Tragical History

of

King Richard III

As it is Acted at the

Theatre Royal

By C. Cibber.

-----Domestica Facta

LONDON,

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Etext Editor's Introduction

David Richard Garrick first made his fame in the role of Richard III and it remained the character for which he was most reknowned. The backstage blessing, "Break a leg!" is attributed by some to a Garrick performance as the hunch-backed villain during which the actor was so transported by the role that he did not notice he had suffered a fracture. Yet Garrick never spoke the lines modern readers most readily associate with the play, "Now is the winter of our discontent / Made glorious summer by this son of York." Like virtually all other Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century actors Garrick performed not Shakespeare's script but the adaptation premiered in 1700 by Colly Cibber who cut the opening lines of Richard's famous soliloguy. When Macready tried in the 1820's to reintroduce more of Shakespeare's text critics sniffed that he had only shown how hopelessly awkward the original was and audiences expressed their disappointment. He bowed to the outcry and returned to Cibber's familiar "improved" script the next season. As late as the turn of the century Samuel French distributed Cibber's rewrite, as performed in a New York staging of the 1840's, as the "acting version" of Richard III.

In our century opinion has turned a hundred eighty degrees. The once despised original now rules the stage unchallenged and Cibber's version, which was the most oft-produced "Shakespeare" play in Nineteenth Century America, is relegated to the research stacks. Though Olivier preserved a

couple of Cibber's best known lines, "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham," and "Richard is himself again," in his classic film version, few other directors dare brave the rath of "traditionalists" who stand guard against vandals who'd tinker with the "genuine" text. Given the Cibber script's long and distinguished stage history it is hard to understand what "tradition" these guardians so fiercely defend.

Though Shakespeare's original is not so unstageable as Cibber and his contemporaries thought, neither is Cibber's play so unworthy as our century has concluded. Cibber was not a poetic genius, his widely ridiculed appointment as Poet Laureate notwithstanding, but he was a skilled craftsman who understood how to make the theatrical conventions of his age work effectively on stage almost as well as Shakespeare knew the tricks of late Elizabethan theater. If his text didn't work well in performance it would not have outlived all the other Restoration adaptations as long as it did

Though this text will interest curious scholars I hope it also draws the attention of directors and performers. A theater company planning a season might consider surprising its subscribers with a "Shakespeare" they are certain never to have seen before. A director who is doing Shakespeare's version might consider adding a little Cibber to the mix or trying some of Cibber's cuts and doubling to reduce the often unwieldy size of Shakespeare's cast or to tighten up the action. Richard's murder of Henry VI in Cibber's first act or his brutal treatment of Ann in the third could be added to an otherwise "traditional" production. The former is, after all, mostly Shakespeare's, and the scene with Anne, though entirely Cibber's invention, is in keeping with Richard's character as limned by Shakespeare, and, though not immortal verse, is excellent melodrama.

For this etext edition I relied on the 1700 text, but I have noted some additions made to the text and to the cast list in the 1718 version. The later edition omitted Cibber's "Epistle Dedicatory" and "Preface" and did not identify which lines were Cibbers and which Shakespeare's. As ASCII does not have an italicized font I have marked the lines Cibber identified as Shakespeare's by enclosing them in %'s. I have substituted ASCII's (') for Cibber's reversed mark to identify the lines he claimed were "generally [Shakespeare's] thoughts," trusting readers to cope with the occaisonal initial "'Tis" or "'Twere." All others I left unmarked, tacitly accepting Cibber's claim they are "intirely my own," even when in cases like, "I would not pass another hour so dreadful / Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days," I have my doubts. I have tried to reproduce the stage directions in their full variety, some centered, some flushed right, some bracketted, others with a parenthesis. The only change I have made in the original's layout is to center the speaker's name in the line before each speech to make the text more useful as a performing script. Both the 1700 and 1718 editions divide the play into five acts and, though scene changes are noted, they are not numbered.

Alert readers will spot lines not only from Cibber's primary sources, RIII and 3HVI, but also from 1&2HIV, HV, and 1&2HVI. Tables tracking the number of these borrowed lines appear in Furness' _New Variorum_ and the appendix to _Five Restoration Adaptations of Shakespere_. They differ slightly.

Tom Dale Keever

keever@phantom.com New York, March, 1994

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Bibliography:

The Tragical History of King Richard III, by C. Cibber, c. 1700, A facsimile published by Cornmarket Press from the copy in the Birmingham

The Tragical History of King Richard III As it is now Acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, Reviv'd, with Alterations, by Mr. Cibber. A facsimile of the 1718 edition by Cornmarket Press, 1969

Five Restoration Adaptations of Shakespeare, edited by Christopher Spencer, Urbana, University of Illinois Press, 1965. Spencer follows the 1718 text, but reproduces Cibber's Preface and Dedicatory Epistle from the first edition. He also preserves Cibber's italics and apostrophes to identify the "Shakespearean" lines.

To Henry Brett, Jun. of Cowley, Esq;

I Was ever Fond and Proud of your good opinion, it has sometimes recommended me to Men of the first merit; where, whithout that umbrage, perhaps, not all the Advantages of Fortune, could have made me tolerable. You taught me first to know a little of my self, then shew'd me other Men; and knowing them, taught me to value You. I know not whether the World will allow there can be any Gratitude in a Dedication; but I am assur'd vou are well enough acquainted with my sincerity, to believe this comes purely from an Hearty and Uninterested Inclination. I am loath to remind you of the many handsom Obligations you have laid on me; for in being thanked I have observ'd you often in a pain great as your delight in giving: Which generous softness in your Temper has made me many times conclude, that were you once Passionately touch'd in Love (as certainly no man was every so kindly formedfor it) the happy Fair One will at least have this security, that your Natural Pleasure in obliging will instruct her to reserve you long, and only Hers. I can't help talking thus, because I am fond of publishing that ev'n such Qualities are what I have had several Happy hours of leisure to observe in you. Nay, I freely confess, I have all the Vanity of a young Lover, and can't really think the Fair One absolutely mine, till I have told all the World of her favours. I wou'd have my Lord, and all the Cheerful Table know, that the very Gentleman they were so loath to part with, had out staid his Appointment with Cibber for the reading an Act or two of Richard III. I would have my Lady know too, that ask'd the Civil Gentleman's name in the next Box, that 'twas not her Ladyships kind advances that kept him there, but a certain promise made him behind the Scenes. that a little Extraordinary pains should be taken in the Performance of one of Richard's Soliloquies; And I wou'd have the Players know, that my so often wishing the Vacation near, is, because Cowley and your Conversation in the Summer to me, perhaps is as Entertaining an Amusement, as a Family, and Uncertain pay in the Winter. I once designed to have delay'd this Dedication till I was capable of prefixing it to some piece more worth your Acceptance: You have often perswaded me to undertake another Comedy; but, I confess, your own

happy talent in that kind (you'll excuse my blabbing) and your common Conversation, have quite discourag'd me: A Poet ought to be vain enough to suppose himself the best in his kind, and unless I could believe I were able to write, as you talk, with the same life, and happy turn of Thought, it will be Prudence in me to let it alone till I am advis'd to it by some body that knows you, as well as I do : So that I rather chuse to pay this little, while I have it, than by an idle Expectation of better success, run the hazard of being in your debt as long as I live: but that I am afraid I shall ever be; my long Account will not be easily settled, while you forget as fast as you confer, and always grant a favour, as if you were returning one, so 'tis partly your own Fault if I subscribe my self,

Your eternally obliged and humble Servant, Colley Cibber.

Lon.Feb. 1700.

THE PREFACE

This Play came upon the Stage with a very Unusual disadvantage, the whole first Act being Intirely left out in the Presentation; and tho' it had been read by several persons of the first Rank and Integrity, some of which were pleas'd to honour me with an offer of giving it under their hands that the whole was an Inoffensive piece, and free from any bold Paralel, or ill manner'd reflection, yet this was no satisfaction to him, who had the Relentless power of licensing it for the Stage. I did not spare for intreaties; but all the reason I coul'd get for its being refus'd, was, that Henry the Sixth being a Character Unfortunate and Pitied, wou'd put the Audience in mind of the late King James : Now, I confess, I never thought of him in the Writing it, which possibly might proceed from there not being any likeness between 'em. But however, there was no hazard of offending the Government, though the whole Play had been refus'd, and a man is not obliged to be Just, when he can get as much by doing an Injury. I am only sorry it hapned to be the best Act in the Whole, and leave it to the Impartial Reader how far it is offensive, and whether its being Acted would have been as injurious to good Manners, as the omission of it was to the rest of the Play.

Tho' there was no great danger of the Readers mistaking any of my lines for Shakesear's; yet, to satisfie the curious, and unwilling to assume more praise than is really my due, I have caus'd those that are intirely Shakespear's to be Printed in this %Italick Character%; and those lines with this mark (') before 'em are generally his thoughts, in the best dress I could afford 'em: What is not so mark'd, or in a different Character is intirely my own. I have done my best to imitate his Style, and manner of thinking: If I have fail'd, I have still this comfort, that our best living Author in his imitation of Shakespear's Style only writ Great and Masterly.

(Etext Editor's note: Italics being beyond the means of electronic text, the "Shakespearean" lines are enclosed by %'s. I have not attempted to identify other italicized words or phrases.)

The Persons.

King Henry the Sixth, designed for	Mr Wilks.
Edward Prince of Wales,	Mrs. Allison.
Richard Duke of York, the young sorward the Fourth.	ns of Ed- Miss. Chock.
Richard Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King of England.	Mr. Cibber.
Duke of Buckingham.	Mr. Powel.
Lord Stanley.	Mr. Mills.
Duke of Norfolk.	Mr. Simpson.
Ratcliff.	Mr. Kent.
Catesby.	Mr. Thomas.
Henry Earl of Richmond, afterwards King of England.	Mr. Evans.
Oxford.	Mr. Fairbank.
Blunt, &c.	
Elizabeth, Relict of Edward the Fourth. Ann, Relict of Edward Prince of Wales, Son to Henry the Sixth, afterwards married to Richard the Third. Cicely, Dutchess of York, mother to Richard the Third. Ketext editor's note: The following characters appear in the play but are not listed in the 1700 edition's list of "Persons." They are listed here with the actors who appear in the 1718 edition's "Dramatis Personae" page) Tressell Mr. Will. Wilks. Lieutenant of the Tower Mr. Quin. Lord Mayor Mr. Miller. Tirrel Mr. Weller. Forrest Mr. Wilson. Dighton Mr. Higginson.	
(The following characters in the play are not listed in the cast	
lists of either the 1710 or the 1718 editions.)	
Rivers	
Dorset	
Lovel	

A C T the First.

The Scene, A Garden within the Tower.

Enter the Lieutenant with a Servant.

LIEUTENANT

Has King Henry walk'd forth this Morning?

SERVANT

No, Sir, but 'tis near his Hour.

LIEUTENANT

At any time when you see him here, Let no Stranger into the Garden: I wou'd not have him star'd at --- See! Who's that Now entring at the Gate?

SERVANT

Sir, the Lord Stanley.

LIEUTENANT

Leave me. ---

[Ex. Servant.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Ny Noble Lord you're welcome to the Tower, I heard last Night you late arriv'd with News Of Edward's Victory to his joyful Queen.

STANLEY

Yes, Sir; and I am proud to be the Man That first brought home the last of Civil Broils, The Houses now of York, and Lancaster, Like Bloody Brothers fighting for Birth-right, No more shall wound the Parent that wou'd part 'em. Edward now sits secure on England's Throne.

LIEUTENANT

Near Tewkesbury, my Lord I think they fought: Has the Enemy lost any Men of Note?

STANLEY

Sir I was Posted Home
E're an Account was taken of the Slain,
But as I left the Field, a Proclamation
From the King was made in Search of Edward,
Son to your Prisoner, King Henry the Sixth,
Which gave Reward to those Discover'd him,
And him his Life, if he'd surrender.

LIEUTENANT

That Brave Young Prince, I fear's unlike his Father,

Too high of Heart to brook submissive Life: This will be heavy News to Henry's Ear: For on thei Battles cast his All was set.

STANLEY

King Henry, and ill Fortune are familiar: He ever threw with an indifferent Hand, But never yet was known to lose his Patience: How does he pass the Time in his Confinement?

LIEUTENANT

As one whose Wishes never reacht a Crown, The King seems Dead in him: But as a man He sighs sometimes in want of Liberty. Sometimes he Reads, and Walks, wishes That Fate had blest him with an humbler Birth. Not to have felt the falling from a Throne.

STANLEY

Were it not possible to see this King? They say he'll freely talk with Edward's Friends, And ever treats him with Respect, and Honour.

LIEUTENANT

This is his usual Time of walking forth.
(For he's allow'd the freedom of the Garden;)
After his Morning-Prayer; he seldom fails:
Behind this Arbor we unseen may stand
A while t'observe him. (They retire.)

Enter King Henry the Sixth in Mourning.

KING HENRY

By this time the Decisive Blow is struck, Either my Queen and son are blest with Victory, Or I'm the cause no more of Civil Broils. %Wou'd I were Dead if Heavens good Will were so,% 'For what is in this World but Grief and Care? What Noise, and Bustle do Kings make to find it? When Life's but a short Chace, our Game content Which most pursued is most compell'd to fly' And he that mounts him on the swiftest Hope, Shall often Run his Courser to a stand, While the poor Peasant from some distant Hill Undanger'd, and at Ease views all the Sport, And sees Content take shelter in his Cottage.

STANLEY (Aside)

He seems Extreamly mov'd.

LIEUTENANT (Aside)

Does he know you?

STANLEY

No! nor wou'd I have him.

LIEUTENANT

We'll show ourselves.

(They come forward.)

KING HENRY

Why, there's another Check to Proud Ambition. That Man receiv'd his Charge from me, and now I'm his Prisoner, he lock's me to my Rest: Such an unlook'd for Change who cou'd suppose, That saw him kneel to Kiss the Hand that rais'd him? But that I shou'd not now complain off, Since I from thence may happily derive His Civil Treatment of me, -- 'Morrow Lieutenant, Is any News arriv'd? -- Who's that with you?

LIEUTENANT

A Gentleman that came last Night Express From Tewkesbury. We've had a Battle, Sir.

KING HENRY

Comes he to me with Letters or Advice?

LIEUTENANT

Sir, he's King Edward's Officer, your Foe.

KING HENRY

Then he won't flatter me, you're welcome, Sir; Not less because you are King Edward's Friend; For I have almost learn'd my self to be so: Cou'd I but once forget I was a King, I might be truly Happy, and his Subject. You've gain'd a Battle? Is't not so?

STANLEY

We have, Sir; How, will reach your Ear too soon.

KING HENRY

If to my Loss, It can't too soon? Pray speak, For Fear makes Mischief greater than it is: My Queen! my Son! say, Sir! are they living!

STANLEY

Since my Arrival, Sir, another Post Came in, who brought us word your Queen, and Son Were Prisoners now at Tewkesbury.

KING HENRY

Heav'ns Will be done! the Hunters have 'em now -- And I have only Sighs, and Prayers to help 'em!

STANLEY

King Edward, Sir, depends upon his Sword, Yet prays heartily, when the Battle's won: And Soldiers love a Bold and Active Leader, Fortune like Women will be close pursu'd; The English are high Mettl'd, Sir, and 'tis No easie part to Sit 'em well. King Edward Feels their Temper, and 'twill be hard to throw him.

KING HENRY

Alas, I thought 'em Men, and rather hop'd
To win their Hearts by Mildness, than Severity.
My Soul was never form'd for Cruelty,
In my Eye Justice has seem'd bloody,
When on the City Gates I have beheld
A Traytor's Quarters parching in the Sun,
My Blood has turn'd with Horror at the Sight,
I took 'em down, and Buried with his Limbs
The Memory of the Dead Man's Deeds: Perhaps
That Pity make me look less Terrible,
Giving the mind of weak Rebellion Spirit:
For King's are put in Trust for all Mankind,
And when themselves take Injuries, who is safe?
If so I have deserv'd these frowns of Fortune.

Enter a Servant to the Lieutenant.

SERVANT

Sir, here's a Gentleman brings a Warrant For his Access to King Henry's Presence.

LIEUTENANT

I come to him.

STANLEY

His Business may require your Privacy,
I'll leave you, Sir, wishing you all the Good
That can be wish'd, not wronging him I serve. (Ex. Lord Stan.

KING HENRY

Farewell: Who can this be? A sudden Coldness Like the Damp Hand of Death has seiz'd my Limbs: I fear some heavy News! ---

Enter Lieutenant.

Who is it, good Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT

A Gentleman, Sir, from Tewkesbury, he seems A melancholly Messenger: For when I ask'd What News? His Answer was a deep faught Sigh: I wou'd urge him, but I fear 'tis fatal.

Enter Tressell in Mourning.

KING HENRY

%Fatal indeed! His Brows the Title Page% %That speaks the Nature of a Tragick Volume;% 'Say, Friend, how does my Queen, my Son! %Thou tremblest, and the whiteness of thy Cheek% %Is apter than thy Tongue to tell the Errand,% %Ev'n such a Man, so Faint, so Spiritless,% %So Dull, so Dead in Look, so Woe be gone,% %Drew Priam's Curtain in the Dead of Night,%

%And wou'd have told him half his Troy was burn'd,% %But Priam found the Fire, e're he his Tongue,% %And I my poor Son's Death e're thou relatest it;% %Now wou'd'st thou say: Your Son did thus and thus,% 'And thus your Queen; So fought the Valiant Oxford, %Stopping my greedy Ear with their bold Deeds,% %But in the End (to stop my Ear indeed,)% %Thou hast a Sigh to blow away this Praise,% 'Ending with Queen and Son, and all are Dead.

TRESSELL

'Your Queen yet Lives, and many of your Friends, 'But for my Lord you Son --

KING HENRY

Why, he is Dead; -- yet speak, I Charge thee! 'Tell thou thy Master his Suspicion lies, %And I will take it as a kind Disgrace,% 'And thank thee well, for doing me such wrong.

TRESSELL

Wou'd it were wrong to say, but, Sir, your Fears are true.

KING HENRY

Yet for all this, say not my Son is Dead.

TRESSELL

Sir, I am sorry I must force you to
Believe, what wou'd to Heav'n I had not seen!
But in this last Battle, near Tewkesbury,
'Your Son, whose Active Spirit lent a Fire
'En'n to the dullest Peasant in your Camp,
Still made his way, where Danger stood t'oppose him,
A beraver Youth of more Couragious Heat,
'Ne'er spurr'd his Courser at the Trumpets sound:
But who can Rule th'uncertain Chance of War,
In Fine, King Edward won the Bloody Field,
Where both your Queen, and Son were made his Prisoners.

KING HENRY

'Yet, hold! for oh! this Prologue lets me in '%To a most fatal Tragedy to come.% -- Dy'd he Prisoner, say'st thou? How? By Grief, Or by the bloody Hands of those, that caught him?

TRESSELL

After the Fight, Edward in Triumph ask'd
To see the Captive Prince; the Prince was brought,
Whom Edward roughly Chid for bearing Arms,
Asking what Reparation he cou'd make
For having stirr'd his Subjects to Rebellion?
Your Son impatient of such Taunts, reply'd,
'Bow like a Subject, Proud Ambitious York!
'While I now speaking with my Father's Mouth,
'Propose the self same Rebel Words to thee,
'Which, Traytor, thou wou'dst have me answer to:
From these, more Words arose, till in the End
King Edward swell'd with what th'unhappy Prince
At such a time too freely spoke, his Gauntlet

In his young Face with Indignation struck: At which Crook'd Richard, Clarence, and the rest Buried their fatal Daggers in his Heart: %In Bloody State I saw him on the Earth,% %From whence with Life he never more sprung up.%

KING HENRY

'O had'st thou stabb'd at every Words deliverance, 'Sharp Ponyards in my Flesh, while this was told 'Thy Wounds had giv'n less Anguish than thy Words. --- O Hean'ns! methinks I see my tender Lamb Gasping beneath the Ravenous Wolves fell gripe? But say, did all? Did they all strike him, say'st thou?

TRESSELL

All, Sir: But the first Wound Duke Richard gave.

KING HENRY

There let him stop! be that his last of Ills!

O barbarous Act; Unhospitable Men!
Against the rigid Laws of Arms to kill him!
Was't not enough, his hope of Birth-right gone,
But must your Hate be levell'd at his Life?
Nor cou'd his Father's Wrongs content you?
Nor cou'd a Father's Grief disswade the Deed?
'You have no Children, (Butchers if you had)
'The thought of them wou'd sure have stirr'd Remorse.

TRESSELL

Take Comfort, Sir; and Hope a better Day.

KING HENRY

%O! who can hold a Fire in his Hand,%
%By thinking of the Frosty Caucasus?%
%Or wallow Naked in December's Snow,%
'By bare remembrance of the Summer's Heat?
Away! by Heav'n, I shall abhor his Sight,
Whoever bids me be of Comfort more:
If thou wilt sooth my Sorrows, then I'll thank thee:
Ay! now thou'rt kind indeed! these Tears oblige me.

TRESSELL

Alas, my Lord! I fear more Evils toward you.

KING HENRY

Why, let it come! I scarce shall feel it now, My present Woes have beat me to the Ground, And my hard Fate can make me fall no lower: What can it be? Give it its ugliest Shape, -- O my poor Boy! --

TRESSELL

A word does that it comes in Gloucester's Form.

KING HENRY

Frightful indeed! give me the worst that threatens.

TRESSELL

After the Murther of your Son, stern Richard, As if unsated with the Wounds he had giv'n, With unwash'd Hands went from his Friends in hast, And being ask'd by Clarence of the Cause, He low'ring cry'd, Brother, I must, to the Tower! I've Business there, excuse me to the King, Before you reach the Town, expect some News: This said, he vanish'd, and I hear's arriv'd.

KING HENRY

Why, then the Period of my Woes is set; For Ills but thoughtby him are half perform'd.

Enter Lieutenant with a Paper.

LIEUTENANT

Forgive me, Sir; what I'm compell'd to'bey An Order for your close Confinement.

KING HENRY

Whence comes it, good Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT

Sir, from the Duke of Gloucester.

KING HENRY

Good Night to all then: I obey it -And now good Friend suppose me on my Death-bed,
And take of me, thy last, short, Living leave: -Ney, keep thy Tears till thou hast seen me Dead:
%And when in tedious Winter Nights, with Good%
%Old Folks, thou sit'st up late%
%To hear 'em tell thee Dismal Tales%
'Of times long past, even now with Woe remember'd;
%Before thou bidst good night, to quit their Grief,%
%Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,%
%And send thy hearers weeping to their Beds.%

(Exeunt

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester. Solus.

RICHARD

%Now are our Brows bound with Victorious wreaths,% %Our stern allarms are changed to Merry-meetings,% %Our dreadfull marches to delightful measures.% %Grim visaged War has smoothed his wrinkled Front,% %And now instead of mounting Barbed Steeds% %To fright the Souls of fearful Adversaries% %He Capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber% %To the Lascivious Pleasing of a Lute;% %But I that am not shaped for sportive tricks,% %I that am curtailed of Man's fair proportion,% %Deform'd, Unfinish'd, sent before my time% %Into this breathing World scarce hald made up,% %And that so lamely and unfashionable% %That Dogs bark at me as I halt by 'em;% %Why I, in this weak, this piping time of Peace,% %Have no delight to pass away my hours,% %Unless to see my shadow in the Sun,% %And descant on my own deformity:%

%---Then since this Earth affords no joy to me,%
%But to Command, to Check, and to Orebear such,%
'As are of Happier Person than my self,
'Why then to me this restless World's but Hell,
Till this mishapen trunks aspiring head
'Be circled in a glorious Diadem -But then 'tis fixt on such an heighth, O! I
Must stretch the utmost reaching of my Soul.
I'll climb betimes without Remorse or Dread,
And my first step shall be on Henry's Head. (Exit.

Scene, a Chamber in the Tower: K. Henry sleeping.

Enter Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT

Asleep so soon! But sorrow minds no seasons, The Morning, Noon, and Night with her's the same, She's fond of any hour that yields Repose.

KING HENRY (rising.

Who's there? Lieutenant! is it you? Come hither.

LIEUTENANT

You shake, my Lord, and look affrighted.

KING HENRY

O! I have had the fearfull'st Dream; such sights, That, as I live --- I would not pass another hour so dreadful Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days. Reach me a Book -- I'll try if reading can Divert these melancholy thoughts.

Enter Richard.

RICHARD

 $\% Good\ day,\ my\ Lord;\ what,\ at\ your\ Book\ so\ hard?\%$ I disturb you.

KING HENRY

You do indeed ---

(sighing.

RICHARD

Go, Friend, leave us to our selves; we must confer.

(Exit Lieu.

KING HENRY

What Bloody Scene has Roscius now to Act?

RICHARD

%Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind,% %The Thief does fear each bush an Officer.%

KING HENRY

Where Thieves without Controulment rob and kill, The Traveller does fear each bush a Thief: %The poor bird that has been already lim'd% %With trembling Wings misdoubts of every Bush,% %And I, the hapless Male to one sweet Bird,% %Have now the fatal object in my Eye,% 'By whom my young one bled, was caught and kill'd.

RICHARD

%Why, what a peevish Fool was that of Creet,% %That taught his Son the office of a Fowl?% %And yet for all his Wings the fool was drown'd:% Thou should'st have taught thy Boy his Prayers alone, And then he had not broke his neck with Climbing.

KING HENRY

%Ah, kill me with thy weapons, not with words,% %My breast can better brook thy Daggers Point,% 'Than can my ears that piercing story. %But wherefore dost thou come, is't for my life?%

RICHARD

%Thinkest thou I am an Executioner?%

KING HENRY

%If Murthering Innocents be Executing% 'Thou'rt then the worst of Executioners.

RICHARD

%Thy Son I kill'd for his Presumption.%

KING HENRY

%Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst Presume,% %Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a Son of mine.% But thou wert born to Massacre Mankind. 'How many Old Mens sighs, and Widows moans, 'How many Orphans Water standing eyes, '%Men, for their sons, Wives for their Husbands Fate,% '%And Children, for their Parents timeless death,% '%Will rue the hour that ever thou wert born?% %The Owl shriek'd at thy Birth: An Evil sign.% '%The night Crow cry'd, foreboding luckless time,% %Dogs howl'd, and hideous Tempests shook down Trees;% %The Raven rook'd her on the Chimenys top,% %And chattering Pies in Dismal discords sung.% %They Mother felt more than a Mothers Pain,% %And yet brought forth less than a Mothers Hope:% %Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wert born,% %Which plainly said, Thou cam'st to bite Mankind,% %And if the rest be true which I have heard,% %Thou cam'st ---%

RICHARD

%I'll hear no more: Dye, Prophet, in thy speech.% (Stabs him. %For this, amongst the rest was I ordain'd.%

KING HENRY

%O! and for much more slaughter after this.% '%Just Heaven forgive my sins, and pardon thee.% [Dies.

RICHARD

%What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster% %Sink in the ground? -- I thought it would have mounted.% %See how my Sword weeps for the poor King's death;% %---O, may such purple tears be always shed% %From those that wish the Downfall of our House.% %If any spark of Life be yet remaining,% %Down, down to Hell! and say, I sent thee thither.% (stabs him again. %I that have neither Pity, Love nor Fear:% %Indeed 'tis true, what Henry told me of,% %For I have often heard my Mother say,% %I came into the World with my Leg's forward:% %The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cry'd,% %Good Heaven bless us, he is born with Teeth;% %And so I was, which plainly signified,% %That I should snarl and bite, and play the Dog.% %Then since the Heavens have shap'd my body so,% %Let Hell make crooked my mind to answer it ---% %I have no Brother, am like no Brother,% %And this word Love, which Gray beards call Divine,% %Be resident in Men, like one another,% %And not in me -- I am -- my self alone.% %Clarence, beware, thou keep'st me from the Light,% %But if I fail not in my deep intent,% %Thou'st not another day to live, which done,% %Heaven take the weak King Edward to his Mercy,% %And leave the World for me to bustle in :% But soft -- I'm sharing spoil before the Field is won, Clarence still Breaths, Edward still Lives and Reigns, When they are gone, then I must count my gains. (Exit.

The End of the first ACT.

ACT the Second

The SCENE, St. Pauls.

Enter Tressel meeting Lord Stanley.

TRESSELL

My Lord, your Servant, pray what brought you to Paul's?

STANLEY

I came amongst the Crowd to see the Corps
Of poor King Henry. 'Tis a dismal sight,
But yesterday I saw him in the Tower;
His talk is still so fresh within my memory:
That I could weep to think how Fate has us'd him.
I wonder where's Duke Richard's policy
Is suffering him to lie exposed to view?
Can he believe that Men will love him for't?

TRESSELL

O yes, Sir, love him, as he loves his Brothers: When was you with King Edward, pray, my Lord? I hear he leaves his Food, is Melancholy, And his Physicians fear him mightily.

STANLEY

'Tis thought he'll scarce recover: Shall we to Court, and hear more News of Him?

TRESSELL

I am oblig'd to pay Attendance here, The Lady LADY ANN has license to remove King Henry's Corps to be Interr'd at Chertsey, And I am engag'd to follow her.

STANLEY

Mean you King Henry's Daughter-in-Law?

TRESSELL

The same, Sir, Widow to the late Prince Edward, Whom Cloucester kill'd at Tewkesbury.

STANLEY

Alas, poor Lady, she'd severely used. And yet I hear Richard attempts her Love: Methinks the wrongs he's done her should discourage him.

TRESSELL

Neither those wrongs nor his own shape can fright him; He sent for leave to visit her this morning, And she was forc'd to keep her Bed to avoid him. But see, she is arriv'd: Will you along To see this doleful Ceremony?

STANLEY

I'll wait on you.

(Exeunt.

Richard. Solus.

RICHARD

'Twas her excuse t'avoid me -- Alas! She keeps no Bed --- She has health enough to progress far as Chertsey, Tho' not to bear the sight of me; -- I cannot blame her --- %Why Love forswore me in my Mothers Womb, % %And for I should not deal in his soft Laws, % %He did corrupt frail Nature with some Bribe % %To shrink my Arm up like a wither'd Shrub, % %To make an envious Mountain on my bvack, % %Where sits Deformity to mock by Body, % %To shape my Legs of an unequal size, % %To disproportion me in every part: % And am I then a man to be belov'd? O monstrous Thought! more vain my Ambition.

Enter Lieutenant hastily.

Lieutenant

My Lord, I beg your Grace ---

RICHARD

Be gone, Fellow -- I'm not at leisure ---

Lieutenant

My Lord, the King your Brother's taken ill.

RICHARD

I'll wait on him, leave me, Friend --[Exit Lieutenant.] Ha! Edward ta'en ill! ---%Wou'd he were wasted, Marrow-bones and all, % 'That from his loins no more young Brats may rise 'To cross me in the golden time I look for ---But see, my Love appears: Look where she shines, Darting pale Lustre, like the Silver Moon Through her dark Veil of Rainy sorrow: So mourn'd the Dame of Ephesus her Love, And thus the Soldier arm'd with Resolution Told his soft tale, and was a thriving Woer. 'Tis true, my Form perhaps, will little move her, But I've a Tongue shall wheadle with the Devil. Yet hold; She mourns the Man whom I have kill'd: First, let her sorrows take some vent -- Stand here; I'll take her passion in its wain, and turn This storm of grief to gentle drops of pity For his Repentant Murderer. --(He retires.

Enter Bearers with King Henry's Body, the Lady LADY ANN in Mourning, Lord Stanley, Tressel, and Guards, who all advance from the middle Isle of the Church.

LADY ANN

'Hung be the Heavens with black, yield day to night, 'Comets importing change of Times and States, 'Brandish your fiery Tresses in the Sky, 'And with'em scourge the bad revolting Stars 'That have consented to King Henry's death: %O be accurst the Hand that shed this Blood; %Accurst the Head that had the Heart to do it, % %More direful hap betide that hated Wretch % %Than I can wish to Wolves, to Spiders, Toads, % %Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives: % %If ever he have Wife, let her be made % 'More miserable by the Life of him, 'Than I am now by Edward's death and thine.

RICHARD

Poor Girl! What pains she takes to curse her self? (apart.

LADY ANN

%If ever he have Child Abortive be it, % %Prodigious and Untimely brought to Light, % 'Whose hideous Form, whose most unnatural Aspect %May fright the hopeful Mother at the view, % %And that be Heir to his unhappiness. % 'Now on, to Chertsey with your sacred Load.

Richard comes forward.

RICHARD

%Stay, you that bear the Coarse, and set it down. %

LADY ANN

%What black Magician Conjures up this Fiend % %To stop devoted charitable deeds? %

RICHARD

%Villains, set down the Coarse, or by St. Paul, % %I'll made a Coarse of him that disobeys. %

GUARD

%My Lord, stand back, and let the Coffin pass. %

RICHARD

'Unmanner'd Slave!
%Stand thou, when I command: %
%Advance thy Halbert higher than my Breast, %
%Or, by St. Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot, %
%And spurn thee, beggar, for this boldness. %

LADY ANN

Why dost thou haunt him thus, unsated Fiend? %Thou hadst but power over his mortal Body, % %His soul thou canst not reach; therefore be gone. %

RICHARD

%Sweet Saint, be not so hard for Charity. %

LADY ANN

%If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds, % %Behold this pattern of thy Butcheries. % Why didst thou do this deed? Cou'd not the Laws Of Man, of Nature, nor of Heavan disswade thee? %No Beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity. %

RICHARD

If want of pity be a Crime so hateful, Whense is it thou, fair Excellence, art guilty?

LADY ANN

What means the slanderer?

RICHARD

%Vouchsafe, Divine Perfection of a Woman, % %Of these my Crimes suppos'd to give me leave % %By Circumstance, but to acquit my self. %

LADY ANN

Then take that Sword, whose bloody point still reeks With Henry's Life, with my lov'd Lord young Edwards, And here let out thy own t'appease their Ghosts.

RICHARD

%By such despair I shou'd accuse my self. %

LADY ANN

%Why by despairing only canst thou stand excused? % %Dist thou not kill this King? %

RICHARD

%I grant ye. %

LADY ANN

%O! he was Gentle, Loving, Mild and Vertuous; % But he's in Heaven, where thou canst never come.

RICHARD

Was I not kind to send him thither then? %He was much fitter for that place than Earth. %

LADY ANN

 $\% \mbox{And thou unfit for any place but HeII.}$ %

RICHARD

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

LADY ANN

%Some Dungeon. %

RICHARD

%Your Bed Chamber. %

LADY ANN

%III rest betide the Chamber where thou liest. %

RICHARD

%So it will, Madam, till I lie in yours. %

LADY ANN

%I hope so. %

RICHARD

%I know so. But gentle Lady LADY ANN, % 'To leave this keen encounter of our Tongues, 'And fall to something a more serious method. %Is not the cause of th'untimely deaths % %Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward, % %As blameful as the Executioner? %

LADY ANN

%Thou wert the cause, and most accurst effect. %

RICHARD

%your Beauty was the cause of that effect: % %Your Beauty that did haunt me in my sleep, % %To undertake the Death of all the World, % %So I might live one hour in that soft Bosom. %

LADY ANN

%If I thought that, I tell thee, Homicide, % 'These Hands shou'd rend that Beauty from my Cheeks.

RICHARD

%These Eyes cou'd not endure that Beauties rack, % %You shou'd not blemish it, if I stood by. % 'As all the World is nourish'd by the Sun, %So I by that: It is my Day, my Life. %

LADY ANN

%I wou'd it were to be reveng'd on thee. %

RICHARD

%It is a Quarrel most Unnatural % %To wish revenge on him that loves thee. <math display="inline">%

LADY ANN

Say rather 'tis my duty, 'To seek revenge on him that kill'd my Husband.

RICHARD

Fair Creature, he that kill'd thy Husband 'Did it to -- help thee to a better Husband.

LADY ANN

 $\%\mbox{His}$ better does not breath upon the Earth. %

RICHARD

%He lives that lov'd thee better, than he could. %

LADY ANN

%Name him. %

RICHARD.

%Plantagenet. %

LADY ANN

%Why, that was he. %

RICHARD

%The self same Name, but one of softer Nature. %

LADY ANN

%Where is he? %

RICHARD

Ah! take sore pity in thy Eyes, and see him - here.

LADY ANN

%Wou'd they were Basilisks to strike thee dead. %

RICHARD

%I wou'd they were, that I might die at once, % %For now they kill me with a living death, % Darting with cruel aim unpitied Love, %I never sued to Friend or Enemy, % %My Tongue could never learn sweet smoothing Works, % %But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee % %My proud Heart sues, and prompts my Tongue to speak. %

LADY ANN

Is there a Tongue on Earth can speak for thee? Why dost thou Court my hate?

TRESSELL |

Where will this end ? she frowns upon him yet. } aside.

STANLEY

But yet she hears him in her frowns; I fear him. |

RICHARD

'O! teach not thy soft lip such cold contempt -%If thy Relentless Heart cannot forgive, %
%Lo, here I lend thee this sharp pointed Sword, %
%Which if thou please to hide in this true Breast, %
%And let the honest Soul out, that adores thee, %
%I lay it naked to the deadly stroke, %
%And humbly beg that Death upon my knee. %

LADY ANN Aside.

What shall I say or do? Direct me Heaven; When stones weep sure the tears are natural, And Heaven it self instructs us to forgive, When they do flow from a sincere Repentance.

RICHARD

%Nay, do not pause: For I did kill King Henry, %
%But 'twas thy wondrous Beauty that provoked me; %
%Nay now dispatch: 'Twas I that stab'd young Edward, %
%But 'twas thy Heavenly face that set me on, %
And I might still persist (so stubborn is
My Temper) to rejoice at what I've done,
But that thy powerful Eyes (as roaring Seas
Obey the changes of the Moon) have turn'd
My Heart, and made it flow with Penitence.

(She lets fall the Sword.
%Take up the Sword again, or take up me. %

LADY ANN

%No, tho' I wish thy Death, % %I will not be thy Executioner. %

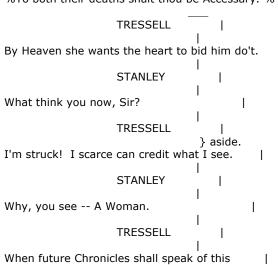
RICHARD

%Then bid me kill my self, and I will do it. %

LADY ANN

RICHARD

%That was in they rage: %
%Say it again, and even with thy word %
'This guilty hand that rob'd thee of thy Love
'Shall for thy Love revenge thee on thy Lover;
%To both their deaths shalt thou be Accessary. %



RICHARD

What, not a word to pardon or condemn, me? But thou art wise -- and canst with silence kill me; Yet even in death my fleeting Soul pursues thee: Dash not the tears of Penitence away. I ask but leave t'indulge my cold despair: By Heaven, there's Joy in this extravagance Of Woe; 'tis Melting, Soft, 'tis pleasing Ruin. Oh! 'tis too much, too much for Life to bear This aching tenderness of thought.

They will be thought Romance, not History.

LADY ANN

Wou'dst thou not blame me to forgive thy Crimes?

RICHARD

They are not to be forgiven: No, not even Penitence can atone 'em. O misery Of Thought! that strikes me with at once Repentance And Despair; tho' unpardon'd yield me pity.

LADY ANN

%I Wou'd I knew thy heart. %

RICHARD

%'Tis figur'd in my Tongue. %

LADY ANN

%I fear me both are false. %

RICHARD

%Then never Man was true. %

LADY ANN

%Put up thy Sword. %

RICHARD

%Say then, my Peace is made. %

LADY ANN

%That shalt thou know hereafter. %

RICHARD

%But shall I live in hope? %

LADY ANN

%All Men, I hope, live so. %

RICHARD

I swear, bright Saint, I am not what I was: Those Eyes have turn'd my stubborn heart to Woman, This goodness makes me soft in Penitence, And my harsh thoughts are tun'd to Peace and Love. %O! if they poor devoted Servant might % %But beg one favour at they gracious hand, % %Thou wouldst confirm his Happiness for ever. %

LADY ANN

%What is it?%

RICHARD

%That it may please thee, leave these sad designs % %To him that has most cause to be a Mourner, % %And presently repair to Crosby House, % %Where, after I have solemnly Interr'd % %At Chertsey Monastery, this Injur'd 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 favour.

LADY ANN

%I do my Lord, and much it joys me too % To see you are become so Penitent, % Tressel and Berkley %go along with me. %

RICHARD

%Bid me Farewell. %

LADY ANN

%'Tis more that you deserve; %
%But since you teach me how to flatter you, %
%Imagine I have said Farewell already. % [Exit with Tress. and Berk.

GUARD

%Towards Chertsey, my Lord? %

RICHARD

%Now to White-Fryars, there attend my coming. %

[Exit with the Body.

Richard Solus

RICHARD (smiling)

%Was ever Woman in this humour wooed? % %Was ever Woman in this humour won? % %I'll have her: But I will not keep her long. % %What! I that kill'd her Husband and her Father, % %To take her in her Hearts extreamest hate, % %With Curses in her mouth, Tears in her Eyes, % %The bleeding witness of my hatred by, % %Having Heaven, her Conscience, and these Bars against me, % %And I no Friends to back my suit withal, % %But the plain Devil, and dissembling looks? % %And yet to win her! All the world to nothing. % %Can she abase her Beauteous eyes on me? % %Whose all not equals Edward's moiety? % %On me! that halt and am mishapen, Thus % 'My Dukedom to a Widows Chastity %I do mistake my Person all this while! % %Upon my life! she finds, altho I cannot, % %My self to be a marvellous proper Man, % 'I'll have my Chambers lin'd with Looking-glass %And entertain a score or two of Taylors % %To study fashions to adorn my body. % %Since I am crept in favour with my self, % %I will maintain it with some little cost. % 'But first, I'll turn St. Harry to his grave, %And then return lamenting to my Love. % 'Shine out fair Sun till I salute my Glass, %That I may see my shadow as I pass. % (Exit.

SCENE the Presence: Enter the Duke of Buckingham hastily, Lord Stanley meeting him.

BUCKINGHAM

Did you see the Duke?

STANLEY

What Duke my Lord?

BUCKINGHAM

His Grace of Gloucester, did you see him?

STANLEY

Not lately, my Lord - I hope no ill news.

Bckingham

The worst that heard e're bore, or tongue can utter. Edward the King! his Royal Brother's Dead.

STANLEY

'Tis sad indeed - I wish by your impatience To acquaint him tho you think it so to him. Did the King, by Lord, make any mention Of a Protector for his Crown and Children?

aside.

BUCKINGHAM

He did, Duke Richard has the care of both.

STANLEY

That sad news you are afraid to tell him too.

(aside.

BUCKINGHAM

He'll spare no toile, I'm sure to fill his Place!

STANLEY

Pray Heav'n he's not too diligent! My lord, is not that the Dutchess of York, The King's Mother? coming I fear to visit him. (aside.

BUCKINGHAM

'Tis she! little thinking what has befallen us.

Enter Dutchess of York.

DUTCHESS

Good day, my Lords! How takes the King his Rest.

BUCKINGHAM

Alas! Madam, too well! he sleeps for ever?

DUTCHESS

Dead! - Good Heav'n support me!

BUCKINGHAM

Madam, 'twas my unhappy lot to hear His last Departing Groans, and close his eyes.

DUTCHESS

Another taken from me too! why just Heav'n Am I still left the last in life and woe? 'First I bemoan'd a nobel Husbands death, 'Yet liv'd with looking on his Images. 'But now my last support is gone, First Clarence, Now Edward is forever taken from me. Both Crutches now the unrelenting hand Of Death has stricken from my feeble Arms And I must now of force sink down with sorrow.

BUCKINGHAM

Your youngest Son, the Noble Richard lives. His love I know will feel his Mothers Cares,

And bring new comfort to your latter days.

DUTCHESS

'Twere new indeed! for yet of him I've none, Unless a churlish disobedieence may Be counted for a Child a Mothers Comfort: 'From his malicious grudge I know my Son. 'His brother Clarence death was first contriv'd But may his Penitence find Heav'n's mercy. Where is the Queen, my Lord?

BUCKINGHAM

I left her with her kinsmen deep in Sorrow, Who have with much adoe perswaded her To leave the Body -- Madam they are here.

Enter the Queen attended with Rivers and Dorset, and others.

QUEEN

Why do you thus oppose my grief, unless To make me Rave, and Weep the faster? Ha! My Mother too in Tears! Fresh Sorrow strikes My heart, at sight of every Friend, that lov'd My Edward living -- O Mother! He's Dead! Edward, my Lord, thy Son, our King is Dead. O that my eyes cou'd weep away my Soul! Than I might follow worthy of his Hearse.

STANLEY

Your Duty, Madam, of a Wife is Dead, And not the Mother's only claims your care. Think on the Prince your Son: send for him strait, And let his Coronation clear your eyes. Bury your griefs in the dead Edward's Grave, Revive your Joys on living Edward's Throne.

QUEEN

Alas! That thought, but adds to my Afflictions.

New Tears for Edward gone, and fears for Edward living,
'An helpless Child, and his Minority
'Is in the Trust of his stern Uncle Gloucester,
A man that frowns on me, and all of mine. (Weeps.

BUCKINGHAM

Judge not so hardly, Madam, of his love, Your Son will find in him a Father's Care.

Enter Richard behind.

RICHARD

Why ay! -- These tears look well! sorrow's the mode, And every one at Court must wear it now --With all my heart, I'll not be out of Fashion. (aside.

QUEEN

My Lord, just Heav'n knows I never hated Richard,

But wou'd on any terms embrace his friendship.

BUCKINGHAM

These words would make him weep, -- I know him yours. See where he comes in sorrow for our loss.

RICHARD

My Lords, -- good morrow -- Cousin of Buckingham, I am yours -- (Weeping.

BUCKINGHAM

Good-morning to your Grace.

RICHARD

Methinks --We meet, like men, that had forgot to speak.

BUCKINGHAM

We may remember: But our argument Is now too mournful to admit much talk.

RICHARD

It is indeed! Peace be with him has made it so. 'Sister! Take Comfort -- Tis true we've all cause 'To mourn the dimming of our shining Star: But sorrow never cou'd revive the dead -- -- And if it cou'd, hope wou'd prevent our tears, So we must weep, because we weep in vain. 'Madam, my Mother -- I do cry your mercy: 'My grief was blind -- I did not see your Grace, %Most humbly on my knee I crave your Blessing.%

DUTCHESS

Thou hast it, and may thy charitable Heart, and Tongue love one another, may Heaven Indow thy breast with meekness, and obedience.

RICHARD

%Amen, and make me die a good old man, % %That's the old Butt-end of a Mother's Blessing; % %I marvel that her Grace did leave it out. % [Aside.

BUCKINGHAM

%My Lords, I think 'twere fit, that now Prince Edward % %Forthwith from Ludlow shou'd be sent for home, % %In order to his Coronation. %

RICHARD

By all means, my Lords, come let's in to Counsel, And appoint who shall be the messengers. %Madam, and you my Sister, please you go % 'To give your sentiments on this occasion?

QUEEN

My Lord, your Wisdom needs no help from me, My glad consent you have in all that's just: Or for the peoples good, tho I suffer by't.

RICHARD

Please you to retire, Madam, we shall propose What you'd not think the peoples wrong, nor yours.

QUEEN

May Hean'n prosper all your good intent.

[Exit with all but Buck. and Richard.

RICHARD

Amen, with all my Heart. For min'es the Crown. And is not that a good one? ha! Pray'd she not well, Cousin?

BUCKINGHAM

I hope she propehsied -- You now stand Fair.

RICHARD

Now by St. Paul, I feel it here! Methinks The massy weight on't galls my laden Brow. What think'st thou, Cousin, wer't not an easie matter To get Lord Stanley's hand to help it on.

BUCKINGHAM

'My Lord, I doubt that for his Fathers sake, 'He loves the Prince to well, he'll scarce be won 'To any thing against him.

RICHARD

Poverty the reward of Honest Fools O'retake him for't! what thinkst thou then of Hastings?

BUCKINGHAM

He shall be tri'd my Lord: I'll find out Catesby, Who shall at subtle distance sound his thoughts, But we must still suppose the worst may happen, What if we find him cold in our design?

RICHARD

%Chop of his head. -- Something we'll soon determine. % But haste, and find out Catesby, That done, follow me to the Counsel Chamber; We'll not be seen together much, nor have It known that we confer in Private -- Therefore Away good Cousin.

BUCKINGHAM

I am gone, My Lord. (Exit Buck.

RICHARD

Thus far we run before the wind --

[*Ed's note - see inserted text below]

Let me see,

The Prince will soon be here -- let him - the Crown!
O yes! he shall have twenty, Globes, and Scepters too,
New ones made to play withall -- But no Coronation!
No! nor no Court flies about him, no Kinsmen ---Hold ye! -- Where shall he keep his Court!
-- Ay! -- the Tower.

The end of the Second ACT

* The following lines occur at this point in the 1718 edition:

My Fortune smiles, and gives me all that I dare ask. The conquer'd Lady Anne is bound in Vows, Fast as the priest can make us, we are One. The King my Brother, sleeps without his Pillow, And I am left the Guardian of his Infant Heir.

ACT the III

Enter Prince Edward, with the Dukes of Gloucester, Buckingham, Lord Stanley, Tressel and Attendants.

RICHARD

'Now, my Royal Cousin, welcome to London, 'Welcome to all those honour'd Dignities 'Which by your Father's Will, and by your Birth, 'You stand the undoubted Heir Possess'd of; And, if my plain simplicity of Heart May take the liberty to shew it self, You're farther welcome to your Uncles Care And Love: Why do you sigh, my Lord? %The weary way has made you melancholy. %

PRINCE EDWARD

%No, Uncle, but our crosses on the way % %Have made it Tedious, Wearisome and Heavy, % %I want more Uncles here to welcome me. %

Why, Sir, the careful Duke of Gloucester has } Aside. Secur'd his Kinsmen on the way: Lord Rivers, Gray, | Sir Thomas Vaughan, and others of his Friends, | Are Prisoners now in Pomfret Castle; | On what pretence it boots not: There they are; | Let the Devil and the Duke alone to accuse 'em.

RICHARD

%My Lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you. %

Enter Lord Mayor, and Citizens.

LORD MAYOR

Vouchsafe, most Gracious Sovereign to accept The general Homage of your Loyal City; We farther beg your Royal leave to speak In deep Condolement of your Father's loss: And, far as our true sorrow will permit To gratulate your Accession to the Throne.

PRINCE EDWARD

%I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all. % Alas, my youth is yet unfit to govern, Therefore the Sword of Justice is in abler hands: But be assur'd of this, so much already I perceive I love you, that tho' I know not yet To do you offices of good, yet this I know, I'll sooner die, than basely do you wrong.

RICHARD

%So wise, so young, they say do never live long. % [Aside.

PRINCE EDWARD

%My Lords, %
%I thought my Mother and my Brother York %
%Wou'd long e're this have met us on the way: %
%Say, Uncle Gloucester, if your Brother come, %
%Where shall we sojourn till our Coronation? %

RICHARD

%Where it shall seem best to your Royal self, % %May I advise you, Sir, 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 EDWARD

Why at the Tower? But be it it as you please.

BUCKINGHAM

My Lord, your Brother's Grace of York.

Enter the young Duke of York attended.

PRINCE EDWARD

%Richard of York! How fares our dearest Brother? %

DUKE OF YORK

O! my dear Lord! So I must call you now. [embracing.

PRINCE EDWARD

I, Brother, to our grief, as it is yours: 'Too soon he dy'd who might have better worn 'That Title, which in me will loose its Majesty.

RICHARD

%How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of York? %

DUKE OF YORK

%Thank you kindly, dear Uncle. O my Lord, % %You said that Idle Weeds were fast in growth, % %The King my Brother has out grown me far. %

RICHARD

%He has my Lord. %

DUKE OF YORK

%And therefore is he Idle? %

RICHARD

O pretty Cousin, I must not say so.

DUKE OF YORK

Nay, Uncle, I don't believe the sayings true, For if it were, you'd be an Idle Weed.

RICHARD

%How so, cousin? %

DUKE OF YORK

%Because I've heard Folds say you grew so fast % %Your Teeth wou'd gnaw a Crust at two hours old, % %Now 'twas two years e'er I cou'd get a Tooth. %

RICHARD

Indeed -- I find the Brat is taught this lesson. (Aside. Who told thee this, my pretty merry Cousin?

DUKE OF YORK

%Why, your Nurse, Uncle. %

RICHARD

 $\% \mbox{My Nurse, Child, she was dead before thou wert born. }\%$

DUKE OF YORK

%If 'twas not she, I can't tell who told me. %

RICHARD

%So subtle too; 'tis pity thou art short liv'd. % [Aside.

PRINCE EDWARD

%My Brother, Uncle, will be cross in talk. %

RICHARD

%O, fear not, my Lord, we shall never Quarrel. %

PRINCE EDWARD

%I hope your Grace knows how to bear with him? %

DUKE OF 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 and Ape, % %He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders. %

PRINCE EDWARD

%Fie, Brother, I have no such meaning. %

STANLEY

%With what a sharp, provided Wit he reasons, % %To mitigate the scorn he gives his Uncle: % | %He prettily and aptly taunts himself. % } Aside.

TRESSEL

%So cunning, and so young, is wonderful. %

RICHARD

%My Lord, wilt please you pass along? %
%My self, and my good Cousin Buckingham %
%Will to your Mother to entreat of her %
%To meet and bid you welcome at the Tower. %

DUKE OF YORK

%What will you go to the Tower, my dear Lord? %

PRINCE EDWARD

%My Lord Protector will have it so. %

DUKE OF YORK

%I shan't sleep in quiet at the Tower. %

RICHARD

I'll warrant you King Henry lay there, And he sleeps in quiet.

[Aside.

PRINCE EDWARD

%What shou'd you fear, Brother? %

DUKE OF YORK

% My Uncle Clarence Ghost, my Lord. % % My Grandmother told me he was kill'd there. %

PRINCE EDWARD

%I fear no Uncles dead. %

RICHARD

'Nor any, Sir, that live, I hope.

PRINCE EDWARD

'I hope so too. But come, my Lords, 'To the Tower, since it must be so.

[Ex. all but R. and B.

BUCKINGHAM

%Think you, my Lord, this little prating York % %Was not instructed by his subtle Mother % %To taunt and scorn you thus Opprobriously? %

RICHARD

'No doubt, no doubt. O! 'tis a shrewd young Master: %Stubborn, Bold, Quick, Forward, and Capable; % %He is all the Mothers from Top to Toe. % %But let them rest: now what says Catesby? %

BUCKINGHAM

My Lord, 'tis much as I suspected, and He's here himself to inform you.

Enter Catesby

RICHARD

So, Catesby, hast thou been tampering? What News?

CATESBY

My Lord, according to the instruction given me, With words at distance dropt I sounded Hastings, Piercing how far he did affect your purpose, To which indeed I found him Cold, Unwilling. The sum is this, he seem'd a while to understand me not. At length from plainer speaking urg'd to answer, He said in heart, rather than wrong the Head To whom the Crown was due, he'd lose his own.

RICHARD

Indeed, his own then answer for that saying, He shall be taken care of: Mean while Catesby, Be thou near me: Cousin of Buckingham %Lets lose no time: The Mayor and Citizens % %Are now in buisie meeting in Guild-Hall, % 'Thither I'd have you haste immediately, 'And at your meetest 'vantage of the time 'Improve those Hints I gave you late to speak of: %But above all, infer the Bastardy % %Of Edward's Children; % %Nay, for a need, thus far come near my Person, % %Tell'em, when my Mother went with Child of him, % %My Princely Father then had Wars in France, % %And by true Computation of his time % %Found, that the issue was not his begot, % %Which in his lineaments too plain appear'd, % %Being nothing like the Noble York my Father: % %Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far of, % %Because, my Lord, you know my Mother lives. %

BUCKINGHAM

'Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the Orator 'As if my self might wear the Golden Fee, 'For which I Plead.

RICHARD

%If you thrive well, bring 'em to see me here, % 'Where you shall find me seriously employ'd 'With the most Learned Fathers of the Church.

BUCKINGHAM

I fly, my Lord, to serve you.

RICHARD

To serve thy self, my Cousin; %For look, when I am King, claim thou of me % %The Earldom of Hereford, and all those Moveables, % %Whereof the King my Brother stood possest. %

BUCKINGHAM

%I shall remember that your Grace was Bountiful. %

RICHARD

Cousin, I have said it.

BUCKINGHAM

I am gone, my Lord.

[Exit Buck.

RICHARD

So -- I've secur'd my Cousin here: These Moveables Will never let his Brains have rest till I am King: Catesby, %Go thou with speed to Doctor Shaw, and thence % 'To Fryar Beuker: Haste, and bid 'em both 'Attend me here, within an hour at farthest: [Exit Catesby. Mean while my private orders shall be given To lock up all admittance to the Princes. Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on --How many frightful stops wou'd Conscience make In some soft heads to undertake like me: -- Come; this Conscience is a convenient Scarecrow, It Guards the fruit which Priests and Wisemen tast, Who never set it up to fright themselves: They know 'tis rags, and gather in the face on't, While half-starv'd shallow Daws thro Fear are honest. Why were Laws made, but that we're Rogues by Nature? Conscience! 'tis our Coin, we live by parting with it, And he thrives best that has the most to spare: The protesting Lover buys hope with it, And the deluded Virgin short liv'd pleasure. Old gray beards cram their Avarice with it, Your Lank-jaw'd hungry Judge will dine upon't, And hang the Guiltless rather than eat his Mutton cold. The crown'd Head quits it for Despotick sway, The stubborn People for unaw'd Rebellion: There's not a Slave but has his share of Villain; Why then shall after Ages think my deeds Inhumane? Since my worst are but Ambition: Ev'n all Mankind to some lov'd Ills incline, Great Men chuse Greater Sins -- Ambition's mine. [Exit.

Enter Lady Ann, Sola.

ANN

When, when shall I have rest? Was Marriage made

To be the Scourge of our Offences here? Ah no! 'Twas meant a Blessing to the Vertuous, It once was so to me, tho' now my Curse: The fruit of Edward's Love was sweet and pleasing: But oh! Untimely cropt by cruel Richard, Who rudely having grafted on his stock Now makes my Life yield only sorrow. Let me have Musick to compose my thoughts. [Song here. It will not be: Nought but the grave can close my Eyes. -- How many labouring Wretches take their rest, While I, night after night, with cares lie waking, As if the gentle Nurse of Nature, Sleep, Had vow'd to rock my peevish sense no more. 'O partial sleep! Canst thou in smoaky Cottages 'Stretch out the Peasants Limbs on Beds of Straw, 'And lay him fast, cram'd with distressful Bread? Yet in the softest breeze of Peaceful Night 'Under the Canopis of costly State, 'Tho' lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody, Refuse one moments slumber to a Princess? O mockery of Greatness! But see, He comes! The rude disturber of my Pillow.

Enter Richard, Aloof.

RICHARD

Ha! still in tears; let 'em flow on; they're signs Of a substantial grief -- Why don't she die? She must: My Interest will not let her live. The fair Elizabeth hath caught my Eye, My Heart's vacant; and she shall fill her place --(Aside. They say that Women have but tender hearts, 'Tis a mistake, I doubt; I've found 'em tough: They'll bend, indeed: But he must strain that cracks 'em.| All I can hope's to throw her into sickness: Then I may send her a Physicians help. So, Madam: What, you still take care, I see To let the World believe I love you not, This outward Mourning now has malice in't, So have these sullen disobedient tears: I'll have you tell the World I doat on you.

ANN

I wish I could, but 'twill not be believ'd: Have I deserv'd this usage?

RICHARD

You have: You do not please me as at first.

ANN

What have I done? What horrid Crime committed?

RICHARD

To me the worst of Crimes, out-liv'd my liking.

ANN

If that be Criminal, Just Heaven be kind, And take me while my Penitence is warm: O Sir, forgive and kill me.

RICHARD

Umh! No, -- The medling World will call it murder, And I wou'd have 'em think me pitifull: Now wert thou not afraid of self-Destruction, Thou hast a fair excuse for't.

ANN

How fain wou'd I be Friends with Death? O name it.

RICHARD

Thy Husbands hate: Nor do I hate thee only From the dull'd edge of sated Appetite But from the eager Love I bear another: Some call me Hypocrite: What think'st thou now,

Do I dissemble?

ANN

Thy Vows of Love to me were all dissembled.

RICHARD

Not one: For when I told thee so, I lov'd: Thou art the only Soul I never yet deceiv'd: And 'tis my honesty that tells thee now With all my heart, I hate thee --- If this have no Effect, she is immortal.

ANN

Forgive me ;Heave, that I forgave this Man. O may my story told in after Ages, Give warning to our easie Sexes ears: May it Unveil the heartsof Men, and strike Them deaf to their dissimulated Love.

[Enter Catesby.

CATESBY

My Lord, his Grace of Buckingham attends Your Highness Pleasure.

RICHARD

Wait on him; I'll expect him here. Your Absence, Madam, will be necessary. (Exit Cat.

[Aside.

ANN

Wou'd my death were so.

(Exit.

RICHARD

 $\label{eq:shortly.} \text{It may be shortly.} \\ \text{\%So my Cousin, What say the Citizens? \%}$

Enter Buckingham.

BUCKINGHAM

'Now, by our hopes, my Lord, they're senseless stones, 'Their hesitating fear has struck 'em dumb.

RICHARD

%Touch'd you the Bastardy of Edward's Children? %

BUCKINGHAM

%I did, with his Contract to Lady Lucy. %
%Nay, his own Bastardy and Tyranny for Trifles; %
%-- Laid open all your Victories in Scotland, %
%Your Discipline in War, Wisdom in Peace: %
%Your Bounty, Justice, fair Humility. %
%Indeed left nothing that might gild our Cause %
%Untouch'd, or slightly handled in my talk, %
%And when my Oration drew towards an end, %
%I urg'd of them that lov'd their Countries good %
%To do you right, and cry, Long live King Richard. %

RICHARD

%And did they so? %

BUCKINGHAM

'Not one, by Heaven: But each like Statues fix'd 'Speechless and Pale, star'd in his fellows Face, %Which when I saw, I reprehended them, % %And ask'd the Mayor what meant this wilfull silence? % %His answer was, the people were not us'd % %To be spoken to but by the Recorder, % 'Who then took on him to repeat my words. %Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd: % %But nothing urg'd in Warrant from himself. % %When he had done, some Followers of my own % %At lower end of th'Hall, hurl'd up their Caps, % %And some ten voices cry'd, God save King Richard, % %At which I took the 'vantage of those few, % %And cry'd, Thanks gentle Citizens and Friends, % %This general applause and chearful shout % %Argues your Wisdom, and your Love of Richard, % %And even here broke of, and came away. %

RICHARD

%O Tongueless Blocks! Wou'd they not speak? % %Will not the Mayor then and his Brethren come? %

BUCKINGHAM

%The Mayor is here at hand: Feign you some fear, % %And be not spoke with, but by mighty suit: % 'A Prayer-Book in your hand, my Lord, were well, %Standing between two Churchmen of Repute, % %For on that ground I'll make an holy descant: % %Yet be not easily won to our Repuests, % 'Seem, like the Virgin, fearful of our wishes.

RICHARD

'My other self! My Counsel's Consistory!
'My Oracle! my Prophet! My dear Cousin! [Embracing.
'I, as a Child, will go by thy direction.

BUCKINGHAM

Hark! the Lord Mayor's at hand: Away, my Lord; Nor doubt, but yet we reach our point propos'd.

RICHARD

We cannot fail, my Lord, while you are Pilot.
A little flattery sometimes does well. [Aside.]
[Exit Rich.

Enter Lord Mayor, and Citizens.

BUCKINGHAM

%Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here; % %I'm afraid the Duke will not be spoke withal. % [Enter Catesby. %Now, Catesby, what says your Lord to my request? %

CATESBY

%My Lord, he humbly does intreat your Grace % %To visit him to morrow, or next day. % %He's now retir'd with two Right Reverend Fathers % %Divinely bent to Meditation, % %And in no worldly suits wou'd he be mov'd, % %To interrupt his Holy Exercise. %

BUCKINGHAM

%Return, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke; % %Tell him, my Self, the Mayor, and Citizens, % %In deep designs, in matters of great moment, % %No less imooirting than our general good, % %Are come to have some Conference with his Grace. %

CATESBY

My Lord, I'll instantly inform his Highness.

BUCKINGHAM

%Ah! my good Lord! This Prince is not an Edward, % %He is not lolling on a lewd Love-bed; % %But on his knees at Meditation: % %Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans, % %But with two deep Divines in secret praying. % %Happy were England wou'd this Vertuous Prince % %Take on himself the toil of Sovereignty. %

LORD MAYOR

Happy indeed, my Lord. He will not sure refuse our profer'd Love?

BUCKINGHAM

Alas my Lord, you know him not, his mind's Above this World; he's for a Crown Immortal! Look there! His door opens: Now where's our hope?

LORD MAYOR

%See where his Grace stands 'tween two Clergymen? %

BUCKINGHAM

Ay, ay; 'tis there he's caught: There's his Ambition.

LORD MAYOR

How low he bows to thank 'em for their care! And, see, a Prayer-Book in his hand!

BUCKINGHAM

Wou'd he were King, we'd give him leave to pray. Methinks I wish it for the love he bears the City. How have I heard him vow hethought it Hard The Mayor should lose his Title with his Office? Well! who knows? he may be won?

LORD MAYOR

Ah! my Lord!

BUCKINGHAM

See! He comes forth: my Friends be resolute, I know he's cautious to a fault but do not Leave him till our honest suit be granted.

Enter Richard with a Book.

RICHARD

%Cousin of Buckingham! %
%I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,%
%Who, earnest in my Zealous Meditation, %
%So long deferr'd the service of my Friends: %
%Now do I fear I've done some strange offence, %
%That looks disgracious in the City's Eye; If so, %
%'Tis Just you shou'd reprove my Ignorance. %

BUCKINGHAM

 $\% You\ have,\ my\ Lord:\ We\ wish\ your\ Grace\ \%$ $\% On\ our\ entreaties\ wou'd\ amend\ your\ fault.\ \%$

RICHARD

Else wherefore breath I in a Christian Land?

BUCKINGHAM

%Know then it is your fault, that you resign % %The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors, % %Fair England's Throne, your own due right of Birth, % %To the Corruption of a blemisht stock, % %While in the Mildness of your sleeping thoughts, % %(Which here we waken to our Country's good) % %This wounded Isle does want her proper Limbs, % 'Which to secure, joyn'd with these Loyal Men, 'Your very Worshipful and Loving Friends, %And by your vehement Instigation, % %In this Just Cause, I come to move your Highness, % %That on your gracious self you'd take the Charge % %And Kingly Government of this your Land, % %Not as protector, Steward, Substitute, % %Or lowly Factor for another's Gain: % %But as successively from Blood to Blood, % %Your own, by right of Birth, and lineal Glory. %

RICHARD

%I cannot tell, if to depart in silence, % %Or bitterly to speak in your reproof, % %Fits best with my Degree or your Condition: % 'Therefore to speak in just refusal of your suit, %And then in speaking not to check my Friends. % %Definitively thus I answer you; % %Your Love deserves my thanks, but my desert % %Unmeritable shuns your fond Request: % %For, Heaven be thanked, there is no need of me; % %The Royal stock has left us Royal fruit, % %Which mellow'd by the stealing hours of time, % %Will well become the seat of Majesty, % %And make us (no doubt) happy by his Reign. % %On him I lay what you wou'd lay on me, % %The Right and Fortune of his happy Stars, % 'Which Heaven forbid my thoughts shou'd rob him of.

BUCKINGHAM

%My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace, % %But Circumstances well consider'd: % %The weak respects thereof are nice and trivial. % %You say that Edward was your Brothers Son % %So say we too, but not by Edward's Wife: % 'If solemn Contracts are of any force 'That Title Justice gave to Lady Lucy: 'Even of his Birth cou'd I severely speak; '%Save that for reverence to some alive,% %I give a spairing limit to my Tongue. %

LORD MAYOR

Upon our knees, my Lord, we beg your Grace To wear this precious Robe of dignity, Which on a Child must sit too loose and heavy. 'Tis yours; befitting both your Wisdom and your Birth.

CATESBY

My Lord, this coldness is unkind, Nor suits it with such ardent Loyalty?

BUCKINGHAM

%O make 'em happy: Grant their Lawful Suit. %

RICHARD

%Alas! Why wou'd you heap this care on me? % %I am unfit for State and Majesty. % I thank you for your Loves, but must declare (I do beseech you take it not amiss) I will not! dare not! must not yield to you.

BUCKINGHAM

%If you refuse us through a soft remorse, % %Loth to depose the Child, your Brother's Son: % %(As well we know your tenderness of Heart) % %Yet know, tho' you deny us to the last, % %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 thus resorlv'd I bid you, Sir, Farewell. My Lord, and Gentlemen, I crave your pardon For this vain trouble: M'intent was good, I wou'd have serv'd my Country and my King; But 'twill not be: Farewel! When next we meet --

LORD MAYOR

Be not too rash, my Lord, his Grace relents.

BUCKINGHAM

Away, you but decieve your selves -- [Exit Buc.

CATESBY

%Call him again; sweet Prince accept their suit. %

LORD MAYOR

If you deny us, all the Land will rue it.

RICHARD

%Call him again -- You will enforce me to %
%A World of cares; I am not make of stone, %
%But penetrable to your kind entreaties: %
%Tho' Heaven knows against my own Inclining. %
%Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave Men. %
%Since you will buckle Fortune on my Back %
%to bear her burthen whether I will or no, %
%I must have patience to endure the load: %
%But if black Scandal or foul-fac's Reproach %
%Attend the sequel of your Imposition, %
%Your meer Enforcement shall Aquittance me: %
%For Heaven knows, as you may all partly see, %
%How far I am from the desire of this. %

LORD MAYOR

%Heaven guard your Grace: We see it, and will say it. %

RICHARD

You will but say the truth, my Lord.

BUCKINGHAM

My heart's so full it scarce has vent for words; My knee will better speak my duty now. [Kneels. Long live our Soveraign, Richard King of England.

RICHARD

Indeed your words have touch'd me nearly Cousin: Pray rise. I wish you cou'd recall 'em.

BUCKINGHAM

It wou'd be Treason now, my Lord: To morrow, 'If it so please your Majesty, from Counsel 'Orders shall be given for your Coronation.

RICHARD

%Even when you please: for you will have it so. %

BUCKINGHAM

%To morrow then we will attend your Majesty: % And now we take our leaves with joy.

RICHARD

%Cousin Adieu! my loving Friends farewel: % %I must to my Holy Work again. % [Exeunt B. and Citizens.

Richard. Solus.

Why now my golden dream is out -Ambition like an early Friend throws back
My Curtains with an eager Hand, o'rejoy'd
To tell me what I dreamt is true -- A Crown!
Thou bright reward of ever daring minds,
O! How thy awful Glory fills my Soul!
Nor can the means that got thee dim thy lustre;
For, not mens Love, Fear pays thee Adoration:
And Fame not more survives from Good than Evil deeds.
Th'aspiring youth that fir'd th'Ephesian Dome
Out-lives in Fame the pious Fool that rais'd it:
 Conscience, lie still -- More lives must yet be drain'd,
 Crowns got with Blood must be with Blood maintain'd. [Exit.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT the Fourth

The Scene, The Tower

Enter the two Princes with the Queen, the Dutchess of York, and Lady Ann in tears.

PRINCE EDWARD

Pray, Madam, do not leave me yet, For I have many more complaints to tell you.

QUEEN

And I unable to redress the least: What wou'dst thou say, my Child?

PRINCE EDWARD

O Mother! Since I first have lain in'th'Tower My rest has still been broke with frightful Dreams, Of shocking News has wak'd me into tears. I'm scarce allow'd a Friend to visit me: All my old honest Servants are turn'd off, And in their rooms are strange ill-natur'd fellows, Who look so bold, as they were all my Masters; And, I'm afraid, they'll shortly take you from me.

DUTCHESS OF YORK

O mournful hearing!

ANN

O unhappy Prince!

DUKE OF YORK

Dear Brother, why do you weep so? You make me cry too.

QUEEN

Alas, poor Innocence!

PRINCE EDWARD

Wou'd I but knew at what my Uncle aims; If 'twere my Crown, I'd freely give it him, So he'd but let me 'joy my life in quiet.

DUKE OF YORK

Why! will my Uncle kill us, Brother?

PRINCE EDWARD

I hope he wo'n't: We never injur'd him.

QUEEN

I cannot bear to see 'em thus. ---

[Weeping.

Enter to them, Lord Stanley.

STANLEY

Madam, I hope your Majesty will pardon What I am griev'd to tell, Unwelcome News.

QUEEN

Ah me! more sorrow yet! My Lord; we've long Despair'd of happy Tydings, pray what is't?

STANLEY

On Tuesday last, your noble Kinsmen Rivers, Grey, and Sir Thomas Vaughan at Pomfret, Were Executed on a publick Scaffold.

DUTCHESS OF YORK

O dismal Tydings.

PRINCE EDWARD

O poor Uncles! I doubt my turn is next.

ANN

Nor mine, I fear, far off.

QUEEN

Why, then let's welcome Blood and Massacre, Yield all our Throats to fierce Tygers rage, And die lamenting one another's wrongs. O! I foresaw this ruin of our House.

[Weeps.

Enter Catesby to Lady Ann.

CATESBY

Madam, the King Has sent me to inform your Majesty That you prepare (as is advis'd from Counsel) To morrow for your Royal Coronation.

QUEEN

What do I hear? Support me, Heaven!

ANN

Despightful Tydings! O unpleasing News! Alas, I heard of this before, but cou'd not For my soul take heart to tell you of it.

CATESBY

The King does further wish your Majesty Wou'd less employ your visits at the Tower. He gives me leave t'attend you to the Court, And is impatient, Madam, till he sees you.

ANN

Farewel to all, and thou, poor injur'd Queen: Forgive the unfriendly duty I must pay.

QUEEN

Alas, kind Soul, I envy not thy Glory, Nor think I'm pleas'd thou'rt partner in our sorrow.

CATESBY

Madam. --

ANN

I come ---

QUEEN

%Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of Glory. %

CATESBY

Shall I attend your Majesty?

ANN

Attend me! Whither, to be Crown'd? %Let me with deadly Venome be Anointed, % %And die e'er Men can say, Long live the Queen. %

QUEEN

%Poor grieving heart, I pity thy complaining. %

ANN

%No more than with my Soul I mourn for yours: % A long farewel to all. --- (Exit Lady A. and Cat.

STANLEY

Take comfort, Madam.

QUEEN

Alas, where is it to be found?

Death and Destruction follow us so close, They shortly must o'retake us.

STANLEY

In Brittany

My Son-in-Law the Earl of Richmond still Resides, who with a jealous Eye observes The lawless actions of aspiring Richard: To him, (wou'd I advise you) Madam, fly Forthwith for Aid, Protection, and Redress. He will I'm sure with open arms receive you.

DUTCHESS OF YORK

Delay not Madam, For 'tis the only hope that Heaven has left us.

QUEEN

Do with me what you please: For any Change Must surely better our Condition.

STANLEY

I farther wou'd advise you, Madam, this Instant to remove the Princes to some Remote Abode, where you your self are Mistress.

PRINCE EDWARD

Dear Madam take me hence: For I shall ne'er Enjoy a moments quiet here.

DUKE OF YORK

Nor I: Pray Mother let me go too?

QUEEN

Come then, my pretty young ones, lets away: For here you lie within the Falcon's reach, Who watches but th' unguarded hour to seize you.

Enter Lieutenant with an Order.

LIEUTENANT

I beg your Majesty will pardon me: But the young Princes must, on no account, Have egress from the Tower, Nor must, without the King's especial License, Of what degree soever, any Person Have admittance to 'em. -- All must retire.

QUEEN

'I am their Mother, Sir, who else commands 'em? 'If I pass freely, they shall follow me. 'For you -- I'll take the peril of your fault upon my self.

LIEUTENANT

My Inclination, Madam, wou'd oblige you, 'But I am bound by Oath, and must obey. Nor, Madam, can I now with safety answer

For this continued Visit.
Please you my Lord to read these Orders.

(Gives'em Ld Stanley.

QUEEN

O Heavenly powers! Shall I not stay with 'em?

LIEUTENANT

Such are the Kings Commands, Madam.

QUEEN

My Lord!

STANLEY

'Tis too true, and it were vain t'oppose 'em.

QUEEN

Support me Heaven!
For life can never bear the pangs of such a parting.
O my poor Children! O distracting thought!
I dare not bid 'em (as I shou'd) farewel,
And then to part in silence stabs my Soul.

PRINCE EDWARD

What, must you leave us, Mother?

QUEEN

What shall I say? (Aside. But for a time, my Loves -- we shall meet again, At least in Heaven. [To her sons.

DUKE OF YORK

Won't you take me with you, Mother? I shall be so 'fraid to stay when you are gone.

QUEEN

I cannot speak to 'em, and yet we must Be parted -- Then let these kisses say farewel. [kissing 'em. Why! O why just Heaven, must these be our last?

DUTCHESS OF YORK

Give not your grief such way: be sudden when you part.

QUEEN

I will -- since it must be, to Heaven I leave 'em. Hear me, you Guardian powers of Innocence! Awake or sleeping: O! protect 'em still, Still may their helpless youth attract mens pity; That when the arm of Cruelty is rais'd, Their looks may drop the lifted Dagger down From the stern murderers relenting hand, And throw him on his knees in penitence.

BOTH PRINCES

QUEEN

O my poor Children! (Ex. parted severally.

The Scene changes to the Presence, discovering Richard seated with Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliff, Lovel, other Lords and Attendants

RICHARD

%Stand all apart: Cousin of Buckingham. %

BUCKINGHAM

%My gracious Sovereign. %

RICHARD

%Give me thy hand: %
%At length by thy advice and thy assistance %
%Is Richard seated on the English Throne. %
%But say, my cousin, what, %
%Shall we wear these Glories for a day? %
%Or shall they last, and we rejoyce in 'em? %

BUCKINGHAM

I hope for Ages, Sir, Long may they Grace you.

RICHARD

%O Buckingham! now do I play the touch-stone, % 'To try if thou be current Friend indeed. 'Young Edward lives: So does his Brother York. 'Now think what I wou'd speak!

BUCKINGHAM

'Say on, my gracious Lord.

RICHARD

I tell thee, Cuz, I've lately had two Spiders Crawling upon my startled hopes: Now tho' Thy friendly hand has brush'd'em from me, Yet still they Crawl offensive to my Eyes, I wou'd have some Friend to tread upon 'em. %I wou'd be King, my Cousin --- %

BUCKINGHAM

%Why so I think you are, my Royal Lord. %

RICHARD

%Ha, am I King? 'Tis so - But - Edward lives! %

BUCKINGHAM

Most true, my Lord.

RICHARD

%Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull -- %

%Shall I be plain? I wish the Bastards dead. % %And I wou'd have it suddenly perform'd - % %'Now cousin, canst thou answer me? %

BUCKINGHAM

%None dare dispute your Highness Pleasure. %

RICHARD

'Indeed, methinks thy kindness freezes Cousin; 'Thou dost refuse me then! - They shall not die?

BUCKINGHAM

'My Lord, since 'tis an action cannot be 'Recall'd, allow me but some pause to think, 'I'll instantly resolve your Highness. (Ex. Buc.

CATESBY

%The King seems angry; see he gnaws his lip. %

RICHARD

%I'll henceforth deal with shorter sighted Fools, % %None are for me that look into my Deeds, % 'With thinking Eyes --- %High reaching Buckingham grows Circumspect. % The best on't is it may be done without him, Tho' not so well perhaps - had he consented, Why, then the murther had been his, not mine. -- -- We'll make a shift as 'tis -- Come hither, Catesby. Where's that same Tirrel whom thou toldst me of? Hast thou given him those sums of Gold I order'd?

CATESBY

I have, my Liege.

RICHARD

Where is he?

CATESBY

He waits your Highness pleasure.

RICHARD

Give him this Ring, and say my self
Will bring him farther Orders instantly. (Ex. Cat.
'The deep revolving Duke of Buckingham
%No more shall be the Neighbour of my Counsels: %
%Has he so long held out with me untir'd, %
%And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.--- %

Enter Lord Stanley.

%How now, Lord Stanley? What's the News? %

STANLEY

%I hear, my Liege, the Lord Marquess of Dorset % %Is fled to Richmond, now in Brittany. %

RICHARD

Why let him go, my Lord, he may be spar'd. Hark thee, Ratcliff, when saw'st thou Ann, my Queen? Is she still weak? Has my Physician seen her?

RATCLIFF

He has, my Lord, and fears her mightily.

RICHARD

But he's excelling skillful, she'll mend shortly.

RATCLIFF

I hope she will, my Lord.

RICHARD

And, if she does, I have mistook my man. (aside. %I must be married to my Brother's Daughter, % At whom I know the Brittain Richmond aims; %And by that knot looks proudly on the Crown. % %But then to stain me with her Brother's Blood: % %Is that the way to wooe the Sisters Love? % '- No matter what's the way - For while they live 'My goodly Kingdom's on a weak Foundation. 'Tis done: My daring heart's resolv'd - they're dead.

Re-enter Duke of Buckingham.

BUCKINGHAM

%My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind, % %The late Request that you did sound me in. %

RICHARD

%Well, let that rest: Dorset is fled to Richmond. %

BUCKINGHAM

%I have heard the News, my Lord. %

RICHARD

%Stanley, he's your near Kinsman - Well, look to him. %

BUCKINGHAM

%My Lord, I claim that gift, my due by promise, % 'For which your Honour and your Faith's engag'd; 'The Earldom of Hereford, and those Moveables, 'Which you have promis'd I shall possess.

RICHARD

%Stanley, look to your Wife; if she convey % %Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it. %

BUCKINGHAM

'What says your Highness to my Just request?

RICHARD

%I do remember me, Henry the Sixth % %Did Prophecy that Richmond should be King, % When Richmond was a peevish Boy! "Tis odd -- A King perhaps.

Enter Catesby.

CATESBY

My Lord, I have obey'd your Highness Orders.

BUCKINGHAM

May it please you to resolve me in my Suit?

RICHARD

Lead Tirrel to my Closet, I'll meet him.

BUCKINGHAM

I beg your Highness ear my Lord --

RICHARD

I'm busie: Thou troubl'st me -- I'm not i'th'vein. [Ex. Rich.

BUCKINGHAM

O patience, Heaven! Is't thus he pays my service?
Was it for this I rais'd him to the Throne?
Since he forgets the Hand that lifted him,
That seated still supports him; then 'tis time
To loose my hold, and let him fall as low,
As this contemn'd, this out-cast Buckingham.
O! if the peaceful dead have any sence
Of those vile injuries they bore, while living:
Then sure the joyful Souls of Blood-suck'd Edward,
Henry, Clarence, Hastings, and All that through
His foul corrupted dealings have miscarried,
Will from the Walls of Heav'n in smiles look down
to see this Tyrant tumbling from his Throne,
His Fall unmourn'd, and Bloody as their own. (Exit.

Scene the Tower: Enter Tirrel, Dighton, and Forest.

TIRREL

Come, Gentlemen: Have you concluded on the means?

FOREST

Smothering will make no noise, Sir.

TIRREL

Let it be done i'th'dark: For shou'd you see Their young faces, who knows how far their looks Of innocence may tempt you into pity.

FOREST

'Tis ease and living well makes Innocence: I hate a face less guilty tham my own: Were all that now seem Honest deep as we In trouble and in want they'd all be Roques.

TIRREL

Stand back -- Lieutenant, have you brought the Keys?

Enter Lieutenant

LIEUTENANT

I have 'em, Sir.

TIRREL

Then here's your warrant to deliver 'em. (gives a Ring.

LIEUTENANT

Your Servant, Sir. ---What can this mean? Why, at this dead of night To give 'em too? -- 'Tis not for me t'enquire. (Ex. Lieu.

TIRREL

There, Gentlemen: (Giving them the Keys. That way! You have no farther need of me. [Ex. severally.

[Editor's note: The following soliloquy appears in the 1718 edition, but not in the 1700 text which goes immediately to the beginning of the murder scene.]

Enter Richard.

RICHARD

Wou'd it were done: There is a busie something here, That foolish Custom has made terrible, To the intent of evil Deeds; And Nature too, as if she knew Me Womanish, and Weak, tugs at My Heart-Strings with complaining Cries, To talk me from my Purpose --And then the thought of what Mens Tongues will say, of what their Hearts must think; To have no Creature love me Living, nor My Memory when Dead. Shall future Ages, when these Childrens Tale Is told, drop Tears in pity of their hapless Fate, And read with Detestation the Misdeeds of Richard, The crook-back Tyrant, Cruel, Barbarous, And Bloody -- will they not say too, That to possess the Crown, nor Laws Divine Nor Humane stopt my way -- why let 'em say it; They can't but say I had the Crown; I was not Fool as well as Villain. Hark! the Murder's doing; Princes farewel, To me there's Musick in your Passing-Bell. [Exit.

[Editor's note: the following scene appears in the 1700 edition but is ommitted in the 1718 edition where Richard's exit is followed immediately by "Enter Tirrel. solus."]

SCENE a Chamber, the Princes in Bed. The Stage darkened.

PRINCE EDWARD

Why do you startle, Brother?

DUKE OF YORK

O! I have been so frighted in my sleep! Pray turn this way?

PRINCE EDWARD

Alas, i fain wou'd sleep, but cannot Tho' 'tis the stillest night I ever knew. Not the least breath has stir'd these four hours Sure all the World's asleep but we.

DUKE OF YORK

Hark, Pray Brother count the Clock! (Clock strikes. --But two! O tedious night : I've slept an Age. Wou'd it were day, I am so melancholy.

PRINCE EDWARD

Hark! What noise is that? I thought I heard some one upon the stairs! Hark! Again!

DUKE OF YORK

O dear, I hear 'em too! Who is it, Brother?

Enter Dighton and Forrest with dark lanterns.

PRINCE EDWARD

Bless me! What frightful men are these?

DUKE OF YORK

Who's there?

PRINCE EDWARD

Who's there?

DIGHTON

Hist, we've waked 'em! What shall we say?

FORREST

Nothing. We come to do.

DIGHTON

I'll see their Faces -----

DUKE OF YORK

Won't they speak to us?

(Dighton looks in with his Lanthorn.

O save me! Hide me! Save me, Brother!

PRINCE EDWARD

O mercy Heaven! Who are you, Sirs, That look so ghastly pale and terrible?

DIGHTON

I am a Fool. ----I cannot answer 'em.

FORREST

You must die, my Lord, so must your Brother.

PRINCE EDWARD

O stay, for pity sake! What is our Crime, Sir? Why must we die?

DIGHTON

The King, your Uncle, loves you not.

PRINCE EDWARD

O Cruel Man! Tell him we'll live in Prison all our days, Wnd, when we give occasion of offence, Then let us die: H'as yet no cause to kill us.

FORREST

Pray.

PRINCE EDWARD

We do, Sir, to you. O spare us gentlemen! I was some time your King, and might have shown You mercy: For your dear Souls sake pity us.

FORREST

We'll hear no more.

BOTH PRINCES

O Mercy, Mercy!

FORREST

They smother them, and the Down, down with 'em. Scene shuts on them.

Enter Tirrel. Solus

TIRREL

"Tis done: The barbarous bloody act is done.
'O the most Arch-deed of pitious Massacre
'That ever yet this Land was guilty of.
Ha! the King: His coming hither at this
Late hour, speaks him impatient for the welcome News.

Enter Richard.

RICHARD

Now my Tirrel, how are the Brats dispos'd? Say; am I happy? Hast thou dealt upon 'em?

TIRREL

'If to have done the thing you gave in charge 'Beget your happiness, then, Sir, be happy; For it is done.

RICHARD

%But didst thou see 'em dead? %

TIRREL

%I did, my Lord. %

RICHARD

%And buried, my good Tirrel? %

TIRREL

In that I thought to ask your Grace's Pleasure.

RICHARD

I have't -- I'll have 'em sure -- Get me a Coffin Full of holes, let 'em be both cram'd into't; And, hark thee, in the night-tide throw 'em down The Thames; once in, they'll find the way to th'bottom, %Mean time but think how I may do thee good, % %And be Inheritor of thy desire. %

TIRREL

I humbly thank your Highness.

RICHARD

About it strait, good Tirrel.

TIRREL

Conclude it done, my Lord.

(Exit Tir.

RICHARD

Why then my lowdest fears are husht.
'The Sons of Edward have Eternal Rest,
'And Ann, my Wife, has bid this World good night,
While fair Elizabeth my beauteous Neice
Like a New Morn lights onward to my wishes.

Enter Catesby.

CATESBY

My Lord!

RICHARD

%Good News, or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly? %

CATESBY

%Bad News, my Lord, Morton is fled to Richmond, % %And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen, % %Is in the Field, and still his Power increases. %

RICHARD

Morton with Richmond, touches me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash levied numbers.
'But come, dangers retreat when boldly they're oppos'd,
'And dull delays lead impotence and fear.
'Then fiery Expedition raise my Arm,
And fatal may it fall on crush'd Rebellion.

%Let's muster Men, my Councel is my Shield, %
%We must be brief when Traytors brave the Field. % [Exit.

Enter the Queen and Dutchess of York

QUEEN

O my poor Childen! O my tender Babes!
My unblown flowers pluck'd by untimely hands:
'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 Mothers Lamentation:
Why slept their Guardian Angels, when this deed was done?

DUTCHESS

'So many miseries have drain'd my Eyes,
'That my woe-wearied Tongue is still and mute.
'Why should Calamity be full of Words?

QUEEN

Let's give 'em scope, for tho' they can't remove, 'Yet they do ease Affliction.

DUTCHESS

Why then let us be loud in Exclamations
To Richard! Haste, and pierce him with our cries!
That from henceforth his Conscience may out-Tongue
The close whispers of his relentless heart.
Hark! His Trumpet sounds! This way he must pass.

QUEEN

Alas, I've not the Daring to confront him.

DUTCHESS

I have a Mothers right, I'll force him hear me.

Enter Richard with his Powers, the Dutchess meets and stops him, etc.

RICHARD

%Who intercepts me in my Expedition? %

DUTCHESS

%Dost thou not know me? Art thou not my Son? %

RICHARD

%I cry you mercy, Madam, is it you? %

DUTCHESS

'Art thou not my Son?

RICHARD

%I, I thank Heaven, my Father and your Self. %

DUTCHESS

'Then I command thee, hear me.

RICHARD

%Madam, I have a touch of your condition, % %That cannot brook the accent of Reproof. %

DUTCHESS

%Stay, I'll be mild and gentle in my Words. %

RICHARD

%And brief, good Mother, for I am in haste. %

DUTCHESS

%Why, I have staid for thee (just Heaven knows) % %In Torment and Agony. %

RICHARD

%And came I not at last to comfort you? %

DUTCHESS

%No, on my Soul, too well thou know'st it. %
%A grievous burthen was thy Birth to me; %
%Tetchy and way-ward was thy Infancy, %
%Thy prime of Manhood daring, bold and stubborn: %
%Thy Age confirm'd most subtle, proud and bloody. %

RICHARD

 $\% If\ I$ am so disgracious in your eye, % %Let me march on, and not offend you, Madam. % %Strike up the Drum. %

DUTCHESS

Yet stay, I charge thee hear me.

QUEEN

If not, hear me; for I have wrongs will speak Without a Tongue: methinks the very sight Of me shou'd turn thee into stone. 'Where are my Children, Richard?

DUTCHESS

'Where is they Brother Clarence?

QUEEN

Where Hastings?

DUTCHESS

'Rivers?

QUEEN

'Vaughan?

DUTCHESS

'Grey?

RICHARD A Flourish, Trumpets: Srike Allarum, Drums.

%Let not the Heavens hear these Tell-tale Women % %Rail on the Heavens Anointed. Strike, I say. % [Allarum of Drums and Trumpets. %Either be patient and intreat me fair, % %Or with the Clamorous report of War % %Thus will I drown your Exclamations. %

DUTCHESS

Then hear me Heaven, and Heaven at his latest hour Be Deaf to Him as he is now to me:
'E'er from this War he turn a Conqueror,
Ye Pow'rs, cut off his dangerous thread of Life,
Least his black sins rise higher in Account,
Than Hell has pains to punish --Mischance and sorrow wait thee to the Field:
Hearts Discontent, languid and lean Despair
With all the Hells of Guilt pursue thy steps for ever. [Ex. Duc.

QUEEN

Tho'far more cause, yet much less power to curse Abides in me: I say Amen to her.

RICHARD

%Stay, Madam, I wou'd beg some words with you? %

QUEEN

'What canst thou ask, that I have now to grant? 'Is't another Son? Richard I have none.

RICHARD

%You have a Beauteous Daughter call'd Elizabeth. %

QUEEN

'Must she die too?

RICHARD

%For whose fair sake I'll bring more Good to you, % %Than ever You or Yours from me had Harm; % %So in the Lethe of thy angry Soul % %Thou'lt drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs %

'Which thou supposest me the cruel cause of.

QUEEN

%Be brief, least that the process of they Kindness % %Last longer telling than thy kindness Date. %

RICHARD

'Know then, that from my Soul I love the fair 'Elizabeth, and will, with your permission, 'Seat her on the Throne of England.

QUEEN

'Alas, vain man, how canst thou wooe her?

RICHARD

%That would I learn of you, % %As one being best acquainted with her humour. %

QUEEN

%If thou wilt learn of me, then wooe her thus, % %Send to her, by the man that kill'd her Brothers, % 'A pair of bleeding Hearts; thereon Engrave 'Edward and York: Then haply will she weep. 'On this present her with an Hankerchief 'Stain'd in their Blood, to wipe her woeful Eyes. %If this Inducement move her not to Love, % %Read o'er the History of they Noble Deeds; % 'Tell her, thy Policy took off her Uncle Clarence, Rivers, Grey; nay, and for her sake, %Made quick conveyance with her dear Aunt Ann. %

RICHARD

%You mock me, Madam; this is not the way % %To win your Daughter. %

QUEEN

%There is no other way, % %Unless thou coulds't put on some other form, % %And not be Richard that has doen all this. %

RICHARD

%As I intend to prosper and Repent, %
%So thrive I in my dangerous Affairs %
%Of Hostile Arms: My self, my self confound, %
%Heaven and Fortune bar me happy hours: %
%Day yield me not they light, nor Night thy Rest; %
%Be opposite all Planets of good luck, %
%To my Proceeding, if with dear Hearts Love, %
%Immaculate Devotion, Holy Thoughts, %
%I tender not the fair Elizabeth, %
%In her consists my happiness and thine: %
%Without her follows to myself and thee, %
%Her self, the Land, and many a Christian Soul, %
%Death, Desolation, Ruin and Decay. %
'It cannot, will not be avoided, but by this.

QUEEN

What shall I say? still to afront his love,
I fear will but incense him to Revenge.
And to consent I shou'd abhor my self,
Yet I may seemingly comply, and thus
By sending Richmond Word of his Intent,
Shall gain some time to let my Child escape him.
It shall be so,

I have consider'd, Sir, of your important wishes, And cou'd I but believe you real ---

RICHARD

Now by the sacred Hosts of Saints above ---

QUEEN

O do not swear, my Lord, I ask no Oath; Unless my Daughter doubts you more than I.

RICHARD

%O my kind Mother (I must call you so) % %Be thou to her my loves soft Orator; % %Plead what I Will be, not what I Have been; % %Not my deserts, but what I Will deserve: % 'And when this Warlike arm shall have chastis'd 'The'audacious Rebel hot-brain'd Buckingham: %Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come, % %And lead thy Daughter to a Conqueror's Bed. %

QUEEN

My Lord, farewel: in some few days expect To hear how fair a progress I have made. Till when be Happy, as you're Penitent.

RICHARD

My heart goes with you to my Love, farewel. [Exit Queen. 'Relenting, Shallow-thoughted Woman. How now! the News?

Enter Ratcliff.

RATCLIFF

%Most gracious Sovereign, on the Western Coasts % %Rides a most powerful Navy and our fears % %Inform us Richmond is their Admiral, % %There do they Hull Expecting but the aid, % %Of Buckingham to welcome them a shore. %

RICHARD

'We must prevent him then. Come hither Catesby.

CATESBY

'My Lord, your pleasure?

RICHARD

%Post to the Duke of Norfolk instantly; % %Bid him strait levy all the strength and power % %That he can make, and meet me suddenly %

At Salisbury: Commend me to his Grace: away! (Exit Cat. Well, my Lord, What News have you gather'd?

Enter Lord Stanley.

STANLEY

%Richmond is on the seas, my Lord. %

RICHARD

%There let him sink, and be the Seas on Him: % %White Liver'd Runnagade, what does he there? %

STANLEY

%I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by guess. %

RICHARD

%Well, as you guess? %

STANLEY

%Stir'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton, % %He makes for England here to claim the Crown. %

RICHARD

Traytor, the Crown: Where is thy power then
To beat him back?
%Where be thy Tenants, and thy Followers? %
'The Foe upon our Coast, and thou no Friends to meet 'em?
%Or hast thou marched 'em to the Western shore, %
%To give the Rebels Conduct from their Ships? %

STANLEY

%My Lord, my Friends are ready all, i'th'North. %

RICHARD

%The North! Why, what do they do in the North, % %When they shou'd serve their Sovereign in the West? %

STANLEY

They yet have had no Orders, Sir, to move: If 'tis your Royal Pleasure they should march, 'I'll lead 'em on with utmost haste to joyn you, 'Where, and what Time your Majesty shall please.

RICHARD

%What, thou wou'dst be gone, to joyn with Richmond? %

STANLEY

'Sir, you've no Cause to doubt my Loyalty; 'I ne'er yet was, nor ever will be false.

RICHARD

Away then, to thy Friends, and lead 'em on 'To meet me -- Hold! Come back! I will not trust thee,

I've thought a way to make thee sure: Your Son %George Stanley, Sir, I'll have him left behind; % %And look your Heat be Firm, %Or else his heads Assurance is but Frail.

STANLEY

%As I prove true, my Lord, so deal with him.% (Exit Stan.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER

%My Lord, the Army of Great Buckingham % %By sudden Floods, and fall of Waters, % %Is half lost and scatter'd, % %And he himself wander'd away alone; % %No man knows whither. %

RICHARD

'Has any careful Officer proclaim'd %Reward to him that brings the Traytor in? %

Enter Catesby

CATESBY

%My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken. %

RICHARD

%Off with his head. So much for Buckingham. %

CATESBY

My Lord, I'm sorry I must tell more News.

RICHARD

Out with it.

CATESBY

%The Earl of Richmond with a mighty power % %Is Landed, Sir, at Milford: % %And, to confirm the News, Lord Marquess Dorset, % %And Sir Thomas Lovewel are up in Yorkshire. %

RICHARD

Why ay, this looks Rebellion. Ho! my Horse! By Heaven the News allarms my stirring Soul. 'And as the Wretch, whose fever-weakned joynts, 'Like strengthless hinges buckle under Life: 'Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire 'From his fond Keeper's Arms, and starts away: 'Even so these War-worn Limbs grown weak 'From Wars disuse, being now inrag'd with War, 'Feel a new Fury, and are thrice themselves. Come forth my Honest Sword, which here I vow, By my Souls hope, shall ne'er again be sheath'd, Ne'er shall these watching Eyes have needful rest, Till Death has clos'd 'em in a glorious Grave, Or Fortune given me Measure of Revenge.

[Exeunt.

ACT the Fifth

Scene, The Field:

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, marching.

RICHMOND

%Thus far into the bowels of the Land % %Have we march'd on without Impediment. % 'Richard, the bloody and devouring Boar, 'Whose Ravenous Appetite has spoil'd your Fields; 'Laid this rich Country waste, and rudely crop'd 'Its ripned hopes of fair Posterity, %Is now ev'n in the center of the Isle, % %As we're inform'd, near to the Town of Leicester: % %From Tamworth thither, is but one days march, % %And, here receive we from our Father Stanley, % %Lines of fair Comfort and Encouragement, % Such as will help and animate our cause, On which lets Cheerly on, Couragious Friends, To reap the harvest of a lasting Peace; Or Fame more lasting from a well fought War.

OXFORD

Your words have fire, my Lord, and warm our men, Who look'd methought but cold before, hisheartned With the unequal numbers of the Foe.

RICHMOND

Why, double 'em still, our Cause wou'd Conquer 'em. %Thrice is he arm'd that has his Quarrel Just, % %And he but naked, tho'lock'd up in Steel, % %Whose Conscience with Inustice is Corrupted: % The very weight of Richard's guilt shall crush him.

BLUNT

His best of Friends,no doubt will soon be ours.

OXFORD

He has no Friends but what are such thro' fear.

RICHMOND

And we no Foes but what are such to Heaven; Then doubt not, Heaven's for us. Let's on, my Friends: %True hope ne'er tires, but mounts with Eagles wings, % %Kings it makes Gods, and meaner Creatures Kings. % (Exit.

The Scene, Bosworth Field: Enter Richard in Arms, with Norfolk, Ratclif, Surrey, etc.

RICHARD

%Here pitch our Tent, ev'n in Bosworth Field: % My good Lord of Norfolk, the cheerful speed Of your supply, has merited my thanks.

NORFOLK

I am rewarded, Sir, in having power To serve your Majesty.

RICHARD

You have our thanks, my Lord. %Up with my Tent: % %Here will I lie to night -- But where to morrow? Well, % %No matter where -- Has any careful Friend % %Discover'd yet the number of the Rebels? %

NORFOLK

'My Lord, as I from certain Spies am well 'Inform'd, six or seven thousand is their 'Utmost Power.

RICHARD

%Why our Battalions treble that account; % %Beside, the Kings name is a Tower of strength, % %Which they upon the adverse Faction want. %

NORFOLK

Their wants are greater yet, my Lord: Those ev'n Of Motion, Life, and Spirit -- Did you but know How wretchedly their Men disgrace the Field. O! such a tatter'd Host of mounted Scare-crows, 'So poor, so famish'd; their Executors, 'The greedy Crows, fly hovering o'er their heads, Impatient for their lean Inheritance.

RICHARD

'Now, by St. Paul, we'll send 'em Dinners and Apparel; 'Nay, give their fasting Horses Provender, 'And after fight 'em. How long must we stay, My Lords, before these desp'rate Fools will give Us time to lay 'em with their Faces upwards?

NORFOLK

Unless their Famine saves our Swords that labour, To morrows Sun will light 'em to their ruin, So soon, I hear, they mean to give us Battle.

RICHARD

The sooner still the better. -- %Come, my Lords, % %Now let's survey, the 'vantage of the Ground: % %Call me some men of sound direction. Lead. %

NORFOLK

My Gracious Lord. ---

RICHARD

What say'st thou, Norfolk?

NORFOLK

Might I advise your Majesty, you yet Shall save the blood that may be shed to morrow.

RICHARD

How so, my Lord?

NORFOLK

The poor Condition of the Rebels tells me, That on a Pardon offer'd to the lives Of those who instantly shall quit their Arms, Young Richmond, e'er to morrows dawn, were Friendless.

RICHARD

Why, that indeed was our Sixth Harry's way,
Which made his Reign one Scene of rude Commotion.
I'll be in mens despite a Monarch: No,
Let Kings that Fear, Forgive; Blows and Revenge for me. [Exeunt.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Sir William Brandon, etc.

RICHMOND

%The weary Sun has made a Golden Set, % %And by yon ruddy brightness of the Clouds, % %Gives token of a goodly Day to morrow; % %Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my Standard. % 'Here have I drawn the model of our Battle, 'Which parts in just proportion our small Power. %Here may each leader know his several Charge: % %My Lord of Oxford, you Sir Walter Herbert, % %And Sir William Brandon, stay with me: % %The Earl of Pembroke keeps his Regiment. %

Enter a Soldier.

SOLDIER

Sir, a Gentleman that calls himself Stanley, Desires admittance to the Earl of Richmond.

RICHMOND

Now by our hopes, my Noble Father-in-Law, Addmit him -- My good Friends, your leave a while. [They retire.

Enter Lord Stanley in a Cloak.

My Honour'd Father! On my Soul The joy of seeing you this night is more, Than my most knowing hopes presag'd -- What News?

STANLEY

%I, by Commission bless thee from they Mother, % %Who prays continually for Richmond's good: % 'The Queen too, has with tears of joy consented, 'Thou should'st espouse Elizabeth her Daughter, %At whom the Tyrant Richard closely aims: % 'In brief (for now the shortest moment of 'My stay is bought with hazard of my Life) %Prepare thy Battle early in the morning, % %(For so the season of Affairs requires) %

'And this be sure of, I, upon the first %Occasion offer'd, will deceive some Eyes, % %And aid thee in this doubtful shock of Arms; % 'In which I had more forward been e'er this, 'But that the Life of thy young Brother George (Whom for my pawn of Faith stern Richard keeps) 'Wou'd then be forfeit to his wild Revenge. %Farewel: The rude enforcement of the time % 'Denies me to revive those Vows of Love -- %Which so long sunder'd Friends shou'd dwell upon. %

RICHMOND

We may meet again, my Lord --

STANLEY

Till then, once more farewel: Be resolute and Conquer.

RICHMOND

%Give him safe Conduct to is Regiment. % [Exit Ld. Stan. Well, Sirs, to morrow proves a busie day: But come, the night's far spent -- Let's in to Counsel. Captain, an hour before the Sun gets up %Let me be wak'd; I will in Person walk % %From Tent to Tent, and early chear the Soldiers. % (Exeunt.

The Scene, before Richard's Tent: Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk and Catesby.

RICHARD

Catesby!

CATESBY

%Here, my Lord. %

RICHARD

%Send out a Pursuivant at Arms %
%To Stanley's Regiment: Bid him 'fore Sun-rise, %
%Meet me with his Power, or young George's Head %
%Shall pay the forfeit of his cold delay. %
%What, is my Beaver easier than it was? %
%And all my Armour laid into my Tent? %

CATESBY

It is, my Liege: All is in readiness.

RICHARD

%Good Norfolk, hye thee to thy Charge; % %Use careful Watch: Chuse trusty Centinals. %

NORFOLK

%Doubt not, my Lord. %

RICHARD

%Be stirring with the Lark, good Norfolk. %

NORFOLK

[Exit Duke of Norfolk.

RICHARD

% Saddle White Surrey for the Field to morrow. % %Is Ink and Paper ready? %

CATESBY

%It is, my Lord. %

RICHARD

%An hour after Midnight, come to my Tent, % %And help to Arm me. A good night, my Friends. % (Exit.

RATCLIFF

Methinks the King has not that pleas'd Alacrity Nor Cheer of Mind that he was wont to have.

CATESBY

The meer effect of business --You'll find him, Sir, another Man i'th'Field,
When you shall see him with his Beavour up,
Ready to mount his Neighing Steed, with whom
He smiling, seems to have some wanton talk,
Clapping his pamper'd sides to hold him still;
Then, with a motion swift, and light as Air,
Like fiery Mars he Vaults him to the saddle;
Looks Terror to the Foe, and Courage to his Soldiers.

RATCLIFF

Good night to Richmond then; for, as I hear,
His numbers are so few, and those so sick
And famish'd in their march, if he dares fight us -He jumps into the Sea to cool his Feaver.
But come, 'tis late: Now let's to our Tents,
We've few hours good before the Trumpet wakes us. (Ex.

(Ed. note: In the 1718 edition the assignment of these final lines between Catesby and Ratcliff is reversed.)

Enter Richard from his Tent. Solus.

RICHARD

'Tis now the dead of Night, and half the World Is with a lonely solemn darkness hung; Yet I (so coy a dame is sleep to me) With all the weary Courtship of My Care-tir'd thoughts can't win her to my Bed; Tho' ev'n the Stars do wink as 'twere, with over watching --I'll forth, and walk a while -- The Air's refreshing. And the ripe Harvest of the new mown Hav Gives it a sweet and wholesome Odour: 'How awful is this gloom -- and hark from Camp to Camp 'The humm of either Army stilly sounds: %That the fixt Centinels almost receive % %The secret whispers of each other watch. % 'Steed threatens Steed in high and boastful neighings, 'Piercing the nights dull Ear. Hark from the Tents, %The Armourers accomplishing the Knights, %

'With clink of hammers closing rivets up %Give Dreadful note of Preparation; while some % 'Like sacrifices by their fires of watch, 'With patience sit, and inly ruminate 'The mornings danger. By yon Heav'n my stern 'Impatience chides this tardy-gated night, 'Who, like a foul and ugly Witch, does limp So tediously away: I'll to my Couch, And once more try to sleep her into morning. (lies down.

A Groan is heard.

Ha! What means that dismal voice? Sure 'tis The Eccho of some yawning Grave, That teems with an untimely Ghost. -- 'Tis gone! 'Twas but my Fancy, or perhaps the Wind Forcing his entrance thro' some hollow Cavern; No matter what -- I feel my eyes grow heavy.

(Sleeps.

The Ghost of Henry VI. rises

KING HENRY'S GHOST

O thou, whose unrelenting thoughts, not all The hideous Terrours of thy Guilt can shake, Whose Conscience with thy Body ever sleeps: Sleep on, while I by Heavens high Ordinance In dreams of horror wake thy frighted Soul: Now give thy thoughts to me, let 'em behold These gaping Wounds, which thy Death-dealing hand Within the Tower gave my Anointed Body, Now shall thy own devouring Conscience gnaw Thy heart, and terribly revenge my Murder.

The Ghosts of the young Princes rise.

PRINCES' GHOSTS

Richard, dream on; and see the wandring spirits Of thy young Nephews, murder'd in the Tower: Cou'd not our Youth, our Innocence perswade Thy cruel heart to spare our harmless lives? Who, but for thee, alas, might have enjoy'd Our many promis'd years of Happiness. No Soul, save thine, but pitties our misusage: O! 'twas a cruel deed! therefore alone, Unpittying, unpittied shalt thou fall.

(Vanish.

The Ghost of Ann his Wife rises.

ANN'S GHOST

Think on the wrongs of wretched Ann thy Wife, %Ev'n in the Battles heat remember me, % %And edgeless fall they Sword -- Despair, and Die. %

KING HENRY'S GHOST

The mornings dawn has summon'd me away: Now Richard wake in all the Hells of Guilt, And let that wild despair which now does prey Upon thy mangled thoughts, allarm the World. Awake Richard, awake! To guilty minds A terrible Example. --(sinks (Rich. starts out of his sleep.

RICHARD

%Give me another Horse: Bind up my wounds! % 'Have mercy, Heaven. Ha! - soft! - 'Twas but a dream: But then so terrible, it shakes my Soul. Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling Flesh, My blood grows chilly, and I freze with horror. O Tyrant Consciene! how dost thou aflict me! When I look back, 'tis terrible Retreating: I cannot bear the thought, nor dare repent: I am but Man, and Fate, do thou dispose me. Who's there?

Enter Catesby.

CATESBY

%'Tis I, my Lord; the Village Cock %
%Has thrice done salutation to the morn: %
%Your Friends are up, and buckle on their Armour. %

RICHARD

'O Catesby! I have had such horrid dreams. --

CATESBY

'Shadows, my Lord, below the Soldier's heeding.

RICHARD

Now, by my this days hopes, shadows to night %Have struck more terror in the Soul of Richard, % %Than can the substance of ten Thousand Soldiers % %Arm'd all in Proof, and led by shallow Richmond. %

CATESBY

'Be more your self, my Lord: Consider, Sir: 'Were it but known a dream had frighted you, 'How wou'd your animated Foes presume on't.

RICHARD

Perish that thought: No, never be it said,
That Fate it self could awe the Soul of Richard.
Hence, Babling dreams, you threaten here in vain:
Conscience avant; Richard's himself again.
Hark! the shrill Trumpet sounds, to Horse: Away!
My Soul's in Arms, and eager for the Fray. [Exeunt.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Soldiers, etc. Marching.

RICHMOND

Halt.-- (Soldiers halt, halt, etc.) %How far is it into the morning, Friends? %

OXFORD

%Near four, my Lord. %

RICHMOND

'Tis well: I'm glad to find we are such early stirers.

OXFORD

Methinks the Foe's less forward than we thought 'em. Worn as we are, we brave the Field before 'em.

RICHMOND

Come, there looks life in such a cheerful haste:
'If dreams should animate a Soul resolv'd,
'I'm more than pleas'd with those I've had to night.
'Methought that all the Ghosts of them, whose Bodies
'Richard murther'd, came mourning to my Tent,
'And rous'd me to revenge 'em.

OXFORD

A good Omen, Sir: Hark! the Trumpet of The Enemy. It speaks them on the march.

RICHMOND

'Why, then let's on, my Friends, to face 'em:
'In Peace there's nothing so becomes a Man
'As mild behaviour and humility:
'But when the blast of War blows in our ears,
'Let us be Tygers in our fierce deportment.
%For me, the ransome of my bold attempt %
'Shall be this Body, on the Earth's cold Face:
%But, if we thrive, the Glory of the Action %
%The meanest here shall share his part of. %
'Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords:
'Sound, Drums and Trumpets, boldly and cheerfully.
The Word's Saint George, Richmond, and Victory. (Exeunt.

Enter Richard, Catesby, marching.

RICHARD

%Who saw the Sun to day? %

CATESBY

He has not yet broke forth, my Lord.

RICHARD

%Then he disdains to shine; For, by the Clock, % %He should have brav'd the East an hour ago. % %Not shine to day? -- Why, what is that to me, % 'More than to Richmond? For the self-same Heaven 'That frowns on me, looks lowring upon him.

Enter Norfolk with a Paper.

NORFOLK

%Prepare, my Lord, the Foe's in the Field. %

RICHARD

%Come, bustle, bustle; Caparison my Horse: % %Call forth Lord Stanley; bid him bring his Power. % %My self will lead the Soldiers to the Plain. % (Exit Catesby. Well, Norfolk, what thinkst thou now?

NORFOLK

That we shall Conquer, Sir; but on my Tent %This morning early was this Paper found. %

RICHARD [reads.]

%Jockey of Norfolk be not too bold, %
%For Dickon thy Master is bought and sold. %
'A weak invention of the Enemy.
'Come, Gentlemen, now each man to his Charge.
%What shall I say more than I have infer'd: %
%Remember whom you are to Cope withal, %
%A scum of Britains, Rascals, Run-aways; %
%Whom their o'er cloy'd Country vomits forth %
%To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction. %
%If we be Conquer'd, let Men Conquer us, %
%And not these Bastard Britains, whom our Fathers %
'Have in their own Land, beaten, spurn'd, and trod on.
%And left 'em on Record, the Heirs of shame; %
%Are these Men fit to be the Heirs of England? %

Enter Catesby.

%What says Lord Stanley: Will he bring his Power? %

CATESBY

%He does refuse, my Lord: He will not, Sir. %

RICHARD

%Off with his Son Georges head. %

(Trumpet sounds.

NORFOLK

My Lord, the Foe's already past the Marsh: After the Battle let young Stanley die.

RICHARD

Why, after be it then -A thousand hearts are swelling in my bosom.
'Draw Archers, draw your Arrows to the head,
'Spur your proud Horses hard, and ride in blood:
And thou, our Warlike Champion, thrice Renown'd
St. George inspire me with the Rage of Lyons -Upon 'em! Charge! --Follow me -
(Exeunt.

An Allarm is heard: Richard re-enters alone.

RICHARD

What, ho! young Richmond, ho! 'tis Richard calls. I hate thee, Harry, for thy blood of Lancaster; 'Now if thou dost not hide thee from my Sword, 'Now while the angry Trumpet sounds Allarms, 'And dead mens groans transpierce the wounded Air. 'Richmond, I say, come forth, and single face me: 'Richard is Hoarse with Daring thee to Arms.

The Allarm continues: Enter Catesby, and the D. of Nor. in disorder.

CATESBY

Rescue! rescue! my Lord of Norfolk, haste. %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. %
'Nay, haste, my Lord: the day's against us. (Exeunt.

Enter Richard and Ratcliff in disorder.

RICHARD

%A Horse! a Horse! my Kingdom for a Horse! %

RATCLIFF

'This way, this way, my Lord; below yon thicket 'Stands a swift Horse, Away, ruin pursues us. 'Withdraw, my Lord, for only flight can save you.

RICHARD

%Slave, I have set my Life upon a Cast %
%And I will stand the hazard of the Dye. %
%I think there be six Richmonds in the Field; %
%Five have I slain to day, instead of him. %
%An Horse! an Horse! my Kingdom for an Horse. % (Ex.

Re-enter Richard, and Richmond meeting.

RICHARD

'Of one, or both of us the time is come.

RICHMOND

Kind Heaven I thank thee, for my Cause is thine; If Richard's fit to live let Richmond fall.

RICHARD

Thy Gallant bearing, Harry, I cou'd plaud, But that the spotted Rebel stains the Soldier.

RICHMOND

Nor shou'd thy Prowess, Richard, want my praise, But that thy cruel deeds have stampt thee Tyrant. So thrive my Sword as Heaven's high Vengeance draws it.

RICHARD

'My Soul and Body on the Action both.

RICHMOND

A dreadful lay: Here's to decide it. (Allarm, fight.

RICHARD

Perdition catch thy Arm. The chance is thine: (Richard is wounded. But oh! the vast Renown thou hast acquired In Conquering Richard, does afflict him more Than even his Bodies parting with its Soul: 'Now let the World no longer be a Stage 'To feed contention in a lingring Act: 'But let one spirit of the First-born Cain 'Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set 'On bloody Actions, the rude Scene may end,

(Dies.

RICHMOND

Farewel, Richard, and from thy dreadful end May future Kings from Tyranny be warn'd; Had thy aspring Soul but stir'd in Vertue With half the Spirit it has dar'd in Evil, How might thy Fame have grac'd our English Annals: But as thou art, how fair a Page thou'st blotted. Hark! the glad Trumpets speak the Field our own.

Enter Oxford and Lord Stanley: Soldiers follow with Richard's Crown.

O welcome, Friends: My Noble Father welcome. %Heaven and our Arms be prais'd the day is ours. % See there, by Lords, stern Richard is no more.

STANLEY

Victorious Richmond well hast thou acquitted thee:
-- And see, the just reward that Heaven has sent thee.
'Among the Glorious spoils of Bosworth Field,
'We've found the Crown, which now in right is thine:
'Tis doubly thine by Conquest, and by Choice.
'Long Live Henry the Seventh, King of England. (Shouts here.

RICHMOND

Next to Just Heaven, my Noble Countrymen, I owe my thanks to you, whose love I'm proud of, And Ruling well shall speak my Gratitude. %But now, my Lords, what Friends of us are missing? % %Pray tell me; Is young George Stanley living? %

STANLEY

%He is, my Liege, and safe in Leicester Town, % %Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us. %

Enter Blunt.

BLUNT

My Lord, the Queen and fair Elizabeth, Her beautious Daughter, some few miles of, are On their way to Gratulate your Victory.

RICHMOND

Ay, there indeed my toil's rewarded.
Let us prepare to meet 'em, Lords, and then,
%As we're already bound by solemn Vows; %
'We'll twine the Roses red and white together,
'And both from one kind stalk shall flourish:
%England has long been mad, and scarr'd her self. %
'The Brother blindly shed the Brother's blood:
'The Father rashly slaughter'd his own Son:
'The bloody Son compell'd, has kill'd his Sire.
'O! Now let Henry and Elizabeth,
%The true Successors of each Royal House %
'Conjoyn'd together, heal those deadly wounds:
'And be that wretch of all mankind abhor'd,
'That wou'd reduce those bloody days again:
'Ne'er let him live to taste our Joys encrease,

'That wou'd with Treason wound fair England's Peace.

FINIS

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