

Scene 5

SCENE V. London. The Tower Walls.

[Enter RICHARD and BUCKINGHAM in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favoured.]

RICHARD.

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 were distraught and mad with terror?

BUCKINGHAM.

Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

RICHARD.

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

[Enter the LORD MAYOR and CATESBY.]

BUCKINGHAM.

Lord mayor,--

RICHARD.

Look to the drawbridge there!

BUCKINGHAM.

Hark! a drum.

RICHARD.

Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

BUCKINGHAM.

Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent,--

RICHARD.

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

BUCKINGHAM.

God and our innocency defend and guard us!

RICHARD.

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

[Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' head.]

LOVEL.

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

RICHARD.

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 Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,--
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,--
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

BUCKINGHAM.

Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.--
Would you imagine, or almost believe,--
Were't not that by great preservation
We live to tell it you,--that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester!

MAYOR.

Had he done so?

RICHARD.

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,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

MAYOR.

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.

BUCKINGHAM.

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,
Something against our meanings, have 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 signified the same

Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconster us in him, and wail his death.

MAYOR.

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.

RICHARD.

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

BUCKINGHAM.

But since you come 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.]

RICHARD.

Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The Mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:--
There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown;--meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make a 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 true 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.

BUCKINGHAM.

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.

RICHARD.

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

BUCKINGHAM.

I go; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[Exit.]

RICHARD.

Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw.--
Go thou [to CATESBY] to Friar Penker;--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
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give order that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the princes.

[Exit.]