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Richard III Act 1

[00:00:54] Hey! Hey!
[00:00:57] Hey! Hey!
[00:01:00] Hey! Hey!
[00:01:42] Now is the winter of our discontent
[00:01:45] made glorious summer by this son of York.
[00:01:48] And all the clouds that lowered upon our house
[00:01:51] in the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
[00:01:53] Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
[00:01:56] our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
[00:01:59] our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
[00:02:03] our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
[00:02:06] Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front,
[00:02:09] and now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
[00:02:13] to fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
[00:02:15] he capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
[00:02:19] to the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
[00:02:24] But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks
[00:02:27] nor made to court an amorous looking glass;
[00:02:30] I, that am rudely stamped
[00:02:32] and want love's majesty to strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
[00:02:37] I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
[00:02:40] cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
[00:02:43] deformed, unfinished,
[00:02:45] sent before my time into this breathing world
[00:02:48] scarce half made up,
[00:02:50] and that so lamely and unfashionable
[00:02:53] that dogs bark at me as I halt by them--
[00:02:56] why I, in this weak piping time of peace
[00:02:59] have no delight to pass away the time,
[00:03:02] unless to spy my shadow in the sun
[00:03:04] and descant on my own deformity.
[00:03:07] And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
[00:03:10] to entertain these fair well-spoken days,
[00:03:13] I am determined to prove a villain
[00:03:17] and hate the idle pleasures of these days.
[00:03:24] Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
[00:03:29] by drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
[00:03:32] to set my brother Clarence and the king in deadly hate
[00:03:35] the one against the other.
[00:03:37] And if King Edward be as true and just
[00:03:39] as I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
[00:03:43] this day should Clarence closely be mewed up
[00:03:47] about a prophecy which says
[00:03:49] that G of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
[00:03:54] Dive, thoughts, down to my soul.
[00:03:55] Here Clarence comes.
[00:03:57] Brother, good day.
[00:03:58] What means this armed guard that waits upon your grace?
[00:04:01] His majesty, tendering my person's safety,
[00:04:05] hath appointed this conduct to convey me to the Tower.
[00:04:07] Upon what cause?
[00:04:09] Because my name is George.
[00:04:10] Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours.
[00:04:13] He should for that commit your godfathers.
[00:04:16] Oh, belike his majesty hath some intent
[00:04:18] that you shall be new-christened in the Tower.
[00:04:23] What's the matter, Clarence?
[00:04:25] May I know?

[00:04:26] Yea, Richard, when I know,
 [00:04:27] for I protest, as yet I do not.
 [00:04:29] But as I can learn, he hearkens after prophecies and dreams
 [00:04:33] and from the cross-row plucks the letter G
 [00:04:35] and says a wizard told him
 [00:04:37] that by G his issue disinherited should be.
 [00:04:39] And, for my name of George begins with G,
 [00:04:42] it follows in his thought that I am he.
 [00:04:44] These, as I learn, and such like toys as these
 [00:04:47] have moved his highness to commit me now.
 [00:04:52] Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women.
 [00:04:56] 'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower.
 [00:04:58] My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence;
 [00:05:01] 'tis she that tempers him to this extremity.
 [00:05:03] Was it not she and that good man of worship,
 [00:05:06] Anthony Woodville, her brother there,
 [00:05:08] that made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
 [00:05:10] from whence this present day he is delivered?
 [00:05:12] We are not safe, Clarence.
 [00:05:14] We are not safe.
 [00:05:16] By heaven, I think there is no man secure
 [00:05:17] but the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds
 [00:05:20] that trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
 [00:05:22] Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
 [00:05:25] Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?
 [00:05:27] Humbly complaining to her deity
 [00:05:28] got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
 [00:05:31] I'll tell you what.
 [00:05:32] I think it is our way,
 [00:05:33] if we will keep in favor with the king,
 [00:05:35] to be her men and wear her livery.
 [00:05:37] The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,
 [00:05:40] since that our brother dubbed them gentlewomen,
 [00:05:42] are mighty gossips in our monarchy.
 [00:05:44] I beseech your graces both to pardon me.
 [00:05:47] His majesty hath straitly given in charge
 [00:05:50] that no man shall have private conference
 [00:05:54] of what degree soever with his brother.
 [00:05:58] Even so, and it please your worship, Brakenbury,
 [00:06:02] you may partake of anything we say.
 [00:06:04] We speak no treason, man.
 [00:06:06] We say the king is wise and virtuous
 [00:06:09] and his noble queen well struck in years, fair, and not jealous.
 [00:06:12] We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot, a cherry lip,
 [00:06:15] a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue,
 [00:06:17] and that the queen's kindred are made gentle-folk.
 [00:06:19] Now how say you, sir?
 [00:06:21] Can you deny all this?
 [00:06:24] With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.
 [00:06:26] Naught with Mistress Shore?
 [00:06:29] I tell thee, fellow,
 [00:06:30] he that doth naught with her, excepting one,
 [00:06:33] were best to do it secretly, alone.
 [00:06:35] What one, my lord?
 [00:06:37] Her husband, knave. Wouldst thou betray me?
 [00:06:40] I do beseech your grace to pardon me
 [00:06:42] and withal forbear your conference with the noble duke.
 [00:06:46] We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.
 [00:06:49] We are the queen's objects and must obey.
 [00:06:56] Brother, farewell.

[00:06:58] I will unto the king.
[00:06:59] And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
[00:07:02] were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
[00:07:04] I will perform it to enfranchise you.
[00:07:07] Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
[00:07:10] touches me deeper than you can imagine.
[00:07:14] I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
[00:07:16] Well, your imprisonment shall not be long.
[00:07:20] I will deliver you or else lie for you.
[00:07:24] Meantime, have patience.
[00:07:26] I must, perforce.
[00:07:29] Farewell.
[00:07:37] Go; tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return.
[00:07:40] Simple, plain Clarence.
[00:07:42] I do love thee so
[00:07:44] that I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
[00:07:46] if heaven will take the present at our hands.
[00:07:49] But who comes here?
[00:07:50] The new-delivered Hastings.
[00:07:52] Good time of day unto my gracious lord.
[00:07:55] As much unto my good lord chamberlain.
[00:07:57] Well are you welcome to the open air.
[00:07:59] How hath your lordship brooked imprisonment?
[00:08:02] With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must.
[00:08:05] But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
[00:08:07] that were the cause of my imprisonment.
[00:08:09] No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,
[00:08:13] for they that were your enemies are his
[00:08:16] and have prevailed as much on him as you.
[00:08:20] More pity that the eagle should be mewed
[00:08:23] while kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
[00:08:25] What news abroad?
[00:08:29] No news so bad abroad as this at home.
[00:08:31] The king is sickly, weak, melancholy,
[00:08:35] and his physicians fear him mightily.
[00:08:38] Now, by Saint John, that news is bad indeed.
[00:08:42] O, he hath kept an evil diet long
[00:08:45] and overmuch consumed his royal person.
[00:08:48] 'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
[00:08:52] Where is he, in his bed?
[00:08:55] He is.
[00:08:58] Go you before, and I will follow you.
[00:09:08] He cannot live, I hope, and must not die
[00:09:12] till George be packed with post-horse up to heaven.
[00:09:15] I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence
[00:09:17] with lies well steeled with weighty arguments.
[00:09:20] And if I fail not in my deep intent,
[00:09:22] Clarence hath not another day to live;
[00:09:24] which done, God take King Edward to his mercy
[00:09:27] and leave the world for me to bustle in,
[00:09:30] for then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
[00:09:33] What though I killed her husband and her father?
[00:09:35] The readiest way to make the wench amends
[00:09:38] is to become her husband and her father,
[00:09:40] the which will I,
[00:09:42] not all so much for love as for another secret close intent,
[00:09:46] by marrying her which I must reach unto.
[00:09:48] But yet I run before my horse to market.
[00:09:51] Clarence still breathes.
[00:09:52] Edward still lives and reigns.

[00:09:54] When they are gone, then must I count my gain.
 [00:10:21] Set down, set down your honorable load,
 [00:10:25] if honor may be shrouded in a hearse,
 [00:10:29] whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
 [00:10:32] the untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
 [00:10:45] Poor key-cold figure of a holy king,
 [00:10:49] pale ashes of the house of Lancaster,
 [00:10:54] thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood.
 [00:11:00] Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost
 [00:11:03] to hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 [00:11:06] wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son,
 [00:11:10] stabbed by the selfsame hand that made these wounds.
 [00:11:17] Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
 [00:11:23] I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
 [00:11:29] O, cursed be the hand that made these holes,
 [00:11:34] cursed the heart that had the heart to do it,
 [00:11:38] cursed the blood that let this blood from hence.
 [00:11:43] More direful hap betide that hated wretch
 [00:11:47] that makes us wretched by the death of thee
 [00:11:50] than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 [00:11:53] or any creeping venom'd thing that lives.
 [00:11:57] If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 [00:12:02] prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 [00:12:04] whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 [00:12:06] may fright the hopeful mother at the view,
 [00:12:09] and that be heir to his unhappiness.
 [00:12:12] If ever he have wife,
 [00:12:15] let her be made more miserable by the death of him
 [00:12:19] than I am made by my young lord and thee.
 [00:12:29] Come now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
 [00:12:33] taken from Paul's to be interred there.
 [00:12:42] Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.
 [00:12:46] What black magician conjures up this fiend
 [00:12:48] to stop devoted charitable deeds?
 [00:12:50] Villains, set down the corse, or, by Saint Paul,
 [00:12:53] I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.
 [00:12:55] My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.
 [00:12:59] Unmannered dog, stand thou, when I command.
 [00:13:03] Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
 [00:13:06] or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot
 [00:13:08] and spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness!
 [00:13:22] What? Do you tremble?
 [00:13:24] Are you all afraid?
 [00:13:27] Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,
 [00:13:32] and mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
 [00:13:37] Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell.
 [00:13:40] Thou hadst but power over his mortal body.
 [00:13:42] His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.
 [00:13:44] Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.
 [00:13:47] Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not,
 [00:13:50] for thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
 [00:13:53] filled it with cursing cries and deep exclams.
 [00:13:57] If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
 [00:14:00] behold this pattern of thy butcheries!
 [00:14:04] O, gentlemen, see, see!
 [00:14:09] Dead Henry's wounds open their congealed mouths
 [00:14:13] and bleed afresh!
 [00:14:17] Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,
 [00:14:21] for 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
 [00:14:24] from cold and empty veins where no blood dwells.

[00:14:27] Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
 [00:14:30] provokes this deluge most unnatural.
 [00:14:34] O God, which this blood madest,
 [00:14:36] revenge his death!
 [00:14:37] O earth, which this blood drinkest,
 [00:14:40] revenge his death!
 [00:14:41] Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,
 [00:14:43] or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,
 [00:14:47] as thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
 [00:14:50] which his hell-governed arm hath butchered!
 [00:14:53] Lady, you know no rules of charity,
 [00:14:55] which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
 [00:14:58] Villain, thou knowest no law of God nor man.
 [00:15:02] No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.
 [00:15:04] But I know none and therefore am no beast.
 [00:15:07] O wonderful, when devils speak the truth!
 [00:15:09] More wonderful when angels are so angry.
 [00:15:13] Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
 [00:15:15] of these supposed crimes to give me leave
 [00:15:17] by circumstance but to acquit myself.
 [00:15:20] Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,
 [00:15:22] of these known evils but to give me leave
 [00:15:25] by circumstance to accuse thy cursed self!
 [00:15:28] Fairer than tongue can name thee.
 [00:15:29] Let me have some patient leisure to excuse myself.
 [00:15:31] Fouler than heart can think thee.
 [00:15:33] Thou canst make no excuse current but to hang thyself!
 [00:15:35] By such despair, I should accuse myself.
 [00:15:37] And by despairing shalt thou stand excused
 [00:15:40] for doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
 [00:15:42] that didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
 [00:15:44] Say that I slew them not.
 [00:15:45] Then say they were not slain, but dead they are,
 [00:15:48] and, devilish slave, by thee.
 [00:15:50] I did not kill your husband.
 [00:15:51] Why, then he is alive.
 [00:15:52] Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's hand.
 [00:15:54] In thy foul throat, thou liest.
 [00:15:57] Queen Margaret saw thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood,
 [00:16:01] the which thou once didst spend against her breast,
 [00:16:04] but that thy brothers beat aside the point.
 [00:16:06] I was provoked by her slanderous tongue
 [00:16:08] that laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
 [00:16:10] Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
 [00:16:12] that never dreamt on aught but butcheries.
 [00:16:15] Didst thou not kill this king?
 [00:16:17] I grant ye, aye.
 [00:16:19] Dost grant me, hedgehog?
 [00:16:21] Then God grant me too
 [00:16:23] thou mayest be damned for that wicked deed!
 [00:16:27] O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!
 [00:16:30] The better for the King of Heaven, that hath him.
 [00:16:32] He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
 [00:16:34] Let him thank me that help to send him thither,
 [00:16:36] for he was fitter for that place than earth.
 [00:16:38] And thou unfit for any place but hell.
 [00:16:40] Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
 [00:16:41] Some dungeon.
 [00:16:42] Your bedchamber.
 [00:16:44] Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

[00:16:46] So will it, madam, till I lie with you.
[00:16:48] I hope so.
[00:16:49] I know so.
[00:16:53] But, gentle Lady Anne,
[00:16:55] to leave this keen encounter of our wits
[00:16:57] and fall something into a slower method,
[00:17:01] is not the causer of the timeless deaths
[00:17:04] of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
[00:17:06] as blameful as the executioner?
[00:17:08] Thou wast the cause and most accursed effect.
[00:17:10] Your beauty was the cause of that effect,
[00:17:12] your beauty that did haunt me in my sleep
[00:17:15] to undertake the death of all the world
[00:17:16] so I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
[00:17:18] If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
[00:17:21] these nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
[00:17:24] These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck.
[00:17:26] You should not blemish it if I stood by.
[00:17:28] As all the world is cheered by the sun, so I by that.
[00:17:31] It is my day, my life.
[00:17:33] Black night o'ershade thy day and death thy life!
[00:17:35] Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.
[00:17:37] I would I were to be revenged on thee.
[00:17:39] It is a quarrel most unnatural
[00:17:40] to be revenged on him that loveth thee.
[00:17:42] It is a quarrel just and reasonable
[00:17:44] to be revenged on him that killed my husband.
[00:17:46] He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband
[00:17:47] did it to help thee to a better husband.
[00:17:49] His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
[00:17:51] He lives that loves thee better than he could.
[00:17:53] Name him.
[00:17:54] Why, that was he.
[00:17:55] The selfsame name but one of better nature.
[00:17:57] Here.
[00:18:01] Why dost thou spit at me?
[00:18:04] Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake.
[00:18:07] Never came poison from so sweet a place.
[00:18:09] Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
[00:18:11] Out of my sight! Thou dost infect mine eyes.
[00:18:14] Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
[00:18:16] Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
[00:18:17] I would they were, that I might die at once,
[00:18:19] for now they kill me with a living death.
[00:18:21] Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
[00:18:25] shamed their aspects with store of childish drops.
[00:18:28] These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
[00:18:31] no, when my father York and Edward wept
[00:18:34] to hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
[00:18:36] when black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him
[00:18:38] nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
[00:18:42] told the sad story of my father's death
[00:18:44] and twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
[00:18:48] that all the standers-by had wet their cheeks
[00:18:50] like trees bedashed with rain.
[00:18:52] In that sad time, my manly eyes did scorn an humble tear,
[00:18:55] and what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
[00:18:59] thy beauty hath,
[00:19:00] and made them blind with weeping.
[00:19:05] I never sued to friend nor enemy.

[00:19:06] My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word.
[00:19:09] But now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
[00:19:11] my proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to speak.
[00:19:14] Teach not thy lip such scorn,
[00:19:16] for it was made for kissing, lady,
[00:19:18] not for such contempt.
[00:19:20] If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
[00:19:23] lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,
[00:19:26] which if thou please to hide in this true breast
[00:19:28] and lay the soul forth that adoreth thee,
[00:19:30] I lay it naked to the deadly stroke
[00:19:32] and humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[00:19:34] Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry,
[00:19:37] but 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
[00:19:39] Nay, now dispatch!
[00:19:40] 'Twas I that stabbed young Edward,
[00:19:42] but 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[00:19:46] Take up the sword again, or take up me.
[00:19:48] Arise, dissembler.
[00:19:50] Though I wish thy death, I will not be thy executioner.
[00:19:53] Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
[00:19:55] I have already.
[00:19:56] That was in thy rage.
[00:19:57] Speak it again, and even with the word,
[00:19:59] this hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
[00:20:01] shall for thy love kill a far truer love.
[00:20:03] To both their deaths thou shalt be accessory.
[00:20:05] I would I knew thy heart.
[00:20:07] 'Tis figured in my tongue.
[00:20:08] I fear me both are false.
[00:20:09] Then never was man true.
[00:20:12] Well, well, put up your sword.
[00:20:18] Say, then, my peace is made.
[00:20:20] That thou shalt know hereafter.
[00:20:22] But shall I live in hope?
[00:20:24] All men, I hope, live so.
[00:20:26] Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
[00:20:30] To take is not to give.
[00:20:38] Look how my ring encompasseth thy finger.
[00:20:41] Even so, thy breast encloseth my poor heart.
[00:20:45] Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
[00:20:50] And if thy poor, devoted servant
[00:20:52] may but beg one favor at thy gracious hand,
[00:20:55] thou dost confirm his happiness forever.
[00:20:58] What is it?
[00:21:00] That it may please you leave these sad designs
[00:21:03] to him that hath most cause to be a mourner
[00:21:05] and presently repair to Crosby Place,
[00:21:08] where, after I have solemnly interred
[00:21:12] at Chertsey Monastery this noble king
[00:21:17] and wet his grave with my repentant tears,
[00:21:20] I will with all expedient duty see you
[00:21:23] for divers unknown reasons.
[00:21:25] I beseech you, grant me this boon.
[00:21:28] With all my heart, and much it joys me too,
[00:21:32] to see you are become so penitent.
[00:21:37] Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.
[00:21:38] Bid me farewell.
[00:21:40] 'Tis more than you deserve.
[00:21:44] But since you teach me how to flatter you,

[00:21:46] imagine I have said farewell already.
 [00:21:56] Sirs, take up the corpse.
 [00:22:02] Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
 [00:22:03] No, to Whitefriars; there attend my coming.
 [00:22:19] Was ever woman in this humor wooed?
 [00:22:21] Was ever woman in this humor won?
 [00:22:24] I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
 [00:22:28] What?
 [00:22:29] I, that killed her husband and his father,
 [00:22:31] to take her in her heart's extremest hate,
 [00:22:34] curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
 [00:22:37] the bleeding witness of her hatred by;
 [00:22:39] having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
 [00:22:42] and I, no friends to back my suit at all
 [00:22:45] but the plain devil and dissembling looks,
 [00:22:47] and yet to win her, all the world to nothing.
 [00:22:52] Hath she forgot already that brave prince, Edward, her lord,
 [00:22:56] whom I, some three months since,
 [00:22:58] stabbed in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
 [00:23:01] A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
 [00:23:04] framed in the prodigality of nature,
 [00:23:06] young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
 [00:23:10] the spacious world cannot again afford.
 [00:23:13] And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
 [00:23:15] that cropped the golden prime of this sweet prince
 [00:23:17] and made her widow to a woeful bed?
 [00:23:19] On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
 [00:23:23] On me, who halts and am misshapen thus?
 [00:23:29] My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
 [00:23:31] I do mistake my person all this while.
 [00:23:33] Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 [00:23:37] myself to be a marvelous proper man.
 [00:23:41] I'll be at charges for a looking glass
 [00:23:44] and entertain a score or two of tailors
 [00:23:46] to study fashion to adorn my body.
 [00:23:49] Since I am crept in favor with myself,
 [00:23:51] I will maintain it at some little cost.
 [00:23:55] But first, I'll turn yon fellow in his grave
 [00:23:58] and then return, lamenting to my love.
 [00:24:03] Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 [00:24:07] that I might see my shadow as I pass.
 [00:24:17] Have patience, sister.
 [00:24:19] There's no doubt
 [00:24:20] his majesty will soon recover his accustom'd health.
 [00:24:23] In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse.
 [00:24:25] Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
 [00:24:27] and cheer his grace with quick and merry eyes.
 [00:24:29] If he were dead, what would betide of me?
 [00:24:32] No other harm but loss of such a lord.
 [00:24:34] The loss of such a lord includes all harms!
 [00:24:38] The heavens have blessed you with a goodly son
 [00:24:40] to be your comforter when he is gone.
 [00:24:42] Ah, he is young, and his minority is put
 [00:24:45] unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,
 [00:24:47] a man who loves not me nor none of you.
 [00:24:49] Is it concluded he shall be protector?
 [00:24:52] It is determined, not concluded yet,
 [00:24:53] but so it must be, if the king miscarry.
 [00:24:56] Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.
 [00:25:00] Good time of day unto your royal grace.

[00:25:02] God make your majesty joyful as you have been.
 [00:25:05] The Countess Richmond, good my lord of Derby,
 [00:25:07] to your good prayer would scarcely say amen.
 [00:25:11] Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife
 [00:25:14] and loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
 [00:25:17] I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
 [00:25:20] I do beseech you, either not believe
 [00:25:22] the envious slanders of her false accusers,
 [00:25:25] or, if she be accused on true report,
 [00:25:27] bear with her weakness,
 [00:25:29] which, I think, proceeds from wayward sickness
 [00:25:31] and no grounded malice.
 [00:25:38] Saw you the king today, my lord of Derby?
 [00:25:39] But now the duke of Buckingham and I
 [00:25:41] are come from visiting his majesty.
 [00:25:43] What likelihood of his amendment, lords?
 [00:25:45] Madam, good hope.
 [00:25:46] His grace speaks cheerfully.
 [00:25:48] God grant him health.
 [00:25:50] Did you confer with him?
 [00:25:51] Aye, madam.
 [00:25:52] He desires to make atonement
 [00:25:54] between the duke of Gloucester and your brothers
 [00:25:55] and between them and my lord chamberlain
 [00:25:57] and sent to warn them to his royal presence.
 [00:25:59] Would all were well.
 [00:26:02] But that will never be.
 [00:26:04] I fear our happiness is at the height.
 [00:26:07] They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
 [00:26:10] Who is it that complains unto the king
 [00:26:12] that I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
 [00:26:15] By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
 [00:26:17] that fill his ears with such dissentious rumors.
 [00:26:20] Because I cannot flatter and look fair,
 [00:26:22] smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
 [00:26:25] duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
 [00:26:28] I must be held a rancorous enemy.
 [00:26:29] Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
 [00:26:32] but thus his simple truth must be abused
 [00:26:34] with silken, sly, insinuating jacks?
 [00:26:39] To who in all this presence speaks your grace?
 [00:26:41] To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
 [00:26:44] When have I injured thee?
 [00:26:45] When done thee wrong?
 [00:26:47] Or thee? Or thee?
 [00:26:48] Or any of your faction?
 [00:26:50] A plague upon you all!
 [00:26:51] His royal grace,
 [00:26:53] whom God preserve better than you would wish,
 [00:26:54] cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while
 [00:26:57] but you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
 [00:26:59] Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.
 [00:27:01] The king, on his own royal disposition
 [00:27:03] and not provoked by any suitor else,
 [00:27:05] aiming, belike, at your interior hatred
 [00:27:08] that in your outward actions shows itself
 [00:27:09] against my children, brothers, and myself,
 [00:27:12] makes him to send,
 [00:27:13] that he may learn the ground of your ill will
 [00:27:15] and thereby to remove it.

[00:27:18] I cannot tell.
[00:27:20] The world is grown so bad
[00:27:22] that wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.
[00:27:25] Since every jack became a gentleman,
[00:27:27] there's many a gentleperson made a jack.
[00:27:29] Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloucester.
[00:27:31] You envy my advancement and my friends'.
[00:27:34] God grant we never may have need of you!
[00:27:36] Meantime, God grants that we have need of you.
[00:27:39] Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
[00:27:42] myself disgraced,
[00:27:43] and the nobility held in contempt,
[00:27:45] while great promotions are daily given
[00:27:47] to ennoble those that scarce some two days since
[00:27:49] were worth a noble.
[00:27:51] By Him that raised me to this careful height
[00:27:53] from that contented hap which I enjoyed,
[00:27:55] I never did incense his majesty against the duke of Clarence
[00:27:58] but have been an earnest advocate to plead for him.
[00:28:01] My lord, you do me shameful injury
[00:28:03] falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
[00:28:05] You may deny that you were not the mean
[00:28:07] of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
[00:28:09] She may, my lord, for--
[00:28:10] She may, Lord Rivers.
[00:28:11] Why, who knows not so?
[00:28:13] She may do more, sir, than denying that.
[00:28:15] She may help you to many fair preferments
[00:28:18] and then deny her aiding hand therein
[00:28:20] and lay those honors on your high desert.
[00:28:22] What may she not?
[00:28:23] She may. Aye, marry, may she.
[00:28:25] What, marry, may she?
[00:28:26] What, marry, may she?
[00:28:28] Marry with a king, a bachelor, and a handsome stripling too.
[00:28:32] I wish your grandam had a worser match.
[00:28:35] My lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne
[00:28:38] your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs.
[00:28:41] By Heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
[00:28:43] of those gross taunts that oft I have endured!
[00:28:46] I had rather be a country servant maid
[00:28:48] than a great queen with this condition
[00:28:50] to be so baited, scorned, and stormed at.
[00:28:53] Small joy have I in being England's queen!
[00:28:56] And lessened be that small, God, I beseech Him.
[00:28:59] Thy honor, state, and seat are due to me.
[00:29:02] What!
[00:29:03] Threat you me with telling of the king?
[00:29:04] Tell him, and spare not.
[00:29:06] Look, what I have said,
[00:29:07] I will avouch in presence of the king.
[00:29:09] I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
[00:29:12] 'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.
[00:29:14] Out, devil!
[00:29:15] I remember them too well.
[00:29:17] Thou kills't my husband Henry in the Tower
[00:29:20] and Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.
[00:29:23] Ere you were queen, aye, or your husband king,
[00:29:24] I was a packhorse in his great affairs,
[00:29:27] a weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

[00:29:29] a liberal rewarder of his friends.
 [00:29:31] To royalize his blood, I spent mine own.
 [00:29:34] Aye, and much better blood than his or thine.
 [00:29:37] Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
 [00:29:39] what you have been ere this and what you are;
 [00:29:42] withal, what I have been and what I am.
 [00:29:44] A murderous villain, and so still thou art.
 [00:29:47] Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick.
 [00:29:50] Aye, and forswore himself, which, Jesu pardon--
 [00:29:52] Which God revenge.
 [00:29:54] To fight on Edward's party for the crown.
 [00:29:56] And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
 [00:29:58] I would to God my heart were flint like Edward's
 [00:30:01] or Edward's soft and pitiful like mine.
 [00:30:04] I am too childish-foolish for this world.
 [00:30:08] My lord of Gloucester, in those busy days
 [00:30:12] which here you urge to prove us enemies,
 [00:30:15] we followed then our lord, our sovereign king.
 [00:30:19] So should we you, if you should be our king.
 [00:30:21] If I should be?
 [00:30:22] I'd rather be a peddler.
 [00:30:23] Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof.
 [00:30:26] As little joy, my lord, as you suppose you should enjoy
 [00:30:28] were you this country's king,
 [00:30:29] as little joy you may suppose in me
 [00:30:31] that I enjoy being the queen thereof.
 [00:30:33] Aye, little joy enjoys the queen thereof,
 [00:30:37] for I am she and altogether joyless.
 [00:30:40] I can no longer hold me patient.
 [00:30:43] Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
 [00:30:46] in sharing that that you have pilled from me.
 [00:30:50] Which of you trembles not that looks on me
 [00:30:53] if not that I am queen, you bow like subjects,
 [00:30:57] yet that by you deposed, you quake like rebels?
 [00:31:00] Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away.
 [00:31:04] Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?
 [00:31:07] But repetition of what thou hast marred.
 [00:31:09] That will I make before I let thee go.
 [00:31:12] Wert thou not banished on pain of death?
 [00:31:14] I was, but I do find more pain in banishment
 [00:31:18] than death can yield me here by my abode.
 [00:31:22] A husband and a son thou owest me.
 [00:31:29] And thou a kingdom.
 [00:31:32] All of you, allegiance.
 [00:31:35] This sorrow that I have by right is yours,
 [00:31:39] and all the pleasures you usurp are mine.
 [00:31:41] The curse my noble father laid on thee
 [00:31:43] when thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
 [00:31:46] and with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
 [00:31:49] and then to dry them gavest the duke a clout
 [00:31:52] steeped in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland--
 [00:31:55] His curses then from bitterness of soul denounced against thee
 [00:31:58] are all fallen upon thee.
 [00:32:00] And God, not we, have plagued thy bloody deed.
 [00:32:03] So just is God to right the innocent.
 [00:32:05] O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe
 [00:32:08] and the most merciless that e'er was heard of!
 [00:32:10] Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
 [00:32:12] No man but prophesied revenge for it.
 [00:32:14] Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

[00:32:16] What?
 [00:32:19] Were you snarling all before I came,
 [00:32:22] ready to catch each other by the throat
 [00:32:25] and turn you all your hatred now on me?
 [00:32:29] Did York's dread curse prevail so much with Heaven
 [00:32:33] that Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
 [00:32:38] their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment
 [00:32:42] should all but answer for that peevish brat?
 [00:32:45] Can curses pierce the clouds and enter Heaven?
 [00:32:49] Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
 [00:32:56] Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
 [00:33:01] as ours by murder to make him a king.
 [00:33:06] Edward, thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
 [00:33:09] for Edward, my son, that was Prince of Wales,
 [00:33:15] die in his youth by like untimely violence.
 [00:33:20] Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
 [00:33:25] outlive thy glory, like my wretched self.
 [00:33:28] Long mayest thou live to wail thy children's death,
 [00:33:33] and see another, as I see thee now,
 [00:33:36] decked in thy rights as thou art stalled in mine.
 [00:33:40] Long die thy happy days before thy death,
 [00:33:45] and after many lengthened hours of grief,
 [00:33:50] die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen.
 [00:33:53] Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by.
 [00:33:58] And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,
 [00:34:02] when my son was stabbed with bloody daggers.
 [00:34:06] God, I pray him
 [00:34:08] that none of you may live his natural age
 [00:34:11] but by some unlooked accident cut off!
 [00:34:13] Have done thy charm, thou hateful, withered hag!
 [00:34:16] And leave out thee?
 [00:34:18] Stay, dog! For thou shalt hear me.
 [00:34:24] If heaven have any grievous plague in store
 [00:34:28] exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 [00:34:32] O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
 [00:34:35] and then hurl down their indignation on thee,
 [00:34:38] the troubler of the poor world's peace.
 [00:34:43] The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul.
 [00:34:49] Thy friends suspect for traitors whilst thou lives
 [00:34:53] and take deep traitors for thy dearest friends.
 [00:34:57] No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 [00:35:01] unless it be whilst some tormenting dream affrights thee
 [00:35:05] with a hell of ugly devils.
 [00:35:09] O, thou elfish-marked, abortive, rooting hog!
 [00:35:15] Thou that wast sealed in thy nativity
 [00:35:17] the slave of nature and the son of hell!
 [00:35:21] Ah, slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
 [00:35:25] Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
 [00:35:29] Thou rag of honor! Thou detested--
 [00:35:32] Margaret!
 [00:35:33] Richard!
 [00:35:34] Huh?
 [00:35:35] I call thee not.
 [00:35:36] I cry thee mercy, then, for I did think
 [00:35:37] that thou hadst called me all these bitter names.
 [00:35:39] Why, so I did, but looked for no reply.
 [00:35:41] O, let me make the period to my curse!
 [00:35:43] 'Tis done by me and ends in Margaret.
 [00:35:46] Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself.
 [00:35:48] Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune.

[00:35:53] Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
 [00:35:57] whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
 [00:35:59] Fool, fool!
 [00:36:02] Thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
 [00:36:04] The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
 [00:36:07] to help thee curse this poisonous bunchbacked toad.
 [00:36:11] False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
 [00:36:13] lest to thy harm thou move our patience.
 [00:36:15] Foul shame upon you!
 [00:36:17] You have all moved mine!
 [00:36:19] Were you well served, you would be taught your duty.
 [00:36:22] To serve me well, you all should do me duty.
 [00:36:26] Teach me to be your queen and you my subjects.
 [00:36:29] O, to serve me well, teach yourselves that duty.
 [00:36:33] Peace, please, for shame if not for charity.
 [00:36:35] Urge neither charity nor shame to me!
 [00:36:39] Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
 [00:36:42] and shamefully my hopes by you are butchered.
 [00:36:47] My charity is outrage; life, my shame.
 [00:36:53] And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!
 [00:36:57] Have done, have done.
 [00:36:59] O princely Buckingham.
 [00:37:02] I kiss thy hand in sign of league and amity with thee.
 [00:37:06] Now fair befall thee and thy noble house.
 [00:37:09] Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
 [00:37:12] nor thou within the compass of my curse.
 [00:37:14] Nor no one here,
 [00:37:15] for curses never pass
 [00:37:17] the lips of those that breathe them in the air.
 [00:37:21] I will but think that they ascend the sky
 [00:37:26] and there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
 [00:37:31] O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
 [00:37:35] Look, when he fawns, he bites.
 [00:37:37] And when he bites, his venom tooth will rankle to the death.
 [00:37:40] Have naught to do with him. Beware of him.
 [00:37:42] Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,
 [00:37:45] and all their ministers, they attend on him.
 [00:37:47] What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?
 [00:37:53] Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.
 [00:37:57] What?
 [00:37:59] Dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel
 [00:38:05] and soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
 [00:38:09] O, remember this another day,
 [00:38:13] when he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
 [00:38:17] and say poor Margaret was a prophetess.
 [00:38:25] Live, each of you,
 [00:38:28] the subjects to his hate
 [00:38:32] and he to yours
 [00:38:36] and all of you to God's.
 [00:38:56] My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.
 [00:39:00] And so doth mine.
 [00:39:03] I muse why she's at liberty.
 [00:39:07] I cannot blame her.
 [00:39:09] By God's holy mother, she hath had too much wrong,
 [00:39:13] and I repent my part thereof that I have done to her.
 [00:39:17] I never did her any, to my knowledge.
 [00:39:19] Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
 [00:39:21] I was too hot to do somebody good
 [00:39:24] that is too cold in thinking of it now.
 [00:39:27] Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid.

[00:39:30] He is franked up to fattening for his pains.
 [00:39:34] God pardon them that are the cause thereof.
 [00:39:37] A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
 [00:39:39] to pray for them that have done scathe to us.
 [00:39:42] So do I ever, being well-advised,
 [00:39:44] for had I cursed now, I'd curse myself.
 [00:39:46] Madam, his majesty doth call for you
 [00:39:49] and for your grace and you, my gracious lords.
 [00:39:51] Catesby, I come.
 [00:39:52] Lords, will you go with me?
 [00:39:54] We wait upon your grace.
 [00:40:02] I do the wrong and first begin to brawl.
 [00:40:05] The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
 [00:40:07] I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
 [00:40:09] Clarence, whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,
 [00:40:12] I do beweepe to many simple gulls--
 [00:40:14] namely, to Derby, Hastings, Buckingham--
 [00:40:17] and tell them 'tis the queen and her allies
 [00:40:20] that stir the king against the duke my brother.
 [00:40:23] Now they believe it and withal whet me
 [00:40:26] to be revenged on Rivers, Dorset, Grey.
 [00:40:29] But then I sigh and with a piece of scripture,
 [00:40:32] tell them that God bids us do good for evil,
 [00:40:36] and thus I clothe my naked villainy
 [00:40:38] with odd old ends stolen forth of holy writ
 [00:40:41] and seem a saint when most I play the Devil.
 [00:40:45] But soft. Here come my executioners.
 [00:40:52] How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates.
 [00:40:55] Are you now going to dispatch this thing?
 [00:40:57] We are, my lord, and come to have the warrant
 [00:40:59] that we may be admitted where he is.
 [00:41:01] Well thought upon; I have it here about me.
 [00:41:08] When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.
 [00:41:11] But, sirs, be sudden in the execution, withal obdurate.
 [00:41:15] Do not hear him plead,
 [00:41:17] for Clarence is well-spoken
 [00:41:19] and perhaps may move your hearts to pity
 [00:41:21] if you mark him.
 [00:41:22] Tut, tut, my lord.
 [00:41:23] We will not stand to prate.
 [00:41:26] Talkers are no good doers.
 [00:41:28] Be assured we go to use our hands, not our tongues.
 [00:41:35] Your eyes drop millstones when fools' eyes fall tears.
 [00:41:41] I like you, lads.
 [00:41:43] About your business, straight.
 [00:41:45] Go, go; dispatch.
 [00:41:46] We will, my noble lord.
 [00:42:06] Why looks your grace so heavily today?
 [00:42:11] O, I have passed a miserable night...
 [00:42:14] so full of fearful dreams and ugly sights
 [00:42:19] that, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 [00:42:21] I would not spend another such a night
 [00:42:23] though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
 [00:42:26] so full of dismal terror was the time.
 [00:42:28] What was your dream, my lord?
 [00:42:31] I pray you, tell it.
 [00:42:35] Methought that I had broken from the Tower
 [00:42:37] and was embark'd to cross to Burgundy.
 [00:42:40] And in my company, my brother Gloucester,
 [00:42:43] who from my cabin tempted me to walk upon the hatches.

[00:42:49] Thence we looked toward England
 [00:42:51] and cited up a thousand heavy times
 [00:42:53] during the wars of York and Lancaster
 [00:42:55] that had befallen us.
 [00:42:59] As we paced along upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 [00:43:02] methought that Gloucester stumbled
 [00:43:04] and in falling, struck me, that thought to stay him,
 [00:43:06] overboard into the tumbling billows of the main.
 [00:43:11] "O Lord," methought, "what pain it was to drown."
 [00:43:15] What dreadful noise of waters in my ears.
 [00:43:18] What sights of ugly death within my eyes.
 [00:43:23] Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
 [00:43:26] ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon,
 [00:43:30] wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 [00:43:33] inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 [00:43:36] all scattered in the bottom of the sea.
 [00:43:41] Some lay in dead men's skulls.
 [00:43:44] And in the holes where eyes did once inhabit,
 [00:43:47] there were crept, as 'twere, in scorn of eyes,
 [00:43:49] reflecting gems that wooed the slimy bottom of the deep
 [00:43:54] and mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.
 [00:43:59] Had you such leisure in the time of death
 [00:44:01] to gaze upon these secrets of the deep?
 [00:44:03] Methought I had,
 [00:44:04] and often did I strive to yield the ghost,
 [00:44:07] but still the envious flood stopped in my soul
 [00:44:11] and would not let it forth
 [00:44:12] to find the empty, vast, and wandering air
 [00:44:14] but smothered it within my panting bulk,
 [00:44:16] which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
 [00:44:18] Awaked you not in this sore agony?
 [00:44:20] No, no, my dream was lengthened after life.
 [00:44:24] O, then began the tempest to my soul.
 [00:44:31] I passed, methought, the melancholy flood
 [00:44:36] with that sour ferryman which poets write of
 [00:44:38] unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 [00:44:45] The first that there did greet my stranger soul
 [00:44:47] was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
 [00:44:50] who spake aloud, "What scourge for perjury
 [00:44:56] can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
 [00:45:00] And so he vanished.
 [00:45:04] Then came wandering by a shadow like an angel
 [00:45:08] with bright hair dabbled in blood,
 [00:45:11] and he shrieked out aloud,
 [00:45:14] "Clarence is come,
 [00:45:16] "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
 [00:45:20] "that stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury.
 [00:45:22] Seize on him, Furies. Take him unto torment!"
 [00:45:27] With that, methought,
 [00:45:28] a legion of foul fiends environed me
 [00:45:30] and howled in mine ears such hideous cries
 [00:45:32] that with the very noise, I trembling waked,
 [00:45:35] and for a season after could not believe but that I was in hell,
 [00:45:38] such terrible impression made my dream.
 [00:45:41] No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you.
 [00:45:44] I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
 [00:45:46] Keeper, keeper, I have done these things
 [00:45:48] that now give evidence against my soul, for Edward's sake.
 [00:45:51] And see how he requites me!
 [00:45:56] O God!

[00:45:58] If my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 [00:46:00] but thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
 [00:46:03] yet execute thy wrath in me alone.
 [00:46:08] O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children.
 [00:46:23] Keeper, I prithee, sit by me awhile.
 [00:46:27] My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.
 [00:46:32] I will, my lord.
 [00:46:45] God give your grace good rest.
 [00:47:25] Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
 [00:47:31] makes the night morning and the noontide night.
 [00:47:38] Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 [00:47:42] an outward honor for an inward toil.
 [00:47:46] And for unfelt imaginations,
 [00:47:48] they often feel a world of restless cares,
 [00:47:52] so that between their titles and low name,
 [00:47:59] there's nothing differs but the outward fame.
 [00:48:01] How?
 [00:48:03] Who's here?
 [00:48:05] What wouldst thou, fellow?
 [00:48:06] How cam'st thou hither?
 [00:48:07] I would speak with Clarence,
 [00:48:09] and I came hither on me legs.
 [00:48:11] What?
 [00:48:13] So brief?
 [00:48:15] 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.
 [00:48:18] Let him see our commission, and talk no more.
 [00:48:40] I am in this commanded to deliver
 [00:48:43] the noble duke of Clarence to your hands.
 [00:48:50] I will not reason what is meant hereby
 [00:48:52] because I will be guiltless from the meaning.
 [00:49:00] There lies the duke asleep.
 [00:49:04] There are the keys.
 [00:49:10] I'll to the king and signify to him
 [00:49:13] that thus I have resigned to you my charge.
 [00:49:16] You may, sir.
 [00:49:18] 'Tis a point of wisdom.
 [00:49:27] Fare you well?
 [00:50:33] What? Shall I stab him as he sleeps?
 [00:50:35] No.
 [00:50:37] For he'll say 'twas done cowardly when he wakes.
 [00:50:40] Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.
 [00:50:43] Why, then he'll say we stabbed him sleeping.
 [00:50:48] The urging of that word "judgment"
 [00:50:50] hath bred a kind of remorse in me.
 [00:50:52] What? Art thou afraid?
 [00:50:54] Not to kill him, having a warrant,
 [00:50:56] but to be damned for killing him,
 [00:50:57] from the which no warrant can defend me.
 [00:50:59] I thought thou hadst been resolute.
 [00:51:01] So I am, to let him live.
 [00:51:07] I'll back to the duke of Gloucester and tell him so.
 [00:51:10] Hey, I pray thee, stay a little.
 [00:51:14] I hope this passionate humor of mine will change.
 [00:51:19] It was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.
 [00:51:22] One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
 [00:51:26] eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen,
 [00:51:28] sixteen, seventeen, eighteen,
 [00:51:31] nineteen, twenty.
 [00:51:37] How dost thou feel thyself now?
 [00:51:39] Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

[00:51:44] Remember our reward when the deed's done.
 [00:51:46] Zounds, he dies!
 [00:51:48] I had forgot the reward.
 [00:51:50] Where is thy conscience now?
 [00:51:52] O, in the duke of Gloucester's purse.
 [00:51:54] When he opens his purse to give us our reward,
 [00:51:57] thy conscience flies out.
 [00:51:58] 'Tis no matter. Let it go.
 [00:51:59] There's few or none will entertain it.
 [00:52:03] Or if it come to thee again?
 [00:52:05] I'll not meddle with it.
 [00:52:06] It makes a man a coward.
 [00:52:09] A man cannot steal but it accuseth him.
 [00:52:12] A man cannot swear but it checks him.
 [00:52:15] A man cannot lie with his neighbor's wife
 [00:52:18] but it detects him.
 [00:52:19] 'Tis a blushing, shamefaced spirit
 [00:52:22] that mutinies in a man's bosom.
 [00:52:24] It fills a man full of obstacles.
 [00:52:27] It made me once restore a purse of gold
 [00:52:30] that by chance I found.
 [00:52:33] It beggars any man that keeps it.
 [00:52:34] It is turned out of towns and cities
 [00:52:36] for a dangerous thing,
 [00:52:37] and every man that means to live well
 [00:52:40] endeavors to trust to himself and live without it.
 [00:52:43] 'Zounds.
 [00:52:45] 'Tis is even now at my elbow,
 [00:52:48] persuading me not to kill the duke.
 [00:52:51] Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not.
 [00:52:54] He would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.
 [00:52:56] Tut, I am strong-framed.
 [00:52:59] He cannot prevail with me.
 [00:53:00] Spoke like a tall man that respects our reputation.
 [00:53:03] Come, shall we fall to work?
 [00:53:09] Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword
 [00:53:12] and then throw him in the malmsey-butt in the next room.
 [00:53:16] O excellent devise!
 [00:53:18] And make a sop of him.
 [00:53:24] Hark.
 [00:53:27] He wakes.
 [00:53:28] Strike now?
 [00:53:31] We'll reason with him.
 [00:53:34] Where art thou, keeper?
 [00:53:36] Give me a cup of wine.
 [00:53:38] You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.
 [00:53:41] In God's name, what art thou?
 [00:53:42] A man, as you are.
 [00:53:45] But not, as I am, royal.
 [00:53:47] Nor you, as we are, loyal.
 [00:53:53] Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.
 [00:53:57] My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.
 [00:54:03] How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak.
 [00:54:08] Your eyes do menace me.
 [00:54:12] Why look you pale?
 [00:54:14] Who sent you hither?
 [00:54:16] Wherefore do you come?
 [00:54:17] To--
 [00:54:21] To--
 [00:54:24] To murder me?

[00:54:26] Aye. Aye.
 [00:54:27] You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so
 [00:54:30] and therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
 [00:54:34] Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
 [00:54:35] Offended us you have not but the king.
 [00:54:39] I shall be reconciled to him again.
 [00:54:41] Never, my lord. Therefore, prepare to die.
 [00:54:44] Are you drawn forth among a world of men
 [00:54:46] to slay the innocent?
 [00:54:49] What is my offense?
 [00:54:52] Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
 [00:54:55] What lawful quest have given their verdict up
 [00:54:58] unto the frowning judge?
 [00:54:59] Or who pronounced the bitter sentence
 [00:55:01] of poor Clarence death?
 [00:55:04] Before I be convict by course of law,
 [00:55:07] to threaten me with death is most unlawful.
 [00:55:11] I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
 [00:55:14] by Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
 [00:55:17] that you depart and lay no hands on me.
 [00:55:19] The deed you undertake is damnable.
 [00:55:21] What we will do, we do upon command.
 [00:55:24] And he that hath commanded is our king.
 [00:55:27] Erroneous vassals!
 [00:55:28] The great King of kings hath in the table of his law
 [00:55:31] commanded that thou shalt do no murder.
 [00:55:33] Will you then spurn at his edict and fulfill a man's?
 [00:55:37] Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hand
 [00:55:41] to hurl upon their heads that break his law.
 [00:55:43] And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee
 [00:55:46] for false forswearing and for murder too.
 [00:55:48] Thou didst receive the sacrament
 [00:55:49] to fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster.
 [00:55:51] And like a traitor to the name of God
 [00:55:53] didst break that vow
 [00:55:54] and with thy treacherous blade
 [00:55:56] unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.
 [00:55:58] Whom thou was sworn to cherish and defend.
 [00:56:00] How can thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
 [00:56:03] when thou hast broke it in such dear degree?
 [00:56:04] Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deed?
 [00:56:07] For Edward, for my brother, for his sake.
 [00:56:08] He sends you not to murder me for this,
 [00:56:10] for in that sin, he is as deep as I.
 [00:56:12] If God will be avenged for the deed,
 [00:56:15] O, know you yet, he does it publicly.
 [00:56:17] Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm.
 [00:56:19] He needs no indirect or lawless course
 [00:56:22] to cut off those that have offended him.
 [00:56:23] Who made thee, then, a bloody minister
 [00:56:26] when gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
 [00:56:29] that princely novice, was struck dead by thee?
 [00:56:31] My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
 [00:56:33] Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault
 [00:56:35] provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.
 [00:56:38] Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me.
 [00:56:40] I am his brother, and I love him well.
 [00:56:43] If you are hired for meed, go back again,
 [00:56:45] and I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
 [00:56:47] who shall reward you better for my life

[00:56:48] than Edward will for tidings of my death.
 [00:56:50] You are deceived.
 [00:56:51] Your brother Gloucester hates you.
 [00:56:52] O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear.
 [00:56:55] Go you to him from me.
 [00:56:56] Aye, so we will.
 [00:56:57] Tell him when that our princely father York
 [00:56:59] blessed his three sons with his victorious arm
 [00:57:01] and charged us from his soul to love each other,
 [00:57:03] he little thought of this divided friendship.
 [00:57:05] Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep.
 [00:57:08] Ah, millstones, as he lessoned us to weep.
 [00:57:11] O, do not slander him, for he is kind!
 [00:57:14] Right, as snow in harvest.
 [00:57:16] Come, you deceive yourself.
 [00:57:18] 'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.
 [00:57:22] It cannot be,
 [00:57:24] for he bewept my fortune
 [00:57:25] and hugged me in his arms and swore with sobs
 [00:57:27] that he would labor my delivery.
 [00:57:28] Why, so he doth,
 [00:57:30] when he delivers you from this earth's thralldom
 [00:57:31] to the joys of Heaven.
 [00:57:33] Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.
 [00:57:38] Have you that holy feeling in your souls
 [00:57:39] to counsel me to make my peace with God,
 [00:57:42] and are you yet to your own soul so blind
 [00:57:45] that you will war with God by murdering me?
 [00:57:49] Oh, sirs, consider.
 [00:57:51] They that set you on to do this deed
 [00:57:54] will hate you for the deed.
 [00:57:58] What shall we do?
 [00:58:00] Relent, and save your souls.
 [00:58:04] Relent.
 [00:58:05] No, 'tis cowardly and womanish.
 [00:58:07] Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.
 [00:58:10] Which of you, if you were a prince's son
 [00:58:12] being pent from liberty as I am now,
 [00:58:14] if two such murderers as yourselves came to you
 [00:58:15] would not entreat for life?
 [00:58:17] Ah, you would beg, were you in my distress.
 [00:58:20] My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks.
 [00:58:22] O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
 [00:58:24] come thou on my side and entreat for me.
 [00:58:25] A begging prince, what beggar pities not?
 [00:58:27] Look behind you, my lord!
 [00:58:29] Take that.
 [00:58:31] And that.
 [00:58:37] And if all this will not do,
 [00:58:39] I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
 [00:58:54] A bloody deed, and desperately dispatched.
 [00:58:59] How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
 [00:59:01] of this most grievous murder.
 [00:59:04] How now.
 [00:59:06] What mean'st thou, that thou helped me not?
 [00:59:09] The duke shall know how slack you have been.
 [00:59:11] I would he knew that I had saved his brother.
 [00:59:13] Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
 [00:59:15] for I repent me that the duke is slain!
 [00:59:17] Go, coward, as thou art!

[00:59:22] Well.
[00:59:26] I'll go hide the body in some hole
[00:59:28] till that the duke give order for his burial.
[00:59:32] And when I have my meed, I will away,
[00:59:34] for this will out, and then I must not stay.

Richard III Act 2

[01:00:06] Amen.
 [01:00:11] Amen.
 [01:00:18] Amen.
 [01:01:15] Why so, now have I done a good day's work.
 [01:01:21] You peers, continue this united league.
 [01:01:25] I every day expect an embassy from my Redeemer
 [01:01:28] to redeem me hence,
 [01:01:30] and now in peace my soul shall part to Heaven,
 [01:01:32] since I have made my friends at peace on Earth.
 [01:01:39] Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand.
 [01:01:46] Dissemble not your hatred.
 [01:01:48] Swear your love.
 [01:01:52] By heaven, my soul is purged from grudging hate,
 [01:01:54] and with my hand, I seal my true heart's love.
 [01:01:58] So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.
 [01:02:01] Take heed you dally not before your king,
 [01:02:03] lest he that is the supreme King of kings
 [01:02:07] confound your hidden falsehood
 [01:02:09] and award either of you to be the other's end.
 [01:02:14] So prosper I as I swear perfect love.
 [01:02:18] And I, as I love Hastings with my heart.
 [01:02:27] Yourself, madam, is not exempt from this.
 [01:02:30] Nor you, son Dorset;
 [01:02:32] Buckingham, nor you.
 [01:02:33] You have been factious, one against the other.
 [01:02:35] Wife, love Lord Hastings.
 [01:02:37] Let him kiss your hand.
 [01:02:38] And what you do, do it unfeignedly.
 [01:02:44] There, Hastings.
 [01:02:46] I will never more remember our former hatred,
 [01:02:49] so thrive I and mine.
 [01:02:55] Dorset, embrace him.
 [01:02:56] Hastings, love lord marquess.
 [01:03:04] This interchange of love, I here protest,
 [01:03:07] upon my part shall be inviolable.
 [01:03:10] And so swear I.
 [01:03:16] Now princely Buckingham.
 [01:03:21] Seal thou this league
 [01:03:22] with thy embracements to my wife's allies,
 [01:03:24] and make me happy in your unity.
 [01:03:32] Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate on your grace,
 [01:03:35] but with all duteous love doth cherish you and yours,
 [01:03:39] God punish me with hate in those where I expect most love.
 [01:03:44] When I have most need to employ a friend,
 [01:03:46] and most assured that he is a friend,
 [01:03:48] deep, hollow, treacherous, or full of guile,
 [01:03:49] be he unto me!
 [01:03:53] This do I beg of God
 [01:03:58] when I am cold in love to you or yours.
 [01:04:02] A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
 [01:04:05] is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
 [01:04:08] O! There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here
 [01:04:12] to make the blessed period of this peace.
 [01:04:15] And in good time,
 [01:04:16] here come Sir Richard Ratcliffe and the duke.
 [01:04:18] Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen.
 [01:04:20] And, princely peers, a happy time of day.
 [01:04:23] Happy indeed, as we have spent the day.

[01:04:27] Gloucester,
 [01:04:30] we have done deeds of charity,
 [01:04:33] made peace of enmity, fair love of hate
 [01:04:36] between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.
 [01:04:39] A blessed labor, my most sovereign lord.
 [01:04:45] Among this princely heap,
 [01:04:48] if any here by false intelligence or wrong surmise
 [01:04:51] hold me a foe,
 [01:04:53] if I unwittingly or in my rage
 [01:04:56] have aught committed that is hardly borne
 [01:04:58] by any in this presence,
 [01:05:00] I desire to reconcile me to his friendly peace.
 [01:05:03] 'Tis death to me to be at enmity.
 [01:05:05] I hate it and desire all good men's love.
 [01:05:09] First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
 [01:05:13] which I will purchase with my duteous service.
 [01:05:17] Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
 [01:05:19] if ever any grudge were lodged between us;
 [01:05:22] of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you,
 [01:05:27] that all without desert have frowned on me;
 [01:05:30] dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen, indeed, of all;
 [01:05:33] I do not know that Englishman alive
 [01:05:35] with whom my soul is any jot at odds
 [01:05:37] more than the infant that is born tonight.
 [01:05:40] I thank my God for my humility.
 [01:05:42] A holy day shall this be kept hereafter.
 [01:05:46] I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
 [01:05:51] My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
 [01:05:55] to take our brother Clarence to your grace.
 [01:05:58] Why, madam, have I offered love for this,
 [01:06:00] to be so flouted in this royal presence?
 [01:06:03] Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?
 [01:06:06] You do him injury to scorn his corpse.
 [01:06:12] Who knows not he is dead?
 [01:06:16] Who knows he is?
 [01:06:19] All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this?
 [01:06:24] Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?
 [01:06:27] Ay, my good lord.
 [01:06:28] And no man in the presence
 [01:06:29] but his red color hath forsook his cheeks.
 [01:06:33] Is Clarence dead?
 [01:06:38] The order was reversed!
 [01:06:40] But he, poor man, by your first order died,
 [01:06:43] and that a winged Mercury did bear.
 [01:06:45] Some tardy cripple bore the countermand
 [01:06:47] that came too lag to see him buried.
 [01:06:50] God grant that some less noble and less loyal,
 [01:06:53] nearer in bloody thoughts but not in blood,
 [01:06:55] deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did
 [01:06:57] and yet go current from suspicion.
 [01:06:58] A boon, my sovereign, for my service done.
 [01:07:00] I pray thee, peace.
 [01:07:01] My soul is full of sorrow.
 [01:07:03] I will not rise unless your highness hear me.
 [01:07:05] Then say at once what is it thou demand'st.
 [01:07:08] The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life,
 [01:07:11] who slew today a righteous gentleman
 [01:07:13] lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.
 [01:07:19] Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
 [01:07:22] and shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?

[01:07:29] My brother killed no man.
 [01:07:32] His fault was thought,
 [01:07:35] yet his punishment was bitter death.
 [01:07:41] Who sued to me for him?
 [01:07:47] Who in my wrath kneeled at my feet
 [01:07:51] and bade me be advised?
 [01:07:56] Who spoke of brotherhood?
 [01:08:00] Who spoke of love?
 [01:08:05] Who told me how the poor soul did forsake the mighty Warwick
 [01:08:08] and did fight for me?
 [01:08:12] Who told me in the field at Tewksbury
 [01:08:17] when Oxford had me down, he rescued me and said,
 [01:08:21] "Dear brother, live, and be a king"?
 [01:08:29] Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
 [01:08:33] frozen almost to death,
 [01:08:36] how he did lap me even in his garments
 [01:08:40] and did give himself, all thin and naked,
 [01:08:42] to the numb cold night?
 [01:08:49] All this from my remembrance brutish wrath sinfully pluck'd,
 [01:08:54] and not a man of you had so much grace to put it in my mind!
 [01:09:01] Oh, but when your carters or your waiting vassals
 [01:09:03] have done a drunken slaughter,
 [01:09:05] you straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon!
 [01:09:13] And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.
 [01:09:23] But for my brother, not a man would speak,
 [01:09:31] nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself for him, poor soul.
 [01:09:40] The proudest of you all
 [01:09:41] have been beholding to him in his life,
 [01:09:43] yet none of you would once beg for his life!
 [01:09:53] O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
 [01:09:57] on me and you and mine and yours for this!
 [01:10:06] Come, Hastings.
 [01:10:11] Help me to my closet.
 [01:10:15] Oh, poor Clarence.
 [01:10:39] This is the fruits of rashness.
 [01:10:46] Marked you not how that the guilty kindred of the queen
 [01:10:48] looked pale when they did hear of Clarence death?
 [01:10:53] O, they did urge it still unto the king.
 [01:10:58] God will revenge it.
 [01:11:01] Come, lords, will you go to comfort Edward with our company?
 [01:11:05] We wait upon your grace.
 [01:11:34] Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?
 [01:11:39] No, boy.
 [01:11:41] Why do you weep so oft and beat your breast
 [01:11:43] and cry, "O Clarence, my unhappy son"?
 [01:11:46] Why do you look on us and shake your head
 [01:11:48] and call us orphans, wretches, castaways
 [01:11:51] if that our noble father were alive?
 [01:11:53] My pretty cousins, you mistake me both.
 [01:11:56] I do lament the sickness of the king,
 [01:11:58] as loath to lose him, not your father's death.
 [01:12:02] It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.
 [01:12:07] Then you conclude, my grandam.
 [01:12:11] He is dead.
 [01:12:13] The king, mine uncle, is to blame for it.
 [01:12:17] God will revenge it,
 [01:12:18] whom I will importune with earnest prayers
 [01:12:20] all to that effect.
 [01:12:21] And so will I!
 [01:12:22] Peace, children, peace.

[01:12:24] The king doth love you well.
 [01:12:26] Incapable and shallow innocents,
 [01:12:29] you cannot guess who caused your father's death.
 [01:12:38] Grandam, we can,
 [01:12:40] for my good uncle Gloucester told me
 [01:12:43] the king, provoked to it by the queen,
 [01:12:45] devised impeachments to imprison him.
 [01:12:48] And when my uncle told me so,
 [01:12:50] he wept and pitied me,
 [01:12:53] kindly kissed my cheek,
 [01:12:56] bade me rely on him as on my father,
 [01:12:58] and he would love me dearly as a child.
 [01:13:02] Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle shape
 [01:13:05] and with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice!
 [01:13:10] He is my son, aye, and herein my shame,
 [01:13:15] yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
 [01:13:18] Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?
 [01:13:21] Aye, boy.
 [01:13:23] I cannot think it.
 [01:13:25] Hark! What noise is this?
 [01:13:27] Oh, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
 [01:13:30] to chide my fortune and torment myself?
 [01:13:33] I'll join with black despair against my soul
 [01:13:35] and to myself become an enemy.
 [01:13:38] What means this scene of rude impatience?
 [01:13:42] To make an act of tragic violence.
 [01:13:45] Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!
 [01:13:51] Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
 [01:13:55] Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
 [01:13:58] If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,
 [01:14:01] that our swift-winged souls may catch the king's
 [01:14:04] or like obedient subjects,
 [01:14:06] follow him to his new kingdom of ne'er-changing night.
 [01:14:10] Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
 [01:14:13] as I had title in thy noble husband.
 [01:14:17] I have bewept a worthy husband's death
 [01:14:21] and lived with looking on his images.
 [01:14:24] But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
 [01:14:28] are cracked in pieces by malignant death,
 [01:14:31] and I for comfort have but one false glass
 [01:14:35] that grieves me when I see my shame in him.
 [01:14:39] Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother
 [01:14:42] and hast the comfort of thy children left.
 [01:14:45] But death hath snatched my husband from mine arms
 [01:14:48] and plucked two crutches from my feeble hands,
 [01:14:53] Clarence and Edward.
 [01:14:56] O, what cause have I,
 [01:14:59] thine being but a moiety of my moan,
 [01:15:01] to overgo thy woes and drown thy cries!
 [01:15:05] Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's death.
 [01:15:09] How can we aid you with our kindred tears?
 [01:15:11] Our fatherless distress was left unmoaned.
 [01:15:14] Your widow dolor likewise be unwept!
 [01:15:16] Give me no help in lamentation.
 [01:15:18] I am not barren to bring forth complaints.
 [01:15:20] All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
 [01:15:24] that I, being governed by the watery moon,
 [01:15:26] may send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
 [01:15:30] Oh for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!
 [01:15:34] Oh, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

[01:15:37] Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence.
 [01:15:43] What stay had I but Edward?
 [01:15:45] And he's gone.
 [01:15:46] What stay had we but Clarence?
 [01:15:48] And he's gone.
 [01:15:49] What stays had I but they?
 [01:15:51] And they are gone.
 [01:15:52] Was never widow had so dear a loss!
 [01:15:55] Were never orphans had so dear a loss.
 [01:15:58] Was never mother had so dear a loss.
 [01:16:03] Alas, I am the mother of these griefs.
 [01:16:09] Their woes are parceled.
 [01:16:12] Mine is general.
 [01:16:19] She for an Edward weeps, and so do I.
 [01:16:23] I for a Clarence weep.
 [01:16:25] So doth not she.
 [01:16:28] These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I.
 [01:16:33] I for an Edward weep.
 [01:16:37] So do not they.
 [01:16:41] Alas, you three, on me,
 [01:16:44] threefold distressed, pour all your tears.
 [01:16:48] I am your sorrow's nurse,
 [01:16:51] and I will pamper it with lamentation.
 [01:17:03] Comfort, dear mother.
 [01:17:04] God is much displeased
 [01:17:06] that you take with unthankfulness his doing.
 [01:17:11] In common worldly things, 'tis called ungrateful
 [01:17:13] with dull unwillingness to repay a debt
 [01:17:16] which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent,
 [01:17:19] much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,
 [01:17:22] for it requires the royal debt it lent you.
 [01:17:29] Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
 [01:17:32] of the young prince, your son.
 [01:17:33] Send straight for him. Let him be crowned.
 [01:17:35] In him your comfort lives.
 [01:17:38] Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave
 [01:17:41] and plant your joys in living Edward's throne.
 [01:17:44] Sister, have comfort.
 [01:17:45] All of us have cause to wail the dimming of our shining star,
 [01:17:49] but none can help our harms by wailing them.
 [01:17:53] Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy.
 [01:17:55] I did not see your grace.
 [01:17:57] Humbly on my knee, I crave your blessing.
 [01:18:01] God bless thee and put meekness in thy rest,
 [01:18:04] love, charity, obedience, and true duty.
 [01:18:07] Amen.
 [01:18:09] And make me die a good old man.
 [01:18:11] That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing.
 [01:18:13] I marvel that her grace did leave it out.
 [01:18:30] You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers
 [01:18:33] that bear this heavy mutual load of moan,
 [01:18:36] now cheer each other in each other's love.
 [01:18:40] Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
 [01:18:43] we are to reap the harvest of his son.
 [01:18:46] The broken rancor of your high-swollen hate,
 [01:18:49] but lately splintered, knit, and joined together,
 [01:18:51] must gently be preserved, cherished, and kept.
 [01:18:58] Me seemeth good that with some little train,
 [01:19:00] forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
 [01:19:03] hither to London to be crowned our king.

[01:19:07] Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?
 [01:19:09] Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude,
 [01:19:11] the new-healed wound of malice should break out,
 [01:19:13] which would be so much the more dangerous
 [01:19:15] by how much the estate is green and yet unguarded,
 [01:19:17] where every horse bears his commanding rein
 [01:19:19] and may direct his course as please himself,
 [01:19:21] as well the fear of harm,
 [01:19:23] as harm apparent, in my opinion, ought to be prevented.
 [01:19:29] I hope the king made peace with all of us,
 [01:19:32] and the compact is firm and true in me.
 [01:19:36] And so in me.
 [01:19:39] And so, I think, in all.
 [01:19:41] Yet, since it is but green,
 [01:19:44] it should be put to no apparent likelihood of breach
 [01:19:47] which haply by much company might be urged.
 [01:19:50] Therefore, I say with noble Buckingham
 [01:19:52] that it is meet so few should fetch the prince.
 [01:19:58] And so say I.
 [01:20:02] Then be it so.
 [01:20:04] And go we to determine who they shall be
 [01:20:06] that straight shall post to Ludlow.
 [01:20:08] Madam, and you, my sister,
 [01:20:10] will you go to give your censures in this business?
 [01:20:13] With all our hearts.
 [01:20:32] Now, my lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
 [01:20:34] for God's sake, let not us two stay at home,
 [01:20:36] for by the way, I'll sort occasion
 [01:20:37] as index to the story we late talked of,
 [01:20:39] to part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.
 [01:20:46] My other self, my counsel's consistory,
 [01:20:49] my oracle, my prophet.
 [01:20:52] My dear cousin, I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
 [01:20:56] Toward Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.
 [01:21:15] Good morrow, neighbor.
 [01:21:18] Whither away so fast?
 [01:21:22] I promise you, I scarcely know myself.
 [01:21:25] Hear you the news abroad?
 [01:21:26] Yes, that the king is dead.
 [01:21:28] Oh, ill news, by our lady.
 [01:21:30] Seldom comes the better.
 [01:21:32] I fear, I fear 'twill prove a giddy world.
 [01:21:35] Neighbors, God speed.
 [01:21:37] Give you good morrow, sir.
 [01:21:38] Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?
 [01:21:40] Aye, sir, it is too true; God help the while.
 [01:21:42] Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
 [01:21:46] No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.
 [01:21:49] Woe to that land that's governed by a child.
 [01:21:53] In him there is a hope of government,
 [01:21:55] which, in his nonage council under him,
 [01:21:57] and in his full and ripened years, himself, no doubt,
 [01:22:00] shall then and till then govern well.
 [01:22:03] So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
 [01:22:04] was crowned in Paris but at nine months old.
 [01:22:07] Stood the state so?
 [01:22:08] No, no, good friends, God wot.
 [01:22:10] For then this land was famously enriched
 [01:22:14] with politic grave counsel.
 [01:22:15] Then the king had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

[01:22:19] Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.
 [01:22:22] Better it were they all came by the father
 [01:22:24] or by his father there were none at all,
 [01:22:27] for emulation, who shall now be nearest,
 [01:22:30] will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
 [01:22:34] O, full of danger is the duke of Gloucester
 [01:22:37] and the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud.
 [01:22:40] And were they to be ruled and not to rule,
 [01:22:43] This sickly land might solace as before.
 [01:22:47] Come, come. We fear the worst.
 [01:22:50] All will be well.
 [01:22:52] When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks.
 [01:22:56] When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand.
 [01:23:00] When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
 [01:23:03] Untimely storms makes men expect a dearth.
 [01:23:07] All may be well, but if God sort it so,
 [01:23:11] 'tis more than we deserve or I expect.
 [01:23:12] Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear.
 [01:23:15] You cannot reason almost with a man
 [01:23:17] that looks not heavily and full of dread.
 [01:23:19] Before the days of change, still is it so.
 [01:23:23] By a divine instinct,
 [01:23:25] men's minds mistrust ensuing danger.
 [01:23:27] As by proof, we see the waters swell before a boisterous storm.
 [01:23:32] But leave it all to God.
 [01:23:34] Whither away?
 [01:23:36] Marry, I was sent for to the justices.
 [01:23:38] Yes, so was I.
 [01:23:40] I'll bear you company.
 [01:23:53] Last night, I hear, they lay at Stony-Stratford,
 [01:23:56] and at Northampton, they do rest tonight.
 [01:23:59] Tomorrow or next day, they will be here.
 [01:24:02] I long with all my heart to see the prince.
 [01:24:05] I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.
 [01:24:07] But I hear no.
 [01:24:09] They say my son of York
 [01:24:10] hath almost overta'en him in his growth.
 [01:24:12] Aye, Mother, but I would not have it so.
 [01:24:13] Why, my good cousin, it is good to grow.
 [01:24:17] Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
 [01:24:20] my uncle Rivers talked how I did grow more than my brother.
 [01:24:23] "Aye," quoth my uncle Gloucester,
 [01:24:25] "Small herbs have grace; great weeds do grow apace."
 [01:24:29] And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
 [01:24:32] because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.
 [01:24:34] Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
 [01:24:38] in him that did object the same to thee.
 [01:24:39] He was the wretchedest thing when he was young,
 [01:24:42] so long a-growing and so leisurely,
 [01:24:44] that if this rule were true, he should be gracious.
 [01:24:47] And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.
 [01:24:52] I hope he is, but yet let mothers doubt.
 [01:24:58] Now, by my troth, if I had been remembered,
 [01:25:00] I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
 [01:25:02] to touch his growth nearer than he touched mine.
 [01:25:05] How, my young York?
 [01:25:06] I pray thee, let me hear it.
 [01:25:07] Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
 [01:25:09] that he could gnaw a crust at two hours old.
 [01:25:11] 'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

[01:25:13] Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
[01:25:16] I pray thee, pretty York, who told thee this?
[01:25:19] Grandam, his nurse.
[01:25:20] His nurse?
[01:25:21] Why, she was dead ere thou was born.
[01:25:23] If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
[01:25:26] Parlous boy, go to. You are too shrewd!
[01:25:28] Good madam, be not angry with the child.
[01:25:32] Pitchers have ears.
[01:25:36] Here is a messenger.
[01:25:38] What news?
[01:25:39] Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.
[01:25:47] How doth the prince?
[01:25:49] Well, madam, and in health.
[01:25:53] What is thy news?
[01:25:56] Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
[01:25:59] and with them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
[01:26:02] Who hath committed them?
[01:26:04] The mighty dukes Gloucester and Buckingham.
[01:26:06] For what offense?
[01:26:07] The sum of all I can, I have disclosed.
[01:26:09] Why or for what the nobles were committed
[01:26:10] is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.
[01:26:18] Ay, me.
[01:26:21] I see the ruin of my house.
[01:26:24] The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind.
[01:26:28] Insulting tyranny begins to jot
[01:26:30] upon the innocent and aweless throne.
[01:26:34] Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre.
[01:26:39] I see as in a map the end of all.
[01:26:48] Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
[01:26:52] how many of you have mine eyes beheld.
[01:26:57] My husband lost his life to get the crown.
[01:27:01] And often, up and down, my sons were tossed,
[01:27:04] for me to joy and weep their gain and loss.
[01:27:06] And being seated and domestic broils clean over-blown,
[01:27:10] themselves, the conquerors, make war upon themselves,
[01:27:14] brother to brother, blood to blood,
[01:27:17] self against self.
[01:27:19] O, preposterous and frantic outrage,
[01:27:22] end thy damned spleen,
[01:27:25] or let me die, to look on earth no more.
[01:27:28] Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.
[01:27:33] Madam, farewell.
[01:27:34] Stay. I will go with you.
[01:27:36] You have no cause.
[01:27:37] My gracious lady, go,
[01:27:39] and thither bear your treasure and your goods.
[01:27:42] For my part,
[01:27:44] I'll resign unto your grace the seal I keep.
[01:27:48] and so betide to me
[01:27:50] as well I tender you and all of yours.
[01:27:52] Go.
[01:27:53] I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

Richard III Act 3

[01:28:09] Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.
 [01:28:12] Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign.
 [01:28:24] The weary way hath made you melancholy.
 [01:28:27] No, Uncle, but our crosses on the way
 [01:28:31] have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy.
 [01:28:39] I want more uncles here to welcome me.
 [01:28:44] Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
 [01:28:48] hath not yet dived into the world's deceit.
 [01:28:51] Nor more can you distinguish of a man than of his outward show,
 [01:28:55] which God, he knows,
 [01:28:56] seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
 [01:28:59] Those uncles which you want were dangerous.
 [01:29:02] Your grace attended to their sugared words
 [01:29:04] but looked not on the poison of their hearts.
 [01:29:07] God keep you from them and from such false friends.
 [01:29:10] God keep me from false friends.
 [01:29:15] But they were none.
 [01:29:18] My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.
 [01:29:20] God bless your grace with health and happy days.
 [01:29:23] I thank you, good my lord, and thank you all.
 [01:29:35] I thought my mother and my brother York
 [01:29:37] would long ere this have met us on the way.
 [01:29:40] Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not to tell us
 [01:29:43] whether they will come or no.
 [01:29:46] And in good time, here comes the sweating lord.
 [01:29:49] Welcome, my lord.
 [01:29:52] What, will our mother come?
 [01:29:54] On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
 [01:29:57] the queen your mother and your brother York
 [01:29:59] have taken sanctuary.
 [01:30:00] The tender prince would fain have come with me
 [01:30:02] to meet your grace
 [01:30:04] but by his mother was perforce withheld.
 [01:30:06] Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
 [01:30:09] is this of hers.
 [01:30:10] Lord cardinal, will your grace persuade the queen
 [01:30:13] to send the Duke of York
 [01:30:15] unto his princely brother presently?
 [01:30:16] If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him
 [01:30:19] and from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.
 [01:30:21] My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
 [01:30:27] can from his mother win the Duke of York,
 [01:30:30] anon expect him here.
 [01:30:32] But if she be obdurate to mild entreaties,
 [01:30:38] God in Heaven forbid
 [01:30:39] we should infringe the holy privilege of blessed sanctuary.
 [01:30:43] Not for all this land would I be guilty of so deep a sin.
 [01:30:48] You are too senseless-- obstinate, my lord,
 [01:30:50] too ceremonious and traditional.
 [01:30:53] Weigh it but with the grossness of this age.
 [01:30:56] You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
 [01:30:58] The benefit thereof is always granted
 [01:31:01] to those whose dealings have deserved the place
 [01:31:04] and those who have the wit to claim the place.
 [01:31:07] This prince hath neither claimed it nor deserved it
 [01:31:09] and therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
 [01:31:12] Then taking him from thence that is not there,
 [01:31:15] you break no privilege nor charter there.

[01:31:18] Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,
 [01:31:20] but sanctuary children...
 [01:31:27] Never till now.
 [01:31:35] My lord, you shall o'errule my mind for once.
 [01:31:41] Come on, Lord Hastings; will you go with me?
 [01:31:46] I go, my lord.
 [01:31:49] Good lords...
 [01:31:53] Make all the speedy haste you may.
 [01:32:03] Say, Uncle Gloucester...
 [01:32:06] If our brother come,
 [01:32:07] where shall we sojourn till our coronation?
 [01:32:09] Where it seems best unto your royal self.
 [01:32:14] If I may counsel you, some day or two,
 [01:32:16] your highness shall repose you at the Tower,
 [01:32:19] then where you please and shall be thought most fit
 [01:32:22] for your best health and recreation.
 [01:32:24] I do not like the tower of any place.
 [01:32:35] Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?
 [01:32:38] He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
 [01:32:41] which since succeeding ages have re-edified.
 [01:32:45] Is it upon record or else reported successively
 [01:32:48] from age to age, he built it?
 [01:32:49] Upon record, my gracious lord.
 [01:32:53] But say, my lord, it were not registered,
 [01:32:57] methinks the truth should live from age to age,
 [01:33:00] as 'twere retailed to all posterity,
 [01:33:02] even to the general all-ending day.
 [01:33:05] So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.
 [01:33:09] What say you, Uncle?
 [01:33:10] I say without characters, fame lives long.
 [01:33:14] That Julius Caesar was a famous man.
 [01:33:17] With what his valor did enrich his wit,
 [01:33:20] his wit set down to make his valor live.
 [01:33:24] Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
 [01:33:26] for now he lives in fame, though not in life.
 [01:33:30] I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.
 [01:33:32] What, my gracious lord?
 [01:33:34] An if I live until I be a man,
 [01:33:36] I'll win our ancient right in France again
 [01:33:38] or die a soldier as I lived a king.
 [01:33:42] Short summers lightly have a forward spring.
 [01:33:45] Now in good time, here comes the Duke of York.
 [01:33:47] Richard of York.
 [01:33:49] How fares our loving brother?
 [01:33:52] Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.
 [01:33:57] Aye, brother, to our grief, as it is yours.
 [01:34:02] Too late he died that might have kept that title
 [01:34:05] which by his death hath lost much majesty.
 [01:34:11] How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?
 [01:34:14] I thank you, gentle uncle.
 [01:34:17] O, my lord, you said that idle weeds are fast in growth.
 [01:34:21] The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
 [01:34:23] He hath, my lord.
 [01:34:25] And therefore, is he idle?
 [01:34:28] O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
 [01:34:31] Then is he more beholding to you than I.
 [01:34:34] He may command me as my sovereign,
 [01:34:36] but you have power in me as in a kinsman.
 [01:34:39] I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
 [01:34:41] My dagger, little cousin?

[01:34:43] With all my heart.
[01:34:44] A beggar, brother?
[01:34:46] Of my kind uncle, that I know will give
[01:34:49] and being but a toy, which is no grief to give.
[01:34:52] A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.
[01:34:54] A greater gift.
[01:34:55] Then that's the sword to it.
[01:34:57] Aye, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
[01:35:00] O, then I see you will but part with light gifts.
[01:35:03] In weightier things, you'll say a beggar nay.
[01:35:07] It is too heavy for your grace to wear.
[01:35:10] I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
[01:35:12] What? Would you have my weapon, little lord?
[01:35:15] I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
[01:35:17] How?
[01:35:18] Little.
[01:35:23] My lord of York will still be cross in talk.
[01:35:28] Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
[01:35:31] You mean to bear me, not to bear with me.
[01:35:34] Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me.
[01:35:36] Because that I am little like an ape,
[01:35:38] he thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
[01:35:46] With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons.
[01:35:49] To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
[01:35:51] he prettily and aptly taunts himself.
[01:35:53] So cunning and so young is wonderful.
[01:35:55] My lord, will it please you pass along?
[01:35:58] Myself and my good cousin Buckingham will to your mother
[01:36:00] to entreat of her to meet you at the Tower and welcome you.
[01:36:03] What? Will you go unto the Tower, my lord?
[01:36:06] My lord protector needs will have it so.
[01:36:10] I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
[01:36:12] Why? What should you fear?
[01:36:14] Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost.
[01:36:17] My grandam told me he was murdered there.
[01:36:19] I fear no uncles dead.
[01:36:21] Nor none that live, I hope.
[01:36:24] An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
[01:36:29] But come, my lord.
[01:36:30] With a heavy heart, thinking on them,
[01:36:33] go I unto the Tower.
[01:36:51] Think you, my lord, this little prating York
[01:36:53] was not incensed by his subtle mother
[01:36:55] to taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
[01:36:59] No doubt, no doubt.
[01:37:01] O, 'tis a parlous boy:
[01:37:03] bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable.
[01:37:07] He is all the mother's from the top to toe.
[01:37:10] Well, let them rest.
[01:37:13] Come hither, Catesby.
[01:37:20] Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend
[01:37:22] as closely to conceal what we impart.
[01:37:25] What think'st thou?
[01:37:27] Is it not an easy matter
[01:37:28] to make William Lord Hastings of our mind
[01:37:30] for the installment of this noble duke
[01:37:32] in the seat royal of this famous isle?
[01:37:36] He for his father's sake so loves the prince
[01:37:39] that he will not be won to aught against him.
[01:37:44] What think'st thou, then, of Stanley?

[01:37:45] What will he?
[01:37:47] He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
[01:37:52] Well, then, no more but this.
[01:37:54] Go, gentle Catesby.
[01:37:56] And as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
[01:38:00] how he doth stand affected to our purpose.
[01:38:02] And summon him tomorrow to the Tower
[01:38:04] to sit about the coronation.
[01:38:05] If thou dost find him tractable to us,
[01:38:07] encourage him, and tell him all our reasons.
[01:38:09] If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
[01:38:14] be thou so too and so break off the talk
[01:38:17] and give us notice of his inclination,
[01:38:19] for we tomorrow hold divided councils
[01:38:22] wherein thyself shall highly be employed.
[01:38:25] Commend me to Lord Hastings.
[01:38:27] Tell him, Catesby,
[01:38:28] his ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
[01:38:31] tomorrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle.
[01:38:34] And bid my lord for joy of this good news
[01:38:37] give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
[01:38:40] Good Catesby, go; effect this business soundly.
[01:38:44] My good lords both, with all the heed I can.
[01:38:47] Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
[01:38:49] You shall, my lord.
[01:38:51] At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both.
[01:38:57] Now, my lord, what shall we do
[01:39:00] if we perceive Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
[01:39:04] Chop off his head, man.
[01:39:08] Somewhat we will do.
[01:39:11] And look, when I am king,
[01:39:14] claim thou of me the earldom of Hereford
[01:39:17] and all the movables
[01:39:19] whereof the king my brother was possessed.
[01:39:23] I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.
[01:39:27] And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
[01:39:33] Come, let us sup betimes,
[01:39:35] that afterwards, we may digest our complots in some form.
[01:39:45] My lord.
[01:39:49] My lord.
[01:39:50] Who knocks?
[01:39:52] One from the Lord Stanley.
[01:40:04] What is't o'clock?
[01:40:05] Upon the stroke of four.
[01:40:10] Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?
[01:40:13] So it appears by that I have to say.
[01:40:16] First, he commends him to the noble sir.
[01:40:19] And what then?
[01:40:20] Then sends upon your lordship that this night,
[01:40:23] he dreamt the boar had razed off his helm.
[01:40:28] Besides, he says there are two councils kept
[01:40:30] and that may be determined at the one
[01:40:32] which may make you and him to rue at the other.
[01:40:35] Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
[01:40:37] if you will presently take horse with him
[01:40:39] and with all speed post with him toward the north
[01:40:41] and shun the danger that his soul divines.
[01:40:46] Go, fellow, go.
[01:40:49] Return unto thy lord.
[01:40:51] Bid him not fear the separated council.

[01:40:56] His honor and myself are at the one,
 [01:40:58] and at the other is my good friend Catesby,
 [01:41:00] where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
 [01:41:03] whereof I shall not have intelligence.
 [01:41:07] Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance.
 [01:41:12] And for his dreams, I wonder he is so simple
 [01:41:15] to trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.
 [01:41:18] To fly the boar before the boar pursues
 [01:41:21] were to incense the boar to follow us
 [01:41:24] and make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
 [01:41:28] Go.
 [01:41:30] Bid thy master rise and come to me,
 [01:41:32] and we will both together to the Tower,
 [01:41:35] where he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
 [01:41:39] I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.
 [01:41:44] Oh.
 [01:41:45] Many good morrows to my noble lord.
 [01:41:48] Good morrow, Catesby.
 [01:41:51] You are early stirring.
 [01:41:53] What news?
 [01:41:55] What news, in this, our tottering state?
 [01:41:58] O, it is a reeling world indeed, my lord.
 [01:42:00] And I believe 'twill never stand upright
 [01:42:03] till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
 [01:42:07] How wear the garland?
 [01:42:09] O, dost thou mean the crown?
 [01:42:12] Aye, my good lord.
 [01:42:14] I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders
 [01:42:16] before I'll see the crown so foul misplaced.
 [01:42:22] But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
 [01:42:23] Aye, on my life.
 [01:42:25] And hopes to find you forward upon his party
 [01:42:28] for the gain thereof.
 [01:42:30] And thereupon he sends you this good news:
 [01:42:32] that this same very day, your enemies,
 [01:42:36] the kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.
 [01:42:45] Indeed, I am no mourner for this news...
 [01:42:49] Because they have been still my adversaries.
 [01:42:54] But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
 [01:42:57] to bar my master's heirs in true descent,
 [01:43:01] God knows I will not do it.
 [01:43:02] To the death.
 [01:43:05] God keep your lordship in that gracious mind.
 [01:43:10] But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
 [01:43:13] that they which brought me in my master's hate,
 [01:43:15] I live to look upon their tragedy.
 [01:43:22] O, Catesby.
 [01:43:23] Ere a fortnight make me older,
 [01:43:25] I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.
 [01:43:30] 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
 [01:43:32] when men are unprepared and look not for it.
 [01:43:35] O monstrous, monstrous.
 [01:43:39] So falls it out with Rivers, Vaughan, Grey.
 [01:43:43] And so 'twill do with some men else
 [01:43:45] who think themselves as safe as thou and I,
 [01:43:48] who, as thou know'st,
 [01:43:50] are dear to princely Richard and to Buckingham.
 [01:43:53] The princes both make high account of you,
 [01:43:57] for they account his head upon the bridge.
 [01:43:59] I know they do.

[01:44:01] And I have well deserved it.
 [01:44:04] Come on, come on.
 [01:44:08] Where is your boar spear, man?
 [01:44:11] Fear you the boar and go so unprovided?
 [01:44:13] My lord, good morrow.
 [01:44:16] Morrow, Catesby.
 [01:44:19] You may jest on, but by the holy rood,
 [01:44:22] I do not like these several councils, I...
 [01:44:26] My lord, I hold my life as dear as you.
 [01:44:30] And never in my days, I do protest,
 [01:44:33] was it so precious to me as 'tis now.
 [01:44:38] Think you but that I know our state secure,
 [01:44:40] I would be so triumphant as I am?
 [01:44:43] The lords at Pomfret,
 [01:44:45] when they rode from London, were jocund
 [01:44:46] and supposed their states were sure,
 [01:44:48] and they indeed had no cause to mistrust,
 [01:44:52] and yet you see how soon the day o'ercast.
 [01:44:56] This sudden stab of rancor I misdoubt.
 [01:45:03] Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward.
 [01:45:08] What, shall we toward the Tower?
 [01:45:10] The night is spent.
 [01:45:11] Come, come; have with you.
 [01:45:27] Wot you what, my lord?
 [01:45:30] Today the lords you talked of are beheaded.
 [01:45:40] They for their truth might better wear their heads
 [01:45:43] than some that have accused them wear their hats.
 [01:45:47] Come, my lord; let's away.
 [01:45:49] Go on before.
 [01:45:50] I'll talk with this good fellow.
 [01:45:57] Well met, Hastings.
 [01:46:00] How goes the world with thee?
 [01:46:02] The better that your lordship please to ask.
 [01:46:04] I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now
 [01:46:06] than when I met thee last.
 [01:46:08] Where now we meet,
 [01:46:09] then was I going prisoner to the Tower
 [01:46:11] by the suggestion of the queen's allies.
 [01:46:12] But now I tell thee-- keep it to thyself--
 [01:46:15] this day, those enemies are put to death,
 [01:46:17] and I in better state than e'er I was.
 [01:46:19] God hold it to your honor's good content.
 [01:46:22] Gramercy, Hastings.
 [01:46:24] There.
 [01:46:26] Drink that for me.
 [01:46:27] Why, thank you, Robert.
 [01:46:29] Well met, my lord.
 [01:46:31] I am glad to see your honor.
 [01:46:34] I thank you kindly, good Sir John.
 [01:46:37] I am in your debt for your last exercise.
 [01:46:41] Come the next Sabbath, I will content you.
 [01:46:47] What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
 [01:46:50] Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest.
 [01:46:52] Your honor hath no shriving work in hand.
 [01:46:55] Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
 [01:46:58] the men you talked of came into my mind.
 [01:47:02] What, go you toward the Tower?
 [01:47:04] I do, my lord.
 [01:47:05] But long I cannot stay there.
 [01:47:07] I shall return before your lordship thence.

[01:47:10] Hey, like enough, for I stay dinner there.
 [01:47:12] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.
 [01:47:15] I'll wait upon your lordship.
 [01:47:18] Come. Shall we go?
 [01:47:20] I'll wait upon your lordship.
 [01:48:00] Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this:
 [01:48:04] Today shalt thou behold a subject die
 [01:48:06] for truth, for duty, and for loyalty!
 [01:48:10] God bless the prince from all the pack of you.
 [01:48:13] A knot you are of damned bloodsuckers!
 [01:48:15] You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter!
 [01:48:18] Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.
 [01:48:30] O Pomfret, Pomfret!
 [01:48:35] O thou bloody prison,
 [01:48:37] fatal and ominous to noble peers.
 [01:48:42] Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
 [01:48:44] Richard II here was hacked to death.
 [01:48:48] And for more slander to thy dismal seat,
 [01:48:52] we give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.
 [01:48:58] Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads
 [01:49:01] when she exclaimed on Hastings, you, and I,
 [01:49:05] for standing by when Richard stabbed her son.
 [01:49:08] Then cursed she Richard.
 [01:49:12] Then cursed she Buckingham.
 [01:49:16] Then cursed she Hastings.
 [01:49:21] O, remember, God,
 [01:49:22] to hear her prayer for them as now for us
 [01:49:26] and for my sister and her princely sons.
 [01:49:30] Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
 [01:49:33] which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.
 [01:49:38] Make haste.
 [01:49:40] The hour of death is expiate.
 [01:49:59] Come, Grey.
 [01:50:01] Come, Vaughan.
 [01:50:04] Let us here embrace.
 [01:50:07] Farewell until we meet again in Heaven.
 [01:50:16] Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
 [01:50:19] is to determine of the coronation.
 [01:50:22] In God's name, speak.
 [01:50:23] When is the royal day?
 [01:50:25] Is all things ready for the royal time?
 [01:50:27] It is, and wants but nomination.
 [01:50:31] Tomorrow, then, I judge the happy day.
 [01:50:36] Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
 [01:50:39] Who is most inward with the noble duke?
 [01:50:44] Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
 [01:50:46] We know each other's faces.
 [01:50:48] For our hearts,
 [01:50:49] he knows no more of mine than I of yours
 [01:50:51] or I of his, my lord, than you of mine.
 [01:50:55] Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
 [01:50:59] I thank his grace. I know he loves me well.
 [01:51:02] But for his purpose in the coronation,
 [01:51:03] I have not sounded him,
 [01:51:05] nor he delivered his gracious pleasure any way therein.
 [01:51:09] But you, my honorable lords, may name the time,
 [01:51:12] and in the duke's behalf, I'll give my voice,
 [01:51:14] which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.
 [01:51:17] Ah, in happy time, here comes the duke himself.
 [01:51:20] My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.

[01:51:25] I have been long a sleeper.
 [01:51:27] But I trust my absence doth neglect no great design
 [01:51:30] which by my presence might have been concluded.
 [01:51:33] Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,
 [01:51:35] William, Lord Hastings, had pronounced your part--
 [01:51:38] I mean, your voice-- for crowning of the king.
 [01:51:42] Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder.
 [01:51:47] His lordship knows me well and loves me well.
 [01:51:56] My lord of Ely.
 [01:51:58] When I was last in Holborn,
 [01:51:59] I saw good strawberries in your garden there.
 [01:52:02] I do beseech you send for some of them.
 [01:52:04] Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
 [01:52:09] Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
 [01:52:16] Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business
 [01:52:19] and finds the testy gentleman so hot
 [01:52:21] that he will lose his head ere give consent
 [01:52:24] his master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
 [01:52:27] shall lose the royalty of England's throne.
 [01:52:31] Withdraw yourself awhile.
 [01:52:33] I'll go with you.
 [01:52:47] We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
 [01:52:51] Tomorrow, in my judgment, is too sudden,
 [01:52:54] for I myself am not so well provided
 [01:52:56] as else I would be were the day prolonged.
 [01:53:01] Where is my lord, the duke of Gloucester?
 [01:53:03] I have sent for these strawberries.
 [01:53:14] His grace looks cheerfully and smooth today.
 [01:53:17] There's some conceit or other likes him well
 [01:53:19] when that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
 [01:53:23] I think there's never a man in Christendom
 [01:53:24] can lesser hide his love or hate than he,
 [01:53:27] for by his face, straight shall you know his heart.
 [01:53:30] What of his heart perceive you in his face
 [01:53:33] by any livelihood he showed today?
 [01:53:35] Marry, that with no man here he is offended.
 [01:53:38] For were he, he had shown it in his looks.
 [01:53:41] I pray God he be not, I say.
 [01:54:02] I pray you all,
 [01:54:05] tell me what they deserve that do conspire my death
 [01:54:08] with devilish plots of damned witchcraft
 [01:54:10] and that have prevailed upon my body
 [01:54:12] with their hellish charms.
 [01:54:17] The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
 [01:54:20] makes me most forward in this princely presence
 [01:54:23] to doom the offenders, whatsoe'er they be.
 [01:54:28] I say, my lord, they have deserved death.
 [01:54:30] Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.
 [01:54:34] See how I am bewitched.
 [01:54:38] Behold.
 [01:54:40] Mine arm is, like a blasted sapling, withered up.
 [01:54:45] And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
 [01:54:47] consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
 [01:54:50] that by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
 [01:54:53] If they have done this deed, my noble lord--
 [01:54:55] If! Thou protector of this damned strumpet!
 [01:54:58] Talk'st thou to me of "ifs"?
 [01:55:01] Thou art a traitor.
 [01:55:02] Off with his head!
 [01:55:03] Now by Saint Paul, I swear,

[01:55:05] I will not dine until I see the same.
 [01:55:07] Lovel and Ratcliffe, look that it be done.
 [01:55:08] The rest that love me, rise and follow me.
 [01:55:45] O woe.
 [01:55:50] Woe for England.
 [01:55:53] Not a whit for me.
 [01:55:56] For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
 [01:56:00] Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm.
 [01:56:05] And I did scorn it and distained to fly.
 [01:56:10] Three times today, my foot-cloth horse did stumble
 [01:56:13] and started when he looked upon the Tower,
 [01:56:17] as loath to bear me to the slaughterhouse.
 [01:56:22] Oh, now I need the priest that spake to me.
 [01:56:28] I now repent I told the pursuivant as too triumphing
 [01:56:31] how mine enemies today at Pomfret bloodily were butchered
 [01:56:35] and I myself secure in grace and favor.
 [01:56:43] Oh, Margaret, Margaret.
 [01:56:49] Now thy heavy curse is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.
 [01:56:54] Come, come, dispatch.
 [01:56:56] The duke would be at dinner.
 [01:56:58] Make a short shrift.
 [01:56:59] He longs to see your head.
 [01:57:04] O momentary grace of mortal men,
 [01:57:08] which we more hunt for than the grace of God.
 [01:57:13] Who builds his hope in air of your good looks
 [01:57:16] lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
 [01:57:18] ready with every nod to tumble down
 [01:57:21] into the fatal bowels of the deep.
 [01:57:23] Come, come, dispatch.
 [01:57:25] 'Tis bootless to exclaim.
 [01:57:27] Bloody Richard!
 [01:57:32] Miserable England.
 [01:57:36] I prophesy the fearfulest time to thee
 [01:57:39] that ever wretched age hath looked upon.
 [01:57:51] Come.
 [01:57:53] Lead me to the block.
 [01:57:56] Bear him my head.
 [01:57:59] They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.
 [01:58:34] Come, cousin.
 [01:58:36] Canst thou quake and change thy color,
 [01:58:38] murder thy breath in the middle of a word,
 [01:58:40] and then again begin and stop again
 [01:58:42] as if thou were distraught and mad with terror?
 [01:58:44] Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian.
 [01:58:47] Speak and look back.
 [01:58:49] Pry on every side,
 [01:58:50] Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
 [01:58:52] intending deep suspicion.
 [01:58:54] Ghastly looks are at my service like enforced smiles.
 [01:58:58] And both are ready in their offices at any time
 [01:59:00] to grace my stratagems.
 [01:59:04] What, is Catesby gone?
 [01:59:05] He is.
 [01:59:06] And see, he brings the mayor along.
 [01:59:09] Lord mayor!
 [01:59:10] Look to the drawbridge there!
 [01:59:11] Hark, a drum!
 [01:59:12] Catesby, o'erlook the walls.
 [01:59:13] Lord mayor, the reason we have sent--
 [01:59:14] Look back! Defend thee!

[01:59:16] Here are enemies!
 [01:59:17] O God and our innocence, defend and guard us.
 [01:59:20] Be patient; they are friends, Ratcliffe and Lovel.
 [01:59:27] Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
 [01:59:29] the dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.
 [01:59:35] So dear I loved the man that I must weep.
 [01:59:41] I took him for the plainest harmless creature
 [01:59:44] that breathed upon the earth a Christian,
 [01:59:47] made him my book wherein my soul recorded
 [01:59:51] the history of all her secret thoughts.
 [01:59:54] So smooth he daubed his vice with show of virtue
 [01:59:58] that his apparent open guilt omitted--
 [02:00:01] I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife--
 [02:00:03] he lived from all attainder of suspects.
 [02:00:09] Well, well.
 [02:00:12] He was the covertest sheltered traitor!
 [02:00:15] Would you imagine or almost believe,
 [02:00:18] were't not that by great preservation
 [02:00:19] we live to tell it,
 [02:00:20] that the subtle traitor this day
 [02:00:22] had plotted in the council house
 [02:00:23] to murder me and my good lord of Gloucester?
 [02:00:26] Had he done so?
 [02:00:27] What?
 [02:00:28] Think you we are Turks or infidels?
 [02:00:30] Or that we would against the form of law
 [02:00:33] proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
 [02:00:35] but that the extreme peril of the case--
 [02:00:37] the peace of England and our persons' safety--
 [02:00:40] enforced us to this execution?
 [02:00:42] Now, fair befall you, he deserved his death.
 [02:00:45] And your good graces both have well proceeded
 [02:00:48] to warn false traitors from the like attempts.
 [02:00:52] I never looked for better at his hands
 [02:00:54] after he once fell in with Mistress Shore.
 [02:00:57] Yet had we not determined he should die
 [02:00:59] until your lordship came to see his end,
 [02:01:01] which now the loving haste of these our friends,
 [02:01:04] something against our meaning have prevented
 [02:01:07] because, my lord,
 [02:01:08] we would have had you heard the traitor speak
 [02:01:09] and timorously confess
 [02:01:11] the manner and the purpose of his treason,
 [02:01:13] that you might well have signified
 [02:01:14] the same unto the citizens,
 [02:01:15] who haply may misconstrue us in him and wail his death.
 [02:01:19] But, my good lord, your graces' word shall serve
 [02:01:23] as well as I had seen and heard him speak.
 [02:01:27] And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
 [02:01:31] but I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
 [02:01:34] with all your just proceedings in this cause.
 [02:01:38] And to that end, we wished your lordship here:
 [02:01:40] to avoid the censures of the carping world.
 [02:01:43] Which, since you came too late of our intent,
 [02:01:46] yet witness what you hear we did intend.
 [02:01:51] So, my good lord mayor,
 [02:01:56] we bid farewell.
 [02:02:21] Go after, after, cousin Buckingham!
 [02:02:24] The mayor towards Guildhall hies him all in post.
 [02:02:27] There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,

[02:02:29] infer the bastardy of Edward's children.
[02:02:31] Moreover, urge his hateful luxury
[02:02:34] and bestial appetite in change of lust,
[02:02:36] which stretched unto their servants, daughters, wives,
[02:02:39] even where his raging eye and savage heart
[02:02:42] without control lusted to make a prey.
[02:02:45] Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person.
[02:02:47] Tell them when that my mother went of child
[02:02:49] of that insatiate Edward,
[02:02:51] noble York, my princely father, then had wars in France
[02:02:54] and by true computation of the time
[02:02:56] found that the issue was not his begot,
[02:02:58] which well appeared in his lineaments,
[02:03:00] being nothing like the noble duke my father.
[02:03:03] Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,
[02:03:06] because, my lord, you know my mother lives.
[02:03:08] Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator
[02:03:10] as if the golden fee for which I plead were for myself.
[02:03:15] And so, my lord, adieu.
[02:03:17] If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle,
[02:03:20] where you will find me well accompanied
[02:03:21] with reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.
[02:03:23] I go, and towards three or four o'clock,
[02:03:25] look for the news that the Guildhall affords.
[02:03:28] Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw.
[02:03:30] Go thou to Friar Penker.
[02:03:32] Bid them both meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.
[02:03:36] Now will I go to take some privy order
[02:03:37] to draw the brats of Clarence out of sight
[02:03:40] and to give notice that no manner person have any time
[02:03:44] recourse unto the princes.
[02:03:48] Ratcliffe.
[02:04:13] Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings,
[02:04:19] which in a set hand fairly is engrossed
[02:04:26] that it may be today read o'er in Paul's.
[02:04:33] And mark how well the sequel hangs together.
[02:04:39] Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
[02:04:44] for yesternight by Catesby was it sent me.
[02:04:48] The precedent was full as long a-doing.
[02:04:53] And yet within these five hours, Hastings lived,
[02:04:58] untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
[02:05:03] Here's a good world the while.
[02:05:06] Who is so gross that cannot see this palpable device?
[02:05:13] Yet who is so bold but says he sees it not?
[02:05:21] Bad is the world, and all will come to naught
[02:05:26] when such ill dealing must be seen in thought.
[02:05:35] How now? How now? What say the citizens?
[02:05:37] Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
[02:05:39] the citizens are mum, say not a word.
[02:05:42] Touched you the bastardy of Edward's children?
[02:05:44] I did.
[02:05:45] With his contract with Lady Lucy
[02:05:47] and his contract by deputy in France,
[02:05:49] the insatiate greediness of his desire
[02:05:51] and his enforcement of the city wives,
[02:05:53] his tyranny for trifle,
[02:05:55] his own bastardy, as being got, your father then in France,
[02:05:57] and his resemblance being not like the duke.
[02:06:00] Withal, I did infer your lineaments
[02:06:04] being the right idea of your father

[02:06:06] both in your form and nobleness of mind.
[02:06:10] Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
[02:06:12] your discipline in war, your wisdom in peace,
[02:06:15] your bounty, virtue, fair humility.
[02:06:18] Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose untouched
[02:06:21] or slightly handled in discourse.
[02:06:22] And when mine oratory drew to an end,
[02:06:24] I bid them that did love their country's good
[02:06:26] cry "God save Richard, England's royal king."
[02:06:28] And did they so?
[02:06:29] No.
[02:06:30] God help me, they spake not a word
[02:06:33] but like dumb statues or breathing stones,
[02:06:35] stared each on other and looked deadly pale,
[02:06:37] which, when I saw, I reprehended them
[02:06:38] and asked the mayor what meant this willful silence.
[02:06:41] His answer was,
[02:06:42] the people were not used to being spoke to
[02:06:44] but by the recorder.
[02:06:45] Then he was urged to tell my tale again,
[02:06:47] "Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferred,"
[02:06:50] but nothing spake in warrant from himself.
[02:06:52] When he had done,
[02:06:53] some followers of mine own at the lower end of the hall
[02:06:56] hurled up their caps,
[02:06:57] and some ten voices cried, "God save King Richard."
[02:07:00] Thus I took the vantage of those few.
[02:07:03] "Thanks, gentle citizens and friends," quoth I.
[02:07:06] "This general applause and cheerful shout
[02:07:08] argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard"
[02:07:11] and even here brake off and came away.
[02:07:14] What tongueless blocks were they!
[02:07:16] Would they not speak?
[02:07:17] No.
[02:07:18] Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?
[02:07:24] The mayor is here at hand.
[02:07:25] Intend some fear.
[02:07:27] Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit.
[02:07:31] And look you get a prayer book in your hand
[02:07:33] and stand between two churchmen, good my lord.
[02:07:35] For on that ground, I'll build a holy descant
[02:07:39] and be not easily won to our request.
[02:07:41] Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.
[02:07:45] I go.
[02:07:46] And if you plead as well for them
[02:07:48] as I can say nay to thee for myself,
[02:07:50] no doubt we bring it to a happy issue.
[02:07:53] Go; go up to the leads.
[02:07:55] The lord mayor knocks.
[02:08:05] Oh, welcome, my lord.
[02:08:09] I dance attendance here.
[02:08:11] I think the duke will not be spoke withal.
[02:08:14] Oh, now, Catesby.
[02:08:15] What says your lord to my request?
[02:08:17] He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
[02:08:19] to visit him tomorrow or next day.
[02:08:21] He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
[02:08:25] divinely bent to meditation,
[02:08:26] and in no worldly suits would he be moved
[02:08:29] to draw him from his holy exercise.

[02:08:31] Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke.
[02:08:35] Tell him myself, the mayor, and aldermen
[02:08:38] in deep designs and matter of great moment,
[02:08:40] no less importing than our general good,
[02:08:43] are come to have some conference with his grace.
[02:08:47] I'll signify so much unto him straight.
[02:08:52] Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward.
[02:08:57] He is not lolling on a lewd love bed
[02:09:00] but on his knees at meditation,
[02:09:03] not dallying with a brace of courtesans
[02:09:07] but meditating with two deep divines,
[02:09:10] not sleeping to engross his idle body,
[02:09:15] but praying to enrich his watchful soul.
[02:09:20] Happy were England would this virtuous prince
[02:09:24] take on his grace the sovereignty thereof.
[02:09:27] But sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.
[02:09:30] Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay.
[02:09:35] I fear he will.
[02:09:37] Here Catesby comes again.
[02:09:39] Now, Catesby, what says his grace?
[02:09:41] He wonders to what end you have assembled
[02:09:44] such troops of citizens to come to him,
[02:09:46] his grace not being warned thereof before.
[02:09:49] He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.
[02:09:53] Sorry I am my noble cousin should suspect me,
[02:09:57] that I mean no good to him.
[02:10:02] By Heaven, we come to him in perfect love.
[02:10:05] And so return and tell his grace.
[02:10:13] When holy and devout religious men are at their beads,
[02:10:16] 'tis much to draw them thence,
[02:10:18] so sweet is zealous contemplation.
[02:10:33] See where his grace stands: tween two clergymen.
[02:10:40] Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
[02:10:43] to stay him from the fall of vanity.
[02:10:46] And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
[02:10:50] true ornaments to know a holy man.
[02:10:56] Famous Plantagenet,
[02:11:00] most gracious prince,
[02:11:04] lend favorable ear to our request
[02:11:06] and pardon us the interruption of thy devotion
[02:11:08] and right Christian zeal.
[02:11:10] My lord, there needs no such apology.
[02:11:12] I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
[02:11:14] who, earnest in the service of my God,
[02:11:17] deferred the visitation of my friends.
[02:11:20] But leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?
[02:11:24] Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above
[02:11:28] and all good men of this ungoverned isle.
[02:11:32] I do suspect I have done some offense
[02:11:35] that seems disgracious in the city's eye
[02:11:37] and that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
[02:11:39] You have, my lord!
[02:11:42] Would it might please your grace
[02:11:44] on our entreaties to amend that fault?
[02:11:45] Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?
[02:11:48] Know then it is your fault that you resign the supreme seat,
[02:11:53] the throne majestical,
[02:11:55] the sceptered office of your ancestors
[02:11:57] to the corruption of a blemished stock.
[02:12:01] Whilst in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,

[02:12:03] which here we waken to our country's good,
 [02:12:06] the noble isle doth want her proper limbs.
 [02:12:08] Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
 [02:12:11] her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
 [02:12:14] which to recure, we heartily solicit your gracious self
 [02:12:17] to take on you the charge and kingly government
 [02:12:20] of this your land,
 [02:12:22] not as protector, steward, substitute,
 [02:12:25] or lowly factor for another's gain,
 [02:12:28] but as successively from blood to blood,
 [02:12:30] your right of birth, your empery, your own.
 [02:12:35] For this, consorted with the citizens,
 [02:12:36] your very worshipful and loving friends,
 [02:12:39] and by their vehement instigation,
 [02:12:41] in this just cause come I to move your grace.
 [02:12:51] I cannot tell if to depart in silence
 [02:12:54] or bitterly to speak in your reproof
 [02:12:56] best fitteth my degree or your condition.
 [02:13:00] If not to answer, you might haply think
 [02:13:02] tongue-tied ambition, not replying,
 [02:13:05] yielded to bear the golden yoke of sovereignty
 [02:13:08] which fondly you would here impose on me.
 [02:13:12] If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 [02:13:14] so seasoned with your faithful love to me,
 [02:13:16] then, on the other side, I checked my friends.
 [02:13:20] Therefore, to speak and to avoid the first
 [02:13:23] and then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
 [02:13:26] definitively thus I answer you.
 [02:13:28] Your love deserves my thanks,
 [02:13:32] but my desert unmeritable shuns your high request.
 [02:13:36] First, if all obstacles were cut away
 [02:13:39] and that my path were even to the crown,
 [02:13:41] as the ripe revenue and due of birth,
 [02:13:45] yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 [02:13:48] so mighty and so many my defects,
 [02:13:50] that I would rather hide me from my greatness,
 [02:13:53] being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
 [02:13:55] than in my greatness covet to be hid
 [02:13:58] and in the vapor of my glory smothered.
 [02:14:01] But, God be thanked, there is no need of me,
 [02:14:04] and much I need to help you, were there need.
 [02:14:08] The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
 [02:14:11] which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,
 [02:14:15] will well become the seat of majesty
 [02:14:17] and make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
 [02:14:20] On him I lay that you would lay on me,
 [02:14:23] the right and fortune of his happy stars,
 [02:14:25] which God defend that I should wring from him.
 [02:14:29] My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
 [02:14:34] but the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
 [02:14:37] all circumstances well considered.
 [02:14:40] You say that Edward is your brother's son.
 [02:14:43] So say we too...
 [02:14:46] but not by Edward's wife!
 [02:14:48] For first was he contract to Lady Lucy--
 [02:14:51] your mother lives a witness to his vow--
 [02:14:53] and afterwards by substitute betroth'd to Bona,
 [02:14:56] sister to the king of France.
 [02:14:59] These both put off a poor petitioner,
 [02:15:04] a care-crazed mother to many sons,

[02:15:07] a beauty-waning and distressed widow,
 [02:15:11] even in the afternoon of her best days
 [02:15:14] made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
 [02:15:18] seduced the pitch and the height of his degree
 [02:15:21] to base declension and loathed bigamy.
 [02:15:28] By her in his unlawful bed, he got this Edward,
 [02:15:32] whom our manners call the prince.
 [02:15:34] More bitterly could I expostulate,
 [02:15:35] save that for reverence to some alive,
 [02:15:37] I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
 [02:15:40] Therefore, good my lord, take to your royal self
 [02:15:44] this proffered benefit of dignity,
 [02:15:47] if not to bless us and the land withal,
 [02:15:49] yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
 [02:15:51] from the corruption of abusing times
 [02:15:54] unto a lineal, true-derived course.
 [02:15:57] Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.
 [02:16:01] Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffered love.
 [02:16:04] O, make them joyful; grant their lawful suit.
 [02:16:09] Alas, why would you heap this care on me?
 [02:16:12] I am unfit for state and majesty.
 [02:16:14] I do beseech you, take it not amiss.
 [02:16:16] I cannot nor I will not yield to you.
 [02:16:18] If you refuse it-- as in love and zeal,
 [02:16:19] loath to depose the child, your brother's son,
 [02:16:22] as well we know your tenderness of heart
 [02:16:24] and gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
 [02:16:26] which we have noted in you to your kindred
 [02:16:29] and equally indeed to all estates--
 [02:16:31] yet know, whether you accept our suit or no,
 [02:16:34] your brother's son shall never reign our king.
 [02:16:37] But we shall plant some other in the throne,
 [02:16:39] to the disgrace and downfall of your house.
 [02:16:44] And with this resolution, here we leave you.
 [02:16:55] Come, citizens.
 [02:17:01] 'Zounds!
 [02:17:03] I'll entreat no more.
 [02:17:04] O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.
 [02:17:08] Call them again, sweet prince.
 [02:17:10] Accept their suit.
 [02:17:12] If you deny them, all the land will rue it!
 [02:17:15] Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
 [02:17:18] Call them again.
 [02:17:20] I am not made of stones
 [02:17:21] but penetrable to your kind entreaties,
 [02:17:24] albeit against my conscience and my soul.
 [02:17:33] Cousin of Buckingham
 [02:17:36] and sage, grave men...
 [02:17:40] since you will buckle fortune on my back,
 [02:17:43] to bear her burden, whe'er I will or no,
 [02:17:46] I must have patience to endure the load.
 [02:17:52] But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
 [02:17:56] attend the sequel of your imposition,
 [02:17:59] your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
 [02:18:02] from all the impure blots and stains thereof.
 [02:18:04] For God doth know and you may partly see
 [02:18:07] how far I am from the desire of this.
 [02:18:09] God bless your grace.
 [02:18:12] We see it and will say it.
 [02:18:15] In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

[02:18:18] Then I salute you with this royal title.
[02:18:27] Long live Richard, England's worthy king!
[02:18:34] Amen.
[02:18:36] Tomorrow may it please you to be crowned?
[02:18:38] Even when you please, for you will have it so.
[02:18:40] Tomorrow, then, we will attend your grace.
[02:18:44] And so most joyfully, we take our leave.
[02:18:48] Come, let us to our holy work again.
[02:18:53] Farewell, my cousin.
[02:18:55] Farewell, gentle friends.

Richard III Act 4

[02:19:18] Who meets us here?
 [02:19:21] Daughter, well met.
 [02:19:24] God give your graces both
 [02:19:25] a happy and a joyful time of day.
 [02:19:27] As much to you, good sister.
 [02:19:29] Whither away?
 [02:19:30] No farther than the Tower
 [02:19:31] and as I guess, upon the like devotion as yourselves:
 [02:19:34] to gratulate the gentle princes there.
 [02:19:37] Kind sister, thanks.
 [02:19:39] We'll enter all together.
 [02:19:41] And in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
 [02:19:44] Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
 [02:19:46] how doth the prince and my young son of York?
 [02:19:48] Right well, dear madam.
 [02:19:49] By your patience,
 [02:19:50] I may not suffer you to visit them.
 [02:19:53] The king hath strictly charged the contrary.
 [02:19:55] The king?
 [02:19:57] Who's that?
 [02:20:00] I mean the lord protector.
 [02:20:02] The Lord protect him from that kingly title.
 [02:20:06] Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
 [02:20:09] I am their mother.
 [02:20:12] Who shall bar me from them?
 [02:20:13] I am their father's mother.
 [02:20:15] I will see them.
 [02:20:16] Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother.
 [02:20:19] Then bring me to their sights.
 [02:20:22] I'll bear thy blame
 [02:20:23] and take thy office from thee, on my peril.
 [02:20:25] No, madam, no.
 [02:20:26] I may not leave it so.
 [02:20:30] I am bound by oath,
 [02:20:34] and therefore pardon me.
 [02:20:45] Let me but greet you, ladies, one hour hence,
 [02:20:47] and I'll salute your grace of York as mother
 [02:20:50] and reverend looker-on of two fair queens.
 [02:20:54] Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
 [02:20:56] there to be crowned Richard's royal queen.
 [02:21:00] O, cut my lace asunder
 [02:21:02] that my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
 [02:21:04] or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.
 [02:21:06] Be of good cheer, Mother.
 [02:21:07] How fares your grace?
 [02:21:09] O Dorset, speak not to me. Get thee gone.
 [02:21:11] Death and destruction dogs thee at the heels.
 [02:21:13] Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
 [02:21:15] If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas
 [02:21:18] and live with Richmond from the reach of hell.
 [02:21:20] Go! Hie thee.
 [02:21:21] Hie thee from this slaughterhouse,
 [02:21:23] lest thou increase the number of the dead
 [02:21:25] and make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,
 [02:21:29] nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen!
 [02:21:35] Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.
 [02:21:38] Take all the swift advantage of the hours.
 [02:21:40] You shall have letters from me to my son

[02:21:41] in your behalf to meet you on the way.
 [02:21:43] Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.
 [02:21:45] O ill-dispersing wind of misery.
 [02:21:48] O my accursed womb, the bed of death.
 [02:21:53] A cockatrice hast thou hatched to the world
 [02:21:56] whose unavaoided eye is murderous.
 [02:21:58] Come, madam, come. I in all haste was sent.
 [02:22:00] And I with all unwillingness will go.
 [02:22:05] Oh, would to God that the inclusive verge of golden metal
 [02:22:09] that must round my brow were red-hot steel
 [02:22:12] to sear me to the brains.
 [02:22:14] Anointed let me be with deadly venom
 [02:22:17] and die ere men can say "God save the queen."
 [02:22:20] Go, go, poor soul.
 [02:22:22] I envy not thy glory.
 [02:22:25] To feed my humor, wish thyself no harm.
 [02:22:28] No.
 [02:22:29] Why?
 [02:22:33] When he that is my husband now
 [02:22:35] came to me as I followed Henry's corse
 [02:22:38] when scarce the blood was well-washed from his hands
 [02:22:42] which issued from my other angel husband
 [02:22:45] and that dear saint which then I, weeping, followed.
 [02:22:49] O, when I say I look'd on Richard's face,
 [02:22:53] this was my wish:
 [02:22:56] "Be thou," quoth I,
 [02:22:58] "accursed for making me, so young, so old a widow.
 [02:23:04] "And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed.
 [02:23:09] "And be thy wife, if any be so mad,
 [02:23:12] "more miserable by the life of thee
 [02:23:15] than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death."
 [02:23:21] Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again
 [02:23:26] within so small a time,
 [02:23:29] my woman's heart grossly grew captive to his honey words
 [02:23:34] and proved the subject of mine own soul's curse,
 [02:23:38] which hitherto hath held my eyes from rest.
 [02:23:42] For never yet one hour in his bed
 [02:23:44] did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep
 [02:23:48] but with his timorous dreams was still awaked.
 [02:23:54] Besides, he hates me for my father, Warwick,
 [02:23:58] and will no doubt shortly be rid of me.
 [02:24:02] Poor heart, adieu.
 [02:24:05] I pity thy complaining.
 [02:24:07] No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.
 [02:24:10] Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory.
 [02:24:14] Adieu, poor soul that takest thy leave of it.
 [02:24:18] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee.
 [02:24:21] Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee.
 [02:24:27] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee.
 [02:24:31] I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me.
 [02:24:41] Stay.
 [02:24:44] Yet look back with me unto the Tower.
 [02:24:48] Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
 [02:24:51] whom envy hath immured within your walls.
 [02:24:54] Rough cradle for such little pretty ones.
 [02:24:59] Rude ragged nurse,
 [02:25:02] old sullen playfellow for tender princes,
 [02:25:06] use my babies well.
 [02:25:11] So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.
 [02:25:52] Stand all apart!

[02:26:02] Cousin of Buckingham.
 [02:26:09] My gracious sovereign.
 [02:26:11] Give me thy hand.
 [02:26:56] Thus high, by thy advice and thy assistance,
 [02:27:00] is King Richard seated.
 [02:27:12] But shall we wear these glories for a day,
 [02:27:14] or shall they last and we rejoice in them?
 [02:27:17] Still live they,
 [02:27:18] and forever let them last.
 [02:27:21] Ah, Buckingham,
 [02:27:24] now do I play the touch
 [02:27:25] to try if thou be current gold indeed.
 [02:27:28] Young Edward lives.
 [02:27:31] Think now what I would speak.
 [02:27:33] Say on, my loving lord.
 [02:27:35] Why, Buckingham, I say I would be king,
 [02:27:38] Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.
 [02:27:42] Am I king?
 [02:27:44] 'Tis so.
 [02:27:45] But Edward lives.
 [02:27:48] True, noble prince.
 [02:27:51] A bitter consequence that Edward still should live:
 [02:27:54] "True, noble prince."
 [02:27:58] Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.
 [02:28:02] Shall I be plain?
 [02:28:03] I wish the bastards dead,
 [02:28:04] and I would have it suddenly performed.
 [02:28:06] What sayest thou now?
 [02:28:07] Speak suddenly. Be brief.
 [02:28:08] Your grace may do your pleasure.
 [02:28:12] Tut, tut, thou art all ice.
 [02:28:15] Thy kindness freezeth.
 [02:28:21] Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?
 [02:28:27] Give me some little breath,
 [02:28:30] some pause, dear lord,
 [02:28:31] before I positively speak of this.
 [02:28:36] I will resolve you herein presently.
 [02:28:50] The king is angry.
 [02:28:53] See, he gnaws his lip.
 [02:28:57] I will converse with iron-witted fools and unrespective boys.
 [02:29:02] None are for me that look into me with considerate eyes.
 [02:29:05] High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
 [02:29:11] Boy.
 [02:29:15] My lord.
 [02:29:17] Knowest thou not any whom corrupting gold
 [02:29:19] will tempt unto a close exploit of death?
 [02:29:22] I know a discontented gentleman
 [02:29:24] whose humble means match not his haughty spirit.
 [02:29:28] Gold were as good as twenty orators
 [02:29:30] and will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
 [02:29:33] What is his name?
 [02:29:34] His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.
 [02:29:37] I partly know the man.
 [02:29:40] Go, call him hither.
 [02:29:46] The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
 [02:29:48] no more shall be the neighbor to my counsels.
 [02:29:51] Hath he so long held out with me untired,
 [02:29:53] and stops he now for breath?
 [02:29:55] Well, be it so.
 [02:29:56] How now, Lord Stanley, what's the news?

[02:30:00] Know, my loving lord,
 [02:30:01] the marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled to Richmond,
 [02:30:04] in the parts where he abides.
 [02:30:10] Come hither, Catesby.
 [02:30:17] Rumor it abroad that Anne, my wife,
 [02:30:18] is very grievous sick.
 [02:30:20] I will take order for her keeping close.
 [02:30:22] Inquire me out some mean-poor gentleman
 [02:30:24] whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter.
 [02:30:27] The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
 [02:30:31] Look how thou dreamest.
 [02:30:33] I say again,
 [02:30:34] give out that Anne my queen is sick and like to die.
 [02:30:38] About it, for it stands me much upon
 [02:30:40] to stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.
 [02:30:45] I must be married to my brother's daughter,
 [02:30:48] or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
 [02:30:51] Murder her brothers, and then marry her:
 [02:30:53] uncertain way of gain.
 [02:30:55] But I am in so far in blood that sin will pluck on sin.
 [02:30:59] Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.
 [02:31:05] Is thy name Tyrrel?
 [02:31:07] James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.
 [02:31:12] Art thou, indeed?
 [02:31:20] Prove me, my gracious lord.
 [02:31:25] Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
 [02:31:28] Please you, but I had rather kill two enemies.
 [02:31:31] Why, then thou hast it.
 [02:31:33] Two deep enemies,
 [02:31:35] foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers
 [02:31:38] are they that I would have thee deal upon.
 [02:31:42] Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.
 [02:31:46] Let me have open means to come to them,
 [02:31:48] and soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.
 [02:31:52] Thou singest sweet music.
 [02:31:56] Hark, come hither, Tyrrel.
 [02:31:59] Go by this token.
 [02:32:01] Rise and lend thine ear.
 [02:32:09] There is no more but so.
 [02:32:10] Say it is done,
 [02:32:12] and I will love thee and prefer thee for it.
 [02:32:14] I will dispatch it straight.
 [02:32:23] My lord, I have considered in my mind
 [02:32:28] the late request that you did sound me in.
 [02:32:32] Well, let that rest.
 [02:32:33] Dorset is fled to Richmond.
 [02:32:36] I hear the news, my lord.
 [02:32:38] Stanley, he is your wife's son.
 [02:32:41] Well, look unto it.
 [02:32:42] My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
 [02:32:46] for which your honor and your faith is pawned:
 [02:32:49] the earldom of Hereford
 [02:32:51] and the movables which you have promised I shall possess.
 [02:32:54] Stanley, look to your wife.
 [02:32:56] If she convey letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
 [02:32:59] What says your highness to my just demand?
 [02:33:01] I do remember me, Henry VI did prophesy
 [02:33:03] that Richmond should be king
 [02:33:04] when Richmond was a little peevish boy.
 [02:33:07] A king, perhaps, perhaps--

[02:33:10] My lord.
 [02:33:11] How chance the prophet could not at that time have told me,
 [02:33:13] I being by, that I should kill him?
 [02:33:15] My lord, your promise for the earldom--
 [02:33:17] Richmond.
 [02:33:18] When last I was at Exeter,
 [02:33:20] the mayor in courtesy showed me the castle there
 [02:33:22] and called it Rougemont,
 [02:33:23] at which name I started
 [02:33:24] because a bard of Ireland told me once
 [02:33:26] I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
 [02:33:28] My lord.
 [02:33:29] Aye, what's't o'clock?
 [02:33:33] I am thus bold
 [02:33:34] to put your grace in mind of what you promised me.
 [02:33:36] Well, but what's't o'clock?
 [02:33:39] Upon the stroke of ten.
 [02:33:40] Then let it strike.
 [02:33:41] Why let it strike?
 [02:33:42] Because that like a jack thou keepest the stroke
 [02:33:44] between thy begging and my meditation.
 [02:33:47] I am not in the giving vein today.
 [02:33:50] May it please you to resolve me my suit.
 [02:33:52] Thou troublest me.
 [02:33:55] I am not in the vein.
 [02:34:21] And is it thus?
 [02:34:25] Repays he my deep service
 [02:34:31] with such contempt?
 [02:34:35] Made I him king for this?
 [02:34:41] O, let me think on Hastings and be gone
 [02:34:44] to Brecknock while my fearful head is on.
 [02:35:03] The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
 [02:35:07] the most arch deed of piteous massacre
 [02:35:09] that ever yet this land was guilty of.
 [02:35:20] Dighton and Forrest,
 [02:35:22] who I did suborn to do this piece of ruthless butchery,
 [02:35:27] albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
 [02:35:30] melted with tenderness and mild compassion,
 [02:35:33] wept like two children in their deaths' sad story.
 [02:35:40] "Oh, thus" quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes."
 [02:35:45] "Thus, thus," quoth Forrest,
 [02:35:47] "girdling one another within their alabaster, innocent arms.
 [02:35:51] "Their lips were four red roses on a stalk
 [02:35:54] "and in their summer beauty, kissed each other.
 [02:35:57] "A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
 [02:36:01] "which once," quoth Forrest, "almost changed my mind,
 [02:36:03] but O! The devil!"
 [02:36:08] There the villain stopped when Dighton thus told on:
 [02:36:15] "We smothered the most replenished sweet work of nature
 [02:36:20] that from the prime creation e'er she framed."
 [02:36:26] Hence both are gone...
 [02:36:29] with conscience and remorse.
 [02:36:32] They could not speak.
 [02:36:35] And so I left them both
 [02:36:37] to bear this tidings to the bloody king.
 [02:36:41] And here he comes.
 [02:36:46] All health, my sovereign lord.
 [02:36:48] Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?
 [02:36:52] If to have done the thing you gave in charge
 [02:36:54] beget your happiness,

[02:36:56] be happy then, for it is done.
 [02:36:59] But didst thou see them dead?
 [02:37:01] I did, my lord.
 [02:37:03] And buried, gentle Tyrrel?
 [02:37:05] The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,
 [02:37:06] but where, to say the truth, I do not know.
 [02:37:09] Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
 [02:37:11] when thou shalt tell the process of their death.
 [02:37:13] Meantime, but think how I may do thee good
 [02:37:16] and be inheritor of thy desire.
 [02:37:17] Farewell till then.
 [02:37:19] I humbly take my leave.
 [02:37:24] The son of Clarence have I pent up close.
 [02:37:26] His daughter meanly have I matched in marriage.
 [02:37:28] The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
 [02:37:31] and Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
 [02:37:34] Now, for I know the Breton Richmond
 [02:37:36] aims at young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
 [02:37:39] and by that knot looks proudly on the crown,
 [02:37:41] to her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.
 [02:37:44] My lord?
 [02:37:45] Good or bad news, that thou comest in so bluntly?
 [02:37:47] Bad news, my lord.
 [02:37:49] Ely is fled to Richmond,
 [02:37:50] and Buckingham, backed with the hardy Welshmen,
 [02:37:52] is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
 [02:37:55] Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
 [02:37:57] than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
 [02:38:00] Come, I have learned that fearful commenting
 [02:38:03] is leaden servitor to dull delay.
 [02:38:04] Go, muster men.
 [02:38:05] My counsel is my shield.
 [02:38:07] We must be brief when traitors brave the field.
 [02:38:18] So now prosperity begins to mellow
 [02:38:22] and drop into the rotten mouth of death.
 [02:38:27] Here in these confines, slyly have I lurked
 [02:38:31] to watch the waning of mine enemies.
 [02:38:36] O, a dire induction am I witness to
 [02:38:39] and will to France,
 [02:38:42] hoping the consequence will prove
 [02:38:44] as bitter, black, and tragical.
 [02:38:50] Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret.
 [02:38:53] Who comes here?
 [02:39:00] Ah, my poor princes.
 [02:39:04] Ah, my tender babes,
 [02:39:08] my unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets.
 [02:39:13] If yet your gentle souls fly in the air
 [02:39:16] and be not fixed in doom perpetual,
 [02:39:19] hover about me with your airy wings
 [02:39:21] and hear your mother's lamentation.
 [02:39:24] Hover about her.
 [02:39:26] Say that right for right
 [02:39:28] hath dimmed your infant morn to aged night.
 [02:39:32] So many miseries have crazed my voice
 [02:39:35] that my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
 [02:39:40] Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
 [02:39:44] Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet.
 [02:39:47] Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.
 [02:39:51] Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs
 [02:39:54] and throw them in the entrails of the wolf?

[02:39:57] When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?
 [02:40:00] When holy Harry died and my sweet son.
 [02:40:07] Dead life, blind sight,
 [02:40:13] poor mortal living ghost.
 [02:40:18] Woe's scene, world's shame,
 [02:40:22] grave's due by life usurped,
 [02:40:27] brief abstract and record of tedious days,
 [02:40:31] rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
 [02:40:36] unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.
 [02:40:40] Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave
 [02:40:42] as thou canst yield a melancholy seat.
 [02:40:44] Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
 [02:40:48] O, who hath any cause to mourn but we?
 [02:40:51] If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
 [02:40:54] give mine the benefit of seniory
 [02:40:57] and let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
 [02:41:03] If sorrow can admit society,
 [02:41:08] tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.
 [02:41:14] I had an Edward till a Richard killed him.
 [02:41:19] I had a husband till a Richard killed him.
 [02:41:24] Thou hadst an Edward till a Richard killed him.
 [02:41:27] Thou hadst a Richard till a Richard killed him.
 [02:41:30] I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him.
 [02:41:34] I had a Rutland too; thou holp'st to kill him.
 [02:41:39] Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard killed him.
 [02:41:43] From forth the kennel of thy womb
 [02:41:47] hath crept a hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death.
 [02:41:52] That dog that had his teeth before his eyes
 [02:41:57] to worry lambs and lap their gentle blood,
 [02:42:00] that excellent grand tyrant of the earth
 [02:42:03] that reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
 [02:42:07] that foul defacer of God's handiwork
 [02:42:11] thy womb let loose to chase us to our graves.
 [02:42:16] O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
 [02:42:21] how do I thank thee that this carnal cur
 [02:42:26] preys on the issue of his mother's body
 [02:42:29] and makes her pew fellow with others' moan.
 [02:42:32] O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes.
 [02:42:36] God witness with me; I have wept for thine.
 [02:42:38] Bear with me.
 [02:42:40] I am hungry for revenge,
 [02:42:43] and now I cloy me with beholding it.
 [02:42:51] Thy Edward, he is dead, that killed my Edward,
 [02:42:56] thy other Edward dead to quit my Edward.
 [02:43:01] Young York, he is but boot,
 [02:43:03] because both they match not the high perfection of my loss.
 [02:43:08] Thy Clarence, he is dead, that stabbed my Edward.
 [02:43:13] And to the beholders of that frantic play,
 [02:43:16] the adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
 [02:43:20] untimely smothered in their dusky graves.
 [02:43:24] Richard yet lives.
 [02:43:27] Hell's black intelligencer
 [02:43:30] only reserved their factor
 [02:43:32] to buy souls and send them thither.
 [02:43:34] But at hand,
 [02:43:36] at hand ensues his piteous and unpitied end.
 [02:43:42] Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray
 [02:43:48] to have him suddenly conveyed from hence.
 [02:43:51] Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
 [02:43:55] that I may live and say the dog is dead!

[02:43:59] O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
 [02:44:01] that I should wish for thee to help me curse
 [02:44:03] that bottled spider, that foul, bunch-backed toad.
 [02:44:06] I called thee then vain flourish of my fortune.
 [02:44:12] I called thee then poor shadow, painted queen,
 [02:44:18] the presentation of but what I was,
 [02:44:20] the flattering index of a direful pageant,
 [02:44:24] one heaved ahigh to be hurled down below,
 [02:44:27] a mother only mocked with two fair babes,
 [02:44:30] a dream of what thou wast,
 [02:44:33] a garish flag to be the aim of every dangerous shot,
 [02:44:37] a queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
 [02:44:43] Where is thy husband now?
 [02:44:47] Where be thy brothers?
 [02:44:51] Where are thy two sons?
 [02:44:54] Wherein dost thou joy?
 [02:44:58] Who sues and kneels and says "God save the queen"?
 [02:45:01] Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
 [02:45:04] Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
 [02:45:07] Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
 [02:45:12] For happy wife, a most distressed widow.
 [02:45:17] For joyful mother, one that wails the name.
 [02:45:21] For one being sued to, one that humbly sues.
 [02:45:26] For queen, a very caitive crowned with care.
 [02:45:33] For she that scorned at me now scorned of me.
 [02:45:41] For she being feared of all now fearing one.
 [02:45:47] For she commanding all, obeyed of none.
 [02:45:54] Thus hath the course of justice whirled about
 [02:45:58] and left thee but a very prey to time,
 [02:46:02] having no more but thought of what thou wast
 [02:46:05] to torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 [02:46:10] Thou didst usurp my place.
 [02:46:14] Dost thou not usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
 [02:46:20] Now thy proud neck bears half my burdened yoke
 [02:46:27] from which even here I slip my wearied head
 [02:46:34] and leave the burden of it all on thee.
 [02:46:47] Farewell, York's wife
 [02:46:53] and queen of sad mischance.
 [02:46:57] O, these English woes shall make me smile in France.
 [02:47:02] O, thou well-skilled in curses, stay awhile,
 [02:47:05] and teach me how to curse mine enemies.
 [02:47:12] Forbear to sleep the nights and fast the days.
 [02:47:16] Compare dead happiness with living woe.
 [02:47:20] Think that thy babes were sweeter than they were
 [02:47:24] and he that slew them fouler than he is.
 [02:47:28] Bettering thy loss will make the bad causer worse.
 [02:47:32] Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.
 [02:47:35] My words are dull!
 [02:47:36] O, quicken them with thine.
 [02:47:38] Thy woes will make them sharp and pierce like mine.
 [02:47:55] Why should calamity be full of words?
 [02:48:01] Windy attorneys to their clients' woes,
 [02:48:05] poor breathing orators of miseries,
 [02:48:07] let them have scope.
 [02:48:09] Though what they will impart help nothing else,
 [02:48:11] yet do they ease the heart.
 [02:48:15] If so, then be not tongue-tied.
 [02:48:20] Go with me,
 [02:48:21] and in the breath of bitter words,
 [02:48:24] let's smother my damned son

[02:48:26] that thy two sweet sons smothered.
 [02:48:30] The trumpet sounds.
 [02:48:31] Be copious in exclams.
 [02:48:45] Who intercepts me in my expedition?
 [02:48:48] O, she that might have intercepted thee
 [02:48:50] by strangling thee in her accursed womb
 [02:48:52] from all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.
 [02:48:55] Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?
 [02:48:58] Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence
 [02:49:02] and little Ned Plantagenet, his son?
 [02:49:04] Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?
 [02:49:06] Where is kind Hastings?
 [02:49:08] A flourish, trumpets!
 [02:49:09] Strike alarum, drums!
 [02:49:11] Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
 [02:49:13] rail on the Lord's anointed.
 [02:49:15] Strike, I say!
 [02:49:24] Either be patient and entreat me fair,
 [02:49:27] or with the clamorous report of war,
 [02:49:29] thus will I drown your exclamations.
 [02:49:33] Art thou my son?
 [02:49:35] Aye, I thank God, my father, and yourself.
 [02:49:38] Then patiently hear my impatience.
 [02:49:41] Madam, I have a touch of your condition
 [02:49:43] that cannot brook the accent of reproof.
 [02:49:45] O, let me speak.
 [02:49:46] Do then, but I'll not hear.
 [02:49:47] I will be mild and gentle in my words.
 [02:49:50] And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.
 [02:49:52] Art thou so hasty?
 [02:49:55] I have stayed for thee, God knows,
 [02:49:58] in torment and in agony.
 [02:49:59] And came I not at last to comfort you?
 [02:50:02] No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well.
 [02:50:07] Thou camest on earth to make the earth my Hell.
 [02:50:11] A grievous burden was thy birth to me.
 [02:50:15] Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy,
 [02:50:18] thy schooldays frightful, desperate, wild, and furious,
 [02:50:22] thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,
 [02:50:26] thy age confirmed, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
 [02:50:32] more mild but yet more harmful, kind in hatred.
 [02:50:36] If I be so disgracious in your eye,
 [02:50:38] let me march on and not offend you, madam.
 [02:50:40] Strike up the drum!
 [02:50:41] I prithee, hear me speak.
 [02:50:42] You speak too bitterly.
 [02:50:43] Hear me a word,
 [02:50:44] for I shall never speak to thee again.
 [02:50:50] So.
 [02:50:53] Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance,
 [02:50:57] ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
 [02:50:59] or I with grief and extreme age shall perish
 [02:51:02] and nevermore behold thy face again.
 [02:51:06] Therefore, take with thee my most grievous curse,
 [02:51:10] which in the day of battle, tire thee more
 [02:51:13] than all the complete armor that thou wearest.
 [02:51:18] My prayers on the adverse party fight.
 [02:51:21] And there the little souls of Edward's children
 [02:51:24] whisper the spirits of thine enemies
 [02:51:26] and promise them success and victory.

[02:51:30] Bloody thou art; bloody will be thy end.
 [02:51:33] Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.
 [02:51:40] Though far more cause,
 [02:51:42] yet much less spirit to curse abides in me.
 [02:51:44] I say amen to her.
 [02:51:48] Stay, madam.
 [02:51:50] I must talk a word with you.
 [02:51:56] I have no more sons of the royal blood for thee to slaughter.
 [02:52:00] For my daughters, Richard,
 [02:52:01] they shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens,
 [02:52:04] and therefore level not to hit their lives.
 [02:52:05] You have a daughter called Elizabeth,
 [02:52:07] virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.
 [02:52:09] And must she die for this?
 [02:52:10] O, let her live,
 [02:52:12] and I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,
 [02:52:14] slander myself as false to Edward's bed,
 [02:52:16] throw over her the veil of infamy.
 [02:52:18] So she may live unscarred of bleeding slaughter,
 [02:52:20] I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.
 [02:52:22] Wrong not her birth; she is a royal princess.
 [02:52:24] To save her life, I'll say she is not so.
 [02:52:26] Her life is safest only in her birth.
 [02:52:28] And only in that safety died her brothers.
 [02:52:30] Lo, at their birth, good stars were opposite.
 [02:52:33] No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.
 [02:52:35] All unavoided is the doom of destiny.
 [02:52:37] True, when avoided grace makes destiny.
 [02:52:39] My babes were destined to a fairer death
 [02:52:42] if grace had blessed thee with a fairer life.
 [02:52:43] You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.
 [02:52:46] Cousins, indeed, and by their uncle,
 [02:52:48] cozened of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life!
 [02:52:53] Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,
 [02:52:55] thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.
 [02:52:58] No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt
 [02:53:00] till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart
 [02:53:03] to revel in the entrails of my lambs.
 [02:53:06] But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
 [02:53:09] my tongue should to thine ears not name my boys
 [02:53:12] till that my nails were anchored in thine eyes.
 [02:53:14] And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
 [02:53:17] like a poor bark of sails and tackling reft,
 [02:53:19] rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.
 [02:53:22] Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
 [02:53:25] and dangerous success of bloody wars
 [02:53:27] as I intend more good to you and yours
 [02:53:29] than ever you or yours by me were harmed.
 [02:53:32] What good is covered with the face of Heaven
 [02:53:34] to be discovered that can do me good?
 [02:53:37] The advancement of your children, gentle lady.
 [02:53:39] Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?
 [02:53:41] Unto the dignity and height of fortune,
 [02:53:43] the high imperial type of this earth's glory.
 [02:53:45] Flatter my sorrow with report of it.
 [02:53:47] Tell me, what state, what honor, what dignity
 [02:53:50] canst thou demise to any child of mine?
 [02:53:52] Even all I have.
 [02:53:53] Aye, and myself and all
 [02:53:55] will I withal endow a child of thine

[02:53:58] so in the lethe of thy angry soul,
 [02:54:00] thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
 [02:54:02] which thou supposest I have done to thee.
 [02:54:04] Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
 [02:54:07] last longer telling than thy kindness' date.
 [02:54:09] Then know that from my soul, I love thy daughter.
 [02:54:12] My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.
 [02:54:14] What do you think?
 [02:54:15] That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul.
 [02:54:17] So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers,
 [02:54:21] and from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.
 [02:54:23] Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.
 [02:54:25] I mean that with my soul, I love thy daughter
 [02:54:28] and do intend to make her queen of England.
 [02:54:32] Well, then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?
 [02:54:35] Even he that makes her queen; who else should be?
 [02:54:37] What, thou?
 [02:54:38] Even so. How think you of it?
 [02:54:40] How canst thou woo her?
 [02:54:41] That would I learn of you,
 [02:54:42] as one being best acquainted with her humor.
 [02:54:45] And wilt thou learn of me?
 [02:54:46] Madam, with all my heart.
 [02:54:56] Send to her by the man that slew her brothers
 [02:55:01] a pair of bleeding hearts.
 [02:55:04] Thereon engrave Edward and York.
 [02:55:07] Then haply will she weep.
 [02:55:10] Therefore present to her--
 [02:55:13] as sometimes Margaret did to thy father,
 [02:55:15] steeped in Rutland's blood--
 [02:55:16] a handkerchief, which, say to her,
 [02:55:19] did drain the purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
 [02:55:24] and bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
 [02:55:27] If this inducement move her not to love,
 [02:55:29] send her a letter of thy noble deed.
 [02:55:32] Tell her thou madest away
 [02:55:33] her uncle Clarence, her uncle Rivers,
 [02:55:36] aye, and, for her sake,
 [02:55:37] mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
 [02:55:39] You mock me, madam?
 [02:55:40] This is not the way to win your daughter.
 [02:55:43] There is no other way,
 [02:55:44] unless thou couldst put on some other shape
 [02:55:45] and not be Richard that hath done all this.
 [02:55:47] Say that I did all this for love of her.
 [02:55:49] Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,
 [02:55:51] having bought love with such a bloody spoil!
 [02:55:54] Look, what is done cannot be now amended!
 [02:55:56] Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
 [02:55:58] which after hours, gives leisure to repent.
 [02:56:01] If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
 [02:56:03] to make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
 [02:56:05] If I have killed the issue of your womb,
 [02:56:08] to quicken your increase,
 [02:56:09] I will beget mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
 [02:56:12] A grandam's name is little less in love
 [02:56:14] than is the doting title of a mother.
 [02:56:16] They are as children but one step below,
 [02:56:19] even of your mettle, of your very blood.
 [02:56:22] Of all one pain, save for a night of groans endured of her,

[02:56:25] for whom you bid like sorrow.
[02:56:27] Your children were vexation to your youth,
[02:56:29] but mine shall be a comfort to your age.
[02:56:32] The loss you have is but a son being king,
[02:56:34] and by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
[02:56:38] I cannot make you what amends I would.
[02:56:40] Therefore, accept such kindness as I can.
[02:56:43] Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
[02:56:45] leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
[02:56:48] this fair alliance quickly shall call home
[02:56:50] to high promotions and great dignity.
[02:56:52] The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
[02:56:55] familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother.
[02:56:58] Again shall you be mother to a king
[02:56:59] and all the ruins of distressful times repaired
[02:57:03] with doubled riches of content.
[02:57:05] What?
[02:57:06] We have many goodly days to see.
[02:57:09] The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
[02:57:11] shall come again, transformed to Orient pearl,
[02:57:14] advantaging their loan with interest
[02:57:16] of ten times double gain of happiness.
[02:57:19] Go then, my mother.
[02:57:21] To thy daughter go.
[02:57:22] Make bold her bashful years with your experience.
[02:57:26] Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale
[02:57:29] put in her tender heart
[02:57:30] the aspiring flame of golden sovereignty.
[02:57:33] Acquaint the princess
[02:57:35] with the sweet silent hours of marriage joys,
[02:57:38] and when this arm of mine hath chastised the petty rebel,
[02:57:41] dull-brained Buckingham,
[02:57:43] bound with triumphant garlands will I come
[02:57:45] and lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed,
[02:57:48] to whom I will retail my conquest won,
[02:57:50] and she shall be sole victress, Caesar's Caesar.
[02:57:57] What were I best to say?
[02:58:00] Her father's brother would be her lord?
[02:58:03] Or shall I say her uncle?
[02:58:06] Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
[02:58:09] Under what title shall I woo for thee
[02:58:11] that God, the law, my honor, and her love,
[02:58:13] can make seem pleasing to her tender years?
[02:58:16] Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.
[02:58:18] Which she shall purchase with still-lasting war.
[02:58:20] Tell her the king that may command entreats.
[02:58:22] That at her hands which the king's king forbids.
[02:58:24] Say she shall be a high and mighty queen.
[02:58:27] To veil a title, as her mother doth.
[02:58:29] Say I will love her everlastingly.
[02:58:30] But how long shall that title "ever" last?
[02:58:32] Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.
[02:58:34] But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
[02:58:37] As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.
[02:58:38] As long as Hell and Richard likes of it.
[02:58:40] Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.
[02:58:42] But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.
[02:58:45] Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
[02:58:46] An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.
[02:58:48] Then plainly to her, tell her my loving tale.

[02:58:51] Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.
 [02:58:53] Your reasons are too shallow and too quick!
 [02:58:54] O no, my reasons are too deep and dead.
 [02:58:57] Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.
 [02:59:00] Harp not on that string, madam.
 [02:59:02] That is past.
 [02:59:03] Harp on it still shall I till heartstrings break.
 [02:59:05] Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown--
 [02:59:07] Profaned, dishonored, and the third, usurped.
 [02:59:09] I swear--
 [02:59:10] By nothing, for this is no oath.
 [02:59:12] Thy George, profaned, hath lost his holy honor.
 [02:59:15] Thy garter, blemished, pawned his knightly virtue.
 [02:59:18] Thy crown, usurped, disgraced his kingly glory.
 [02:59:21] If something thou wouldst swear to be believed,
 [02:59:23] swear then by something that thou hast not wronged.
 [02:59:25] Now, by the world--
 [02:59:26] 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
 [02:59:28] My father's death--
 [02:59:29] Thy life hath it dishonored.
 [02:59:30] Then by myself--
 [02:59:31] Thyself is self misused.
 [02:59:32] Why, then, by God.
 [02:59:33] God's wrong is most of all!
 [02:59:36] If thou didst fear to break an oath with God,
 [02:59:38] the unity the king my husband made,
 [02:59:39] thou hadst not broken nor my brothers died.
 [02:59:42] If thou hadst feared to break an oath with Him,
 [02:59:44] the imperial metal circling now thy head
 [02:59:47] had graced the tender temples of my child,
 [02:59:50] and both the princes had been breathing here,
 [02:59:53] which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,
 [02:59:56] thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.
 [02:59:58] What canst thou swear by now?
 [03:00:00] The time to come.
 [03:00:02] That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast.
 [03:00:05] For I myself have many tears to wash hereafter time
 [03:00:08] for times past wronged by thee.
 [03:00:10] The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughtered,
 [03:00:13] ungoverned youth, to wail it in their age.
 [03:00:17] The parents live whose children thou hast butchered,
 [03:00:21] old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
 [03:00:25] Swear not by time to come,
 [03:00:27] for that thou hast misused ere used
 [03:00:30] by times ill used o'erpast!
 [03:00:32] As I intend to prosper and repent,
 [03:00:34] so thrive I in my dangerous affairs of hostile arms.
 [03:00:37] Myself, myself confound.
 [03:00:39] God and fortune bar me happy hours.
 [03:00:41] Day, yield me not thy light nor night, thy rest.
 [03:00:44] Be opposite, all planets of good luck, to my proceeding
 [03:00:47] if, with dear heart's love, immaculate devotion,
 [03:00:50] holy thoughts, I tender not your beauteous, princely daughter.
 [03:00:54] In her consists my happiness and thine.
 [03:00:57] Without her, follows to myself and thee,
 [03:01:00] herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
 [03:01:03] death, desolation, ruin, and decay.
 [03:01:06] It cannot be avoided but by this.
 [03:01:08] It will not be avoided but by this.
 [03:01:11] Therefore, dear mother-- I must call you so--

[03:01:17] be the attorney of my love to her.
 [03:01:21] Plead what I will be, not what I have been.
 [03:01:24] Not my deserts, but what I will deserve.
 [03:01:27] Urge the necessity and state of times,
 [03:01:30] and be not peevish found in great designs.
 [03:01:35] Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?
 [03:01:39] Aye, if the devil tempt you to do good.
 [03:01:43] Shall I forget myself to be myself?
 [03:01:47] Aye, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.
 [03:01:51] Yet thou didst kill my children.
 [03:01:53] But in your daughter's womb, I bury them,
 [03:01:57] where, in that nest of spicery,
 [03:02:00] they will breed selves of themselves,
 [03:02:02] to your recomforture.
 [03:02:06] Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
 [03:02:08] And be a happy mother by the deed.
 [03:02:11] I go.
 [03:02:14] Write to me very shortly,
 [03:02:16] and you shall understand from me her mind.
 [03:02:22] Bear her my true love's kiss.
 [03:02:34] And so, farewell.
 [03:02:41] Relenting fool and shallow, changing woman.
 [03:02:45] How now. What news?
 [03:02:47] Mighty sovereign, on the western coast
 [03:02:48] rideth a puissant navy.
 [03:02:50] To our shores throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
 [03:02:53] unarmed and unresolved to beat them back.
 [03:02:55] 'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral.
 [03:02:58] And there they hull, expecting but the aid of Buckingham
 [03:03:00] to welcome them ashore.
 [03:03:02] Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Norfolk:
 [03:03:04] Ratcliffe, thyself, or Catesby.
 [03:03:07] Where is he?
 [03:03:08] Here, my lord.
 [03:03:09] Catesby, fly to the duke.
 [03:03:10] I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.
 [03:03:12] Ratcliffe, come hither.
 [03:03:14] Post to Salisbury.
 [03:03:15] When thou comest thither--
 [03:03:16] Dull, unmindful villain,
 [03:03:17] why stayest thou here and goest not to the duke?
 [03:03:19] First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
 [03:03:22] what from your grace I shall deliver to him.
 [03:03:25] O true, good Catesby.
 [03:03:27] Bid him levy straight
 [03:03:28] the greatest strength and power that he can make
 [03:03:30] and meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
 [03:03:32] I go.
 [03:03:33] What may it please you shall I do at Salisbury?
 [03:03:36] Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?
 [03:03:38] Your highness told me I should post before.
 [03:03:41] My mind is changed.
 [03:03:43] Stanley, what news with you?
 [03:03:46] None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing,
 [03:03:49] nor none so bad but well may be reported.
 [03:03:52] Hoyday, a riddle.
 [03:03:54] Neither good nor bad.
 [03:03:55] What needest thou run so many miles about,
 [03:03:57] when thou mayest tell thy tale the nearest way?
 [03:04:00] Once more, what news?

[03:04:01] Richmond is on the seas.
 [03:04:03] There let him sink, and be the seas on him.
 [03:04:05] White-livered runagate!
 [03:04:08] What doth he there?
 [03:04:09] I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
 [03:04:12] Well, as you guess.
 [03:04:14] Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,
 [03:04:17] he makes for England, here to claim the crown.
 [03:04:20] Is the chair empty?
 [03:04:21] Is the sword unswayed?
 [03:04:23] Is the king dead, the empire unpossessed?
 [03:04:26] What heir of York is there alive but we?
 [03:04:29] And who is England's king but great York's heir?
 [03:04:32] Then tell me, what makes he upon the seas?
 [03:04:36] Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.
 [03:04:39] Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
 [03:04:42] you cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
 [03:04:48] Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear.
 [03:04:50] No, my good lord.
 [03:04:52] Therefore mistrust me not.
 [03:04:56] Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?
 [03:04:58] Where be thy tenants and thy followers?
 [03:05:01] Are they not now upon the western shore,
 [03:05:03] safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?
 [03:05:05] No, my good lord.
 [03:05:07] My friends are in the north.
 [03:05:08] Cold friends to me!
 [03:05:10] What do they in the north,
 [03:05:11] when they should serve their sovereign in the west?
 [03:05:13] They have not been commanded, mighty king.
 [03:05:16] Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
 [03:05:19] I'll muster up my friends and meet your grace
 [03:05:21] where and what time your majesty shall please.
 [03:05:24] Aye.
 [03:05:26] Aye, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond.
 [03:05:32] But I'll not trust thee.
 [03:05:34] Most mighty sovereign,
 [03:05:36] you have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.
 [03:05:40] I never was nor never will be false.
 [03:05:45] Go then and muster men.
 [03:05:48] But leave behind your son, George Stanley.
 [03:05:52] Look your heart be firm,
 [03:05:53] or else his head's assurance is but frail.
 [03:05:59] So deal with him as I prove true to you.
 [03:06:05] My gracious sovereign...
 [03:06:07] now in Devonshire, as I by friends am well advertised,
 [03:06:10] Sir Edward Courtney and the haughty prelate,
 [03:06:12] bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
 [03:06:13] with many more confederates, are in arms.
 [03:06:15] My liege, in Kent, the Guildfords are in arms.
 [03:06:19] And every hour, more competitors flock to the rebels,
 [03:06:21] and their power grows strong.
 [03:06:22] My lord, the army of great Buckingham--
 [03:06:24] Out on you, owls!
 [03:06:26] Nothing but songs of death?
 [03:06:27] There, take thou that till thou bring better news.
 [03:06:30] The news I have to tell your majesty
 [03:06:31] is that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
 [03:06:33] Buckingham's army is dispersed and scattered
 [03:06:36] and he himself wandered away alone, no man knows whither.

[03:06:42] I cry thee mercy.
[03:06:43] There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
[03:06:46] Hath any well-advised friend proclaimed reward
[03:06:49] to him that brings the traitor in?
[03:06:50] Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.
[03:06:52] Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset,
[03:06:54] 'tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
[03:06:56] But this good comfort bring I to your highness:
[03:06:57] the Breton navy is dispersed by tempest!
[03:07:00] Richmond in Dorsetshire sent out a boat unto the shore
[03:07:02] to ask those on the banks
[03:07:04] if they were his assistants, yea or no.
[03:07:05] Who answered him, they came from Buckingham,
[03:07:07] upon his party.
[03:07:08] He, mistrusting them, hoist sail
[03:07:11] and made his course again for Brittany.
[03:07:13] March on, march on, since we are up in arms,
[03:07:16] if not to fight with foreign enemies,
[03:07:18] yet to beat down these rebels here at home.
[03:07:20] My liege! The Duke of Buckingham is taken!
[03:07:25] That is the best news.
[03:07:27] That the Earl of Richmond
[03:07:29] is with a mighty power landed at Milford
[03:07:31] is colder tidings, yet they must be told.
[03:07:34] Away toward Salisbury.
[03:07:35] While we reason here,
[03:07:36] a royal battle might be won and lost.
[03:07:38] Someone take order
[03:07:39] that Buckingham be brought to Salisbury.
[03:07:41] The rest march on with me!
[03:08:00] Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:
[03:08:03] that in the sty of the most deadly boar,
[03:08:06] my son George Stanley is franked up in hold.
[03:08:09] If I revolt, off goes young George's head.
[03:08:12] 'Tis fear of that holds off my present aid.
[03:08:15] So get thee gone.
[03:08:17] Commend me to thy lord.
[03:08:19] Withal, say that the queen hath heartily consented
[03:08:22] he should espouse Elizabeth, her daughter.
[03:08:26] But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?
[03:08:29] At Pembroke or at Harford-west in Wales
[03:08:32] with many other of great name and worth,
[03:08:34] and towards London do they bend their power
[03:08:37] if by the way, they be not fought withal.
[03:08:39] O, hie thee to thy lord.
[03:08:40] I kiss his hand.
[03:08:41] My letter will resolve him of my mind.
[03:08:44] Farewell.

Richard III Act 5

[03:09:08] Will not King Richard let me speak with him?
 [03:09:12] No, my good lord.
 [03:09:16] Therefore, be patient.
 [03:09:22] Hastings and Edward's children,
 [03:09:26] Grey and Rivers, holy King Henry,
 [03:09:30] and thy fair son Edward, Vaughan,
 [03:09:34] and all that hath miscarried
 [03:09:36] by underhand, corrupted foul injustice,
 [03:09:41] if that your moody, discontented souls
 [03:09:43] do through the clouds behold this present hour,
 [03:09:47] even for revenge, mock my destruction.
 [03:09:56] This is All Souls' Day, fellow, is it not?
 [03:10:01] It is.
 [03:10:05] Why, then, All Souls' Day is my body's doomsday.
 [03:10:11] This is the day which in King Edward's time
 [03:10:13] I wished might fall on me
 [03:10:15] when I was found false to his children and his wife's allies.
 [03:10:21] This is the day wherein I wished to fall
 [03:10:25] by the false faith of him whom most I trusted.
 [03:10:31] This, this All Souls' Day
 [03:10:37] to my fearful soul is the determined respite of my wrongs.
 [03:10:45] That high All-Seer which I dallied with
 [03:10:48] hath turned my feigned prayer on my head
 [03:10:51] and given in earnest what I begged in jest.
 [03:10:58] Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 [03:11:04] to turn their own points in their masters' bosoms.
 [03:11:10] Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck.
 [03:11:15] "When he," quoth she,
 [03:11:21] "shall split thy heart with sorrow,
 [03:11:28] remember Margaret was a prophetess."
 [03:11:43] Come, Ratcliffe.
 [03:11:45] Lead me to the block of shame.
 [03:11:49] Wrong hath but wrong
 [03:11:53] and blame the due of blame.
 [03:13:21] Fellows in arms and my most loving friends,
 [03:13:25] bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
 [03:13:27] thus far into the bowels of the land
 [03:13:30] have we marched on without impediment.
 [03:13:33] And here receive we from our father, Stanley,
 [03:13:36] lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 [03:13:41] The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar
 [03:13:44] that spoiled your summer fields and fruitful vines,
 [03:13:48] swills your warm blood like wash
 [03:13:51] and makes his trough in your emboweled bosoms--
 [03:13:55] this foul swine is now even in the center of this isle
 [03:14:00] near to the town of Leicester, as we learn.
 [03:14:04] From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
 [03:14:09] In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
 [03:14:12] to reap the harvest of perpetual peace
 [03:14:15] by this one bloody trial of sharp war.
 [03:14:18] Every man's conscience is a thousand men
 [03:14:20] to fight against this guilty homicide.
 [03:14:23] I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.
 [03:14:26] He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
 [03:14:29] which in his dearest need will fly from him.
 [03:14:32] All for our vantage.
 [03:14:34] Then in God's name, march.
 [03:14:36] True hope is swift and flies with swallow's wings.

[03:14:40] Kings it makes gods and meaner creatures kings.
[03:15:02] Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth Field.
[03:15:11] My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
[03:15:14] My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
[03:15:18] My Lord of Norfolk.
[03:15:19] Here, most gracious liege.
[03:15:20] Norfolk, we must have knocks. Huh, must we not?
[03:15:24] We must both give and take, my loving lord.
[03:15:31] Up with my tent!
[03:15:34] Here will I lie tonight.
[03:15:36] But where tomorrow?
[03:15:37] Well, all's one for that.
[03:15:41] Who hath descried the number of the traitors?
[03:15:44] Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
[03:15:46] Why, our battalion trebles that account.
[03:15:52] Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength
[03:15:55] which they upon the adverse faction want.
[03:16:02] Up with the tent!
[03:16:07] Come, noble gentlemen.
[03:16:09] Let us survey the vantage of the ground.
[03:16:12] Call for some men of sound direction.
[03:16:14] Let's lack no discipline, make no delay.
[03:16:17] For, lords, tomorrow is a busy day.
[03:16:38] The weary sun hath made a golden set,
[03:16:43] and by the bright track of his fiery car
[03:16:46] gives token of a goodly day tomorrow.
[03:16:52] Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
[03:16:56] Give me some ink and paper in my tent.
[03:17:00] I'll draw the form and model of our battle.
[03:17:02] Limit each leader to his several charge,
[03:17:04] and part in just proportion our small power.
[03:17:09] My Lord of Dorset, you, Sir William Brandon,
[03:17:12] and you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
[03:17:14] The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment.
[03:17:16] Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
[03:17:20] and by the second hour in the morning,
[03:17:22] desire the earl to see me in my tent.
[03:17:24] Yet one thing more, good Captain, do for me.
[03:17:29] Where is Lord Stanley quartered?
[03:17:31] Do you know?
[03:17:33] Unless I have mista'en his colors much,
[03:17:35] which well I am assured I have not done,
[03:17:38] his regiment lies half a mile at least
[03:17:40] south from the mighty power of the king.
[03:17:43] If without peril it be possible, sweet Blunt,
[03:17:46] make some good means to speak with him,
[03:17:48] and give him from me this most needful note.
[03:17:54] Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it.
[03:17:57] So God give you quiet rest tonight.
[03:18:01] Good night, good Captain Blunt.
[03:18:08] Come, gentlemen.
[03:18:09] Let us consult upon tomorrow's business.
[03:18:12] Into my tent.
[03:18:14] The dew is raw and cold.
[03:18:20] What is't o'clock?
[03:18:24] It's suppertime, my lord.
[03:18:26] It's nine o'clock.
[03:18:30] I will not sup tonight.
[03:18:34] Give me some ink and paper.
[03:18:37] What, is my armor easier than it was?

[03:18:40] It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
 [03:18:44] Good Norfolk.
 [03:18:46] Hie thee to thy charge.
 [03:18:48] Use careful watch. Choose trusty sentinels.
 [03:18:51] I go, my lord.
 [03:18:53] Stir with the lark tomorrow, gentle Norfolk.
 [03:18:55] I warrant you, my lord.
 [03:19:04] Catesby.
 [03:19:05] My lord?
 [03:19:07] Send out a pursuivant at arms to Stanley's regiment.
 [03:19:10] Bid him bring his power before sunrise,
 [03:19:13] lest his son George
 [03:19:14] fall into the blind cave of eternal night.
 [03:19:23] Fill me a bowl of wine.
 [03:19:28] Give me a watch!
 [03:19:31] Saddle white Surrey for the field tomorrow.
 [03:19:34] Look that my staves be sound and not too heavy.
 [03:19:41] Ratcliffe.
 [03:19:42] My lord.
 [03:19:43] Sawest thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?
 [03:19:46] Thomas the Earl of Surrey and himself,
 [03:19:48] much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
 [03:19:50] went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.
 [03:19:53] So I am satisfied.
 [03:20:02] Give me a bowl of wine.
 [03:20:07] I have not that alacrity of spirit
 [03:20:08] nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have.
 [03:20:13] Set it down.
 [03:20:15] Is ink and paper ready?
 [03:20:18] It is, my lord.
 [03:20:22] Bid my guard watch.
 [03:20:23] Leave me.
 [03:20:27] Ratcliffe.
 [03:20:33] About the mid of night,
 [03:20:34] come to my tent and help to arm me.
 [03:20:45] Leave me, I say.
 [03:21:03] Fortune and victory sit on thy helm.
 [03:21:07] All comfort that the dark night can afford
 [03:21:09] be to thy person, noble father-in-law.
 [03:21:11] Tell me, how fares our loving mother?
 [03:21:15] I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
 [03:21:17] who prays continually for Richmond's good.
 [03:21:19] So much for that.
 [03:21:20] The silent hours steal on,
 [03:21:21] and flaky darkness breaks within the east.
 [03:21:24] In brief, for so the season bids us be,
 [03:21:27] prepare thy battle early in the morning,
 [03:21:30] and put thy fortune to the arbitraments
 [03:21:31] of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
 [03:21:34] I, as I may-- that which I would I cannot--
 [03:21:37] with best advantage will deceive the time
 [03:21:39] and aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms.
 [03:21:42] But on thy side, I may not be too forward
 [03:21:45] lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
 [03:21:47] be executed in his father's sight.
 [03:21:50] Farewell.
 [03:21:51] The leisure and the fearful time
 [03:21:53] cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
 [03:21:55] which so long-sundered friends should dwell upon.
 [03:22:00] God give us leisure for these rites of love.

[03:22:02] Once more, adieu.
 [03:22:04] Be valiant, and speed well.
 [03:22:12] Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.
 [03:22:16] I'll strive with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
 [03:22:20] lest leaden slumber peise me down tomorrow,
 [03:22:22] when I should mount with wings of victory.
 [03:22:27] Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
 [03:22:56] O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
 [03:22:58] look on my forces with a gracious eye.
 [03:23:02] Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
 [03:23:04] that they may crush down with a heavy fall
 [03:23:06] the usurping helmets of our adversaries.
 [03:23:11] Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 [03:23:13] that we may praise thee in the victory.
 [03:23:18] To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 [03:23:20] ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes.
 [03:23:24] Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still.
 [03:23:55] My prayers on the adverse party fight.
 [03:23:59] And there the little souls of Edward's children
 [03:24:03] whisper the spirits of thine enemies
 [03:24:06] and promise them success and victory.
 [03:24:10] Bloody thou art.
 [03:24:12] Bloody will be thy end.
 [03:24:15] Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.
 [03:24:23] Let me sit heavy on thy soul tomorrow.
 [03:24:26] Think how thou stabbest me
 [03:24:27] in my prime of youth at Tewksbury.
 [03:24:29] Despair, therefore, and die.
 [03:24:42] Be cheerful, Richmond,
 [03:24:43] for the wronged souls of butchered princes
 [03:24:46] fight in thy behalf.
 [03:24:48] King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.
 [03:24:54] When I was mortal, my anointed body
 [03:24:57] by thee was punched full of deadly holes.
 [03:25:00] Think on the Tower and me.
 [03:25:03] Despair, and die.
 [03:25:06] Harry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die.
 [03:25:11] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror.
 [03:25:16] Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
 [03:25:18] doth comfort thee in thy sleep.
 [03:25:21] Live, and flourish.
 [03:25:25] Let me sit heavy on thy soul tomorrow.
 [03:25:28] I, that was washed to death with fulsome wine,
 [03:25:31] poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death.
 [03:25:36] Tomorrow in the battle, think on me,
 [03:25:39] and fall thy edgeless sword.
 [03:25:41] Despair, and die.
 [03:25:45] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
 [03:25:48] the wronged heirs of York, do pray for thee.
 [03:25:51] Good angels guard thy battle.
 [03:25:54] Live, and flourish.
 [03:26:00] Let me sit heavy on thy soul tomorrow:
 [03:26:03] Rivers, that died at Pomfret.
 [03:26:07] Despair, and die.
 [03:26:11] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair.
 [03:26:17] Think upon Vaughan,
 [03:26:19] and with guilty fear, let fall thy lance.
 [03:26:22] Despair, and die.
 [03:26:27] Awake, and think our wrongs
 [03:26:29] in Richard's bosom will conquer him.

[03:26:32] Awake, and win the day.
 [03:26:37] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
 [03:26:43] and in a bloody battle, end thy days.
 [03:26:47] Think on Lord Hastings.
 [03:26:51] Despair, and die.
 [03:26:55] Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake.
 [03:27:01] Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.
 [03:27:07] Dream on thy cousins, smothered in the Tower.
 [03:27:11] Let us be led within thy bosom, Richard,
 [03:27:15] and weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death.
 [03:27:21] Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die.
 [03:27:26] Sleep, Richmond.
 [03:27:28] Sleep in peace, and wake in joy.
 [03:27:31] Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy.
 [03:27:35] Live, and beget a happy race of kings.
 [03:27:39] Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.
 [03:27:46] Richard, thy wife,
 [03:27:48] that wretched Anne, thy wife,
 [03:27:51] that never slept a quiet hour with thee,
 [03:27:54] now fills thy sleep with perturbations.
 [03:27:58] Tomorrow in the battle, think on me,
 [03:28:00] and fall thy edgeless sword.
 [03:28:03] Despair, and die.
 [03:28:06] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep.
 [03:28:11] Dream of success and happy victory.
 [03:28:15] Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.
 [03:28:32] The first was I that helped thee to the crown.
 [03:28:36] The last was I that felt thy tyranny.
 [03:28:41] O, in the battle, think of Buckingham.
 [03:28:43] Die in terror of thy guiltiness.
 [03:28:47] Dream on.
 [03:28:48] Dream on of bloody deeds and death.
 [03:28:52] Fainting, despair.
 [03:28:54] Despairing, yield thy breath.
 [03:29:03] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid.
 [03:29:06] But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismayed.
 [03:29:09] God and good angels fight on Richmond's side.
 [03:29:14] And Richard fall, in height of all his pride.
 [03:29:20] Give me another horse!
 [03:29:22] Bind up my wounds!
 [03:29:23] Have mercy, Jesu.
 [03:29:26] Soft, I did but dream.
 [03:29:29] Coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me.
 [03:29:35] The lights burn blue.
 [03:29:40] 'Tis now dead midnight.
 [03:29:50] Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 [03:29:56] What do I fear?
 [03:29:58] Myself?
 [03:29:59] There's none else by.
 [03:30:01] Richard loves Richard.
 [03:30:03] That is I and I.
 [03:30:05] Is there a murderer here?
 [03:30:06] No. Yes, I am.
 [03:30:09] Then fly.
 [03:30:10] What, from myself?
 [03:30:11] Great reason why, lest I revenge.
 [03:30:13] What, myself upon myself?
 [03:30:16] Alack, I love myself.
 [03:30:17] Wherefore?
 [03:30:18] For any good that I myself have done unto myself?

[03:30:20] O, no! Alas, I rather hate myself
 [03:30:22] for hateful deeds committed by myself.
 [03:30:25] I am a villain.
 [03:30:26] Yet I lie. I am not.
 [03:30:27] Fool, of thyself speak well.
 [03:30:28] Fool, do not flatter!
 [03:30:31] My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 [03:30:33] and every tongue brings in a several tale,
 [03:30:36] and every tale condemns me for a villain.
 [03:30:39] Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree.
 [03:30:41] Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree.
 [03:30:43] All several sins, all used in each degree,
 [03:30:46] throng to the bar, crying all, "Guilty, guilty."
 [03:30:50] I shall despair.
 [03:30:56] There is no creature loves me.
 [03:30:59] And if I die, no soul will pity me.
 [03:31:06] And wherefore should they,
 [03:31:08] since that I myself find in myself no pity to myself?
 [03:31:16] Methought the souls of all that I'd murdered came to my tent,
 [03:31:20] and every one did threat tomorrow's vengeance
 [03:31:23] on the head of Richard.
 [03:31:24] My lord?
 [03:31:25] 'Zounds. Who is there?
 [03:31:26] Ratcliffe, my lord.
 [03:31:28] 'Tis I.
 [03:31:31] The early village cock
 [03:31:32] hath twice done salutation to the morn.
 [03:31:34] Your friends are up and buckle on their armor.
 [03:31:37] O Ratcliffe, I have dreamed a fearful dream.
 [03:31:43] What thinkest thou?
 [03:31:44] Will our friends prove all true?
 [03:31:46] No doubt, my lord.
 [03:31:48] O Ratcliffe, I fear.
 [03:31:51] I fear.
 [03:31:53] Nay, good my lord.
 [03:31:55] Be not afraid of shadows.
 [03:31:58] By the apostle Paul, shadows tonight
 [03:32:00] have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
 [03:32:02] than can the substance of a thousand soldiers
 [03:32:05] armed in proof and led by shallow Richmond.
 [03:32:14] 'Tis not yet near day.
 [03:32:17] Come, go with me.
 [03:32:19] Under our tents, I'll play the eavesdropper,
 [03:32:21] to see if any mean to shrink from me.
 [03:32:40] Good morrow, my lord.
 [03:32:41] Oh.
 [03:32:43] Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
 [03:32:46] that you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.
 [03:32:49] How have you slept, my lord?
 [03:32:51] The sweetest sleep and fairest-boding dreams
 [03:32:54] that ever entered in a drowsy head
 [03:32:56] have I since your departure had, my lords.
 [03:33:00] Methought their souls whose bodies Richard murdered
 [03:33:03] came to my tent and cried on victory.
 [03:33:08] I promise you, my soul is very jocund
 [03:33:10] in the remembrance of so fair a dream.
 [03:33:13] How far into the morning is it, lords?
 [03:33:15] Upon the stroke of four.
 [03:33:17] Why, then, 'tis time to arm and give direction.
 [03:33:22] More than I have said, loving countrymen,

[03:33:24] the leisure and enforcement of the time forbids to dwell upon.
[03:33:27] Yet remember this:
[03:33:30] God and our good cause fight upon our side.
[03:33:35] The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
[03:33:38] like high-reared bulwarks, stand before our faces,
[03:33:42] Richard except.
[03:33:44] Those whom we fight against
[03:33:46] had rather have us win than him they follow.
[03:33:50] For what is he they follow?
[03:33:52] Truly, gentlemen, a bloody tyrant and a homicide,
[03:33:58] one raised in blood and one in blood established,
[03:34:03] one that made means to come by what he hath
[03:34:05] and slaughtered those that were the means to help him.
[03:34:08] A base, foul stone,
[03:34:11] made precious by the foil of England's chair,
[03:34:14] where he is falsely set.
[03:34:16] One that hath ever been God's enemy.
[03:34:20] Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
[03:34:24] God will in justice ward you as his soldiers.
[03:34:27] If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
[03:34:30] you sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain.
[03:34:35] If you do fight against your country's foes,
[03:34:38] your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire.
[03:34:42] If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
[03:34:45] your wives shall welcome home the conquerors.
[03:34:49] If you do free your children from the sword,
[03:34:52] your children's children quits it in your age.
[03:34:56] Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
[03:34:59] advance your standards; draw your willing swords.
[03:35:04] For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
[03:35:08] shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face.
[03:35:13] But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
[03:35:17] the least of you shall share his part thereof.
[03:35:20] Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully.
[03:35:24] God and Saint George.
[03:35:26] Richmond and victory!
[03:35:29] Richmond and victory!
[03:35:40] And what said Northumberland as touching Richmond?
[03:35:43] That he was never trained up in arms.
[03:35:44] He said the truth.
[03:35:46] And what said Surrey then?
[03:35:47] He smiled and said, "The better for our purpose."
[03:35:49] He was in the right.
[03:35:50] And so indeed it is.
[03:35:53] Ten the clock there.
[03:36:04] Give me a calendar.
[03:36:07] Who saw the sun today?
[03:36:09] Not I, my lord.
[03:36:11] Then he disdains to shine,
[03:36:13] for by the book, he should have braved the east an hour ago.
[03:36:16] A black day will it be to somebody.
[03:36:22] Ratcliffe.
[03:36:23] My lord?
[03:36:25] The sun will not be seen today.
[03:36:27] The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
[03:36:31] I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
[03:36:36] Not shine today.
[03:36:39] Why, what is that to me more than to Richmond?
[03:36:42] For the selfsame Heaven that frowns on me
[03:36:44] looks sadly upon him.

[03:36:45] Arm! Arm, my lord!
 [03:36:47] The foe vaunts in the field.
 [03:36:49] Come! Bustle, bustle.
 [03:36:50] Caparison my horse.
 [03:36:52] Call up Lord Stanley; bid him bring his power.
 [03:36:55] I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
 [03:36:58] and thus my battle shall be ordered:
 [03:37:02] My forward shall be drawn out all at length,
 [03:37:05] consisting equally of horse and foot.
 [03:37:07] Our archers shall be placed in the midst.
 [03:37:09] John, Duke of Norfolk, Thomas, Earl of Surrey
 [03:37:12] shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
 [03:37:14] They thus directed, we will follow in the main battle,
 [03:37:17] whose puissance on either side
 [03:37:18] shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
 [03:37:21] This, and Saint George to boot.
 [03:37:23] What think'st thou, Norfolk?
 [03:37:25] A good direction, warlike sovereign.
 [03:37:28] This I found on my tent this morning.
 [03:37:32] "Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
 [03:37:34] for Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold."
 [03:37:43] A thing devised by the enemy.
 [03:37:45] Go, gentleman, every man unto his charge.
 [03:37:51] Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls.
 [03:37:53] Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
 [03:37:56] devised at first to keep the strong in awe.
 [03:37:58] Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
 [03:38:02] March on; join bravely.
 [03:38:04] Let us to it pell-mell,
 [03:38:06] if not to heaven, then hand in hand to Hell.
 [03:38:13] What shall I say more than I have inferred?
 [03:38:16] Remember whom you are to cope withal:
 [03:38:18] a sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
 [03:38:22] a scum of Bretons and base lackey peasants,
 [03:38:25] whom their o'erclroyed country vomits forth
 [03:38:28] to desperate adventures and assured destruction.
 [03:38:31] You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest.
 [03:38:34] You having lands and blest with beauteous wives,
 [03:38:38] they would restrain the one, disdain the other.
 [03:38:41] And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
 [03:38:44] a milksop, one that never in his life
 [03:38:47] felt so much cold as overshoes in snow?
 [03:38:51] Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again.
 [03:38:54] Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
 [03:38:57] these famished beggars, weary of their lives,
 [03:39:00] who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 [03:39:03] for want of means, poor rats, had hanged themselves.
 [03:39:07] If we be conquered, let men conquer us,
 [03:39:10] and not these bastard Bretons,
 [03:39:12] whom our fathers have in their own lands
 [03:39:14] beaten, bobbed, and thumped,
 [03:39:16] and in record, left them the heirs of shame.
 [03:39:19] Shall these enjoy our lands?
 [03:39:21] Lie with our wives?
 [03:39:23] Ravish our daughters?
 [03:39:24] No!
 [03:39:26] Hark. I hear their drum.
 [03:39:27] Fight, gentlemen of England.
 [03:39:29] Fight, bold yeomen.
 [03:39:30] Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head.

[03:39:33] Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood.
[03:39:36] Amaze the welkin with your broken staves.
[03:39:39] What says Lord Stanley? Will he bring his power?
[03:39:41] My lord, he doth deny to come.
[03:39:43] Off with his son George's head!
[03:39:45] My lord, the enemy is past the marsh!
[03:39:47] After the battle, let George Stanley die.
[03:39:49] A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
[03:39:52] Advance our standards.
[03:39:54] Set upon our foes.
[03:39:55] Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
[03:39:58] inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons.
[03:40:01] Upon them!
[03:40:02] Victory sits on our helmets!
[03:40:09] Rescue.
[03:40:10] My Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
[03:40:13] The king enacts more wonders than a man,
[03:40:15] daring an opposite to every danger.
[03:40:17] His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
[03:40:22] seeking for Richmond in the throat of death!
[03:40:25] Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!
[03:40:29] A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!
[03:40:33] Withdraw, my lord.
[03:40:34] I'll help you to a horse.
[03:40:35] Slave!
[03:40:36] I'll set my life upon a cast,
[03:40:38] and I will stand the hazard of the die.
[03:40:41] I think there be six Richmonds in the field.
[03:40:43] Five have I slain today instead of him.
[03:40:46] A horse! A horse!
[03:40:48] My kingdom for a horse!
[03:40:49] Richard!
[03:40:51] For Richmond!
[03:40:57] For Richmond!
[03:41:02] Richmond!
[03:41:21] For Richmond!
[03:42:56] God and your arms be praised, victorious friends.
[03:42:58] The day is ours.
[03:43:01] The bloody dog is dead.
[03:43:15] Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
[03:43:20] Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty.
[03:43:23] Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.
[03:43:33] Great God of Heaven, say Amen to all.
[03:43:46] But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?
[03:43:49] He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town,
[03:43:52] whither, if it please you, we will now withdraw us.
[03:43:54] Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
[03:43:56] that in submission will return to us.
[03:44:03] And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
[03:44:06] we will unite the white rose and the red.
[03:44:10] Smile, Heaven, upon this fair conjunction
[03:44:13] that long have frowned upon their enmity.
[03:44:18] What traitor hears me and says not Amen?
[03:44:21] Amen.
[03:44:29] England hath long been mad and scarred herself.
[03:44:33] The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
[03:44:37] the father rashly slaughtered his own son,
[03:44:40] the son, compelled, been butcher to the sire.
[03:44:44] All this divided York and Lancaster,
[03:44:47] delighted in their dire division.

[03 : 44 : 58] O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
[03 : 45 : 00] the true succeeders of each royal house,
[03 : 45 : 03] by God's fair ordinance conjoin together.
[03 : 45 : 07] And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
[03 : 45 : 10] enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
[03 : 45 : 13] with smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days.
[03 : 45 : 18] Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
[03 : 45 : 20] that would reduce these bloody days again
[03 : 45 : 23] and make poor England weep in streams of blood.
[03 : 45 : 28] Let them not live to taste this land's increase
[03 : 45 : 30] that would with treason wound this fair land's peace.
[03 : 45 : 37] Now civil wounds are stopped.
[03 : 45 : 39] Peace lives again.
[03 : 45 : 42] That she may long live here, God say amen!