Birla Central Library
PILANI (Jaipur State)
Class No :- 822.33
Book No :- S 32 T V.15
Accession No :- 5828

The "Teaching of English" Series

General Editor—SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

SHAKESPEARE'S
KING RICHARD THE THIRD

No. 97

LORD RIVERS AND CAXTON BEFORE EDWARD IV.

From a MS. preserved at Lambeth Palace. By the King's side is the young prince, for three months Edward V.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY

OF

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

EDITED BY

EVELYN SMITH, B.A.

"The reader acts the play himself in the theatre of his own mind"

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, LTD.
LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK

First published September 1928.

GENERAL EDITOR'S PREFACE

THIS series is planned with one simple aim in view—to make the reading of Shakespeare's plays as easy and straightforward as possible.

Notes are reduced to the smallest compass. First, in order that the reader's imagination may have definite material to work with, the list of the *dramatis personæ* is followed by a suggestion of their dress and appearance; and, when practicable, illustrations are given. Second, the text, which is presented without any further preliminary, is accompanied by footnotes which form a Glossary of obsolete or misleading words.

The play may therefore be read at first sight without let or hindrance—without even the delay and distraction which would be caused by turning to a later page for such merely necessary explanations. But there will be many for whom, if not at a first reading yet perhaps at a second, something further may be desirable—a bit of historical information, a paraphrase of a difficult passage, or the clearing up of a confused metaphor. To supply these, and to supply them at the right time, is the object of the commentary placed immediately after the text.

This commentary contains a causerie in several divisions: marking the place of this particular drama in Shakespeare's career; tracing its importance in his poetic development; estimating its artistic value; and suggesting a number of other questions on which an intelligent student might reflect with pleasure.

CONTENTS

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.
EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, *afterwards King Edward V.*, } *sons to the king.*
RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK, }
GEORGE, DUKE OF CLARENCE, } *brothers to the king.*
RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *afterwards King Richard III.*, }
A young son of Clarence.
HENRY, EARL OF RICHMOND, *afterwards King Henry VII.*
CARDINAL BOURCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
THOMAS ROTHERHAM, *Archbishop of York.*
JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely.*
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY, *his son.*
EARL RIVERS, *brother to Elizabeth.*
MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, *sons to Elizabeth.*
EARL OF OXFORD.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STANLEY, *called also* EARL OF DERBY.
LORD LOVEL.
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.
SIR JAMES TYRREL.
SIR JAMES BLOUNT.
SIR WALTER HERBERT.
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a priest.*
Another Priest.
TRESSEL and BERKELEY, *gentlemen attending on the Lady Anne.*
LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.
SHERIFF OF WILTSHIRE.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY—*continued.*

ELIZABETH, *Queen to King Edward IV.*
MARGARET, *widow of King Henry VI.*
DUCHESS OF YORK, *mother to King Edward IV., Clarence, and Gloucester.*
LADY ANNE, *widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to Richard.*
A young daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET).

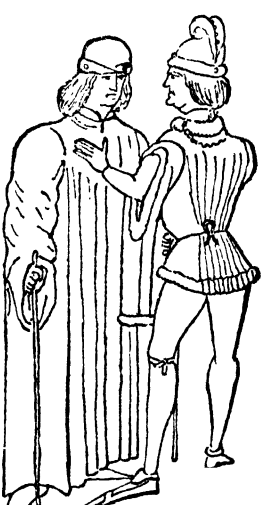
Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III., Lords and other Attendants; a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, etc.

Scene: England.

INTRODUCTION

COSTUME OF THE PERIOD

MEN'S costume is, roughly speaking, of two kinds—the short tunic and long hose and pointed shoes fashionable throughout the reign of Edward IV., and the longer, fuller tunic, and broad-toed shoes which foreshadow the type of dress which, in the reign of Henry VIII., was to be immortalized in the paintings and drawings of Holbein. A man in the former fashion would wear a tunic of some rich material, drawn in at the waist, and ending at the hips, or between waist and knees, its brief skirt being pleated and trimmed with fur. The neck of this tunic was cut low in front, displaying a silk shirt over which, criss-cross, from edge to edge of the tunic front, was drawn a golden lace. The sleeves were wide and full, and were sometimes cut away to display undersleeves of a colour matching that of the long hose. The chronicler of Edward's time, the monk of Croy-



Costume, *temp.* Edward IV.
(Roy. MS. 15 E iv.

land, says that the king, for his last state dresses, chose the " new fashion " of these " very full hanging sleeves like a monk's, lined with most sumptuous furs, and so rolled over his shoulders as to give his tall person an air of grandeur." Sumptuary laws passed during Edward's reign forbade the wearing of abnormally wide sleeves, and of abnormally long-toed " poulaines," the shoes associated with this type of dress ; but sleeves still remained wide, and a man of or above the rank of esquire might order shoes pointed two inches beyond the foot. By the end of Edward's reign the high-peaked hat was commonly superseded by the low-crowned, small-brimmed cap, sometimes adorned with a jewel, or with a long strip of pinked material, usually of a bright colour. The newer fashion of dress, and that which we associate with Richard himself, was a tunic with normally full sleeves and ample skirt, made of a rich heavy material, reaching well below the knees, and cut away at the neck to show a white pleated shirt, often edged with black velvet or embroidered with black silk. Over this tunic was worn an overcoat with wide sleeves and rolled-back collar : this coat was laid open to display its furred borders and the richly contrasting colour of the tunic. A large purse hung at the right side of the waist-belt. The shoes were blunt-toed. Materials were of splendid colour and texture. Only the royal family might wear purple cloth of gold and purple silk, while no one below the rank of a duke might wear cloth of gold tissue. Nobles below this rank must be content with plain cloth of gold, knights with velvet, and esquires with satin. Most men of the time were clean-shaven, and they wore their hair long—very much like that of the knaves in the playing-cards.

Women, on the other hand, showed as little hair as they could. The fashion of plucking the eyebrows is not new : it was known in the reign of Richard III.

Pictures from MSS. of the period, showing general costume.

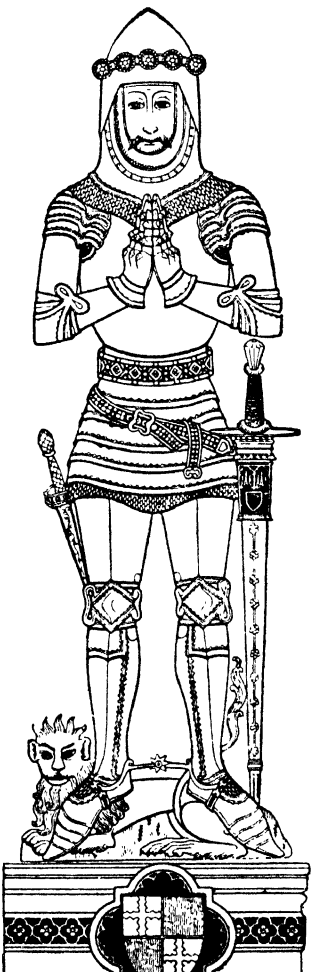
The characteristic head-dress of Edward's time was the *hennin*, the steeple hat set back on the head, and adorned with a veil of some light floating material. This was superseded by a cap, with square wings of thin linen drawn to the back of the head and wired to stand out stiffly there, so large that they must have caught every breath of wind and much inconvenienced the wearer; in fact, with the exception of the high-piled hair and elaborate head-dress of the reign of George III., this late fifteenth-century winged cap must have been the most uncomfortable headgear ever devised by wit of woman. Often it was made of transparent material, showing the cap or caul worn as a close covering for the hair, sewn with a pattern of jewels, or embroidered with silver and gold thread.

Apart from the head-dress, feminine fashions were not in any way abnormal. The usual type of gown was full-skirted and somewhat short-waisted, the sleeves were of comfortable proportions, the neck was cut into a V shape to show a chemisette of colour and material different from that of the gown, or was square, and banded with black velvet.

In the last act of the play armour is worn. A good idea of the appearance of a fully-armed knight of the fifteenth century is given by the brass of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in which, it has been said, "knightly armour takes perhaps its last expression of perfection." It is, of course, plate armour, the different pieces of which were riveted by the armourer in "accomplishing" the knight for battle. There were breast-plates and back-plates, and, under the arm, where freedom of movement was essential, a little plate was fastened to each side, to protect what might be a vulnerable spot. The upper arm was covered with the rere-brace, the lower arm with the vambrace, and the elbows were protected with elbow-cops, seen clearly in the Beauchamp effigy. On the legs were greaves, with knee-caps, and on the feet

sollerets, or plated shoes. Round the loins went a short skirt of tonlets, or horizontal bands of steel, slightly overlapping one another. The helmet was "a globular iron cap, which spreads out with a large hollowed projection over the back of the neck, and in front has a piece formed like part of a bowl, so as to cover the mouth and chin." This front-piece was called the bavière, or beaver, and was perforated for respiration. Above it was the visor, a movable plate, pierced with slits just wide enough to allow the wearer to see through them. The gorget, a collar of plate, connected the helmet with the body armour. The complete suit of mail was not worn by every knight—it was too expensive to be common; and, even if it were beautifully made, it must have been very heavy and uncomfortable. Shakespeare speaks of

"a rich armour worn in
heat of day,
That scalds with safety,"



Armour of the 15th century.

and it is no wonder that armour went out of fashion. In Shakespeare's own time Sir John Hawkins writes that " he had great preparations of armours as well of proof as of light corselets, yet not a man would use them, but esteemed a pot of wine a better defence than an armour of proof." *

At tournaments surcoats, emblazoned with the arms of the owner, were worn over the armour, and, for the sake of the brilliant effect, these are often represented in pictures or on the stage, but, as a matter of fact, they were not common on the battle-field by the end of the fifteenth century. It has been said that during the Wars of the Roses men were unwilling " to display on their breasts the bearings by which their mortal foe might know them from afar."

The archers, who played an important part at Bosworth, wore iron headpieces and thickly quilted tunics. Sometimes they had the additional protection of breast-plate or mail shirt, but the thickness of the tunic was their essential defence. Hall gives a vivid description of how the rank and the file of the army made ready: " Lord, how hastely the souldioures buckled their healmes, how quikly the archers bent their bowes and frushed theire feathers, how redely ye byllmen shoke there bylles and proued there staues, redy to approche and ioyne when the terrible trompet should sownde the bluddy blast to victorie or death." Bows, swords, daggers, spears, bills, were the chief weapons used on the field of Bosworth.

HISTORICAL PERSONAGES OF THE PLAY

The Elizabethan chronicler Hall writes thus of Richard: " He was little of stature, evil-featured of

* Modern conditions of warfare demand that soldiers should have more protection than they had in 1914. Had the Great War continued, some complete armour of proof would probably have been devised.

limbs, crook-backed, the left shoulder much higher than the right, hard-favoured of visage, such as in estates is called a war-like visage, and among common persons a crabbed face." He had a habit of restless movement: "When he stood musing he would bite and chew busily his nether lip, as who said that his fierce nature in his cruel body always chafed, stirred, and was ever unquiet. Beside that, the dagger that he ware he would, when he studied,* with his hand pluck up and down in the sheath to the midst, never drawing it fully out." The Windsor portrait gives an impression of unhappiness, clouding the energy and resolution of the set lips, the craft and penetration of the eyes. This is Shakespeare's Richard, a man who has a quarrel with life, who has been cheated by nature, and, being "subtle, false, and treacherous," resolves to gain his own ends at whatever cost by himself alone. The extent of his physical deformity has been the subject of controversy: it is not apparent in his portraits, but it is not likely that a court painter would make it so. Among contemporary chroniclers, only one † mentions it, saying that his shoulders were uneven. Stowe, the Elizabethan historian and antiquary, says he had talked with old men who had seen Richard, and said that he was "of bodily shape comely enough, only of low stature." This description, however, may not amount to much more than that he was not so much deformed as he was reported to be, and, wearing the loose wide-collared coat fashionable at the time, and his hair long, and, perhaps, seen on horseback, Richard might appear of normal build to the casual onlooker. His "low stature" would of course have been emphasized when he was with his brother Edward, who was very tall and of extraordinarily fine physique. Many con-

* Reflected upon or considered a matter.
† Rous, the hermit of Warwickshire.

temporaries speak of Edward's beauty, though his countenance, as depicted in the Windsor portrait, cannot be said to be prepossessing, being marred by the narrowness of the eyes. There can be no doubt that the extent of Richard's deformity, whatever it was in fact, was greatly exaggerated by popular tradition during the century after his defeat and death. Whatever may be said for his powers as soldier and ruler, he was responsible for the murder of two helpless children—a crime which, even in an age accustomed to deeds of treachery, violence, and cruelty, was regarded with the utmost horror and indignation. Popular opinion made a monster of Richard Crookback; it was Shakespeare who re-created him as a human being, a character compatible with the crafty, sad, subtle, ironic Richard of the Windsor portrait.

Clarence, " a goodly and well-featured prince," had the personal fascination which both his brothers could exercise at will. Shakespeare invents the episode which makes Richard directly responsible for his death (I. iii.), but not the fact on which he bases his fear lest the hired murderers should relent.

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

He is called " false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," because, having deserted the cause of his brother Edward, and joined Warwick the King-maker, whose daughter he married, he changed sides and fought with his brother against his father-in-law at Barnet. After Edward's accession he showed signs of once more turning against his brother, but was impeached for high treason before he had brought rebellion to a head.

Sir Thomas More records that Buckingham was " of

nature marvellously well spoken," and Shakespeare develops his character as courtier and diplomat, the " deep revolving witty Buckingham " who is so easily duped by the subtlety of Richard. Hastings is a type dear to Shakespeare, the " plain soldier," honest and downright, faithful and courageous. Sir Thomas More says that he was " plain and open to his enemy, and secret to his friend; easy to beguile, as he who of good heart and courage forestudied no perils. A loving man and passing well beloved; very faithful and trusty enough; trusting too much." The Richmond who became the Henry VII. of history, spare and keen-eyed, careful and subtle, with a genius for control and order, is a somewhat colourless character in the play, where Richard absorbs the interest.

Of the minor characters, Cardinal Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, who crowned three kings, seems to have had the useful art of adapting himself to circumstances. Rotherham, Archbishop of York, was guilty of an extraordinary piece of folly in handing over the Great Seal to Queen Elizabeth Woodville, when he visited her and found her sitting " alone below on the rushes all desolate and dismayed " in the " abbot's place " at Westminster. He apparently realized this soon after leaving her, and sent for it again, but he was deprived of office as a result of his desire to reassure and comfort the unhappy and frightened queen. Ely was of a very different type: it was he, according to More, who encouraged Buckingham to rebel against Richard, who, aware of him as a potentially dangerous enemy, had placed him in the duke's custody at Brecknock. Those familiar with the history of Henry VII.'s reign know what an important part he was to play in extorting money from the people. Bacon, writing of those times, describes him as " a wise man and an eloquent, but in his nature harsh, and haughty; much accepted by the king, but envied by the nobility, and hated of the

people." Hall says that Christopher Urswick was "an honest and wise priest." Stanley, by skill or luck, managed to evade impeachment by Richard, who disliked and distrusted him. He played a dramatic part at Bosworth, where he placed Richard's crown, found in a hawthorn bush, on the head of the triumphant Richmond, who, as Henry VII., adopted the crown in a hawthorn bush as a cognizance. Norfolk held many offices under Edward IV., but he did not support his son, and took part in the magnificent coronation ceremony of Richard, to whom, in spite of the warning on his tent (see page 153), he remained faithful to the end, dying on the field of Bosworth. After the battle a report was circulated that Norfolk had been guilty of betraying Richard and causing him to be slain, but there seems to have been no foundation for this. Surrey, his son, led the English archers who fought for Richard at Bosworth.

Richard's three chief supporters were commemorated in the famous lampoon of William Colyngbourne, of Wiltshire, one of the first Englishmen openly to resent the usurpation—

> "The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel our Dog,
> Ruleth all England under a Hog."

Of the three Lovel escaped, and, during Henry VII.'s reign, supported the claim of Lambert Simnel, the pretended son of Clarence, to the English throne.

Tyrrel is thus described by Hall, following More's account: "A man of goodly personage, and for the gifts of nature worthy to have served a much better prince, if he had well served God, and by grace obtained to have as much truth and good will, as he had strength and wit. The man had an high heart and sore longed upward, being hindered and kept under by Sir Richard Ratcliffe and Sir William Catesby." Forrest was "a fellow flesh bred in

murder before time," and Dighton "a big broad square and strong knave." It is said that the bodies of the young princes were buried at the stair foot of the White Tower, and, during the reign of Charles II., while the staircase leading to the chapel of this tower was being repaired, the skeletons of two boys were found. King Charles had them buried in Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster.

The most unpopular people in England at this time were the Woodvilles, the relations of Edward's queen. Elizabeth Woodville was the widow of Sir John Grey, who was mortally wounded at St. Albans, and Edward married her against the will of his mother and of all the great nobles of England, who regarded the Woodville family as wretched upstarts, and bitterly resented their influence in public affairs. Elizabeth appears to have been beautiful, but weak and foolish —though it is unlikely that strength and good sense would have availed her much in the times in which she lived. Her brother, Earl Rivers, commands the respect of posterity for his interest in the "new learning" of the Renaissance: it was under his patronage that Caxton set up his printing-press and produced the first book to be printed in England. Dorset and Grey were the sons of Elizabeth by her first husband. Dorset survived the perilous days of Richard's reign, but never played any important part in history. As might be expected, the young King Edward preferred his mother's relations to those of his father, and wept bitterly when they were arrested, and, with them, Vaughan, who had been his attendant since his babyhood.

Little is known of Anne Nevill, who was a girl of sixteen when Richard married her, having been betrothed to Henry VI.'s son Edward when she was fourteen. Clarence objected to the proposed marriage (see page 23), and for a time kept Anne in hiding, disguised as a kitchen-maid—a strange experience for

a daughter of Warwick the King-maker. The Duchess of York was sixty-eight at the time of the play—Shakespeare represents her as an old woman of eighty odd to increase the pathos of her fate. Margaret, who plays a vivid and interesting part in the play of *Henry VI.*, was a woman of remarkable energy and ability, one of the type described by a modern novelist as those " strong striving women that never get what they want," a consort who must often have amazed and troubled the gentle, pious Henry. As is clear from the reminiscences of various battles in this play, she was general-in-chief of the Lancastrian forces. She died in 1483—and, to those who have read the play of *Henry VI.*, it will seem that, although Shakespeare introduces her as a living being, the Margaret of *Richard III.* is but a restless angry ghost.

SUMMARY OF HISTORICAL EVENTS CONNECTED WITH THE PLAY OF " RICHARD III."

1455. Beginning of the Wars of the Roses, waged between the White Rose faction, supporters of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and the Red Rose faction, supporters of Henry VI., of the House of Lancaster.

1460. Battle of Wakefield Green, where the Duke of York, father of Edward IV., Clarence, and Richard III., and husband of the Duchess of York who appears in the play, was defeated and slain by Queen Margaret's forces. It is said that she mocked him by crowning him with a paper crown before his death. It was at Wakefield that young Rutland, York's second son, was killed in cold blood by Clifford.

1461. Margaret won a victory at St. Albans. In this battle Sir John Grey, husband of Elizabeth

Woodville, was killed fighting on the Lancastrian side.

The Londoners acknowledged Edward IV. as their king.

1471. Warwick the King-maker, who, angered by the marriage of Edward with Lady Grey, and the subsequent influence of the Woodville party, had joined Margaret, was defeated and slain at Barnet, and Margaret herself was defeated at Tewkesbury. After Tewkesbury Prince Edward, her son, was assassinated—by Richard and Clarence, it is said. Richard fled to Brittany. Henry VI. died while a prisoner in the Tower. Richard was believed to be responsible for his death. Richard married Anne Nevill, daughter of Warwick the King-maker, who had formerly been betrothed to the prince. This marriage was regarded with great disfavour by Clarence, who, being married to Anne's elder sister, feared lest his brother should claim too large a share of the great estate of Warwick, inherited by his daughters.

1478. Edward prosecuted Clarence for high treason. He was put to death in the Tower. Although Edward had authorized his death, it weighed heavily on his mind for the rest of his days.

1482. Richard distinguished himself in a campaign against the Scots, for the recovery of the fortress of Berwick.

1483. Death of Edward IV. Before his death he tried to make peace between those of his lords whom he knew to be at variance with one another.

The queen's relations, Rivers, Grey, and Dorset, were accused by Gloucester and Buckingham of a plot to seize the government for themselves and oppress the old nobility—hostile to the Woodville party. The queen and her younger son took sanctuary. The young

king, Edward V., entered London. Richard made protector. Rivers, Grey, Hastings, and others executed on a charge of conspiracy. A deputation, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, persuaded the queen to give up her second son. The two boys lodged in the Tower, which they never left.

Dr. Shaw engaged to preach a sermon at Paul's Cross questioning the validity of Edward's marriage with Elizabeth Woodville, on the grounds of his pre-contract with another woman,* and declaring that his children had no right to the crown. The Duke of Clarence had been charged with high treason, so his children had no right to succession. Some say that the preacher averred that Richard was the only legitimate son borne by Cecily, Duchess of York, to Richard Plantagenet—a slander against his mother which Gloucester suggests to Buckingham in III. iv. Evidently Richard was eager to use any calumny, however foul, to serve his purpose. "But the people were so far from crying 'King Richard!' that they stood as they had been turned to stones for wonder of this shameful sermon." On the following Tuesday Buckingham addressed the people on behalf of Richard, with the result recorded in the play. Rebellion and execution of Buckingham. Coronation of Richard.

1485. Death of Anne. Rumour that Richard intended to marry his niece, which was met with such strong opposition that he denied it publicly. Richmond landed at Milford Haven, and made a successful progress through Wales.

Battle of Bosworth. Defeat and death of Richard.

* Lady Eleanor Butler. The story is generally discredited by historians, though it has not been actually disproved.

YORK AND LANCASTER

Table showing relationship of the Yorkists who take part or are mentioned in the play of "Richard III." (The names of those taking part in the play are printed in italics.)

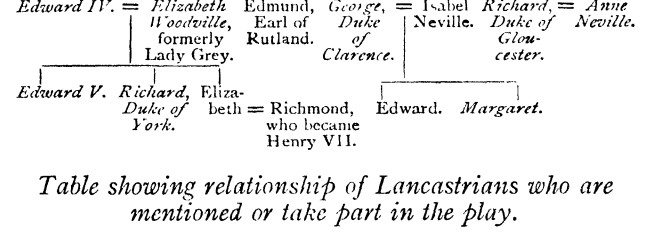
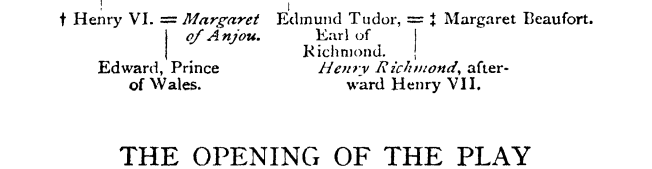


Table showing relationship of Lancastrians who are mentioned or take part in the play.



THE OPENING OF THE PLAY

1471

It is sixteen years since the outbreak of the Wars of the Roses, and at last the Yorkists have triumphed. Warwick the King-maker, deserter of their cause, is slain; the proud Queen Margaret is defeated; her son, Prince Edward, has been assassinated; her

* He claimed the throne of England on the grounds of his descent from the third and the fifth sons of Edward III.

† His right to the throne of England was based on his descent from the fourth son of Edward III.

‡ She was descended from Edward III. through John of Gaunt.

husband, Henry VI., has died by foul means while a prisoner in the Tower. But the House of York is doomed to destroy itself, and the instrument of its destruction appears in the first scene of this play—the misshapen Richard, subtle, false, and treacherous, determined to prove a villain. Already, in the play of *Henry VI., Part III.* (to which this play is a sequel), he has formed his purpose, standing by the body of the king he has slain :

" Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother ;
And this word ' love,' which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another
And not in me : I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware ; thou keep'st me from the light :
. . . . . .
King Henry and the prince his son are gone :
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
Counting myself but bad till I be best."

The play shows the fulfilment of this relentless ambition, and the final destruction of the usurper by Richmond, who, after his triumph, the triumph of Lancaster, marries the princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., and so unites the white rose and the red.

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD

ACT I

SCENE I

London. A street near the Tower.

[This is how the scene was shown at the *Lyceum*: "*The stage represented the end of a street, a corner-gable casting a shadow, a sundial in the foreground. Bells were ringing—characteristic of Plantagenet and early Tudor London—the sun was shining brightly in the street beyond the gable-end and in the foreground; presently a shadow was cast on the wall of the street, a moving shadow, and Richard, passing through the shadow of the gable, steps out into the sunlight as he comes towards the dial, and then the bells cease.*"]

[*Enter Richard, Duke of Gloucester, solus.*]

Glou. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

Solus, Alone.

Sun. Edward IV. adopted a sun as his cognizance, in memory of the three suns which are said to have appeared before his victory at Mortimer's Cross.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
I, that am cúrtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them ;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity :
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,

Alarums, Summons to arms (Italian, *all' arme*).
Measures, Stately dances. *Barbed*, Armed for battle.
Fearful, Full of fear.
Rudely stamp'd, Roughly shaped, like the figure on a badly made coin.
Piping. The pipe and the tabor were the instruments associated with the songs and revelry of peace ; the drum and fife with the stern music of war.
Descant, Discourse, comment, a term from music.
Induction, Introduction of a play or a piece of music ; inductions here means preparations.

To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

[*Enter Clarence, guarded, and Brakenbury.*]

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

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

Glou. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glou. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:
O, belike his majesty has some intent
That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

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

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

Mew'd up, Confined.
Tendering, Holding dear, having all consideration for.
Belike, Perhaps.
Cross-row, Alphabet. *Toys*, Trifles.

'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower ;
My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd ?
We are not safe, Clarence ; we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think there's no man is secure
But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery ?

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

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

Glou. Even so ; an't please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of anything we say :
We speak no treason, man : we say the king
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen

Tempers him to this extremity, Brings him to this extreme course of action. The metaphor is from the tempering of a sword.
Worship, Worth. *Woodeville*, A trisyllable.
Mistress Shore, The beautiful and witty wife of a London citizen. She exercised great influence over Edward IV., and, after his death, over Hastings.
Gossips, Godparents, and so, as here, people of importance and responsibility. *Straitly*, Strictly.
Of what degree soever, Whatever his rank may be.
An't, If it.

Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous ;
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue ;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks :
How say you, sir ? can you deny all this ?

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

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

Glou. We are the queen's abjécts, and must obey.
Brother, farewell : I will unto the king ;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glou. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long ;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you :
Meantime, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce. Farewell.

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

Glou. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence ! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here ? the new-deliver'd Hastings ?

[*Enter Lord Hastings.*]

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord !

Glou. As much unto my good lord chamberlain !
Well are you welcome to the open air.

Withal, As well, besides. *Forbear*, Desist from.
Abjécts, Used with ironic wit to denote slavish subjects.
Lie, An ironic play on the two meanings of the word—to tell lies, and to lie in prison.
New-deliver'd, *i.e.* from prison, where he had been placed by the influence of his enemies, the Woodville party.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment ?
Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must :
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glou. No doubt, no doubt ; and so shall Clarence too ;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.
Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
Glou. What news abroad ?
Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home ;
The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.
Glou. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And overmuch consumed his royal person :
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed ?
Hast. He is.
Glou. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit Hastings.*]
He cannot live, I hope ; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments ;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live :
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in !
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father ?

Brook'd, Endured. *Fear him,* Fear for him.
By Saint Paul, Richard's favourite oath.
Diet, Way of living.
Her husband and her father. Prince Edward, the son of Henry VI., betrothed to Anne, was slain after Tewkesbury ; the great Warwick, the King-maker, her father, fell at Barnet, defeated

The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father :
The which will I ; not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market :
Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives and reigns :
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II

The same. Another street.

[*Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth, Gentlemen with halberds to guard it ; Lady Anne being the mourner.*]

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king !
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds !
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes !

by the Yorkists. Father is here probably used for father-in-law, and refers to Henry VI.

Halberds. A halberd is a long-handled weapon fitted with both axe-head and spear-head.

Obsequiously, In honour of his obsequies, or funeral rites.

Invocate, Invoke, call upon.

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

[*Enter Gloucester.*]

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

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

Glou. Villains, set down the corse ; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

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

Glou. Unmanner'd dog ! stand thou, when I command :
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

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

Hap, Fortune (Icelandic, *happ*).
Prodigious, Monstrous. *Unhappiness*, Evil disposition.
Chertsey. Henry VI. was buried in Chertsey Abbey, but, after his accession, Richard had the body removed to Windsor and entombed in St. George's Chapel.
Spurn upon, Trample upon.

Alas, I blame you not ; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have ; therefore, be gone.

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

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not ;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
O, gentlemen, see, see ! dead Henry's wounds
Open their cóngeal'd mouths and bleed afresh !
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity ;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells ;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death !
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death !
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

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

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man :
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

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

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

Avaunt, Get away.
Minister, Servant.
Curst, Ill-tempered, spiteful.
Pattern, Example.
Wounds. There was an old superstition that, should the murderer stand by the corpse of his victim, the blood would again flow from the wounds he had made.
Exhales, Draws out.
Quick, Alive.

Glou. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.
Anne. Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.
Glou. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.
Glou. By such despair, I should accuse myself.
Anne. And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excused ;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glou. Say that I slew them not ?
Anne. Why, then they are not dead :
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Glou. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glou. Nay, he is dead ; and slain by Edward's hand.
Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest : Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood ;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glou. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

By circumstance, In detail.
Defused. Either a spelling of diffused, meaning disordered, shapeless, or in the sense of decocted, "defused infection of a man" meaning that he is the very essence of poisonous villainy.
Falchion, Sword.
Bend, Aim; the term, belonging to archery, is here applied to swordsmanship.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries :
Didst thou not kill this king ?
Glou. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog ? then, God grant me too
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed !
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous !
Glou. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glou. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither ;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Glou. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner ?
Anne. Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect.
Glou. Your beauty was the cause of that effect :
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glou. These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck ;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by :
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that ; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life !

Effect, One who effected (the deaths).

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

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

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

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

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

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

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

Anne. Name him.

Glou. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

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

Anne. Where is he?

Glou. Here. [*She spitteth at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?

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

Glou. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.

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

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

Glou. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspéct with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Mortal, Deadly.
Basilisk, A fabulous serpent said to have the power of killing with a glance.
Rutland . . . my father's death. See page 49.

Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain : in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy ;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words ;
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to speak. [*She looks scornfully at him.*]
Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breast open : she offers at it with his sword.*]
Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill King Henry,
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*Here she lets fall the sword.*]
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler : though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.

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

Anne. I have already.

Glou. Tush, that was in thy rage :
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
That hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,

Offers at it, Makes as if she were about to attack it.

Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love ;
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessary.
Anne. I would I knew thy heart.
Glou. 'Tis figured in my tongue.
Anne. I fear me both are false.
Glou. Then never man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.
Glou. Say, then, my peace is made.
Anne. That shall you know hereafter.
Glou. But shall I live in hope ?
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.
Glou. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
Anne. To take is not to give.
Glou. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart ;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it ?
Glou. That it would please thee leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place ;
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you :
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart ; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.
Glou. Bid me farewell.

Designs, Intentions (to be present at the funeral).
Presently, At once.
Crosby Place. Built in the fifteenth century by a rich London merchant, Sir John Crosby, and, at the time of this scene, a residence of Richard's. *Expedient*, Swift.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve ;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[*Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.*]
Glou. Sirs, take up the corse.
Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?
Glou. No, to White-Friars ; there attend my coming. [*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?
Was ever woman in this humour won ?
I'll have her ; but I will not keep her long.
What ! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I nothing to back my suit at all,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing !
Ha !
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury ?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford :
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,

White-Friars. The London street Whitefriars preserves the memory of this famous old monastery, founded by the Carmelite or White Friars in 1241. Holinshed says that Henry's body was taken to the Blackfriars. *Bleeding witness.* See page 35.

Three months. The actual time is more like three weeks. There are many such discrepancies of time in a historical play, and they are of little account.

Framed in the prodigality of nature, Made when nature was in a spendthrift mood, lavish in bestowing graces of form and character upon him.

And made her widow to a woful bed ?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety ?
On me, that halt and am unshapen thus ?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while :
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain some score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body :
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave ;
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III

A room in the palace at Westminster, at this time the royal palace of England. The roof is supported with arched oaken beams ; the windows are arched ; the wall is painted with figures standing stiffly against a background of stars or little flattened-out flowers. What furniture there is is simple and massive in form—a state seat, with the ends richly carved ; a "table dormant," or standing table, higher than the type we use, oblong and narrow in shape, set near the wall ; a chest with carved panels ; a bench and two or three oaken stools. The floor is strewn with rushes.

[*Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.*]

Riv. Have patience, madam : there's no doubt his majesty

Moiety, Portion (literally, half). *Unshapen*, Misshapen.
Denier, A small copper coin (a tenth of a penny).
Proper, Handsome. *Entertain*, Employ.

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

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

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

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

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

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

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

To be your comforter when he is gone.

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

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector ?

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

[*Enter Buckingham and Derby.*]

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace !

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

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

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

Der. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers ;
Or, if she be accused in true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds

Quick, Lively.
Miscarry, Come to harm, an euphemism for *die*.
Countess Richmond, Mother of Henry VII. (see table on page 25). Derby was her third husband. *Envious*, Malicious.

From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

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

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

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

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

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

Buck. Madam, we did : he desires to make atonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain ;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

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

[*Enter Gloucester, Hastings, and Dorset.*]

Glou. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it :
Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not ?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks ?

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

Glou. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee ? when done thee wrong ?
Or thee ? or thee ? or any of your faction ?
A plague upon you all ! His royal person,—

Confer with, Talk together with.
Atonement, Reconciliation.
Cog, Cheat.
Warn, Summon.
Presence, Company.

Whom God preserve better than you would wish !—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

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

Glou. I cannot tell : the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch :
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloucester ;
You envy my advancement and my friends' :
God grant we never may have need of you !

Glou. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you :
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt ; whilst many fair promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

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

Lewd, Base (originally, ignorant). *Provoked*, Incited.
Careful, Full of care. *Hap*, Lot, fortune.
Suspects, Suspicions.

Glou. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my lord, for—
Glou. She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not? She may, yea, marry, may she,—
Riv. What, marry, may she?
Glou. What, marry, may she! marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too;
I wis your grandam had a worser match.
Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
With those gross taunts I often have endured.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:
[*Enter Queen Margaret, behind.*]
Small joy have I in being England's queen.
Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
Thy honour, state and seat is due to me.
Glou. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

Marry, A favourite oath (by Mary).
I wis, Certainly, for *ywis* (from O.E. *gewis*, certain).
Baited at, Set upon, worried. The metaphor is from bull-baiting, one of the "sports" of the period.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glou. Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.

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

Glou. In all which time you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

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

Glou. Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick;
Yea, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glou. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,
Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king:
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Factious for, In the faction of, supporters of.
Meed, Reward. *Cacodemon*, Evil spirit.

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

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. [*Advancing.*]
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?
O gentle villain, do not turn away!

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

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make before I let thee go.

Glou. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou owest to me;
And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance:
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glou. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Patient, Three syllables. *Makest thou*, Doest thou.
Clout, Rag.

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

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

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

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
If not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Babe. Rutland was seventeen when he was killed. Hall says he was scarce twelve, and he is represented as a child in the old play, *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York.*

Quick, Lively.

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

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

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

Glou. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard !

Glou. Ha !

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glou. I cry thee mercy then, for I had thought
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did ; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse !

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

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

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

Still, Ever.
Elvish-mark'd, Marked with deformities by elves.
Hog, The boar was Richard's device.
Cry thee mercy, I ask your pardon.
Painted, With no more substance than a painting.
Flourish, Ornament—the metaphor carries on the idea of Elizabeth's royalty as a merely ephemeral quality.

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about ?
Fool, fool ! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

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

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

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects :
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty !

Dor. Dispute not with her ; she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are malapert :
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable !
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them ;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

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

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

Glou. Yea, and much more : but I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade ; alas ! alas !
Witness my son, now in the shade of death ;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath

Bottled, Shaped like a bottle, bloated.
Bunch-back'd, With a back that bunches or humps out.
Malapert, Impudent.
Fire-new, Brand-new, fresh from the fire. Grey had been created Marquess of Dorset in 1475.

Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest:
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

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

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame;
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

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

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gently-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glou. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess!
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*]

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

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

Glou. I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

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

Glou. But you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains:
God pardon them that are the cause of it!

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

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

[*Enter Catesby.*]

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

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

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]

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

Muse, Wonder. *Vantage*, Advantage.
Frank'd, Styed up, imprisoned. A *frank* is a pigsty.
Scathe, Injury.
Set abroach, Set going. *To set abroach* is to tap a cask of liquor by piercing it. *Gulls*, Dupes, fools.

Tell them that God bids us do good for evil :
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.
[*Enter two Murderers.*]
But, soft ! here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates !
Are you now going to dispatch this deed ?
First Murd. We are, my lord ; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glou. Well thought upon ; I have it here about me.
[*Gives the warrant.*]
When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead ;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.
First Murd. Tush !
Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate ;
Talkers are no good doers : be assured
We come to use our hands and not our tongues.
Glou. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears :
I like you, lads ; about your business straight ;
Go, go, dispatch.
First Murd. We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

A room in the Bowyer Tower, Tower of London. The walls and floor are of stone, the ceiling is vaulted, supported by pointed arches, the windows are loopholes, with deep embrasures. There is a bench-like bed, with

Dispatch, Perform at once.

coverings. Clarence is a royal prisoner, and fairly well lodged. The Folio directions are " Enter Clarence and Keeper ; " the Quartos have " Enter Clarence and Brakenbury." From the text it is more satisfactory to imagine Brakenbury entering to Clarence, who is flung on the bed in the attitude of weariness, terror, and despair, that possess him after his " miserable night, so full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams."

[*Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.*]

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

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

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

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

Heavily, Sadly.
Methoughts. A corrupt form of *methought*, the past tense of *methinks*, an impersonal verb meaning *it seems to me.*
Cited up, Recalled.

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

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep ?

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

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony ?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life ;
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
Who cried aloud, " What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ? "
And so he vanish'd : then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood ; and he squeak'd out aloud,
" Clarence is come ; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury ;
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments ! "

Envious, Malicious, cruel. *Bulk*, Body.
Furies, Three goddesses of vengeance, represented as wearing serpents entwined with their hair. They pursued the guilty with pangs of remorse.

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream.

Brak. No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted you ;
I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.

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

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

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil ;
And, for unfelt imagination,
They often feel a world of restless cares :
So that, betwixt their titles and low names,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

[*Enter the two Murderers.*]

First Murd. Ho ! who's here ?

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

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

Brak. Yea, are you so brief ?

Sec. Murd. O sir, it is better to be brief than tedious. Show him our commission ; talk no more.

[*Brakenbury reads it.*]

Requites, Rewards.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sec. Murd. The urging of that word "judgment" hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

First Murd. What, art thou afraid ?

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

First Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

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

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

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

First Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now ?

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

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

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

First Murd. Where is thy conscience now ?

Wont, Accustomed.

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

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

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

First Murd. How if it come to thee again ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tall, Excellent of his or its kind ; here, valiant. ***Gear,*** Matter.
Costard, A large apple, a slang term for the head.
Chop, Thrust with a quick sharp movement.
Sop, A piece of bread dipped in wine.
Reason with, Talk with.

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

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

Sec. Murd. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

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

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

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

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak !
Your eyes do menace me : why look you pale ?
Who sent you hither ? Wherefore do you come ?

Both. To, to, to——

Clar. To murder me ?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you ?

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

Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.

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

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent ? What is my offence ?
Where are the evidence that do accuse me ?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge ? or who pronounced
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death ?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart and lay no hands on me :
The deed you undertake is damnable.

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

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

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the tables of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder: and wilt thou, then,
Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

Sec. Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,
To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

First Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

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

First Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why, sirs,
He sends ye not to murder me for this;
For in this sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be revenged for this deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him.

First Murd. Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

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

First Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Forswearing, Perjury. *Dear*, Extreme.

Clar. Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me ;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you be hired for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

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

Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear :
Go you to him from me.

Both. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charged us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship :
Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep.

First Murd. Ay, millstones ; as he lesson'd us to weep.

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

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

Clar. It cannot be ; for when I parted with him,
He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

Sec. Murd. Why, so he doth, now he delivers thee
From this world's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

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

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me ?
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

Meed, Reward.
Labour my delivery, Do his utmost to get me out of prison.
Thraldom, State of being a thrall or slave.

Sec. Murd. What shall we do ?
Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
First Murd. Relent ! 'tis cowardly and womanish.
Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life ?
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks ;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress :
A begging prince what beggar pities not ?
Sec. Murd. Look behind you, my lord.
First Murd. Take that, and that : if all this will not do, [*Stabs him.*]
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
[*Exit, with the body.*]
Sec. Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd !
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done !
[*Re-enter First Murderer.*]
First Murd. How now ! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not ?
By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou art !
Sec. Murd. I would he knew that I had saved his brother !
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say ;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*]
First Murd. So do not I : go, coward as thou art.
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Until the duke take order for his burial :
And when I have my meed, I must away ;
For this will out, and here I must not stay.

Dispatch'd, Done with haste. ***Fain,*** Gladly.

ACT II

SCENE I

London. The Palace of Westminster.

[*Flourish. Enter King Edward sick, Queen Elizabeth, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and others.*]

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

Riv. By heaven, my heart is purged from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

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

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king;
Lest he that is the súpreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Part, Depart.
Dissemble not your hatred, Do not pretend that your hatred is other than it is. The sense of the line is, "Do not conceal your hatred under a pretence of friendship, but put it away altogether and swear your true friendship for one another."
Dally, Trifle—here, with the truth.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!
Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!
K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,
Nor your son Dorset, Buckingham, nor you;
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.
Q. Eliz. Here, Hastings; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!
K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love lord marquess.
Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be unviolable.
Hast. And so swear I, my lord. [*They embrace.*]
K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
On you or yours [*to the Queen*], but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of God,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours. [*They embrace.*]
K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.
Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.
[*Enter Gloucester.*]
Glou. Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen;

Have been factious, Have taken sides.
Period, Ending, conclusion.

And, princely peers, a happy time of day !

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.
Brother, we have done deeds of charity ;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glou. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege :
Amongst this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe ;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace :
'Tis death to me to be at enmity ;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service ;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodged between us ;
Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you ;
That all without desert have frown'd on me ;
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds
More than the infant that is born to-night :
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter :
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glou. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence ?
Who knows not that the noble duke is dead ?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

Riv. Who knows not he is dead ! who knows he is ?

Liege, Lord. ***Intelligence***, Information.
Compounded, Settled with satisfactory terms.

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!
Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?
Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no one in this presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.
K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was reversed.
Glou. But he, poor soul, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

[*Enter Derby.*]

Der. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!
K. Edw. I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.
Der. I will not rise, unless your highness grant.
K. Edw. Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st.
Der. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.
K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall the same give pardon to a slave?
My brother slew no man; his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruel death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised?
Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,

Mercury, The swift messenger of the gods, represented as wearing a winged cap and winged sandals. ***Lag***, Late.
Current, As current coin, which is genuine, and free from suspicion.

And said, " Dear brother, live, and be a king " ?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his own garments, and gave himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night ?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon ;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you :
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life ;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this !
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh, poor Clarence !

[*Exeunt some with King and Queen.*]

Glou. This is the fruit of rashness ! Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death ?
O, they did urge it still unto the king !
God will revenge it. But come, let us in,
To comfort Edward with our company.

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

Lap, Wrap.

Not a man of you. The story of how, when anyone sued for a man's life, Edward would call to mind that none had sued for that of Clarence, is told by Polydore Vergil, in his *Historia Anglica*, parts of which were incorporated by Hall in his *Chronicle*.

SCENE II

The palace.

[*Enter the Duchess of York, with the two children of Clarence.*]

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

Duch. No, boy.

Boy. Why do you wring your hands, and beat your breast,
And cry " O Clarence, my unhappy son ! "

Girl. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us wretches, orphans, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive ?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me much ;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death ;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Boy. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this :
God will revenge it ; whom I will importune
With daily prayers all to that effect.

Girl. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace ! the king doth love you well :
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

Boy. Grandam, we can ; for my good uncle Gloucester
Told me, the king, provoked by the queen,
Devised impeachments to imprison him :
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,

Cousins. The word is used to denote any degree of kinship but the nearest. *Incapable, i.e.* Of understanding.
Shallow, With no depths of knowledge and suspicion. The term is not used scornfully here. *Provoked,* Urged.

And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.
Duch. Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile!
He is my son; yea, and therein my shame.
Boy. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?
Duch. Ay, boy.
Boy. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?
[*Enter Queen Elizabeth, with her hair about her ears; Rivers and Dorset after her.*]
Q. Eliz. Oh, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.
Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?
Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?
Why wither not the leaves the sap being gone?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.
Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
Which grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:

Vizard, Visor, mask. *Title in*, Right of possession in.

But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,
Edward and Clarence. O, what cause have I,
Thine being but a moiety of my grief,
To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries!

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

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

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Oh for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss!

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss!
Alas, I am the mother of these moans!
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:
Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

***Moiety*, Part (literally, half).** ***Parcell'd*, Separated into parts.**

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeased
That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

[*Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, and Ratcliff.*]

Glou. Madam, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace: humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy mind,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glou. [*Aside*] Amen; and make me die a good old man!
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing:
I marvel why her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,

Cloudy, Sorrowful. *Rancour*, Bitterness, anger.

Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept :
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

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

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd :
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glou. I hope the king made peace with all of us ;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me ; and so, I think, in all :
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urged :
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glou. Then be it so ; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you, my mother, will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business ?

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

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloucester.*]

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two be behind ;
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,

Ludlow. Ludlow Castle, in Shropshire, was formerly a royal residence. The prince had been sent here with Rivers.
Post, Hasten. *Censures*, Judgments, opinions.
Sort occasion, Make occasion.

To part the queen's proud kindred from the king.
Glou. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet! My dear cousin,
I, like a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

London. A street. The houses are built of wood, with pointed gables; the road is cobbled; gaily painted signs denote the various shops.

[*Enter two Citizens, meeting.*]

First Cit. Neighbour, well met: whither away so fast?
Sec. Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?
First Cit. Ay, that the king is dead.
Sec. Cit. Bad news, by 'r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear 'twill prove a troublous world.

[*Enter another Citizen.*]

Third Cit. Neighbours, God speed!
First Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.
Third Cit. Doth this news hold of good King Edward's death?
Sec. Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!
Third Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
First Cit. No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.
Third Cit. Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!
Sec. Cit. In him there is a hope of government,

Consistory, An ecclesiastical court.
Doth this news hold? Is this news true? ***The while***, The time.

That in his nonage council under him,
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.
First Cit. So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
Third Cit. Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
First Cit. Why, so hath this, both by the father and mother.
Third Cit. Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all;
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester!
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:
And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
First Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst; all shall be well.
Third Cit. When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
Sec. Cit. Truly, the souls of men are full of dread:
Ye cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of fear.

His nonage, Before he is of age.
God wot, God knows.
Politic, Crafty.
Emulation, Rivalry.
God sort it, God arrange it, bring it to pass.
Cannot . . . almost, Can hardly.
Reason, Talk.
Heavily, Sorrowfully.

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

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

Third Cit. And so was I : I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

London. The palace.

[*Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, Queen Elizabeth, and the Duchess of York.*]

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

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

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no ; they say my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

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

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

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

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee :
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,

So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if this rule were true, he should be gracious.
Arch. Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is.
Duch. I hope he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.
Duch. How, my pretty York ? I pray thee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old :
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duch. I pray thee, pretty York, who told thee this ?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse ! why, she was dead ere thou wert born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous boy : go to, you are too shrewd.
Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

Arch. Here comes a messenger. What news ?
Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.
Q. Eliz. How fares the prince ?
Mess. Well, madam, and in health.
Duch. What is thy news then ?
Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch. Who hath committed them ?
Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloucester and Buckingham.
Q. Eliz. For what offence ?

By my troth, By my truth. *Flout*, Snubbing, jeering remark.
Parlous, Perilous, dangerous.
Go to, Used in real or jesting disapproval.
Shrewd, Mischievous, with something of its modern sense of clever.

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclosed ;
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.
Q. Eliz. Ay me, I see the downfall of our house !
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind ;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and aweless throne :
Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre !
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld !
My husband lost his life to get the crown ;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss :
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves ; blood against blood,
Self against self : O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen ;
Or let me die, to look on death no more !
Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy ; we will to sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.
Duch. I'll go along with you.
Q. Eliz. You have no cause.
Arch. My gracious lady, go ;
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep : and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours !
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*]

Jet, Strut. *Spleen*, Anger.
So betide, In such a way may it betide.
So . . . yours. The general sense is, "May my own good fortune be in proportion to my good wishes for you and yours."
Tender, Hold dear.

ACT III

SCENE I

Hornsey Park, London. The country around is not built over, as it is now; it is green and open. Here, according to Hall, came the Mayor and the sheriffs of the city dressed in scarlet, and five hundred commoners in mulberry colour, and received the prince reverently and conveyed him to the city.

[*The trumpets sound. Enter the young Prince, the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, Catesby, and others.*]

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

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

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glou. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man

Chamber. An old title of London was Camera Regis, the king's chamber.

Cousin, i.e. Nephew. See page 69.

Crosses, Troubles. He refers to the arrest of his mother's relatives, especially Rivers, of whom he was very fond.

Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous ;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :
God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

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

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

[*Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.*]

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

Prince. I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all.
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way :
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no !

[*Enter Lord Hastings.*]

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

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

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

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 ?

God he, The pronoun emphasizes the solemnity of the expression.
Jumpeth, Agrees.
Tender, Young.
Fain, Gladly.
Indirect, Unjust.
Peevish, Childishly wayward and foolish.
Cardinal, Pronounce card'nal.
Presently, At once.

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

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

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

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

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. [*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*]
Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

Glou. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower :
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Deny, Refuse. *Anon*, Immediately.
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age, Consider it from the ordinary plain but practical point of view of to-day (the " grossness of this age " being contrasted with the ceremony of the past). Or perhaps grossness means dangerous condition. But see page 217.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?
Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place ;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.
Prince. Is it upon recórd, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it ?
Buck. Upon recórd, my gracious lord.
Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.
Glou. [*Aside*] So wise so young, they say, do never live long.
Prince. What say you, uncle ?
Glou. I say, without charácters, fame lives long.
[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man ;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live :
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—
Buck. What, my gracious lord ?
Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,

Re-edified, Rebuilt. The Tower was built in the reign of William the Conqueror, but popular tradition assigns its first edifice to a remoter antiquity.
Methinks, It seems to me.
They say. The saying is supposed to have originated with Cato the Censor, the famous Roman statesman and moralist.
Characters, (*a*) Letters engraved on a monument ; (*b*) good fame.
Formal, Conventional.
Vice, The buffoon of the old morality play. See page 172.
Two meanings. He agrees with the prince that truth or fame should live on without being registered in characters ; his hidden meaning is that without good fame, fame may endure—that is, that evil like his own may be renowned.
Wit, Understanding.
Set down. Cæsar is famous not only for his campaigns, but for his history of them, known as *De Bello Gallico.*

Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

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

[*Enter young York, Hastings, and the Cardinal.*]

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

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

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

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

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

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

Glou. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

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

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

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

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

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

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

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

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

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

York. O, then, I see, you will part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

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

Lightly, Easily, as may easily happen, very often.
Late, Lately, recently. *Beholding*, Indebted.
Toy, Trifle.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

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

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

Glou. How ?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk :
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me :
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me ;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons !
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself :
So cunning and so young is wonderful.

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

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

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

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

Glou. Why, what should you fear ?

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

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glou. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord ; and with a heavy heart,

Weigh it lightly, Think little of it.
Will be cross, Will wilfully misunderstand. He is apologizing for the impudence of his younger brother.
On your shoulders. An entertainment with an ape was sometimes given in intervals of bear-baiting. York thinks of himself as the ape, his uncle as the bear.
Sharp-provided, Keen and ready.
Mitigate, Soften, make less bitter. *Cunning,* Clever.

Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

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

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously ?

Glou. No doubt, no doubt : O, 'tis a parlous boy ;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable :
He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby.
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart :
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way ;
What think'st thou ? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

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

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

Buck. Well, then, no more but this : go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose ;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons :
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too ; and so break off your talk,
And give us notice of his inclination :

Sennet, Set of notes on a trumpet. *Incensed*, Incited.
Opprobriously, Shamefully.
Parlous, Perilous, dangerous. York's mother and his uncle are agreed on this point.
Catesby, Three syllables.
Sit about, Attend a meeting with regard to.

For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.
Glou. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.
Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I may.
Glou. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
Cate. You shall, my lord.
Glou. At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both.
[*Exit Catesby.*]
Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
Glou. Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do:
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables
Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.
Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.
Glou. And look to have it yielded with all willingness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.
[*Exeunt.*]

Divided councils. According to Hall, Richard summoned "all the lords which he knew to be faithful to the king to assemble at Baynard's Castle to commune of the order of the coronation, while his accomplices met at his house in London to give him the crown."
Let blood, An old remedy. It is in keeping with Richard's grim humour that he should use this phrase for their execution.
Complots, Plots. *Betimes,* Early.
Digest . . . form, Reduce our plots to definite shape.

SCENE II

Before Lord Hastings' house. Above the heavy studded door is a window in a deep embrasure: from this Hastings first speaks to the messenger.

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

Mess. What, ho! my lord!

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

Mess. A messenger from the Lord Stanley.

[*Enter Lord Hastings.*]

Hast. What is't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

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

Hast. And then?

Mess. And then he sends you word
He dreamt to-night the boar had razed his helm:
Besides, he says there are two councils held;
And that may be determined at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my servant Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:

Razed, Struck or slashed as by the tusks (razors) of the boar.
Rue, Sorrow. *Presently*, At once. *Post*, Hasten.

And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. My gracious lord, I'll tell him what you say. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter Catesby.*]

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord !

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby ; you are early stirring :
What news, what news, in this our tottering state ?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord ;
And I believe 'twill never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How ! wear the garland ! dost thou mean the crown ?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

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

Cate. Ay, on my life ; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof :
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still mine enemies :
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind !

Fond, Foolish. *Still*, Always.

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

Cate. What, my lord ?

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

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

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous ! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey : and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I ; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you ;
[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do ; and I have well deserved it.

[*Enter Lord Stanley.*]

Come on, come on ; where is your boar-spear, man ?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided ?

Stan. My lord, good morrow ; good morrow, Catesby :
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

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

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

Rood, Cross. *Several*, Separate.

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

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

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

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

Than some that have accused them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let us away.

[*Enter a Pursuivant.*]

Hast. Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.*]

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

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now

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

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

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.

[*Throws him his purse.*]

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

[*Enter a Priest.*]

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

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

I am in your debt, for your last exercise;

Have with you, I'll go with you. *Wot*, Know.
For their truth, With respect to their honesty.
Pursuivant, Attendant on a herald.
Sirrah, Used in addressing inferiors, or children.
Suggestion, Prompting.
Gramercy, Great thanks (*grand merci*), many thanks.
Exercise, Religious service, exhortation.

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

[*He whispers in his ear.*]

[*Enter Buckingham.*]

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

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

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

Buck. [*Aside*] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, will you go?

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

SCENE III

Outside Pomfret (or Pontefract) Castle, Yorkshire. It is a dark massive Norman castle, situated on a rocky height, containing in all eight round towers.

[*Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan to death.*]

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

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

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

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

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

Content you, i.e. Reward you.
Shriving work, Work of so dangerous a kind that it might be as well to confess to a priest before undertaking it.
Dispatch, Be quick.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she Buckingham,
Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

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

Riv. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us all embrace:
And take our leave, until we meet in heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

The Tower of London. A vaulted hall, the walls of which are painted with scenes from ancient history. A table of carved oak is set ready for the council; there is a chair for Richard; the lords occupy benches.

[*Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely, Ratcliff, Lovel, with others, and take their seats at a table.*]

Hast. My lords, at once: the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation.
In God's name, speak: when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things fitting for that royal time?

Der. It is, and wants but nomination.

Expiate, Expired.
Determine of, Come to a final decision about.

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

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein ?
Who is most inward with the noble duke ?

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

Buck. Who, I, my lord ! we know each other's faces,
But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine,
Than I of yours ;
Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well ;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein :
But you, my noble lords, may name the time ;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

[*Enter Gloucester.*]

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

Glou. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper ; but, I hope,
My absence doth neglect no great designs,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glou. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder ;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

Hast. I thank your grace.

Glou. My lord of Ely !

Ely. My lord ?

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

Inward with, Closely acquainted with, in the confidence of.
Voice, Vote. *Neglect,* Cause to be neglected.
Might be, Has the right to be.

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

Glou. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Drawing him aside.*]
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
As he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw you hence, my lord, I'll follow you.
[*Exit Gloucester, Buckingham following.*]

Der. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden ;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.
[*Re-enter Bishop of Ely.*]

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

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day ;
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.
I think there's never a man in Christendom
That can less hide his love or hate than he ;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

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

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

Der. I pray God he be not, I say.
[*Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.*]

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

Testy, Irritable.
Worshipful, Full of anxiety to afford "worship," or honour. Said sarcastically.
Prolong'd, Postponed. *Conceit*, Idea, fancy.
Likes him, Pleases him.
Likelihood, Expression like the feeling.

Upon my body with their hellish charms ?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be :
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glou. Then be your eyes the witness of this ill :
See how I am bewitch'd ; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up :
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Who by her witchcraft thus has marked me.

Hast. If she hath done this thing, my gracious lord,—

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

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

Hast. Woe, woe for England ! not a whit for me ;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm ;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly :
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spake to me :
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As 'twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head !

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

Doom, Pronounce judgment on.
Foot-cloth, A long caparison covering the horse, not used in times of war. *Startled*, Started, shied.

Make a short shrift ; he longs to see your head.
Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
Who builds his hopes in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
Lov. Come, come, dispatch ; 'tis bootless to exclaim.
Hast. O bloody Richard ! miserable England !
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block ; bear him my head :
They smile at me that shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V

On the walls of the Tower. Against the sky is the crenellated line of the ramparts.

[*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*]
Glou. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin again, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror ?
Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian ;
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion : ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles ;
And both are ready in their offices,

Shrift, Confession. *Momentary*, Lasting for only a moment.
Bootless, Useless. *Pry*, Peer.
Intending, Pretending.

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

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

[*Enter the Mayor and Catesby.*]

Buck. Lord mayor,—

Glou. Look to the drawbridge there !

Buck. Hark ! a drum.

Glou. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent,—

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

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us !

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

[*Enter Lovel and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head.*]

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

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

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever lived.
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell it you, the subtle traitor

The Mayor. Edmund Shaw, brother to Dr. Shaw, who preached the sermon in favour of Richard's claim. See page 24.
Omitted, Excepted. *Conversation*, Intimacy.
Attainder, Stain, taint. *Covert'st*, Most secret.
Almost, Even.
By great preservation, Having been preserved by a great stroke of fortune.

This day had plotted, in the council-house
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester ?

May. What, had he so ?

Glou. What, think you we are Turks or infidels ?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our person's safety,
Enforced us to this execution ?

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exit Mayor.*]

Glou. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.

Prevented, Forestalled. *Censures,* Criticisms, judgments.

The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :
There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown ; meaning indeed his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Buck. Fear not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu.
Glou. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle ;
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.
Buck. I go ; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. [*Exit.*]
Glou. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw ;
[*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker ; bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.
[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]
Now will I in, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight ;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
At any time have recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI

The churchyard of St. Paul's, a walled space bright with the signs of the booksellers' shops. Through this passes the Scrivener on his way to "Duke Humphrey's Walk" or "Paul's Walk," the middle aisle of the cathedral, which, from the purposes it serves, is more

Meaning indeed his house. This citizen was a merchant whose shop bore the sign of the Crown. He said he would make his son heir to the Crown, and lost his life for the jest.
Baynard's Castle, Richard's residence, near Blackfriars.
Take some privy order, Arrange some secret way.

like a street leading to a market square, or the market square itself, than a main part of the most noble house of prayer in London. Here he will post up the indictment, so that it may be seen and read by those who will quickly spread the news about the town.

[*Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand.*]

Scriv. This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be this day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me;
The precedent was full as long a-doing:
And yet within these five hours lived Lord Hastings,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while! Why who's so gross,
That seeth not this palpable device?
Yet who's so blind, but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII

The courtyard of "the sombre, dungeon-like, stronghold" of Baynard's Castle, overlooked by its round tower. Richard appears on a balcony.

[*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, at several doors.*]

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

Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,

Scrivener, One whose occupation was copying deeds, etc.
Engross'd, Copied distinctly.
Precedent, One before, rough copy.
Untainted, Unstained by a charge of high treason.
Gross, Thick-witted.

The citizens are mum and speak not a word.

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

Buck. I did; with his contráct with Lady Lucy,
And his contráct by deputy in France;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse:
And when mine oratory grew to an end,
I bid them that did love their country's good
Cry "God save Richard, England's royal king!"

Glou. Ah! and did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statuas or breathing stones,
Gazed each on other, and look'd deadly pale
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to but by the récorder.
Then he was urged to tell my tale again:
"Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;"
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,

Lady Lucy. When Edward was about to marry Lady Elizabeth Grey, his mother, who strongly objected to the marriage, persuaded Lady Lucy to say that she had been privately wedded to the king. Later the young woman confessed that this was untrue. According to the chronicle of Croyland, the pre-contract was with Lady Eleanor Butler; and Warwick was arranging a marriage with the sister of the French king when Edward secretly married Elizabeth.

Laid open, Recounted. *Scotland.* See page 23.

Statuas, Statues.

Recorder, The chief law officer of the Corporation of London, one of whose duties was to record their various deeds and transactions. *Inferr'd,* Argued.

In warrant from himself, In confirmation of his own hidden opinion.

At the lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried " God save King Richard ! "
And thus I took the vantage of those few,
" Thanks, gentle citizens and friends," quoth I ;
" This general applause and loving shout
Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard : "
And even here brake off, and came away.

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

Buck. No, by my troth, my lord.

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

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

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

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

[*Enter the Mayor and Citizens.*]

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

[*Enter Catesby.*]

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

Cate. My lord, he doth entreat your grace
To visit him to-morrow or next day :
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation ;

Vantage, Advantage.
Intend, Pretend.
Leads, Flat leaden roof.
Troth, Truth.
Descant, Discourse.

And in no worldly suit would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

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

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

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward !
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation ;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul :
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof :
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

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

Buck. I fear he will.

[*Re-enter Catesby.*]

How now, Catesby, what says your lord ?

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

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

[*Exit Catesby.*]

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

Day-bed, Couch. ***Engross,*** Fatten. ***End,*** Purpose.
At their beads, Telling or counting off the beads of their rosaries.

[*Enter Gloucester aloft, between two Bishops. Catesby returns.*]

May. See, where he stands between two clergymen!

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

Glou. My lord, there needs no such apology:
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

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

Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your grace,
At our entreaties, to amend that fault!

Glou. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

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

Stay him, Support him.
Disgracious, Displeasing.
Vanity, Vain and idle pursuits.
Lineal, Due by right of birth.
Want, Lack.

Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you 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 right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glou. I know not whether to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition :
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As my ripe revenue and due by birth ;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,

Shoulder'd, Thrust violently.
Factor, Agent.
Consorted, Associated.
Worshipful, Full of honour towards you.
Definitively, In plain clear terms.
Recure, Cure again.
Empery, Empire.
Haply, Perhaps.
Unmeritable, Undeserving.

So mighty and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thanked, there's no need of me,
And much I need to help you, if need were ;
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars ;
Which God defend that I should wring from him !

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son :
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife ;
For first he was contráct to Lady Lucy—
Your mother lives a witness to that vow—
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-crazed mother of a many children,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his lustful eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loathed bigamy :

As I had, That I had.
Defend, Forbid.
Substitute, Proxy.
Brook, Endure.
Nice, Over-scrupulous, finicking.
Petitioner. In *Henry VI.* Lady Grey petitions Edward for the lands of her dead husband, and he grants her request on condition that she shall become his queen (*Henry VI., Part III.*, Act III., Scene ii.).
Pitch, Technical term for the height of the falcon's flight.

Of her was born
This Edward, whom our manners term the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity ;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

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

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

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

Glou. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me ?
I am unfit for state and majesty :
I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son ;
As well we know your tenderness of heart
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kin,
And egally indeed to all estates,—
Yet whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house :
And in this resolution here we leave you.—
Come, citizens : 'zounds ! I'll entreat no more.

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

[*Exit Buckingham with the Citizens.*]

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

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

Expostulate, Set forth in detail. *Remorse*, Pity.
Egally, Equally.

Glou. Would you enforce me to a world of care ?
Well, call them again. I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind entreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.
[*Re-enter Buckingham and the rest.*]
Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load :
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire thereof.

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

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

Buck. Then I salute you with this kingly title :
Long live Richard, England's royal king !

May. and Cit. Amen.

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

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

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace :
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

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

Albeit, Although. *Mere*, Complete.
Acquittance, Acquit, free.

ACT IV

SCENE I

Before the Garden Tower, where the princes were lodged, afterwards called the Bloody Tower, from being the supposed scene of their death. The gateway is "vaulted with groined arches adorned with exquisite tracery, springing from grotesque heads," and is defended at each end with a massive gate clamped with iron, and a strong portcullis.

[*Enter, on one side, Queen Elizabeth, Duchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset; on the other, Anne, Duchess of Gloucester, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter.*]

Duch. Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love to greet the tender princes.
Daughter, well met.

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

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

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

Niece, In its original meaning of grand-daughter.
Tender, Young. *Gratulate*, Greet with joy, welcome.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together.

[*Enter Brakenbury.*]

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

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

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

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

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds betwixt their love and me?
I am their mother; who should keep me from them?

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

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

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

[*Exit.*]

[*Enter Lord Stanley.*]

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

Q. Eliz. O, cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon
With this dead-killing news!

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Straitly, Strictly. *Bounds*, Barriers.
Take thy office, i.e. Assume the responsibilities of your office for the time being.
Pent, Confined. *Scope*, Room.

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

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence!
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
To meet you on the way, and welcome you.
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

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

Anne. And I in all unwillingness will go.
I would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, God save the queen!

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

Anne. No! why? When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,

Thrall, Slave. *Counted*, Accounted, acknowledged.
Cockatrice, A fabulous serpent monster, which, like the basilisk, could slay at a glance.
Inclusive verge, Encircling rim. *Sear*, Burn.
To feed . . . harm, Do not wish thyself harm simply to gratify my passion.

When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands
Which issued from my other angel husband
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd ;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish : " Be thou," quoth I, " accursed,
For making me, so young, so old a widow !
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed ;
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—
As miserable by the life of thee
As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death ! "
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words
And proved the subject of my own soul's curse,
Which ever since hath kept my eyes from rest ;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,
But have been waked by his timorous dreams.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick ;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*To Queen Eliz.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee !

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

Grossly, Densely.
Eighty. The Duchess lived to be eighty ; she was in her sixties at the time of this scene. *Teen*, Sorrow.

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

SCENE II

The presence chamber of the palace of Westminster. On a dais, surmounted with a canopy embroidered with the arms of England, is the king's throne.

[*Sennet. Enter Richard, in pomp, crowned ; Buckingham, Catesby, a Page, and others.*]
K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham !
Buck. My gracious sovereign ?
K. Rich. Give me thy hand. [*Here he ascendeth his throne.*] Thus high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated :
But shall we wear these honours for a day ?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?
Buck. Still live they and for ever may they last !
K. Rich. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed :
Young Edward lives : think now what I would say.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
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.

Ragged, Rugged.
Touch, Touchstone, used for testing metals that seem to be gold.
Current, i.e. Fit to circulate as coin of the realm.

Buck. True, noble prince.
K. Rich. O bitter consequence :
That Edward still should live,—"True, noble prince!"
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull :
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What sayest thou? speak suddenly; be brief.
Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.
K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth :
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,
Before I positively speak herein :
I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit.*]
Cate. [*Aside to a stander by*] The king is angry : see he bites the lip.
K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools
And unrespective boys : none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes :
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy!
Page. My lord?
K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt into a close exploit of death?
Page. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind :
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.
K. Rich. What is his name?
Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

O bitter consequence, What bitter words to follow mine! Richard hoped that Buckingham would say something very different.
Suddenly, At once. *Resolve*, Answer, satisfy.
Unrespective Unreflecting. *Considerate*, Considering, critical.
Close, Secret.

K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him hither. [*Exit Page.*]

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

[*Enter Stanley.*]

How now! what news with you?

Stan. My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's fled
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the sea
Where he abides. [*Stands apart.*]

K. Rich. Catesby!

Cate. My lord?

K. Rich. Rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die:
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out
That Anne my wife is sick and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.
[*Exit Catesby.*]
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin:
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

[*Re-enter Page, with Tyrrel.*]

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Deep-revolving, Revolving deep thoughts, scheming.
Witty, Ingenious.
Take order, Take steps, make arrangements.
Close, Indoors.
Foolish. He had lost his wits in prison.
Stands me much upon, Is of the utmost importance for me. *Me* is an instance of the ethic dative.

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Ay, my lord;
But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, there thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

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

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:
Go, by this token: rise, and lend thine ear:
[*Whispers.*]
There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

Tyr. 'Tis done, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we sleep?

Tyr. Ye shall, my lord. [*Exit.*]

[*Re-enter Buckingham.*]

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

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

Buck. I hear that news, my lord.

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

Buck. My lord, I claim your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford and the moveables

Prefer thee, Give thee promotion, advance thee.

The which you promised I should possess.
K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
Buck. What says your highness to my just demand?
K. Rich. As I remember, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king, perhaps, perhaps,—
Buck. My lord!
K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—
K. Rich. Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord!
K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.
K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.
K. Rich. Tut, tut.

Jack. In old clocks the hours were sometimes struck by a figure of painted wood, the "jack." The phrase "Jack o' the clock" came to be used for a tiresome meddling person.
Resolve, Answer.

Thou troublest me ; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham.*]

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

SCENE III

The same.

[*Enter Tyrrel.*]

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

Brecknock. In South Wales. Buckingham had a castle here.
Arch, Chief.
Dighton and Forrest. John Dighton and Miles Forrest, historical characters.
Ruthless, Pitiless.
Flesh'd villains, Accustomed to villainy.

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

[*Enter King Richard.*]

All hail, my sovereign liege !

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

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

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead ?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel ?

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

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till soon. [*Exit Tyrrel.*]
The son of Clarence have I pent up close ;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage ;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good-night.
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly o'er the crown,
To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

[*Enter Catesby.*]

Cate. My lord !

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

Replenished, Perfect (literally, filled up).
Prime, First. *Process*, Story.
But, Only. *Inheritor*, Possessor.
Breton. Richmond had taken refuge in Brittany.
Knot, Tie, of marriage. *Bluntly*, Abruptly.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

Outside Westminster Palace—the dark stone walls are buttressed ; the windows are high and narrow, with rounded arches.

[*Enter Queen Margaret.*]

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine adversaries.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret : who comes here ?

Ely. Morton, Bishop of Ely, was supposed to be under the guard of Buckingham at Brecknock.
Still, Ever.
Expedition, Haste.
My counsel . . . field, My advice is to take arms at once and so ensure safety.
Confines, Boundaries.
Induction, Opening of a play or a piece of music.

[*Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York.*]

Q. Eliz. Ah, my young princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have crazed my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb,
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet.
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and recórd of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
[*Sitting down*]
Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood!

Q. Eliz. O, that thou wouldst as well afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
O, who hath any cause to mourn but I?
[*Sitting down by her.*]

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverend,

Blind sight. In this speech the old woman is addressing herself.
Abstract . . . record, Legal terms: (*a*) a summary of legal evidence, such as contents of a will, title deeds, etc.; (*b*) a summary of proceedings in a court of law.

Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my woes frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them*]
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine :
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;
I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him :
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him ;

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood,
That foul defacer of God's handiwork,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan !

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes !
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me ; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward ;
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss :
Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd my Edward ;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.

Society, Companionship. *Cloy me*, Surfeit myself.
Boot, Addition—because both the others were not so complete a loss to you as mine to me.

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls
And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd away.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

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

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering index of a direful pageant;
One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes;
A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A sign of dignity, a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues to thee and cries "God save the queen"?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;

Intelligencer, Spy, informer. *Factor*, Agent.
Cancel his bond, Another legal metaphor.
Flourish, Ornament. *Presentation*, Semblance.
Index, Prologue, opening. *Caitiff*, Wretch.

For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time ;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke ;
From which even here I slip my weary neck,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance :
These English woes will make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies !

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days ;
Compare dead happiness with living woe ;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is :
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse :
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull ; O, quicken them with thine !

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit.*]

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words ?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries !
Let them have scope : though what they do impart
Help not at all, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied : go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, which thy two sweet sons smother'd.

Burthen'd, Burdensome.
Bettering, Increasing, making it seem more and more.
Revolving, Considering. *Quicken*, Make alive, sharpen.

I hear his drum : be copious in exclaims.

[*Enter King Richard, marching, with drums and trumpets.*]

K. Rich. Who intercepts my expedition ?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done !

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

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence ?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son ?

Q. Eliz. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey ?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets ! strike alarum, drums !
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed : strike, I say !

[*Flourish. Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son ?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak !

K. Rich. Do then ; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my speech.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother ; for I am in haste.

Intercepts my expedition, Interrupts and checks my haste.
Intercepted, i.e. By not nursing him and bringing him up.
Entreat, Use. *Condition*, Disposition.
Brook, Endure.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.
K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious,
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company?
K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Strike up the drum.
Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.
K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.
Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.
K. Rich. So.
Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;

Rood, Cross. *Tetchy*, Fretful.
Humphrey Hour. No satisfactory explanation has been discovered for this allusion, if allusion it is. There was an old phrase, "to dine with Duke Humphrey," which meant to go without dinner, but it is not of much help in this connection.
So, As you will.

And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;
Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.
[*Exit.*]

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

K. Rich. Stay, madam ; I must speak a word with you.

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

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this ? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,
Throw over her the veil of infamy,
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is only safest in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

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

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed ; and by their uncle cozen'd

Moe, More. *Opposite*, Hostile.
Cozen'd, Cheated.

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

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

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good ?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads ?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of honour,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it ;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine ?

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

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness

Demise, Transfer, bequeath.
Lethe. In classical mythology a river of the underworld, whose waters produced forgetfulness. *Process*, Story.

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think ?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul :

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers ;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

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

Q. Eliz. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her king ?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen : who should be else ?

Q. Eliz. What, thou ?

K. Rich. I, even I : what think you of it, madam ?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her ?

K. Rich. That would I learn of you
As one that are best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me ?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engrave
Edward and York ; then haply she shall weep :
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief ; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body.
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement force her not to love,
Send her a story of thy noble acts ;
Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,

Haply, Perhaps.

Her uncle Rivers ; yea, and, for her sake,
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
K. Rich. Come, come, you mock me ; this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Q. Eliz. There is no other way ;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended :
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother ;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood ;
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity :
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother ;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times

Madest quick conveyance with, Quickly put out of the way.
Mettle, Spirit.

Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chástisèd
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's board;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

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

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Say that the king, which may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title "ever" last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Wail, Bewail.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. So long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heartstrings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear—

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath:
The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour;
The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The crown, usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory.
If something thou wilt swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now, by the world—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

George . . . garter, Insignia of the chivalric order of the Garter: the George being a medal showing St. George slaying the dragon. It was not known in the time of Richard, being introduced by Henry VII., the Richmond of the play.

His, The O.E. neuter possessive of the personal pronoun.

K. Rich. My father's death—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
K. Rich. Then by myself—
Q. Eliz. Thyself thyself misusest.
K. Rich. Why then, by God—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The unity the king thy brother made
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain :
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,
Had graced the tender temples of my child,
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender playfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now ?
K. Rich. The time to come.
Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast ;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age ;
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.
K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms ! myself myself confound !
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours !
Day, yield me not thy light ; nor, night, thy rest !
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceedings, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter !
In her consists my happiness and thine ;

My brother, Lord Rivers. ***Tender not,*** Hold not dear.

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

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself ?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.
Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

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

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss ; and so, farewell. [*Exit Queen Elizabeth.*]
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman !

[*Enter Ratcliff ; Catesby following.*]

How now ! what news ?

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

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

Attorney, Agent—be attorney of my love, plead my cause with her for me.
Hull, Lie to.
Peevish-fond, Waywardly foolish.
Expecting, Awaiting.

Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby ; where is he ?
Cate. Here, my lord.
K. Rich. Fly to the duke · [*To Ratcliff*] Post thou to Salisbury :
When thou comest thither,—[*To Catesby*] Dull, unmindful villain,
Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke ?
Cate. First, mighty sovereign, let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.
K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby : bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me presently at Salisbury.
Cate. I go. [*Exit.*]
Rat. What is 't your highness' pleasure I shall do
At Salisbury ?
K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go ?
Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.
K. Rich. My mind is changèd, sir, my mind is changed.
[*Enter Lord Stanley.*]
How now, what news with you ?
Stan. None good, my lord, to please you with the hearing ;
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.
K. Rich. Hoyday, a riddle ! neither good nor bad !
Why dost thou run so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way ?
Once more, what news ?
Stan. Richmond is on the seas.
K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him !
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there ?
Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

Hoyday, Heyday. *White-liver'd*, Cowardly.
Runagate, Vagabond.

K. Rich. Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess ?
Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,
He makes for England, there to claim the crown.
K. Rich. Is the chair empty ? is the sword unsway'd ?
Is the king dead ? the empire unpossess'd ?
What heir of York is there alive but we ?
And who is England's king but great York's heir ?
Then, tell me, what doth he upon the sea ?
Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.
K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
Stan. No, mighty liege ; therefore mistrust me not.
K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers ?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-cónducting the rebels from their ships ?
Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.
K. Rich. Cold friends to Richard : what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west ?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty sovereign :
Please it your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace
Where and what time your majesty shall please.
K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond :
I will not trust you, sir.
Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful :
I never was nor never will be false.
K. Rich. Well,

Chair, Throne.
Welshman. Henry was descended from Owen Tudor, a gentleman of Wales, and Katharine of France, the widow of Henry V.
Power, Forces.

Go muster men ; but, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley : look your faith be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

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

[*Enter another Messenger.*]

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

[*Enter another Messenger.*]

Third Mess. My lord, the army of the Duke of Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on you, owls ! nothing but songs of death ? [*He striketh him.*]
Take that, until thou bring me better news.

Third Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd ;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy :
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in ?

Third Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

[*Enter another Messenger.*]

Fourth Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset,

Look, See that. *Assurance*, Safety.
Advertised, Informed. *Competitors*, Confederates.
Well-advised, With praiseworthy reflection and foresight.

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest :
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no ;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party : he, mistrusting them,
Hoised sail and made away for Brittany.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms ;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

[*Re-enter Catesby.*]

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

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury ! while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost :
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury ; the rest march on with me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE V

Within Stanley Lord Derby's house. The walls are hung with tapestry ; the floor is strewn with rushes. The furniture is of a solid and simple kind, carved of oak, and comprising a chair, a settle, and one or two stools.

[*Enter Derby and Sir Christopher Urswick.*]

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :
That in the sty of this most bloody boar

Hoised, Hoisted. *Reason*, Talk.

My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold :
If I revolt, off goes young George's head ;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?
Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.
Der. What men of name resort to him ?
Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley ;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;
And many moe of noble fame and worth :
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Der. Return unto thy lord ; commend me to him :
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

Frank'd, Styed. ***Resolve him,*** Satisfy him.

ACT V

SCENE I

Salisbury. An open place.

[*Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, with halberds, led to execution.*]

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

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day that, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children or his wife's allies;
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him I trusted most;

Miscarried, Come to grief. *Moody*, Angry.
All-Souls' day, 2nd of November.

This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determined respite of my wrongs :
That high All-Seer that I dallied with
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms :
Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head ;
" When he," quoth she, " shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess."
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame ;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

The camp near Tamworth.

[*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drums and colours.*]

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment ;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine

Fearful, Full of fear, fearing greatly.
Determined, Settled as an end. *Determined respite*, The appointed time to which the punishment of the wrongs I have done has been postponed. *Dallied with*, Trifled with.
Father Stanley. Richmond was son-in-law to Stanley, Earl of Derby.

Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but who are friends for fear,
Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march :
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings ;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

Bosworth Field

[*On the eve of the 21st of August Richard camped on one side of Ambion Hill, Richmond on the other. (Shakespeare shows both camps in this scene (see page 169), an arrangement which is a problem to the modern stage manager. " We now, by the aid of scene-painters and carpenters, and at the sound of the prompter's whistle, separate the representatives of York and Lancaster by certain yards of coloured canvas, and our stage ghosts address themselves to Richard only ; and there are those who, forgetting that the stage does not, never can, and should not if it could, represent the facts of real life, think that we have gained greatly by the change."*—R. G. WHITE.)]

[*Enter King Richard in arms, with Norfolk, the Earl of Surrey, and others.*]

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad ?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks ; ha ! must we not ?

Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent there ! here will I lie to-night ;
But where to-morrow ? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the foe ?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalion trebles that account :
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse party want.
Up with my tent there ! Valiant gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the field ;
Call for some men of sound direction :
Let's want no discipline, make no delay ;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and others. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.*]

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent :
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength.

Descried, Discovered. *Account*, Number.
Limit, Appoint. *Several*, Separate.

My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment :
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent :
Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou go'st,
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know ?
Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
Which well I am assured I have not done,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.
Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And give him from me this most needful scroll.
Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it ;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !
Richm. Good-night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business :
In to our tent ; the air is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent.*]
[*Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Catesby, and others.*]
K. Rich. What is 't o'clock ?
Cate. It's supper-time, my lord ;
It's nine o'clock.
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.
What, is my beaver easier than it was ?
And all my armour laid into my tent ?
Cate. It is, my liege ; and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge ;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.

Power, Army. *Needful*, Important.
Beaver. The front part of the helmet, but the word is often used, as here, for the helmet itself.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Catesby!

Cate. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. [*Exit Catesby.*]
Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent
And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

[*Exeunt Ratcliff and the other Attendants.*]

[*Enter Derby to Richmond in his tent, Lords and others attending.*]

Der. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Staves, Shafts of lances.
Cock-shut time, Dusk, the time for fowling with the cock-shut. See page 176.
Father-in-law, Stepfather.

Der. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good :
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may—that which I would I cannot,—
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell : the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon :
God give us leisure for these rites of love !
Once more, adieu : be valiant, and speed well !

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory :
Once more, good-night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt all but Richmond.*]
O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries !

Attorney, One legally qualified to act for another, proxy. Compare page 134.
Battle, Army. *Arbitrement*, Decision.
Mortal-staring, Death-bringing. War is seen as a grim deity whose stare brings death.
With best advantage will deceive the time, Will do all that I can, more than seems possible, in so short a time.
Peise, Weigh.
Bruising irons, Heavy maces, among the old weapons of warfare.

Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in the victory
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes :
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still ! [*Sleeps.*]

[*Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, son to Henry the Sixth.*]

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !
Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury : despair, therefore, and die !
[*To Richmond*] Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf :
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

[*Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.*]

Ghost. [*To Richard*] When I was mortal, my anointed body
By thee was punched full of deadly holes :
Think on the Tower and me : despair, and die !
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die !
[*To Richmond*] Virtuous and only, be thou conqueror !
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep : live, and flourish !

[*Enter the Ghost of Clarence.*]

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death !
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die !—
[*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee :

Windows. To appreciate the metaphor, it must be remembered that the lattice windows of Shakespeare's time, when closed, did to a large extent shut out the light.
Fulsome, Nauseous, cloying. *Fall,* Let fall.

Good angels guard thy battle ! live, and flourish !

[*Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.*]

Ghost of R. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,

Rivers, that died at Pomfret ! despair, and die !

Ghost of G. [*To Richard*] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair !

Ghost of V. [*To Richard*] Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,

Let fall thy lance : despair, and die !

All. [*To Richmond*] Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom

Will conquer him ! awake, and win the day !

[*Enter the Ghost of Hastings.*]

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,

And in a bloody battle end thy days !

Think on Lord Hastings : despair, and die !

[*To Richmond*] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake !

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake !

[*Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.*]

Ghosts. [*To Richard*] Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower :

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die !

[*To Richmond*] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy ;

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !

Live, and beget a happy race of kings !

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

[*Enter the Ghost of Lady Anne.*]

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,

Now fills thy soul with perturbations :

Annoy, Harm, injury ; used in a much stronger sense than the modern word. *Perturbations*, Disturbing thoughts.

To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die :
[*To Richmond*] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep ;
Dream of success and happy victory !
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

[*Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.*]

Ghost. [*To Richard*] The first was I that help'd thee to the crown ;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny :
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness !
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death :
Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !
[*To Richmond*] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid :
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd :
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side ;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.*]

K. Rich. Give me another horse : bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft ! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear ? myself ? there's none else by :
Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here ? No. Yes, I am :
Then fly. What, from myself ? Great reason why :
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself ?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore ? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself ?
O, no ! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself !

Lights burn blue. As they were supposed to do at the approach of a ghost or evil spirit.

I am a villain : yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well : fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree ;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree ;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty ! guilty !
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me ;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me :
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself ?
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent ; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

[*Enter Ratcliff.*]

Rat. My lord !

K. Rich. 'Zounds ! who is there ?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord ; 'tis I. The early village-cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn ;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream !
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true ?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

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

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me ;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To see if any mean to shrink from me. [*Exeunt.*]

Several, Separate. *'Zounds*, By God's wounds.
Proof, Armour tested and proved reliable.

[*Enter the Lords to Richmond, sitting in his tent.*]

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond!

Richm. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried on victory:
I promise you, my soul is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

His Oration to his Soldiers

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil

Leisure and enforcement of the time, The amount of leisure remaining to us and the urge to instant action.
Foil, Setting of a precious stone.

Of England's chair, where he is falsely set ;
One that hath ever been God's enemy :
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers ;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire ;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully ;
God and Saint George ! Richmond and victory !

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Attendants and Forces.*]

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond ?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth : and what said Surrey then ?

Rat. He smiled and said "The better for our purpose."

K. Rich. He was in the right ; and so indeed it is.

[*Clock striketh.*]

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.
Who saw the sun to-day ?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine ; for by the book

Ward you, Guard you.
Advance, Raise.
Fat, Rich prosperity.
Tell, Count.

He should have braved the east an hour ago :
A black day will it be to somebody.
Ratcliff !

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day ;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond ? for the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

[*Enter Norfolk.*]

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord ; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle ; caparison my horse.
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power :
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered :
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot ;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst :
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot ! What think'st thou, Norfolk ?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.
This found I on my tent this morning.

[*He showeth him a paper.*]

K. Rich. (*Reads*) " Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."
A thing devised by the enemy.

Braved, Made brave or splendid.
Vaunts, Boasts, advances to the assault with proud confidence.
Caparison, Lay the cover over the horse. *Power*, Army.
Puissance, Power, might. *To boot*, As well.

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls :
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe :
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell ;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

His Oration to his Army

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd ?
Remember whom you are to cope withal ;
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest ;
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost ?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves :
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretons ; whom our fathers
Have in their own lands beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And in recórd, left them the heirs of shame.

Pell-mell, Anyhow, in quick, violent conflict.
Cope, Encounter. *Withal*, Emphatic form of with.
Sort, Lot, set. *Restrain*, Keep from you.
Bobb'd, A bob is a quick, smart blow.

Shall these enjoy our lands? [*Drum afar off.*] Hark! I hear their drum.
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

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

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh:
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

Another part of the field.

[*Alarum: excursions. Enter Norfolk and forces fighting; to him Catesby.*]

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Amaze, Confound. ***Welkin***, Sky.
Deny, Refuse. ***Spleen***, Anger.
Enacts, Performs.
Daring an opposite, Daring to be an opposite or adversary.

[*Alarums. Enter King Richard.*]

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

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

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V

Another part of the field.

[*Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond; they fight. Richard is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter Richmond, Derby bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.*]

Richm. God and your arms be praised, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say Amen to all!
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Der. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! In the old play (see page 175) Richard demands, "A horse, a horse, a fresh horse"—from which Shakespeare made the splendid phrase that has caught the popular fancy ever since Burbage first declaimed it from his stage. *Hazard*, Chance.

Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births :
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us :
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red :
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long have frown'd upon their enmity !
What traitor hears me, and says not Amen ?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire :
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
And let their heirs, God, if they will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days !
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood :
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again :
That she may long live here, God say Amen !

[*Exeunt.*]

As becomes their births, As is fitting to their rank.
Conjunction. An astronomical term for the position of two planets when they are in the same line.
That . . . enmity. This may refer to "heaven," used in the plural sense, or to "planets" understood.
Divided . . . division. Each party was divided in its own ranks.
Abate, Literally beat down ; here, abate the edge, blunt the weapon.
Reduce, Bring back.

HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY

LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

(To 1600)

Of the actual course of Shakespeare's life not very much is known. From parish registers and other documents there is evidence that a baby called William Shakespeare, son of John Shakespeare and Mary Arden, was baptized at Stratford parish church on the 26th of April, 1564; that his father, a substantial burgess, trading in various kinds of agricultural produce, enjoyed certain civic dignities and suffered certain periods of ill-luck; that two husbandmen of Stratford stood surety for the validity of the marriage in contemplation between William Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway; that Shakespeare was a member of the Lord Chamberlain's company of actors; that he wrote certain poems and plays. But if we do not know much of what actually happened to him, we know what his surroundings must have been like. Stratford-on-Avon has grown since his time; the country round it is less thickly wooded, and parts of it have changed with the growth of big towns and "facilities for tourists." But still there are old Elizabethan houses in Stratford, and still, as in the sweet and peaceful river meadows about Charlecote and Hampton Lucy, there are stretches of Warwickshire countryside little changed from that where the boy Shakespeare hunted for nests, went coursing and hawking, and, while on

his boyish exploits, saw and heard a hundred things to which his mind returned again and again, in flower song and bird song, in descriptions of sheep-shearing and rites of May.

Those who know the " pastoral heart of England " —not through a motor tour, but through quiet weeks or months or years spent in some Warwickshire village—and know Shakespeare's plays, may, out of love and the curiosity of love, pass much time examining documents and hunting up records : they may see new facts written down ; but they gain or need little more than they already possess to recapture the atmosphere of the days of his childhood and young manhood.

A visitor to Stratford in Shakespeare's time, after crossing the sixteen-arched bridge which still spans the gentle, willow-edged Avon, would have come to a cobbled street of timbered, gabled houses, some of them shops, some private residences. Noticeable then, as now, would be the spire of Holy Trinity Church by the river, the square tower of the Guildhall, the almshouses and the grammar school, which, though of older foundation, was proudly known by the townsfolk, who had bought it back from the Crown in the reign of Edward VI., as the King's New School of Stratford-on-Avon. One of the finest dwellings in the little town was the Great House, belonging to Sir Hugh Clopton, and, when prosperity came to Shakespeare in London, he bought this property with its barns and gardens and orchards, and called it New Place. The so-called birthplace in Henley Street may have looked rather as it does now, for in the mid-nineteenth century care was taken to restore it to its probable original appearance. It certainly belonged to John Shakespeare, and was a " good " house, well built with oak planks and beams from the great forest in the neighbourhood, the forest of Arden. A walnut tree shaded the entrance ; there was a pool

of water across the road; and at the back of the house were a garden and outbuildings. Luxurious furnishings, such as Shakespeare loved, were gradually becoming general, but his childhood would probably have been spent in a somewhat sparsely furnished house. There would have been beds, a joined or trestle table, joint-stools, presses, benches, and a settle of plain wood. The floors would not have been carpeted, but strewn with rushes. As Shakespeare's father was fairly well off, the walls of the living-room might have been hung with tapestry or "painted cloth."

As the eldest son of a prosperous citizen, it is most likely that Shakespeare went to the King's New School. You can picture the small brown-eyed boy, with his high forehead suggesting unusual intellectual power, but with interest in many things beyond books, joining the little groups that "creep like snail unwillingly to school." He is dressed like a merchant's son, in doublet and hose of russet or blue, with a leather belt from which hangs a pouch, and a flat cap like that of a beefeater at the Tower. In school he will be kept hard at work. He is past the infant stage; no boy may enter Stratford Grammar School until he has mastered his "absey" (A B C) book. He will be taught the old mediæval studies of logic and rhetoric, but most of his time will be spent tussling with Lily's Latin Grammar, and translating various Roman authors from Latin into English. Many a tag from that grammar book is quoted in the plays; but, if we are to believe the taunt of Ben Jonson, that Shakespeare knew "small Latin and less Greek," this boy does not go far beyond its precepts.

Out of school he sees all there is to be seen in the lanes and fields and woods about his town. He recognizes the points of a good horse and a good hound; he watches, with the curious sympathy of many sportsmen, the stag dying by the brook under the

oak tree, and the hare doubling back on his tracks; he listens to the abuse and praise of hounds by their names—Silver, Bellman, Echo, Merriman, Fury. He has an intimate knowledge of hawking, that sport which the Elizabethans loved, and which is now practised only by a few enthusiasts. Occasionally he sees entertainments in the town—morris dancers, London players acting in the Guildhall, or local talent exercising itself.

His boyhood ends abruptly with his hasty marriage, at the age of eighteen, with Ann Hathaway. A few years afterwards he leaves Stratford for London, perhaps as the result of a poaching episode in Charlecote Park, the estate of the Sir Thomas Lucy whom he satirizes as Justice Shallow—more likely because his natural bent took him to the town where he could be permanently associated with the players and the theatre.

The chief life of London was then about the river, the "sweet Thames," which was gay with state barges, sailing-ships, and the boats of the watermen. The young countryman from Stratford, wandering along by this great and beautiful waterway, would have admired London Bridge, with its many narrow arches, the square tower of St. Paul's, the fastness of the Tower, the grace of the Abbey. He would have seen the palaces and mansions of the noble, with gardens sloping down to the river, and boats lying moored at the foot of flights of steps. He would have seen the *Golden Hind* in which Drake sailed round the world; he would have gazed at the shows of monsters in Fleet Street, the strawberries at Ely Place, Holborn, the roses in Temple Gardens. In his mind there can have been no doubt as to his destination.

There were only two playhouses in London at this time, the *Theatre* and the *Curtain*. For one of these he did his first work, as actor and as dramatist. Almost at once the compliment of jealousy was paid

him, and the dramatist Greene wrote venomously of him (see page 164). The publisher of the pamphlet in which Greene's attack appeared at once apologized, but Shakespeare was unharmed by mockery. Fame came to him quickly. In 1594 he was among those of the Lord Chamberlain's company summoned to play before the queen at Greenwich ; in 1597 he was sufficiently prosperous to buy New Place at Stratford ; in 1598 he was mentioned by one Francis Meres, in a book called *Palladis Tamia* (Treasury of Wit), as " most excellent in tragedy and comedy." In 1599 he became a shareholder in the profits of the new Globe Theatre (see pp. 165, 167). By the end of the sixteenth century he had made his name, and he was " well off." Sir Sidney Lee calculated that, from his plays, his salary as an actor, and his shares in the *Globe*, his income would be over £600, and, as the purchasing power of money at that time was eight times what it was in our century before the war, this stands for a very fair sum.

All we know of Shakespeare contradicts the popular notion that genius is essentially unpractical in business matters. He knew how to make money, how to manage and spend it, and he provided for the common needs of a decent and comely life as strength and sanity will. What were the adventures, the delights and the sufferings of his spirit, his work alone can tell us—the plays indirectly, the sonnets, perhaps, directly. His demeanour seems to have been gentle and winning—his contemporaries describe him by the adjectives " sweet " and " friendly," and after his death his rival, the dramatist Ben Jonson, wrote of him, " I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature." " Honest, and of an open and free nature." None could wish finer praise for Shakespeare.

CHIEF RECORDED EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

1564. On 26th April William Shakespeare is baptized at the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon. He is the first son and third child of *John Shakespeare*, a trader in agricultural produce, and holder of various important municipal offices in Stratford (four years after the poet's birth he was high bailiff, or mayor, of the town), and of *Mary Arden*, who came of good yeoman stock.

1582. At the age of eighteen Shakespeare marries * *Ann Hathaway*, eight years older than himself, daughter of a farmer of Shottery. It is generally supposed that the marriage was not a happy one. Much has been made of a passage in *Twelfth Night*, where the Duke gives advice to his page :

> " Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
> Or thy affection cannot hold the bent ;
> For women are as roses, whose fair flower
> Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour—"

and of the fact that Shakespeare's sole bequest to his wife in his will is the " second best bed with its furniture." †

1583. Birth of Shakespeare's daughter Susanna.

1584. Birth of his twin children, Judith and Hamnet. The boy died at the age of eleven.

* There is no existing record of Shakespeare's actual marriage, but a deed is extant in which two husbandmen of Stratford bind themselves to stand surety for the validity of the marriage in contemplation between William Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway.

† Some writers remind us, however, that this may have been a sign of affection. The best bed was kept for guests, the second best was used by husband and wife.

1592. The poet and dramatist Robert Greene, in a pamphlet called *A Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance,* attacks a young actor as " an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you ; and being an absolute Johannes factotum, is, in his own conceit, the only Shakescene in the country." Obviously Shakespeare is meant, and by this time he must have left Stratford for London and the theatre. Later, the publisher of this pamphlet apologizes for Greene's ill-natured attack, and speaks of Shakespeare as " excellent in the quality * he professes."

1593–1594. Publication of the poems *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece,* both dedicated to the Earl of Southampton.

1594. Shakespeare mentioned as one of the actors in the Lord Chamberlain's company. He plays before the queen at Greenwich.

1596. The College of Heralds grants John Shakespeare a coat of arms, which was obtained three years later. He is known to have been in financial difficulties at this date. It is thought likely that his son returned to Stratford in this year, and established the fortunes of the family on a firmer basis.

1597. Shakespeare buys New Place at Stratford.

1598. Francis Meres, a schoolmaster and divine, publishes his *Palladis Tamia* (Treasury of Wit), in which he praises Shakespeare as the greatest dramatist of the time. He mentions his narrative poems, his sonnets, six comedies (*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Errors, Love's Labour's Lost, Love's Labour's Won,*† *Midsummer Night's*

* Technical term for the actor's profession.

† Perhaps *All's Well that Ends Well,* or *Much Ado About Nothing.*

Dream, and *Merchant of Venice*), and six tragedies (*Richard II., Richard III., Henry IV., King John, Titus, Romeo and Juliet*).

1599. Globe Theatre built. Shakespeare becomes a shareholder in the receipts of this theatre.

1601. Death of John Shakespeare, from whom his son inherits the houses in Henley Street now known as " Shakespeare's House."

1602. Shakespeare purchases arable land near Stratford.

1603. The Lord Chamberlain's company receives its licence from James I., and is henceforth known as the King's Company or the King's Servants. Theatres closed on account of the plague, and the Court leaves London.

1604. Shakespeare is one of the actors chosen to walk in the procession accompanying the king on his entry into London.

1605. He buys a moiety (portion) of the tithes of Stratford, but this investment does not prove a satisfactory one.

1607. His elder daughter, Susanna, marries Dr. John Hall. Their daughter Elizabeth was the only grandchild Shakespeare lived to see. She was the last surviving direct descendant of the poet.

1609. The Burbages, who had leased the Blackfriars Theatre, bought out the lessee. Shakespeare is one of the players to obtain shares (profits much less than at the Globe).

1610. Shakespeare purchases pastoral land, to add to land bought in 1602.

1616. His younger daughter, Judith, marries Thomas Quiney, son of one of his old friends. Of their three sons one died in infancy, the other two in young manhood.

1616. Death of Shakespeare (23rd April). He is buried in Stratford parish church, and over his grave are inscribed these lines :

KING RICHARD III

"Good friend for Jesus' sake forbeare
To digg the dust enclosed heare :
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones"

THE WORK OF SHAKESPEARE

c. 1590–1600. Plays :—*Love's Labour's Lost ; The Two Gentlemen of Verona ; The Comedy of Errors ; Romeo and Juliet ; Henry VI. ; Richard III. ; Richard II. ; Titus Andronicus ; The Merchant of Venice ; King John ; A Midsummer Night's Dream ; All's Well that Ends Well ; The Taming of the Shrew ; Henry IV. ; The Merry Wives of Windsor ; Henry V. ; Much Ado About Nothing ; As You Like It ; Twelfth Night.*

Poems :—*Venus and Adonis ; Lucrece ; The Sonnets.*

1600–1610. *Julius Cæsar ; Hamlet ; Troilus and Cressida ; Othello ; Measure for Measure ; Macbeth ; King Lear ; Timon of Athens ; Pericles ; Antony and Cleopatra ; Coriolanus.*

1610–1611. *Cymbeline ; The Winter's Tale ; The Tempest ; Henry VIII.*

THE ELIZABETHAN THEATRE

From the earliest times the English have been a play-loving people ; but there was no regular theatre in London until 1576. Before this date actors took their wheeled and canopied stage, or "pageant," into the courtyard of an inn—the *Red Lion*, the *Bull*, the *Bell*, the *Cross-keys*, or the *Belle Savage*—and this was their temporary theatre. The audience assembled at the windows or on the balconies of the building, or crowded in the yard itself. The disadvantages of this arrangement are obvious, and as drama increased

in excellence and popularity it seemed advisable that the players should have a place of their own, where they might be independent of the good will of the innkeeper and the necessity of sharing profits with him, and where, even more to be desired, they should be without the jurisdiction of the city magistrates, always suspicious of them as the cause of crowds and possible uproar. So, in 1576, James Burbage erected a building in Shoreditch, then outside the city boundaries, and called it the *Theatre*. It was followed by the *Curtain*.* These were the two playhouses in existence when Shakespeare came to London in 1584 or 1585; but, during his life there, others sprang up, notably the *Rose*, *Swan*, *Fortune*, *Blackfriars*, and *Globe*, all situated on the river. Of these the most important was the *Globe*, the sign of which showed Hercules carrying the burden of Atlas, the terrestrial globe, on his shoulders. This famous theatre, where many of Shakespeare's greatest plays were acted for the first time, was doomed to a short life. In 1613, during a performance of *Henry VIII.*, "set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting on the stage," the discharge of two small cannon set fire to the thatch of the roof, and in a short time the whole theatre was burnt to the ground. It was rebuilt in the following year, but only to be demolished and built over during the Civil War.

There was a distinction between the public and the private theatres. The latter offered entertainments by the boys of the great choir schools of Paul's and the Chapel Royal, under the direction of their singing masters. At the beginning of the seventeenth century the children of the Chapel at the second *Blackfriars* became so popular that the professional companies of actors were for the time being out of favour. A famous

* Named after the land on which it was built—there was no curtain drawn over the Elizabethan stage.

passage in *Hamlet* (II. ii.) alludes rather bitterly to the success of these boys.

In building his *Theatre* Burbage had the inn-yard in mind. He made it hexagonal instead of square, and his "scaffold," or stage, was a bigger and more elaborate structure than the old movable pageant. But it bore definite traces of its origin: the unseated pit was still called the "yard," the boxes were the "rooms," and a painted sign, suggesting that of the tavern, distinguished the building. The public theatres were only partially roofed; the spectators in the "yard" were exposed to wind and weather. The private theatres were more luxurious, boasting a roof, and seated throughout. They were frequented by audiences of superior social standing; a character in a play of 1600 says:

> "I' faith, I like the audience that frequenteth there,
> With much applause. A man shall not be choked
> With the stench of garlick, nor be pasted
> To the barmy jacket of a beer brewer."

Prices of places varied from a penny to half a crown, but, taking into consideration the difference in the spending value of money in the two periods, it was not much cheaper to see a play in Shakespeare's time than in our own. A custom which must have been most distressing for the actors allowed a number of the audience to occupy stools on the stage of certain theatres. For this privilege the charge was sixpence. A contemporary satirist vividly describes the conduct of the young gallants who come in just as the quaking prologue has by rubbing got some colour into his cheeks, mew at the passionate speeches, blare at the merry, examine the lace on the play-suits, and take up rushes from the stage and tickle the ears of their friends to excite laughter among the audience.

The typical Elizabethan stage was an *apron stage*, which differs from our modern *picture stage* in that it

projects into the pit of the theatre. Its exact construction is a matter of controversy, though certain details are clear from stage directions in the original editions of the plays of the period. In most theatres, public and private, there was a *rear stage*, a curtained recess topped with a balcony. The usefulness of this contrivance, to which constant allusion is made, is at once apparent. It might serve as study, bedchamber, tomb, counting-house, or cave, while the balcony might be the abode of the gods, or the city walls, or any place for which the direction " above " is given. In *Richard III.* it would be utilized in the scene for which the stage direction is, *Enter Richard aloft, between two Bishops.* The recess below would be the sleeping-place of Clarence in Act I., and in Act V. would contain Richmond's tent, while Richard's would be pitched on the stage itself. This is a scene which, perhaps unnecessarily, perplexes the modern producer, who generally decides to concentrate on the representation of Richard, and to cut the messages of the ghosts to Richmond. Although there was no scenery in the modern sense of the word in the Elizabethan theatre, there was plenty of spectacular effect, and stage properties were not lacking. Those of the Lord Admiral's men in 1598 include a rock, a cage, tombs, a rainbow, mossy banks, a " chayne " of dragons, a bay tree, a snake, and the city of Rome. The exhibition of a severed head, as in Act III. of *Richard III.*, was most realistic, and hand-to-hand fights, like those between Richmond and Richard, were demonstrations of skilled swordsmanship, keenly appreciated by an audience who knew something of the art. There was no difficulty in rendering noise—storms, the galloping of horses' feet, alarums to battle, flourishes of trumpets, firing of cannon, are common stage directions, and there was much music.

The actors are sometimes described as entering at the sides of the stage sometimes by doors. Original

stage directions in the play of *Richard III.* are, *Enter one Citizen at one door, and another at the other,* and *Enter Richard and Buckingham at several doors.* If you look through a reproduction of the First Folio you will find similar directions in other plays.

The costume worn by the actors was magnificent. As a rule, Elizabethan fashion prevailed, though such details as a Moor's coat, a Robin Hood's suit, Tasso's robe, and so on, noted in Henslowe's * papers, suggest a certain appropriateness. There are records of cloaks of black velvet and black satin and scarlet trimmed with copper lace, doublets of peach and carnation, hose of cloth of gold and embroidered satin, jerkins of green and black trimmed with silver lace, and women's gowns of orange tawny velvet with silver lace, and yellow satin embroidered with silk and gold lace. One dramatist got less for his play than was spent on the gown of his heroine—and this heroine was impersonated by a boy. Actresses were unknown on the stage before the Restoration.

Each company of actors was licensed to perform in the name of some royal or noble person. Thus we hear of Leicester's men, the Earl of Oxford's men, Nottingham's men, the Queen's players, and so on. From time to time, with the promotion or the death of a patron, a company would change its name—that to which Shakespeare belonged was known successively as Leicester's, Lord Strange's, the Lord Chamberlain's, and the King's men. With the growth of the popularity of the theatre the salaries of the actors and their social importance increased. Their Puritan enemies would have it that they were "rogues and vagabonds," but they seem to have been "glorious vagabonds," with money enough to

* Philip Henslowe, who built the *Rose*, the *Fortune* (with Alleyn the actor), and reconstructed the Bear Garden as the *Hope Theatre*. His Diary is a most interesting record of stage costumes and properties.

bring them "dignity and reputation" if they chose to save it and spend it wisely.

Shakespeare was evidently a good actor. He was called "excellent in the quality he professes" (see page 164), and he was among those chosen to act before Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich and King James I. at Wilton. The parts he is said to have taken—Adam in *As You Like It* and the Ghost in *Hamlet*—are not big ones, but they are parts which demand an imaginative rendering, and would not be entrusted to an indifferent actor. There are many allusions in his plays to actors, their environment and their art, and in *Hamlet* he gives a definite criticism and exposition of this art (III. ii.), and shows how moving the power of the player may be (II. ii.). A famous description of acting is Buckingham's in the play of *Richard III.*:

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

The "deep tragedian" who acted Richard III. was the famous Richard Burbage, the builder of the Globe Theatre, the most powerful actor of his time, and the lifelong friend of Shakespeare.

PLAYS BEFORE SHAKESPEARE

In Shakespeare's plays allusion is sometimes made to an earlier, cruder kind of drama. During the Middle Ages the popular dramatic entertainment had been the *mystery plays*, presenting the most striking events of the Bible story. These were acted on festival days

by the town gilds in the streets, each gild having its stage wagon or pageant, on which it played the scene for which it was responsible, at some convenient place, such as the market cross or the gate of the city. In the fifteenth century the *mystery* was superseded by the *morality*, an allegorical representation of man's life, either in part or whole, the characters personifying the Virtues helping him and the Vices working to destroy him. The comic element in the morality play was provided by the Devil and a buffoon known as the Vice, perhaps because he was originally one of the chief Vices in the play. The Devil wore a hair coat, a huge false nose, and long talons, and he invariably spoke in a great roaring voice. The costume of the Vice varied. Sometimes he wore a long motley coat; in one play he appears in " armour " made of different kitchen utensils. He generally carried a wooden dagger, with which to torment his associates in the play. Punning and word play were essential to any sort of amusing talk of the time, and it is to this that Richard refers when he says:

> " Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity.
> I moralize two meanings in one word."

The sixteenth century was a period of great change and development in English drama. In its middle years Londoners thronged tavern yards and scholars and templars the halls of the universities and the Inns of Court to see the simple moralities; in its last decade the audience in the public theatres saw the comedies of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Merchant of Venice*, the tragedies of *Richard II.* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Such a change cannot come suddenly. The middle years of the century are a time of experiment and gradual development. A schoolmaster, Nicholas Udall, adapted a comedy by the Roman Plautus for his Westminster boys to act, and called it *Ralph Roister Doister*; two barristers, Sack-

ville and Norton, collaborated in writing an English tragedy, *King Gorboduc*, in the manner of the Roman Seneca, and it was acted by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple before the queen. The tragedies of Seneca, which were translated into English during this period, had an enormous influence on the development of English drama. The five acts separated by choruses, certain characters such as the nurse and the faithful servant, the ghost, the "sensational" theme —all these were imitated, together with a sententious type of speech, and the kind of dialogue known as "stichomythia." This is an oddly artificial affair of consecutive short, generally single-line speeches, in which antithesis and parallelism are employed. It is well illustrated in the conversation between Richard and Elizabeth in *Richard III.* (see pages 131–132), which in itself is a proof that this play is among Shakespeare's earlier work. The native tradition persists along with the classical influence, and the drama of the sixties and seventies is a curious hotchpotch, written sometimes in rhyming stanzas, sometimes in irregular rhyming couplets, occasionally in a dull and wooden blank verse, introducing the Vice to relieve the tedium of the great events in which classical divinities and royal personages play their parts, and, in the phrase of Sir Philip Sidney, "mingling hornpipes and funerals." A play called *King Cambises* is described as a "lamentable tragedy mixed full of pleasant mirth," and others merit a similar description. Then comes a wonderful year, 1579, which sees the production of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, and Lyly's *Endimion*. All these dramatists seem conscious of a new greatness and certainty in their work, and the beauty of Marlowe's blank verse, and the elegance of Lyly's prose, established a style, the one in tragedy, the other in comedy.

The influence of Marlowe is to be seen in Shakespeare's earlier plays. In *Richard III.* the concen-

tration of interest on one figure, the characterization of Margaret, monotonous in its insistence on one mood, and various points in style, have led some critics to consider that Shakespeare actually worked on a manuscript of the play by Marlowe, left unfinished at the time of his death. It is impossible to appreciate the " feel " of Marlowe's work until you have read it for yourself : quotation of a few passages does not satisfactorily illustrate it. Nor, even with a knowledge and appreciation of the quality of his style, can you mark certain passages of the play, and say, " These were written by Marlowe." The Marlovian and Shakespearean verse is subtly blended, as if Shakespeare had worked over Marlowe's half-finished version, or, which seems as likely, as if he were haunted by Marlowe's tune. One can imagine the excitement with which the young poet from Stratford, familiar with the rough stanzas and tumbling verse of the Coventry moralities and of local entertainments of the kind he parodies in *Love's Labour's Lost* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, must have first heard the lovely verse of Marlowe spoken from the stage of a London theatre, and how for many years it must have echoed in his brain.

THE HISTORICAL PLAY

During the Elizabethan period a number of plays were produced dramatizing the outstanding events of the reign of some English king—*The Troublesome Reign of King John, A True Tragedy of Richard III., The Famous Victories of Henry V.*, and so on. These " chronicle plays " have not much literary and dramatic value. Their popularity in their own time may be accounted for by the growing patriotism of Tudor England, the increase of her consciousness of and her pride in herself as England. Heywood, a con-

temporary of Shakespeare, praises "our English chronicles," both as a method of giving instruction, enabling even men of "weak capacity" to "discourse of any notable thing recorded even from William the Conqueror—nay, from the landing of Brute, untill this day," and as an incentive to patriotism, "What English blood, seeing the person of any bold Englishman presented, and doth not hugge his fame, and hunnye at his valour?"

It was Christopher Marlowe, the greatest of English dramatists before Shakespeare, who, in his *Edward II.*, first gave this sort of drama form and beauty, and the interest that comes from a vivid conception of character. Shakespeare's early historical plays clearly show his influence.

In writing his "histories" Shakespeare utilized older plays, some of which are still extant, and the *Chronicle* of Hall and of Holinshed, the latter of which, especially, was well known to the Elizabethans, but thoroughly out of fashion in the next century, which had no patience with "tedious tales of Hollingshed."

Although it has its complete independent interest, the play of *Richard III.* is closely connected with that of *Henry VI.*, and students will find it worth while to read through *Henry VI., Part III.*, which will give first-hand acquaintance with events which are real and vivid when they take place in their due course, and rather tiresome to read in notes—such as the defeat and death of Richard's father, the death of Rutland, Edward's marriage with Lady Grey, the defection of Clarence, the assassination of Henry's young son, and his own death at the hands of Richard. No study of the character of Richard can be complete without a knowledge of its development in the play of *Henry VI.*, especially of that last scene when he makes a proud fierce acknowledgment of his deformity and his apartness from other men—*I am myself alone.*

ELIZABETHAN PASTIMES, CUSTOMS, AND SUPERSTITIONS

TO WHICH ALLUSION IS MADE IN "RICHARD III."

One of the favourite outdoor sports in the days of Shakespeare was hawking, and in every play you read you will find some allusion, however slight, to falconry. When Buckingham talks of the *pitch* of Edward's thoughts, he uses the technical term for the greatest height to which the falcon was capable of soaring. A *mew* was the cage in which the falcon was kept when not in use: when Richard speaks of Clarence being mewed up, he means that he is imprisoned. To flesh a hawk or a hound was to give it part of the game captured, in order to increase its eagerness for the kill —thus a fleshed villain is one whose experience has made him ready for further bloodshed. Cockshut time may be a metaphor drawn from fowling: it certainly means twilight, but some authorities consider that the descriptive epithet simply denotes the time when cocks are shut up for the night, while others say that it is from the cockshut or cockshoot, the net stretched across the opening of a way in a wood in order to catch birds in the half light.

A popular town pastime was the cruel one of bear-baiting. A building known as the Bear Garden stood near the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, and it was devoted to bear- and bull-baiting. The show opened with the bear being tied to a stake in the middle of the ring; the mastiffs, four or five or six of them, were then let loose upon it. It would put up a good fight. Shakespeare makes Richard III. in the play of *Henry VI.* compare his father on the battlefield to

> ". . . a bear, encompassed round with dogs,
> Who, having pinched a few and made them cry,
> The rest stand all aloof and bark at him."

But fresh mastiffs were brought in to replace the hurt ones, and the sport went on till the bear was overcome or killed. If the wretched beast survived, it was tended by the "bearwards," until it had recovered sufficiently to take part in another match. These bearwards appear to have had apes in their charge: Beatrice, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, when she is jesting about "leading apes in hell" (*i.e.* dying an old maid), talks of taking sixpence in earnest from the bearward for his apes; and "sport with the horse and ape" was an entertainment in the intervals of bear-baiting, or at the end of the afternoon's programme. Little York seems to make some allusion to a bear carrying an ape in his talk with his uncle in III. i. Queen Elizabeth thinks of herself as the tortured animal when she tells Gloucester:

> "I had rather be a country servant-maid
> Than a great queen, with this condition,
> To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at."

A practical knowledge of music was considered essential to every one with any pretence of breeding, and the use of musical terms is common. Two occur in Richard's opening speech—the *induction*, or beginning of a piece of music, and *to descant*, which is "to make division or variation in music, on any particular subject."

Common objects of everyday life were the jack o' the clock, the figure that struck the hours, still to be seen on famous old clocks, and the cross-row, the former representation of the alphabet, with the cross painted before it. A favourite mediæval and Elizabethan delicacy, to which Clarence's murderers make grim allusion, was a sop of wine, cake soaked in wine, after which a kind of carnation was called.

The superstitions of the Middle Ages still flourished among the Elizabethans, who firmly believed in the venomous toad with the precious jewel in his head,

the renewed bleeding of the wounds of a murdered man should he who had inflicted them draw near the corpse, the tricks of elves who might deform a child or mark him with some blemish, and the power of the evil eye. There would be nothing absurd in the idea that Richard should be bewitched by his enemies (see III. iv.)—the absurdity lay in his exhibiting " a weryshe wythered arm and small as it was neuer other."

DATE AND SOURCES OF THE PLAY

Richard III. was first printed in quarto (see page 187) in 1597. Beyond the indication of early workmanship in the general style and conception of character there is no internal evidence enabling the critic to fix the exact date of the composition of the play. Certain scenes show the influence of Marlowe (see page 173) so strongly that it has been supposed that Shakespeare worked on a manuscript left unfinished by this dramatist when he died in 1593, and, whether this theory is true or not, this year is generally regarded as that in which Shakespeare's play was written.

Public interest in the Richard III. story is evinced by the fact that two more plays, Legge's *Richardus Tertius*, in Latin, and the English *The True Tragedie of Richard III.*, were written on the subject before Shakespeare's, the former being performed at St. John's College, Cambridge, the latter by the Queen's Majesty's players in London. Shakespeare's play contains no reminiscence of either of these. Its popularity (see page 164) increased that of the historical theme, and Ben Jonson evidently composed a play called *Richard Crookback** in the early seventeenth century, while in 1614 the poet Christopher Brooke

* Henslowe (see page 170) paid Jonson £10 in advance for this play. As it was not published with the rest of his works, probably someone else collaborated with him.

produced a long and gloomy poem called *The Ghost of Richard the Third* ("Expressing himself in these three parts, his character, his legend, his tragedy. Containing more of him than hath been heretofore showed either in chronicles, plays or poems"). The latter boast is certainly fulfilled. The poem is of interest in showing the way in which gruesome detail accumulates about a character that is the object of popular opprobrium, and the strong influence of Shakespeare's conception of Richard on the mind of the poet, who now and then uses lines and phrases from the play.

Shakespeare appears to have derived the bulk of his material from Hall's history, *The Union of the Two Noble and Illustre Families of Lancastre and York*, generally known as "Hall's *Chronicle*"; he also used the second edition of Holinshed's *Chronicle of England, Scotland, and Ireland*. Both Hall and Holinshed interpolated in their chronicles passages from Sir Thomas More's *History of Edward V. and Richard III.* —which, on account of its inferiority of style in comparison with the rest of More's work, has been attributed to Cardinal Morton, the Ely of the play of *Richard III*. The attitude of the historian, whoever he may be, is strongly in favour of the House of Lancaster, and it has been said that he blackened Richard in order to glorify Richmond; but the most learned modern authority came to the decision that tradition cannot be set aside, declaring that a minute study of the facts of Richard's life tended more and more to convince him "of the general fidelity of the portrait with which we have been made familiar by Shakespeare and Sir Thomas More." *

The following passages † from Hall's *Chronicle* should be compared with the corresponding scenes in the play of *Richard III*.

* See preface to *Richard the Third* (James Gairdner).
† The spelling has been modernized.

The Arrest of Hastings

These lords thus sitting communing of this matter, the protector came in among them about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merely that he had been a sleeper that day. And after a little talking with them he said to the bishop of Ely, "My lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden at Holborn, I require you let us have a mess of them." "Gladly, my lord," quoth he, "I would I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that," and with that in all haste he sent his servant for a dish of strawberries. The protector set the lords fast in communing and thereupon prayed them to spare him a little, and so he departed and came again between ten and eleven of the clock into the chamber, all changed, with a sour angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning and fretting and gnawing on his lips, and so sat him down in his place. All the lords were dismayed, and sore marvelled of this manner and sudden change, and what thing should him ail. When he had sat awhile, thus he began: "What were they worthy to have that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood to the king and protector of this his royal realm." At which question, all the lords sat sore astonied, musing much by whom the question should be meant, of which every man knew himself clear.

Then the lord Hastings, as he that, for the familiarity that was between them, thought he might be boldest with him, answered and said that they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors whatsoever they were, and all the other affirmed the same. "That is," quoth he, "yonder sorceress my brother's wife and other with her," meaning the queen. At these

words many of the lords were sore abashed which favoured her, but the lord Hastings was better content in his mind that it was moved by her than by any other that he loved better, albeit his heart grudged that he was not afore made of counsel in this matter as well as he was of the taking of her kindred and of their putting to death, which were by his assent afore devised to be beheaded at Pomfret, this selfsame day, in the which he was not ware that it was by other devised that he himself should the same day be beheaded at London. Then said the protector in what wise that sorceress and other of her counsel, as Shore's wife with her affinity have by their sorcery and witchcraft wasted my body, and therewith plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow on his left arm, where he showed a weryshe * withered arm and small as it was never other. And thereupon every man's mind misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel, for well they wist that the queen was both too wise to go about any such folly, and also if she would, yet would she of all folk make Shore's wife least of her counsel, whom of all women she most hated as that whom the king her husband most loved.

Also, there was no man there but knew that his arm was ever such since the day of his birth. Nevertheless the lord Hastings, which from the death of king Edward kept Shore's wife, whom he somewhat doted in the king's life, saving it is said that he forbare her for reverence toward his king, or else of a certain kind of fidelity toward his friend. Yet now his heart somewhat grudged to have her whom he loved so highly accused, and that as he knew well untruly, therefore he answered and said, " Certainly, my lord, if they have so done, they be worthy of heinous punishment." " What," quoth the protector, " thou servest me, I ween, with if and with an. I tell thee

* Shrunk, lacking in stamina.

they have done it, and that will I make good on thy body, traitor." And therewith (as in a great anger) he clapped his fist on the board a great rap, at which token given, one cried treason without the chamber, and therewith a door clapped, and in came rushing men in harness, as many as the chamber could hold. And anon the protector said to the lord Hastings, "I arrest thee, traitor." "What, me, my lord?" quoth he. "Yea, thee, traitor," quoth the protector. And one let fly at the lord Stanley, which shrunk at the stroke and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth, for as shortly as he shrank, yet ran the blood about his ears. Then was the Archbishop of York and doctor Morton bishop of Ely and the lord Stanley taken, and divers other which were bestowed in divers chambers, save the lord Hastings (whom the protector commanded to speed and shrive him apace) for by saint Paul, quoth he, I will not dine till I see thy head off. It booted him not to ask why, but heavily he took a priest at a venture and made a short shrift, for a longer would not be suffered, the protector made so much haste to his dinner, which might not go to it till this murder were done, for saving of his ungracious oath. So was he brought forth into the green beside the chapel within the tower, and his head laid down on a log of timber that lay there for building of the chapel, and there tyrannously stricken off, and after his body and head were interred at Windsor by his master king Edward the fourth, whose soul Jesu pardon. Amen.

Before Bosworth

In the mean season king Richard (which was appointed now to finish his last labour by the very divine justice and providence of God, which called him to condign punishment for his scelerate merits

and mischievous deserts) marched to a place meet for two battles to encounter by a village called Bosworth, not far from Leicester, and there he pitched his field, refreshed his soldiers, and took his rest. The fame went that he had the same night a dreadful and terrible dream, for it seemed to him being asleep he saw diverse images like terrible devils which pulled and haled him, not suffering him to take any quiet or rest. The which strange vision not so suddenly struck his heart with a sudden fear, but it stuffed his head and troubled his mind with many dreadful and busy imaginations. For incontinent after, his heart being almost damped, he prognosticated before the doubtful chance of the battle to come, not using the alacrity and mirth of mind and of countenance as he was accustomed to do before he came toward the battle. And lest that it might be suspected that he was abashed for fear of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends in the morning his wonderful vision and terrible dream. But I think this was no dream, but a punction and prick of his sinful conscience. . . . Now to return again to our purpose, the next day after, king Richard being furnished with men and all habiliments of war, bringing all his men out of their camp into the plain, ordered his forward in a marvellous length, in which he appointed both horsemen and footmen to the intent to imprint in the hearts of them that looked afar off a sudden terror and deadly fear, for the great multitude of the armed soldiers, and in the forefront he placed the archers like a strong fortified trench or bulwark. Over this battle was captain John duke of Norfolk, with whom was Thomas earl of Surrey his son. After this long vanguard followed king Richard himself, with a strong company of chosen and approved men of war, having horsemen for wings on both the sides of his battle.

The Result of the Battle

In this battle died few above the number of a thousand persons. And of the nobility were slain John duke of Norfolk, which was warned by divers to refrain from the field, insomuch that the night before he should set forward toward the king, one wrote on his gate:

> "Jack of Norfolk, be not too bold,
> For Dykon thy master is bought and sold."

Yet all this notwithstanding he regarded more his oath, his honour, and promise made to king Richard, like a gentleman and faithful subject to his prince absented not himself from his master, but as he faithfully lived under him, so he manfully died with him to his great fame and laud. There were slain beside him Walter lord Ferrers of Chartley, Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and Robert Brackenbury Lieutenant of the Tower and not many gentlemen more. . . . On the earl of Richmond's part were slain scarce one hundred persons, amongst whom the principal was Sir William Brandon his standard-bearer.

This battle was fought at Bosworth in Leicestershire the xxii day of August in the year of our redemption MCCCClxxxvi. The whole conflict endured little above two hours. King Richard as the fame went might have escaped and gotten safeguard by fleeing. For when they which were next about his person saw and perceived at the first joining of the battle the soldiers faintly and nothing courageously to set on their enemies, . . . they brought to him a swift and a light horse to convey him away. He which was not ignorant of the grudge and ill will the common people bare toward him . . . answered (as men say) that on that day he would make an end of all battles or else there finish his life. . . .

When the earl had thus obtained victory and slain his mortal enemy, he kneeled down and rendered to almighty God his hearty thanks with devout and godly orisons, beseeching his goodness to send him grace to advance and defend the catholic faith and to maintain justice and concord amongst his subjects and people, by God now to his governance committed and assigned. Which prayer finished, he, replenished with incomparable gladness, ascended up to the top of a little mountain, where he not only praised and lauded his valiant soldiers, but also gave unto them his hearty thanks, with promise of condign recompense for their fidelity and valiant facts, willing and commanding all the wounded persons to be cured, and the dead carcases to be delivered to the sepulture. Then the people rejoiced and clapped hands, crying up to heaven, King Henry, King Henry. When the lord Stanley saw the good will and gratuity of the people he took the crown of king Richard which was found amongst the spoil of the field, and set it on the earl's head, as though he had been elected king by the voice of the people, as in ancient times past in divers realms it hath been accustomed, and this was the first sign and token of his good luck and felicity. I must put you here in remembrance how that king Richard putting some diffidence in the lord Stanley, which had with him as a hostage the lord Strange his eldest son, which lord Stanley as you have heard before joined not at the first with his son-in-law's army, for fear that king Richard would have slain the lord Strange his heir. When king Richard was come to Bosworth, he sent a pursuivant to the lord Stanley, commanding him to advance forward with his company and to come to his presence, which thing if he refused to do, he sware by Christ's passion that he would strike off his son's head before he dined. The lord Stanley answered the pursuivant that if the king did so, he had more sons alive, and as to come to him he was

not then so determined. When king Richard heard this answer he commanded the lord Strange incontinent to be beheaded, which was at that very same season when both the armies had sight each of other. The counsellors of king Richard pondering the time and the cause, knowing also the lord Strange to be innocent of his father's offence, persuaded the king that it was now time to fight and not time to execution, advising him to keep the lord Strange as a prisoner till the battle were ended, and then at leisure his pleasure might be accomplished. So as God would king Richard infringed his holy oath, and the lord was delivered to the keepers of the king's tents to be kept as a prisoner, which when the field was done and their master slain and proclamation made to know where the child was, they submitted themselves as prisoners to the lord Strange, and he gently received them and brought them to the new proclaimed king, where of him and of his father he was received with great joy and gladness. After this the whole camp removed with bag and baggage, and the same night in the evening king Henry with great pomp came to the town of Leicester. Thus ended this prince his mortal life with infamy and dishonour, which never preferred fame or honesty before ambition, tyranny, and mischief.

EARLY EDITIONS OF THE PLAYS

In Shakespeare's time it was not fashionable for a dramatist to publish his own works, and it was not until seven years after his death that two of his fellow-actors, Hemings and Condell, collected his plays into one volume, and published what is known—from the size of the paper on which it is printed—as the First Folio edition (1623). During his life, however, booksellers had piratically published single editions of some

of the plays. These Quartos, as they are called, were sold in St. Paul's Churchyard * for sixpence each.

There are certain differences between these old editions of Shakespeare and the modern ones. Stage directions occur in folios and quartos, but no list of *dramatis personæ* and no preliminary indications of scene are given. Occasionally a passage of blank verse is printed as prose, or vice versa. Sometimes the meaning of a passage is obscure, but with the correction of a more or less obvious misprint it becomes clear. Other quarto and folio editions of the plays were published during the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth century the work of editing the text began. Rowe, Pope, Hanmer, Capell, Theobald, Dr. Johnson, brought out editions which contain lists of *dramatis personæ*, indications of where the scene is supposed to take place, and emendations of passages where words or phrases appear to be corrupt. Some of these emendations have been found unnecessary, others have been accepted or supplemented by later scholars and critics. For some of those made in the text of *Richard III.* see pages 218–219.

The first quarto of *Richard III.* was printed at the sign of the Angel in 1597, with this title: "The Tragedy of King Richard the third. Containing His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittiefull murther of his innocent nephewes: his tyrannical usurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death. As it hath beene lately acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants." Five more quarto editions were issued before, and two more after, the publication of the First Folio in 1623—a striking testimony to the popularity of the play. One of the

* This walled enclosure, encircling cathedral and burial ground, was, before the Great Fire, celebrated for its bookshops, where books were both published and sold, at the signs of the White Greyhound, the Angel, the Flower de Luce, the Crown, the Spread Eagle, the Lucretia, etc.

vexed questions of Shakespearean scholarship is the relationship of the first quarto and the first folio editions. Each version contains passages not to be found in the other, and the folio contains various alterations which sometimes may be accounted for, as they improve the metre, or avoid awkward repetition, or dispense with expressions forbidden by an Act of James's reign passed to prevent the profane use of the Holy Name of God in stage plays, but sometimes are quite inexplicable. Some scholars consider that the text of the folio must be based on a different manuscript from that used for the first and the subsequent quartos. The complete investigation of this matter is only for advanced students; but those who are at a stage to take interest in text questions should look at a reproduction of the First Folio, and of the First Quarto (in the Tudor facsimile texts series) to be found in most good reference libraries. The relationship of the texts is very thoroughly discussed in the Appendix of the *Variorum* edition of *Richard III.*, but a first-hand inspection of the two versions is essential before the opinions of experts can be considered with interest or profit.

ON THINKING IT OVER

PRELIMINARY EXERCISES

Act I

Describe the way in which Richard reveals himself as the villain in his first soliloquy. There are many evil characters in Shakespeare's plays—Edmund, Iago, Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Goneril, Regan. If you know something of these characters you will know that some of them are warped in nature, standing outside the normal life of their fellow-men, delighting in the exercise of their power of evil. Such are Iago, Edmund, Richard III. Of these Iago is the most terrible, as he has no quarrel with life: he is not the victim of nature, as is the deformed Richard, or of fate, as is the illegitimate Edmund. His is a "motiveless malignity." In what lines is the cause of Richard's malignity suggested? Notice his intense desire for power, his sardonic view of himself (the use of the word "bustle" is significant in the famous line "And leave the world for me to bustle in"), his pithy cynical humour, his recognition of the goodness that may be in other men, and what value he sets upon that goodness. If you have read *Othello* and *Lear*, it is interesting to compare him with Iago and Edmund.

Why is Richard anxious for the death of Clarence? How is his death accomplished? What does Richard

promise to do for him, and when and how does he discover this promise to be false? Study the fluctuations of emotion and purpose in the murderers. Shakespeare has given a detailed picture of these hired ruffians, who are more human than those in *Macbeth*. Consider the magnificent description of Clarence's dream—the sense of physical oppression, the pictures, now extraordinarily clear, now vague and blurred, as in a dream. It is a long piece of narrative poetry, but exciting as drama. Notice the variation of episode, and of sound suggesting the sense—it is the kind of narrative that can be spoken to a big audience: they will sit still and listen. Study the strange scene in which Richard woos Anne—a scene for which he had no historical authority. In his first soliloquy he declared himself unable to prove a lover: here he exerts an extraordinary fascination upon a young and beautiful woman—an influence which seems to have something of the quality of hypnotism. How do the other women introduced in this act regard Richard? What impression is made by the following characters: Buckingham, Hastings, Stanley? Describe the prophecies of Margaret, the widow of Henry VI., which are "as a Fate that dominates throughout the later action of the play."

Learn the meanings of the following words, and note the sense in which those in italics are commonly used in modern English: *alarum*, amity, anon, *atonement*, basilisk, cacodemon, costard, cross-row, denier, gear, *gossip*, hap, main, marry, meed, mew, scathe, solus, zounds.

Learn by heart:

I. i., page 27. "Now is the winter of our discontent . . . shall be."

I. iv., page 55. "Methought that I . . . such terrible impression made the dream."

Express in your own words the meaning of the following:

(*a*) A gentleman framed in the prodigality of nature.

(*b*) Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

(*c*) Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.

Notice the context of these famous expressions: (*a*) this weak piping time of peace; (*b*) no beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity; (*c*) Was ever woman in this humour woo'd? Was ever woman in this humour won? (*d*) Duck with French nods and apish courtesy; (*e*) Cannot a plain man live and think no harm; (*f*) Old, odd ends stolen out of holy writ; (*g*) I am too childish-foolish for this world; (*h*) The world is grown so bad That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch; (*i*) Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top, And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

Explain the following historical allusions:

(*a*) These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear;
No, when my father York and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him.

(*b*) The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland.

(*c*) Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury.

(*d*) In all which time you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster.

ACT II

What adversaries are reconciled before King Edward, and what solemn warning does he give them? How does the king first hear the news of the death of Clarence? What boon does Stanley demand? How does the king answer him? What does Richard suggest to Buckingham when the king has gone? What does he tell the son of Clarence? Does the boy believe him? How does Richard's own mother regard him? How does he receive her blessing? Who is to succeed the dead king? Notice the characterization of Buckingham as courtier and diplomat, and show how Richard regards him and uses him. What impression is given by the scene between the citizens? The children in Shakespeare's plays—notably Mamillius (in *The Winter's Tale*) and little Macduff (in *Macbeth*) are alike in their precociousness. Describe the scene with "little prating York." What news is brought by the messenger, and how is it received by the queen and the duchess? Show how this scene is dominated by the power and personality of Richard, although he does not actually appear on the stage.

Learn the meaning of these words, and note the modern English usage of those in italics: flout, jet, liege, *politic*, *reason*, wot.

Learn by heart II. i., page 67. "Have I a tongue . . . for this."

Point out the metaphors in the following passages, and comment on their appropriateness:

(*a*) I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived with looking on his images;
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are cracked in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.

(*b*) Death hath . . .
plucked two crutches from my feeble limbs,
Clarence and Edward.

(*c*) All of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star.

By whom and on what occasions are the following words spoken :

(*a*) When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assurèd that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me ! This do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love to you and yours.

(*b*) Woe to that land that's governed by a child !

(*c*) " Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace,"
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.

(*d*) Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre !
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Act III

Trace the steps by which Richard advances towards the throne. Describe the characterization of the little princes. How does Buckingham dispel the Cardinal's objection to breaking sanctuary ? How and with what results does he exercise his diplomacy throughout this act ? In what light does the character of Hastings appear ? What message is sent to him by Stanley ? What part is played by Catesby ? Sometimes a character in drama uses words which have a double and often sinister significance, clear to the audience, though he himself is unconscious of it. Thus, when Hastings talks of the death that will befall " some men else, who think themselves as safe As thou and I," the audience knows that he is already

included among those men. Find other instances of this *dramatic irony*, as it is called, in Act III.

How are the following places connected with this part of the play: Pomfret, Holborn, Baynard's Castle?

Learn the meanings of these words: apparent, bead, cue, egally, gross, mere, rood, scrivener, shrive, statua, troth, parlous.

Give the contexts of the following lines:

(*a*) Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

(*b*) I do not like the Tower, of any place:
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

(*c*) O! 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

(*d*) Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

(*e*) O momentary grace of mortal men!

(*f*) I think there's never a man in Christendom
That can less hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Act IV

How are the ladies barred from seeing the princes? What message is brought as they dispute with Brakenbury? How is it received? Who takes refuge with the Earl of Richmond? How does Buckingham offend Richard? After what planning does Richard say to himself, "I am so far in blood that sin will pluck on sin." Describe the scene where Buckingham becomes conscious of the king's displeasure. What is the effect of the murder of the princes upon those who killed them, and on Tyrrel, who suborned these men to do the deed? How does Richard receive the news that it is done? Why do the women waylay him, and with what result? Why is Richard anxious to wed Elizabeth's daughter? Describe the scene in

which he prevails upon the queen to give her consent to his plan. The change in her is astounding—in his version of the play (see page 203) Cibber makes her say in an aside that she will pretend to consent in order to circumvent Richard. However, in the *Chronicle*, Shakespeare's authority, she is described as an unstable character. What bad news is brought to Richard? What signs of weakening appear in his behaviour? What is the result of Buckingham's rebellion, and what precaution does Richard take with regard to Stanley when he goes north to muster men?

Of whom, and on what occasions, are the following words spoken:

(*a*) Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.

(*b*) An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

(*c*) That excellent grand tyrant of the earth.

(*d*) I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was.

(*e*) Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman.

(*f*) What do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

(*g*) You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful,
I never was nor never will be false.

(*h*) Out on you, owls! nothing but songs of death?

(*i*) I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him.

Express in your own words:

(*a*) To feed my humour, wish yourself no harm.

(*b*) Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Learn by heart:

IV. i., page 113. "Stay, yet look back . . . farewell."

IV. iv., page 123. " I called thee then . . . France."

Explain : jack of the clock, order of the garter, the evil eye, Jove's Mercury.

Learn the meanings of the following words, and show how those in italics are used in modern English : boot, fleshed, gall, mettle, moe, quit, *resolve*, runagate, teen, tetchy, advantaging, *advertised*, attorneys, arch, cockatrice, *competitors*, *consequence*, *discovered*, *expedition*, hoised, level, *niece*, *owed*, *power*, *process*, *witty*, unrespective.

Act V

What earlier scene of the play is recalled by V. i. ? On the modern stage changes are made in Scene ii. of this act : the representation of the tents of Richard and Richmond at such close quarters being considered to demand too great an effort of imagination from the audience—though probably this is not the case—Richmond's dream is usually omitted. For what Shakespeare found in the *Chronicle* about this dream see page 183. Study the state of mind of Richard before the dream. What ghosts appear to him ? Notice the solemn and blood-chilling effect of the refrain " despair and die " in the dream—a thing that is " good theatre " though it has been very adversely criticized. From Richard's first words on waking, what does he evidently imagine has happened to him ? Describe the thoughts that pass through his mind. Compare the orations delivered to their men by the two captains, Richard and Richmond. How does Richard conduct himself on the field of battle ? Describe Richmond's summary of the terrors of the past in which " England hath been mad and scarred herself," and his confident hope for the future —he is, of course, Henry VII., the first of the Tudor kings.

By whom and on what occasions are the following words spoken :

ON THINKING IT OVER

(*a*) Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe.

(*b*) That high All-Seer that I juggled with
Hath turned my feigned prayer on my head
And given in earnest what I begged in jest.

(*c*) A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

Learn the meanings of the following words : abate, alacrity, conjunction, reduce, annoy, beaver, bobbed, peise.

Learn by heart :

V. iii., page 151. " More than I have said . . . victory."

V. iv., page 154. " What shall I say . . . broken staves."

V. v., page 157. " We will unite the white rose and the red . . . Amen."

AFTER A MORE DETAILED STUDY OF THE PLAY

1. *Richard III.* is one of Shakespeare's early tragedies, differing from his great group in scope, passion, and thought, as you will at once realize if you have read *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear*, or *Macbeth*. It has been said that " the world of *Richard III.* is terrible but not tragic " ; the substance of *Macbeth* is both terrible and tragic. If you have read *Macbeth* it is interesting to compare and contrast the two plays. In both the hero commits crime, and goes from crime to crime to fulfil and safeguard his ambition. Richard says :

" I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin . . ."

Macbeth :

" I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

And yet the one stirs the imagination with a sense of his greatness and the pity of his sin : his story gives the feeling of *waste*, the spoiling and destruction of a finely wrought nature by the mysterious power of evil, which has been called the centre of the tragic impression, the essence of tragedy. Macbeth is human, conscious of the evil he does, suffering remorse which almost maddens him, lying " on the torture of the mind in restless ecstasy "—Richard stands apart from humanity, " I am myself alone " ; he plans out his crimes with the detachment of one planning moves in a game : his sin and his fate do not trouble the mind and heart.

Make a study of these two men, bringing out the likeness and difference in their situation and characters.

2. Professor Bradley points out that in almost all the heroes of Shakespearean tragedy " we observe a marked one-sidedness, a predisposition in some particular direction ; a total incapacity, in certain circumstances, of resisting the force which draws in this direction ; a fatal tendency to identify the whole being with one interest, object, passion, or habit of mind. This is, it would seem, for Shakespeare, the fundamental tragic trait."

Consider this description with regard to the character of Richard III.

3. " The characters in the historical plays are conceived chiefly with reference to action. The world represented in these plays is not so much the world of feeling or of thought, as the limited world of the practicable. In the great tragedies we are concerned more with what a man *is* than with what he *does*. At the close of each tragedy we are left with a sense of measureless failure, or with the stern joy of absolute and concluded attainment. There is something infinite in thought and emotion. We do not think so far, and then stop ; beyond the known our thoughts must travel until they are confronted by the unknowable. We do not love, we do not suffer so

much and no more ; our love is without limitation, and our joy cannot be weighed in the balances of earth. But our deeds are definite. And each man when tested by deeds can be brought to a positive standard. The question in this case is not, What has been the life of your soul, what have you thought and suffered and enjoyed? The question is, What have you done? And accordingly in the historical plays we are conscious of a certain limitation, a certain measuring of men by positive achievement and results. . . . They deal with the finite issues of failure or success in the achieving of practical ends." DOWDEN.

If you have read some of the historical plays and the tragedies of Shakespeare, discuss this characterization of their spirit and effect.

4. After becoming well acquainted with one or more of Shakespeare's historical plays, and the historical period with which he is concerned, you should consider the following criticism by the greatest of modern dramatists :

" There is not a breath of mediæval atmosphere in Shakespeare's histories. His John of Gaunt is like a study of the old age of Drake. Although he was a Catholic by family tradition, his figures are all intensely Protestant, individualist, sceptical, self-centred in everything but their love affairs, and completely personal and selfish even in them. His kings are not statesmen ; his cardinals have no religion ; a novice can read his plays from one end to the other without learning that the world is finally governed by forces expressing themselves in religions and laws which make epochs, rather than by vulgarly ambitious individuals who make rows. The ' divinity which shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will ' is mentioned fatalistically, only to be forgotten immediately like a passing vague apprehension. To Shakespeare, as to Mark Twain, Cauchon would have been a tyrant and a bully instead of a Catholic, and the inquisitor Lemaître would have been a Sadist instead of a lawyer. Warwick would have had no more feudal quality than his successor the King-maker has in the

play of *Henry VI.* We should have seen them all completely satisfied that if they would only to their own selves be true they could not then be false to any man (a precept which represents the reaction against mediævalism at its intensest) as if they were beings in the air, without public responsibilities of any kind."

G. B. SHAW: Preface to *Saint Joan.*

5. "Shakespeare's treatment of the characters of Richard III. and Henry V. respectively has determined the conception of them to which many generations of Englishmen have adhered. Yet, though stamped with the signature of creative genius, the evil demon of the House of York and the brilliant hero of the House of Lancaster, while alike admirable portraits, are not portraits from the life." WARD.

If you have studied the history of the period, discuss the truth of this statement with regard to Richard III.

6. Consider these criticisms of the play:

(*a*) "This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable." JOHNSON.

(*b*) Steevens, agreeing with Dr. Johnson, says that a cause of the popularity of the play is the variegated part of Richard.

"It comprehends, indeed, a trait of almost every species of character on the stage. The hero, the lover, the statesman, the buffoon, the hypocrite, the hardened and repenting sinner, etc., are to be found within its compass. No wonder, therefore, that the discriminating powers of a Burbage, a Garrick, and a Henderson, should at different periods have given it a popularity beyond other dramas of the same author. Yet the favour with which this tragedy is now received must

also in some measure be imputed to Cibber's * reformation of it, which, generally considered, is judicious: for what modern audience would patiently listen to the narrative of Clarence's dream, his subsequent expostulation with the murderers, the prattle of his children, the soliloquy of the scrivener, the tedious dialogue of the citizens, the ravings of Margaret, the gross terms thrown out by the Duchess of York on Richard, the repeated progress to execution, the superfluous train of spectres, and other dramatic encumbrances, which must have prevented the more valuable parts of the play from rising into their present effect and consequence."

(*c*) W. Richardson, commenting on the above, says:

"There never was in any poem a dream superior to that of Clarence—every reader seems to have felt the same or similar horrors; and is inclined to say, with Brakenbury, 'No wonder, lord, that it affrighted you; I am afraid methinks to hear you tell it.'"

Richardson thus describes the "faults" of the play:

"We see a good, prudential reason for the marriage of Richard with Elizabeth; but none for his marriage with Lady Anne.

"Neither are we sufficiently informed of the motives that, on some occasions, influenced the conduct of Buckingham. We are not enough prepared for his animosity against the queen and her kindred.

"The young princes bear too great a share in the drama. It would seem the poet intended to interest us very much in their misfortunes. The representation, however, is not agreeable. The princes have more smartness than simplicity; and we are more affected by Tyrrel's description of their death, than pleased with anything in their own conversation.

"Nor does the scene of the ghosts, in the last act, seem equal in execution to the design of Shakespeare. There is more delightful horror in the speech of Richard awak-

* See section 8, page 203.

ening from his dream, than in any of the predictions denounced against him. There seems, indeed, some impropriety in representing those spectres as actually appearing, which were only seen in a vision. Besides, Richard might have described them, in the succeeding scene, to Ratcliff, so as to have produced, at least in the perusal of the work, a much simpler effect. The representation of ghosts in this passage is by no means so affecting, nor so awful, as the dream related by Clarence."

7. Test the following excellent descriptions of Richard's character by reference to definite scenes and passages of the play, other than those quoted.

Cowden Clarke considers that the keynote of Richard's character is that of *contempt*.

(*a*) "Upon our first meeting him, he sounds this, in the apostrophe to his own person. . . . It is to be observed, moreover, that the first feeling every victim excited in him is that of contempt. The instant they leave him, his first ejaculation, even in the throb of triumph at the success obtained by his own intellect, is always one of contempt for his dupe. . . . Even upon slight and casual occasions the same tone occurs. . . . All these examples, I think, warrant our pronouncing the master-key in Richard's mind to be 'contempt,' and which adds a venom to his cruelty. . . . I am not sure that the poet does not mean to convey that his cruelty towards his species, for the purpose of achieving the end of his ambition, is not the result of the great leading characteristic of his mind, that of contempt."

(*b*) "It is the result of the peculiar organization of Richard's mind that he invariably puts himself in the attitude of one who is playing a part. It is this circumstance which makes the character such a favourite on the stage. It cannot be over-acted." KNIGHT.

(*c*) "There appears no sufficient explanation and motive for the villainy of Richard: the general impression conveyed is that, to Richard, villainy has become an end in itself, needing no special motive. This is one of the simplest principles of human development—that a means to an end tends in time to become an end in itself. In previous plays Gloucester may have been

impelled by ambition to his crimes: by the time the present play is reached, crime itself has become to him the dearer of the two, and the ambitious end drops out of sight. This leads directly to one of the main features of Shakespeare's portrait: Richard is an artist in villainy." MOULTON.

8. Like most of Shakespeare's plays, *Richard III.* was remodelled after the Restoration. Colley Cibber (the hero of Pope's *Dunciad*) brought out a version which held the stage for over a hundred and fifty years. He cut several scenes, and some of the most beautiful passages of the play, including Richard's

> " But I was born so high:
> Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
> And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun,"

Tyrrel's account of the death of the princes, and Clarence's dream. He introduced new scenes, partly composed of his own verse, partly of a patchwork of lines and phrases from Shakespeare's other plays. His play describes Henry VI., in imprisonment in the Tower, slain by Richard; Richard's wooing of Anne; Buckingham bringing the news of Edward's death; the contrivances of Buckingham and Richard to get the citizens to agree to their plot; the parting between the queen and the princes; Richard waiting while the " barbarous bloody act " of smothering the princes is performed; the night before Bosworth; and Richmond's triumph. Cibber has been well abused for this performance, from his own time to the present day; however, if once adaptation to suit a different period and different stage is allowed, his *Richard III.* cannot be said to be an utter disgrace: it is quite " good theatre." The following passage may be compared with its equivalent in Act V.: it is a very fair illustration of Cibber's method with Shakespeare's verse.

[*Enter Gloster from his tent.*]

Glos. 'Tis now the dead of night, and half the world
Is in a lonely solemn darkness hung ;
Yet I (so coy a dame is sleep to me)
With all the weary courtship of
My care-tired thoughts can't win her to my side ;
Though even 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 hay
Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour :
How awful is this gloom—and hark, from camp to camp
The hum of either army stilly sounds ;
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch :
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighings,
Piercing the night's 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 morning's danger—by yon heav'n, my stern
Impatience chides the 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 echo of some yawning grave,
That teems with an untimely ghost—'tis gone !
'Twas but my fancy, or perhaps the wind,
Forcing his entrance through some hollow cavern.
No matter what—I feel my eyes grow heavy.

[*Sleeps.*]

[*Enter Henry's Ghost, Lady Anne's Ghost, and the Ghosts of the young Princes rise.*]

K. Henry. Oh ! thou whose unrelenting thoughts, not all
The hideous terrors of thy guilt can shake,
Whose conscience, with thy body, ever sleeps,
Sleep on ; while I, by Heaven's high ordinance,
In dreams of horror wake thy frightful 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.

P. Ed. Richard, dream on, and see the wand'ring spirits
Of thy young nephews, murdered in the Tower :
Could not our youth, our innocence persuade
Thy cruel heart to spare our harmless lives ?
Who, but for thee, alas, might have enjoyed
Our many promised years of happiness.
No soul, save thine, but pities our misusage ;
Oh, 'twas a cruel deed ! therefore alone
Unpitying, unpitied shalt thou fall.

La. Anne. Think on the wrongs of wretched Anne thy wife,
Ev'n in the battle's heat remember me ;
And edgeless fall thy sword—despair and die.

K. Hen. The morning's dawn has summoned me away ;
Now Richard, wake in all the hells of guilt ;
And let that wild despair, which now does prey
Upon thy mangled thoughts, alarm the world.
Awake, Richard, awake to guilty minds
A terrible example. [*All ghosts sink.*]

Glos. Give me a horse—bind up my wounds !
Have mercy, heav'n ! 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 freeze with horror :
Oh tyrant conscience ! how dost thou afflict 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 ?

9. There are many ways of representing Shakespearean plays. Originally they were acted on an apron stage without scenery, as we understand the term. The idea of reproducing the costume of the period to which the events of the play belong is a comparatively modern one. In the eighteenth century the actors and actresses generally appeared in the fashions of their own time. In the nineteenth century stage managers like Kean and Tree attempted the most elaborate and detailed realism in scenery and dress. Then Gordon Craig inaugurated a new way, designing settings which should suggest to the imagination the spirit and atmosphere of the tragedy or comedy, instead of showing the eye a multitude of realistic touches, which, correct enough, may quite well fail in their purpose, and grow tiresome and absurd. (" I let my scenes grow out of not merely the play, but from broad sweeps of thought which the play has conjured up in me."—*The Art of the Theatre*, Gordon Craig.) In the modern theatre you may see a Shakespearean play staged against a curtained background, or realistically, or in the imaginative way suggested by Gordon Craig. The very latest notion has been to return to the old custom of disregarding period, and to play Shakespeare in modern dress, and with modern accessories.

Discuss these various ways of showing a Shakespearean play, and discover which you consider to be most satisfying to the imagination.

10. There has been a good deal of controversy as to the merits of the recent representations of certain

Shakespearean plays in twentieth century dress and with twentieth century accessories. One of the arguments in favour of this staging is that it was the usual thing to give period pieces in modern dress in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and, of course, during Shakespeare's own time the characters in such pieces would appear as up-to-date Elizabethans, and their appearance was compatible with the general design of the play. Summing up the effect of *Macbeth* in modern dress (1928) the *Times* said, " We remained so conscious of anachronism that the play was not illuminated but overwhelmed." There is no doubt that some sense of this effect led to the alteration of Shakespeare for those seventeenth and eighteenth century companies playing him, according to tradition, in the dress of their day, and we may be confronted with similar revisions and " improvements " of period plays for the modern theatre. Take this into consideration when debating the advisability of staging Shakespeare in modern dress.

11. Two of the strangest scenes in the play are the wooing of Anne and the persuasion of Elizabeth. The success of the first is in odd contradiction to Richard's complaint of his inability to prove a lover. With regard to the wooing of Anne, this theory has been advanced: " Anne was in love with Richard, and all that sparring of the courtship scene is the resistance of one who expects to be captured and desires to be. It must be remembered, of course, that even with such a dissembler as Richard an interview would not accomplish all he achieved. Nearly two years of romantic pursuit, baffled again and again by the jealousy of Clarence, is crowded within the compass of these lines."—Lounsbury. An actor has the chance to play both the Anne and Elizabeth scenes as if exercising a hypnotic influence on the women who rail upon him so bitterly, and are led to succumb to

him—but this is not generally done. Discuss the representation of the yielding of the women in these two scenes—bearing in mind the vacillation shown by many characters in the troubled times of the conflict between York and Lancaster.

12. Discuss the part played by women in Shakespeare's historical plays.

13. Distinguish the characters of the two young princes. Other plays in which Shakespeare introduces children are *King John*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Coriolanus*, *Macbeth*. If you know these plays, describe the characterization of the children in them.

14. Queen Margaret has been called "the most supernatural conception of Shakespeare." Justify this description from the part she plays in I. iii. and the subsequent course of the tragedy.

15. The purpose of Shakespeare's historical plays was the glorification of the House of Lancaster, from which the Tudors were descended. Although Richard himself is Duke of York, show how through him the wrongs of Lancaster are unwittingly avenged.

16. If you have read the play of *King John*, compare and contrast its study of a royal criminal with that of *Richard III.*, the one weak, the other strong in his crime.

17. "Coleridge has said of Richard that pride of intellect is his characteristic. This is true, but his dominant characteristic is not intellectual; it is rather a dæmonic energy of will."—DOWDEN. Make a study of the character of Richard, showing how this energy fulfils itself to the end.

18. A reading, even a quick reading, of *Henry VI., Part III.*, will increase the interest in the characters and action of *Richard III.*, which is a sequel to this play. The following scenes are chief of those to which allusion is made in *Richard III.*: I. iii., where the young Rutland is slain by Clifford; I. iv., where York is crowned with the paper crown, and slain by

Clifford and Margaret; III. iii., where Warwick's negotiations with Lewis of France for the marriage of Lady Bona with Edward are broken off by the news of Edward's marriage with Lady Grey; IV. i., IV. vi., and V. i., which show why Clarence should be called "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence"; V. v., the slaying of Prince Edward, son of Margaret and Henry; V. vi., the assassination of Henry by Richard.

19. Study the characterization of Buckingham, the courtier and diplomat, and of Hastings, the plain soldier.

20. Richard so dominates the interest of the play that in one sense all other characters are minor characters. Consider the various persons of the play, and discover which, even if their part is a very small one, impress you as vivid and living personalities, and which, if any, have no distinctive characteristics.

21. The supernatural is sometimes introduced into drama for the mere purpose of providing a thrill, of making the blood run cold. Shakespeare never uses it in this purely sensational way—while it is part of the "mystery of things," suggesting that awe and fear of the unknown to which not even our scientific age is indifferent, it also has a definite purpose in the drama. Discuss its purpose and effect in the play of *Richard III.*

22. Shakespeare, the greatest dramatist of the world, was also a popular playwright; he wrote for his audience, and his "histories" pleased a recognized public taste. Can you suggest any reasons for the delight of English audiences, during the last twenty years of the sixteenth century, in seeing and hearing the drama of their past history? What element, very strongly felt in *Henry V.*, is almost entirely absent from the play of *Richard III.*?

23. The business of the dramatist in the *exposition* or opening of a play is to introduce the chief persons, to give some idea of the relation in which they stand

to one another, and their characters, and to suggest the coming conflict. Show how Shakespeare does this in the first scenes of *Richard III.* Where does the *crisis* of the play occur? What events lead to the *catastrophe*, the death of Richard, the hero of the tragedy?

24. Discuss the following changes made by Shakespeare in the records he found in the Chronicles he used:

(*a*) He represents Queen Margaret, who dies in 1482, as living throughout the events of the play.

(*b*) He makes Richard directly responsible for the death of Clarence.

(*c*) He brings most of the chief personages of the play round the dying Edward, whereas, at this time, Richard was in Scotland, Buckingham was in Wales, and Rivers and Grey were probably at Ludlow.

(*d*) He compresses into a few days the funeral of Henry VI. (1471), the murder of Clarence (1478), the death of Edward (1483).

(*e*) He invents the wooing of Anne by the bier of the murdered Henry, to whose son she had been betrothed.

25. Make a careful comparison of the passages given on pages 180 to 186 with the corresponding scenes of the play.

26. Aristotle, the Greek philosopher and critic, discussing tragedy, laid down certain "rules" which have exercised critics more or less ever since. These "rules" were not, of course, propounded as deliberate recipes for writing plays: they were based on the examination of a very great drama, that of Greece. Whatever ideas of culture one may have, no Greek theory of art is negligible. As you study drama and what has been written about it you will come across Aristotle again and again, and the ruling with regard to construction that will be of most frequent occurrence is that of the *Unities*—of action, place, and time.

According to the first, a drama should deal with the development of a single action (which excludes the use of sub-plot). The second insists on an unchanged scene; the third that the time of the action of the play should be about equivalent to that of its representation on the stage. Can you see what artistic idea underlies these unities? Did Shakespeare usually observe them? If you have begun to read French classical drama, compare him with Corneille and Racine in this respect. Which of the unities seems most important. Which, if any, does he observe in *Richard III.*?

27. In what scenes of this play is prose used? Look again at any other plays of Shakespeare you have read, and notice if there is any similarity between their prose scenes and those of *Richard III.* Where does Shakespeare use rhyme in this play?

28. Draw a map of England showing the various places where events of this play happen, and study the description of the tactics of Bosworth with the plan of the battle which you will find in your history book.

29. If you have read the history of the period of this play, discuss the probable justice or injustice of Shakespeare's representation of Richard.

30. There are very few things the kinema can do better than the theatre—one is the representation of a battle scene. Why is this? What are the special difficulties of such a representation on the stage? Shakespeare was very conscious of them (see Prologues to Act I. and Act IV. of *Henry V.*). He does not attempt to give the main action of a battle, but shows various telling episodes before it takes place, and during its course, and after it has been lost and won. Describe his treatment of Bosworth, and compare with Act V. of *Richard III.* the "fighting acts" of *Henry V.*, or *Macbeth*, or *Henry VI.*, or *Coriolanus*, or any other play in which a battle is represented.

31. If you have read *Julius Cæsar* or *Coriolanus* you will know that Shakespeare usually represents the people as unstable and fickle, with no mind of their own, swayed by the emotion of the moment aroused in them by the gibes of the demagogue or the impassioned plea of the orator. One of the most striking facts in Hall's account is the inability of skilled orators to move the people to declare for Richard's cause. Dr. Shaw preached at Paul's Cross: "the people were so far from crying King Richard that they stood as they had been turned into stones for wonder of this shameful sermon;" Buckingham delivered his oration at the Guildhall: "all was still and mute and not one word answered to;" the Mayor took the matter in hand, but "all were as still as the midnight;" the Recorder tried: "the people began to whisper among themselves secretly, that the voice was neither loud nor base, but like a swarm of bees." Where does Shakespeare represent or mention these events? In what light do the citizens appear in II. iii.?

32. The simplest form of blank verse, unrhymed iambic pentameter, is that in which the accent falls on every second syllable.

"Ye blócks, ye stónes, ye wórse than sénseless thíngs."

It would, of course, be impossible for anyone with an ear for the rhythm of words to use the same type of line over and over again without variation, unless to obtain some particular effect of monotony. There are many variations in the tune of iambic pentameter. These should be studied, and from time to time a verse passage set down as prose should be rewritten in its blank verse lines. From the earliest stages lines in which the sound echoes the sense with particular distinctness should be noticed, and attention called to the effect of long and short, open and close vowel

sounds, liquid, sibilant, guttural, and explosive consonants. Then the difference in the style of Shakespeare's earlier and later verse should be considered. In the later plays an extra syllable will often be found after the cæsura, or mid-line pause, as well as at the end of the line. Sometimes the last accent of the line falls upon an unaccentable word, such as "and" or "for." The number of run-on lines increases. This variation of pause makes a flexible dramatic verse. It has been said that Shakespeare's earlier verse proceeds line by line, his later paragraph by paragraph.

Compare the construction of the verse in this passage, from the late play of *Coriolanus*, with that of Richard's oration to his army, from "What shall I say" to "broken staves" (pages 154–155).

CORIOLANUS CHOOSES HIS SOLDIERS.

Cominius. Take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
Marcius. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smeared; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life
And that his country's dearer than himself:
Let him alone, or so many so minded.
Wave thus, t' express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.
[*They all shout and wave their swords, take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]
O, me alone! make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius

A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obeyed. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined.

33. Study the effect of onomatopoeia (the sound echoing the sense) in: (*a*) *That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them,* where the short monosyllables and clipped explosive consonants suggest the limping gait; (*b*) *Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,* where the massive effect of the explosives and gutturals and richness of the long vowel sounds suggest the accumulated treasure of the deep; (*c*) *To find the empty, vast, and wandering air*—open light vowel and consonant sounds; (*d*) *Smothered it within my panting bulk Which almost burst to belch it in the sea*—short vowel sounds, explosive consonants, suggesting an anguish of restriction; (*e*) *silken, sly, insinuating jacks*—the sibilant and liquid consonants, assonance of short *i* sound, with effect of mincing delicate gentleness. Mark other lines and passages where this effect of sound echoing the sense strikes you particularly as you read.

34. There are many independent poems in Shakespeare's plays—such things as the Seven Ages of Man, Portia's plea for mercy, Antony's oration to the Roman citizens, Wolsey's farewell to his greatness, Gaunt's praise of England, Hamlet's "To be or not to be." One of the most wonderful of these is Clarence's dream—a narration which is as vivid and varied as drama, a poem in which the sound echoes the sense with an imaginative beauty and effectiveness which cannot be described. Consider this passage in detail, noticing the vividness, the dream atmosphere, the sense of oppression and turmoil, the variety of images, and the sound patterns.

ON THINKING IT OVER

35. In your history of language lessons,

(*a*) Learn the meanings and look up the derivations of the following words: abroach, alabaster, amity, anon, attainder, avaunt, barbed, basilisk, bead, beaver, belike, boot, bulk, cacodemon, caitiff, caper, chop, cockatrice, cog, conjunction, costard, cross-row, cull, defused, demise, denier, descant, dub, egally, empery, enfranchise, entertain, exhale, falchion, fleshed, flout, franked, gear, gramercy, handiwork, hap, hoise, i-wis, jet, lap, liege, libel, malapert, malmsey, marry (exclamation), meed, methinks, mettle, mewed up, moe, moiety, parlous, peise, puissance, quit, raze, rood, runagate, scathe, sirrah, teen, tetchy, welkin, wot, zounds.

(*b*) Distinguish the Shakespearean and the common modern uses of these words: alarum, annoy, atonement, competitor, conceit, confederate, feature, fond, gossip, index, owe, prevent, purchase, politic, reason, resolve, shrewd, sort, soothe, suggestion, tall.

36. Paraphrase the following passages—that is, express them in good clear modern prose, in such a way that the meaning would be obvious to anyone ignorant of Elizabethan English:

(*a*) Page 72.

You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and joined together,
Must gently be preserved, cherished, and kept.

(*b*) Page 93.

I hope
My absence doth neglect no great designs.

(*c*) Page 97.

So smooth he daubed his vice with show of virtue,

That . . .
He lived from all attainder of suspect.

(*d*) Page 100.

Why, who's so gross,
That seeth not this palpable device ?
Yet who's so blind, but says he sees it not ?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.

(*e*) Page 101.

Then he was urged to tell my tale again,
"Thus said the duke, thus hath the duke inferred,"
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.

(*f*) Page 125.

I have a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.

(*g*) Page 127.

Richard. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.
Elizabeth. True, when avoided grace makes destiny.

(*h*) Page 141.

This, this All-Souls' Day to my fearful soul,
Is the determined respite of my wrongs.

(*i*) Page 146.

I, as I may—that which I would I cannot,
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms.

37. Take any passage or scene which has especially interested you in the reading of the play, and describe the way in which you think it ought to be spoken, and with what action it should be accompanied on the stage. If you see *Richard III.* acted, notice which scenes, etc., gain by representation, and which, if any, lose.

38. The following varying interpretations have been suggested for two difficult passages in the play,

and may be preferred to those given as footnotes on pages 81 and 82.

(*a*) Weigh it but with the grossness of this age.

Warburton. But the more gross, that is, the more superstitious, the age was, the stronger would be the imputation of violated sanctuary. The speaker resolves this question in the negative, because it could be claimed by those only whose actions necessitated them to fly thither; or by those who had an understanding to demand it, neither of which could be an infant's case: the first line, then, should be read "the greenness of his age." The corrupted reading of the old Quarto * is something nearer—"the greatness of his age."

Johnson. Warburton's emendation is very plausible, yet the common reading may stand. That is, compare the act of seizing him with the gross and licentious practices of these times, it will not be considered as a violation of sanctuary, for you may give such reasons as men are now used to admit.

Heath. Put a semicolon at the end of the preceding line, and a full stop at the end of this, and then we may reinstate the common reading. That is, if you consider it only according to that gross undistinguishing superstition which prevails in the present age.

(*b*) Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity.
I moralize two meanings in one word.

The problem is—what is Richard's equivocation?

Johnson. He must allude to the line, "So young, so wise, they say, do ne'er live long," in which he conceals, under a proverb, his design of hastening the prince's death.

Capell. Richard's double-meaning word is characters, which, as he accents it, signifies *letters*, and so taken his answer confirms the prince's opinions, that fame, the renown of things, might live though not *registered*: another way, his line's meaning may be—

* Q. 6.

that fame might live long without *desert* from great actions, intimating that his own actions, which he did not mean should be great or good either, would operate as well or better that way.

Mason. The prince having caught some parts of the former line, asks Richard what he says, who, in order to deceive him, preserves in his reply the latter words of the line, but substitutes other words at the beginning of it, of a different import from those he had uttered. This is the equivocation that Gloster really made use of, though it does not correspond with his own description of it.

39. The following are emendations of the Folio and Quarto text by various editors. Discuss the value of these. (The context should be consulted in every case.)

FOLIO AND QUARTO	EMENDATION
I. i., page 28.	
An amorous *Looking-glasse:*	An amorous *looking lass* (Vaughan).
I. i., page 31.	
If Heaven will take the present at *our* hands.	*my* hands (Hanmer).
I. ii., page 33.	
Poore *key-cold* figure of a holy king.	*clay-cold* (Hanmer).
His soule thou canst not *haue.*	*hurt* (Hanmer).
II. i., page 64.	
From my Redeemer, to *redeeme* me hence.	*recall* (Pope, Hanmer). *release* (Kinnear).
III. ii., page 90.	
How now, Sirrha, how goes the world with thee ?	*Sirrah, how now ?* (Pope).
III. iv., page 94.	
I have sent *for these strawberries.*	*these same strawberries* (Capell).
IV. i., page 109.	
To greet the tender *Prince.*	*Princes* (Theobald, etc.).

FOLIO AND QUARTO	EMENDATION
IV. i., page 112.	
And each howres joy wrackt with a weeke of *teene.*	*anguish* (Pope).
IV. iv., page 123.	
That false *bunch-back'd* Toad.	*hunch-back'd* (Pope).
IV. iv., page 128.	
Whose hand soeuer *lanch'd.**	*lanced* (Rowe, etc.).
IV. iv., page 131.	
Bound with triumphant *garlands.*	*laurels* (Capell).
V. iii., page 146.	
Mortall staring Warre.	*Mortal-fearing* (Capell). *Mortal-scaring* (Malone). *Mortal-staring* (Steevens).
V. iv., page 155.	
Daring an opposite to every danger.	*A daring opposite* (Warburton). *Daring all opposites* or *opposite* (Vaughan).

40. The English bishop and poet, Corbet, describes in his *Iter Boreale* (*c.* 1618) how his host rode with him part of the way on his journey from Nuneaton to Coventry. When they passed close to Bosworth Field, he pointed out its various features :

" ' See ye yon wood ? There Richard lay
With his whole army. Look the other way,
And lo where Richmond in a bed of gorse
Encamped himself o'er night, and all his force :
Upon this hill they met.' Why, he could tell
The inch where Richmond stood, where Richard fell :
Besides what of his knowledge he could say,
He had authentic notice from the play ;
Which I might guess, by 's must'ring up the ghosts,

* Launched, pierced.

And policies, not incident to hosts ;
But chiefly by that one perspicuous thing,
Where he mistook a player for a king.
For when he would have said King Richard died,
And called A horse ! a horse ! he Burbage cried."

Can you account for the strong hold Shakespeare's tragedy of *Richard III.* at once took upon the imagination of the English people ?

THE END

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN AT
THE PRESS OF THE PUBLISHERS

THE
T.E.S. SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE

Edited by SIR HENRY NEWBOLT
EVELYN SMITH, and JOHN HAMPDEN
Equally suitable for Examinations and Literary Study

Illustrated. Price 1s. 9d. per volume

This Edition is intended for those teachers who consider that the dramatic side of the poet's genius has recently been over-emphasized; who remember that Shakespeare was a poet as well as a dramatist, and that his most intimate and lasting appeal is to the mind and the emotions, rather than to the eye and ear.

The Glossary takes the form of footnotes; the Illustrated Introduction gives enough information to help the reader to visualize the period; the well-printed Text is followed by a Commentary dealing *seriatim* with all the questions raised by the play—historical, literary, and dramatic.

LIST OF PLAYS

T.E.S. 25. MACBETH.
„ 31. RICHARD THE SECOND.
„ 32. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
„ 33. KING HENRY IV.—PART I.
„ 63. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
„ 69. TWELFTH NIGHT.
„ 84. JULIUS CÆSAR.
„ 92. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
„ 93. HENRY THE EIGHTH.
„ 95. THE TEMPEST.
„ 96. KING LEAR.
„ 97. KING RICHARD III.
„ 98. AS YOU LIKE IT.
„ 99. CORIOLANUS.
„ 101. KING HENRY IV.—PART II.
„ 111. KING JOHN.
„ 114. HENRY THE FIFTH.

Other Volumes to follow.

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

T.E.S. 9

THE APPROACH TO SHAKESPEARE

Introduction by MRS. ANDREW LANG

Fully Illustrated. Price 1s. 6d.

The Contents of this Volume comprise :

i. A charming Biography of Shakespeare, followed by a Biographical Sketch of Charles and Mary Lamb, specially written for children by Mrs. Andrew Lang.

ii. Select Stories from Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, Holinshed's *Chronicle*, Plutarch's *Lives*, and Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*.

iii. Poetical Extracts from the Plays, following the various stories.

The Plays included are : *A Midsummer Night's Dream ; King John ; The Merchant of Venice ; Richard II. ; As You Like It ; Julius Cæsar ; Twelfth Night ; Richard III. ; The Tempest ;* and *Macbeth.*

T.E.S. 10

THE APPROACH TO TENNYSON

Biography by MRS. ANDREW LANG

Fully Illustrated. Price 1s. 6d.

This Volume contains :

i. A Simple Life of the Poet.

ii. Prose Tales from Malory and the *Mabinogion*, as well as Tennyson's *Becket.*

iii. Extracts from the *Idylls of the King*, and a selection of Tennyson's Shorter Poems.

iv. A Set of Literary Exercises.

The Stories cover the chief episodes of the life of King Arthur, from his "Coming" to the "Last Great Battle in the West."

The Poetical Selections include : passages from the *Idylls ; Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere ; The Lady of Shalott ; Sir Galahad ; Morte d'Arthur ; The Brook* (complete) ; *Recollections of the Arabian Nights ;* and *The Charge of the Light Brigade.*

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

PATTERN PROSE

OR

THE PREPARATION FOR LITERATURE

BY

RICHARD WILSON, D.Litt.

A Graded Course in Reading and Thinking for Pupils of 11 to 15, designed to provide systematic mental training for later appreciation of English prose literature.

T E.S. 107. Part I. A Little Book of Slow Reading and Careful Thinking. Price 1s. 6d.

Selected Prose Passages, Fables, Legends, and Simple Stories, each followed by Study Notes and Exercises of a non-scholastic character for training in Thinking about what has been read. Numerous Illustrations.

T.E.S. 108. Part II. A Study of the Story. Price 1s. 6d.

A collection of stories of every possible type and style from the earliest fables and legends to modern short stories. Commentary containing Study Notes and Exercises of a purely literary character.

T.E.S. 109. Part III. The Four Chief Forms of Prose Expression. Price 1s. 9d.

Examples of Narration, Description, Exposition, and Argument carefully selected and classified. Commentary of a literary character, with suggestions for imitation.

T.E.S 110. Part IV. A Study of Changes in Prose Style. Price 1s. 9d.

Examples of prose style arranged in chronological order from North to Hardy, with an Epilogue on modern authors and their style of writing. Commentary as above.

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

DATE OF ISSUE*

This book must be returned within 3, 7, 14 days of its issue. A fine of ONE ANNA per day will be charged if the book is overdue