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SHAKESPEARE'S  
KING RICHARD III

*Adapted for School Use.*

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*Shakespeare's King Richard the Third.*

Three Edwards, a Richard, three Henrys ;  
 Two Edwards, a *Richard*, two Henrys ;  
 Edward, Mary and Lib ;  
 James and Charles ;  
 Charles and James ;  
 William and Mary, then sister Anne ;  
 Four Georges, a William ;  
 Victoria and Edward.

This play presents Richard III. who mounted the throne after Edward IV., having caused the death of young Edward V., of whom he was uncle, and to whom he was appointed protector. Edward IV. was of the house of York, so was this Richard. Richmond who killed him was of the house of Lancaster. This was the end of the struggle between the two houses of York and Lancaster.

The play begins by representing the Duke of Gloster, brother to Edward IV., as conspiring to become king. He first causes the death of his older brother and then the death of young King Edward V, and his brother Richard. These two boys were smothered in the Tower.

Becoming King he proved such a bloody villain that the people sided with Richmond, and in the battle of Bosworth he was slain. He caused the death of many other persons than those just enumerated. To chop off heads was evidently a pleasure.

## STAGING, COSTUMES, ETC.

There should be a curtain, and this can be easily made of gray cambric. A wire is stretched from posts at each corner of the stage. The curtain will be in two parts and hung on the wire with small brass rings; cords draw the curtains apart and together; this will be done by two boys (out of sight), when the call bell is struck as a signal. Large Japanese screens can be put on each side; behind them the actors retire. Crowns made of stout cardboard and covered with gilt paper will be worn by the king and queen. The nobles will wear swords; these may be made of wood and painted. As it will not be possible to copy the costumes worn at this period, it will be sufficient if the nobles have various colored cambric coats, made much like a shirt, reaching to the knees, with a belt. The common people will wear shorter and tighter coats; the priests and bishops will wear gowns with no belts; the ladies will wear loose-fitting long gowns. The belts may have the name painted on in white (as "Stanley"), so the audience may understand the situation. There will be

helmets of silver paper for the soldiers (no guns, only swords). The ghosts will be enveloped in sheets.

Richard will be represented as humpbacked. There must be good acting ; where several are on the stage, of all things do not allow the nonspeakers to stand stiffly ; let them pretend to talk to each other and make the scene real. There must be graceful bowing, greeting, and gesturing ; the hat is often doffed, especially by those of lower rank.

An older pupil (boy or girl) will appear when the curtain rises (a bell being struck to announce the beginning), who will bow to the audience and give an outline of the play.

### PROLOGUE.

Greeting our good friends, and asking their kind indulgence, we shall endeavor at this time to present that noted historical character King Richard the Third. We shall endeavor to sketch some of the historical scenes and events belonging to the fourteen years beginning with 1471 and ending with 1485.

The list of English kings from 1066 to this time is as follows (or is on the program, and I shall be glad if the audience will recite the names with me) :

William, William and Henry ;  
Stephen and Henry ;  
Richard, John and Henry ;  
Three Edwards, a Richard, three Henrys ;  
Two Edwards, a *Richard*, two Henrys ;  
Edward, Mary and Lib ;  
James and Charles ;  
Charles and James ;  
William and Mary, then sister Anne ;  
Four Georges and William ;  
Victoria, King Edward Seventh.

Richard the Second (the one in the fourth line) had been overcome by Bolingbroke and deposed by Parliament. This Bolingbroke belonged to the house of Lancaster and it displeased the great house of York that their opponents should control the government, and thus began those famous struggles termed the "Wars of the Roses," that lasted for many years. Bolingbroke took the title of Henry Fourth. Henry Fifth and Sixth followed. The Yorkists strove for the crown in Henry the Sixth's time, as he became insane, and Edward of York became King. Upon his death his young son Edward was put under the protection of Richard, Duke of Gloster, brother of the late king. Instead of putting the crown on Prince Edward's head he determined to wear it himself; so he put the prince and his brother in the Tower and had them murdered, they were smothered there. He had previously caused the death of his brother Clarence. This and other crimes caused such horror that Richmond headed an army against him and a great battle was fought at Bosworth in which Richard was killed.

Richard the Third was a man of great courage, little of stature, humpbacked, ill-formed, malicious, wrathful and envious, but withal a man of decided ability. He had several great men associated with him, some who held to him to the last, as Ratcliff and Catesby; Buckingham held to him until he proposed to murder the princes and then he revolted.

The play begins during the life of Edward Fourth. Richard is then Duke of Gloster, and the play will begin by his appearance before you. (*Exit.*)



ACT I.

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*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glos.* Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this son of York ;  
Instead of war we shall have merry times.—  
But I that am not shaped for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking glass,  
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace  
Have no delight to pass away the time,  
And, therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,  
I am determined to prove a villain,  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.—  
I'll set my brother Clarence and the King  
In deadly hate the one against the other.—  
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul, here Clarence  
comes.

*Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.*

Brother, good day ; what means this armed guard  
That waits upon your Grace ?

*Clar.* His Majesty  
Hath ordered to convey me to the Tower.

*Glos.* Upon what cause ?

*Clar.* Because my name is *George*.  
He harkens after prophecies and dreams,  
And says a wizard told him that by *George*  
His issue disinherited should be.

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

*Brak.* His Majesty hath straitly given in charge  
That no man shall have private conference,  
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

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

*Glos.* Brother, farewell, I will unto the King  
And do my best to free you.  
Well, your imprisonment shall not be long.

*(Exeunt CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and guard.)*

Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return.  
Simple, plain Clarence. I do love thee so  
That I will shortly send thy soul to Heaven.—  
But who comes here ?

*Enter HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* Good time of day unto my gracious lord.

*Glos.* As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain.  
What news abroad ?

*Hast.* No news so bad abroad as this at home ;  
The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy.

*Glos.* Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.  
What, is he in bed ?

*Hast.* He is.

*Glos.* Go you before and I will follow you.

*(Exit HASTINGS.)*

I'll in to urge his hatred more to Clarence.  
And if I fail not in my deep intent  
Clarence hath not another day to live. *(Exit.)*

*After a short absence—re-enters.*

The secret mischiefs that I set abroad  
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

*Enter two Murderers.*

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But, soft ! here come my executioners.

How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates.

Are you now going to dispatch this thing ?

*1st. M.* We are, my lord, and come to have the warrant

That we may be admitted where he is.

*Glos.* Well thought upon; I have it here about me.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution.

*2d. M.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate. *(Exeunt.)*

## ACT II.

*Enter King EDWARD (sick), Queen ELIZABETH, BUCKINGHAM, HASTINGS, RIVERS, and others.*

*King E.* And now in peace my soul shall part to Heaven

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers and Hastings take each other's hands ;

Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league ;

There wanteth now our brother Gloster here

To make the perfect period of this peace.

*Buck.* And in good time, here comes the noble Duke.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glos.* Good morrow to my sovereign King and Queen ;

And, princely peers, a happy time of day.

*King E.* Brother, we have done deeds of charity, Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,

*Glos.* A blessed labor, my most sovereign liege.  
 Among this princely heap if any here,  
 If ever any grudge were lodged between us,  
 I hate it and desire all good men's love ;  
 'Tis death to me to be at enmity.

*Q. El.* My sovereign lord, I do beseech your High-  
 ness  
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

*(Exit.)*

*Glos.* Who knows not, that the gentle duke is  
 dead. *(They all start.)*

*King E.* Who knows not he is dead? Who  
 knows he is?

Is Clarence dead? The order was reversed.

*Glos.* But he, poor man, by your first order died.  
*(Exeunt all but RIVERS.)*

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, distractedly, and Duchess  
 of YORK.*

*Q. El.* Edward, my lord, thy son, is dead.  
 O, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,  
 To chide my fortune and torment myself.

*Duch.* Thou hast the comfort of thy children left  
 thee,  
 But death hath snatched my husband from my arms  
 And plucked two crutches from my feeble hands—  
 Clarence and Edward.

*Riv.* Madam, bethink you like a careful mother,  
 Of the young prince, your son, send straight for him ;  
 Let him be crowned, in him your comfort lives.

*Enter* GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, and STANLEY.

*Glos.* (to Queen). Sister, have comfort ; all of us  
have cause

To wail the dimming of our shining star.

(To Duchess.)

Madam, my mother, I do cry your mercy ;  
I did not see your Grace ; humbly on my knee  
I crave your blessing.

*Duch.* God bless thee and put meekness in thy  
heart,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

*Glos.* Amen (*aside*) and make me die a good old  
man,

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing ;  
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

*Buck.* Me seemeth good that with some little train,  
Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetch'd  
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

*Stan.* And so say I.

*Glos.* Then be it so, and go we to determine  
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Lud-  
low. (*Exeunt all but BUCK. and GLOS.*)

*Buck.* My lord, whoever journeys to the Prince  
For God's sake let us two not stay at home.

*Glos.* My oracle, my prophet, my dear cousin,  
I, as a child, will go by thy direction. (*Exeunt.*)

*Enter* Citizens.

1st. Doth the news hold of good King Edward's  
death ?

2d. Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help the while.

3d. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

4th. Woe to that land that's governed by a child.



1st. O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster.

2d. But leave it all to God. Whither away?

3d. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

4th. And so was I; I'll bear you company.

*(Exeunt.)*

*Enter* Archbishop, Duchess *and* young Duke of  
YORK, Queen ELIZABETH.

*Duch.* I long with all my heart to see the Prince.

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

To-morrow or next day, they will be here.

*Enter* Messenger.

What news?

*Mess.* Such news, my lord, as grieves me to re-  
port.

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

*Duch.* Who hath committed them?

*Mess.* The mighty Dukes

Gloster and Buckingham.

*Q. El.* Ah, me, I see the downfall of our House.

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Come, come, my boy; we will to the sanctuary.

Madam, farewell.

*(Exeunt.)*

### ACT III.

*A trumpet sounds; enter* Prince EDWARD, GLOSTER,  
BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, Cardinal, *and others.*

*Buck.* Welcome, sweet Prince, to London, to  
your chamber.

*Glos.* My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

*Enter Lord Mayor and train.*

*Mayor.* God bless your Grace with health and happy days.

*Prince.* I thank you, good my lord, and thank you all. (*Mayor retires.*)

I thought my mother and my brother York  
Would long ere this have met us on the way.

*Enter HASTINGS.*

Welcome, my lord, what, will our mother come ?

*Hast.* The Queen, your mother, and your brother York

Have taken sanctuary.

*Buck.* Fie! what an indirect and peevish course  
Is this of hers. Lord Cardinal, will your Grace  
Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of York  
Unto his princely brother presently ?

If she deny,—Lord Hastings, go with him  
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

*Card.* Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me ?

*Hast.* I will, my lord.

*Prince.* Good lords, make all the speedy haste  
you may. (*Exeunt Card. and HAST.*)

Say, Uncle Gloster, if our brother come,  
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

*Glos.* If I may counsel you, some day or two  
Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower.

*Prince.* I do not like the Tower, of any place.

*Enter YORK with HASTINGS.*

Richard of York, how fares our loving brother?

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

*Glos.* How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

*York.* I thank you, gentle uncle.

I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

*Glos.* My dagger, little cousin? With all my  
heart.

*Prince.* A beggar, brother?

*York.* Of my kind uncle that I know will give.

*(Receives dagger.)*

*Glos.* Myself and my good cousin Buckingham  
Will to your mother to entreat of her  
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

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

*Prince.* My Lord Protector needs will have it so.

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

*Glos.* Why, what should you fear?

*York.* Marry, my uncle Clarence's angry ghost;  
My grandam told me he was murdered there.

*Prince.* I fear no uncles dead.

*Glos.* Nor none that live, I hope.

*Prince.* But come, my lord; with a heavy heart,  
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

*(Exeunt Prince, YORK, and others.)*

*Buck.* Come hither, Catesby.

*(Aside)* Thou knowest our reasons urged upon the  
way;

What think'st thou? Is it not an easy matter  
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,

For the ~~installment~~ of this noble duke  
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

*Cates.* He for his father's sake so loves the Prince  
That he will not be won to aught against him.

*Buck.* What think'st thou, then, of Stanley?

*Cates.* He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

*Buck.* Go, gentle Catesby,  
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,  
How he doth stand effected to our purpose;  
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower.  
Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

(*Exit* CATESBY.)

My lord, what shall we do if we perceive  
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

*Glos.* Chop off his head; somewhat we will do;  
And look, when I am King, claim thou of me  
Th' earldom of Hereford and the movables  
Whereof the King, my brother, stood possessed.

*Buck.* I'll claim that promise at your Grace's  
hand. (Exeunt.)

*Enter* HASTINGS and CATESBY, *meeting.*

*Cates.* Many good morrows to my noble lord.

*Hast.* Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stir-  
ring.

What news, what news in this our tottering state?

*Cates.* It is a reeling world indeed, my lord,  
And I believe it never will stand upright  
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

*Hast.* How wear the garland? Dost thou mean  
the crown?

*Cates.* Ay, my good lord.

*Hast.* I'll have this crown of mine cut from my  
shoulders  
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplaced.  
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?

*Cates.* Ay, on my life ; and hopes to find you  
forward  
Upon his party for the gain thereof.  
You know that he has caused this very day  
Your enemies three to die at Pomfret.

*Hast.* I am no mourner for that news,  
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side  
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,  
God knows I will not do it to the death.

*Cates.* Both princely Richard and great Buck-  
ingham  
Make high account of you.

*(Aside)* For they account his head upon the bridge.

*Hast.* I know they do ; and I have well deserved  
it. *(Exit CATESBY.)*

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

*Hast.* What ! go you toward the Tower ?

*Buck.* I do, my lord, but long I cannot stay there ;  
I shall return before your lordship thence.

*Hast.* Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

*Buck. (aside)* And supper too, altho' thou know'st  
it not.

Come will you go ?

*Hast.* I'll wait upon your lordship.

*(Exeunt.)*



SCENE IV. (A room in the Tower.)

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, Bishop of ELY,  
and others, *sitting at a table.*

*Hast.* Now, noble peers, the cause why we are  
met

Is to determine of the coronation.

*Buck.* Are all things ready for that royal time?

*Stan.* They are, and wants but nomination.

*Buck.* Who knows the Lord Protector's mind  
herein?

*Ely.* In happy time here comes the duke himself.

GLOSTER *enters.*

*Glos.* My noble lords and cousins all, good mor-  
row.

My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there.

I do beseech you send for some of them.

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

*Glos.* Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

(*Exeunt GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*)

*Hast.* His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-  
day.

Marry, with no man here is he offended,  
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

(*Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*)

*Glos.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve  
That do conspire my death with devilish plots?

*Hast.* I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

*Glos.* Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,  
Look how I am bewitched ; behold my arm  
Is like a blasted sapling, wither'd up ;  
And this by Edward's wife, that monstrous witch.

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

*Glos.* *If*, thou protector of this damn'd harlot,  
Talk'st thou to me of *ifs* ? Thou art a traitor.  
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul I swear  
I will not dine until, until I see the same.  
Lovel and Ratcliff look that it be done.  
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

*Exeunt all but HASTINGS, RATCLIFF and LOVEL.*

*Hast.* O momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God.

*Lov.* Come, come, dispatch ; 'tis bootless to ex-  
claim.

*Hast.* O bloody Richard, miserable England.  
But lead me to the block ; bear him my head,  
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.

*(Exeunt.)*

#### ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter RICHARD, crowned, BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY,  
a page, and others.*

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

*Buck.* My gracious sovereign ?

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

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

*K. Rich.* Ha, am I king? 'tis so; but Edward lives.

*Buck.* True, noble prince.

*K. Rich.* True noble prince.

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly performed.

*Buck.* Your Grace may do your pleasure.

*K. Rich.* Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

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

Before I positively speak herein.

(*Exit.*)

*Cates. (aside).* The King is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

*K. Rich.* High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect. Boy.—

*Page.* My lord.

*K. Rich. (aside).* Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

*Page.* I know a discontented gentleman; Gold will no doubt tempt him to anything.

*K. Rich.* What is his name?

*Page.* His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

*K. Rich.* I partly know the man; go call him hither.

(*Exit page.*)

Come hither, Catesby; rumor it abroad

That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick.

Look, how thou dream'st ! I say again, give out  
That Anne, my Queen, is sick and like to die ;  
I must be married to my brother's daughter.

*Enter TYRREL.*

Is thy name Tyrrel ?

*Tyr.* James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

*K. Rich.* Two deep enemies,  
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep disturbers,  
Are they I would have you deal upon.  
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

*Tyr.* Let me have open means to come to them  
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

*K. Rich.* Rise, and lend thine ear (*whispers*).  
There is no more but so ; say it is done  
And I will love thee and prefer thee for it.

*Tyr.* I will dispatch it straight.

(*Exit.*)

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

*Buck.* My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,  
The earldom of Hereford and the movables.

*K. Rich.* (*Turns away and speaks to Stanley.*)

*Buck.* What says your Highness to my just  
request ?

*K. Rich.* (*Talks to himself.*)

*Buck.* My lord.—

*K. Rich.* (*Talks to himself.*)

*Buck.* My lord, your promise for the earldom.

*K. Rich.* What's o'clock ?

*Buck.* I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind  
Of what you promised me.

*K. Rich.* Well, but what's o'clock?

*Buck.* Upon the stroke of ten.

*K. Rich.* Well, let it strike.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

*(Turns away—all exeunt but BUCKINGHAM.)*

*Buck.* Is it even so? Rewards he my true service  
With such contempt? Made I him King for this?  
O, let me think on Hastings and begone  
To Breaknock, while my fearful head is on.

*(Exit.)*

*Enter TYRREL.*

*Tyr.* The tyrannous and bloody act is done.  
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,  
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.

*Enter King RICHARD.*

All health my sovereign lord.

*K. Rich.* Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

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

*K. Rich.* But didst thou see them dead?

*Tyr.* I did, my lord.

*K. Rich.* And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;  
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

*K. Rich.* Come to me, Tyrrel, soon after supper,  
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.  
Farewell till then.

*Tyr.* I humbly take my leave.

*(Exit.)*



*Enter CATESBY, hurriedly.*

*Cates.* My lord—

*K. Rich.* Good news, or bad, that thou comest in  
so bluntly ?

*Cates.* Bad news, my lord ; Buckingham is in the  
field.

*K. Rich.* Go muster men, my counsel is my shield ;  
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

*(Exeunt.)*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, Queen MARGARET, and  
Duchess of YORK.*

*Q. El. (weeping).* Ah, my princes ; ah, my tender  
babes ;

My unblown flowers ; new-appearing sweets.

Hover about me with your airy wings,

And hear your mother's lamentations.

*Q. Mar.* Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray ;  
That I may live to say, *The dog is dead.* *(Exit.)*

*Drum heard.*

*Duch.* I hear his drum ; he must be told his sins.

*Enter King RICHARD and soldiers marching.*

*K. Rich.* Who intercepts me here ? Who, who  
are these ?

*Q. El.* Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my  
children ?

*Duch.* Thou toad ! thou toad ! where is thy brother  
Clarence ?

*Q. El.* Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughn, Gray ?

*Duch.* Where is kind Hastings ?

*K. Rich.* Strike up the drum. (*Drum strikes.*)

*Duch.* O, let me speak.

*K. Rich.* Do thou, but I'll not hear.

*Duch.* Therefore take with thee my most heavy  
curse ;

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;  
Shame serves thy life and will thy death attend.

(*Exit.*)

*K. Rich.* (*to Queen El. going*). Stay, madam,  
I must speak a word with you.  
You have a daughter called Elizabeth,  
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.  
Then know that from my soul I love thy daughter,  
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

*Q. El.* Send her a letter of thy noble deeds ;  
Thou'rt the very man that slew her brothers ;  
'Twas thou that mad'st away her uncle Clarence.

*K. Rich.* Look, what is done cannot now be  
mended.

Men will deal unadvisedly sometimes.  
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go ;  
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale.  
Plead what I will be, not what I have been.

*Q. El.* I go. Write to me very shortly  
And you shall understand from me her mind.

*K. Rich.* Bear to her my true love's kiss (*kisses*  
*her*) and so farewell. (*Exit Q. El.*)

Relenting fool and shallow changing woman.

*Enter RATCLIFF and CATESBY.*

How now, what now ?

*Rat.* My lord, a navy on the western coast.

'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral.

*K. Rich.* Some light-foot friend post to the Duke  
of Norfolk ;

Ratcliff, thyself,—Catesby ; where is he ?

*Cates.* Here, my good lord.

*K. Rich.* Fly to the Duke. (*To RATCLIFF.*)  
Post thou to Salisbury.

(*Exeunt RAT. and CATES.*)

*Enter STANLEY.*

Stanley, what news with you ?

*Stan.* None, good my liege, to please you with  
the hearing.

Richmond is on the seas.

*K. Rich.* What doth he there ?

*Stan.* I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

*K. Rich.* Well, as you guess ?

*Stan.* He makes for England here to claim the  
crown.

*K. Rich.* What heir of York is there alive but we ?  
And who is England's king but great York's heir ?  
Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear.

*Stan.* No, mighty liege, therefore mistrust me not.

*K. Rich.* Go, then, and muster men. Bnt leave be-  
hind

Your son, George Stanley ; look your faith be firm,  
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

(*Exit STANLEY.*)

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire  
Sir Edward Courtney, the Bishop of Exeter,  
With many more confederates, are in arms.

L. of C.

*Enter Second Messenger.*

*2nd Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms.

*Enter a Third Messenger.*

*3rd Mess.* The news I have to tell your Majesty Is that Buckingham's army is dispersed.

*K. Rich.* Reward to him that brings the traitor in.

*Enter Fourth Messenger.*

*4th Mess.* 'Tis said, my liege, that Yorkshire is in arms.

*K. Rich.* March on, march, since we are up in arms.

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cates.* My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken. That is the best news ; that the Earl of Richmond Is with a mighty power landed at Milford Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.

*K. Rich.* Away towards Salisbury, While we reason here

A royal battle might be won and lost. (*Exeunt.*)

*Enter BUCKINGHAM with guard.*

*Buck.* Will not King Richard let me speak with him ?

*Guard.* No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

*Buck.* That high All-seer that I dallied with Now brings destruction on this wicked head. Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame ; Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

(*Exeunt.*)

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SCENE III.

*Enter King RICHARD and officers.*

*K. Rich.* Here pitch our tents, even here, in Bosworth field.

Let's lack no discipline ; make no delay,  
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. (*Exeunt.*)

*Enter the other side RICHMOND and officers.*

*Richmond.* The weary sun hath reached a golden set ;

There's token of a goodly day to-morrow.

Sweet Blunt, make means to speak with Lord Stanley.

And give him from me this most needful note,  
Now for our tents, the air is raw and cold.

(*Exeunt.*)

*Curtain falls and rises; RICHMOND is seen.*

*Richmond.* I'll strive with troubled thoughts to take a nap. (*Kneels.*)

O Thou whose captain I account myself,

Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;

To Thee do I commend my watchful soul

Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes ;

Sleeping and waking, O defend me still.

(*Curtain falls and rises.*)

King RICHARD *is seen asleep.*

*The ghost of Prince EDWARD steals past and points.*

*Ghost of P. E.* Think how thou kill'st me in the prime of youth

At Tewksbury ; despair and die.



*The ghost of K. HENRY VI. steals past and points.*

*Ghost of K. H. VI.* Think on the Tower and me;  
despair and die.

*The ghost of CLARENCE steals past and points.*

*Ghost of C.* Poor Clarence by thy guile betrayed  
to death,

To-morrow in the battle think on me ;  
Despair and die.

*The ghosts of the boy princes steal past and point.*

*Ghosts of the P.* Dream on thy cousins' smothered  
in the Tower !

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die.

King RICHARD *starts up.*

*K. Rich.* Give me another horse ; bind up my  
wounds ;

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

O coward conscience, how thou dost afflict me !

I shall despair. There is no creature loves me.

And if I die no soul will pity me.

*Enter RATCLIFF.*

*Rat.* My lord—

*K. Rich.* Who's there ?

*Rat.* My lord, 'tis I. The early village cock  
Hath twice done salutation to the morn.

Your friends are up and buckle on their armor.

*K. Rich.* O Ratcliff, I have dreamed a fearful  
dream.

Methought the souls of all that I have murdered  
Came to my tent. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear.

*Rat.* Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

*Enter NORFOLK, officers and soldiers.*

*K. Rich.* Who saw the sun to-day ?

*Rat.* Not I, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Then he disdains to shine, for by the book  
He should have braved the east an hour ago ;  
A black day will it be to somebody.

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

*Others enter.*

*K. Rich.* Come bustle, bustle, caparison my horse ;  
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his horse.

*Enter a Messenger.*

What says Lord Stanley, will he bring his power ?

*Mess.* My lord, he doth deny to come.

*K. Rich.* Off with his son George's head.

*Norf.* After the battle let George Stanley die.

*K. Rich.* Fight, gentlemen of England ; fight, bold  
yeomen. *(Exeunt.)*

*Noise of fighting heard, with shouts, drums, etc.*

King RICHARD *rushes in*—and CATESBY.

*K. Rich.* A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a  
horse !

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

*K. Rich.* I think there be six Richmonds in the  
field ;

Five have I slain to-day instead of him.

A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

*(Exeunt.)*

King RICHARD *backs in, followed by RICHMOND, fighting, and backs out on opposite side; noise and shouts.*

SCENE IV.

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*Re-enter* RICHMOND.

*Richmond.* The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

STANLEY *enters with crown.*

*Stan.* Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquitted thee ;

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

*Richmond.* Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled  
That in submission will return to us.

And, then, as we have taken the sacrament,  
We will unite the white rose and the red:  
Smile, Heaven, on this fair conjunction.

O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
The true successors of each royal house,  
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together.  
Now civil wounds are stopped ; peace lives again.  
That she may long live here, God say Amen.

*All bow and shout :*

Long live the king!

*(Drums and trumpet and all march off.)*



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