

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!
[To RICHMOND.] I died for hope ere I could
lend thee aid: 174

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish. KING RICHARD
starts out of his dream.]

K. Rich. Give me another horse! bind up
my wounds! 178

Have mercy, Jesu! Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What! do I fear myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I. 184
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am:
Then fly: what! from myself? Great reason why:
Lest I revenge. What! myself upon myself?
Alack! I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself? 189
O! no: alas! I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain. Yet I lie; I am not. 192
Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain. 196
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree:
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree, 199
Throng to the bar, crying all, 'Guilty! guilty!'
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul will pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself? 204
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord! 208
K. Rich. 'Zounds! who's there?
Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early vil-
lage cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their
armour. 212

K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I have dream'd a fear-
ful dream.
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all
true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.
K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I fear, I fear,—
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of
shadows. 216

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand sol-
diers

Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me; 221
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exeunt.]

RICHMOND wakes. Enter OXFORD and Others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond! 224
Richm. Cry mercy, lords, and watchful
gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?
Richm. The sweetest sleep, the fairest-boding
dreams 228

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard
murder'd,

Came to my tent and cried on victory: 232
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four. 236
Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give
direction.

His oration to his Soldiers.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this, 240
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those whom we fight against 244
Had rather have us win than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide; 247
Onerais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to
help him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set; 252
One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down, 256
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the
hire;

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives, 260
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing
swords. 265

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt 268
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheer-
fully;

God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants,
and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as
touching Richmond? 272

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.
K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said
Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd, and said, 'The better for our
purpose.'

K. Rich. He was i' the right; and so, indeed,
it is. [Clock strikes.]

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar. 277
Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.
K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for by
the book

He should have brav'd the east an hour ago: 280
A black day will it be to somebody.

Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lower upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the self-same
heaven

That frowns on me looks sadly upon him. 288

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord! the foe vaunts in
the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle; caparison my
horse.

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain, 292
And thus my battle shall be ordered:

My forehead shall be drawn out all in length
Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst: 296
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle, whose puissance on either
side 300

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot! What think'st
thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, war-like sovereign.
This found I on my tent this morning. 304

[Giving a scroll.]

K. Rich. Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

A thing devised by the enemy.

Go, gentlemen; every man to his charge: 308
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our
law. 312

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

His oration to his Army.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal: 316
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Bretons and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and assur'd destruc-
tion. 320

You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous
wives,

They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow, 324
Long kept in Britaine at our mother's cost?

A milksop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow? 327
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the sea again;
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd
themselves: 332

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretons; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and
thump'd,

And, on record, left them the heirs of shame. 336
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? [Drum afar off.]

Hark! I hear their drum.
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeo-
men! 339

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his
power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come. 344
K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh:
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within
my bosom: 348

Advance our standards! set upon our foes!
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!

Upon them! Victory sits upon our helms. 352
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter NORFOLK and
Forces; to him CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk! rescue,
rescue!

The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights, 4
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.

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

Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to
a horse. 8

K. Rich. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.— 12
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[Exeunt.]

Alarums. Enter from opposite sides KING RICHARD and RICHMOND, and exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then re-enter RICHMOND, STANLEY, bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!

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

Richm. Great God of heaven, say amen to all!

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;

Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.
Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,

Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births:

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled

That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red:
Smile, heaven, upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division.

O! now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together;
And let their heirs—God, if thy will be so,—
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,

With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!

Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say amen!

[*Exeunt.*]

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.
CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chancellor.
Lord Chamberlain.
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.
BISHOP OF LINCOLN.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.
GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.
Three Gentlemen.
Garter King-at-Arms.
DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council Chamber.
Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner.
A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, Wife to King Henry; afterwards divorced.
ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour; afterwards Queen.
An Old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—Chiefly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

PROLOGUE

*I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, besides forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:*

*And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding day.*

ACT I

SCENE I.—London. An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter at one door the DUKE OF NORFOLK; at the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your Grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horse-
back;

Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could
have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single, but now married