

Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

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

2. *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

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

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publickly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1. *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing⁴, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice⁵, was struck dead by thee?

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

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

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed⁶, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

4 — *springing Plantagenet*,] Blooming Plantagenet; a prince in the spring of life. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, 1579:

"That wouldest me my *springing youth* to spill." MALONE.

When gallant, springing,] This should be printed as one word, I think; — *gallant-springing*. Shakspeare is fond of these compound epithets, in which the first adjective is to be considered as an adverb. So, in this play he uses *childish-foolish*, *senseless-obstinate* and *mortal-flaring*. TYRWHITT.

5 — *novice*,] Youth; one yet new to the world. JOHNSON.

*6 *If you are hir'd for meed*,] Thus the folio. The quarto 1598, reads, *If you be hired for need*; which is likewise sense: If it be necessary which induces you to commit this murder. MALONE.

2. *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you*.

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

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

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

1. *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones⁷; as he lesson'd us to weep.

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

1. *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1. *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

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

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,

* — *your brother Gloster hates you.*] Mr. Walpole some years ago, suggested, from the Chronicle of Croyland, that the true cause of Gloster's hatred to Clarence was, that Clarence was unwilling to share with his brother that moiety of the estate of the great earl of Warwick, to which Gloster became entitled on his marriage with the younger sister of the dutchess of Clarence, Lady Anne Neville, who had been betrothed to Edward prince of Wales. This account of the matter is fully confirmed by a letter, dated Feb. 14, 1471-2, which has been lately published. *Paston Letters*, Vol. II. p. 91. "Yesterday the king, the queen, my lords of Clarence and Gloucester, went to Shene to pardon; men say, not all in charity. The king entreateth my lord of Clarence for my lord of Gloucester; and, as it is said, he answereth, that he may well have my lady his sister-in-law, but *they shall part no livelibeod*, as he saith; so, what will fall, can I not say."

MALONE.

7 — *he will weep.*

1. *Murd.* Ay, millstones;] So, in Massinger's *City Madam*:

"—— He, good gentleman,

"Will weep when he hears how we are used;—

"Yes, millstones." STEEVENS.

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

2. *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
 Which of you^s, if you were a prince's son,
 Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—
 If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,—
 Would not entreat for life? as you would beg,
 Were you in my distress,—

1. *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
 My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
 O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
 Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:
 A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2. *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1. *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
 [Stabs him.

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit, with the body.

^s Which of you, &c.] This line, and the four following lines, are found in the folio, but not in the quarto. I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that they have been inserted in a wrong place. MALONE.

I believe this passage should be regulated thus.

Clar. Relent and save your souls.

1. *Murd.* Relent; 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,

Being pent—

If two such—

Would not entreat for life?

My friend, I spy—

O, if thine eye—

Come then on my side, and entreat for me,

As you would beg, were you in my distress.

A begging prince what beggar pities not? TYRWHITT.

⁹ A begging prince what beggar pities not?] To this, in the quarto, the murderer replies:

I, thus and thus: if this will not serve,

I'll chop thee in the malmsey but in the next room.
 and then stabs him. STEEVENS.

2. *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1. *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou
help'st me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2. *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

1. *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King EDWARD, (led in sick,) Queen ELIZABETH,
DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM,
GREY, and Others.*

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good day's
work;—

You peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;

And now in peace¹ my soul shall part to heaven.

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;

Dissemble not your hatred², swear your love.

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

¹ *And now in peace—*] So the quarto. The folio has—*And now
to peace—* MALONE.

² *Dissemble not your hatred, &c.*] I suppose he means, Divest your-
selves of that concealed hatred which you have heretofore secretly
borne to each other. Do not merely, says Edward, conceal and cover
over your secret ill will to each other by a shew of love, but eradicate
hatred altogether from your bosoms. MALONE.

Hast.

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

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

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—
Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred, So thrive I, and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord
marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

[embraces Dorset.]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this
league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, [to the Queen.] but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

[embracing Rivers, &c.]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke³.

³ — here comes the noble duke.] So the quarto. The folio reads:
And in good time

Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe and the duke. MALONE.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

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

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage*,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—
Of you, lord Rivers,—and lord Grey, of you,—
That all without desert have frown'd on me*;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive⁵,

With

* *If I unwittingly, or in my rage,*] So the quarto. Folio—*unwittingly*. This line and the preceding hemistick are printed in the old copies, as one line; a mistake that has very frequently happened in the early editions of these plays. Mr. Pope, by whose licentious alterations our authour's text was much corrupted, omitted the words—*or in my rage*; in which he has been followed by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

* —*frown'd on me*;) I have followed the original copy in quarto. The folio here adds:

Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you;—

The eldest son of earl Rivers was lord Scales: but there was no such person as lord Woodville. MALONE.

* *I do not know, &c.*] Milton in his *EIKONOKLASTES*, has this observation. "The poets, and some English, have been in this point so mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person, than of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse au-

thor,

With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

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

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

[They all start.]

You do him injury, to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand⁶,

thor, wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet-companion of these his solitudes, William Shakspeare; who introduced the person of Richard the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage in this book, and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place; *I intended*, saith he, *not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies.* The like saith Richard, Act II. sc. i:

I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the tragedy, where, in the poet used not much licence in departing from the truth of history, which delivers him a deep dissembler, not of his affections only, but of religion." STEEVENS.

⁶ — *some tardy cripple, &c.*] This is an allusion to a proverbial expression which Drayton has versified in the second canto of the *Barons' Wars*:

"Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go;

"Comfort's a cripple, and comes ever slow." STEEVENS.

That came too lag to see him buried :—
 God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
 Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
 Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
 And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I prythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit⁷, sovereign, of my servant's life;
 Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
 Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death⁸,
 And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
 My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
 And yet his punishment was bitter death.
 Who su'd to me for him⁹? who, in my wrath,
 Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd¹⁰?
 Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
 Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake

⁷ *The forfeit*—] He means the remission of the forfeit. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death?*] This lamentation is very tender and pathetick. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no less naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Who su'd to me for him? &c.*] This pathetick speech is founded on this slight hint in Sir Thomas More's *History of Edward V.* inserted by Holinshed in his Chronicle: "Sure it is, that although king Edward were consenting to his death, yet he much did both lament his unfortunate chance, and repent his sudden execution. Inasmuch that when any person sued to him for the pardon of malefactors condemned to death, he would accustomably say, and openly speake, O unfortunate brother, for whose life not one would make suite! openly and apparently meaning by suche words that by the means of some of the nobilitie he was deceived, and brought to his confusion." MALONE.

¹⁰ *—be advis'd?*] i. e. deliberate; consider what I was about to do. So, in the *Letters of the Paston Family*, Vol. II. p. 279: "Written in haste with short advisement," &c. See also *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, p. 137, n. 8. MALONE.

The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
 Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
 When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
 And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
 Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
 Even in his garments; and did give himself,
 All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
 But, when your carters, or your waiting vassals,
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
 But for my brother, not a man would speak,—
 Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
 Have been beholding to him in his life;
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
 O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet². O,
 Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, HAST. RIV. DOR. and GREY.]

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Mark'd you not,
 How that the guilty kindred of the queen
 Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
 O! they did urge it still unto the king:
 God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
 To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt.*]

² *Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.*] Hastings was Lord Chamberlain to king Edward IV. MALONE.

S C E N E II.

*The same.**Enter the Dutchess of York³, with a son and daughter of Clarence.**Son.* Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?*Dutch.* No, boy.*Daugh.* Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast?
And cry,—O Clarence, my unhappy son!*Son.* Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?*Dutch.* My pretty cousins⁴, you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.*Son.* Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.]
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.*Daugh.* And so will I.*Dutch.* Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you
well:Incapable and shallow innocents⁵,

You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,

³ *Enter the Dutchess of York,*] Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville first earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield in 1460. She survived her husband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495. MALONE.

⁴ — *my pretty cousins,*] The dutchess is here addressing her grandchildren, but *cousin* was the term used in Shakspeare's time, by uncles to nephews and nieces, grandfathers to grandchildren, &c. It seems to have been used instead of our *kinsman*, and *kinswoman*, and to have supplied the place of both. MALONE.

⁵ *Incapable and shallow innocents,*] *Incapable* is unintelligent. See p. 122, n. 8. MALONE.

Devis'd impeachments to imprison him :
 And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
 And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek ;
 Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
 And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dutch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
 And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice !
 He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
 Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble⁶, grandam ?

Dutch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark ! what noise is this ?

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, distractedly ; RIVERS, and
 DORSET, after her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah ! who shall hinder me to wail and weep ?
 To chide my fortune, and torment myself ?
 I'll join with black despair against my soul,
 And to myself become an enemy.

Dutch. What means this scene of rude impatience ?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragick violence :—
 Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.—
 Why grow the branches, when the root is gone ?
 Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap ?—
 If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief ;
 That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's ;
 Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
 To his new kingdom of perpetual rest⁷.

Dutch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
 As I had title in thy noble husband !
 I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
 And liv'd by looking on his images⁸ :

⁶ — *my uncle did dissemble,*] Shakspeare uses *dissemble* in the sense of acting fraudulently, feigning what we do not feel or think ; though strictly it means to conceal our real thoughts or affections. So also Milton in the passage quoted in p. 500, n. 5. MALONE.

⁷ — *of perpetual rest.*] So the quarto. The folio reads—*of ne'er changing night.* MALONE.

⁸ — *his images :*] The children by whom he was represented.

JOHNSON.

So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, Lucretius says to his daughter,

" O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn." MALONE.

But

But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
 Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death⁹;
 And I for comfort have but one false glass,
 That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
 Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
 And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
 But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
 And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
 Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I,
 (Thine being but a moiety of my grief,)
 To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries?

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

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

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
 I am not barren to bring forth laments:
 All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
 That I, being govern'd by the watry moon,¹
 May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
 Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

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

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

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

Dutch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.

⁹ But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
 Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;] So, in our author's
Rape of Lucrece:

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold

"In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;

"But now, that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,

"Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn."

Again, in his Third Sonnet:

"Thou art thy mother's glass," &c. MALONE.

¹ — being govern'd by the watry moon,] That I may live hereafter
 under the influence of the moon, which governs the tides, and by the
 help of that influence drown the world. The introduction of the moon
 is not very natural. JOHNSON.

Q. Eliz.

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

Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Dutch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I²:

I for an Edward weep, so do not they³:—

Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

² — and so do I;] So the quarto. The variation of the folio is remarkable. It reads—*so do not they*. MALONE.

³ *I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—*] The text is here made out partly from the folio and partly from the quarto. In the quarto this and the preceding line stand thus:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;

I for an Edward weep, and so do they.

The end of the second line is evidently corrupted. In the Ms. from which the folio was printed, or in a corrected quarto copy, the two lines undoubtedly were right:

These babes for Clarence weep, [*and so do I*;

I for an Edward weep,] so do not they.

But the compositor's eye passing over two half lines, the passage was printed thus in the folio, in one line:

These babes for Clarence weep, so do not they.

I have stated this matter thus particularly, because it confirms an observation that I have more than once had occasion to make in revising these plays; that there is reason to suspect that many of the difficulties in our authour's works have arisen from the omission of either single words, single lines, or the latter half of one line with the half of the next: a solution which readers are very slow to admit, and generally consider as chimerical. One week's acquaintance with the business of the press (without those proofs which a collation of the quartos with each other and with the first folio affords) would soon convince them that my supposition is not a mere offspring of imagination. In the plays of which there is no authentick copy but the first folio, there is no means of *proving* such omissions to have happened; but the present and other proofs of their having actually happened in the other plays, lay surely a reasonable ground for conjecturing that similar errors have happened in those pieces of which there is only a single ancient copy extant, and entitle such conjectures to indulgence. See Vol. II. p. 4. n. 4; Vol. IV. p. 322, n. 1; Vol. V. p. 36, n. 5, and p. 228, n. 8; Vol. VI. p. 202, n. 5; and Vol. VII. p. 216, n. 4, and p. 555, n. 9. MALONE.

Pour

Pour all your tears; I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother⁴; God is much displeas'd,
That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common wordly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more, to be thus opposite with heaven⁵,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

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

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and Others.

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

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

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

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

⁴ *Comfort, dear mother, &c.*] This line and the following eleven lines are found only in the folio. MALONE.

⁵ — *to be thus opposite with heaven.*] This was the phraseology of the time. See Vol. IV. p. 57, n. 5. MALONE.

But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd⁶
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with⁷ some little train, my lord of Bucking-
ham?

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

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

Riv. And so in me⁸; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I,

* *The broken rancour of your bigg-favoln hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must be preserv'd, &c.*] Their broken rancour recently splinted
and knit, the poet considers as a new league of amity and concord; and
this it is that Buckingham exhorts them to preserve. MALONE.

⁶ *Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd—*] Edward
the young prince, in his father's life-time, and at his demise, kept
his household at Ludlow, as prince of Wales; under the governance of
Antony Woodville, earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side.
The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the
Marches; and, by the authority of his presence, to restrain the Welsh-
men, who were wild, dissolute, and ill-disposed, from their accustomed
murders and outrages. Vid. Hall, Holinshed, &c. THEOBALD.

⁷ *Why with &c.*] This line and the following seventeen lines are
found only in the folio. MALONE.

⁸ *Riv. And so in me;*] This speech (as a modern editor has observ-
ed) seems rather to belong to Hastings, who was of the duke of
Gloster's party.* The next speech might be given to Stanley.

MALONE

Glo.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go
To give your censures⁹ in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.*]

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of¹,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then², for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1. *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away so fast?

2. *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

1. *Cit.* Yes, that the king is dead.

2. *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better³:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter

⁹ — *your censures*—] To *censure* formerly meant to *deliver an opinion*. So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“Cinna affirms the senate's *censure* just,

“And faith, let Marius lead the legions forth.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 113, n. 8. MALONE.

¹ *As index to the story*—] i. e. preparatory,—by way of prelude.
So, in *Hamlet*:

“That storms so loud, and thunders in the *index*.”

See the note on that passage. MALONE.

² *Towards Ludlow then*,] The folio here and a few lines higher, for *Ludlow* reads—*London*. Few of our authour's plays stand more in need of the assistance furnished by a collation with the quartos, than that before us. MALONE.

³ — *seldom comes the better*:] A proverbial saying, “taken notice of in *The English Courtier and Country Gentleman*, quarto, bl. l. 1586,

Sig.

Enter another Citizen.

3. *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1. *Cit.* Give you good morrow, fir.

3. *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2. *Cit.* Ay, fir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3. *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1. *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3. *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child!

2. *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;

That, in his nonage, council under him⁵,

And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,

No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1. *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3. *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God
wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1. *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3. *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;

Or, by his father, there were none at all:

For emulation now, who shall be nearest,

Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

Sig. B. "—as the proverb sayth, *seldome comes the better.* VALL-
That proverb indeed is auncient, and for the most part true," &c.

REED.

The modern editors read—*a better.* The passage quoted above proves that there is no corruption in the text; and shews how very dangerous it is to disturb our authour's phraseology, merely because it is not familiar to our ears at present. MALONE.

4 *Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!*] "*Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child.*" *Ecclesiastes*, ch. x. STEEVENS.

5 That, *in his nonage, council under him,*] So the quarto. The folio reads—*Which* in his nonage.—*Which* is frequently used by our authour for *who*, and is still so used in our Liturgy. But neither reading affords a very clear sense. Dr. Johnson thinks a line lost before this. I suspect that one was rather omitted after it. MALONE.

O, full

O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1. *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3. *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God fort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2. *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason⁶ almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3. *Cit.* Before the days of change⁷, still is it so:
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2. *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3. *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*]

⁶ You cannot reason—] i. e. converse. See Vol. IV. p. 546, n. 1.
MALONE.

⁷ Before the days of change, &c.] This is from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, Vol. III. p. 721. "Before such great things, men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them; as the sea without wind swelleth of himself some time before a tempest." TOLLET.

It is evident in this passage that both Holinshed and Shakspeare allude to St. Luke. See Chap. xxi. 25, &c. HENLEY.

It is manifest that Shakspeare here followed Holinshed, having adopted almost his words. Being very conversant with the sacred writings, he perhaps had the Evangelist in his thoughts when he wrote, above,

"Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear." MALONE.

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, Queen ELIZABETH, and the Dutchess of York.*

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night^s:

To-

* — *Archbishop of York*—] was Thomas Rotherham. He was made Lord Chancellor by King Edward IV. in 1475. MALONE.

^s *Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;*

At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:] Thus the quarto, 1598.
The folio reads:

Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to-night.

An anonymous Remarker, who appears not to have inspected a single quarto copy of any of these plays, is much surprized that editors should presume to make such changes in the text, (without authority, as he intimates,) and assures us the reading of the folio is right, the fact being, that "the prince and his company did in their way to London actually lye at Stony-Stratford one night, and were the next morning taken back by the duke of Gloucester to Northampton, where they lay the following night. See Hall, Edw. V. fol. 6."

Shakspeare, it is clear, either forgot this circumstance, or did not think it worth attending to.—According to the reading of the original copy in quarto, at the time the archbishop is speaking the king had not reached Stony-Stratford, and consequently his being taken back to Northampton on the morning after he had been at Stratford, could not be in the authour's contemplation. Shakspeare well knew that Stony-Stratford was nearer to London than Northampton; therefore in the first copy the young king is made to sleep on one night at Northampton, and the archbishop very naturally supposes that on the next night, that is, on the night of the day on which he is speaking, the king would reach Stony-Stratford. It is highly improbable that the editor of the folio should have been apprized of the historical fact above stated; and much more likely that he made the alteration for the sake of improving the metre, regardless of any other circumstance. How little he attended to topography appears from a preceding scene, in which Gloster, though in London, talks of sending a messenger to that town, instead of Ludlow. See p. 510, n. 2.

By neither reading can the truth of history be preserved, and therefore we may be sure that Shakspeare did not mean in this instance to adhere to it. According to the present reading, the scene is on the day on which the king was journeying from Northampton to Stratford; and of course the messenger's account of the peers being seized, &c.

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

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

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

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

Dutch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow

More than my brother; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:

which was on the next day after the king had lain at Stratford, is inaccurate. If the folio reading be adopted, the scene is indeed placed on the day on which the king was seized; but the archbishop is supposed to be apprized of a fact which *before the entry of the Messenger* he manifestly does not know, and which Shakspeare did not intend he should appear to know; namely, the duke of Gloster's coming to Stony-Stratford the morning after the king had lain there, taking him forceably back to Northampton, and seizing the lords Rivers, Grey, &c. The truth is, that the queen herself, the person most materially interested in the welfare of her son, did not hear of the king's being carried back from Stony-Stratford to Northampton till about *midnight* of the day on which this violence was offered him by his uncle. See Hall, Edward V. fol. 6. Historical truth being thus deviated from, we have a right to presume that Shakspeare in this instance did not mean to pay *any* attention to it, and that the reading furnished by the quarto was that which came from his pen: nor is it possible that *he* could have made the alteration which the folio exhibits, it being utterly inconsistent with the whole tenour and scope of the present scene. If the archbishop had known that the young king was carried back to Northampton, he must also have known that the lords who accompanied him, were sent to prison; and instead of eagerly asking the Messenger in p. 515, "*What news?*" might have informed him of the whole transaction.

The truth of history is neglected in another instance also. The messenger says, the lords Rivers, Grey, &c. had been sent by Gloster to *Ponfret*, whither they were not sent till some time afterwards, they being sent at first, according to Sir Thomas More, (whose relation Hall and Holinshed transcribed) "into the North country, into diverse places to prison, and *afterwards* all to Pentefract." MALONE.

He

He was the wretched'st thing⁹, when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Dutch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd¹,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Dutch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Dutch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Dutch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy²:—Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger³.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: What news?

Mes. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mes. Well, madam, and in health.

Dutch. What is thy news?

Mes. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,
With them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Dutch. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty dukes, Gloster, and Buckingham.

9 — *the wretched'st thing,*] *Wretched* is here used in a sense yet retained in familiar language, for *paltry*, *pitiful*, being below expectation. JOHNSON.

¹ — *been remember'd,*] *To be remembered* is in Shakspeare, to have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one. JOHNSON.

² *A parlous boy:*] *Parlous* is keen, shrewd. So, in *Law Tricks*, 1608: "A parlous youth, sharp and satirical." STEEVENS.

³ *Enter a Messenger.*] The quarto reads—*Enter Dorset.* STEEVENS.

Q. Eliz. For what offence⁴?

Mef. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind⁵;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless⁶ throne:—
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Dutch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss:
And being seated, and domestick broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self:—O, preposterous
And frantick outrage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more⁷!

⁴ For what offence?] This question is given to the archbishop in former copies, but the messenger plainly speaks to the queen or dutchess.

JOHNSON.

The question is given in the quarto to the archbishop, (or cardinal, as he is there called,) where also we have in the following speech, my gracious lady. The editor of the folio altered lady to lord; but it is more probable that the compositor prefixed *Car.* (the designation there of the archbishop) to the words, "For what offence?" instead of *Q.* than that lady should have been printed in the subsequent speech instead of lord. Compositors always keep the names of the interlocutors in each scene ready-composed for use; and hence mistakes sometimes arise. MALONE.

⁵ The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;] So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"—while she, the picture of pure piety,

"Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws—"

MALONE.

⁶ —awless—] Not producing awe, not revered. To jut upon is to enroach. JOHNSON.

⁷ —on death—] So the quarto 1598, and the subsequent quartos. The folio reads—earth. MALONE.

Q. Eliz.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.

Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go, [to the Queen.
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep; And so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exeunt.

A C T • III. S C E N E I.

The same. A Street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal Bouchier, and Others.*

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

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

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

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,

* *Cardinal Bouchier,*] Thomas Bouchier was made a Cardinal, and elected Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1464. He died in 1486.

MALONE.

^s — to your chamber.] London was anciently called *Camera regia*.
POPE.

So, in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know Nobody*, 1633, 2d Part:

"This city, our great chamber." STEEVENS.

This title it began to have immediately after the Norman conquest. See Coke's 4 Inst. 243, where it is styled *Camera regis*; Camden's *Britannia*, 374; Ben Jonson's Account of King James's Entertainment in passing to his coronation, &c. REED.

Than of his outward shew; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart?

Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:

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

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

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

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

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

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you
all.— [Exeunt Mayor, &c.]

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

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And, in good time¹, here comes the sweating
lord.

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

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

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers?—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny,—lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

⁹ — jumpeth with the heart.] So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:
“Wert thou my friend, thy mind would jump with mine.”

STEEVENS.

¹ — in good time,] A la bonne heure. Fr. STEEVENS.

Card.

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

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional²:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age³,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men⁴;
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

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

² Too ceremonious, and traditional:] *Ceremonious* for superstitious; *traditional* for adherent to old customs. WARBURTON.

³ Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,] That is, compare the act of seizing him with the gross and licentious practices of these times, it will not be considered as a violation of sanctuary, for you may give such reasons as men are now used to admit. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton reads—with the *greenness* of his age; and endeavours to strengthen his emendation by asserting, in general terms, that “the old quarto” reads—*greatness*; from which he considers *greenness* as no great deviation. The truth is, the quarto 1592, and the two subsequent quartos, as well as the folio, all read—*grossness*. *Greatness* is the corrupt reading of a late quarto of no authority, printed in 1622.

MALONE.

⁴ Oft have I heard of sanctuary men; &c.] These arguments against the privilege of sanctuary are taken from Sir Thomas More's *Life of King Edward the Fifth*, published by Stowe: “—And verily, I have often heard of sanctuary men, but I never heard earst of sanctuary children,” &c. STEEVENS.

More's *Life of K. Edward V.* was published also by Hall and Holinshed, and in the Chronicle of Holinshed Shakspeare found this argument. MALONE.

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, and HASTINGS.*]

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

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

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,^s
Even to the general ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.⁶
[*Aside.*]

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word?⁷ } [*Aside.*]

Prince.

^s *As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,*] *Retail'd* may signify diffused,
dispersed. JOHNSON.

Minshew in his Dictionary, 1617, besides the verb *retail* in the mercantile sense, has the verb "to *retaile* or *retell*, G. *renommer*, a Lat. *renumerare*;" and in that sense, I conceive, it is employed here.

MALONE.

Richard uses the word *retailed* in the same sense in the fourth act, that he does in this place, when speaking to the queen of her daughter, he says,

"To whom I will retail my conquests won." MASON.

⁶ *So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.*]

In codit ante senem, qui sapit ante diem,
a proverbial line. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,*

I moralize two meanings in one word.] Dr. Warburton reads—like
the

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man ;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,

His

the formal-*wife* antiquity, and has endeavoured to support this capricious and violent alteration of the text by a very long note, which I have not preserved, as in my apprehension it carries neither conviction, nor information with it. To accommodate the next line to his reading, he altered the punctuation of it thus :

—like the formal-*wife* antiquity,

I moralize ;—two meanings in one word.

which has been adopted, I think, improperly, by the subsequent editors, who yet did not adopt the reading to strengthen which this alteration was made.

The *Vice*, *Iniquity*, cannot with propriety, be said to *moralize* in general ; but in the old Moralities he, like Richard, did often “ *moralize two meanings in one word.*”

Our authour has again used *moralize* as a verb active in his *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Nor could she *moralize* his wanton fight,

“ More than his eyes were open to the light,”

In which passage it means, “ to interpret or investigate the *latent meaning* of his wanton looks,” as in the present passage, it signifies either to extract the double and latent meaning of one word or sentence, or to couch two meanings under one word or sentence. So *moral* is used by our authour in *Much ado about Nothing*, for a *secret meaning*. “ There is some *moral* in this Benediculus.” See Vol. II. p. 265, n. 7 ; and Vol. V. p. 601, n. 5. The word which Richard uses in a double sense is *live*, which in his former speech he had used literally, and in the present is used metaphorically. Mr. Mason conceives, because what we now call a motto, was formerly denominated the *mot* or *word*, that *word* may here signify a whole sentence. But the argument is defective. Though in tournaments the motto on a knight’s shield was formerly called *The word*, it never at any period was called “ *One word.*”

The *Vice* of the old moralities was a buffoon character, [See Cotgrave’s Dict. “ *Badin*, A fool or *Vice* in a play.—*Mime*, A *vice*, fool, jester, &c. in a play.”] whose chief employment was to make the audience laugh, and one of the modes by which he effected his purpose was by double meanings, or playing upon words. In these moral representations, *Fraud*, *INQUIRY*, *Covetousness*, *Luxury*, *Gluttony*, *Vanity*, &c. were frequently introduced. Mr. Upton in a dissertation which, on account of its length, is annexed at the end of this play, has shewn, from Ben Jonson’s *Staple of News*, and the Devil’s an *Ass*, that *Iniquity* was sometimes the *Vice* of the Moralities. Mr. Steevens’s note in the subsequent page, shews, that he was not always so.

The formal *Vice* perhaps means, the *shrewd*, the *sensible* *Vice*.—

His wit set down, to make his valour live :
 Death makes no conquest of this conqueror⁸;
 For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
 I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
 I'll win our ancient right in France again,
 Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

In the *Comedy of Errors*, "a formal man" seems to mean, one in his senses; a rational man. Again, in *Twelfth Night*, Vol. IV. p. 56.
 "—this is evident to any formal capacity." MALONE.

This alteration [of Dr. Warburton's] Mr. Upton very justly censures. Dr. Warburton, has, in my opinion, done nothing but correct the punctuation, if indeed any alteration be really necessary. See the dissertation on the old *vice* at the end of this play.

To this long collection of notes may be added a question, to what equivocation Richard refers? The position immediately preceding, that *same lives long without characters*, that is, without the help of letters, seems to have no ambiguity. He must allude to the former line:

So young, so wise, they say, do ne'er live long,
 in which he conceals under a proverb, his design of hastening the prince's death. JOHNSON.

From the following stage-direction, in an old dramattick piece, entitled, *Histrionastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610, it appears, that the *Vice* and *Iniquity* were sometimes distinct personages:

"Enter a roaring devil, with the *Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* in one hand, and *Juventus* in the other."

The devil likewise makes the distinction in his first speech:

"Ho, ho, ho! these babes mine are all,

"The *Vice*, *Iniquitie*, and Child *Prodigal*."

The following part of this note was obligingly communicated by the Rev. Mr. Bowle, of Idmestone near Salisbury. "I know no writer who gives so complete an account of this obsolete character, as archbishop Harneet, in his *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, p. 114, Lond. 1603: "It was a pretty part (he tells us) in the old church-plays, when the nimble *Vice* would skip up nimbly like a jackanapes into the devil's necke, and ride the devil a course, and belabour him with his wooden dagger, till he made him roare, whereat the people would laugh to see the devil so *vice*-haunted." STEEVENS.

⁸ — of this conqueror;] For this reading we are indebted to Mr. Theobald, who probably derived it from the original edition in 1597. All the subsequent ancient copies read corruptly—of his conqueror.

MALONE.

Glo.

Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring.^o
[*Aside.*]

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.

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

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

York. Well, my dread lord¹; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:

Too late he died², that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,

You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:

The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

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

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

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;

But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

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

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

Prince. A beggar, brother?

^o *Short summers lightly have a forward spring.*] That is, short summers are usually preceded by a forward spring; or in other words, and more appositely to Gloster's latent meaning, a premature spring is usually followed by a short summer. MALONE.

—lightly—] Commonly, in ordinary course. JOHNSON.

So, in the old proverb: "There's lightning *lightly* before thunder." See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 130, edit. 3. Again, in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*: "He is not *lightly* within to his mercer." STEEVENS.

¹ —dread lord;—] The original of this epithet applied to kings has been much disputed. In some of our old statutes, the king is called *Rex metuendissimus*. JOHNSON.

² *Too late he died;*] i. e. too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory. WARBURTON.

So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"—— I did give that life,

"Which she too early, and *too late* hath spill'd."

Again, in *King Henry V*:

"The mercy that was quick in us but *late*," &c. MALONE.

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give³.

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

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

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

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

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier⁴.

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

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

Glo. How?

York. Little.

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

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me;—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;

Because that I am little like an ape⁵,

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck.

³ — *which is no grief to give.*] *Which to give*, or the gift of which, induces no regret. Thus the authentick copies, the quarto, 1598, and the first folio. A quarto of no authority changed *grief* to *gift*, and the editor of the second folio capriciously altered the line thus:

And being a toy, it is no grief to give. MALONE.

⁴ *I weigh it lightly, &c.*] i. e. I should still esteem it but a trifling gift, were it heavier. WARBURTON.

So, in *Louis's Labour's Lost*, A& V. sc. ii:

"You weigh me not,—O that's, you care not for me." STEEV.

⁵ *Because that I am little like an ape,*] The reproach seems to consist in this: at country shews it was common to set the monkey on the back of some other animal, as a bear. The duke therefore, in calling himself ape, calls his uncle bear. JOHNSON.

To this custom there seems to be an allusion in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gypsies*:

"A gypsy in his shape,

"More calls the beholder,

"Than the fellow with the ape,

"Or the ape on his shoulder."

Again, in the first part of the eighth liberal science, entitled *Art adularia*, &c. devised and compiled by Ulpian Fulvius, 1576: "—thou hast an excellent back to carry my lord's ape."

York also alludes to the hump on Gloster's back, which was commodious for carrying burthens, as it served instead of a porter's knot.

STEEVENSON.

I don't

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord⁵, will't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

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

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so*.

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

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

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

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, YORK, HAST. Card. and Attendants.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed⁶ by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable⁷;

I don't believe that the reproach is what Dr. Johnson supposes, or that York meant to call his uncle a bear. He merely alludes to Richard's deformity, his high shoulder, or hump-back, as it is called. That was the scorn he meant to give his uncle. In the third act of the Third Part of *K. Henry VI.* the same thought occurs to Richard himself, where describing his own figure, he says,

"To make an envious mountain on my back,

"Where sits deformity, to mock my body." MASON.

⁵ *My gracious lord,*] For the insertion of the word *gracious*, I am answerable. Gloster has already used the same address. The defect of the metre shews that a word was omitted at the press. MALONE.

* — *needs will have it so.*] The word *needs* was added, to complete the metre, by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁶ *Was not incensed*—] i. e. incited. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "—how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the lady here." MASON.

⁷ — *capable*,] here, as in many other places in these plays, means intelligent, quick of apprehension. See p. 504, n. 5. MALONE.

He's

He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby;
thou art sworn

As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
'Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;—
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

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

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?

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

Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils^s,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

^s — divided councils,] That is, a *private consultation*, separate from the known and publick council. So, in the next scene, Hastings says:

Bid him not fear the separated councils. JOHNSON.

Mr. Reed has shewn from Hall's Chronicle that this circumstance is founded on the historical fact. But Holinshed, Hall's copyist, was our authour's authority: "But the protectoure and the duke after that they had sent to the lord Cardinal,—the lord Stanley and the lord Hastings then lord Chamberlaine, with many other noblemen, to commune and devise about the coronation *in one place*, as fast were they in *another place*, contriving the contrarie, and to make the protectour king." "—the lord Stanley, that was after earle of Darby, wisely mistrusted it, and sayde unto the lorde Hastings, that he much mistyked *these two several councils*," MALONE.

Glo. Commend me to lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will
do^o :—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
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.

Mes. My lord, my lord,—

[*knocking.*]

Hast. [*within.*] Who knocks?

Mes. One from the lord Stanley.

Hast. [*within.*] What is't o'clock?

Mes. Upon the stroke of four.

^o — *will do:*] The folio reads—*will determine.* STEEVENS.

¹ Scene II.] Every material circumstance in the following scene is taken from the *Chronicles*, except that it is a *knight* with whom Hastings converses, instead of *Buckingham*. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep the tedious nights?

Mef. So it should seem by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then,—

Mef. And then he sends you word,

He dreamt to-night the boar had rased his helm²:

Besides, he says, there are two councils held;

And that may be determin'd at the one,

Which may make you and him to rue at the other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—

If presently you will take horse with him;

And with all speed post with him toward the north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;

Bid him not fear the separated councils:

His honour³, and myself, are at the one;

And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby⁴;

Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,

Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance⁵:

And

² — *the boar had rased his helm.*] So Holinshed, after Hall and Sir Thomas More: "The selfe night next before his death the lorde Stanley sent a trustie secreet messenger unto him at midnight in all haste, requiring him to rise and ride away with him, for he was disposed utterlie no longer to byde, he had so fearful a dreame, in which him thought that a boare with his tuskes so rased them both by the heades that the blood ran about both their shoulders. And forasmuch as the Protector gave the boare for his cognizance, this dreame made so fearful an impression in his heart, that he was thoroughly determined no longer to tarie, but had his horse readie, if the lorde Hastings would go with him;" &c. MALONE.

³ *His honour.*—] This was the usual address to noblemen in Shakespeare's time. MALONE.

⁴ *And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby;* &c.] So, in the Legend of Lord Hastings, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1575:

"I fear'd the end; my Catesby being there

"Discharg'd all doubt; him held I most entyre." MALONE.

⁵ — *wanting instance:*] That is, *wanting some example or act of malevolence*, by which they may be justified: or which, perhaps, is nearer to the true meaning, wanting any immediate ground or reason.

JOHNSON.

This

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

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

[*Exit.*

• • • Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord !

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

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

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

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?

Cate. Ay, on my life ; and hopes to find you forward
 Upon his party, for the gain thereof :

And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—
 That, this same very day, your enemies,
 The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
 Because they have been still my adversaries :

But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
 To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
 God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind !

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,—

This is the reading of the quarto, except that it has—*instance.*

MALONE.

The folio reads—*without instance.* STEEVENS.

VOL. VI.

M m

That

That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.

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

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

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

Hast. I know, they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

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

Stan. My lord, good morrow;—good morrow, Catesby:—

You may jest on, but by the holy rood⁶,
I do not like these several councils*, I.

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

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
'This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

⁶ — the holy rood,] i. e. the cross. So, in the old mystery of *Can-temarus-Day*, 1512:

"Whan hir swete sone shall on a rood deyē." STEEVENS.

* I do not like these several councils, —] See p. 526, n. 8. MALONE.
Hast.

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

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

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

Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats,
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

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

[*Exeunt STANLEY, and CATESBY.*
How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it⁷, to your honour's good content!

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

[*throwing him his purse.*

Purs. I thank your honour.

[*Exit Pursuivant.*

Enter a Priest.

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

Hast. I thank thee, good sir John⁸, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise⁹;
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

⁷ *They, for their truth,*] That is, with respect to their honesty.

JOHNSON.

⁸ — *hold it,*] That is, continue it. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *good sir John,*] *Sir* was formerly the usual address to the inferior clergy. See Vol. I. p. 191, n. 2. MALONE.

¹ — *exercise;*] Performance of divine service. JOHNSON.

I rather imagine it meant—for attending him in private to hear his confession. So, in p. 547:

“To draw him from his holy exercise.” MALONE.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand².

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

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

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

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

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

S C E N E III.

Pomfret. Before the Castle.

*Enter RATCLIFF, with a guard, conducting RIVERS,
GREY, and VAUGHAN to execution.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners³.

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

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

* *Enter Buckingham.*] From the Continuation of Hardiag's Chronicle, 1543, where the account given originally by sir Thomas More is transcribed with some additions, it appears that the person who held this conversation with Hastings was sir Thomas Howard, who is introduced in the last act of this play as earl of Surrey:

"The same morning ere he [Hastings] were up from his bed, where Shore's wife lay with him all night, there came to him sir Thomas Haward, [Howard] sonne to the lord Haward,—as it were of courtesale, to accompaigned him to the counsaill; but forasmuche as the lord Hastings was not ready, he taried a while for him, and hasted him away. This sir Thomas, while the lord Hastings stayed a while commonyng with a priest whom he met in the Tower strete, brake the lordes tale, saying to him meryly, 'What, my lorde, I pray you come on; wherefore talke you so long with the priest? You have no nede of a priest yet:' and laughed upon him, as though he would saye, you shall have nede of one sone." Fol. 55. MALONE.

² — *shriving work in hand.*] *Shriving work is confession.* JOHNSON.

³ *Come, bring forth the prisoners.*] This speech is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

Vaugh.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

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

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the second here was hack'd to death:

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Hastings, then curs'd she Buck-
ingham,

Then curs'd she Richard:—O, remember, God,

To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!

And for my sister, and her princely sons,—

Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate⁴.

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here
embrace:

Farewel, until we meet again in heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of Ely*,
CATESBY, LOVEL, and Others, sitting at a
table: Officers of the council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is—to determine of the coronation:

In

* — the limit —] for the limited time. See Vol. V. p. 112, n. 8.

MALONE.

4 *Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.*] Thus the folio. The
quarto furnishes a line that has occurred already:

Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Expiate is used for *expiated*; so *confiscate*, *contaminate*, *consummate*, &c.
&c. It seems to mean *fully completed*, and *ended*. Shakspeare has
again used the word in the same sense in his 22d Sonnet;

“Then look I death my days should *expiate*.”

So, in *Lochrine*, 1595:

“Lives Sabren yet, to *expiate* my wrath.”

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are, and want but nomination.

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

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

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

Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,—
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine:—
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

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

Enter GLOSTER.

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

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

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord⁶,
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

The editor of the second folio, who altered whatever he did not understand, reads arbitrarily,

"Dispatch; the hour of death is now expir'd,
and he has been followed by all the modern editors. MALONE.

⁵ *Bishop of Ely,*] Dr. John Morton; who was elected to that see in 1478. He was advanced to the see of Canterbury in 1486, and appointed Lord Chancellor in 1487. He died in the year 1500. This prelate, Sir Thomas More tells us, first devised the scheme of putting an end to the long contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, by a marriage between Henry earl of Richmond, and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV. and was a principal agent in procuring Henry when abroad to enter into a covenant for that purpose. MALONE.

⁶ *Had you not come upon your cue—*] This expression is borrowed from the theatre. The *cue*, *query*, or *tail* of a speech, consists of the last words, which are the token for an entrance or answer. To *come on the cue*, therefore, is to come at the proper time. JOHNSON.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there?⁷
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit ELY.*]

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*takes him aside.*]

Catesby hath founded Hastings in our business;
And finds the telly gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM.*]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph,
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

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

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morn-
ing;

⁷ *I saw good strawberries—*] The reason why the bishop was dispatched on this errand, is not clearer in Holinshed, from whom Shakspeare adopted the circumstance, than in this scene, where it is introduced. Nothing seems to have happened which might not have been transacted with equal security in the presence of the reverend cultivator of these strawberries, whose complaisance is likewise recorded by the author of the Latin play on the same subject, in the Museum;

*Elieus: antistes venis? senem quiet,
Juvenem labor decet: ferunt hortum tuum
Decora fraga plurimum producere.*

EPISCOPUS ELIENSIS.

*Nil tibi claudetur hortus quod meus
Producit: esset lautius vellem mihi,
Quo sin tibi gratus.*

This circumstance of asking for the strawberries, however, may have been mentioned by the historians merely to shew the unusual affability and good humour which the dissembling Gloster affected at the very time when he had determined on the death of Hastings. STEEVENS.

There's some conceit or other likes him well⁸,
 When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit,
 I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
 Can lesse hide his love, or hate, than he;
 For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
 By any likelihood⁹ he shew'd to-day?

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

Re-enter GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve¹,
 That do conspire my death with devilish plots

Of

⁸ *There's some conceit or other likes him well,*] *Conceit is thought.* So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Here is a thing, too young for such a place,

"Who, if it had *conceit*, would die." MALONE.

⁹ — *likelihood*—] *Semblance; appearance.* JOHNSON.

So, in another of our authour's plays:

"—poor *likelihoods*, and modern seemings." STEEVENS.

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*liuelibood.* MALONE.

¹ *I pray you all, tell me what they deserve, &c.*] This story was originally told by Sir Thomas More, who wrote about thirty years after the time. His *History of King Richard III.* was inserted in Hall's *Chronicle*, from whence it was copied by Holinshed, who was Shakespeare's authority:

"Between ten and eleven he returned into the chamber among them with a wonderful foure, angrie, countenance, knitting the browes, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lippes, and so sette him downe in his place.—Then when he had sitten still awhile, thus he began: What were they worthie to have that compasse and imagine the destruction of me, being so neere of blood unto the king, and protectour of his royal person and his realme?—Then the lord Chamberlaine, as he that for the love betweene them thought he might be boldest with him, answered and sayd, that they were worthie to be punished for hainous traytors, whatsoever they were; and all the other affirmed the same. That is, quoth he, yonder forcereffe, my brother's wife, and other with her, meaning the queene:—ye shall all see in what wise that forcereffe, and that other witch of her counsell, Shore's wife, with their affinitie, have by their forcerie and witchcraft wasted my body. And therewith he plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow upon his left arme, where he shewed a werilsh withered arme and small, as it was never other.—No man but was there present, but well knew his arme was ever such since his birth. Naythelesse the lord

Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

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

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, trumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head:—now, by saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—

lord Chamberlaine (which from the death of king Edward kept Shore's wife, on whom he somewhat doted in the king's life, saving, as it is saide, he that while forbore her of reverence toward the king, or else of a certain kind of fidelity to his friend) answered and said, Certainly, my lord, *if they have so heinously done, they be worthy heinous punishment.* What, quoth the protector, thou servest me I wene with *ifs* and with *ands*: I tell thee they have so done; and that I will make good on thy bodie, traitour; and therewith, as in great anger, he clapped his fist upon the boord a great rap. At which token given, one cried, traiton, without the chamber. Therewith a dore clapped, and in came there rushing men in harnesse, as many as the chamber might holde. And anon the protector sayd to the lord Hastings, I arrest thee traitor.—Then were they all quickly bestowed in diverse chambers, except the lord Chamberlaine, whom the protector bade *speede him and strive him apace, for by S. Paul, quoth he, I will not to dinner till I see thy head off.*—So was he brought forth into the greene beside the chappell within the Tower, and his head laid downe upon a long log of timber, and there stricken off; and afterward his body with the head enterred at Windsor, beside the body of king Edward."

M.D. i. e. *Maister John Dolman*, the authour of the Legend of Lord Hastings, in *the Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1575, has thrown the same circumstances into verse,

Morton, Bishop of Ely, was present at this council, and from him Sir Thomas More, who was born in 1480, is supposed to have had his information. Polydore Virgil, who began his history in 1505, tells the story differently. MALONE.

Lovel,

Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done²;—
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me*.

[*Exeunt Council, with GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM,*

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this:

Stanley did dream, the boar did raise his helm;

But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble³,

And

² *Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done;*] In former copies:

Lovel, and Ratcliff, look, that it be done.^c

The scene is here in the Tower; and lord Hastings was cut off on that very day, when Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan suffered at Pomfret. How then could Ratcliff be both in Yorkshire and the Tower? In the scene preceding this, we find him conducting those gentlemen to the block. In the old quarto, we find it, *Exeunt: Manet Catesby with Hastings.* And in the next scene, before the Tower walls, we find Lovel and Catesby come back from the execution, bringing the head of Hastings. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald should have added, that, in the old quarto, no names are mentioned in Richard's speech. He only says—"some see it done." Nor, in that edition, does Lovel appear in the next scene; but only Catesby, bringing the head of Hastings. The confusion seems to have arisen, when it was thought necessary, that Catesby should be employed to fetch the mayor, who, in the quarto, is made to come without having been sent for. As some other person was then wanted to bring the head of Hastings, the poet, or the players, appointed Lovel and Ratcliff to that office, without reflecting that the latter was engaged in another service on the same day at Pomfret. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted the emendation, because in one scene at least it prevents the glaring impropriety mentioned by Mr. Theobald. But unfortunately, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed, this very impropriety is found in the next scene, where Ratcliffe is introduced, and where it cannot be corrected without taking greater liberties than perhaps are justifiable. For there, in consequence of the injudicious alteration made, I think, by the players, instead of—"Here comes the Mayor," the reading of the quarto, we find in the folio—

Rich. But what, is Catesby gone?

Buck. He is, and see he brings the Mayor along.

Catesby being thus employed, he cannot bring in the head of Hastings; nor can that office be assigned to Lovel only; because Gloster in the folio mentions two persons:

Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel. MALONE.

* *The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.*] So, in the *Battle of Alcasar*, 1594:

"And they that love my honour, follow me." MALONE.

³ *Stanley did dream, the boar did raise his helm;*—

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,] So Holinshed, after Sir Thomas More: "A marvellous case is it to heare, either the warnings

And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.

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

I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As too triumphing, how mine enemies,

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

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

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

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,

Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !

Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks ⁴,

Lives like a drunken sailer on a mast ;

Ready, with every nod, to tumble down

Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

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

Hast. 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 ⁵, bear him my head ;

They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead ⁶. [*Exeunt.*]

warnings of that he should have voided, or the tokens of that he could not void ; for the selfe night next before his death the L. Stanley sent a trustie secret messenger unto him at midnight, in all the haste, &c. [See p. 528, n. 2.]—Certain it is also, that in riding towards the Tower the same morning in which he [Hastings] was beheaded, his horse twise or thrise *flumbled* with him, almost to the falling : which thing, albeit each man wot well daily happeneth to them to whome no such mischance is toward ; yet hath it beene of an old rite and custome observed as a token oftentimes notable foregoing some great misfortune."

A *footcloth*, it has been already observed, signified the housings of a horse. See p. 223, n. 3. MALONE.

⁴ *Who builds his hope in air, &c.* So, Horace :

Nescius auræ fallacis. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Come, lead me to the block,* William lord Hastings was beheaded on the 13th of June, 1483. His eldest son by Catharine Neville, daughter of Richard Neville earl of Salisbury, and widow of William lord Bonville, was restored to his honours and estate by K. Henry VII. in the first year of his reign.—The daughter of Lady Hastings by her first husband was married to the Marquis of Dorset, who appears in the present play. MALONE.

⁶ *They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.* i. e. those who now smile at me, shall be shortly dead themselves. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE V.

*The same. The Tower-walls.**Enter GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty armour*, marvellous ill-favour'd.**Glo.* Come cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?*Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?**Buck.* Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion⁵: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?*Glo.* He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.*Enter the Lord Mayor, and CATESBY.**Buck.* Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor,—*Glo.* Look to the draw-bridge there.*Buck.* Hark! a drum.*Glo.* Catesby, o'erlook the walls.*Buck.* Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—*Glo.* Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.*Buck.* God and our innocency defend and guard us!

* — in rusty armour, &c.] Thus Holinshed: "The protector immediately after dinner, intending to set some colour upon the matter, sent in all haste for many substantial men out of the cite into the Tower; and at their coming, himselfe, with the duke of Buckingham, stood harnessed in old ill-faring briganders, such as no man should weene that they would vouchsafe to have put upon their backs, except that some sudden necessitie had constrained them." STEEVENS.

⁵ Intending deep suspicion:] *Intending* is here, and elsewhere in these plays, used for *pretending*. See Vol. III. p. 317, n. 7. MALONE.

Enter

Enter LOVEL, and RATCLIFF⁶, with HASTINGS's head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

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

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless creature,

That breath'd upon the earth a christian⁷;

Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded

The history of all her secret thoughts:

So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,

That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—

I mean, his conversation⁸ with Shore's wife,—

He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor

That ever liv'd.—Look you, my lord mayor,

Would you imagine, or almost believe,

(Were't not, that by great preservation

We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor

This day had plotted, in the council-house,

To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. What! had he so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,

Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;

But that the extreme peril of the case,

The peace of England, and our persons' safety,

⁶ *Enter Lovel, and Ratcliff,—*] The quarto has—"Enter Catesby, with Hastings' head," and Gloster, on his entry, says—"O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby." For this absurd alteration, by which Ratcliffe is represented at Pomfret and in London at the same time, I have no doubt that the player-editors are answerable. See p. 538, n. 2. MALONE.

⁷ *—the earth a christian;*] Here the quarto adds:

Look you, my lord mayor,

This hemistick I have inserted in the following speech of Buckingham, to which I believe it originally belonged; as without it we meet with an imperfect verse.

Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor

That ever liv'd.

Would you imagine, &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ *—his conversation—*] i. e. familiar intercourse. The phrase—*criminal conversation*, is yet in daily use. MALONE.

Enforc'd us to this execution?

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

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

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

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

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

[Exit Lord Mayor.

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen⁹,
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;

⁹ — put to death a citizen,] This person was one *Walker*, a substantial citizen and grocer at the *Crown* in Cheapside. *GREY.*

Which

Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
 Even where his lustful eye, or savage heart,
 Without controul, lifted¹ to make his prey.
 Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :—
 Tell them, when that my mother went with child
 Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
 My princely father, then had wars in France ;
 And, by just computation of the time,
 Found, that the issue was not his begot ;
 Which well appeared in his lineaments,
 Being nothing like the noble duke my father :
 Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off ;
 Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt 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.

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

Buck. I go ; and, towards three or four o'clock,
 Look for the news that the Guild-hall affords.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,—
 Go thou [*to Cat.*] to friar Penker² ;—bid them both
 Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt LOVEL, and CATESBY.*]

Now will I in, to take some privy order

¹ — *his lustful eye—lifted—*] So the quarto. The folio has *raging* and *lusted*. MALONE.

² — *to doctor Shaw,—*] This and the two following lines are not in the quarto. Shaw and Penker were two popular preachers.—Instead of a pamphlet being published by the Secretary of the Treasury, to furnish the advocates for the administration of the day, with plausible topics of argument on great political measures, (the established mode of the present time) formerly it was customary to publish the court creed from the pulpit at Saint Paul's Cross. As Richard now employed doctor Shaw to support his claim to the crown, so, about fifteen years before, the great earl of Warwick employed his chaplain doctor Goodard to convince the people that Henry VI. ought to be restored, and that Edward IV. was an usurper. MALONE.

² — *to friar Penker ;—*] This *Pinker* or *Penker* was provincial of the *Augustine* friars. See *Speed*. STEEVENS.

To draw the brats of Clarence³ out of fight;
 And to give notice, that no manner of person
 Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd⁴,
 That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
 And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—
 Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
 For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
 The precedent⁵ was full as long a doing:
 And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
 Untainted, unexamind, free, at liberty.
 Here's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,
 That cannot see this palpable device?
 Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?

³ — *the brats of Clarence*—] Edward earl of Warwick, who the day after the battle of Bosworth, was sent by Richmond from Sherifhutton Castle (where Gloster had confined him) to the Tower, without even the shadow of an allegation against him, and executed with equal injustice on Tower-hill on the 21st of November, 1499; and Margaret, afterwards married to Sir Richard de la Pole, the last princess of the house of Lancaster; who was created by King Henry VIII. countess of Salisbury, and in the 31st year of his reign, (1540) at the age of seventy, was put to death by the sanguinary king then on the throne, as her unfortunate and innocent brother had before fallen a victim to the jealous policy of that crafty tyrant Henry VII. MALONE.

⁴ *Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,*] So Holinshed, after Sir Thomas More: "Now was this proclamation made within two hours after that he was beheaded, and it was so curiously indited, and so faire written in parchment, in so well a set hand, and therewith of itself so long a processe, that every child might well perceive that it was prepared before, for all the time between his death and the proclaiming could scant have sufficed unto the bare writing alone, had it been but in paper, and scribbled forth in haste." A by-stander observed, that it must have been dictated by a spirit of prophecy. MALONE.

⁵ *The precedent*—] The original draft from which the engrossment was made. MALONE.

Bad

Bad is the world; and all will come to nought;
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought ⁶. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,

The citizens are mum, say not a word.

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

Buck. I did; with his contract with lady Lucy ⁷,

And his contract by deputy in France:

The insatiate greediness of his desires,

And his enforcement of the city wives;

His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—

As being got, your father then in France ⁸,

And

⁶ — *seen in thought.*] That is, seen in silence, without notice or detection. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *with his contract with lady Lucy,*] This objection to king Edward's marriage with lady Grey, is said by Sir Thomas More to have been made by the dutchess dowager of York, Edward's mother, who was averse to the match, before he espoused that lady. But Elizabeth Lucy, the daughter of one Wyat, and the wife of one Lucy, being sworn to speak the truth, declared that the king had not been affianced to her, though she owned she had been his concubine. Phillip de Comines, a contemporary historian, says that Edward, previous to his marriage with lady Grey, was married to an English lady by the bishop of Bath, who revealed the secret; and according to the Chronicle of Croyland this lady was lady Eleanor Butler, widow of lord Butler of Sudley, and daughter to the great earl of Shrewsbury. On this ground the children of Edward were declared illegitimate by the only parliament assembled by K. Richard III.; but no mention was made of Elizabeth Lucy.

Shakspeare followed Holinshed, who copied Hall, as Hall transcribed the account given by Sir Thomas More. MALONE.

* — *Baynard's Castle.*] A castle in Thames-street, which had belonged to Richard duke of York, and at this time was the property of his grandson King Edward V. MALONE.

⁸ — *his own bastardy.*—

As being got, your father then in France,] This tale is supposed to have been first propagated by the duke of Clarence, soon after he, in conjunction with his father-in-law the earl of Warwick, restored King Henry VI. to the throne; at which time he obtained a settlement of

And his resemblance, being not like the duke.
 Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
 Being the right idea of your father,
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
 Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
 Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
 Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
 And, when my oratory grew to an end,
 I bade them, that did love their country's good,
 Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king!*
Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
 But, like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones*,
 Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
 And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:
 His answer was,—the people were not us'd
 To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
 Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,
 At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
 And some ten voices cry'd, *God save king Richard!*
 And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,

the crown on himself and his issue, after the death of Henry and his heirs male. Sir Thomas More says, that the duke of Gloucester soon after Edward's death revived this tale; but Mr. Walpole very justly observes, that it is highly improbable that Richard should have urged such a topic to the people; that he should “start doubts concerning his own legitimacy, which was too much connected with that of his brothers to be tossed and bandied about before the multitude.” The same ingenious writer has also shewn, that Richard “lived in perfect harmony with his mother, and lodged with her in her palace at this very time.” *Historick Doubts*, quarto, 1768. MALONE.

* —unbreathing stones.] The quarto 1598, and the folio, have —breathing. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they; Would they not speak?

Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?

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

Glo. I go; And if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee¹ for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

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

[Exit GLOSTER.]

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

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

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby? what says your lord to my request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,

^o — intend some fear;] Perhaps, pretend; though intend will stand in the sense of giving attention. JOHNSON.

One of the ancient senses of to intend was certainly to pretend. So, in sc. v. of this act:

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

Intending deep suspicion. STEEVENS.

¹ As I can say nay to thee,] I think it must be reads.

— if you plead as well for them

As I must say, nay to them for myself. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the change is not necessary. Buckingham is to plead for the citizens; and if (says Richard) you speak for them as plausibly as I in my own person, or for my own purposes, shall seem to deny your suit, there is no doubt but we shall bring all to a happy issue. STEEVENS.

To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*]

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross² his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof;
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

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

Buck. I fear, he will: Here Catesby comes again;—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now Catesby, what says his grace?

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

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace. [*Exit CATE.*]
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

² — to engross—] To fatten; to pamper. JOHNSON.

* — God defend his grace should say us nay!] This pious and courtly Mayor was Edmund Shaw, brother to doctor Shaw, whom Richard had employed to prove his title to the crown, from the pulpit at St. Paul's Cross. MALONE.

Enter

Enter GLOSTER, in a balcony, above, between two Bishops³.

CATESBY returns.

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian prince,

To stay him from the fall of vanity:

And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;

True ornaments to know a holy man*.—

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,

Lend favourable ear to our requests;

And pardon us the interruption

Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;

I rather do beseech you pardon me,

Who, earnest in the service of my God,

Neglect the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,

That seems disgracious in the city's eye;

And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord; Would it might please your
grace,

On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign

The supreme feat, the throne majestic,

The scepter'd office of your ancestors,

³ — *between two bishops.*] “At the last he came out of his chamber, and yet not downe to them, but in a galery over them, with a bishop on every hande of hym, where they beneth might see him and speake to him, as though he would not yet come nere them, til he wist what they meant.” *Hall's Chronicle.* FARMER.

So also Holinshed after him. The words “*with a bishop on every hande of hym,*” are an interpolation by Hall, or rather by Grafton, (See his Continuation of *Harding's Chronicle*, 1543, fol. 75,) not being found in Sir Thomas More's *History of King Richard III.* folio 1557, from whom the rest of the sentence is transcribed. MALONE.

* — *to know a holy man.*] i. e. to know a holy man by. See Vol. VII. p. 128, n. 8, and p. 237, n. 6; where several instances of a similar phraseology are given. MALONE.

Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
 The lineal glory of your royal house,
 To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
 Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
 (Which here we waken to our country's good,)
 The noble isle doth want her proper limbs *;
 Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
 Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants⁴,
 And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph
 Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion⁵.

* — her *proper limbs*—] Thus the quarto, 1598. The folio has —his limbs; an error which I should not mention, but that it justifies corrections that I have made in other places, where, for want of more ancient copies than one, conjectural emendation became necessary. See Vol. III. p. 229, n. 3. MALONE.

⁴ Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,] Shakspeare seems to have recollected the text on which Dr. Shaw preached his remarkable sermon at St. Paul's Cross: "Bastard slips shall never take deep root." MALONE.

⁵ And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph

Of dark forgetfulness—] I believe we should read:

And almost smoulder'd in the swallowing gulph,

That is, almost smother'd, covered and lost. JOHNSON.

Shoulder'd is, I believe, the true reading;—not, thrust in by the shoulders, but, immersed up to the shoulders. So, in *Othello*:

"Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips."

"This passage in *Othello*," says Mr. Mason, "is nothing to the purpose. Had *Othello* used the word *lipp'd*, to signify immersed up to the lips, that indeed would justify our supposing that *shoulder'd* might mean immersed up to the shoulders." But the critic mistook the purpose for which the passage was adduced. It was quoted, not to support the word, "*shoulder'd*," but to shew that the same idea had been elsewhere introduced by Shakspeare; that, as in *Othello* he had spoken of being plunged in poverty to the lips, so here he might have intended to describe the royal stock as immersed up to the shoulders in oblivion.

The word *shoulder'd*, in the following lines in Spenser's *Ruins of Rome*, 1591, may certainly only have been used in its more ordinary signification; but I am not sure that the authour did not employ it as it is here used by Shakspeare:

"Like as ye see the wrathfull sea from farre,

"In a great mountaine heapt with hideous noise,

"Esttoones of thousand billows *shoulder'd* narre,

"Against a rock to break with dreadful poysse—."

However the word may have been employed in the foregoing passage, its existence in our authour's time is ascertained by it. The word, as Mr. Steevens observes, is likewise used by Drayton in his *Barons' Wars*, Canto III. MALONE.

Which

Which to recure⁶, we heartily solicit
 Your gracious self to take on you the charge
 And kingly government of this your land :
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,
 Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
 But as successively, from blood to blood,
 Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
 For this, comforted with the citizens,
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,
 And by their vehement instigation,
 In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
 Best fitteth my degree, or your condition :
 If, not to answer⁷,—you might haply think,
 Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
 Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
 Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first ;
 And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—
 Definitively thus I answer you.
 Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
 Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,
 And that my path were even to the crown,
 As the ripe revenue and due of birth⁷ ;

⁶ *Which to recure,*] To recure is to recover. This word is frequently used by Spenser; and both as a verb and a substantive in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591. STEEVENS.

* *If, not to answer,*—] If I should take the former course, and depart in silence, &c. So below: "*If, to reprove,*" &c. The editor of the second folio reads—*For* not to answer; and his capricious alteration of the text has been adopted by all the subsequent editors.

This and the nine following lines are not in the quarto. MALONE.

⁷ *As the ripe revenue, and due of birth;*] So the folio. The quarto thus:

As my right, revenue, and due by birth.

A preceding line seems rather to favour the original reading:

"Your right of birth, your empery, your own." MALONE.

Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty, and so many, my defects,
 That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
 But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
 (And much I need to help you², if need were;)
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the seat of majesty,
 And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,
 The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
 Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial³,
 All circumstances well considered.
 You say, that Edward is your brother's son;
 So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
 For first he was contrâct to lady Lucy,
 Your mother lives a witness to his vow;
 And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
 To Bona, sister to the king of France⁴.
 These both put by, a poor petitioner*,
 A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
 A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,

² *And much I need to help you, &c.*] And I want much of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were needed. JOHNSON.

³ —are nice and trivial,] Nice is generally used by Shakspeare in the sense of minute, trifling, of petty import. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“The letter was not nice, but full of charge.” MALONE.

⁴ *To Bona, sister to the king of France.*] See *King Henry VI.* P. III. ACT III. sc. iii. Bona was daughter to the duke of Savoy, and sister to Charlotte, wife to Lewis XI. King of France. MALONE.

* —a poor petitioner;—] See *K. Henry VI.* P. III. ACT III. p. 303.

MALONE.

Seduc'd

Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
 To base declension and loath'd bigamy² :
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
 This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Save that, for reverence to some alive³,
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity :—
 If not to bless us and the land withal,
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
 From the corruption of abusing time,
 Unto a lineal true-derived course.

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

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

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

Gle. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty :—

I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;

I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
 Loth to depose the child, your brother's son ;
 As well we know your tenderness of heart,

² — *loath'd bigamy* :] So Sir T. More, copied by Hall and Holinshed : “ — the only *widowhead* of Elizabeth Grey, though she were in all other things convenient for you, should yet suffice, as me seemeth, to reſtraine you from her marriage, ſith it is an unſitting thing, and a verie blemiſh and high diſparagement to the ſacred majeſtie of a prince, (that ought as nigh to approach prieſthood in cleanness, as he doth in dignity,) to be defouled with *bigamie* in his firſt marriage.” MALONE.

Bigamy, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274, (adopted in England by a ſtatute in 4 Edw. I.) was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once ; as it conſiſted in either marrying two virgins ſucceſſively, or once marrying a widow. BLACKSTONE.

³ *More bitterly could I expostulate,*

Save that, for reverence to some alive,] The duke here hints at a topick which he had touched upon in his addreſs to the citizens, the pretended baſtardy of Edward and Clarence. By “ ſome alive,” is meant the dutcheſs of York, the mother of Edward and Richard.

MALONE.

And

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse⁴,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, wher you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you;—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.*]

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [*Exit CATESBY.*]
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, wher I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

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

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

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

All. Amen.

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

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

⁴ —*effeminate remorse*,] i. e. pity. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 37, n. 5, and p. 112, n. 13; and Vol. IV. p. 295, n. 4. MALONE.

⁵ —*I am not made of stone*,] The quarto and folio have—*stones*. Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

Buck.

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

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again:—

[*To the Bishops:*

Farewel, good cousin;—farewel, gentle friends⁵.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

• • *Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Dutchess of York, and Marquis of DORSET; on the other, Anne Dutchess of Gloster⁶, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter.

Dutch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet⁷,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
Daughter, well met.

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

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

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

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

⁵ Farewel, good cousin; farewel, gentle friends.] To this act should, perhaps, be added the next scene, so will the coronation pass between the acts; and there will not only be a proper interval of action, but the conclusion will be more forcible. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *Anne, dutchess of Gloster,*—] We have not seen this lady since the second scene of the first act, in which she promised to meet Richard at Crosby-place. She was married about the year 1472. MALONE.

⁷ — *my niece Plantagenet,*] The old dutchess of York calls Clarence's daughter her niece, i. e. grand-daughter; as grand-children are frequently called nephews. THEOBALD.

So, in *Orbello*, nephews for grandchildren: “—you'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse, you'll have your nephews neigh to you.” MALONE.

Enter

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;

The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

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

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?

I am their mother, Who shall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

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

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

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*]

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.—

Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
[*To the dutchess of Gloster,*

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder!
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despightful tidings! O unpleasing news!

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

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:

^s — *I may not leave it so.*] That is, *I may not so resign my office,*
which you offer to take on you at your peril. JOHNSON.

If thou wilt out-strip death, go cross the seas,
 And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
 Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
 Lest thou increase the number of the dead ;
 And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
 Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

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

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

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

Anne And I with all unwillingness will go,—
 O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
 Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
 Were red-hot steel, to fear me to the brain⁹ !
 Anointed let me be with deadly venom ;
 And die, ere men can say—God save the queen !

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

Anne. No ! why ?—When he, that is my husband now,
 Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse ;
 When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
 Which issu'd from my other angel husband,

⁹ *Were red-hot steel, to fear me to the brain !*] She seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, viz. by placing a crown of iron heated red-hot, upon his head. In the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631, this punishment is introduced :

“ Fix on thy master's head my burning crown.”

Again :

“ ——— was adjudg'd

“ To have his head fear'd with a burning crown.”

In some of the monkish accounts of a place of future torment, a *burning crown* is appropriated to those who deprived any lawful monarch of his kingdom. STEEVENS.

And

And that dead faint which then I weeping follow'd;
 O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
 This was my wish,—*Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,*
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
 Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
 Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
 And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
 Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest;
 For never yet one hour in his bed¹
 Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
 But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd².
 Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
 And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

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

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

Dor. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Dutch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!—

[*To Dorset.*

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—

[*To Anne.*

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

[*To Q. Eliz.*

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen³,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen⁴.

Q. Eliz.

¹ *For never yet one hour in his bed*] *Hour* is here, as in many other places, used by Shakspeare as a dissyllable. MALONE.

² *But with his timorous dreams*—] 'Tis recorded by Polydore Virgil, that Richard was frequently disturbed by terrible dreams: this is therefore no fiction. JOHNSON.

³ *Eighty odd years, &c.*] Shakspeare has here, I believe, spoken at random. The present scene is in 1483. Richard duke of York the husband of this lady, had he been then living, would have been but
seventy-three

Q. Eliz. Stay yet^s; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow⁶
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell?⁷ [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room of state in the Palace.

Flourish of trumpets. Richard, as king upon his throne;
BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and Others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:—

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch^s,

To

seventy-three years old, and we may reasonably suppose that his dutchess was younger than he was. Nor did she go speedily to her grave. She lived till 1495. MALONE.

⁴ And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week?" MALONE.

Ten is sorrow. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "And yet to my teen be it spoken," &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ Stay yet, &c.] This speech is not in the quarto. MALONE.

⁶ Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow.] To call the Tower nurse and playfellow is very harsh: perhaps part of this speech is addressed to the Tower, and part to the lieutenant. JOHNSON.

⁷ So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.] Hither the third act should be extended, and here it very properly ends with a pause of action. JOHNSON.

The folio has—*sorrow*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁸ —now do I play the touch,] To play the touch is to represent the touchstone. So, in the 16th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"With alabaster, touch, and porphyry adorn'd,"

Again,