

JAY ROBINSON

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RICHARD III

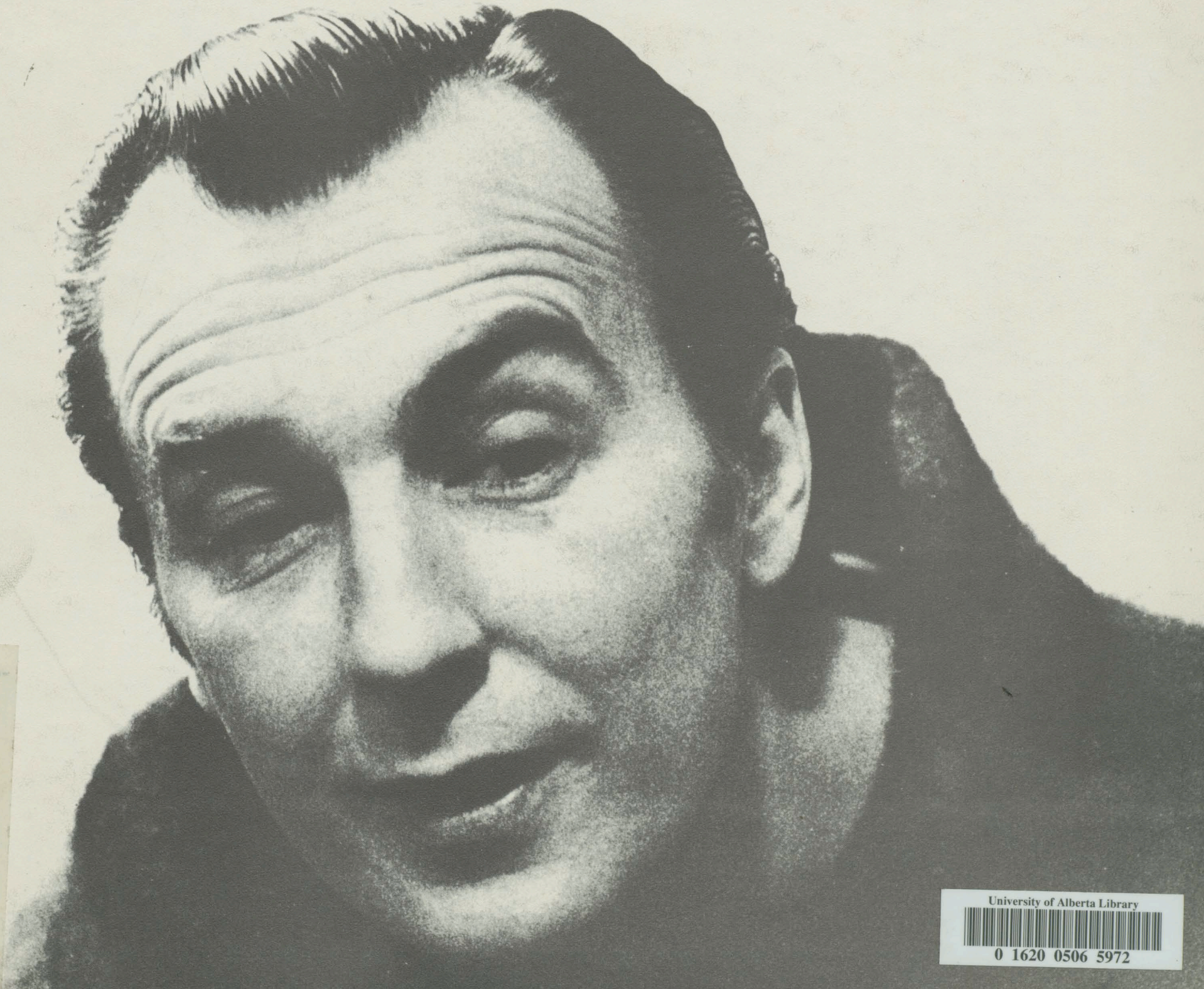
WITH MARTIN DONEGAN AS RICHMOND
ARRANGED & DIRECTED BY MR. DONEGAN

PRODUCED BY SCOTTI D'ARCY FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9874

SHAKESPEARE

PR
2821
A3
D66
1964
c.1

MUSIC LP



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JAY ROBINSON
RICHARD III
SHAKESPEARE

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

PR
2821
A3
D66
1964
MUSIC LP

RICHARD III
by
William Shakespeare

Richard III - Jay Robinson

Richmond - Martin Donegan

Arranged and Directed by Mr. Donegan
Produced by Scotti D'arcy

PRODUCTION NOTES

This album represents one of Mr. Robinson's gallery of Shakespeare portraits. The scenes were chosen for the purpose of continuity and character:

JAY ROBINSON

Mr. Robinson made his Broadway debut at the age of 18 when he shared the starring roles with Boris Karloff in the play, "The Shop At Sly Corner". The doors of Broadway opened easily for the young actor who then starred in a succession of plays that earned for him rave notices and accolades such as "America's finest young actor" --- THE NEW YORKER; "His acting, sheer genius" --- Hedda Hopper and "As an actor, he is without peer" --- TIME MAGAZINE. His stage appearances included: "Gayden" in which he co-starred with Fay Bainter, "As You Like It" with Katherine Hepburn and "Much Ado About Nothing" with Clare Luce. At 21 Jay Robinson became the youngest producer on Broadway when he starred in his own production of "Buy Me Blue Ribbons".

And then Hollywood beckoned. In his very first film "The Robe" and for his portrayal of the mad Roman Emperor Caligula, Robinson was the recipient of both the New York and London Film Critics Award

for the best supporting actor of the year. "The Robe" was followed by "Demetrius And The Gladiators" with Susan Hayward and Victor Mature. Then he co-starred with Bette Davis in "The Virgin Queen", with Anthony Quinn in "The Wild Party", with Dane Clark in "The Tower" and with David Niven in "My Man Godfrey".

Mr. Robinson just returned from Nassau where he co-starred with Steve Cochran in the new film "Tell Me In The Sunlight". He has also been signed to star in another new film "Hallucination" which will also be produced in Nassau in the fall.

Mr. Robinson Has Toured In His One Man Show Playing Many Of The Great Male Shakespearean Roles. This Album Represents A Portion of His Richard III Concert Reading. Other Folkways Records By Mr. Robinson Are Selections From Hamlet FL 9873 And Iago In Othello FL 9618

SIDE A, BAND 1

GLoucester

Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may
spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for.
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
The lustful Edward's title buried—
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,

And all the unlooked-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself.
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why then I do but dream on sovereignty,
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread.
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from
thence,
Saying he'll lade it dry to have his way.

So do I wish the crown, being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it,
And so, I say, I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too
much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard.
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,

And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and
looks.

O miserable thought, and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why love forswore me in my mother's womb;
And for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a withered shrub,
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size,
**To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlicked bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be beloved?**
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And whiles I live, t' account this world but
hell,

Until my misshaped trunk, that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home.
And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the
thorns,

Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,
Torment myself to catch the English crown.
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And cry content to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall,
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk,

I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
And like a Sinon, take another Troy.
I can add colours to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.

[Exit.]

SIDE A, BAND 2

ACT I

Scene I. [London. A street.]

Enter Richard, Duke of Gloucester, solus.

Rich. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lowered upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front,
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks
Nor made to court an amorous looking glass;
I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them—
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other;
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up
About a prophecy which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence
comes!
Simple, plain Clarence, I do love thee so
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Rich. Now, by Saint John, that news is bad indeed!

O, he hath kept an evil diet long
And overmuch consumed his royal person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he? In his bed?

Exit Hastings.

He cannot live, I hope, and must not die
Till George be packed with post horse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steeled with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I killed her husband and her 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.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that killed her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
Having God, her conscience, and these bars
against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal
But the plain Devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabbed in my angry mood at Tewkesbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature—

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal—
The spacious world cannot again afford;
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropped the golden prime of this
sweet prince

And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halts and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while!
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marv'lous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking glass
And entertain a score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favor with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

SIDE A, BAND 2

Rich. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, who I, indeed, have cast in darkness,
I do bewweep to many simple gulls—
Namely, to Derby, Hastings, Buckingham—
And tell them 'tis the Queen and her allies
That stir the King against the Duke my brother.
Now they believe it, and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Dorset, Grey.
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends stol'n forth of Holy Writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the Devil.

Rich. A blessed labor, my most sovereign lord.
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 lodged between us;
Of you, and you, Lord Rivers, and of Dorset,
That, all without desert, have frowned on me;
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen—indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds
More than the infant that is born tonight.
I thank my God for my humility.

Rich. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet, my dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Toward Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

Rich. 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 stretched unto their servants,
daughters, wives,

Even where his raging eye or savage heart,
Without control, lusted 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.

Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again. I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
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, wh'er I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load;
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this!

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham—

Buck. My gracious sovereign?

Rich. Give me thy hand.

Sound. Here he ascendeth the throne.

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?
Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed:
Young Edward lives. Think now what

I would speak.

Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Rich. Ha! Am I King? 'Tis so. But Edward lives.

Rich. O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live true noble Prince!
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead,
And I would have it suddenly performed.
What sayst thou now? Speak suddenly, be brief.
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools
And unrespective boys. None are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbor to my counsels.
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Rich. Come hither, Catesby. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is very grievous sick:
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter.
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look how thou dreamst! I say again, give out
That Anne my queen is sick and like to die.
About it! for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[Exit *Catesby*.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:
Murder her brothers, and then marry her—
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

SIDE B, BAND 1

Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close,
His daughter meanly have I matched in marriage,
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the Britain Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,

Which afterhours gives 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 killed the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.

A grandam'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 metal, of your very blood,
Of 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 wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother:
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repaired with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transformed to orient pearl,
Advantaging their love with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.

Go then, my mother; to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys;
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brained 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, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous affairs
Of hostile arms! Myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding if, with dear heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to myself and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay.

It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother—I must call you so—
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve;

Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss; and so farewell—
Exit Q[ueen Elizabeth].
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

SIDE B, BAND 2

Rich. Richmond is on the seas.

There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-livered runagate, what doth he there?

Rich. He makes for England, here to claim the
crown. Is the chair empty? is the sword unswayed?
Is the King dead? the empire unpossessed?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's King but great York's heir?
Then tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Rich. Out on ye, owls! Nothing but songs of
death? *He striketh him.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving
friends,

Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoiled your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his
trough

In your embowelled bosoms—this foul swine
Is now even in the center of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Rich. Away towards Salisbury! While we reason
here,

A royal battle might be won and lost.
Someone take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then in God's
name march!

True hope is swift and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter *King Richard* in arms, with *Norfolk*,
Ratcliffe, and the *Earl of Surrey*, [and *Soldiers*].

Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth
field.

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Rich. My Lord of Norfolk—
Norfolk, we must have knocks. Ha! must we not?

Rich. Up with my tent! Here will I lie tonight;
[*Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.*]

But where tomorrow? Well, all's one for that.

Rich. I do remember me Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be King
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps—perhaps—
Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that
time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Rich. Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
The Mayor in courtesy showed me the castle,
And called it Rouge-mount; at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Enter *Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford,*
and *Dorset, [Herbert, and Blunt.* Some of the
Soldiers pitch *Richmond's* tent.]

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright tract of his fiery car
Gives token of a goodly day tomorrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the Earl to see me in my tent:

Rich.

Up with the tent! Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction:
Let's lack no discipline, make no delay,
For, lords, tomorrow is a busy day. *Exeunt.*

Richm.

Yet one thing more, good Captain, do for me—
Where is Lord Stanley quartered, do you know?

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with
him

And give him from me this most needful note.

Rich.

Send out a pursuivant-at-arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. [*Exit Catesby.*]
Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.
Saddle white Surrey for the field tomorrow.
Look that my staves be sound and not too heavy.

Richmond.

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands Thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries;
Make us Thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise Thee in the victory.
To Thee I do commend my watchful soul
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, O defend me still! *Sleeps.*

[*The Ghosts vanish.*] *Richard starts out of his dream.*

Rich. Give me another horse! Bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, Jesu! Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by.
Richard loves Richard: that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am:
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why:
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? For any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! Alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain. Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well. Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,

Throng to the bar, crying all, "Guilty! guilty!"
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me.
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
Tomorrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Rich. Who's there?

Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows tonight
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof and led by shallow Richmond.

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding
dreams

That ever ent'red in a drowsy head
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls whose bodies Richard mur-
dered

Came to my tent and cried on victory.
I promise you my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

Rich. The sun will not be seen today;

The sky doth frown and lower upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine today? Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? For the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

King Richard, His Oration to his Army.

What shall I say more than I have inferred?
Remember whom you are to cope withal:
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Britains and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'erloyed country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and assured destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;
You having lands, and blessed with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Britain at our mother's cost,
A milksop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famished beggars, weary of their lives,
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hanged themselves.
If we be conquered, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Britains, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobbed, and thumped,
And, in record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? (*Drum afar off.*) Hark! I hear
their drum.

Fight, gentlemen of England! Fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood!
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direc-
tion.

His Oration to his Soldiers.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon. Yet remember this:
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-reared bulwarks, stand before our faces.
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow.

For what is he they follow? Truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One raised in blood and one in blood established;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the means to help
him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quits it in your age:
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully:
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!

Rich. Come, bustle, bustle! Caparison my horse!
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power.
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered:
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst;
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!
Go, gentlemen, every man to his charge.
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law!
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell,
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my
bosom!
Advance our standards, set upon our foes.
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. *[Exeunt.]*

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