

# RICHARD III

*dramma per musica in due atti*  
*libretto di Ian Burton da Shakespeare*

musica di  
Giorgio Battistelli



RICHARD III

DRAMMA PER MUSICA IN TWO ACTS

LIBRETTO  
BASED ON SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY  
BY  
IAN BURTON

FOR THE OPERA BY  
GIORGIO BATTISTELLI

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## MUSICAL THEMES

1. CORONATION ANTHEMS
  - a. EDWARD IV. JOLLY, EXTRAVERT, SENSUAL, A BIT STUPID.
  - b. RICHARD III. COMPLICATED, INTRAVERT, HYPOCRITICAL, OBSESSIVE
  - c. HENRY VII. SERIOUS, PATRIOTIC, POLITICAL.
2. 'RICHARD ALONE' THEME
3. 'CLARENCE' THEME. GOOD, PLAIN, SAD CLARENCE.
4. 'LADY ANNE' THEME plus IN PARADISUM
5. RICHARD'S 'SERIAL MURDER' THEME
6. THE TWO PRINCES THEME. (OBOE, CLARINET or CLARINET, FLUTE)
7. CHORUS OF CIVIL UNREST (WAR OF THE ROSES THEME)
8. THE TOWER (A REPEATED THEME)
9. MURDER OF PRINCES IN THE TOWER (TYRELL ARIA ETC.)
10. RICHARD'S PLAY-ACTING AND RELIGIOUS HYPOCRISY THEME
11. THEME OF THE FOUR MESSENGERS
12. RICHMOND'S THEME (HENRY VII) plus ARMY
13. THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH
14. GHOSTS BEFORE THE BATTLE
15. 'A HORSE, A HORSE, MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE!'
16. THE TUDOR PEACE. WHITE ROSE AND RED UNITED.
17. RICHARD'S SHADOW

1. PROLOGUE

THE BOAR HUNT

THE FOG CLEARS.  
A WOUNDED BOAR EMERGES  
AND IS SURROUNDED BY A CIRCLE OF  
HELMETED SOLDIERS WITH SPEARS  
THE BOAR STANDS UP ON TWO LEGS,  
AND TAKES OFF HIS HEAD.

BLACKOUT, SILENCE.

2. CORONATION OF EDWARD IV

EDWARD IV, QUEEN ELIZABETH, RICHARD, CLARENCE, PRINCE  
EDWARD, PRINCE RICHARD, ARCHBISHOP, BUCKINGHAM,  
HASTINGS, RIVERS, DORSET, LORDS, NOBLES, ATTENDANTS ETC.

CHORUS: Lux purpurata radiis  
Diligite justitiam.

Lux purpurata radiis  
Diligite justitiam!

(then)

The Agincourt Anthem. (Deo Gratias Anglia!)

EDWARD: Once more we sit on England's royal throne  
Repurchased with the blood of enemies!

CHORUS: Deo gratias Anglia!

EDWARD: Sound drums and trumpets  
Farewell sour annoy,  
For here, I hope,  
Begins our lasting joy!

(DRUMS AND TRUMPETS. THEY ALL LEAVE)

RICHARD: (Alone)

(Aria) Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious by this sun of York!  
And all the clouds that loured upon our house

In the deep bosom of the ocean buried!  
But I that am not made  
To court an amorous looking glass  
What should I do?

(HE PUTS A STRAP OVER HIS HUNCHBACK, AND FITS ON A LEG BRACE, AS WELL AS A PROSTHETIC HAND ON HIS WITHERED ARM)

Love abandoned me in my mother's womb...  
But I can smile,  
And murder while I smile.

I am determined to prove a villain!  
I want it and it is my destiny.  
It is the role I have to play!  
I torment myself to get the English crown.  
But from this torment I will free myself  
Or hew my way out with bloody axe!

I have no brother. I am like no brother.  
And this word love (which greybeards call divine)  
Is resident in men like one another  
And not in me!

I am myself alone!

(ENTER CLARENCE, BRACKENBURY AND GUARDS)

RICHARD: Good day, brother!  
Why this armed guard?

CLARENCE: His majesty has appointed it  
To convey me to the Tower.

RICHARD: But why?

CLARENCE: Because my name is George!

RICHARD: Alas, that fault is none of yours!  
What's the matter, Clarence, may I know?

CLARENCE: When I do.  
The king hearkens after prophecies and dreams

And says a wizard told him that by 'G'  
His issue disinherited should be.

RICHARD: Brother farewell. I will go to the King.  
Your imprisonment shall not be long.  
I will deliver you, or else lie for you!  
Meanwhile have patience.

CLARENCE: I will brother. Farewell.

(EXIT CLARENCE, BRACKENBURY AND GUARDS)

RICHARD: Go tread the path that you shall never return!  
Simple, plain, Clarence, I do love you so  
That I shall shortly send your soul to heaven.

(HE LEAVES)

### 3. LADY ANNE IS WOODED AND WON

(ENTER LADY ANNE WITH THE COFFIN CONTAINING HER DEAD  
HUSBAND. SHE IS ACCOMPANIED BY A CHOIR OF MONKS.)

MONKS: In paradisum deducant te angeli  
In tuo adventu suspiciant te martyres  
Et perducant te in civitatem sancta Jerusalem.

(THE MONKS SET THE COFFIN DOWN)

LADY ANNE: Curst be the hand that made these holes!  
Curst the heart that had the heart to do it!  
And curst the blood that let out this blood!  
If ever he have wife, let her be made  
More miserable by the death of him  
Than I am made by my young lord!  
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy load.

(THE MONKS LIFT UP THE COFFIN)

MONKS: Absolve Domine animas omnium  
Fidelium defunctorum  
Ab omni vinculo delictorum...

(ENTER RICHARD)

RICHARD: Stop! You that carry the corpse!  
Set it down!

LADY ANNE: What black magician conjures up this fiend  
To stop devoted deeds?

RICHARD: Villains, set down the corpse  
Or I'll make a corpse of him  
That disobeys!

LADY ANNE: Do you tremble? Are you all afraid?  
(Duet) I blame you not, for you are mortal  
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

(TO RICHARD) Behold the pattern of your butcheries!  
Blush! You lump of foul deformity!

RICHARD: I did not kill your husband.

LADY ANNE: Well, then, he's still alive!  
And you killed his father,  
The Lord's Anointed, Henry the Sixth!

RICHARD: I grant you that.

LADY ANNE: You grant me that, hedgehog!  
Then God grant me that you may be damned  
For that wicked deed.

(SHE KISSES THE CORPSE OF HER HUSBAND)

He was gentle, mild and virtuous.

RICHARD: All the better for the King of Heaven  
that has him!

LADY ANNE: Indeed, he is in heaven  
Where you will never come!

RICHARD: He was fitter for that place than earth.



LADY ANNE: And you are unfit  
For any place but Hell!

RICHARD: One place else,  
If you will hear me name it.

LADY ANNE: Some dungeon?

RICHARD: Your bedchamber.

LADY ANNE: You are fouler than heart can think!

RICHARD: Gentle Lady Anne, is not the causer  
Of the deaths of these Plantagenets  
As blameful as the executioner?

LADY ANNE: You were both the cause and the effect.

RICHARD: Your *beauty* was the cause of that effect.

LADY ANNE: If I thought that, these nails would rend  
That *beauty* from my cheeks.

RICHARD: He that killed your husband did it  
To help you to a better husband.

LADY ANNE: Where is he?

RICHARD: Here. (SHE SPITS AT HIM)  
Why do you spit at me?

LADY ANNE: I wish it were mortal poison.

RICHARD: Never came poison from so sweet a place.

LADY ANNE: Never hung poison on so foul a toad.

RICHARD: Teach not your lips such scorn.  
They were made for kissing.

(HE GIVES HER HIS SWORD, WHICH SHE DROPS)  
Take up the sword, or take up me.

LADY ANNE: Arise, dissembler.  
Although I wish your death  
I will not be your executioner.

RICHARD: Then bid me kill myself  
And I will do it.

LADY ANNE: I have already.  
Put away your sword.

RICHARD: But shall I live in hope?

LADY ANNE: All men I hope live so.

(LADY ANNE EXITS WITH COFFIN AND MONKS)

MONKS: In Paradisum deducant te angeli.

RICHARD: Was ever woman in this humour wooed?  
Was ever woman in this humour won?  
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.  
Shine out fair sun, till I have bought a glass  
That I may see my shadow as I pass!

(ENTER TWO MURDERERS)

Now, my stout resolved mates,  
Are you going to despatch this thing?

1st MURDERER: We are, my lord, and come for the warrant  
So we may be admitted.

RICHARD: Well thought on,  
I have it here about me.

(PRODUCES LETTER)

But do not hear him plead.  
Clarence is well spoken.  
And may move your hearts to pity.

2nd MURDERER: We go to use our hands  
And not our tongues.

Talkers are not good doers.

RICHARD: I like you lads.  
About your business.

MURDERERS: We will my noble lord!

(INTERMEZZO – FIRST TRANSITION MUSIC TO TOWER)

#### 4. THE DEATH OF CLARENCE

CLARENCE, LYING ON A ROUGH PRISON BED, WAKES UP FROM A VIOLENT NIGHTMARE. BRACKENBURY IS SITTING BY HIM. IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM AN ENORMOUS BARREL OF WINE. BRACKENBURY POURS WINE FOR CLARENCE, WHO DRINKS.

BRACKENBURY: What is the matter, your grace?

CLARENCE: I dreamt I was on board a boat to Burgundy  
(Aria) My brother Richard tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches.  
I thought that Richard struck me overboard  
Into the tumbling billows of the sea.  
Lord, lord, what pain it was to drown!  
What dreadful noise of water in my ears,  
And sights of ugly death within my eyes.  
I saw a thousand men  
That fishes gnawed upon, and among the bones  
Wedges of gold, great anchors,  
Heaps of pearl, unvalued jewels,  
All scattered at the bottom of the sea!

BRACKENBURY: Did you have such leisure in the time of death  
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

CLARENCE: I thought I had.  
I dreamt I met the shadow of an angel  
With bright hair dabbled in blood  
And he shrieked aloud  
And then a thousand fiends environed me  
And howled such hideous cries  
That with the noise I waked.

BRACKENBURY: No wonder that it frightened you.

CLARENCE: Oh, Brackenbury, sit by me.  
My soul is heavy.

(ENTER MURDERERS)

1st MURDERER: Who's here?

BRACKENBURY: What do you want?  
How did you come here?

2nd MURDERER: I *want* to speak with Clarence,  
And I *came* here on my legs.

1st MURDERER: Let him see the letter  
And don't speak.

(BRACKENBURY READS RICHARD'S LETTER)

BRACKENBURY: I am commanded to deliver the noble Clarence  
Into your hands, I will not reason what is meant  
Because I would be guiltless from the meaning.

(BRACKENBURY LEAVES)

2nd MURDERER: Shall we stab him while he sleeps?

1st MURDERER: Hit him on the head with the hilt of your dagger  
Then throw him in the Malmsey butt.

2nd MURDERER: Excellent.

1st MURDERER: He's awake.

CLARENCE: Where are you Brackenbury?  
Give me a cup of wine.

2nd MURDERER: You shall have wine enough, my lord.

1st MURDERER: Take that, and that.

(HE STABS HIM SEVERAL TIMES, AND THEN THEY BOTH FORCE HIM INTO THE WINE BARREL.)

DURING THE 'TOWER TRANSITION' MUSIC, SOLDIERS MOVE OUT THE PRISON BED AND WINE BARREL, AND BRING IN THE KING'S BED WITH HIM LYING IN IT.  
A WOMAN ON ALL FOURS WASHES AWAY THE WINE STAINS.

##### 5. RECONCILIATION AND DEATH OF EDWARD IV.

THE KING IS IN BED DYING. GATHERED AROUND HIM ARE THE QUEEN, RIVERS, DORSET, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, RATCLIFFE, THE ARCHBISHOP AND STANLEY. A CHOIR OF MONKS IS EITHER IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM OR HEARD FROM OFFSTAGE. THEIR PSALM COMES AND GOES THROUGHOUT THE SCENE.

MONKS:           Deus, Deus meus ad te de luce vigilo  
                      Sivivit in te anima mea,  
                      Quam multiplicater tibi caro mea.  
                      In terra deserta, et invia, et inaquosa:  
                      Sic in sancto apparui tibi,  
                      Ut viderem virtutem tuam, et gloriam tuam.

EDWARD IV:       Now I have done a good day's work,  
                      Since I have made my friends  
                      At peace on earth.  
                      Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand,  
                      Dissemble not your hatred.

(RIVERS AND HASTINGS TAKE HANDS)

                      Now princely Buckingham  
                      Seal this league  
                      And make me happy in your unity.

(BUCKINGHAM TAKES THEIR HANDS)

EDWARD IV:       There only lacks our brother Richard  
                      To make the blessed climax of this peace.

BUCKINGHAM:     And in good time  
                      Here comes the duke.

(ENTER RICHARD)

RICHARD: Good morrow to my sovereign King and Queen  
And princely peers a happy time of day!

EDWARD IV: Happy indeed, we have done deeds of charity,  
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate.

RICHARD: A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.  
Among this princely heap, if any here  
Hold me a foe, I desire  
To reconcile me to his friendly peace  
And desire all good men's love.  
I thank my God for my humility.

QUEEN: My sovereign lord I do beseech you  
To reconcile yourself with your brother Clarence.

RICHARD: Why madam, have I offered love for this?  
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?

EDWARD IV: Who knows *not* he is dead?  
Who knows he *is*? *Is Clarence dead?*  
The order was reversed!

RICHARD: But he, poor man, by your *first* order died  
Because his name was George!  
And that a winged Mercury did bear.  
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand!

EDWARD IV: Who sued for him? Who kneeled at my feet  
And bid me change my mind?  
Who spoke of brotherhood?  
Who spoke of love?

(HE HAS AN APOPLEPTIC SEIZURE. SOME LORDS LEAVE WITH THE  
KING AND QUEEN)

RICHARD: This is the fruit of rashness.  
Let us go.

(RICHARD AND BUCKINGHAM LOOK AT EACH OTHER)

BUCKINGHAM: I'll wait upon your grace.

(BLACKOUT. INTERMEZZO)

## 6. OUTSIDE WESTMINSTER ABBEY

(QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, RIVERS, LORDS,  
BUCKINGHAM, RICHARD, HASTINGS, CHORUS OF CITIZENS,  
PLANCTUS)

QUEEN:           Who will prevent me  
                    From wailing and weeping...

DUCHESS OF YORK: Edward my son, our king is dead...

TOGETHER:       Why grow the branches  
                    When the root is gone?  
                    Why do the leaves not wither  
                    When their sap is gone?

DUCHESS OF YORK: You still have the comfort  
                        of your children,  
                        You are a widow  
                        But you are still a mother.

QUEEN:           Ah, for my dear husband...

DUCHESS OF YORK: Ah, for my dear Edward  
                        and for Clarence...

(RIVERS ENTERS)

RIVERS:           Madam, think like a careful mother  
                    And send straight for young Prince Edward.  
                    Let him be crowned Edward the Fifth,  
                    In him your comfort lies!

(RICHARD AND BUCKINGHAM ENTER)

RICHARD:         Sister have comfort.  
                    Madam, my mother, I did not see your grace,  
                    Humbly on my knee I crave your blessing!

DUCHESS: God bless you and put meekness in your heart,  
Love, charity, obedience and true duty.

RICHARD: Amen.  
(ASIDE) And make me die a good old man!  
That's the butt-end of a mother's blessing!  
I marvel her grace did leave it out.

BUCKINGHAM: It seems to me that with some *little* train  
The young prince should be fetched here to London.

RIVERS: Why with some *little* train, my lord?

BUCKINGHAM: Lest by a multitude the new healed wound  
Of civil war break out afresh.

RICHARD: I hope the King made peace with all of us;  
The compact is firm and true in me!

RIVERS: And so in me.  
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham  
It is right so few should fetch the Prince.

RICHARD: Then let us determine who it should be.

(ALL LEAVE EXCEPT RICHARD AND BUCKINGHAM)

BUCKINGHAM: I'll sort occasion to separate  
The Queen's proud brothers from the Prince.

RICHARD: My other self, my oracle, my prophet,  
I as a child will go by your direction.

(THEY LEAVE TOGETHER. A GROUP OF CITIZENS ENTER)

CHORUS 1: Is it true the King is dead?

CHORUS 2: Yes, yes, all too true.

CHORUS 1: Then God help us all!

CHORUS 2: Look to see a troubled world.



CHORUS 1: By God's good grace his son shall reign!

CHORUS 2: Woe to the land,  
Woe to the land that's governed by a child!

CHORUS 1: In his full and ripened years  
No doubt he'll govern well!

CHORUS 2: So stood the state when Henry the Sixth  
Was crowned in Paris at nine months old!  
We fear the worst.

CHORUS 1: All will be well,  
All will be well!

CHORUS 2: Full of danger is Richard of Gloucester,  
And the Queen's brothers are proud and haughty!  
The hearts of the men are full of fear  
And everyone you meet is full of dread!

CHORUS 1: All is well,  
All will be well!

CHORUS 2: When clouds are seen  
Wise men put on their cloaks!  
When great leaves fall  
Then winter is at hand!  
When the sun sets  
Who does not expect the night?

(THE COFFIN OF EDWARD IV IS CARRIED ACROSS THE STAGE BY  
MONKS SINGING 'IN PARADISUM'.)

## 7. THE ARRIVAL OF EDWARD V

(RICHARD, BUCKINGHAM AND LORDS WAIT FOR THE ARRIVAL OF  
EDWARD V IN THE THRONE ROOM. TRUMPETS AND DRUMS. THE  
YOUNG PRINCE ENTERS, CLIMBS THE STEPS AND SITS ON THE  
THRONE.)

BUCKINGHAM: Welcome sweet Prince to London!

RICHARD: Welcome dear cousin,  
The weary way has made you melancholy.

EDWARD: No, uncle, but the news of Uncle Rivers  
Has made it tedious and heavy.  
I want more uncles to welcome me.

RICHARD: Those uncles which you want were dangerous.  
God keep you from them, and such false friends.

EDWARD: God keep me from false friends  
But they were none.

(ENTER HASTINGS)

HASTINGS: My lord, the Queen your mother  
And your brother York have taken sanctuary!

ALL: Sanctuary!

BUCKINGHAM: Archbishop, will your grace persuade the Queen  
To send the boy immediately.

ARCHBISHOP: God forbid we should infringe  
The privilege of holy sanctuary!

BUCKINGHAM: You break not sanctuary in seizing him.  
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,  
But sanctuary children never till now!

ALL: Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

ARCHBISHOP: My lord, you shall over-rule my mind.  
Lord Hastings will you go with me?

HASTINGS: I will my lord.

(ARCHBISHOP AND HASTINGS LEAVE)

EDWARD: Uncle Richard, when our brother comes  
Where shall we stay until our coronation?

RICHARD:           Where you think best, my lord.  
                      If I may counsel you, some day or two  
                      Your highness might sojourn at the Tower.

(TOWER THEME)

EDWARD:           I do not like the Tower of any place.  
                      Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?

RICHARD:           He did, my gracious lord, begin that place.

EDWARD:           Is it upon record?

RICHARD:           Upon record, my gracious lord.

EDWARD:           But even if it were not  
                      I think the truth would live from age to age  
                      Even to the final judgement day.

RICHARD:           (ASIDE) So wise so young, they say,  
                      Never do live long.

EDWARD:           I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

BUCKINGHAM:      What my gracious lord?

EDWARD:           If I live to be a man  
                      I'll win our ancient rights in France again  
                      Or die a soldier as I lived a king.

RICHARD:           (ASIDE) Short summers often have a forward spring!

(ENTER PRINCE RICHARD, HASTINGS AND ARCHBISHOP)

EDWARD:           Richard of York, how fares our noble brother?

YORK:              Well, my dread lord, (so I must call you now).

(TO RICHARD)      I pray you, uncle, give me your dagger.

RICHARD:           My dagger, little cousin, with all my heart!

EDWARD:           A beggar, brother?

YORK: Of my kind uncle, that I know will give.

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

YORK: A greater gift? Oh, that's the sword to it.

RICHARD: It's too weighty for your grace to wear.

YORK: Please give it to me, uncle.

RICHARD: What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

(THEY ALL LAUGH. THE PRINCE OF YORK IS SOMEWHAT PUT OUT)

EDWARD: Uncle, you know 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 I am little like an ape,  
He thinks that you should bear me –  
On your shoulder!!!

(BIG MUSICAL CLIMAX. HORRIFIED REACTION FROM RICHARD,  
THEN THE COURTIERS. THE PRINCES BACK AWAY AS RICHARD  
GLOWERS AT THEM.)

RICHARD: My lord, will it please you pass along.  
I go to your mother to entreat her  
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

(TOWER MUSIC)

YORK: (TO EDWARD) Will you go to the Tower?

EDWARD: My Lord Protector will have it so.

YORK: I shall not sleep quiet at the Tower.

RICHARD: Why, what shall you fear?

YORK: My uncle Clarence's angry ghost.  
My grandma told me he was murdered there.

EDWARD: I fear no uncles dead.

RICHARD: Nor none that live, I hope.

EDWARD: And if they live, I hope I need not fear.  
But come, my brother, and with a heavy heart.  
Thinking on them, we go to the Tower.

(THE PRINCES LEAVE WITH HASTINGS, ARCHBISHOP AND LORDS.  
RICHARD AND BUCKINGHAM REMAIN.)

BUCKINGHAM: Now my lord, what shall we do if  
Lord Hastings will not yield to our conspiracy?

RICHARD: Chop off his head, man.  
Something we will do.  
When I am King, claim of me  
All my brother's property.

(THEY LEAVE. INTERMEZZO TOWER MUSIC)

## 8. COUNCIL CHAMBER IN THE TOWER

(SOLDIERS BRING IN THE COUNCIL TABLE AND CHAIRS.  
BUCKINGHAM, HASTINGS, ARCHBISHOP, RATCLIFFE AND LOVELL  
SEAT THEMSELVES AT THE COUNCIL TABLE. NIGHT OF THE LONG  
KNIVES.)

HASTINGS: Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met  
Is to determine the date of the Coronation.  
When is the royal day to be?

ARCHBISHOP: Tomorrow I judge to be a happy day.

BUCKINGHAM: Who knows the Lord Protector's mind in this?

ARCHBISHOP: Your grace should soonest know his mind.

BUCKINGHAM: We know each others' faces. For our hearts  
He knows no more of mine than I of yours.  
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

(ENTER RICHARD)

HASTINGS: My noble lords and cousins all, good morning!  
I have been too long asleep, but I trust my absence  
Has neglected no deep design.

BUCKINGHAM: Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,  
Lord Hastings would have pronounced for you.

RICHARD: Oh? No man might be bolder than my lord Hastings.  
My lord Archbishop, when I was last in Holborn  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there,  
I do beseech you send for some of them.

ARCHBISHOP: I will, my lord, with all my heart.

(EXIT ARCHBISHOP)

RICHARD: (TO BUCKINGHAM) Hastings said to Catesby  
He would rather lose his head than Edward's son  
Should lose the throne!

BUCKINGHAM: (TO RICHARD) Withdraw yourself a while, I'll go with you.  
(RICHARD AND BUCKINGHAM LEAVE)

HASTINGS: We have not yet fixed the coronation.  
Tomorrow in my view is far too sudden.

(ENTER ARCHBISHOP)

ARCHBISHOP: Where is my lord the Duke of Gloucester?  
I have sent for these strawberries.

HASTINGS: His grace looked cheerfully this morning.  
No one can lesser hide his love or hate than he.

(ENTER RICHARD AND BUCKINGHAM)

RICHARD: Tell me what they deserve  
That conspire my death with devillish plots  
Of damned witchcraft and have prevailed  
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

HASTINGS: I say that they have deserved death.

RICHARD: Behold my arm! Like a blasted sapling withered up,  
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch, Elizabeth,  
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me!

HASTINGS: If they have done this...

RICHARD: If! Protector of this damned strumpet! If!  
You are a traitor. Off with his head!  
I will not dine until I see it.  
Lovell and Ratcliffe see that it is done.  
The rest that love me, rise and follow me!

(RICHARD LEAVES WITH BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, ARCHBISHOP.  
HASTINGS REMAINS SEATED AT THE TABLE WITH RATCLIFFE AND  
LOVELL)

HASTINGS: Woe for England, not a whit for me.  
I might have prevented  
Had I not been so stupid!

RATCLIFFE: Come on, the Duke would be at dinner.  
Prepare yourself quickly.  
He longs to see your head.

HASTINGS:  
(ARIA)  
O bloody Richard. Miserable England.  
I prophesy the fearfulest time to come  
That any age has seen. Lead me to the block.  
Bear him my head.  
They smile at me that shortly shall be dead!

Domine Ihesu Christi qui me creasti...

(RATCLIFFE AND LOVELL BEHEAD HASTINGS. SOLDIERS TAKE OUT  
THE COUNCIL TABLE AND CHAIRS. A WOMAN WASHES UP THE  
BLOOD.)

## 9. BAYNARD'S CASTLE

(NOISE OF ANGRY CITIZENS WHO THEN ENTER WITH THE LORD MAYOR)

CHORUS 1: Is it true that Hastings now is dead?

CHORUS 2: Yes, yes, all too true.

CHORUS 1: Then God help us all!

CHORUS 2: Woe to the land that's governed by a child!

CHORUS 1: We fear the worst,  
All will be well!

CHORUS 2: Henry dead, Edward dead,  
Hastings dead, Lord Grey dead,  
Clarence dead, all murdered  
All murdered!

CHORUS 1:  
(ARIA) When clouds are seen  
Wise men put on their cloaks!  
When great leaves fall  
Then winter is at hand!  
When the sun sets  
Who does not expect the night?

(CITIZENS LEAVE FOLLOWED BY THE MAYOR. RICHARD AND BUCKINGHAM ENTER FROM DIFFERENT SIDES OF THE STAGE)

RICHARD: What said the citizens?

BUCKINGHAM: The citizens are mum, say not a word.

RICHARD: Did you speak of the bastardy of Edward's children?

BUCKINGHAM: I did, and the insatiate greediness of his desire,  
And I bid them that did love their country's good  
Cry 'God save King Richard, England's royal King!'

RICHARD: And did they so?



BUCKINGHAM: No God help us, they spake not a word!

RICHARD: Where is the Mayor?

BUCKINGHAM: The Mayor is here at hand.  
Get a prayer book in your hand.

(RICHARD LEAVES. MAYOR AND CITIZENS RE-ENTER)

Welcome, my lord.  
I think Duke Richard will not be spoken with.  
He is with two right reverend fathers  
Divinely bent on meditation.  
Happy were England if he were king!

MAYOR: God defend the Duke should say us nay!

(ENTER CATESBY)

BUCKINGHAM: Catesby, what says his grace?

CATESBY: He wonders why you have assembled  
Such *troops* of citizens.  
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

CITIZENS  
1, 2, 3 & 4 No, no, we mean him no harm.  
Beg him to come back.  
By heaven, we come in perfect love.  
Return once more and tell his grace.

(EXIT CATESBY. RICHARD ENTERS ON THE BALCONY ABOVE THE CROWD, WITH RATCLIFFE AND LOVELL DISGUISED AS PRIESTS ON EITHER SIDE OF HIM.)

MAYOR: Look where his grace stands between two clergymen!

BUCKINGHAM: Famous Plantagenet, gracious Prince!  
Be favourable to our requests  
And pardon us this interruption!

RICHARD: What is our grace's pleasure?

BUCKINGHAM: That which I hope pleases God above!

RICHARD: I fear that I am guilty of some offence  
And you have come to reprehend me.

BUCKINGHAM: The only fault is if you *resign* the throne,  
And we are here to beg you to take on the charge  
And government of the realm!  
To be our King, a role that is rightly yours!

RICHARD: But the Royal tree has left us Royal fruit!

BUCKINGHAM: Young Edward is your brother's son  
But not by Edward's wife!

MAYOR: Take the crown my lord  
The citizens entreat you.

BUCKINGHAM: Your brother's son shall never reign,  
We will plant some other on the throne,  
Come citizens we will entreat no more.

(BUCKINGHAM LEAVES WITH THE MAYOR AND CITIZENS)

CATESBY: Call them back again!

RICHARD: Will you enforce me to a world of cares?  
Very well, call them back again.

(CATESBY LEAVES, THEN RETURNS WITH BUCKINGHAM, MAYOR  
AND CITIZENS)

Since you will buckle fortune on my back  
I must have patience to endure the load.

MAYOR: God bless your grace!

BUCKINGHAM: We salute you with this Royal title  
Long live King Richard, England's worthy King!

CITIZENS

1, 2, 3&4

Long live King Richard, England's worthy King  
You make us joyful now you are our King!  
You bless us and the land as well,  
Long live King Richard, England's worthy King!

(TRUMPETS AND DRUMS, THE MAYOR AND CITIZENS LEAVE  
CHEERING. RICHARD COLLAPSES LAUGHING INTO BUCKINGHAM'S  
ARMS. THEN HE STRETCHES OUT HIS HAND FOR BUCKINGHAM TO  
KISS. HE LOWERS HIS HAND SO THAT BUCKINGHAM IS FORCED  
ONTO HIS KNEES TO KISS RICHARD'S RING.)

## SECOND ACT

### 1. CORONATION OF RICHARD III

(RICHARD, LADY ANNE, BUCKINGHAM, ARCHBISHOP, CATESBY, LOVELL, RATCLIFFE, TYRREL, LORDS, NOBLES, ATTENDANTS. FANFARES. AT THE FOOT OF THE HIGH STEPPED THRONE RICHARD IS CROWNED BY THE ARCHBISHOP.)

CHORUS            God save King Richard! England's worthy King! (SHOUTED)

Laudate eum in sono tubae!  
Laudate eum in psalterio et cithara!  
Laudate eum in tympano et choro!  
Laudate eum in chordis et organo!  
Laudate eum in cymbalis benesonantibus!  
Laudate eum in cymbalis jubilationis!  
Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum! (SUNG)

(EVERYONE LEAVES IN PROCESSION EXCEPT BUCKINGHAM, RICHARD AND LADY ANNE, WHO SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR, AND IS GIVEN SOMETHING TO DRINK BY RICHARD.)

RICHARD:        Cousin of Buckingham.

BUCKINGHAM: My gracious sovereign.

RICHARD:        Give me your hand.

(FANFARES ARE HEARD OUTSIDE. LIMPING BADLY AND HOLDING ON TO BUCKINGHAM, HE CLIMBS THE STEPS OF THE THRONE.)

Shall we wear these glories for a day  
Or shall they last?

BUCKINGHAM: Let them last forever!

RICHARD:        But young Edward lives...  
Now think what I was going to say...

BUCKINGHAM: Say on, my lord...

RICHARD:        Why Buckingham, I say I would be king.

BUCKINGHAM: Why so you are, my lord.

RICHARD: Cousin, you didn't use to be so dull.  
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead!  
Speak, be brief.

BUCKINGHAM: Your grace may do your pleasure.

RICHARD: You are all ice. Do I have your consent  
That they shall die?

BUCKINGHAM: Give me some little breath  
Before I positively speak in this.

(BUCKINGHAM LEAVES)

RICHARD: High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.  
Boy!

PAGE: My lord?

RICHARD: Do you know anyone whom corrupting gold  
Will tempt to a close exploit of death?

PAGE: I know a penniless and discontented gentleman;  
God will tempt him to anything.

RICHARD: What is his name?

PAGE: His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

RICHARD: I partly know the man. Call him here.

PAGE: Yes, my lord.

RICHARD: Catesby!

CATESBY: My lord.

RICHARD: Rumour it abroad that Anne, my wife,  
Is very sick and like to die.

(CATESBY LEAVES)

I must be married to my brother's daughter,  
Murder her brothers and then marry her,  
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.  
I am in so far in blood that sin will pluck on sin.  
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.  
I am myself... alone...

(ENTER PAGE WITH TYRREL)

Is your name Tyrrel?

TYRREL: James Tyrrel and your most obedient subject.

RICHARD: Are you indeed?

TYRREL: Prove me, my lord!

RICHARD: Dare you resolve to kill a friend of mine?

TYRREL: If you wish, but I'd rather kill  
Two of your enemies!

RICHARD: Why there you have it. Two deep enemies.  
I mean those bastards in the Tower!

TYRREL: Let me have open means to come to them  
And I'll soon rid you of the fear of them.

RICHARD: You sing sweet music. Go by this token...  
(HE GIVES HIM A LETTER)  
Rise and lend your ear.  
(TYRREL CLIMBS THE THRONE. RICHARD  
WHISPERS IN HIS EAR)  
Say it is done and I will love you and prefer you for it.

TYRREL: I will despatch it straight.

(TYRREL LEAVES. ENTER BUCKINGHAM)

BUCKINGHAM: My lord, I have considered your late request.

RICHARD: Well, let that rest.

BUCKINGHAM: And, my lord, I claim the property  
Which you have promised I shall possess.

RICHARD: (THINKING ALOUD) Many of my lords have fled to  
Richmond.

BUCKINGHAM: What says your highness to my just request?

RICHARD: I do remember Henry the Sixth did prophesy  
Richmond would be king.  
Richmond king? Perhaps.

BUCKINGHAM: May it please you to resolve me in my request?

RICHARD: What's o'clock?

BUCKINGHAM: Upon the stroke of ten.

RICHARD: Well let it strike!  
Because like a jack you keep the stroke  
Between your begging and my meditation!  
I'm not in the giving vein today!

(RICHARD AND HIS ATTENDANTS LEAVE)

BUCKINGHAM: Does he repay my deep service with such contempt?  
Made I him king for this? Oh, let me think of Hastings  
And be gone back to my home, while my fearful head is on.

(HE LEAVES)

## 2. OUTSIDE THE TOWER

(ENTER QUEEN ELIZABETH, QUEEN ANNE, DUCHESS OF YORK.)

ANNE: Oh, would to God that the enclosing rim  
Of golden metal that rounds my brow  
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brains.

ELIZABETH: Poor soul, I envy not your glory  
But wish yourself no harm.

ANNE  
(ARIA)

Why not? When he that is my husband now  
Came to me as I followed Edward's corpse,  
When I looked on Richard's face this was my wish  
'If ever he have wife, let her be made  
More miserable by the death of him  
Than I am made by my lord'  
But my woman's heart grew captive to his honey words  
And I proved the subject of mine own soul's curse!

ELIZABETH: Here is the Lieutenant.

(ENTER BRACKENBURY)

How are the Prince and my young son of York?

BRACKENBURY: Right well, dear Madam,  
But I may not allow you to visit them.  
The King has strictly charged the contrary.

ELIZABETH: I am their mother. Who shall bar me from them?

DUCHESS: I am their father's mother. I *will* see them.

ANNE: I am their aunt in law, in love their mother,  
Then bring me to them!

BRACKENBURY: No, Madam, I may not. I am bound by oath.

(HE LEAVES)

DUCHESS: (TO ANNE) Go to Richard, and good angels look after you!

ANNE: Not for one hour in his bed  
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep  
But always with his timorous dreams I was awaked.  
There is no doubt, he shortly will be rid of me.

DUCHESS: (TO ELIZABETH) Go back to sanctuary!  
And my blessings go with you.

ELIZABETH: Kind mother, thanks.



DUCHESS: I'll to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!  
Eighty-odd years of sorrow have I seen  
And each hour's joy wracked with a week of grief.

ELIZABETH: Stay, look back with me at the Tower.  
Pity you ancient stones, those tender babes  
Whom envy has immured within your walls,  
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones.

ALL THREE  
TOGETHER: Pity you ancient stones, those tender babes  
Whom envy has immured within your walls,  
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones.

(Ensemble)

ELIZABETH: Rude, ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow  
For tender Princes, use my babies well.

ALL THREE: Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow  
For tender Princes, use her babies well.

DUCHESS: Sorrow bids your stones farewell.

ALL THREE: Sorrow bids your stones farewell.

ANNE: Pity you ancient stones, those tender babes,  
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones.

ALL THREE: Pity you ancient stones, those tender babes,  
Rough cradle for such litty pretty ones.

### 3. THE THRONE ROOM

LIGHT UP ON TYRREL ALONE. AS HE SPEAKS WE SEE THE SCENE ENACTED, ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STAGE, THE PRINCES IN BED, FIRST AND SECOND MURDERERS COMING FROM BEHIND THE BED, TAKING THE PILLOWS AND SMOTHERING THE CHILDREN ETC. THE KING IS ON HIS THRONE, CENTRE, BUT NOT VISIBLE UNTIL THE END OF TYRREL'S NARRATION.

TYRREL:           The tyrannous act is done!  
The two base murderers I corrupted  
To do this deed told me that the Princes lay...  
'Girdling one another  
Within their alabaster innocent arms.  
Their lips were four red roses on a single stalk,  
Which in their summer beauty kissed each other,  
A book of prayers lay open on their pillow...  
We smothered the most replenished sweet work of nature  
That from the prime creation was ever framed.'

With conscience and remorse  
They could not speak, and so I left them  
To bear these tidings to the bloody King.

(MUSICAL POSTLUDE. LIGHT UP ON THE KING ON HIS THRONE. HE SUMMONS TYRREL WHO RECOUNTS THE MURDER WHISPERING IN HIS EAR. THEN TYRREL LEAVES.)

RICHARD:         The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,  
And Anne, my wife, has bid this world good night!  
Who comes here?

(HIS MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF YORK ENTERS)

DUCHESS:         Your mother Richard  
That might have intercepted you  
By strangling you in her accursed womb  
From all the slaughters you have done.

RICHARD:         You speak too bitterly.

DUCHESS:         Where are your brother's children?  
You bottled spider, where is your brother Clarence?  
Where are the gentle Rivers, Vaughan and Grey?  
Where is kind Hastings?  
And where are your nephews now? King Edward V,  
Pretty little Prince Edward?

(RICHARD DESCENDS FROM THE THRONE AND SHOUTS TO OFFSTAGE MUSICIANS)

RICHARD: A flourish trumpets! Strike alarum, drums!  
Let not the heavens hear this tell-tale woman  
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say!

(FLOURISH. ALARUMS. TRUMPETS AND DRUMS)

DUCHESS: Are you my son?

RICHARD: Yes, I thank God, my father and yourself.

DUCHESS: Hear my impatience.

RICHARD: Be brief, good mother, for I am in haste.

DUCHESS: Oh, I have waited for you!  
God knows in torment and in agony.

RICHARD: And came I not at last to comfort you?

DUCHESS: No, by the Holy Cross!  
You came on earth to make the earth my Hell.  
A grievous burden was your birth to me,  
Your schooldays frightful, desperate,  
The prime of manhood wild and furious,  
Your age sly and bloody.  
What comfortable hour can you name  
That ever graced me with your company?

RICHARD: I must muster men.  
Let me march on and not offend you, madam.  
Strike up the drum! (DRUMS)

DUCHESS: Hear me speak, for I shall never speak to you again.  
Take with you my most grievous curse  
Which in the day of battle tire you more  
Than all the complete armour that you wear.  
Bloody you are, bloody will be your end,  
Shame serves your life, and does your death attend!

(RICHARD SINKS TO THE GROUND. SHE LEAVES. ENTER CATESBY,  
LOVELL AND RATCLIFFE.)

RICHARD: Catesby, what's the news with you?  
CATESBY: None good, my lord, to please you with the hearing,  
Nor none so bad but may well be reported.

RICHARD: Hey-day, a riddle! Neither good nor bad!  
Once again, what's the news?

RATCLIFFE: Richmond is on the seas.

RICHARD: There let him sink and be the seas on him!

RATCLIFFE: He makes for England, there to claim the crown.

RICHARD: Is the chair empty? Is the sword unswayed?  
Is the king dead? The empire unpossessed?  
You will revolt and fly to him I fear.

CATESBY: No, my lord, mistrust us not!  
RATCLIFFE:

RICHARD: Then where is your power to beat him back?

CAT, RAT: Our friends are in the North.

RICHARD: Cold friends to me! What do they in the North?  
When they should serve their sovereign in the west.  
Go and muster men!

(ENTER A MESSENGER)

MESSENGER: Sir Edward Courtney with the Bishop of Exeter  
And many more confederates are in arms!

(ENTER A SECOND MESSENGER)

2 MESSENGER: In Kent the Guildfords are in arms  
And every hour more men flock to the rebels  
And their power grows strong!

(ENTER A THIRD MESSENGER)

3 MESSENGER: My lord, the army of great Buckingham...

RICHARD: (HITS HIM) Silence, you screech-owls, nothing but songs of death!

3 MESSENGER: The news I have to tell your majesty  
Is Buckingham's great army is dispersed and scattered  
And he himself wandered away no man knows where.

RICHARD: I cry you mercy, here is my purse  
To cure that blow of yours.

(HE GIVES HIM MONEY. ENTER A FOURTH MESSENGER)

4 MESSENGER: Good comfort to your majesty!  
Richmond and the Breton Navy is wrecked by storm!

RICHARD: March on, since we are up in arms  
If not to fight with foreign armies  
Yet to beat down rebels here at home!

CATESBY: My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken!

RICHARD: Off with his head! (SILENCE)

LOVELL: And the Earl of Richmond is landed at Milford.

RICHARD: Away towards Salisbury.  
While we reason here a Royal battle  
May be won or lost.

(THEY LEAVE. INTERMEZZO MARZIALE)

#### 4. RICHMOND COMES TO CLAIM THE THRONE

(ENTER RICHMOND WITH HIS ARMY, DRUMS AND COLOURS.)

RICHMOND: The wretched, bloody and usurping boar  
That spoiled your summer fields and fruitful vines,  
Is even now in the centre of this isle.  
In God's name cheerfully on, courageous friends.

ARMY  
(Chorus): Every man's conscience is a thousand men  
To fight against this guilty homicide!

RICHMOND: He has no friends  
But what are friends for fear  
Which in his dearest need  
Will fly from him!

ARMY: In God's name march!  
True hope is swift  
And flies with swallows wings,  
Kings it makes Gods  
And meaner creatures Kings!

RICHMOND: In God's name cheerfully on  
Courageous friends  
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace!

ARMY: In God's name march!  
True hope is swift  
And flies with swallows wings,  
Courageous friends march on,  
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings!

##### 5. GHOSTS VISIT RICHARD AND RICHMOND

(RICHARD AND RICHMOND ENTER IN ARMS WITH THEIR FOLLOWERS. THEY GO TO OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE STAGE. SUNSET.)

RICHARD: Here pitch our tent  
Here in Bosworth Field.  
Here will I lie tonight  
But where tomorrow?  
Well, all's one for that!

RICHMOND: The weary sun has made a golden set  
And gives token of a goodly day tomorrow.  
Let us consult about tomorrow's business  
In my tent, the dew is raw and cold.

RICHARD: What's o'clock?

CATESBY: It's supper time, my lord.

RICHARD: I will not eat tonight.  
Give me some ink and paper.  
Is my helmet easier than it was  
And all my armour laid out in my tent?

CATESBY: It is, my liege.

RICHARD: Fill me a bowl of wine.  
I have not that alacrity of spirit  
Nor cheer of mind  
That I was wont to have.

(RATCLIFFE BRINGS WINE)

About the mid of night come to my tent  
And help to arm me  
Leave me I say.

(THE GHOSTS OF RICHARD'S VICTIMS WALK BETWEEN THE TWO TENTS, PASSING FROM RICHARD'S TO RICHMOND'S. THEIR VOICES LAP OVER EACH OTHER AND THEY STAY ON THE BATTLEFIELD, WATCHING, UNTIL THE END OF THE OPERA)

CLARENCE: (TO RICHARD) Let me sit heavy on your soul tomorrow.  
I that was washed to death with fulsome wine,  
In the battle think of me. Despair and die!  
(TO RICHMOND) Good angels guard your battle  
Live and flourish!

HASTINGS: (TO RICHARD) Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake  
And in a bloody battle end your days!  
Think on Lord Hastings, despair and die!  
(TO RICHMOND) Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake  
Arm, fight and conquer for England's sake!

TWO PRINCES: (CLIMBING ON RICHARD)  
Dream on your cousins smothered in the Tower  
Let us weigh you down in ruin, shame and death!  
Your nephews' souls bid you despair and die!

(TO RICHMOND) Sleep Richmond, sleep in peace, wake in joy.  
Good angels guard you from the Boar's annoy!  
Live and beget a happy race of kings  
Edward's unhappy sons bid you flourish!

ANNE: Richard, your wife that never slept  
A quiet hour with you, now fills your sleep  
With perturbation. Despair and die!  
(TO RICHMOND) You quiet soul, sleep a quiet sleep  
Dream of success and happy victory!

BUCKINGHAM: (TO RICHARD) I was the first that helped you to the crown  
The last to feel your tyranny.  
In the battle think of Buckingham  
And die in terror of your guiltiness!  
(TO RICHMOND) God and good angels fight on  
Richmond's side  
And Richard fall in height of all his pride!

(RICHARD WAKES UP SCREAMING)

RICHARD: Give me another horse! Bind up my wounds!  
I did but dream...  
I shall despair, there is no creature loves me,  
And if I die no soul will pity me...  
Who's there?

RATCLIFFE: Ratcliffe, my lord.

RICHARD: Shadows tonight have struck more terror in my soul  
Than the substance of ten thousand soldiers!  
Come, bustle, bustle!  
Caparison, my horse!  
March on! Fight bravely! Let us to it pell-mell!  
If not to heaven then hand in hand to Hell!

DRUMS AND TRUMPETS. INTERMEZZO WITH PERCUSSION.



## 6. THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH

DRUMS IN THE DISTANCE

RICHARD: A thousand hearts are great within my bosom!  
Advance our standards! Let Saint George give courage  
And inspire us with the anger of fiery dragons!

ARMY: Fight men of England!  
Archers draw your arrows to the head!  
Spur your proud horses hard  
And ride in blood!

(A FOG DESCENDS. THE BATTLE TAKES PLACE. A WILD BOAR EMERGES FROM THE FOG. SOLDIERS SURROUND IT WITH SPEARS. THEY TAKE OFF THEIR HELMETS. ALL OF THEM HAVE THE FACE OF RICHMOND. REPEAT OF PROLOGUE BOAR-HUNT MUSIC.)

CATESBY: Rescue! Rescue! Rescue!  
The King enacts more wonders than a man!

RICHARD: A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!  
I have set my life upon a throw  
And I will stand the hazard of the dice.  
I think there are six Richmonds in the field  
I have slain five instead of him.  
A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!

(RICHMOND ENTERS. RICHARD AND RICHMOND FIGHT. RICHARD IS SLAIN. THE SOLDIERS GATHER ROUND HIM WITH SPEARS AND STICK THEM IN HIM.)

RICHMOND: God be praised, victorious friends!  
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead!

ARMY: God be praised, the day is ours!  
The bloody hog is dead.

(HALF-  
CHORUS): The Cat, the Rat and Lovell the Dog  
Ruled all England under the Hog!  
And now the day is ours!

ARMY:                   God be praised, the day is ours!  
                          The bloody hog is dead!!

(INTERMEZZO)

## 7. THE CORONATION OF HENRY VII

(HENRY VII, QUEEN ELIZABETH, ARCHBISHOP, LORDS, LADIES,  
NOBLES, PAGES, MONKS.)

CHORUS:               Laudate pueri Dominum  
                          Laudate nomen Domini.

(HALF-  
CHORUS):             Sit nomen Domini benedictum  
                          Et hoc nunc, et usque in saeculum,  
                          Excelsus super omnes gentes Dominus  
                          Et super caelos gloria eius!

HENRY VII:           We will unite the white rose and the red!  
                          England has long been mad and scarred herself;  
                          All this divided York and Lancaster,  
                          Oh now let Richmond and Elizabeth  
                          By God's fair ordinance conjoin together.  
                          Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace  
                          With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days.

CHORUS:               Let them not live  
                          To taste this land's increase  
                          That would with treason  
                          Wound this fair land's peace!  
                          Peace! Peace! Peace! Peace!

THE SHADOW OF RICHARD III'S GHOST COVERS THE STAGE.

END