
QUEEN ELIZABETH As much to you, good
sister! Whither away?
LADY ANNE No farther than the Tower; and, as I
guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Kind sister, thanks: we'll
enter all together.

[Enter BRAKENBURY]
And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?
BRAKENBURY Right well, dear madam. By your
patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath straitly charged the contrary.
QUEEN ELIZABETH The king! why, who's that?
BRAKENBURY I cry you mercy: I mean the lord
protector.
QUEEN ELIZABETH The Lord protect him from
that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds betwixt their love and me?
I am their mother; who should keep me from them?
DUCHESS OF YORK I am their fathers mother; I
will see them.
LADY ANNE Their aunt I am in law, in love their
mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.
BRAKENBURY No, madam, no; I may not leave it
so:
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.
[Exit]
[Enter LORD STANLEY RD STANLEY Let me
but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker on, of two fair queens.
[To LADY ANNE]
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.
QUEEN ELIZABETH O, cut my lace in sunder,
that my pent heart
May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon
With this dead-killing news!
LADY ANNE Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing
news!
DORSET Be of good cheer: mother, how
fares your grace?
QUEEN ELIZABETH O Dorset, speak not to me,
got thee hence!
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wili outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell
Go, hee thee, hee thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.
LORD STANLEY ey of wise care is this your counsel,
madam.
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
To meet you on the way, and welcome you.
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.
DUCHESS OF YORK O ill-dispersing wind of
misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous.
LORD STANLEY ey, madam, come; I in all haste was
sent.
LADY ANNE And I in all unwillingness will go.
I would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, God save the queen!
QUEEN ELIZABETH Go, go, poor soul, I envy
not thy glory
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.
LADY ANNE No! why? When he that is my
husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his
hands
Which issued from my other angel husband
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish: 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accursed,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—
As miserable by the life of thee
As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words
And proved the subject of my own soul's curse,
Which ever since hath kept my eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,
But have been waked by his timorous dreams.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH** Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

**LADY ANNE** No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH** Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

**LADY ANNE** Adieu, poor soul, that takest thy leave of it!

**DUCHESS OF YORK** [To DORSET]
Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!

[To LADY ANNE]
Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard thee!

[To QUEEN ELIZABETH]
Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

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

**QUEEN ELIZABETH** Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
Whom envy hath immured within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[Exeunt]

**KING RICHARD III**

**ACT IV SCENE II** London. The palace.

[Senet. Enter KING RICHARD III, in pomp, crowned; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a page, and others]

**KING RICHARD III** Stand all apart Cousin of Buckingham!

**BUCKINGHAM** My gracious sovereign?

**KING RICHARD III** Give me thy hand.
[Here he ascendeth his throne]
Thus high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated;
But shall we wear these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

**BUCKINGHAM** Still live they and for ever may they last!

**KING RICHARD III** O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed
Young Edward lives: think now what I would say.

**BUCKINGHAM** Say on, my loving lord.

**KING RICHARD III** Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king,

**BUCKINGHAM** Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.

**KING RICHARD III** Ha! am I king? 'tis so: but Edward lives.

**BUCKINGHAM** True, noble prince.

**KING RICHARD III** O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live! 'True, noble prince!'
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd:
What sayest thou? speak suddenly; be brief.

**BUCKINGHAM** Your grace may do your pleasure.

**KING RICHARD III** Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth:
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

**BUCKINGHAM** Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord
Before I positively herein:
I will resolve your grace immediately.

[Exit]

**CATESBY** [Aside to a stander by]
The king is angry: see, he bites the lip.

**KING RICHARD III** I will converse with
iron-witted fools
And unrespective boys: none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes:
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy!

**PAGE** My lord?

**KING RICHARD III** Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

**PAGE** My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

KING RICHARD III

What is his name?

PAGE

His name, my lord, is

Tyrrel.

KING RICHARD III

I partly know the man: go, call him hither.

[Exit PAGE]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel:
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath?

[Enter STANLEY]

How now! what news with you?

STANLEY

My lord, I hear the Marquis

Dorset's fled

To Richmond, in those parts beyond the sea

Where he abides.

[Stands apart]

KING RICHARD III

Catesby!

CATESBY

My lord?

KING RICHARD III

Rumour it abroad

That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die:
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out
That Anne my wife is sick and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[Exit CATESBY]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin:
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

[Re-enter PAGE, with TYRREL]

Is thy name Tyrrel?

TYRREL

James Tyrrel, and your most
obedient subject.

KING RICHARD III

Art thou, indeed?

TYRREL

Prove me, my gracious
sovereign.

KING RICHARD III

Darest thou resolve to kill a
friend of mine?

TYRREL

Ay, my lord;

But I had rather kill two enemies.

KING RICHARD III

Why, there thou hast it:
two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers

Are they that I would have thee deal upon:

Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

TYRREL

Let me have open means to come to
them,

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

KING RICHARD III

Thou sing'st sweet music.

Hark, come hither, Tyrrel

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

[Whispers]

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

And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

TYRREL

'Tis done, my gracious lord.

KING RICHARD III

Shall we hear from thee,

Tyrrel, ere we sleep?

TYRREL

Ye shall, my Lord.

[Exit]

[Re-enter BUCKINGHAM]

BUCKINGHAM

My Lord, I have consider'd in my

mind

The late demand that you did sound me in.

KING RICHARD III

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

BUCKINGHAM

I hear that news, my lord.

KING RICHARD III

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

BUCKINGHAM

My lord, I claim your gift, my due
by promise,

For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;

The earldom of Hereford and the moveables

The which you promised I should possess.

KING RICHARD III

Stanley, look to your wife;

if she convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

BUCKINGHAM

What says your highness to my just
demand?

KING RICHARD III

As I remember, Henry the
Sixth

Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,

When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king, perhaps, perhaps,—

BUCKINGHAM

My lord!

KING RICHARD III

How chance the prophet
could not at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

BUCKINGHAM

My lord, your promise for the

earldom,—

KING RICHARD III

Richmond! When last I was
at Exeter,

The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,

And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

**BUCKINGHAM** My Lord!
**KING RICHARD III** Ay, what's o'clock?
**BUCKINGHAM** I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.

**KING RICHARD III** Well, but what's o'clock?
**BUCKINGHAM** Upon the stroke of ten.
**KING RICHARD III** Well, let it strike.
**BUCKINGHAM** Why let it strike?
**KING RICHARD III** Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

**BUCKINGHAM** Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

**KING RICHARD III** Tut, tut,
Thou troublest me; am not in the vein.

[Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM]

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

[Exit]

**KING RICHARD III**

**ACT IV SCENE III** The same.

[Enter TYRREL]

**TYRREL** The tyrannous and bloody deed is done.
The most arch of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Although they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad stories.
'Lo, thus quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender babes:'
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind;
But O! the devil'—there the villain stopp'd
Whilst Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered

The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloody king.
And here he comes.

[Enter KING RICHARD III]

All hail, my sovereign liege!

**KING RICHARD III** Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

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

**KING RICHARD III** But didst thou see them dead?

**TYRREL** I did, my lord.

**KING RICHARD III** And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

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

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

[Exit TYRREL]

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

[Enter CATESBY]

**CATESBY** My lord!

**KING RICHARD III** Good news or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly?

**CATESBY** Bad news, my lord: Ely is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

**KING RICHARD III** Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army.
Come, I have heard that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove’s Mercury, and herald for a king!
Come, muster men: my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.
[Exeunt]

KING RICHARD III

ACT IV SCENE IV Before the palace.

[Enter QUEEN MARGARET]
QUEEN MARGARET So, now prosperity begins
to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines sily have I lurk’d,
To watch the waning of mine adversaries.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes
here?
[Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS OF YORK]
QUEEN ELIZABETH Ah, my young princes! ah,
my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air
And be not fix’d in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings
And hear your mother’s lamentation!
QUEEN MARGARET Hover about her; say, that
right for right
Hath dimm’d your infant morn to aged night.
DUCHESS OF YORK So many miseries have
crazed my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb,
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
QUEEN MARGARET Plantagenet doth quit
Plantagenet.
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Wilt thou, O God, fly from
such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?
QUEEN MARGARET When holy Harry died, and
my sweet son.
DUCHESS OF YORK Blind sight, dead life, poor
mortal living ghost,
Woe’s scene, world’s shame, grave’s due by life
usurp’d,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England’s lawful earth,
[Sitting down]
Unlawfully made drunk with innocents’ blood!
QUEEN ELIZABETH O, that thou wouldst as
well afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
O, who hath any cause to mourn but I?
[Sitting down by her]
QUEEN MARGARET If ancient sorrow be most
reverend,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my woes frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,
[Sitting down with them]
Tell o’er your woes again by viewing mine:
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill’d him;
I had a Harry, till a Richard kill’d him:
Thou hast an Edward, till a Richard kill’d him;
Thou hast a Richard, till a Richard killed him;
DUCHESS OF YORK I had a Richard too, and
thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp’st to kill him.
QUEEN MARGARET Thou hadst a Clarence too,
and Richard kill’d him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood,
That foul defacer of God’s handwork,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnel cur
Preys on the issue of his mother’s body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others’ moan!
DUCHESS OF YORK O Harry’s wife, triumph
not in my woes!
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.
QUEEN MARGARET Bear with me; I am hungry
for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb’d my Edward:
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss:
Thy Clarence he is dead that kill’d my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligenancer,
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls
And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray.
To have him suddenly convey'd away.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

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

QUEEN MARGARET     I call'd thee then vain
flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering index of a direful pageant;
One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes;
A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A sign of dignity, a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot,
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children? wherein dost thou, joy?
Who sues to thee and cries 'God save the queen'?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very caiffit crown'd with care;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;
From which even here I slip my weary neck,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad
mischance:
These English woes will make me smile in France.

QUEEN ELIZABETH     O thou well skill'd in
curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies!
QUEEN MARGARET     Forbear to sleep the nights,
and fast the days;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse:
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

QUEEN ELIZABETH     My words are dull; O,
quicken them with thine!
QUEEN MARGARET     Thy woes will make them
sharp, and pierce like mine.

[Exit]

DUCHESS OF YORK     Why should calamity be
full of words?
QUEEN ELIZABETH     Windy attorneys to their
client woes,
Airy successors of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help not all, yet do they ease the heart.

DUCHESS OF YORK     If so, then be not
tongue-tied: go with me.
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, which thy two sweet sons
smother'd.
I hear his drum: be copious in exclains.

[Enter KING RICHARD III, marching, with drums
and trumpets]

KING RICHARD III     Who intercepts my
expedition?
DUCHESS OF YORK     O, she that might have
intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb
From all the slaughters, wrath, that thou hast
done!

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

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH     Where is kind Hastings,
Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

KING RICHARD III     A flourish, trumpets! strike
alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's enointed: strike, I say!
[Flourish. Alarums]
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamation.

DUCHESS OF YORK  Art thou my son?
KING RICHARD III  Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.
DUCHESS OF YORK  Then patiently hear my impatience.
KING RICHARD III  Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.
DUCHESS OF YORK  O, let me speak!
KING RICHARD III  Do then: but I'll not hear.
DUCHESS OF YORK  I will be mild and gentle in my speech.
KING RICHARD III  And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.
DUCHESS OF YORK  Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.
KING RICHARD III  And came I not at last to comfort you?
DUCHESS OF YORK  No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious,
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subdued, bloody, treacherous,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company?

KING RICHARD III  Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Strike the drum.

DUCHESS OF YORK  I prithee, hear me speak.
KING RICHARD III  You speak too bitterly.
DUCHESS OF YORK  Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.
KING RICHARD III  So.

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

[Exit]

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

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

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

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

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

KING RICHARD III  Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

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

KING RICHARD III  Her life is only safest in her birth.

QUEEN ELIZABETH  And only in that safety died her brothers.

KING RICHARD III  Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

QUEEN ELIZABETH  No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

KING RICHARD III  All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

QUEEN ELIZABETH  True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destined to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

**KING RICHARD III** You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH** Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

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

**QUEEN ELIZABETH** What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

**KING RICHARD III** The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH** Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

**KING RICHARD III** No, to the dignity and height of honour
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH** Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

**KING RICHARD III** Even all I have; yea, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

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

**KING RICHARD III** Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH** My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

**KING RICHARD III** What do you think?

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

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

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

**KING RICHARD III** Even he that makes her queen who should be else?

**QUEEN ELIZABETH** What, thou?

**KING RICHARD III** I, even I: what think you of it, madam?

**QUEEN ELIZABETH** How canst thou woo her?

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

**QUEEN ELIZABETH** And wilt thou learn of me?

**KING RICHARD III** Madam, with all my heart.

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

**KING RICHARD III** Come, come, you mock me; this is not the way
To win our daughter.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH** There is no other way
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

**KING RICHARD III** Say that I did all this for love of her.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH** Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

**KING RICHARD III** Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of an one pain, save for a night of groans
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife.
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go, then my mother, to thy daughter go
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retain my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Caesar's Caesar.

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

King Richard III
After fair England's peace
by this alliance.

Queen Elizabeth with still lasting war.
King Richard III may command, entreats.
Queen Elizabeth king's King forbids.
King Richard III mighty queen.
Queen Elizabeth mother doth.
King Richard III everlasting.
Queen Elizabeth 'ever' last?
King Richard III fair life's end.
Queen Elizabeth her sweet lie last?
King Richard III nature lengthens it.
Queen Elizabeth likes of it.
King Richard III her subject love.
Queen Elizabeth loathes such sovereignty.
King Richard III

Say that the king, which
That at her hands which the
Say, she shall be a high and
To wail the tide, as her
Say, I will love her
But how long shall that title
Sweetly in force unto her
But how long fairly shall
So long as heaven and
So long as hell and Richard
Say, I, her sovereign, am
But she, your subject,
Be eloquent in my behalf to
An honest tale speeds best
Then in plain terms tell her
Plain and not honest is too
Your reasons are too
O no, my reasons are too
deep and dead;
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.
King Richard III madam; that is past.
Queen Elizabeth heart-strings break.
King Richard III
Harp not on that string,
Harp on it still shall I till
Now, by my George, my
Profaned, dishonour'd, and
I swear--
By nothing; for this
The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour;
The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The crown, usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory.
if something thou wilt swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not
wrong'd.

KING RICHARD III  Now, by the world--
QUEEN ELIZABETH  'Tis full of thy foul
wrongs.
KING RICHARD III  My father's death--
QUEEN ELIZABETH  Thy life hath that
dishonour'd.
KING RICHARD III  Then, by myself--
QUEEN ELIZABETH  Thyself
thysel be misusest.
KING RICHARD III  Why then, by God--
QUEEN ELIZABETH  God's wrong
is most of all.

If thou hast fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The unity the king thy brother made
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain:
If thou hast fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The imperial meal, circling now thy brow,
Had grace the tender temples of my child,
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender playfellows to dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

KING RICHARD III  The time to come.
QUEEN ELIZABETH  That thou hast wronged in
the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast
slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;
The parents live, whose children thou hast
butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.

KING RICHARD III  As I intend to prosper and
repeat,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceedings, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;

Without her, follows to this land and me,
To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, good mother,—I must can you so--
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urg the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

QUEEN ELIZABETH  Shall I be tempted of the
devil thus?
KING RICHARD III  Ay, if the devil tempt thee
to do good.
QUEEN ELIZABETH  Shall I forget myself to be
myself?
KING RICHARD III  Ay, if yourself's
remembrance wrong yourself.
QUEEN ELIZABETH  But thou didst kill my
children.
KING RICHARD III  But in your daughter's
womb I bury them:
Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.
QUEEN ELIZABETH  Shall I go win my daughter
to thy will?
KING RICHARD III  And be a happy mother by
the deed.
QUEEN ELIZABETH  I go. Write to me very
shortly.
And you shall understand from me her mind.
KING RICHARD III  Bear her my true love's
kiss; and so, farewell.

[Exit QUEEN ELIZABETH]
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!
[Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following]
How now! what news?

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

KING RICHARD III  Some light-foot friend post
to the Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he?
CATESBY  Here, my lord.
KING RICHARD III  Fly to the duke:
[To RATCLIFF]
Post thou to Salisbury
When thou comest thither—

[To CATESBY]
Dull, unmindful villain,
Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke?
CATESBY First, mighty sovereign, let me
know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.
KING RICHARD III O, true, good Catesby: bid
him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me presently at Salisbury.
CATESBY I go.

[Exit]
RATCLIFF What is't your highness' pleasure I
shall do at
Salisbury?
KING RICHARD III Why, what wouldst thou do
there before I go?
RATCLIFF Your highness told me I should post
before.
KING RICHARD III My mind is changed, sir, my
mind is changed.
[Enter STANLEY]
How now, what news with you?
STANLEY None good, my lord, to please you
with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.
KING RICHARD III Hoyday, a riddle! neither
good nor bad!
Why dost thou run so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way?
Once more, what news?
STANLEY Richmond is on the seas.
KING RICHARD III There let him sink, and be
the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?
STANLEY I know not, mighty sovereign, but
by guess.
KING RICHARD III Well, sir, as you guess, as
you guess?
STANLEY Stir'd up by Dorset, Buckingham,
and Ely,
He makes for England, there to claim the crown.
KING RICHARD III Is the chair empty? is the
sword unwassy'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what doth he upon the sea?

STANLEY Unless for that, my liege, I cannot
guess.
KING RICHARD III Unless for that he comes to
be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
STANLEY No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust
me not.
KING RICHARD III Where is thy power, then,
to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore.
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships!
STANLEY No, my good lord, my friends are in
the north.
KING RICHARD III Cold friends to Richard:
what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the
west?
STANLEY They have not been commanded,
mighty sovereign:
Please it your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace
Where and what time your majesty shall please.
KING RICHARD III Ay, ay, thou wouldest be
gone to join with Richmond:
I will not trust you, sir.
STANLEY Most mighty sovereign.
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:
I never was nor never will be false.
KING RICHARD III Well,
Go muster men; but, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be firm.
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
STANLEY So deal with him as I prove true to
you.

[Exit]

[Enter a PAGE]

PAGE My gracious sovereign, now in
Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

[Enter another PAGE]

SECOND MESSENGER My liege, in Kent the
Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to their aid, and still their power increaseth.

[Enter ANOTHER MESSENGER]

THIRD MESSENGER My lord, the army of the
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 auxiliaries, 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’d 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;