

## **ACT III**

### **SCENE I. London. A street.**

*The trumpets sound. Enter the young PRINCE EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL, CATESBY, and others*

#### **BUCKINGHAM**

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

#### **GLOUCESTER**

Welcome, dear cousin, The weary way hath made you melancholy?

#### **PRINCE EDWARD**

No, but I want more uncles here to welcome me.

#### **GLOUCESTER**

Those uncles which you want were dangerous;

God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

#### **PRINCE EDWARD**

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

*Enter the Lord Mayor and his train*

#### **Lord Mayor**

God bless your grace with health and happy days!

#### **PRINCE EDWARD**

I thank you, good my lord

I thought my mother, and my brother York, Would long ere this have met us on the way Where is Hastings, to tell us whether they will come or no!

*Enter HASTINGS*

#### **PRINCE EDWARD**

And here he comes.

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

#### **HASTINGS**

The queen your mother, and your brother York,

Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince wishes to meet your grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld.

#### **BUCKINGHAM**

Fie, what a peevish course of hers!

Lord cardinal, will your grace

Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York.

If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him, And pluck him perforce.

#### **CARDINAL**

If my weak oratory can win the Duke of York,

expect him here; but God in heaven forbid

We should infringe the holy privilege

Of blessed sanctuary!

#### **BUCKINGHAM**

You are too senseless--obstinate, my lord, You break not sanctuary in seizing him.

This prince hath neither claim'd sanctuary nor deserved it;

You break no privilege nor charter there.

Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;

But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

#### **CARDINAL**

You shall o'er-rule my mind for once.

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

#### **HASTINGS**

I go, my lord.

#### **PRINCE EDWARD**

#### **Exeunt CARDINAL and HASTINGS**

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

#### **GLOUCESTER**

Where it seems best unto your royal self.

If I may counsel you,

Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:

Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

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

**BUCKINGHAM**

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

**GLOUCESTER**

I say, that Julius Caesar, without characters,  
fame lives long.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

That Julius Caesar was a famous man;  
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;  
And if I live until I be a man,  
I'll win our ancient right in France again,  
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

**GLOUCESTER**

[Aside] Short summers lightly have a  
forward spring.  
*Enter young YORK, HASTINGS, and the  
CARDINAL*

**PRINCE EDWARD**

Richard of York!

**GLOUCESTER**

How fares our cousin, noble Lord?

**YORK**

You said that idle weeds are fast in growth  
The prince my brother hath outgrown me  
far.

**GLOUCESTER**

He hath, my lord.

**YORK**

And therefore is he idle?

**GLOUCESTER**

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

**YORK**

Then is he more beholding to you than I.

**GLOUCESTER**

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

**PRINCE EDWARD**

My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with  
him.

**YORK**

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

**GLOUCESTER**

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

**YORK**

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

**PRINCE EDWARD**

My lord protector needs will have it so.  
*A Sennet. Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER,  
BUCKINGHAM and CATESBY*

**BUCKINGHAM**

Come hither, Catesby.

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

**CATESBY**

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

**BUCKINGHAM**

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

**CATESBY**

He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

**BUCKINGHAM**

Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle  
Catesby,  
Summon him

To sit about the coronation.

And give us notice of his inclination:

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

and Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

**CATESBY**

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

**GLOUCESTER**

At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both.

*Exit CATESBY*

**BUCKINGHAM**

My lord, what shall we do,

If Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

**GLOUCESTER**

Chop off his head; somewhat we will do:

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me

The earldom of Hereford

**BUCKINGHAM**

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

**GLOUCESTER**

And look to have it yielded with all willingness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards

We may digest our complots in some form.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II. Before Lord Hastings' house.**

*Enter a Messenger*

**Messenger**

What, ho! my lord!

**HASTINGS**

[Within] Who knocks at the door?

**Messenger**

A messenger from the Lord Stanley.

*Enter HASTINGS*

**HASTINGS**

What is't o'clock?

**Messenger**

Upon the stroke of four.

**HASTINGS**

Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

**Messenger**

So it should seem by that I have to say.

he sends you word

He dreamt to-night the boar had razed his helm:

He sends to know your lordship's pleasure,

If presently you will take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

**HASTINGS**

Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;

Bid him not fear the separated councils

And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond

To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers

**Messenger**

My gracious lord, I'll tell him what you say.

*Exit*

*Enter CATESBY*

**CATESBY**

Many good morrows to my noble lord!

**HASTINGS**

Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring

What news, in this our tottering state?

**CATESBY**

It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;

And I believe twill never stand upright

Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

**HASTINGS**

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

**CATESBY**

Ay, my good lord.

And thereupon he sends you this good news,

That this same very day your enemies,

The kindred of the queen, must die at

Pomfret.

**HASTINGS**

Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,

Because they have been still mine enemies:

And so falls it out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do

With some men else, who think themselves  
as safe

As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are  
dear

To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

**CATESBY**

The princes both make high account of you;

*Aside*

For they account his head upon the bridge.

**HASTINGS**

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

*Enter STANLEY*

**STANLEY**

My lord, good morrow; good morrow,

Catesby:

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,

I do not like these several councils, *Enter a*

*Pursuivant*

**HASTINGS**

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

*Exeunt STANLEY and CATESBY*

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

**Pursuivant**

The better that your lordship please to ask.

**HASTINGS**

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

Than when I met thee last where now we  
meet:

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the queen's allies;

But now, those enemies are put to death,

And I in better state than e'er I was.

**Pursuivant**

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

**HASTINGS**

Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.

*Throws him his purse*

**Pursuivant**

God save your lordship!

*Exeunt*

### **SCENE III. Pomfret Castle.**

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

**RATCLIFF**

Come, bring forth the prisoners.

**Prep prisoners for death**

Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

**GREY**

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

For standing by when Richard stabb'd her  
son.

**RIVERS**

Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she  
Buckingham,

Then cursed she Richard.

Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,  
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be  
spilt.

**RATCLIFF**

Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.

*Exeunt*

### **SCENE IV. The Tower of London.**

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

**HASTINGS**

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

Is, to determine of the coronation.

Who knows the lord protector's mind  
herein?

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

**HASTINGS**

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

*Enter GLOUCESTER*

**GLOUCESTER**

My noble lords and cousins all, good  
morrow.

**BUCKINGHAM**

Good morrow,  
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your  
voice, for crowning of the king.

**GLOUCESTER**

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

**HASTINGS**

I thank your grace.

**GLOUCESTER**

Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

*Drawing him aside*

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

**BUCKINGHAM**

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

*Exit GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM*

*following*

**DERBY**

We have not yet set down this day of  
triumph.

To-morrow is too sudden;  
For I myself am not well provided

**HASTINGS**

His grace looks cheerfully and smooth  
to-day;

I think there's never a man in Christendom  
That can less hide his love or hate than he;  
For by his face straight shall you know his  
heart.

**DERBY**

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

**HASTINGS**

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

**DERBY**

I pray God he be not, I say.

*Re-enter GLOUCESTER and*

*BUCKINGHAM*

**GLOUCESTER**

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

Of damned witchcraft, and that have  
prevail'd

Upon my body with their hellish charms?

**HASTINGS**

The tender love I bear your grace,  
whatsoever they be

I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

**GLOUCESTER**

Then be your eyes the witness of this ill:  
behold mine arm wither'd up:

And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous  
witch,

Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked  
me.

**HASTINGS**

If they have done this thing, my gracious  
lord--

**GLOUCESTER**

If I thou protector of this damned strumpet--  
Tellet thou me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor:  
Off with his head!

*Exeunt all but HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and  
LOVEL*

**HASTINGS**

Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;  
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.  
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his  
helm;

But I disdain'd it,

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did  
stumble,

And startled, when he look'd upon the  
Tower,

O, now I want the priest that spake to me:

O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

**RATCLIFF**

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

**HASTINGS**

O momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!

Who builds his hopes in air of your good looks,

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,  
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

**LOVEL**

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

**HASTINGS**

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

*Exeunt*

*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham*

**GLOUCESTER**

Go, after, cousin Buckingham.  
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:  
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:  
But touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,  
Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.

**BUCKINGHAM**

Fear not, my lord, I'll play the orator  
As if the golden fee for which I plead  
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

**GLOUCESTER**

If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle;  
Where you shall find me well accompanied  
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

**BUCKINGHAM**

I go my lord

*Exit BUCKINGHAM*

**GLOUCESTER**

Go, Lovel, to Doctor Shaw;

*To CATESBY*

Go thou to Friar Penker; bid them both  
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

*Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER*

Now will I in, to take some privy order,  
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;  
*Exit*

**SCENE V. The same.**

*Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand*  
**Scrivener**

This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;  
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,  
That it may be this day read over in Paul's.  
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:

Eleven hours I spent to write it over,  
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me;

The precedent was full as long a-doing:  
And yet within these five hours lived Lord Hastings,

Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty  
Here's a good world the while! Why who's so gross,

That seeth not this palpable device?  
Yet who's so blind, but says he sees it not?

Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,

When such bad dealings must be seen in thought.

*Exit*

**SCENE VI. Baynard's Castle.**

*Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM,  
at several doors*

**GLOUCESTER**

How now, my lord, what say the citizens?

**BUCKINGHAM**

The citizens speak not a word.

**GLOUCESTER**

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

**BUCKINGHAM**

I did; And when mine oratory grew to an end  
I bid them that did love their country's good  
Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal  
king!'

**GLOUCESTER**

Ah! and did they so?

**BUCKINGHAM**

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

**GLOUCESTER**

Will not the mayor then and his brethren  
come?

**BUCKINGHAM**

The mayor is here at hand: intend some  
fear;

get a prayer-book in your hand,  
be not easily won to our request:

Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and  
take it.

Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor  
knocks.

*Exit GLOUCESTER*

*Enter the Lord Mayor and Citizens*

Welcome my lord; I think the duke will not be  
spoke withal.

*Enter CATESBY*

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

**CATESBY**

My lord: He is within, with two right reverend  
fathers,

Divinely bent to meditation;

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

**BUCKINGHAM**

Return, good Catesby, to thy lord again;  
Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens,  
Are come to have some conference with his  
grace.

**CATESBY**

I'll tell him what you say, my lord.

*Exit*

**BUCKINGHAM**

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

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,  
But on his knees at meditation;

**Lord Mayor**

Marry, God forbid his grace should say us  
nay!

**BUCKINGHAM**

I fear he will.

*Re-enter CATESBY*

How now, Catesby, what says your lord?

**CATESBY**

My lord,

He wonders to what end you have  
assembled

Such troops of citizens to speak with him,  
My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.

**BUCKINGHAM**

Sorry I am my noble cousin should  
Suspect me, I come in perfect love to him;  
And so once more return and tell his grace.

*Exit CATESBY*

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

**Lord Mayor**

See, where he stands between two  
clergymen!

**BUCKINGHAM**

Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,  
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,  
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,  
Lend favourable ears to our request;

And pardon us the interruption of thy devotion

**GLOUCESTER**

My lord, there needs no such apology:  
I rather do beseech you pardon me,  
what is your grace's pleasure?

**GLOUCESTER**

I do suspect I have done some offence  
that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

**BUCKINGHAM**

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

**GLOUCESTER**

Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian  
land?

**BUCKINGHAM**

Then know, it is your fault that you resign  
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,  
The lineal glory of your royal house,  
we heartily solicit  
Your gracious self to take on you the charge  
And kingly government of this your land,  
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.  
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

**GLOUCESTER**

I know not whether to depart in silence,  
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof.  
Your love deserves my thanks; but my  
desert  
Unmeritable shuns your high request.

**BUCKINGHAM**

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

**GLOUCESTER**

Alas, why would you heap these cares on  
me?

I am unfit for state and majesty;  
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

**BUCKINGHAM**

If you refuse it,--as, in love and zeal,  
Loath to depose the child, Your brother's  
son;

But your brother's son shall never reign our  
king;

We will plant some other in the throne,  
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:  
*Exit BUCKINGHAM with the Citizens*

**CATESBY**

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

**GLOUCESTER**

Call them again. I am not made of stone,  
But penetrable to your kind entreats,  
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.  
*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest*  
Cousin of Buckingham, ]

I must have patience to endure the load:

**Lord Mayor**

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

**GLOUCESTER**

In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

**BUCKINGHAM**

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

**Lord Mayor Citizens**

Amen.

**BUCKINGHAM**

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

**GLOUCESTER**

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

**BUCKINGHAM**

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

**GLOUCESTER**

Come, let us to our holy task again.

Farewell

*Exeunt*