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SHAKESPEARE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME EIGHT

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Northcote del

Starling sc

KING RICHARD 3^d

The two Princes Edward, Duke of York &c
Act III Scene 1

KING RICHARD III.

TWO PRINCES, GLOSTER,
BUCKINGHAM, ETC.

After the Painting by Northcote.

KING RICHARD III.

*TWO PRINCES, GLOSTER,
BUCKINGHAM, ETC.*

After the Painting by Northcote.

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THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK, M. A., AND

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT, M. A.

WITH 171 ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL AFTER THE BOYDELL ILLUS-
TRATIONS; AND SIXTY-FOUR PHOTOGRAVURES
CHIEFLY FROM LIFE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME EIGHT

PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE BARRIE & SON, PUBLISHERS

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*THE TRAGEDY OF
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD the Fourth.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V., } sons to the King.

RICHARD, Duke of York, }
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence, } brothers to
RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, } the King.
afterwards King Richard III., }

A young son of Clarence.

HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.

CARDINAL BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.

JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY, his son.

EARL RIVERS, brother to Elizabeth.

MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, sons to Elizabeth.

EARL OF OXFORD.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY.

LORD LOVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT.

SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a priest. Another Priest.

TRESSEL and BERKELEY, gentlemen attending on the Lady Anne.

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, queen to King Edward IV.

MARGARET, widow of King Henry VI.

DUCHESS OF YORK, mother to King Edward IV.
LADY ANNE, widow of Edward Prince of Wales,
son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married
to Richard.

A young Daughter of Clarence (MARGARET
PLANTAGENET).

Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III.,
Lords and other Attendants; a Pursuivant,
Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers,
Soldiers, &c.

SCENE: *England.*



KING RICHARD III.

Miss Beatrice Cameron as Lady Anne.

KING RICHARD III.

Miss Beatrice Cameron as Lady Anne.

THE TRAGEDY OF
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. A street.

Enter RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *solus*.

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

And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds ^{*Dances.} 10
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time 20
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,

I am determined to prove a villain
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days. 30
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
 'To set my brother Clarence and the king
 In deadly hate the one against the other:
 And if King Edward be as true and just
 As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up, †
 About a prophecy, which says that G †Confined.
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. 40
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence
 comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

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

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

Glou. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glou. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of
 yours;

He should, for that, commit your godfathers:
 O, belike his majesty hath some intent
 That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower. 50
 But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I
 protest

As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
 He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
 And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
 And says a wizard told him that by G
 His issue disinherited should be;
 And, for my name of George begins with G,
 It follows in his thought that I am he.
 These, as I learn, and such like toys* as these 60
 Have moved his highness to commit me now.

Glou. Why, this it is, when men are ruled by
 women:

*Trifles.
 'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
 My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she

That tempers him to this extremity.
 Was it not she and that good man of worship,
 Anthony Woodville, her brother there,
 That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
 From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
 We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe. 70

Clar. By heaven, I think there's no man is
 secure

But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds
 That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
 Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
 Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glou. Humbly complaining to her deity
 Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
 I'll tell you what; I think it is our way,
 If we will keep in favour with the king,
 To be her men and wear her livery: 80
 The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,
 Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
 Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

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

Glou. Even so; an't please your worship,
 Brakenbury,
 You may partake of any thing we say:
 We speak no treason, man: we say the king 90
 Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
 Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;
 We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
 A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing
 tongue;
 And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-
 folks:

How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought
 to do.

Glou. Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell
 thee, fellow,
 He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
 Were best he do it secretly, alone. 100

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glou. Her husband, knave: wouldst thou betray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me, and withal
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glou. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,
Were it to cail King Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you. 110
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glou. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;

I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Meantime, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.*]

Glou. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,

Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands. 120
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glou. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glou. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;

For they that were your enemies are his, 130
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be
mew'd,* *Confined.
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glou. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home;
The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glou. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad
indeed.

O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And overmuch consumed his royal person: 140
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glou. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit Hastings.*]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to
heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live: 150
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market: 160
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and
reigns:

When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another street.*

*Enter the corpse of KING HENRY the Sixth, Gen-
tlemen with halberds to guard it; LADY ANNE
being the mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable
load.

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
 Whilst I awhile obsequiously* lament *Funereally
 The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
 Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son, 10
 Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these
 wounds!

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
 Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes!
 Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it!
 Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives! 20
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness!
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 As miserable by the death of him
 As I am made by my poor lord and thee!
 Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there; 30
 And still, as you are weary of the weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

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

Anne. What black magician conjures up this
 fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glou. Villains, set down the corse; or, by
 Saint Paul,

I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

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

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

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, 40
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all
afraid?

Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,

His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glou. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and
trouble us not; 50

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclams.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,

Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;

For 'tis thy presence that exhales* this blood

From cold and empty veins, where no blood
dwells; *Draws out. 60

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

O God, which this blood madest, revenge his
death!

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his
death!

Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer
dead,

Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

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

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God
nor man; 70

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glou. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glou. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self. 80

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

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou
canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glou. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand
excused;

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glou. Say that I slew them not?

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

Glou. I did not kill your husband. 91

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

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

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen
Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood:
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

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

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

Glou. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God
grant me too

Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

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

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glou. Let him thank me, that holp* to send him thither; *Helped.

For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glou. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it. 110

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glou. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glou. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

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

Anne. Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect. 120

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

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

Glou. These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck; You should not blemish it, if I stood by: As all the world is cheered by the sun, So I by that; it is my day, my life. 130

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

Glou. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

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

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

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

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the
earth. 140

Glou. He lives that loves thee better than he
could.

Anne. Name him.

Glou. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glou. The selfsame name, but one of better
nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glou. Here. [*She spitteth at him.*]

Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy
sake!

Glou. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.

Glou. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected
mine. 150

Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike
thee dead!

Glou. I would they were, that I might die at
once;

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt
tears,

Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,

No, when my father York and Edward wept,

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made

When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child, 160

Told the sad story of my father's death,

And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear:

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weep-
ing.

I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing
words;

But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee, 170
My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to
speak. [*She looks scornfully at him.*

Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,
And let the soul forth that adareth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[*He lays his breast open: she offers at it
with his sword.*

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry,
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me. 181

Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young
Edward,

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[*Here she lets fall the sword.*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy
death,

I will not be the executioner.

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

Anne. I have already.

Glou. Tush, that was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and, even with the word,
That hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love; 191

To both their deaths thou shalt be accessory.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glou. 'Tis figured in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Glou. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glou. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glou. But shall I live in hope? 200

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glou. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give.

Glou. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy
finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it? 210

Glou. That it would please thee leave these
sad designs

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

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys
me too, 220

To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

Glou. Bid me farewell.

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

[*Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.*]

Glou. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glou. No, to White-Friars; there attend my
coming. [*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her; but I will not keep her long. 230
What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars
against me,

And I nothing to back my suit at all,
 But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
 And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
 Ha!
 Hath she forgot already that brave prince, 240
 Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
 Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
 A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
 Framed in the prodigality of nature,
 Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
 The spacious world cannot again afford:
 And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
 That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
 And made her widow to a woful bed?
 On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
 On me, that halt and am unshapen thus? 251
 My dukedom to a beggarly denier,* *French coin.
 I do mistake my person all this while:
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
 And entertain some score or two of tailors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body:
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost. 260
 But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;
 And then return lamenting to my love.
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and
 LORD GREY.

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

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him
 worse:

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
 And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide
 of me?

Riv. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harm.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,

To be your comforter when he is gone. 10

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

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* DERBY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Der. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Derby, 20

To your good prayers will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Der. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accused in true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Riv. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Derby? 30

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

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Madam, we did: he desires to make atonement

Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,

And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain,
And sent to warn* them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well! but that will
never be: *Summon. 40
I fear our happiness is at the highest.

Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glou. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:

Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy. 50

Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?*

Riv. To whom in all this presence speaks
your grace? *Mean fellows.

Glou. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee
wrong?

Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person,—
Whom God preserve better than you would
wish!—

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while, 60
But you must trouble him with lewd* complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake
the matter. *Foolish.

The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provoked by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
Which in your outward actions shows itself
Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glou. I cannot tell: the world is grown so
bad, 70

That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:

Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning,
brother Gloucester;

You envy my advancement and my friends':
God grant we never may have need of you!

Glou. Meantime, God grants that we have
need of you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt; whilst many fair promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those 81
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a
noble.* *Coin.

Q. Eliz. By Him that raised me to this care-
ful height

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

Glou. You may deny that you were not the
cause *Suspicious. 90

Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord, for—

Glou. She may, Lord Rivers! why, who
knows not so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.

What may she not? She may, yea, marry, may
she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glou. What, marry, may she! marry with a
king, 100

A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:

I wis* your grandam had a worser match. *Certainly.

Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too
long borne

Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
With those gross taunts I often have endured.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.

Small joy have I in being England's queen. 110

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I
beseech thee!

Thy honour, state and seat is due to me.

Glou. What! threat you me with telling of
the king?

Tell him, and spare not: look what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too
well:

Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury. 120

Glou. Ere you were queen, yea, or your hus-
band king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends:

To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Yea, and much better blood than his
or thine.

Glou. In all which time you and your husband
Grey

Were factious for the house of Lancaster;

And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain? 130

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What you have been ere now, and what you are;

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still
thou art.

Glou. Poor Clarence did forsake his father,
Warwick;

Yea, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glou. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;

And for his meed,* poor lord, he is mew'd up.

I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;

Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine: *Reward. 140

I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,

Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days

Which here you urge to prove us enemies,

We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king:

So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glou. If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it! 150

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,

As little joy may you suppose in me,

That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient. [Advancing.

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out

In sharing that which you have pill'd* from me!

Which of you trembles not that looks on me? 160

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,

Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?

O gentle villain, do not turn away! *Pillaged.

Glou. Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou
in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast
marr'd;

That will I make* before I let thee go. *Do.

Glou. Wert thou not banished on pain of
death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in
banishment

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband and a son thou owest to me; 170
 And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance:
 The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
 And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glou. The curse my noble father laid on
 thee,
 When thou didst crown his warlike brows with
 paper
 And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
 And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout
 Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rut-
 land,—

His curses, then from bitterness of soul 179
 Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;
 And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the inno-
 cent.

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

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was
 reported.

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to
 see it.

Q. Mar. What were you snarling all before I
 came,
 Ready to catch each other by the throat,
 And turn you all your hatred now on me? 190
 Did York's dread curse prevail so much with
 heaven

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
 Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
 Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
 Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
 Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick
 curses!

If not by war, by surfeit die your king,
 As ours by murder, to make him a king!
 Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,
 For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,
 Die in his youth by like untimely violence! 201
 Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,

Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
 Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss;
 And see another, as I see thee now,
 Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
 Long die thy happy days before thy death;
 And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
 Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!
 Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by, 210
 And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray
 him,

That none of you may live your natural age,
 But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

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

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for
 thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down their indignation 220
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
 The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
 Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
 The slave of nature and the son of hell! 230
 Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
 Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glou. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glou. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glou. I cry thee mercy then, for I had
 thought

That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no
 reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse!

Glou. 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret.'

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself. 240

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

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

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic
curse,

Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all
moved mine.

Riv. Were you well served, you would be
taught your duty. 250

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do
me duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my sub-
jects:

O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that
duty!

Dor. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are
malapert:

Your fire-new* stamp of honour is scarce current.

O, that your young nobility could judge

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high have many blasts to shake
them; *Newly-forged. 259

And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glou. Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it,
marquess.

Dor. It toucheth you, my lord, as much as
me.

Glou. Yea, and much more: but I was born
so high,

Our aery* buildeth in the cedar's top, *Nest.
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; alas!
alas!

Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest. 270
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Have done! for shame, if not for
charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to
me:

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame;
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy
hand, 280

In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the
sky,

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he
bites, 290

His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glou. What doth she say, my Lord of Buck-
ingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious
lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my
gentle counsel?

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
 And say poor Margaret was a prophetess! 301
 Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
 And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her
 curses.

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

Glou. I cannot blame her: by God's holy
 mother,

She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
 My part thereof that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glou. But you have all the vantage* of her
 wrong. *Advantage. 310

I was too hot to do somebody good,
 That is too cold in thinking of it now.
 Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
 He is frank'd† up to fattening for his pains: †Confined.
 God pardon them that are the cause of it!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
 To pray for them that have done scathe* to us.

Glou. So do I ever: [*Aside*] being well advised.
 For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself. *Injury.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you;
 And for your grace; and you, my noble lords. 321

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

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Glou. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
 The secret mischiefs that I set abroad
 I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
 Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
 I do bewep to many simple gulls;
 Namely, to Hastings, Derby, Buckingham;
 And say it is the queen and her allies 330
 That stir the king against the duke my brother.
 Now, they believe it; and withal whet me
 To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
 But then I sigh; and, with a piece of scripture,

Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
 And thus I clothe my naked villany
 With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ;
 And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But, soft! here come my executioners.
 How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates! 340
 Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

First Murd. We are, my lord; and come to
 have the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glou. Well thought upon; I have it here about
 me. [*Gives the warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.

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

First Murd. Tush! 350

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

Glou. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools'
 eyes drop tears:

I like you, lads; about your business straight;
 Go, go, dispatch.

First Murd. We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *London. The Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

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

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

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the
 Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy; 10
 And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward
 England,
And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in
 falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main. 20
Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to
 drown!

What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued* jewels, *Invaluable.
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, 30
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of
 death

To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk, 40
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awakened you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after
 life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick:

Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury 50
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
 And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood; and he squeak'd out aloud,
 'Clarence is come; false, fleeting,* perjured Cla-
 rence,

*Inconstant.

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
 Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!
 With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise 60
 I trembling waked, and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in hell,
 Such terrible impression made the dream.

Brak. No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted
 you;

I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
 Which now bear evidence against my soul,
 For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds, 70
 Yet execute thy wrath in me alone,
 O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace
 good rest! [*Clarence sleeps.*]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
 Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide
 night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honour for an inward toil;
 And, for unfelt imagination, 80
 They often feel a world of restless cares:
 So that, betwixt their titles and low names,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

First Murd. Ho! who's here?

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

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

Brak. Yea, are you so brief?

Sec. Murd. O sir; it is better to be brief than tedious. Shew him our commission; talk no more. *[Brakenbury reads it.]*

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

First Murd. Do so, it is a point of wisdom: fare you well. *[Exit Brakenbury. 100]*

Sec. Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

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

Sec. Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgement-day.

First Murd. Why, then he will say we stabbed him sleeping.

Sec. Murd. The urging of that word 'judgement' hath bred a kind of remorse in me. 110

First Murd. What, art thou afraid?

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

First Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

Sec. Murd. So I am, to let him live.

First Murd. Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so.

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

First Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

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

First Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed is done.

Sec. Murd. 'Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward. 129

First Murd. Where is thy conscience now?

Sec. Murd. In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

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

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

First Murd. How if it come to thee again?

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

First Murd. 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke. 150

Sec. Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

First Murd. Tut, I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me, I warrant thee.

Sec. Murd. Spoke like a tall* fellow that respects his reputation. Come; shall we to this gear? †

First Murd. Take him over the costard* with the hilts of thy sword, and then we will chop him in the malmsey-butt in the next room. *Head.

Sec. Murd. O excellent device! make a sop of him. 163

First Murd. Hark! he stirs: shall I strike?

Sec. Murd. No, first let's reason with him.

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

Sec. Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

Sec. Murd. A man, as you are. 170

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

Sec. Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

Sec. Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both. To, to, to—

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, 180

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

First Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.

Sec. Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

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

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where are the evidence that do accuse me?

What lawful quest* have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced 190

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict† by course of law, *Inquest.

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption

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

That you depart and lay no hands on me:

The deed you undertake is damnable. †Convicted.

First Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.

Sec. Murd. And he that hath commanded is the king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings 200

Hath in the tables of his law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder: and wilt thou, then,
Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man's?

Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

Sec. Murd. And that same vengeance doth
he hurl on thee,

For false forswearing and for murder too:

Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,

To fight in quarrel* of the house of Lancaster.

First Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of
God,

Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous
blade

Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

Sec. Murd. Whom thou wert sworn to cherish
and defend.

First Murd. How canst thou urge God's
dreadful law to us,

When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

Why, sirs,

He sends ye not to murder me for this;

For in this sin he is as deep as I.

220

If God will be revenged for this deed,

O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;

He needs no indirect nor lawless course

To cut off those that have offended him.

First Murd. Who made thee, then, a bloody
minister,

When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

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

First Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and
thy fault,

230

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. 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.

Sec. Murd. You are deceived, your brother
Gloucester hates you.

Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me
dear:

Go you to him from me.

Both. Ay, so we will. 240

Clar. Tell him, when that 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 Murd. Ay, millstones as he lesson'd us
to weep.

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

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

Clar. 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.

Sec. Murd. Why, so he doth, now he delivers
thee

From this world's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

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

Clar. 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 261
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

Sec. Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

First Murd. Relent! 'tis cowardly and wo-
manish.

Clar. 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; 270
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?

Sec. Murd. Look behind you, my lord.

First Murd. 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.

Sec. Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately
dispatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done! 280

Re-enter First Murderer.

First Murd. How now! what mean'st thou,
that thou help'st me not?
By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou
art!

Sec. Murd. I would he knew that I had saved
his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

First Murd. 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. 290

ACT II

SCENE I. London. The palace.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, sick, QUEEN
ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS,
BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others.

K. Edw. Why, so: now have I done a good
day's work:

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

Riv. By heaven, my heart is purged from
grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love. 10

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before
your king;

Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in
this,

Nor your son Dorset, Buckingham, nor you;
You have been factious one against the other. 20
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. Here, Hastings; I will never more
remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love
lord marquess.

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

Hast. And so swear I, my lord.

[*They embrace.*]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal
thou this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies, 30
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. 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 you or yours. 40

[*They embrace.*]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buck-
ingham.

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

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

Enter GLOUCESTER.

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

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the
day.

Brother, we have done deeds of charity ;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate, 50
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glou. 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 ; 60
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 all without desert have frown'd on me ;
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ; indeed, of all.

I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds 70
More than the infant that is born to-night :
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept here-
after :

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.

Glou. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for
this,

To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the noble duke is dead?

[*They all start.*

You do him injury to scorn his corse. 80
Riv. Who knows not he is dead! who knows
he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is
this!

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the
rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no one in this
presence

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was
reversed.

Glou. But he, poor soul, by your first order
died,

And that a winged Mercury did bear;

Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,

That came too lag* to see him buried. *Late. 90

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.

Der. A boon, my sovereign, for my service
done!

K. Edw. I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of
sorrow.

Der. I will not rise, unless your highness grant.

K. Edw. Then speak at once what is it thou
demand'st.

Der. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's
life;

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman 100

Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my bro-
ther'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 forsake
 The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me? 110
 Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,
 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. 120
 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. 130
 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 and Queen.*]

Glou. 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.

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

*Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, with the two
 children of CLARENCE.*

Boy. Tell me, good grandam, is our father
 dead?

Duch. 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?

Duch. 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; 10
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.

Duch. 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 20
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.

Duch. Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle
shapes,
And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile!
He is my son; yea, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit. 30

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble,
grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is
this?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, *with her hair about her ears*; RIVERS and DORSET *after her*.

Q. Eliz. 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.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead. 40
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.

Duch. 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: 50
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, 60
To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries!

Boy. Good aunt, you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Girl. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the
world! 70

Oh for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Oh for our father, for our dear lord
Clarence!

Duch. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and
Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and
he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and
he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they
are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a
loss?

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss!

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss!

Alas, I am the mother of these moans! 80

Their woes are parcell'd,* mine are general. *Divided.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she;

These babes for Clarence weep, 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.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much
displeas'd

That you take with unthankfulness his doing: 90

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.

Riv. 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. 100

Enter GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, DERBY,
HASTINGS, and RATCLIFF.

Glou. 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.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in
thy mind,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glou. [*Aside*] Amen; and make me die a
good old man!

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing: 110
I marvel why her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrow-
ing 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, 120
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be
fetch'd

Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of
Buckingham?

Buck. 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 un-
govern'd: *Unused.

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent, 130
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glou. I hope the king made peace with all of us;

And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. 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, *Immature.
Which haply by much company might be urged:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I. 140

Glou. Then be it so; and go we to de-
termine
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?

Q. Eliz. } With all our hearts. *Opinions.
Duch. }

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloucester.*]

Buck. 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, *Preface.
To part the queen's proud kindred from the
king. 150

Glou. 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.*]

SCENE III. *London. A street.*

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

First Cit. Neighbour, well met: whither away
so fast?

Sec. Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know
myself:

Hear you the news abroad?

First Cit. Ay, that the king is dead.

Sec. Cit. Bad news, by'r lady; seldom comes
the better:

I fear, I fear 'twill prove a troublous world.

Enter another Citizen.

Third Cit. Neighbours, God speed!

First Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.

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

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

Third Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

First Cit. No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign. 10

Third Cit. Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

Sec. Cit. 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 Cit. So stood the state when Henry the Sixth

Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

Third Cit. 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 20
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

First Cit. Why, so hath this, both by the father and mother.

Third Cit. 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. 30

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

Third Cit. 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.

Sec. Cit. Truly, the souls of men are full
 of dread :

Ye cannot reason almost with a man
 That looks not heavily and full of fear. 40

Third Cit. 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 ?

Sec. Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the
 justices.

Third Cit. And so was I : I'll bear you com-
 pany. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *London. The palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the young
 DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the
 DUCHESS OF YORK.*

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at North-
 ampton ;

At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night :
 To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the
 prince :

I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. 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.

Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to
 grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit
 at supper, 10

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.

Duch. 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.

Arch. Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is. 21

Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been re-
member'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. 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. 30

Duch. I pray thee, pretty York, who told
thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou
wert born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who
told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous* boy: go to, you are too
shrewd. *Perilous.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the
child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger. What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to
unfold.

Q. Eliz. How fares the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health. 40

Duch. What is thy news then?

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to
Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes
Gloucester and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?

Mess. 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.

Q. Eliz. Ay me, I see the downfall of our
house!

The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind; 50
Insulting tyranny begins to jet* *Encroach.

Upon the innocent and aweless throne:
Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. 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 60
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!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to
sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Duch. I'll go along with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go;
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace 70
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.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the young PRINCE, the Dukes of GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, CATESBY, and others.

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

Glou. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign :

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :

I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glou. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit :

Nor more can you distinguish of a man Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows, Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart. II

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

Glou. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days !

Prince. I thank you, good my lord ; and thank you all.

I thought my mother, and my brother York, 20

Would long ere this have met us on the way :

Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not

To tell us whether they will come or no !

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I, The queen your mother, and your brother York, Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince Would fain have come with me to meet your grace, But by his mother was perforce withheld. 30

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course Is this of hers! Lord cardinal, will your grace Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York Unto his princely brother presently? If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him, And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory Can from his mother win the Duke of York, Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid 40 We should infringe the holy privilege Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord, Too ceremonious and traditional: Weigh it but with the grossness of this age, You break not sanctuary in seizing him. The benefit thereof is always granted To those whose dealings have deserved the place, And those who have the wit to claim the place: This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserved it; And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it: Then, taking him from thence that is not there, You break no privilege nor charter there. Oft have I heard of sanctuary men; But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once. Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. 60

[*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*]

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

Glou. Where it seems best unto your royal self.

If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought
most fit

For your best health and recreation.

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

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that
place; 70
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not re-
gister'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As'twere retail'd* to all posterity, *Handed down.
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glou. [*Aside*] So wise so young, they say, do
never live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle? 80

Glou. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

Buck. What, my gracious lord? 90

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

Glou. [*Aside*] Short summers lightly* have a
forward spring. *Generally.

*Enter young YORK, HASTINGS, and the
CARDINAL.*

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

KING RICHARD III.

PRINCE, YORK, GLOSTER, ETC.

After the Painting by Northcole.

—

—
After the Printing by Woodcock.

BRUCE, YORK, STODLER, ETC.

WILLIAM RICHARD III.



Northcote del.

KING RICHARD IIIrd
Prince, York, Glouster &c.
A.D. 1483.

Stratton sc.

Prince. Richard of York ! how fares our loving brother?

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

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours:

Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty. 100

Glou. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

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

Glou. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

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

York. Then is he more beholding to you than I.

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

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glou. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart. 111

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;

And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glou. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it.

Glou. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O, then, I see, you will part but with light gifts;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glou. It is too heavy for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier. 121

Glou. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

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

Glou. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape, 130
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning and so young is wonderful.

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

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord? 140

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glou. Why, what should you fear?

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

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glou. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower. 150

[*A Sennet. Exeunt all but Gloucester,
Buckingham and Catesby.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating
York

Was not incensed* by his subtle mother *Incited.
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glou. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous
boy;

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest. Come hither,
Catesby,

Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend

As closely to conceal what we impart :
 Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way ;
 What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter 161
 To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
 For the instalment of this noble duke
 In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the
 prince,

That he will not be won to aught against him.

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

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle
 Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
 How he doth stand affected to our purpose ; 171
 And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
 To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
 Encourage him, and show him all our reasons :

If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
 Be thou so too ; and so break off your talk,

And give us notice of his inclination :

For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
 Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd. 180

Glou. Commend me to Lord William: tell
 him, Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
 To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle ;
 And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
 Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business
 soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed
 I may.

Glou. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere
 we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glou. At Crosby Place, there shall you find us
 both. [*Exit Catesby.* 190

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

Glou. Chop off his head, man ; somewhat we will do :
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables
Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.

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

Glou. And look to have it yielded with all willingness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. 200

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before Lord Hastings' house.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What, ho ! my lord !

Hast. [*Within*] Who knocks at the door ?

Mess. A messenger from the Lord Stanley.

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Hast. What is't o'clock ?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights ?

Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then ?

Mess. And then he sends you word 10
He dreamt to-night the boar had razed his helm :
Besides, he says there are two councils held ;
And that may be determined at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's
pleasure,

If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the
north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord ;
Bid him not fear the separated councils : 20
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my servant Catesby ;

Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
 Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
 Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance :
 And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond* *Foolish.
 To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :
 To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
 Were to incense the boar to follow us
 And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
 Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ; 31
 And we will both together to the Tower,
 Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mess. My gracious lord, I'll tell him what
 you say. [Exit.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!
Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early
 stirring :
 What news, what news, in this our tottering
 state?
Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord .
 And I believe 'twill never stand upright
 Till Richard wear the garland of the realm. 40
Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean
 the crown?
Cate. Ay, my good lord.
Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from
 my shoulders
 Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced.
 But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you
 forward
 Upon his party for the gain thereof:
 And thereupon he sends you this good news,
 That this same very day your enemies, 49
 The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
 Because they have been still mine enemies:
 But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
 To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
 God knows I will not do it, to the death.
Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious
 mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
I tell thee, Catesby,— 60

Cate. What, my lord?

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

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

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls
it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as
safe

As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham. 70

Cate. The princes both make high account of
you;

[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do; and I have well de-
served it.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear,
man?

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; good morrow,
Catesby:

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours; 80
And never in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode
from London,
Were jocund, and supposed their state was sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt:

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward ! 90
 What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is
 spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you. Wot you
 what, my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear
 their heads

Than some that have accused them wear their
 hats.

But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I'll talk with this good
 fellow. [*Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.*

How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better that your lordship please
 to ask. 99

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now
 Than when I met thee last where now we meet :
 Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
 By the suggestion of the queen's allies ;
 But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—
 This day those enemies are put to death,
 And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good
 content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for
 me. [*Throws him his purse.*

Purs. God save your lordship! [*Exit.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see
 your honour. 110

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all
 my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise :*

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

*Religious service. [*He whispers in his ear.*

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord cham-
 berlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest ;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy
man,

Those men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower ?

Buck. I do, my lord ; but long I shall not stay
I shall return before your lordship thence. 121

Hast. 'Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. [*Aside*] And supper too, although thou
know'st it not.

Come, will you go ?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Pomfret Castle.*

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

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

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

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack*
of you !

*Number of people confederated.

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaug. You live that shall cry woe for this
hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch ; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret ! O thou bloody
prison,

Fatal and ominous to noble peers ! 10

Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the second here was hack'd to death ;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our
heads,

For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed
she Buckingham,

Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us !

And for my sister and her princely sons, 20
 Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
 Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.*

Riv. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us all
 embrace: *Completed.

And take our leave, until we meet in heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Tower of London.*

Enter BUCKINGHAM, DERBY, HASTINGS, the
 BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, with others,
 and take their seats at a table.

Hast. My lords, at once: the cause why we
 are met

Is, to determine of the coronation.

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

Buck. Are all things fitting for that royal time?

Der. It is, and wants but nomination.

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

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind
 herein?

Who is most inward* with the royal duke? *Intimate.

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

Buck. Who, I, my lord! we know each other's
 faces, 10

But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine,
 Than I of yours;

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

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me
 well;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,
 I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

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

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice, 20

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

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Ely. Now in good time, here comes the duke
 himself.

Glou. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.

I have been long a sleeper; but, I hope,
My absence doth neglect no great designs,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—

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

Glou. Than my Lord Hastings no man might
be bolder;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

Hast. I thank your grace.

Glou. My lord of Ely!

Ely. My lord?

Glou. When I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. *[Exit.*

Glou. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[Drawing him aside.

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
As he will lose his head ere give consent 40
His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw you hence, my lord, I'll follow you.

[Exit Gloucester, Buckingham following.

Der. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day;
There's some conceit or other likes* him well, 50

KING RICHARD III.

GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, HASTINGS, ETC.

After the Painting by Westall.

KING RICHARD III.

GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, HASTINGS, ETC.

After the Painting by Westall.



Westall del

Starling sc.

KING RICHARD 3^d
Guiseur, Bucongham, Hastings, &c
Act III Scene IV

When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.
I think there's never a man in Christendom
That can less hide his love or hate than he ;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Der. What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any likelihood* he show'd to-day? *Pleases.

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is
offended ; *Appearance.

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Der. I pray God he be not, I say. 60

Re-enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glou. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots.
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my
lord,

Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be :
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glou. Then be your eyes the witness of this ill:
See how I am bewitch'd ; behold mine arm 70
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up :
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this thing, my gracious
lord,—

Glou. If! thou protector of this damned
strumpet,

Tellest thou me of 'ifs?' Thou art a traitor :
Off with his head ! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done : 80
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff, and Lovel.]

Hast. Woe, woe for England ! not a whit for
me ;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm ;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly :
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,

And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
 As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
 O, now I want the priest that spake to me:
 I now repent I told the pursuivant, 90
 As 'twere triumphing at mine enemies,
 How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
 And I myself secure in grace and favour.
 O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
 Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

Rat. Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at
 dinner:

Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
 Who builds his hopes in air of your good looks,
 Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast, 101
 Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
 Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Tower-walls.*

*Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten
 armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glou. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and
 change thy colour,
 Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
 And then begin again, and stop again,
 As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
 Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
 Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
 Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
 Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
 And both are ready in their offices, 10

At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glou. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor
along.

Enter the Mayor and CATESBY.

Buck. Lord mayor,—

Glou. Look to the drawbridge there!

Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glou. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent—

Glou. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and
guard us! 20

Glou. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and
Lovel.

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' head.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

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

I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breathed upon this earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted, 30
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,
He lived from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shel-
ter'd traitor
That ever lived.

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

May. What, had he so? 40

Glou. What, think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,

The peace of England and our persons' safety,
Enforced us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserved his death;

And you my good lords, both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands, 50
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Glou. Yet had not we determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his death;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may 60
Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word
shall serve,

As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And doubt you not, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this cause.

Glou. And to that end we wish'd your lordship
here,
To avoid the carping censures of the world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our
intents,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend: 70
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Mayor.*]

Glou. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all
post:

There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning indeed his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury, 80
And bestial appetite in change of lust;

Which stretched to their servants, daughters,
wives,

Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make his prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :

Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that unsatiate Edward, noble York

My princely father then had wars in France ;

And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot ; 90

Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father :

But touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off ;

Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.

Buck. Fear not, my lord, I'll play the orator

As if the golden fee for which I plead

Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu.

Glou. If you thrive well, bring them to Bay-
nard's Castle ;

Where you shall find me well accompanied 99

With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go ; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit.*

Glou. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor
Shaw ;

[*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker ; bid them
both

Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Now will I in, to take some privy order,

To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight ;

And to give notice, that no manner of person

At any time have recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A street.*

Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand.

Scriv. This is the indictment of the good
Lord Hastings ;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,

'That it may be this day read o'er in Paul's.

And mark how well the sequel hangs together :

Eleven hours I spent to write it over,
 For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me ;
 The precedent was full as long a-doing :
 And yet within these five hours lived Lord
 Hastings,
 Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
 Here's a good world the while ! Why who's so
 gross, 10
 That seeth not this palpable device ?
 Yet who's so blind, but says he sees it not ?
 Bad is the world ; and all will come to nought,
 When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.
[Exit.]

SCENE VII. *Baynard's Castle.*

Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, at several doors.

Glou. How now, my lord, what say the citizens ?

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

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

Buck. I did ; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
 And his contract by deputy in France ;
 The insatiate greediness of his desires,
 And his enforcement of the city wives ;
 His tyranny for trifles ; his own bastardy,
 As being got, your father then in France, 10
 And his resemblance, being not like the duke :
 Withal I did infer your lineaments,
 Being the right idea of your father,
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind ;
 Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;
 Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose
 Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse :
 And when mine oratory grew to an end, 20
 I bid them that did love their country's good
 Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king !'

Glou. Ah ! and did they so ?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a
 word ;

But, like dumb statuas* or breathing stones,
 Gazed each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them ; *Statues.
 And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful
 silence :

His answer was, the people were not wont
 To be spoke to but by the recorder. 30

Then he was urged to tell my tale again,
 ' Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd ;'
 But nothing spake in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,
 At the lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their
 caps,

And some ten voices cried ' God save King
 Richard !'

And thus I took the vantage of those few,
 ' Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I ;
 ' This general applause and loving shout 39
 Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard :'
 And even here brake off, and came away.

Glou. What tongueless blocks were they !
 would they not speak ?

Buck. No, by my troth, my lord.

Glou. Will not the mayor then and his
 brethren come ?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand : intend*
 some fear ; *Pretend.

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit :
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord ;
 For on that ground I'll build a holy descant :
 And be not easily won to our request : 50
 Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

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

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads ; the lord mayor
 knocks. [*Exit Gloucester.*]

Enter the Mayor and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord : I dance attendance here ;
 I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter CATESBY.

Here comes his servant : how now, Catesby,
What says he?

Cate. My lord, he doth entreat your grace
To visit him to-morrow or next day : 60
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation ;
And in no worldly suit would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to thy lord again ;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens,
In deep designs and matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll tell him what you say, my lord. 70
[Exit.

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an
Edward !

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,* *Couch.
But on his knees at meditation ;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines ;
Not sleeping, to engross † his idle body, †Fatten.
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul :
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof :
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it. 80

May. Marry, God forbid his grace should say
us nay !

Buck. I fear he will.

Re-enter CATESBY.

How now, Catesby, what says your lord?

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

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him :
By heaven, I come in perfect love to him ; 90
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[Exit Catesby.

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

*Enter GLOUCESTER aloft, between two Bishops.
CATESBY returns.*

May. See, where he stands between two
clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian
prince,

To stay him from the fall of vanity :
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince, 100
Lend favourable ears to our request ;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glou. My lord, there needs no such apology :
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure ?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God
above,

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle. 110

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

Buck. You have, my lord: would it might
please your grace,

At our entreaties, to amend that fault !

Glou. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian
land ?

Buck. Then know, it is your fault that you
resign

The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth, 120
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock :
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;

Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
 Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
 And almost shoulder'd* in the swallowing gulf
 Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.
 Which to recure, † we heartily solicit *Thrust into.
 Your gracious self to take on you the charge 131
 And kingly government of this your land; †Recover.
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,
 Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
 But as successively from blood to blood,
 Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
 For this, consorted with the citizens,
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,
 And by their vehement instigation,
 In this just suit come I to move your grace. 140
Glou. I know not whether to depart in silence,
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
 Best fitteth my degree or your condition :
 If not to answer, you might haply think
 Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
 Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
 Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first, 151
 And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
 Definitively thus I answer you.
 Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
 Unmeritable shuns your high request.
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,
 And that my path were even to the crown,
 As my ripe revenue and due by birth ;
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty and so many my defects, 160
 As I had rather hide me from my greatness,
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
 But, God be thanked, there's no need of me,
 And much I need to help you, if need were ;
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,

Will well become the seat of majesty,
 And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign. 170
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,
 The right and fortune of his happy stars ;
 Which God defend that I should wring from him !

Buck. 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— 180
 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 190
 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 not 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. 200

May. Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat you.

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

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful
 suit !

Glou. 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.

Buck. 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 210
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kin,
And egally 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.

Glou. O, do not swear, my Lord of Buckingham.

[*Exit Buckingham with the Citizens.*]

Cate. Call them again, my lord, and accept
their suit. 221

Another. Do, good my lord, lest all the land
do rue it.

Glou. Would you enforce me to a world of care ?
Well, call them again. I am not made of stones,
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 : 230
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire thereof.

May. God bless your grace ! we see it, and
will say it.

Glou. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this kingly
title :

Long live Richard, England's royal king ! 240

May. and Cit. Amen.

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

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

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace:

And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glou. Come, let us to our holy task again.
Farewell, good cousin; farewell, gentle friends.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, and MARQUESS OF DORSET; on the other, ANNE, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S young Daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here? my niece 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.

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

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there. 10

Q. Eliz. 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?

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

Q. Eliz. The king! why, who's that?

Brak. I cry you mercy: I mean the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. 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?

Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.

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.

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

[*Exit.*

Enter LORD STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother, 30
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.
[*To Anne*] Come, madam, you must straight to
Westminster,
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. 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!

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O displeasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence!
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels; 40
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:
Go, hie thee, hie 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.

Stan. Full 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 50
To meet you on the way, and welcome you.
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. 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.

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

Anne. And I in all unwillingness will go.
I would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow 60
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 !

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

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, 71
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 80
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.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu ! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

Q. Eliz. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory !

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

Duch. [To *Dorset*] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee !

[To *Anne*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard thee !

[To *Queen Eliz.*] 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 wreck'd with a week of teen.*

Q. Eliz. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower. *Grief.

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.*]

SCENE II. *London. The Palace.*

Sennet. Enter RICHARD, in pomp, crowned ;
BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham !

Buck. My gracious sovereign ?

K. Rich. 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 ?

Buck. Still live they and for ever may they last !

K. Rich. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,*
*Touchstone for testing gold.
 To try if thou be current gold indeed :

Young Edward lives : think now what I would say.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord. II

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.

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

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. 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. *Hastily.
 What sayest thou ? speak suddenly ; be brief. 20

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth :

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die ?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,

Before I positively speak herein :

I will resolve your grace immediately. [Exit.

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

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools
 And unrespective* boys : none are for me
 That look into me with considerate eyes : 30
 High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
 Boy ! *Inconsiderate.

Page. My lord ?

K. Rich. 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. 39

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. 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?

Stan. My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's
fled

To Richmond, in those parts beyond the sea
Where he abides. [*Stands apart.*]

K. Rich. Catesby !

Cate. My lord? 50

K. Rich. 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, 59
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?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient
subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine? 70

Tyr. Ay, my lord ;

But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. 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.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

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

Go, by this token : rise, and lend thine ear : 80
[*Whispers.*

There is no more but so : say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

Tyr. 'Tis done, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere
we sleep?

Tyr. Ye shall, my lord. [Exit.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

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

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

Buck. I hear that news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son : well,
look to it. 90

Buck. 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.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife : if she
convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just
demand?

K. Rich. As I remember, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,

When Richmond was a little peevish boy. 100
A king, perhaps, perhaps,—

Buck. My lord!

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not
at that time

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

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earl-
dom,—

K. Rich. 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. 110

Buck. My lord!

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

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

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. 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.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you
will or no. 120

K. Rich. Tut, tut,

Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham.*]

Buck. Is it even so? rewards he my true service
With such deep contempt? made I him king for
this?

O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch act of piteous massacre

KING RICHARD III.

TWO PRINCES, DIGHTEN AND FORREST.

After the Painting by Northcote.

KING RICHARD III.

TWO PRINCES, DIGHTEN AND FORREST.

After the Painting by Norcote.



Northcote del.

Starling sc.

KING RICHARD 3rd
The two Princes, Dighton and Forrest.
Act IV. Scene III.

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: II
 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.

All hail, my sovereign liege!
K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy
 news?

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

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried
 them;

But how or in what place I do not know. 30

K. Rich. 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 40
 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.

Cate. My lord !

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou comest
 in so bluntly ?

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

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me
 more near
 Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army. 50
 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.*

SCENE IV. *Before the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET.

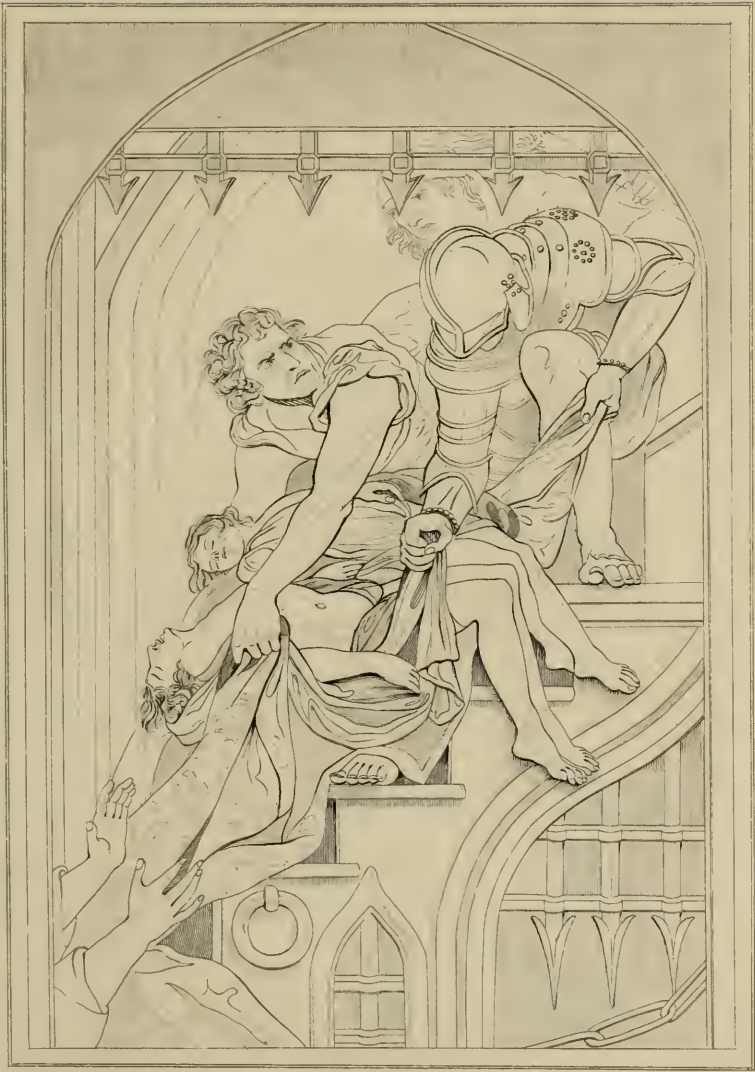
Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
 Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,
 To watch the waning of mine adversaries.
 A dire induction* am I witness to, *Beginning.
 And will to France, hoping the consequence
 Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.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

KING RICHARD III.

BURIAL OF THE TWO PRINCES.

After the Painting by Northcote.

KING RICHARD III.
BURIAL OF THE TWO PRINCES.
After the Painting by Northcote.



Northcote del.

Starling sc.

KING RICHARD 3rd
Burial of the two Princes.
Act IV. Scene III.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and the* DUCHESS
OF YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my young princes! ah, my
tender babes!

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets! 10
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!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right
for right

Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

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

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet.
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt. 21

Q. Eliz. 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?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my
sweet son.

Duch. 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! 30

Q. Eliz. 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.*

Q. Mar. 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,

*Seniority.

[*Sitting down with them.*

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine :
 I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ; 40
 I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him :
 Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;
 Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

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

Q. Mar. 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, 50
 That foul defacer of God's handiwork,
 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 carnal cur
 Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
 And makes her pew-fellow* with others' moan !

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my
 woes ! *Comrade.
 God witness with me, I have wept for thine. 60

Q. Mar. 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. 70
 Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
 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 !

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time
 would come
 That I should wish for thee to help me curse 80
 That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad !

Q. Mar. 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 ; *Preface.
 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, †Gaudy.
 To be the aim of every dangerous shot ; 90
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
 Where is thy husband now ? where be thy bro-
 thers ?

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 caitiff crown'd with care ; 100
 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 ? 110
 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 mis-
 chance :
 These English woes will make me smile in
 France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies !

Q. Mar. 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 : 121
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse :
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull ; O, quicken them with thine !

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit.*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words ?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries !
Let them have scope : though what they do impart 130
Help not at all, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. 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 exclams.

Enter KING RICHARD, marching, with drums and trumpets.

K. Rich. Who intercepts my expedition ?

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

Q. Eliz. Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown, 140
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 ?

*Owned.

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say! 150

[*Flourish. Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

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

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,

Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak!

K. Rich. Do then; but I'll not hear. 159

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my speech.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

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

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. 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 prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous, 170

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever graced me in thy company?

K. Rich. 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 up the drum.

Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word ; 180
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. 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 ; 190
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.*

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

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

Q. Eliz. I have no moe sons of the royal
blood 199
For thee to murder : for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;
And therefore level* not to hit their lives. *Aim.

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

Q. Eliz. 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.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

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

K. Rich. Her life is only safest in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided* is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny :

*Unavoidable.

My babes were destined to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life. 220

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. 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, *Constant.
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. 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 !

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face
of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good ? 240

K. Rich. The advancement of your children,
gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose
their heads ?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of honour,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. 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 250
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy
kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

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

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with
her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter
from thy soul:

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her
brothers; 259

And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. 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.

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

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who
should be else?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. I, even I: what think you of it,
madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

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

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart. 270

Q. Eliz. 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 ; 280
 Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,
 Her uncle Rivers ; yea, and, for her sake,
 Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt
 Anne.

K. Rich. Come, come, you mock me ; this is
 not the way
 To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way ;
 Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
 And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose
 but hate thee,
 Having bought love with such a bloody spoil. 290

K. Rich. 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 ; 300
 They are as children but one step below,
 Even of your mettle, of your very blood ;
 Of all 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. 310
 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 : 320
 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 : 330
 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 retail my conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. 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, 340
 That God, the law, my honour and her love,
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this
 alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still
 lasting war.

K. Rich. Say that the king, which may com-
 mand, entreats.

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

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end. 350

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. So long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style. 360

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.

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

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

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear—

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath: 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.

K. Rich. Now, by the world—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself—

Q. Eliz. Thyself thyself misusest.

K. Rich. Why then, by God—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The unity the king thy brother made
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain : 380
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,
Had graced the tender temples of my child,
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender playfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. The time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time
o'erpast ;

For I myself have many tears to wash 389
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.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms ! myself myself confound !
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours ! 400
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 ; 410
 It will not be avoided but by this.
 Therefore, good mother,—I must call you so—
 Be the attorney* of my love to her : *Agent.
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :
 Urge the necessity and state of times,
 And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself? 420

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong
 yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I
 bury them :

Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
 Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

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

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss ; and
 so, farewell. [*Exit Queen Elizabeth.* 430
 Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman !

Enter RATCLIFF ; CATESBY following.

How now ! what news ?

Rat. 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.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the
 Duke of Norfolk : 440
 Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby ; where is he ?

Cate. Here, my lord.

K. Rich. 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?

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

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby: bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me presently at Salisbury. 450

Cate. I go. [*Exit.*]

Rat. What is 't your highness' pleasure I shall do
At Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.

K. Rich. My mind is changed, sir, my mind is changed.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

How now, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my lord, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

K. Rich. Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad! 460

Why dost thou run so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess?

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

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword
unsway'd? 470
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?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. 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.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me
not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat
him back? 480

Where are thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

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

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

Stan. 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.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join
with Richmond:

I will not trust you, sir.

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

K. Rich. 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.

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

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devon-
shire, 500
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many moe confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Sec. Mess. 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 Mess. My lord, the army of the Duke of
Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on you, owls! nothing but songs
of death? [*He striketh him.*]
Take that, until thou bring me better news. 510

Third Mess. 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.

K. Rich. 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 Mess. Such proclamation hath been
made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Fourth Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord
Marquis Dorset, 520
'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 Dorsetshire, 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,
Hoised sail and made away for Brittany.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are
up in arms; 53^o
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Cate. 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.

K. Rich. 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. 54^o
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Lord Derby's house.*

Enter DERBY and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Der. 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?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in
Wales. *Confined.

Der. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned sol-
dier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley; 10
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many moe of noble fame and worth:
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Der. 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.* 20

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Salisbury. An open place.*

Enter the Sheriff, and BUCKINGHAM, with halberds, led to execution.

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. 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? 10

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. 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;
 This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
 Is the determined respite of my wrongs:
 That high All-Seer that I dallied with 20
 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.]

SCENE II. *The camp near Tamworth.*

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, HERBERT,
and others, with drum and colours.

Richm. 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 10
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.

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

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

Blunt. He hath no friends but who are friends
for fear, 20
Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's
name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's
wings;

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

SCENE III. *Bosworth Field.*

Enter KING RICHARD *in arms, with* NORFOLK,
the EARL OF SURREY, *and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in
Bosworth field.

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my
looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha!
must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my gra-
cious lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent there! here will I
lie to-night;

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

Who hath descried the number of the foe?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost
power. 10

K. Rich. 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.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden
set,

And, by the bright track of his fiery car, 20

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 31
 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.

Richm. If without peril it be possible, 39
 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 !

Richm. 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, NORFOLK,
 RATCLIFFE, CATESBY, and others.*

K. Rich. What is't o'clock ?

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

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.

Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver* easier than it was? *Helmet.
 And all my armour laid into my tent? 51

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

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
 Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle
 Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [Exit.

K. Rich. Catesby!

Cate. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall 61
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! *Watch-light.

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord
Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time,* from troop to troop 70
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl
of wine: *Twilight.

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?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. 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.*

Der. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can
afford 80

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Der. 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,—

KING RICHARD III.

Mr. T. H. Keene as King Richard III.

KING RICHARD III.

Mr. T. H. Keene as King Richard III.



Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
 And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
 Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war. 90

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! 101
 Once more, adieu : be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. 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, 110
 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 !

*Weigh down. [*Sleeps.*]

*Enter the Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, son to
 HENRY the Sixth.*

Ghost. [*To Richard*] 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 ! 120
 [*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 HENRY the Sixth.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] 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 con-
queror!
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: live, and flourish!

Enter the Ghost of CLARENCE.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy
soul to-morrow! 131
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 R. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy
on thy soul to-morrow,
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! despair, and die!

Ghost of G. [*To Richard*] Think upon Grey,
and let thy soul despair! 141

Ghost of V. [*To Richard*] 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. [*To Richard*] 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. [*To Richard*] Dream on thy cousins
smother'd in the Tower: 151

Let us be lead with in 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. [*To Richard*] Richard, thy wife, that
wretched Anne thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee, 160

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. [*To Richard*] The first was I that
help'd 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! 170

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 angels fight on Richmond's side;

And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts
out of his dream.*

K. Rich. 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! 190
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, stern 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: 201
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.

Rat. My lord!

K. Rich. 'Zounds! who is there?

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

Hath twice done salutation to the morn; 210
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful
dream!

What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

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

K. Rich. 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; 220
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!

Richm. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. 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, 230

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.

Richm. 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; 240
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;
 A base foul stone, made precious by the foil 250
 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, *Guard.
 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, 261
 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. †Requite.

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. 270

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants and Forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

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

K. Rich. He was in the right; and so indeed it is.
 [Clock striketh.

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.
Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. 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. 280
Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. 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.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in
the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle; caparison my
horse.

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain, 291
And thus my battle shall be ordered :
My foreward 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. 300
This, and Saint George to boot! What think'st
thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction,* warlike sovereign.
This found I on my tent this morning. *Judgment.
[*He sheweth him a paper.*]

K. Rich. [*Reads*] 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not
too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'
A thing devised by the enemy.
Go, gentlemen, 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: 310
 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; 320
 You having lands, and blest with beauteous
 wives, *Company.

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, 330
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd them-
 selves:

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 yeo-
 men!

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;

Amaze the welkin with your broken staves! 341

Enter a MESSENGER.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh :
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. 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 ! 350
Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

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

Cate. 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.

K. Rich. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a
horse !

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

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a
cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die : 10

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.

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Enter RICHARD and RICHMOND ;
they fight. RICHARD is slain. *Retreat and flourish.* Re-enter RICHMOND, DERBY bearing
 the crown, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God and your arms be praised, victor-
 ious friends ;
 The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Der. 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.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say Amen
 to all !

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living ?

Der. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester
 town ;

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

Richm. What men of name are slain on either
 side ?

Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord
 Ferrers,

Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. 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, 20
 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, 30
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, *Blunt.
That would reduce† these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of
blood! †Bring back.
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.*]

*THE FAMOUS HISTORY
OF THE LIFE OF
KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Eighth.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor
Charles V.
CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.
GRIFFITH, Gentleman-usher to Queen Ka-
tharine.
Three Gentlemen.
DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.
Garter King-at-Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter,
and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.
QUEEN KATHARINE, wife to King Henry,
afterwards divorced.

ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour, afterwards
Queen.

An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows;
Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes,
Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.
Spirits.

SCENE: *London; Westminster; Kimbolton.*

THE PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh : things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree 10
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded* with yellow,
Will be deceived ; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting *Decorated.
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend, † †Pretend.
Will leave us never an understanding friend. 22
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are
known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye : think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living ; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends ; then in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery : 30
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.



KING HENRY VIII.

Miss Ellen Terry as Queen Katharine.

KING HENRY VIII.

Miss Ellen Terry as Queen Katherine.

*THE FAMOUS HISTORY
OF THE LIFE OF
KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK at one door; at the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done

Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace, Heathful; and ever since a fresh admirer Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber when Those suns of glory, those two lights of men, Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde: I was then present, saw them salute on horseback; Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung In their embracement, as they grew together; 10 Which had they, what four throned ones could have weigh'd Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost The view of earthly glory: men might say, Till this time pomp was single, but now married To one above itself. Each following day Became the next day's master, till the last Made former wonders its. To-day the French, All clinquant,* all in gold, like heathen gods, 19

Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they
 Made Britain India : every man that stood 21
 Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
 As cherubins, all gilt : the madams too,
 Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
 The pride upon them, that their very labour
 Was to them as a painting : now this masque
 Was cried incomparable ; and the ensuing night
 Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
 As presence did present them ; him in eye, 30
 Still him in praise : and, being present both,
 'Twas said they saw but one ; and no discerner
 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these
 suns—

*Glittering.

For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds chal-
 lenged
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous
 story,
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
 That Bevis was believed.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship and affect
 In honour honesty, the tract of every thing 40
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal ;
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
 Order gave each thing view ; the office did
 Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
 I mean, who set the body and the limbs
 Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

Nor. One, certes,* that promises no element†
 In such a business. *Certainly. †Practice.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord ?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discre-
 tion 50
 Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him ! no man's pie is
 freed
 From his ambitious finger. What had he
 To do in these fierce vanities ? I wonder

That such a keech* can with his very bulk
 Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun
 And keep it from the earth.

*Lump of tallow.

Nor. Surely, sir,
 There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends ;
 For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
 Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon 60
 For high feats done to the crown ; neither allied
 To eminent assistants ; but, spider-like,
 Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
 The force of his own merit makes his way ;
 A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
 A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
 What heaven hath given him,—let some graver
 eye
 Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride
 Peep through each part of him : whence has he
 that,

If not from hell? the devil is a niggard, 70
 Or has given all before, and he begins
 A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
 Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
 Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
 Who should attend on him? He makes up the file*
 Of all the gentry; for the most part such *List.
 To whom as great a charge as little honour
 He meant to lay upon : and his own letter,
 The honourable board of council out,
 Must fetch him in he papers.

Aber. I do know 80
 Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
 By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
 They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
 Have broke their backs with laying manors on'em
 For this great journey. What did this vanity
 But minister communication of
 A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
 The peace between the French and us not values
 The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was 90
A thing inspired ; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy; That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out ;
For France hath flaw'd* the league, and hath
attach'd *Broken.
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced ?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace ; and purchased
At a superfluous rate !

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your grace, 100
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety—that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together ; to consider further that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful, and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge : it's long and, 't may be said,
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend, 111
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that
rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, *the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers.* *The* CARDINAL *in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha ?
Where's his examination ?

First Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready ?

First Secr.

Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and
Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Wolsey and his Train.*]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,
and I 120

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chafed?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance
only

Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks
Matter against me; and his eye reviled
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick; he's gone to the
king;

I'll follow and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills 131
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advised;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot 140
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you ; and I'll go along 150
By your prescription : but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not 'treasonous.'

Buck. To the king I'll say 't ; and make my
vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief 160
As able to perform't ; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests* the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview, *Entices.
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleased ; and they were ratified 170
As he cried 'Thus let be.' to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead : but our count-
cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well ; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,—
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,—
For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation :
His fears were, that the interview betwixt 180
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menaced him : he privily
Deals with our cardinal ; and, as I trow,*— *Think.
Which I do well ; for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promised ; whereby his suit was granted

Ere it was ask'd ; but when the way was made,
 And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,
 That he would please to alter the king's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
 As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal 191
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
 To hear this of him ; and could wish he were
 Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable :
 I do pronounce him in that very shape
 He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON, a Sergeant-at-arms before him,
 and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant ; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
 My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I 200
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
 Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord,
 The net has fall'n upon me ! I shall perish
 Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
 To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
 The business present : 'tis his highness' pleasure
 You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
 To plead mine innocence ; for that dye is on me
 Which makes my whitest part black. The will
 of heaven

Be done in this and all things ! I obey. 210
 O my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well !

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. The
 king [To Abergavenny.
 Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know
 How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
 The will of heaven be done, and the king's plea-
 sure
 By me obey'd !

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the
bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so: 219
These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great
cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd
already:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The council-chamber.*

Cornets. Enter the KING, leaning on the CARDINAL'S shoulder, the Nobles, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL; the CARDINAL places himself under the KING'S feet on his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the
level* *Range.

Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying 'Room for the Queen!'
Enter QUEEN KATHARINE, ushered by the DUKE
OF NORFOLK, and the DUKE OF SUFFOLK: she
kneels. The KING riseth from his state,* takes
her up, kisses and placeth her by him. *Canopied chair.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am
a suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us: half
your suit 10

Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been com-
missions 20
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the
heart

Of all their loyalties; wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on* *Instigator.
Of these exactions, yet the king our master—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he
escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations, 30
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir, 40
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others; but you frame

Things that are known alike; which are not
 wholesome
 To those which would not know them, and yet
 must
 Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
 Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
 Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,
 The back is sacrifice to the load. They say 50
 They are devised by you; or else you suffer
 Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
 The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,
 Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
 In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
 Under your promised pardon. The subjects'
 grief
 Comes through commissions, which compel from
 each
 The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
 Without delay; and the pretence for this
 Is named, your wars in France: this makes bold
 mouths: 60
 Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts
 freeze

Allegiance in them; their curses now
 Live where their prayers did: and it's come to
 pass,
 This tractable obedience is a slave
 To each incensed will. I would your highness
 Would give it quick consideration, for
 There is no primer* business. *More important.

King. By my life,
 This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
 I have no further gone in this than by
 A single voice; and that not pass'd me but 70
 By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
 Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither
 know

My faculties nor person, yet will be
 The chronicles of my doing, let me say
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake

That virtue must go through. We must not
stint* *Stop.

Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further 80
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;
Things done without example, in their issue 90
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission ? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?
A trembling contribution ! Why, we take
From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber ;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied 100
The force of this commission : pray, look to't ;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.
[To the Secretary.

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The grieved
commons
Hardly conceive of me ; let it be noised
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buck-
ingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many : 110
 The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker;
 To nature none more bound ; his training such,
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
 And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
 When these so noble benefits shall prove
 Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
 Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
 Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find 120
 His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
 That once were his, and is become as black
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall
 hear—

This was his gentleman in trust—of him
 Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
 The fore-recited practices ; whereof
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate
 what you,
 Most like a careful subject, have collected 130
 Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
 It would infect his speech, that if the king
 Should without issue die, he'll carry it so
 To make the sceptre his : these very words
 I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
 Lord Abergavenny ; to whom by oath he menaced
 Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
 This dangerous conception in this point.
 Not friended* by his wish, to your high person 140
 His will is most malignant ; and it stretches
 Beyond you, to your friends. *Befriended.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
 Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on :
 How grounded he his title to the crown,
 Upon our fail ? to this point hast thou heard him
 At any time speak aught ?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

King. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor ; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this? 150

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to
France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey : I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed ; and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk ; 'that oft,' says he, 160
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment :
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued : Neither the king nor's
heirs,
Tell you the duke, shall prosper : bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty : the duke 170
Shall govern England.'

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your
office

On the complaint o' the tenants : take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person
And spoil your nobler soul : I say, take heed ;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on.
Go forward:

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived ; and that 'twas
dangerous for him

To ruminate on this so far, until 180
 It forged him some design, which, being believed,
 It was much like to do: he answer'd, 'Tush,
 It can do me no damage;' adding further,
 That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
 The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
 Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank? Ah ha!
 There's mischief in this man: canst thou say
 further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
 After your highness had reprov'd the duke
 About Sir William Blomer,—

King. I remember 190
 Of such a time: being my sworn servant,
 The duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

Surv. 'If,' quoth he, 'I for this had been com-
 mitted,

As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
 The part my father meant to act upon
 The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
 Made suit to come in 's presence; which if
 granted,

As he made semblance of his duty, would
 Have put his knife into him.'

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in
 freedom, 200

And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

King. There's something more would out of
 thee; what say'st?

Surv. After 'the duke his father,' with 'the
 knife,'

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his
 dagger,

Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
 He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
 Was,—were he evil used, he would outgo
 His father by as much as a performance
 Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
 To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd ; 210
 Call him to present trial : if he may
 Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,
 Let him not seek't of us : by day and night,
 He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and LORD SANDS.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should
 juggle
 Men into such strange mysteries ?

Sands. New customs,
 Though they be never so ridiculous,
 Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our
 English
 Have got by the late voyage is but merely
 A fit* or two o' the face ; but they are shrewd
 ones ; *Trick.
 For when they hold 'em, you would swear
 directly

Their very noses had been counsellors
 To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so. 10

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame
 ones : one would take it,
 That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
 Or springhalt* reign'd among 'em. *Disease of horses.

Cham. Death ! my lord,
 Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
 That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

How now !

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell ?

Lov. Faith, my lord,
 I hear of none, but the new proclamation
 That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for ?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,

That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and
tailors. 20

Cham. I'm glad 'tis there: now I would
pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either,
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of
travel, 31

And understand again like honest men ;
Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take it,
They may, 'cum privilegio,' wear away
The lag end of their lewdness and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their
diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities !

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords : the sly whore-
sons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies ; 40
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em ! I am glad they
are going,
For, sure, there's no converting of 'em : now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song
And have an hour of hearing ; and, by'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands ;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord ;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going ?

Lov. To the cardinal's : 50
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true :
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies ; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind
indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt he's noble ;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord ; has wherewithal :
in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doc-
trine : 60

Men of his way should be most liberal ;
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so ;
But few now give so great ones. My barge
stays ;

Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir
Thomas,

We shall be late else ; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Hall in York Place.*

Hautboys. *A small table under a state for the
CARDINAL, a longer table for the guests.
Then enter ANNE BULLEN and divers other
Ladies and Gentlemen as guests, at one
door ; at another door, enter SIR HENRY
GUILDFORD.*

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his
grace
Salutes ye all ; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you : none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad ; he would have all as merry

As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people. O, my lord, you're tardy :

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDS, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em : by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor

To one or two of these !

Sands. I would I were ;

They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy ?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ?

Sir Harry, 19

Place you that side ; I'll take the charge of this :
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not
freeze ;

Two women placed together makes cold weather :
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking ;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,

And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet
ladies :

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir ?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in
love too :

But he would bite none : just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said my lord. 30

So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen,

The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, and
takes his state.

Wol. You're welcome, my fair guests: that
noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*]

Sands. Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands, 40
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.
Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have
'em

Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,*
My Lord Sands. *Frolicksome person.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.
[*Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged.*]

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Wol. What warlike voice, 50
And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you're privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they've left their barge and
landed;

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French
tongue;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise,
and tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll
mend it. 61

A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the KING and others, as
masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by
the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. They pass directly
before the CARDINAL, and gracefully salute
him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus
they pray'd

To tell your grace, that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair con-
duct, 70

Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which
I pay 'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their
pleasures.

[*They choose Ladies for the dance. The
King chooses Anne Bullen.*]

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O
beauty,

Till now I never knew thee! [Music. Dance.

Wol. My lord!

Cham. Your grace?

KING HENRY VIII.

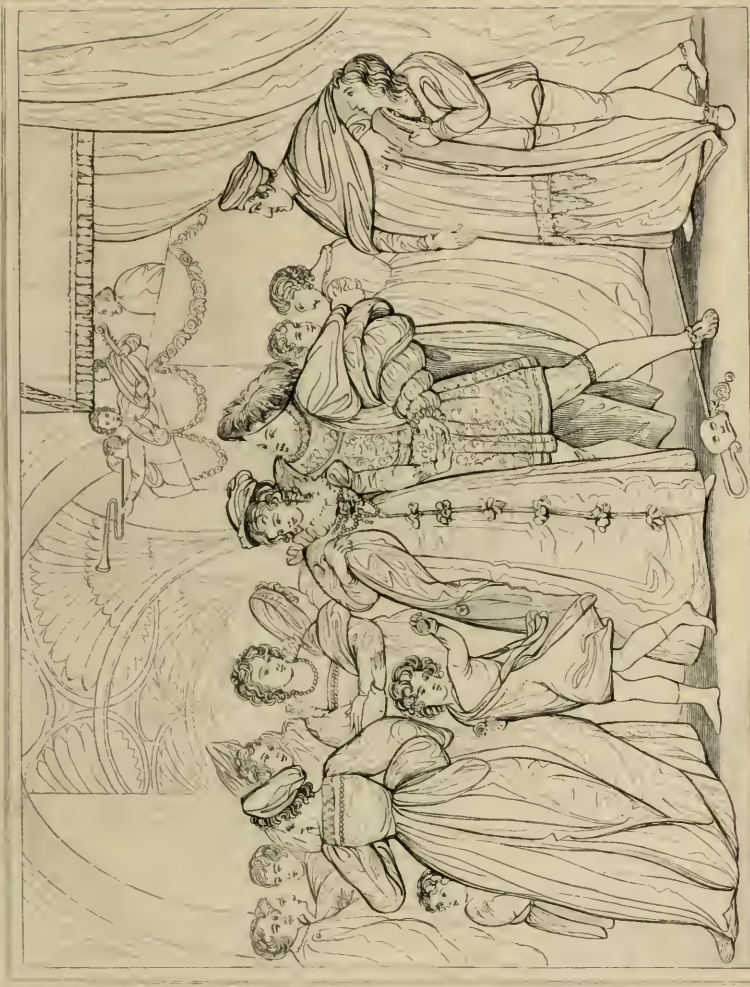
KING, ANNE BULLEN, WOLSEY, ETC.

After the Painting by Stothard.

After the Printing by Stokholm.

ΚΙΜC' ΝΙΜΕ ΒΟΓΓΕΝ, ΜΟΓΖΕΥ, ΕΤC

ΚΙΜC' ΝΕΜΒΥ ΝΙΙΙ.



Sturtevant del.

KING HENRY 5
Windsor, Arms, Bullen, King, &c.
Act I. Scene II.

Starling sc.

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me :
 There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
 More worthy this place than myself ; to whom.
 If I but knew him, with my love and duty 80
 I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Whispers the Masquers.*]

Wol. What say they ?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
 There is indeed ; which they would have your grace
 Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then.
 By all your good leaves, gentlemen ; here I'll
 make
 My royal choice.

King. Ye have found him, cardinal :

[*Unmasking.*]

You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :
 You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
 I should judge now unhappily.*

*Censoriously.

Wol. I am glad
 Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord chamberlain, 90
 Prithee, come hither : what fair lady's that ?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas
 Bullen's daughter,—
 The Viscount Rochford,—one of her highness'
 women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweet-
 heart,
 I were unmannerly, to take you out,
 And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen !
 Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
 I' the privy chamber ?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
 I fear, with dancing is a little heated. 100

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
 In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one : sweet
 partner,

I must not yet forsake you : let's be merry :
 Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
 To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure*
 To lead 'em once again ; and then let's dream
 Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it.

*Dance. [*Exeunt with trumpets.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Westminster. A street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. Whither away so fast ?

Sec. Gent. O, God save ye !
 Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
 Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

First Gent. I'll save you
 That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
 Of bringing back the prisoner.

Sec. Gent. Were you there ?

First Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

Sec. Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.

First Gent. You may guess quickly what.

Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty ?

First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd
 upon't.

Sec. Gent. I am sorry for't.

First Gent. So are a number more.

Sec. Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it ? 10

First Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great
 duke

Came to the bar ; where to his accusations
 He pleaded still not guilty and alleged
 Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
 The king's attorney on the contrary
 Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions
 Of divers witnesses ; which the duke desired
 To have brought vivâ voce to his face :
 At which appear'd against him his surveyor ;
 Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor ; and John Car,
 Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk, 21
 Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Sec. Gent. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?

First Gent. The same.
All these accused him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he
could not:

And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear
himself?

First Gent. When he was brought again to the
bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgement, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.

First Gent. Sure, he does not:
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

Sec. Gent. Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.

First Gent. 'Tis likely, 40
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who removed,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

Sec. Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

First Gent. At his return
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally, whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

Sec. Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o'my conscience, 50
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buck-
ingham,
The mirror of all courtesy:—

First Gent. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; tip-staves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side: accompanied with SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS, and common people.

Sec. Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgement,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, 60
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death;
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Chris-
tians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies 70
More than I dare make faults. You few that
loved me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's
name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart 80
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive
you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;

There cannot be those numberless offences
 'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no
 black envy
 Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his
 grace;

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
 You met him half in heaven: my vows and
 prayers

Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,
 Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live 90
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!
 Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!
 And when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your
 grace;

Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
 Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
 The duke is coming: see the barge be ready;
 And fit it with such furniture as suits
 The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas, 100
 Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
 When I came hither, I was lord high constable
 And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward
 Bohun:

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
 That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
 And with that blood will make 'em one day groan
 for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
 Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd, 110
 And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
 Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
 Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
 Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name and all
 That made me happy at one stroke has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,

And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes
me

A little happier than my wretched father : . . . 120

Yet thus far we are one in fortunes : both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most ;
A most unnatural and faithless service !

Heaven has an end in all ; yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain :

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make
friends

And give your hearts to, when they once per-
ceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away

Like water from ye, never found again . . . 130

But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye : the last
hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done ; and God for-
give me ! *[Exeunt Duke and Train.]*

First Gent. O, this is full of pity ! Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling . . . 140
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

First Gent. Good angels keep it from us !
What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith,
sir ?

Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill
require
A strong faith to conceal it.

First Gent. Let me have it ;
I do not talk much.

Sec. Gent. I am confident ;
You shall, sir : did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation

Between the king and Katharine ?

First Gent. Yes, but it held not :

For when the king once heard it, out of
anger 150

He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now : for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her : to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately ; 160
As all think, for this business.

First Gent. 'Tis the cardinal ;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

Sec. Gent. I think you have hit the mark : but
is't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The
cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

First Gent. 'Tis woful.
We are too open* here to argue this ; *Public.
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, reading a letter.

Cham. 'My lord, the horses your lordship sent
for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen,
ridden, and furnished. They were young and
handsome, and of the best breed in the north.
When they were ready to set out for London, a
man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and
main power, took 'em from me ; with this reason :
His master would be served before a subject, if
not before the king ; which stopped our mouths,
sir.' 10

I fear he will indeed : well, let him have them :
He will have all, I think.

*Enter, to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the DUKES
OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's
wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so :
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal : 20
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one
day.

Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know him-
self else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the
league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs; and all these for his mar-
riage:

And out of all these to restore the king, 30

He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel!
'Tis most true

These news are every where; every tongue speaks
'em,

And every true heart weeps for't: all that dare 40

Look into these affairs see this main end,
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day
open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance ;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages : all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords, 50
I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed :
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please ; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in ;
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much
upon him :
My lord, you'll bear us company ?

Cham. Excuse me ;
The king has sent me otherwhere : besides, 60
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain ; and the
King draws the curtain, and sits
reading pensively.*]

Suf. How sad he looks ! sure, he is much
afflicted.

King. Who's there, ha ?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say ? How dare you
thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations ?
Who am I ? ha ?

Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty this
way

Is business of estate ; in which we come 70
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold :
Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business :
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha ?

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS, with a commission.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal? O my
Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience ;
Thou art a cure fit for a king. [*To Camp.*]
You're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom :
Use us and it. [*To Wol.*] My good lord, have
great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour 80
Of private conference.

King. [*To Nor. and Suf.*] We are busy; go.

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] This priest has no pride
in him?

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] Not to speak of :
I would not be so sick though for his place :
But this cannot continue.

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] I another.

[*Exeunt Nor. and Suf.*]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of
wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom :
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her, 90
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices : Rome, the nurse of judge-
ment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,

KING HENRY VIII.

Mr. William Terriss as King Henry VIII.

KING HENRY VIII.

Mr. William Terriss as King Henry VIII.



This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius ;
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him
welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves ; 100
They have sent me such a man I would have
wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all
strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,
The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be
acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardi-
ner ?

Wol. I know your majesty has always loved
her 110
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law :
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have ; and
my favour
To him that does best : God forbid else. Cardinal,
Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit Wolsey.*]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. [*Aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand :
much joy and favour to you ;
You are the king's now.

Gard. [*Aside to Wol.*] But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.

King. Come hither, Gardiner. 121

[*Walks and whispers.*]

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor
Pace
In this man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread
then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied
him,
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign* man still; which so grieved
him,
That he ran mad and died. *Obliged to live abroad.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living mur-
murers 131

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[Exit Gardiner.]

The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord, 141
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, con-
science!

O, 'tis a tender place; and I must leave her.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *An ante-chamber of the Queen's
apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an Old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: here's the pang
that pinches:
His highness having lived so long with her, and
she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing: O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which

To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
 'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
 To give her the avaunt! it is a pity 10
 Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
 Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
 She ne'er had known pomp: though't be tem-
 poral,

Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
 It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
 As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
 She's a stranger* now again. *Foreigner.

Anne. So much the more
 Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
 I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble livers in content, 20
 Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
 And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
 Is our best having.* *Possession.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
 I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
 And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
 For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
 You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
 Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
 Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
 Which to say sooth,* are blessings; and which
 gifts, *Truth. 30

Saving your mincing, the capacity
 Of your soft cheveril† conscience would receive,
 If you might please to stretch it. †Kid-skin.

Anne. Nay, good troth.

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth; you would not
 be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would
 hire me,
 Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
 What think you of a duchess? have you limbs

To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off
a little; 40

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes
here?

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't
worth to know 50
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair
lady,

Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's 59
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes

More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers
and wishes

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship, 70
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness ;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you. [*Aside*] I have perused
her well ;

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled
That they have caught the king : and who knows
yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle? I'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Anne. My honour'd lord. 80

Old L. Why, this it is ; see, see !
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds ; and you, O fate !
A very fresh-fish here—fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd
up

Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence,
no.

There was a lady once, 'tis an old story, 90
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pem-
broke!

A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises mee thousands : honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady, 100
 Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
 And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
 If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
 To think what follows.
 The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
 In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
 What here you've heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me?
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *A hall in Black-Friars.*

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY alone; after him, the BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-usher bareheaded, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-arms bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two CARDINALS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The KING takes place under the cloth of state; the two CARDINALS sit under him as judges. The QUEEN takes place some distance from the KING. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Vol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
 Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
 It hath already publicly been read,
 And on all sides the authority allow'd;
 You may, then, spare that time.

Wol. Be't so. Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court. 11

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;

And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, 20
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
As I saw it inclined: when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your
friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew 30
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to
mind

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,

My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, 40
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgement: Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince that there had reign'd by
 many

A year before: it is not to be question'd 50
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I
 humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advised; whose counsel
 I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
 And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
 Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled 60
 To plead your cause: it shall be therefore boot-
 less

That longer you desire the court; as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
 Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
 It's fit this royal session do proceed;
 And that, without delay, their arguments
 Be now produced and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
 To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir, 70
 I am about to weep; but, thinking that
 We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble ; nay,
 before,
 Or God will punish me. I do believe,
 Induced by potent circumstances, that
 You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
 You shall not be my judge : for it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me ;
 Which God's dew quench ! Therefore I say again,
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul 81
 Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
 At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess
 You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet
 Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
 O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me
 wrong :
 I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
 For you or any : how far I have proceeded, 90
 Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a commission from the consistory,
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge
 me

That I have blown this coal : I do deny it :
 The king is present : if it be known to him
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood ! yea, as much
 As you have done my truth. If he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him 100
 It lies to cure me : and the cure is, to
 Remove these thoughts from you : the which be-
 fore

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking
 And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 To oppose your cunning. You're meek and hum-
 ble-mouth'd ;
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility ; but your heart

Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride. 110
 You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps and now are mounted
 Where powers are your retainers, and your
 words,

Domestics to you, serve your will as't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour than
 Your high profession spiritual: that again
 I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness, 120
 And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be tried by't: 'tis not well.
 She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into
 the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you,
 keep your way:

When you are call'd, return. Now, the Lord
 help,

They vex me past my patience! Pray you,
 pass on: 130

I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
 Upon this business my appearance make
 In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.*

King. Go thy ways, Kate:
 That man i' the world who shall report he has
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
 For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,
 If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
 Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
 Obeying in commanding, and thy parts 139
 Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
 The queen of earthly queens: she's noble born;
 And, like her true nobility, she has
 Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
 In humblest manner I require your highness,
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
 Of all these ears,—for where I am robb'd and
 bound,
 There must I be unloosed, although not there
 At once and fully satisfied,—whether ever I
 Did broach this business to your highness; or
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might 150
 Induce you to the question on't? or ever
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
 A royal lady, spake one the least word that
 might
 Be to the prejudice of her present state,
 Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord cardinal,
 I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
 I free you from't. You are not to be taught
 That you have many enemies, that know not
 Why they are so, but, like to village-curs,
 Bark when their fellows do: by some of these 160
 The queen is put in anger. You're excused:
 But will you be more justified? you ever
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
 desired
 It to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
 The passages made toward it: on my honour,
 I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
 And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me
 to't,
 I will be bold with time and your attention:
 Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; give
 heed to't:
 My conscience first received a tenderness, 170
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
 By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambas-
 sador;
 Who had been hither sent on the debating
 A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
 Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this busi-
 ness,
 Ere a determinate resolution, he,
 I mean the bishop, did require a respite;

Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
 Whether our daughter were legitimate, 179
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
 Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
 The region of my breast; which forced such
 way,

That many mazed considerings did throng
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
 I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
 If it conceived a male child by me, should
 Do no more offices of life to't than 190
 The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had air'd them: hence I took a
 thought,

This was a judgement on me; that my kingdom,
 Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
 Be gladdened in't by me: then follows, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling* in
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer 200
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are *Drifting.
 Now present here together; that's to say,
 I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
 By all the reverend fathers of the land,
 And doctors learn'd: first I began in private
 With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
 How under my oppression I did reek,
 When I first moved you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long: be pleased yourself
 to say 210

How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness.
 The question did at first so stagger me,
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't
 And consequence of dread, that I committed
 The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt;

And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

King. I then moved you,
My Lord of Canterbury ; and got your leave
To make this present summons : unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court ; 220
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals : therefore, go on ;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward :
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest crea-
ture
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness, 230
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day :
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

King. [*Aside*] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return : with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court :
I say, set on. 241

[*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. The QUEEN'S apartments.*

Enter the QUEEN and her Women, as at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench : my soul
grows sad with troubles ;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst : leave
working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing :
 To his music plants and flowers
 Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea, 10
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art,
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now !

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great
 cardinals

Wait in the presence.*

*Presence-chamber.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me ?

Gent. They will'd me say so, inadam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces

To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their
 business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from
 favour? 20

I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
 They should be good men ; their affairs as right-
 eous :

But all hoods make not monks.

*Enter the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and
 CAMPEIUS.*

Wol. Peace to your highness !

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a
 housewife,

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend
 lords ?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to
 withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here :
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my con-
science, 30

Deserves a corner : would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly : truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas,
regina serenissima,— 41

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin ;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have lived in .
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
suspicious ;
Pray, speak in English : here are some will
thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake ;
Believe me, she has had much wrong : lord
cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady, 50
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to his majesty and you,
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,
You have too much, good lady ; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty differ-
ence
Between the king and you ; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions 60
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,

Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
 Both of his truth and him, which was too far,
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
 His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [*Aside*] To betray me.—
 My lords, I thank you both for your good wills ;
 Ye speak like honest men ; pray God, ye prove
 so!

But how to make ye suddenly an answer, 70
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,—
 More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,
 And to such men of gravity and learning,
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men or such business.
 For her sake that I have been,—for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness,—good your graces,
 Let me have time and counsel for my cause :
 Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless ! 80

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with
 these fears :

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
 But little for my profit : can you think, lords,
 That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
 Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness'
 pleasure,

Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,
 And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
 They that must weigh out* my afflictions, *Outweigh.
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here :
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence 90
 In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir ?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's
 protection ;

He's loving and most gracious : 'twill be much
 Both for your honour better and your cause ;
 For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
 You'll part away disgraced.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—
my ruin :

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a judge 100
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye : holy men
I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye :
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your
comfort ?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?
I will not wish ye half my miseries ;
I have more charity : but say, I warn'd ye ;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at
once 110

The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction ;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing : woe upon
ye
And all such false professors ! would you have
me—

If you have any justice, any pity ;
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates
me?

Alas, has banish'd me his bed already,
His love, too long ago ! I am old, my lords, 120
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness ? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long—let me
speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one ?
A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion ?
Have I with all my full affections

Still met the king? loved him next heaven?
obey'd him? 130

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we
aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so
guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title 140
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English
earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your
hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily, 151
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good
lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly 160
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this car-
riage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits

KING HENRY VIII.

*QUEEN KATHARINE, WOLSEY,
CAMPEIUS, ETC.*

After the Painting by Peters.

After the Painting by Peter.

САМБЕЛЪ, ЕТС.
ЮЛЕН КАЛНАКОВЕ, МОГЗЕН

КИС НЕМЪУ ИИ.



Peters del.

KING HENRY 6th.
Queen, Wolsey, Campius &c.
Act III. Scene I.

Starling sc

They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
 I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
 A soul as even as a calm : pray, think us
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and ser-
 vants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong
 your virtues
 With these weak women's fears : a noble spirit,
 As yours was put into you, ever casts 170
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king
 loves you ;

Beware you lose it not : for us, if you please
 To trust us in your business, we are ready
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords : and, pray,
 forgive me,

If I have used* myself unmannerly ; *Behaved.

You know I am a woman, lacking wit
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.

Pray, do my service to his majesty :
 He has my heart yet ; and shall have my pray-
 ers

While I shall have my life. Come, reverend
 fathers, 181

Bestow your counsels on me : she now begs,
 That little thought, when she set footing here,
 She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Ante-chamber to the KING'S apart-
 ment.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
 And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
 Cannot stand under them : if you omit
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise
 But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,
 With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
 To meet the least occasion that may give me

Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be revenged on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontentn'd gone by him, or at least 10
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures :
What he deserves of you and me I know :
What we can do to him, though now the time
Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him ; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not ;
His spell in that is out : the king hath found 20
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true :
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light ?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how ?

Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope mis-
carried, 30
And came to the eye o' the king : wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgement o' the divorce ; for if
It did take place, 'I do,' quoth he, 'perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

Sur. Has the king this ?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work ?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he
coasts

And hedges his own way. But in this point
 All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
 After his patient's death : the king already 41
 Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
 For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now, all my joy
 Trace the conjunction !

Suf. My amen to't !

Nor. All men's !

Suf. There's order given for her coronation :
 Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
 To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
 She is a gallant creature, and complete
 In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her 50
 Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
 In it be memorized.

Sur. But, will the king
 Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
 The Lord forbid !

Nor. Marry, amen !

Suf. No, no ;
 There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose
 Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Cam-
 peius

Is stol'n away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
 Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and
 Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
 To second all his plot. I do assure you 60
 The king cried Ha ! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
 And let him cry Ha ! louder !

Nor. But, my lord,
 When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions ; which
 Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
 Together with all famous colleges
 Almost in Christendom : shortly, I believe,
 His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
 Her coronation. Katharine no more
 Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager 70
 And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal!

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed 80
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. I leave me awhile. [*Exit Cromwell.*]

[*Aside*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage. Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pem-
broke! 90

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. [*Aside*] The late queen's gentlewoman,
a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then out it goes. What though I know her
virtuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to
 Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of 100
 Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up
 An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one
 Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
 And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret
 the string,
 The master-cord on's heart !

*Enter the KING, reading of a schedule, and
 LOVELL.*

Suf. The king, the king !

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumul-
 ated
 To his own portion ! and what expense by the
 hour
 Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of
 thrift,

Does he rake this together ! Now, my lords, 110
 Saw you the cardinal ?

Nor. My lord, we have
 Stood here observing him : some strange com-
 motion

Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;
 Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
 Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight
 Springs out into fast gait ; then stops again,
 Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
 His eye against the moon : in most strange pos-
 tures

We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be ;
 There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning 120
 Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
 As I required : and wot you what I found
 There,—on my conscience, put unwittingly ?
 Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing ;
 The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
 Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household ; which
 I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
 Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will :
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think 130
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings : but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*King takes his seat ; whispers Lovell, who
goes to the Cardinal.*

Wol. Heaven forgive me !
Ever God bless your highness !

King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the in-
ventory

Of your best graces in your mind ; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span 140
To keep your earthly audit : sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendence to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke to-
gether, 150
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying !

King. 'Tis well said again ;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved
you :
He said he did ; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come
home,

But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. [*Aside*] What should this mean? 160

Sur. [*Aside*] The Lord increase this business!

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell
me,

If what I now pronounce you have found true :
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal
graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than
could

My studied purposes requite ; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours : my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires, 170
Yet filed* with my abilities : mine own ends
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I *Made even.
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd ;
A loyal and obedient subject is 180
Therein illustrated : the honour of it
Does pay the act of it ; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour,
more

On you than any ; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess 190
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own ; † that am, have, and will be—

Though all the world should crack their duty to
 you,
 And throw it from their soul; though perils did
 Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em,
 and
 Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
 Should the approach of this wild river break,
 And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken:
 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, 200
 For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this;
 [Giving him papers.
 And after, this: and then to breakfast with
 What appetite you have.

[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal
 Wolsey: the Nobles throng after
 him, smiling and whispering.

Wol. What should this mean?
 What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this
 paper;
 I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;
 This paper has undone me: 'tis the account 210
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the pope-
 dom,
 And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
 Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
 No new device to beat this from his brains?
 I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,
 Will bring me off again. What's this? 'To the
 Pope!' 220
 The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to's holiness. Nay then, farewell!
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my great-
 ness;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter to WOLSEY, the DUKES OF NORFOLK and
SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the LORD
CHAMBERLAIN.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who
commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself 230
To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay:
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot
carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to
do it,

I mean your malice, know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 240

As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no
doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents: now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then. 251

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
 Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
 Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
 The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
 With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
 Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
 You sent me deputy for Ireland ; 260
 Far from his succour, from the king, from all
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest
 him ;
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
 Absolved him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
 This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer is most false. The duke by law
 Found his deserts : how innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
 If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you
 You have as little honesty as honour, 271
 That in the way of loyalty and truth
 Toward the king, my ever royal master,
 Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
 And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
 Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou shouldst
 feel
 My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My
 lords,
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
 And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
 To be thus jaded* by a piece of scarlet, *Whipped.
 Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward, 281
 And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness
 Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
 Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
 Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;
 The goodness of your intercepted packets
 You writ to the pope against the king : your
 goodness,
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.

KING HENRY VIII.

WOLSEY, NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, ETC.

After the Painting by Westall.

KING HENRY VIII.

WOLSEY, NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, ETC.

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estall del.

Starling sc.

KING HENRY 8th.
Wolsey, Norfolk, Suffolk &c.
Act III. Scene II.

My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
 As you respect the common good, the state 290
 Of our despised nobility, our issues,
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life. I'll startle you
 Worse than the sacring bell,* when the brown
 wench

*Little bell rung at mass.

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise
 this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's
 hand:

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer 300
 And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
 When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :
 I thank my memory, I yet remember
 Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
 Now, if you can blush and cry ' guilty,' cardinal,
 You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir ;
 I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
 It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head.
 Have at you !
 First, that, without the king's assent or know-
 ledge, 310

You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
 You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
 To foreign princes, ' Ego et Rex meus '
 Was still inscribed ; in which you brought the
 king

To be your servant.

Suf. Then that, without the knowledge
 Either of king or council, when you went
 Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
 To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission 320
 To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,

Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have
caused

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then that you have sent innumerable
substance—

By what means got, I leave to your own con-
science—

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ; 330
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far ! 'tis virtue :
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further plea-
sure is,
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a præmunire, 340
That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your medi-
tations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank
you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal. 349

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,

And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory, 360
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :
 I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin, 369
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have :
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell !

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
 A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
 I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured
 me, 380
 I humbly thank his grace; and from these
 shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour :
 O, 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven !

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that
 right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have : I am able now, methinks,
 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
 To endure more miseries and greater far

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer. 390
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is
chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more? 400

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open* as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now *Public.
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me
down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever: 410
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Crom-
well;

I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance
thee;

Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let 419
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use* now, and provide
For thine own future safety. *Interest.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forego

KING HENRY VIII.

Sir Henry Irving as Cardinal Wolsey.

KING HENRY VIII.

Sir Henry Irving as Cardinal Wolsey.



So good, so noble and so true a master?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
 The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
 For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me, 430
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Crom-
 well ;

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me. 440
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate
 thee ;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear
 not :

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O
 Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;
 And,—prithee, lead me in : 451
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
 The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do
 dwell. [Exeunt. 460

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

First Gent. You're well met once again.

Sec. Gent. So are you.

First Gent. You come to take your stand here,
and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

Sec. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last
encounter,

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

First Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time of-
fer'd sorrow;

This, general joy.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever for-
ward—

In celebration of this day with shows, 10
Pageants and sights of honour.

First Gent. Never greater,

Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that
contains,

That paper in your hand?

First Gent. Yes; 'tis the list

Of those that claim their offices this day

By custom of the coronation.

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims

To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,

He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

Sec. Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not known
those customs, 20

I should have been beholding to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,

The princess dowager? how goes her business?

First Gent. That I can tell you too. The
Archbishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other

Learned and reverend fathers of his order,

Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off

From Ampthill where the princess lay ; to which
 She was often cited by them, but appear'd not :
 And, to be short, for not appearance and 30
 The king's late scruple, by the main assent
 Of all these learned men she was divorced,
 And the late marriage made of none effect :
 Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,
 Where she remains now sick.

Sec. Gent.

Alas, good lady !

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound : stand close, the queen is
 coming. [Hautboys.

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. *A lively flourish of Trumpets.*
2. Then, two Judges.
3. Lord Chancellor, *with the purse and mace before him.*
4. Choristers, *singing.* [Music.
5. Mayor of London, *bearing the mace.* Then Garter, *in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
6. Marquess DORSET, *bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. Duke of SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
9. *The old Duchess of NORFOLK, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*
They pass over the stage in order and state.

Sec. Gent. A royal train, believe me. These
I know:

Who's that that bears the sceptre?

First Gent. Marquess Dorset:
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That
should be 40

The Duke of Suffolk?

First Gent. 'Tis the same: high-steward.

Sec. Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?

First Gent. Yes.

Sec. Gent. Heaven bless thee!

[*Looking on the Queen.*

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more and richer, when he strains that lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

First Gent. They that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons

Of the Cinque-ports.

Sec. Gent. Those men are happy; and so are
all are near her. 50

I take it, she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

First Gent. It is; and all the rest are count-
esses.

Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are
stars indeed;

And sometimes falling ones.

First Gent. No more of that.

[*Exit procession, and then a great flourish of
trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

First Gent. God save you, sir! where have you
been broiling?

Third Gent. Among the crowd i' the Abbey;
where a finger

Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled

With the mere rankness of their joy.

Sec. Gent. You saw

The ceremony?

Third Gent. That I did.

First Gent. How was it? 60

Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.

Sec. Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.

Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream

Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people 70
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—
Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say 'This is my wife' there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

Sec. Gent. But, what follow'd? 81

Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and
with modest paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and saint-
like

Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly.

Then rose again and bow'd her to the people:

When by the Archbishop of Canterbury

She had all the royal makings of a queen;

As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,

The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems

Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir, 90

With all the choicest music of the kingdom,

Together sung 'Te Deum.' So she parted,

And with the same full state paced back again

To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gent. Sir,

You must no more call it York-place, that's past;

For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost :
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

Third Gent. I know it ;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

Sec. Gent. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen ?

Third Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one
of Winchester, 101
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,
The other, London.

Sec. Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

Third Gent. All the land knows that :
However, yet there is no great breach ; when it
comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from
him.

Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you ?

Third Gent. Thomas Cromwell ;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king has made him master
O' the jewel house, 111
And one, already, of the privy council.

Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.

Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests :
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Kimbolton.*

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick; led between*
GRIFFITH, *her gentleman usher, and* PATIENCE,
her woman.

Grif. How does your grace ?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death !
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair :
So ; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

KING HENRY VIII.

*WOLSEY, NORTHUMBERLAND,
ABBOTT, ETC.*

After the Painting by Westall.

After the Painting by Westall.

ABBOTT, ETC.

MOGSEK, MORTENBERG AND,

KING HENRY VIII.



W. P. Woodcut.

KING HENRY 8th
Wolsey, Northumberland, Abbot &c.
Act IV. Scene II.

Starling sc.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he
died:

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily 10
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to
Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent, honourably received him; 19
To whom he gave these words, 'O, father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still: and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again, 29
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently
on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach,* ever ranking *Pride.
Himself with princes; one that, by suggestion,
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair-play;
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful: 40
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;

But his performance, as he is now, nothing :
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your high-
ness

To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith ;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly 49
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading :
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;
But to those men that sought him sweet as
summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with
him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ; 60
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions, 70
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him !
Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note

KING HENRY VIII.

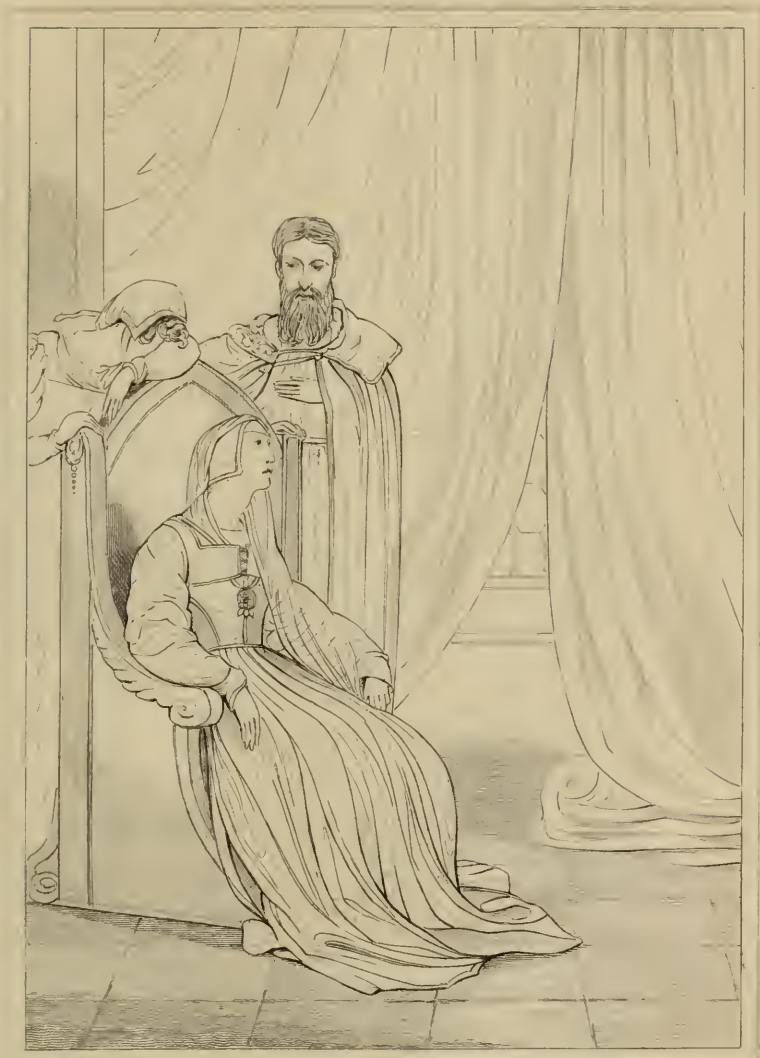
KATHARINE, GRIFFITH AND PATIENCE.

After the Painting by Westall.

KING HENRY VIII.

KATHARINE, GRIFFITH AND PATIENCE.

After the Painting by Westall.



Westall, del.

Starling, sc.

KING HENRY 8th.
Katherine, Griffith & Patience.
Act IV. Scene II.

I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to. 80

[*Sad and solemn music.*

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit
down quiet,
For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye
all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed
troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness; 90
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good
dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*

Pat. Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!

Grif. She is going, wench: pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow: 100
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour; go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness'
pardon;

My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this
fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius. 110

Cap. Madam, the same; your servant.

Kath. O, my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray

you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes
too late;

'Tis like a pardon after execution :
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me ;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor
name

Banish'd the kingdom ! Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away ?

Pat.

No, madam.

[*Giving it to Katharine.*]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam. 130

Kath. In which I have commended to his
goodness

The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter :
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,—
She is young, and of a noble modest nature,
I hope she will deserve well,—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved
him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor pet-
ition

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long 140
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:

Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
And now I should not lie, but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble :
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have
'em.

The last is, for my men ; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me ; 149
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by :
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer
life

And able means, we had not parted thus.

These are the whole contents: and, good my
 lord,
 By that you love the dearest in this world,
 As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the
 king
 To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man!
Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember
 me 160

In all humility unto his highness:
 Say his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
 For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
 My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,
 You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
 Call in more women. When I am dead, good
 wench,

Let me be used with honour: strew me over
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me, 170
 Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
 I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A gallery in the palace.*

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page
with a torch before him, met by SIR THOMAS
 LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
 Not for delights; times to repair our nature
 With comforting repose, and not for us
 To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir
 Thomas!
 Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at
 primero*
 With the Duke of Suffolk. *Game at cards.

Lov. I must to him too,
 Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's
 the matter? 10

It seems you are in haste: an if there be
 No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
 Some touch of your late business: affairs, that
 walk,

As they say spirits do, at midnight, have
 In them a wilder nature than the business
 That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
 And durst commend a secret to your ear
 Much weightier than this work. The queen's in
 labour,
 They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
 She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with 20
 I pray for heartily, that it may find
 Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir
 Thomas,
 I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
 Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
 She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
 Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,
 Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman
 Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
 And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
 'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me, 30
 Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and
 she,
 Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
 The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Crom-
 well,
 Beside that of the jewel house, is made master
 O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
 Stands in the gap and trade* of moe† preferments,

With which the time will load him. The arch-
 bishop *Beaten path. †More.
 Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare
 speak
 One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
 There are that dare; and I myself have ven-
 tured
 To speak my mind of him: and indeed this
 day, 41

Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have
 Incensed* the lords o' the council, that he is,
 For so I know he is, they know he is, *Incited.
 A most arch heretic, a pestilence
 That does infect the land: with which they
 moved

Have broken with the king; who hath so far
 Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
 And princely care foreseeing those fell mischiefs
 Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded 50
 To-morrow morning to the council-board

He be convented.† He's a rank weed, Sir
 Thomas, †Summoned.
 And we must root him out. From your affairs
 I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your
 servant. [Exeunt Gardiner and Page.]

Enter the KING and SUFFOLK.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night:
 My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles;
 Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play. 60
 Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
 What you commanded me, but by her woman
 I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
 In the great'st humbleness, and desired your
 highness

Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou, ha?
 To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of 71
Your highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night. [*Exit Suffolk.*]

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the arch-
bishop, 80
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us.
[*Exit Denny.*]

Lov. [*Aside*] This is about that which the
bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to
stay.*] Ha! I have said. Be gone.
What! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*]

Cran. [*Aside*] I am fearful: wherefore frowns
he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord! you do desire to
know 90
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together ;
I have news to tell you : come, come, give me
your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows :
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you ; which, being con-
sider'd, 100
Have moved us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us ; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower : you a brother
of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] I humbly thank your high-
ness ;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion 110
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder : for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious
tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury :
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend : give me thy hand, stand up :
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holidame,
What manner of man are you ? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers ; and to have heard
you, 121
Without indurance,* further. *Delay.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty :

KING HENRY VIII.

KING AND CRANMER.

After the Painting by Westall.

KING HENRY VIII.

KING AND CRANMER.

After the Painting by Westall.



Westall del.

Starling sc.

KING HENRY 8th
King & Cranmer.
A. V. S. 1.

If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
 Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh
 not,
 Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
 What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
 How your state stands i' the world, with the
 whole world?

Your enemies are many, and not small; their
 practices

Must bear the same proportion; and not ever 130
 The justice and the truth o' the question carries
 The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
 Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
 To swear against you? such things have been
 done.

You are potently opposed; and with a malice
 Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
 I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,
 Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
 Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
 You take a precipice for no leap of danger, 140
 And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your majesty
 Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
 The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
 They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
 Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
 You do appear before them: if they shall
 chance,

In charging you with matters, to commit you,
 The best persuasions to the contrary
 Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
 The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties 150
 Will render you no remedy, this ring
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us
 There make before them. Look, the good man
 weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest
 mother!

I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
 None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,

And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*
 He has strangled
 His language in his tears.

Enter Old Lady, LOVELL *following.*

Gent. [*Within*] Come back: what mean
 you?

Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that
 I bring 160
 Will make my boldness manners. Now, good
 angels
 Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
 Under their blessed wings!

King. Now, by thy looks
 I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
 Say, ay; and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
 And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
 Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,
 Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
 Desires your visitation, and to be 169
 Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you
 As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell!

Lov. Sir?

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to
 the queen. [*Exit.*

Old L. An hundred marks! By this light,
 I'll ha' more.
 An ordinary groom is for such payment.
 I will have more, or scold it out of him.
 Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
 I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
 While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before the Council-Chamber.*

Pursuivants, Pages, &c. attending.

Enter CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the
 gentleman,

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means
this? Ho!
Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Keep. Your grace must wait till you be
call'd for.

Cran. So.

Butts. [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I
am glad

I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*

Cran. [*Aside*] 'Tis Butts, 10

The king's physician: as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For
certain,

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their
malice—

To quench mine honour: they would shame to
make me

Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their
pleasures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the KING and BUTTS at a window above.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest
sight—

King. What's that, Butts? 20

Butts. I think your highness saw this many
a day.

King. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canter-
bury;

Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

King. Ha! 'tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had
thought

They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least, good manners, as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour, 30
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close:

We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Council-Chamber.*

Enter LORD CHANCELLOR; *places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for CANTERBURY'S seat.* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, DUKE OF NORFOLK, SURREY, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER, *seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at lower end, as secretary.* Keeper *at the door.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:

Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep.

Your grace may enter now.
*[Cranmer enters and approaches
 the council-table.]*

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I'm very
 sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold
 That chair stand empty : but we all are men, 10
 †In our own natures frail, and capable
 Of our flesh ; few are angels : out of which frailty
 And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach
 us,

Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
 Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
 The whole realm, by your teaching and your
 chaplains,

For so we are inform'd, with new opinions,
 Divers and dangerous ; which are heresies,
 And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious. 19

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
 My noble lords ; for those that tame wild horses
 Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
 But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and
 spur 'em,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
 Out of our easiness and childish pity
 To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
 Farewell all physic : and what follows then ?
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
 Of the whole state : as, of late days, our neigh-
 bours,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness, 30
 Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the
 progress

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
 And with no little study, that my teaching
 And the strong course of my authority
 Might go one way, and safely ; and the end
 Was ever, to do well : nor is there living,
 I speak it with a single heart, my lords,
 A man that more detests, more stirs against,
 Both in his private conscience and his place, 40
 Defacers of a public peace, than I do.

Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
 With less allegiance in it! Men that make
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
 And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
 That cannot be: you are a counsellor,
 And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you. 50

Gar. My lord, because we have business of
 more moment,
 We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'
 pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you,
 From hence you be committed to the Tower;
 Where, being but a private man again,
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
 More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I
 thank you;

You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror, 60
 You are so merciful: I see your end;
 'Tis my undoing: love and meekness, lord,
 Become a churchman better than ambition:
 Win straying souls with modesty again,
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary, 70
 That's the plain truth: your painted gloss dis-
 covers,
 To men that understand you, words and weak-
 ness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a
 little,
 By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
 However faulty, yet should find respect
 For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
 To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary.
 I cry your honour mercy ; you may, worst
 Of all this table, say so.
Crom. Why, my lord ?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer 80
 Of this new sect? ye are not sound.
Crom. Not sound ?
Gar. Not sound, I say.
Crom. Would you were half so honest !
 Men's prayers then would seek you, not their
 fears.
Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
 Remember your bold life too.
Chan. This is too much ;
 Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gar. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Chan. Then thus for you, my lord : it stands
 agreed,
 I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
 You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ;
 There to remain till the king's further pleasure
 Be known unto us : are you all agreed, lords? 91
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
 But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?
Gar. What other
 Would you expect? you are strangely trouble-
 some.
 Let some o' the guard be ready there.
Enter Guard.
Cran. For me ?
 Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gar. Receive him,
 And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords,
 I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords ;
 By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
 Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it 100
 To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven : I told ye
all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd ?

Chan. 'Tis now too certain :
How much more is his life in value with him ?
Would I were fairly out on't !

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations 110
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye : now have at ye !

Enter KING, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound
to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;
Not only good and wise, but most religious :
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgement comes to hear 120
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden commen-
dations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence ;
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win
me ;

But, whatso'er thou takest me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.

[*To Cranmer*] Good man, sit down. Now let me
see the proudest 130

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :
By all that's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

King. No, sir, it does not please me.
 I had thought I had had men of some understanding
 And wisdom of my council ; but I find none.
 Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
 This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—
 This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy 139
 At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
 Why, what a shame was this! Did my commis-

sion
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
 Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
 Not as a groom: there's some of ye, I see,
 More out of malice than integrity,
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;*
 Which ye shall never have while I live. *Power.

Chan. Thus far,
 My most dread sovereign, may it like your
 grace
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was pur-
 posed
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather, 150
 If there be faith in men, meant for his trial,
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
 I'm sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him ;
 Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
 I will say thus much for him, if a prince
 May be beholding to a subject, I
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him :
 Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of
 Canterbury, 160
 I have a suit which you must not deny me ;
 That is, a fair young maid that yet wants bap-
 tism,
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may
 glory
 In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
 That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your
 spoons: you shall have two noble partners with

you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Mar-
 quess Dorset : will these please you? 170
 Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you.
 Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart
 And brother-love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
 Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy
 true heart :

The common voice, I see, is verified
 Of thee, which says thus, 'Do my Lord of Canter-
 bury

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'
 Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long
 To have this young one made a Christian. 180
 As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ;
 So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The palace yard.*

*Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his
 Man.*

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals :
 do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude
 slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within*] Good master porter, I belong to the
 larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged,
 ye rogue ! is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a
 dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones : these
 are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads :
 you must be seeing christenings? do you look for
 ale and cakes here, you rude rascals? 11

Man. Pray, sir, be patient : 'tis as much im-
 possible—

Unless we sweep 'em from the door with can-
 nons—

To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
 On May-day morning ; which will never be :
 We may as well push against Powle's, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not ; how gets the tide in ?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—
You see the poor remainder—could distribute, 20
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor
Colbrand,
To mow 'em down before me : but if I spared any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again ;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her !

[*Within*] Do you hear, master porter ?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good mas-
ter puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah. 30

Man. What should you have me do ?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down
by the dozens ? Is this Moorfields to muster in ?
or have we some strange Indian with the great
tool come to court, the women so besiege us ?
Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door ! On
my Christian conscience, this one christening will
beget a thousand ; here will be father, godfather,
and all together. 39

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir.
There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he
should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my con-
science, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's
nose ; all that stand about him are under the line,
they need no other penance : that fire-drake* did
I hit three times on the head, and three times was
his nose discharged against me ; he stands there,
like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a
haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that
railed upon me till her pinked porringer† fell off
her head, for kindling such a combustion in the
state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that
woman ; who cried out ' Clubs ! ' when I might see
from far some forty truncheoners draw to her suc-
cour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where
she was quartered. They fell on ; I made good
my place : at length they came to the broomstaff
to me ; I defied 'em still : when suddenly a file of

boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum,* and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come. *Will-o'-the-wisp. †Cap.
*Borders of hell. 70

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows:
There's a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done: 80
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: ye are lazy
knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards,* when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets
sound; *Barrels.
They're come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find

A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months. 90

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;
I'll peck* you o'er the pales else. *Throw. [*Ex.*

SCENE V. *The Palace.*

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, LORD MAYOR, GARTER, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady; then follows the MARCHIONESS DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and GARTER speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness,
send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to
the high and mighty princess of England,
Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING and Guard.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] And to your royal grace,
and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord. 10

[*The King kisses the child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant—heaven still move about her !—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings, 20
Which time shall bring to ripeness : she shall be—
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed : Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse
her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her : 30
She shall be loved and fear'd : her own shall bless
her ;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows
with her :

In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her : but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, 41
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself ;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
darkness,

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd : peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror,

KING HENRY VIII.

KING, CRANMER, ETC.

After the Painting by Peters.

After the Painting by Peter.

KINGS, СВЯТЫЙ ПЕТРЪ, ЕТЦ.

KINGS HEAVEN III.



Peters del.

KING HENRY 8th
King, Crusier &c.
Act V. Scene II.

Stearns sc.

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him : 50
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations : he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him : our children's child-
ren
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of Eng-
land,

An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it. 59
Would I had known no more ! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man ! never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing :
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my
Maker.

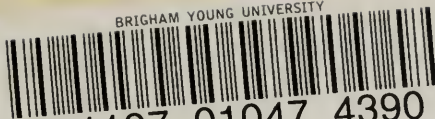
I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor, 70
And your good brethren, I am much beholding ;
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
lords :

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank
ye,

She will be sick else. This day, no man think
Has business at his house ; for all shall stay :
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here : some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets ; so, 'tis
clear,
They'll say 'tis naught : others, to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry 'That's witty !'
Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women ; 10
For such a one we show'd 'em : if they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.



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