Richard III

Two Example Sections

Original Text

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RICHARD III

(The Condensed Story)

After the death of King Henry VI of England, the reign of the House of Lancaster ends and the House of York reclaims power under King Edward IV. Richard-Duke of Gloucester is the youngest of three brothers – the other two being King Edward IV and George-Duke of Clarence. Richard considers himself to be deformed and unsuited to peacetime. He’d rather wage war than pursue the pleasures of the harmonious times his brother’s reign has brought to the country. So, he plots and schemes to take the throne of England for himself.

Many people stand in Richard’s way. The king himself is first, then the king’s two sons and then the Duke of Clarence. Clarence is older than Richard and he would become king if anything happened to Edward and his sons. Richard spreads rumours that Clarence is plotting to overthrow the king, by means of a prophesy that states that “G” of Edward’s heirs will disinherit him. Richard prompts the king to interpret “G” as referring to “George”[Duke of Clarence] and this has the effect of having Clarence imprisoned in the Tower of London.

Richard next needs to consolidate his claim to the throne. He decides to marry Lady Anne Neville, daughter-in-law of the late King Henry VI, in an attempt to gain support from both Yorkists and Lancastrians, even though he killed her husband and her husband’s father. Anne resists him at first, but eventually succumbs to his advances, which illustrates Richard’s supreme skill in the art of feigned sincerity.

The atmosphere at court is poisonous. The established nobles are at odds with the up-and-coming relatives of King Edward’s wife, Elizabeth Woodville. This hostility is fuelled by Richard. He then has Clarence murdered in the Tower and pretends it was at the instigation of Queen Elizabeth and her family. Margaret of Anjou, Henry VI’s widow, returns from banishment and tries to warn the squabbling nobles about Richard. The nobles, however, are all Yorkists and unite against Margaret, a Lancastrian, and Richard’s plots and intrigues continue.

Edward IV becomes seriously ill and dies. However, his eldest son should now succeed him as King. Richard, as Protector, has both princes sent to the Tower “for their protection”, before the eldest can be crowned Edward V by Elizabeth and her relatives. Richard has most of the relatives executed and he’s now in a position to put himself forward as the preferred candidate for the throne. Those who disagree are also executed.

Richard declares that Edward IV’s sons are illegitimate and, with manufactured support from the people, he feels powerful enough to have his two nephews in the Tower secretly killed, leaving the way finally open for his coronation as Richard III of England. However, the increasingly paranoid Richard loses his allies – the closest, the Duke of Buckingham, revolts and Henry-Earl of Richmond arrives with an army from France and confronts Richard at Bosworth Field. On the night before the battle, Richard is visited by the ghosts of those he murdered and they all tell him to “despair and die”. Next day, Richard is deserted by the Earl of Derby during the battle and his army is defeated. Richard is killed by the Earl of Richmond, who succeeds as Henry VII, the first Tudor king of England, ending the reign of the Plantagenets and the Wars of the Roses.
SECTION 1
Act 1, Scene 2, lines 33 to 186

Background

Lady Anne Neville is the daughter of Richard Neville-Earl of Warwick, also known as ‘The Kingmaker’. The Wars of the Roses were notorious for the number of times the leading figures changed sides whenever it suited them and Anne’s father was no exception.

Lady Anne Neville was married at fifteen to seventeen-year-old Edward-Prince of Wales, heir to Henry VI. With the death of Edward at the Battle of Tewkesbury, she was taken prisoner. Richard’s brother, Clarence, was married to Anne’s sister Isabel and he took her in as his ward. Henry VI was imprisoned in the Tower of London during the Wars of the Roses and he was murdered there in 1471. Many people blamed Richard for this murder.

Lady Anne is on her way to bury Henry VI at Chertsy Abbey, when she’s stopped by Richard-Duke of Gloucester. Richard is planning to take the throne of England by any means necessary. He knows a marriage to Lady Anne Neville, widow of Henry VI’s heir, will strengthen his claim and, perhaps, placate the hostile Lancastrians to accept a Yorkist king and a Lancastrian queen.

How does Richard persuade a woman who hates him to marry him? He killed her young husband at the Battle of Tewkesbury and murdered her father-in-law in the Tower of London. Act1-Scene2 is an illustration of Richard’s supreme skill in the art of insincerity. He has already confided to the audience :-

“I’ll marry Warwick’s youngest daughter.
What though I kill’d her husband and his father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.”
Stay, you that bear the corpse, and set it down.

What black magic conjures up this fiend, to stop devoted charitable deeds?

Villains, set down the corpse! Or, by Saint Paul, I'll make a corpse of him that disobeys.

My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Unmanner'd dog, stand thou, when I command.

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, or by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot, and spurn upon thee, basar, for thy boldness.

Sweet saint, for charity be not so curt.

O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds open in consecrated mouths and bleed afresh.

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity.

Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not.

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell; fill it with cursing cries, and deep exclamations, if thou delightest to view thy heinous deeps, behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

O, thou presence that exhal's this blood from cold and empty veins where no blood dwells! Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural, provokes this detestable most unnatural.

O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death! O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!

Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead, or earth, safe open wide and eat him quick, as thou dost swallow up this good king's blood, which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!
LADY, YOU KNOW NO RULES OF CHARITY, WHICH RENDERS GOOD FOR BAD, BLESSINGS FOR CURSES.

VILLAIN, THOU KNOWST NO LAW OF GOD NOR MAN; NO BEAST SO FERCE BUT KNOWS SOME TOUCH OF PITY.

BUT I KNOW NONE, AND THEREFORE AM NO BEAST.

O WONDROUSLY, WHEN DEVILS TELL THE TRUTH!

MORE WONDROUSLY, WHEN ANGELS ARE SO ANGRY.

VOUCHSAFE, DIVINE PERFECTION OF A WOMAN, OF THESE SUPPOSED EVIOLS, TO GIVE ME LEAVE, BY CIRCUMSTANCE, TO ACQUIT MYSELF.

VOUCHSAFE, DEPLORED INFECTION OF A MAN, FOR THESE KNOWN EVIOLS, BUT TO GIVE ME LEAVE, BY CIRCUMSTANCE, TO CURSE THY CURSED SELF.

FAIRER THAN TONGUE CAN NAME THESE, LET ME HAVE SOME PATIENT LEISURE TO EXCUSE MYSELF.

FOWLIER THAN HEART CAN THINK THESE, THOU CANST MAKE NO EXCUSE CURRENT, BUT TO HANG THYSELF.

AND, BY DESPAIRING, SHALT THOU STAND EXCUSE'D FOR DOING WORTHY VENGEANCE ON THYSELF; THAT DOES UNWORTHY BLAUGHTER UPON OTHERS.

SAY THAT I SLEW THEM NOT?

THEN SAY THEY WERE NOT SLAIN.
BUT DEAD THEY ARE, 
AND DEVILISH SLAVE, 
BY THEE.

WHY THEN 
HE IS ALIVE.

DID NOT KILL YOUR 
HUSBAND.

NOW HE IS DEAD, 
AND SLAIN BY 
EDWARD'S HAND.

IN THY FOOL 
THROAT THOU 
LIEST.

QUEEN MARGARET SAW 
THY MURDEROUS FALCHION 
SMOKING IN HIS BLOOD,

WHICH THOU ONCE 
DIDST BEND AGAINST 
HER BREAST,

BUT THAT THY 
BROTHERS BEAT 
ASIDE THE POINT.

I WAS PROVOKED 
BY HER Slanderous Tongue, 
THAT LAY THEIR GUARD UPON 
MY GUILTLESS SHOULDERS.

THOU WAST 
PROVOKED BY THY 
BLOODY MIND, 
THAT NEVER 
DREAMT ON SAVAGERY BUT 
BUTCHERIES.

DIDST THOU NOT 
KILL THIS KING?

GRANT YE.

DOST 
GRANT ME, 
HEDGESHOT?

THEN, GOD 
GRANT ME TOO 
THOU WAST BE 
DAMNED FOR 
THAT WICKED 
THING!

O, HE WAS 
GENTLE, MILD 
AND VIRTUOUS!

THE BETTER 
FOR THE KING 
OF HEAVEN, 
THAT HATH HIM

HE IS IN HEAVEN, 
WHERE THOU SHALT 
NEVER COME.

LET HIM THANK 
ME, THAT HOPE 
TO SEND HIM 
THERE!

SOME 
DUNGEON.

FOR HE WAS 
FITTER FOR 
THAT PLACE 
THAN EARTH.

AND THOU LIFT 
FOR ANY PLACE 
BUT HELL.

YES, 
ONE PLACE ELSE, 
IF YOU WILL HEAR 
ME NAME IT.

YOUR 
BEDCHAMBER.
I'LL REST
BETIDE THE CHAMBER
WHERE THOU LEST!

SO WILL IT.
MADAM, TILL I
LIE WITH YOU.

I HOPE SO.

I KNOW SO.

BUT, GENTLE LADY ANNE,
TO LEAVE THIS KEEN ENCOUNTER
OF OUR WITS, AND FALL SOMEWHAT
INTO A SLOWER METHOD.

IS NOT THE
CAUSER OF THE
TIMELESS DEATHS
OF THESE
PLANTAGENETS:
HENRY AND
EDWARD, AS
BLAMEFUL AS THE
EXECUTIONER?

THOU WAST
THE CAUSE, AND
MOST ACCURSED
EFFECT.

YOUR BEAUTY, THAT
DID HAUNT ME IN MY SLEEP
TO UNDERTAKE THE DEATH OF
ALL THE WORLD; SO I MIGHT
LIVE ONE HOUR IN YOUR
SWEET BOSOM.

YOUR BEAUTY WAS THE
CAUSE OF THAT EFFECT.

IF I MIGHT NOT ENDURE
THAT BEAUTY'S WACK, YOU
SHOULD NOT BLEMISH IT,
IF I STOOD BY:
AS ALL THE
WORLD IS CHEERED
BY THE SUN, SO
I BY THAT;
IT IS MY DAY,
MY LIFE.

IF I THOUGHT THAT,
I TELL THEE,
HOMICIDE,
这些 NAILS
SHOULD REND
THAT BEAUTY FROM
MY CHEEKS.

BLACK NIGHT
DERANGED THY DREAM;
AND DEATH THY LIFE.
CURSE NOT THYSELF, FAIR CREATURE! THOU ART BOTH.

I WOULD I WERE TO BE REVENGED ON THEE.

IT IS A QUARREL MOST UNNATURAL, TO BE REVENGED ON HIM THAT LOVETH THEE.

IT IS A QUARREL JUST AND REASONABLE, TO BE REVENGED ON HIM THAT KILLED MY HUSBAND.

HE THAT BEREFT THEE, LADY, OF THY HUSBAND, DID IT TO HELP THEE TO A BETTER HUSBAND.

HE LIVES THAT LOVES YOU BETTER THAN HE COULD.

NAME HIM.

PLANTAGENET.

WHY, THAT WAS HE.

THE SELF-SAME NAME, BUT ONE OF BETTER NATURE.

WHERE IS HE?

HERE.

WHY DOST THOU SPLIT AT ME?

WOULD IT WERE MORTAL POISON, FOR THY SAKE!

NEVER CAME POISON FROM SO SWEET A PLACE.

NEVER HUNG POISON ON A FOULER TOAD.

OUT OF MY SIGHT! THOU DOST INFECT MINE EYES.
THINE EYES, SWEET LADY, HAVE INFECTED MINE.

I WOULD THEY WERE, THAT I MIGHT DIE AT ONCE; FOR NOW THEY KILL ME WITH A LIVING DEATH.

THOSE EYES OF THINE FROM MINE HAVE DRAWN SALT TEARS; SHAWD THEIR ASPECTS WITH STORE OF CHILDISH DROPS.

IT SHAPED THE PITTIES MOAN THAT RUTLAND MADE WHEN BLACK-FACED CLIFFORD SWORD AT MAN:

NOR WHEN THY WARLIKE FATHER, LIKE A CHILD, TOLD THE SAD STORY OF MY FATHER'S DEATH, AND TWENTY TIMES MAPE MISTLE TO SOB AND WEEP;

AND WHAT THESE BORROWS COULD NOT THENCE INHALE, THY BEAUTY HATH, AND MADE THEM BLIND WITH WEEPING.

I NEVER SLEPT TO FRIEND NOR ENEMY; MY TONGUE COULD NEVER LEARN SWEET SMOOTHING WORD;

BUT, NON THY BEAUTY IS PROPOSED MY FEES, MY PROUD HEART SLEES; AND PROMPTS MY TONGUE TO SPEAK.
TEACH NOT THY LIP SUCH SCORN, FOR IT WAS MADE FOR KISSING, LADY; NOT FOR SUCH CONTEMPT.

IF THY REVENGEFUL HEART CANNOT FORSWEAR LO, HERE I LEND THEE THIS SHARP-POINTED SWORD!

WHICH IF THOU PLEASE TO HOPE IN THIS TRUE BREAST, AND LET THE SOUL FORTH THAT ADORETH THEE, I LAY IT NAKED TO THE DEADLY STROKE.

AND HUMBLY BEG THE DEATH UPON MY KNEE.

TAKE UP THE SWORD AGAIN, OR TAKE UP ME.

ARISE! DISSEMBLER, THOUGH I WISH THEY DEATH, I WILL NOT BE THE EXECUTIONER.

NAY, DO NOT PAUSE; FOR I DID KILL KING HENRY, BUT IT WAS THY BEAUTY THAT PROVOKED ME.

NAY, NOW Dispatch!

’TWAS I THAT STABBED YOUNG EDWARD; BUT IT WAS THY HEAVENLY FACE THAT SET ME ON.
AFTERMATH

Richard’s efforts succeed and he marries Lady Anne in 1472. They live together for thirteen years – it’s to be eleven years before Richard becomes king and Anne becomes queen consort in 1483. They have one son, who dies at the age of ten. The marriage doesn’t succeed in placating the Lancastrians and the Wars of the Roses continues until Richard’s death at the battle of Bosworth Field. Anne’s health declines during her years of marriage – Shakespeare attributes this to Richard:

“For never yet one hour in his bed
Have I enjoy’d the golden dew of sleep,
But have been waked by his timorous dreams.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.”

Anne dies in 1485, at twenty-nine. She probably dies of tuberculosis, although there are rumours of poisoning. She’s left in an unmarked grave until 1960, when a bronze tablet is erected on a wall near her burial-place.
SECTION 2
Act 4, Scene 4, lines 199 to 342

Background

Elizabeth Woodville (Queen Elizabeth) is the widow of Edward IV, Richard’s brother and king before Richard. Her two young sons, The Prince of Wales and The Duke of York have been murdered in the Tower of London, paving the way for Richard to become king. Elizabeth blames Richard for this and also for the execution of her brother, Earl Rivers. Elizabeth herself and her daughters have just emerged from sanctuary and are returning to court.

Here again, we have Richard trying to persuade a woman who hates him to allow him to marry her daughter, his own niece, and again, we see his skills in the art of insincerity.

The final chapter in the Wars of the Roses is about to be written, at the Battle of Bosworth. Neither Richard nor Queen Elizabeth know what the outcome will be, although Richard is confident of winning and is planning for the future. Lady Anne Neville is dead and Richard wants to marry young Elizabeth of York to cement future relations with the powerful Woodville family, who have very strong allies and who can help him keep order in the country if he wins.

Unknown to Richard, Queen Elizabeth is secretly negotiating with agents of Henry Tudor-Duke of Richmond, to marry her daughter Elizabeth of York to him, should he succeed in defeating Richard. Queen Elizabeth can’t be sure who’ll win, so she doesn’t rule out a marriage to Richard – that way, her family will be restored to power, wealth and prestige, no matter what happens.

Richard’s insincerity is obvious when he says, after Queen Elizabeth has departed in the carriage with The Duchess of York :-

“Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!”
STAY, MADAM! I MUST TALK A WORD WITH YOU.

I HAVE NO MORE SONS OF THE ROYAL BLOOD FOR THEE TO SLAUGHTER!
FOR MY DAUGHTERS, RICHARD, THEY SHALL BE PRAYING NUNS, NOT WEEPING QUEENS, AND THEREFORE LEVEL NOT TO HIT THEIR LIVES.

YOU HAVE A DAUGHTER CALLED ELIZABETH; VIRTUOUS AND HONOR, ROYAL AND GRACIOUS.
AND MUST SHE DIE FOR THIS! I LET HER LIVE AND I’LL CORRUPT HER MANNERS, SPOIL HER BEAUTY! SLAUGHTER MYSELF AS FALSE TO EDWARD’S BED! THROW OVER HER THE VEL OF INNAMORO! SO SHE MAY ‘LIVE UNBECLOTHED’ OF BLEEDING SLAUGHTER, I WILL CONFESS SHE WAS NOT EDWARD’S DAUGHTER.

WRONGS NOT HER BIRTH, SHE IS A ROYAL PRINCESS.
HER LIFE IS SAFEST ONLY IN HER BIRTH.
LO, AT THEIR BIRTH GOOD STARS WERE OPPOSITE.
AND ONLY IN THAT SAFETY DEath HER BROTHERS.
TO SAVE HER LIFE, I’LL SAY SHE IS NOT SO.
NO, TO THEIR LIVES ALL FRIENDS WERE CONTRARY.
Richard III

ALL UNAVOY'D IS THE DOOM OF DESTINY.

TRUE, WHEN UNAVOY'D GRACE MAKES DESTINY;
MY BABIES WERE DESTY'D TO A FAIRER DEATH, IF
GRACE HAD BLESS'D THEE WITH A FAIRER LIFE.

YOU SPEAK AS IF THAT I HAD SLAIN MY COUSINS.

Cousins, indeed! And by their uncle, cousin'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life!
Whose hand soever lanc'd their tender
Hearts, they head, all indirectly gave
Direction.
No doubt the murderous knife
Was dull and blunt, 'til it was whetted
On th' stone-hard heart, to revel in
The entrails of my lambs!

But that still use of grief makes
Wild grief tame; my tongue
Should to thy ears not name
My boy.

Till that my nails
Were anchor'd in thine eyes,
And I in such a desperate bay
Of death, like a poor bark of
Sails and tackling rest, rush all
to pieces on th' rocky bosom.

Madam, so thrive
In my enterprise,
And dangerous success
Of bloody wars, as
I intend more good to
You and yours, than ever
You or yours by me
Were harmed.

What good is cover'd
With the face of heaven,
To be discovered, that
Can do me good?
TH’ ADVANCEMENT OF YOUR CHILDREN, GENTLE LADY.

UP TO SOME SCAFFOLD, THERE TO LOSE THEIR HEADS?

UNTIL THE DISENCY AND HEIGHT OF FORTUNE, THE HIGH IMPERIAL TYPE OF THIS EARTH’S GLORY?

FLATTER MY SORROW WITH REPORT OF IT. TELL ME WHAT STATE, WHAT DIGNITY, WHAT HONOUR, CANST THOU DEMISE TO ANY CHILD OF MINE?

EVEN ALL I HAVE, MY AND MYSELF AND ALL WILL I WITHAL ENDOW A CHILD OF THINE, SO IN THE LOTHE OF THE ANGRY SOUL, THOU DROWN THE BAD REMEMBRANCE OF THOSE WRONGS, WHICH THOU SUPPOSEST I HAVE DONE TO THEE.

BE BRIEF: LEST THAT THE PROCESS OF THY KINDNESS LAST LONGER TELLING THAN THY KINDNESS’ DATE.

THEN KNOW: THAT FROM MY SOUL I LOVE THY DAUGHTER.

MY DAUGHTER’S MOTHER THINKS IT WITH HER SOUL.

BE NOT SO NASTY, TO CONFUSE MY MEANINGS: I MEAN, THAT WITH MY SOUL I LOVE THY DAUGHTER, AND DO INTEND TO MAKE HER QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

WELL, THEN, WHO DOST THOU MEAN SHALL BE HER KING?

WHAT DO YOU THINK THAT THOU DOST LOVE MY DAUGHTER FROM THY SOUL, SO FROM THY SOUL’S LOVE, DIDST THOU LOVE HER BROTHERS, AND FROM MY HEART’S LOVE DO THANK THEE FOR IT.
EVEN HE THAT MAKES HER QUEEN, WHO ELSE SHOULD BE?
WHAT, THOU?
EVEN SO: HOW THINK YOU OF IT?
HOW CANST THOU WOO HER?
THAT WOULD I LEARN OF YOU, AS ONE BEING BEST ACQUAINTED WITH HER HUMOUR, AND WILT THOU LEARN OF ME?
MADAM, WITH ALL MY HEART.
SEND TO HER BY THE MAN THAT SLEW HER BROTHERS, A PAIR OF SLEEPING HEARTS; THEREON ENGRAVE EDWARD AND YORK. THEN HAPLY WILL SHE WEEP! THEREFORE PRESENT TO HER – AS SOMETIMES MARGARET DID TO THY FATHER, STEEPLY IN RUTLAND’S BLOOD – A HANDKERCHIEF!
WHICH, SAY TO HER, DID DRAIN THE PURPLE SAP FROM HER SWEET BROTHERS’ BODY, AND BY HER WIPED HER WEEPING EYES WITHAL.
IF THIS INDUCEMENT MOVE HER NOT TO LOVE, SEND HER A LETTER OF THY NOBLE DEEDS; TELL HER THOU HAD’ST AWAY HER UNCLE CLARENCE, HER UNCLE RIVERS; AH, AND FOR HER BAKE, AND BY QUICK CONVENIENCE WITH HER GOOD AUNT ANNE.
YOU MOCK ME, MADAM; THIS IS NOT THE WAY TO WIN YOUR DAUGHTER!
THERE IS NO OTHER WAY! UNLESS THOU COULDST PUT ON SOME OTHER SHAPE, AND NOT BE RICHARD THAT HATH DONE ALL THIS!
SAY THAT I DID ALL THIS FOR LOVE OF HER.
NAY, THEN INDEED, SHE CANNOT CHOOSE BUT HATE THEE, HAVING BOUGHT LOVE WITH SUCH A BLOODY SPOIL!
Look, what is done cannot be now amended; men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes, who after-hours give leisure to repent. If I did take the kingdom from your sons, to make amends I'll give it to your daughter.

If I have kill'd the issue of your womb, to quicken your increase I will set up mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.

A grandson's name is little less in love than is the doting title of a mother.

They are as children but one step below, even of your mettle, of your very blood.

Or all one pain, save for a night of groans endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow, your children were vexation to your youth; but mine shall be a comfort to your age.

The loss you have is but a son being king, and by that loss your daughter is made queen.

I cannot make you what amends I would, therefore accept such kindness as I can.

Dorset, your son that with a fearful soul leads discontented steps in foreign soil, this fair alliance quickly shall call home to high promotions and great dignity.

The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wise, familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother, again shall you be mother to a king, and all the runs of distressful times repaired with double riches of content.
WHAT! WE HAVE MANY SOOPLY DAYS TO SEE!
THE LIQUID DROPS OF TEARS
THAT YOU HAVE SHED SHALL COME AGAIN.
TRANSFORMED TO ORIENT PEARL,
ADVANTASING THEIR COME WITH
INTEREST OF TEN TIMES DOUBLE
GAN OF HAPPINESS!

GO THEN, MY MOTHER,
TO THY DAUGHTER GO,
MAKE BOLD HER BASHFUL YEARS WITH YOUR
EXPERIENCE!
PREPARE HER EARS TO
HEAR A WOOPER'S TALE,
PUT IN HER TENDER HEART
TH' ASPIRING FLAME OF
GOLDEN SOVEREIGNITY!
ACQUANT THE PRINCESS
WITH THE SWEET SILENCE
HOURS OF MARRIAGE
JOYS.

WHAT WERE I BEST TO SAY
HER FATHER'S BROTHER WOULD
BE HER LORD? OR SHALL I SAY
HER UNCLE?
OR, HE THAT SLEW
HER BROTHERS AND
HER UNCLE?
UNDER WHAT TITLE
SHALL I WOOG FOR THEE, THAT
GOD, THE LAW, MY HONOUR
AND HER LOVE, CAN MAKE
SEEM PLEASING TO HER TENDER YEARS?

AND WHEN THY
ARM OF WINE HATH
CHASTISED THE PETTY
REBEL, DULL-BRAIN'D,
BUCKINGHAM,
BOUND WITH TRIUMPHANT
GARLANDS WILL I COME, AND
LEAD THY DAUGHTER TO A
CONQUEROR'S BED? TO WHOM I
WILL RETAIL MY CONQUEST WON, AND
SHE SHALL BE SOLE VICTRESS;
CEASAR'S CEASAR.
AFTERMATH

In the end, Richard is defeated and killed at the Battle of Bosworth Field. Henry-Duke of Richmond becomes Henry VII, the first Tudor king, thus ending the reign of the Plantagenets. Henry marries Elizabeth of York and their son, Henry VIII, continues the Tudor line of monarchs.