**The Pretension of Richard IV, Part 1**

**By Jared McDaris**

**1.1**

[*Enter Margaret Duchess of Burgundy with Attendants, followed by Robert Clifford, John Kendal, and Don Pedro Brampton*]

***Burgundy***

If *Richard* doth presume to coronate,

Then all will spy a *Lucifer* within

His gilted brilliance, not a Sav*i*or.

***Kendal***

Then let the Irish Clergy crown him King.

***Clifford***

Good *Burgundy*, y’are so remov*e*d from

Our Isle that you are a stranger to its Thoughts.

If th’ hand, nay Ring, of *Burgundy* declares

Him King, then all may courtesy upon

His conquest, but within their homes they’ll say

He is no Sovereign.

***Burgundy***

The very wound, the break

We mean to spread apart in our great Foe.

That keen Usurper *Henry* is no higher

Nor better in his breeding than our kind

And gentle Nephew. As Fugitive from home

They both have liv’d, and such can never be

Regarded trustful. But there, our *Richard* differs,

For in these walls of mine he knows a love,

And in these halls of mine he holds a home,

However fickle in its surety,

While bastard *Henry* flew, from pit to pit,

And sew’d no mercy in his spoiling heart.

So all of *England* whispers in their doors

*This Frenchman’s not our King*.

***Kendal***

And so they’ll say

Of *Richard*, if he’s crown’d by *France*, Lady.

***Burgundy***

*Don* *Pedro*, will you amend this Argument?

***Don Pedro***

I’ve brought the Boy to you. I seek my pay.

***Burgundy***

You might have sought my purser in this wise.

Are you so innocent to Mercenary

Contrivances, who hath follow*e*d the coin

Of Kings from infancy? I do not hold it.

***Don Pedro***

You say.

***Burgundy***

You proved a shadow to my staunch retainers,

And as the whirlpool ciphered up each grote

Of news. Are you a spy to cling so to us?

***Don Pedro***

I’m curious, my Lady, I confess.

My Faith is to my profits only, neither

Will I tie my charity to a Cloud

That dissolves into the sky upon

The Sun’s harsh baking. No, I think nothing.

***Burgundy***

You do, and cunning bids you hold your peace.

***Don Pedro***

I always obey my cunning, Lady. Yes.

***Burgundy***

I say you are confederate in our Quest,

For sailors drop their wares and see the purser

At once but you, *Don Pedro*, hang about.

Then you are a reluctant Champion

To th’ right King *Richard*, son of *Edward’s* blood,

Or else you are an oily spy that aims

To sell our stories to the stied Usurper.

***Don Pedro***

I do not know the King, my Lady.

***Burgundy***

Thou do’st.

The King is here, deliver*e*d by thee,

Thou Baptist, herald to the fiery Dawn,

And I would have thy counsel, partisan.

***Don Pedro***

The *English*, Duchess, are a squabbly race,

That if you tie them either end unto

A mast, they’ll bicker back and forth their bearings

Until they’re hoarse. If two such men appear

Before you, concerted in their efforts, that

Is something noblemen will hearken, Lady.

***Burgundy***

So three men call me fool. But none of you

Hath known a Mother’s anguish, nor th’ denial

Of evil barity upon your worth

That fate, and wickedest, Time, may lower

On you. I pray you never shall. My Nephew,

He is the White Rose, the bane of *Lancaster*,

And Legend will record that mine own Hand

Did make him King.

***Clifford***

Madam, list what History

Hath made of your own Brothers. *Edward*, great

And lusty in his joys, a loving King

Now *Henry’s* Hist’ry makes a lech’rous glutton.

And Pious *Richard*, namesake to our Hope,

Defamed a twisted, envious beast. The Crown

Creates Truth, surely as the gardn’er plants

His Roses, ay, and too expunges falsehood

As weeds. When *Richard* sits upon his Throne,

We’ll weed th’Usurper’s tale from out that Garden

And set whatever bloss’ming truth we wish

Within its place.

***Don Pedro***

Your Truth is an Illusion.

***Burgundy***

I’d bid thee speak plainly against the flattery

Of Lords, but none will turn a comforting Lip

To me. Say on, I’ll bear thee, harsher still.

***Don Pedro***

Good Duchess, once in *Tournai* I left your Boy

Whilst I did sail into the depths of *Africk*,

For *Spain* had charg’d me t’set some Prince upon

His lost Throne there. I plied my way into

The secret folds of that dark place, in hopes

To find the fabled kingdom ‘f *John*,

The Prester Christian King. But Moon and Moon

Reveal’d no Treasures, ‘n my men could scent my Blood

With each red morning. Th’Prince was happy in

Th’belief that soon his mighty seat would be

Rebuilt, and blinded to the hunger in

The Eyes of my good men. So when the thoughts

Of Prester *John* his fortunes did avoid

My hopes, I took that Prince and slit his throat.

We turn’d and sailed for home. We found no gold,

But neither did I find a dagger in

My back. Your Boy, your Hope is an illusion,

And when he bakes away, your Champions

Will smell your blood.

***Clifford***

Do you impugn his Right?

***Kendal***

Or rather, doth the faithless mock our Faith,

Desiring but the fate of Heretics?

***Don Pedro***

So all Deliverers are crucified.

***Burgundy***

Nay. I cannot exercise the cruelties

Of *Henry*, if I mean to raise our *Richard*

To th’ Crown. You’ve giv’n your words, *Don Pedro*, now

I bid thee give thy Word: confederate

Thyself to our Crusade. If Silence is all

Thou can’st provide for us, then that I’ll take.

Yet each service thou rend’rest to the Crown

Will manifest in triple fold to thee.

***Don Pedro***

I’ll offer then my Silence, and have it back

In triple fold; tell none what I have done

For *Burgundy*.

***Clifford***

You’ll rue your Caution, Sir,

When Great *Richard* inherits to his Seat.

***Don Pedro***

No doubt but I shall live to regret it, Sir.

***Burgundy***

Go see the Purser.

***Don Pedro***

My Lady *Burgundy*.

[*Don Pedro exits*]

***Burgundy***

We must begin at once. *John Kendal*, to thee

We charge domestic mischief. Make embracement

O’that whimsious pranking of thy Reputation,

And skirmish, scatter, or delay the progress

Of Henry’s forces. If ever thou art taken,

‘twill be dismissed as more of Kendal’s quillets.

***Kendal***

To bid the Sun to shine or Moon to terrify,

To counsel sweetest nectar on the Bee’s

Humble sting, will ensure obedience,

And as you order me delight myself,

Rest easy in *John Kendal’s* fast attent.

***Clifford***

But first we’d see the Boy. Make good those signs

That you have written to *Castile*, swearing

Th’incontrovertible proof of him his station.

What gait, what stance, what pageantry of voice

Or Grace of Eye can sell this stranger as

Your Nephew? How are th’Decades divested from

Poor *Richard*, whom all believed to be murdered  
I’th’ Tower, be’t by his evil namesake or other

Debaucherous rogues, now sewn up in an instant?

***Burgundy***

I’ve been assured.

***Clifford***

Then make us sure. You’ve writ

To *Charles* your king of *France*, and Scotland sings

Unparalleled delights, and even *Rome’s*

Great Emperor entertains your missives, ma’am,

And each sees in your *Richard’s* blood a plot

To harry *England*; but none can speak to Truth.

Show us your Nephew, let us gaze upon’m,

And satisfy me he is rightful heir

To *York*, the White Rose himself, and I

Will plight my life and death to him at once.

***Burgundy***

A King does not make proofs or arguments,

Nor wheedles f’r what the Heavens declare are His,

Yet still your carping weighs on woman’s bones,

And I must yield to you. Then follow me,

To gape and gawp at this delight, the more

Your shame when you behold his Royalty,

And kneel in blessing, plead your Loyalty.

[*Exeunt*]

**1.2**

[*Enter several Irish Pirates, among them Scabby Jane*]

***Jane***

I will have pig pies, skooth, elsewise we’ll shake this *Flemish* tavern down. Pixie *Pella*; seven ales I say.

[*A barmaid enters*]

***Barmaid***

My lady we’ve no ale.

***Jane***

Scratch thy ladies, Pixie *Pella*, for I’m a scabby Irish wench and have no need of dainties.

***1st Pirate***

Bring us canary, drench, or we’ll make thee sing.

***Jane***

Pass back, bucko, or I’ll eat your dainty digits. Nay *Pella* Pie, thou needs not fear my crew. We are a peaceable, though thirsty lot (for we are *Corkish* you know), and we’d be oiled well before we set our sails for home.

***Barmaid***

I’ll to’t at once, my lady.

***Jane***

This lady makes a lady of me, you hear she plays my sennets. Skooth, I’ve heard it sung that ladies must be judged by’th’ company they tender, and’s sure you are a proper lot of gentlemen.

***All Pirates***

Proper gentlemen!

***Jane***

Then I must be a proper *Jane*, a gentle *Jane*, a Lady *Jane*==

***2nd Pirate***

A scabby *Jane*.

***Jane***

Thou pissful patch; I am a *Lady* now, anointed by this varletessen, and thou’lt amend thy speecheries. Skooth I’ll break thy littlest finger, *Fangerman*, if e’er thou’t face me again.

***2nd Pirate***

Nay lady.

***Jane***

*Nay Lady* cries the scratchy cur. *Yay Lady* says I, and I will hear thee say’t.

***2nd Pirate***

Yay Lady.

***All Pirates***

Yay Lady!

***Jane***

And skooth I’ll have that pie, ye Pixie *Pella*, and any pigswill’s good enough for those bareful lads, those pig pokers there.

***Barmaid***

Ay Lady.

***Jane***

There ‘tis, now I’m a dainty one. Have off your drapes, you Sluggabed, and gift to me my proper finery. A scepter quick for this anointed grace. Now who’ll not call me Lady?

***All Pirates***

Lady!

***Jane***

Skooth none walk in all of *Flanders* fancier than I.

[*Enter Richard*]

***Richard***

I bid you quit my bed, for I am come into mine home.

***Jane***

Zooks ‘n’ spools, what is that gilded truffle, that flashy manikin, that Vulcan dwarf; you see the treasures? Skooth it must be an elf to hold such wealth on such a stoop.

***Richard***

No greater than my birth,

Though well above my worth.

I pray you friends, where is the tavern master?

I’ve debts to settle in my wake tonight.

***Jane***

Zooks, wh’t are ye, a Dragon slayer, to traipse

And trollop in such dandifying gossamer?

***Richard***

You flatter me, good Lady, gads, for my

Divinest cut, yeh finest button must

Pay obsequies to this thy finery.

***Jane***

Then *Jane’s* a proper Lady, as the King

Ordain’st.

***Richard***

Who calls me king?

***Jane***

We’ve heard a talk,

A kind a quibbly quabble round the post,

That old King *Edward’s* son was tromping about,

Displaying ‘mself as a tailor’s doll to all

The town. This skinty, squinny knave, this docksider,

They said he was a common page, or else

Some bussy boy who calls himself a Prince.

This *Richard*, if it be his name, was seen

In Em’rald *Ire* before he came to *France*,

But skooth we did not see’m afore we left.

***1st Pirate***

If but we had, he might be lighter of his worth.

***Jane***

Nay skatpate, for *Jane* is jealous of her honor, and will not lower herself to harry those divinity hath chosen.

***Richard***

Thou’rt most religious to say’t.

***Jane***

Ay Lady *Jane* is often on her knees.

***2nd Pirate***

Lip service only.

***Jane***

Cross thyself thou kerne, thou common foot. As *Chesu’s* king on Heaven, *Richie’s* king on Earth it seems, and so I’m queen on th’ waters, and so thou’lt harken me.

***2nd Pirate***

We are not on the water.

***Jane***

And never shalt again if thou’lt not cross thyself afore this King.

***Richard***

My Lady, rugged *Jane*, who ruleth Seas

‘n’ commands the myrmidons upon’t, I have

Not sold myself a king of anything.

***1st Pirate***

Then where such finery?

***2nd Pirate***

And how such poet-speaking bursts?

***Jane***

Come, thou art the White Rose; tell us true. Skooth, if thou art Yorkist in thy favors, be’t rose or horse or peregrine, we’ll kneel to thee. These scabby rogues would make obeisance to a pig, so long as it be white.

***Richard***

Is *Lancaster* so despised?

***Jane***

In *Ireland* he be, in *Scotland*, here in *Flanders*, all of *Europe* I foresee. For I have witchery in my blood, you know. A salthag was my mother, and I can spy the future in the rains.

***Richard***

What payment would you have for this?

***Jane***

Why none; I need the rain.

***Richard***

Alack, I cannot summon up the storms,

Nor make the Heavens precede nor follow me.

Many a Monarch spoke these boasts, and set

Their majesty upon such slipp’ry pillars,

And knocked themselves into a pillory

To their own disillusionous surprise.

***Jane***

Aye. Marry.

***1st Pirate***

If he cannot bring the rain, he is no King.

***Jane***

Nay I will summon up the rains from him,

But crook thy littlest finger, Lord, and squeeze,

And golden mercy raineth down on Earth.

***Richard***

Hah; mirth o’er-topples mercy. I must prevail,

For thou who ruleth the waves and conjures rain

From out the dignity of Kings, who stands

Like th’ Fairy Queen before the humble *Arthur*.

My worth is greater than I dare exclaim,

But I am forg*e*d from adversity,

Like oster Swords that cannot trust until

They’ve tasted blood and there digest their aim.

And so this dandied, bandied peregrine

Must sue to you, pray knight this lily Rose

And grant his spurs upon’m. I need the fame

Of a Knight to crown myself, and only you

Can grant that sanguiny that legend craves.

[*Enter Don Pedro*]

***Jane***

‘tis a full day. You see here, lads, that I submit on greatest pains. Then I here knight thee Sir Rose, or Sir Pig as thou prefer, and taste my charity. Ay, there’s a kingly appetite. All hail King *Richard*.

***All Pirates***

All hail King *Richard*!

***Don Pedro***

Peace. Thou rebarbant drainage. Iwis am I compelled by simplitude to fish thee out of o’th’ sewers.

***Jane***

I do not like this man.

***Don Pedro***

The nobles, *Richard*, summon thee. They mean

To prod and feel upon thy greatness, t’ draw

The truth from thee.

***Richard***

Who wishes truth from me?

Would you, my first and faithfulest subjects wish

To hear the tragic tale of my deliverance?

***1st Pirate***

Aye.

***2nd Pirate***

Nay.

***Jane***

Queen *Jane* says aye. Present your heraldry, Sir Rose, lest we should dub and drub you Pig.

***Don Pedro***

Thine Aunt, the Lady *Margaret* is waiting.

***Richard***

You kind and welcoming friends, who’ve held me as

A babe unto your bosom, I would not

Abuse our newborn friendship with such gross

Dissimulation, to exaggerate

Or render mythical the sorrow’d fortunes

O’ my perverse and well recounted history.

***1st Pirate***

The Tower. Tell us the Tower.

***Richard***

In brief: mine uncle, that renown*e*d *Richard*,

Who so maligned by our usurperous *Henry*

As crook-backed fiend or a blaspheming villain,

Did safeguard me and my lamented brother

I’th’ Tower of *London*, thinking us but bastard

Begotten get of our fair Father’s blood

And fearing the ambitious *Woodvilles* might

Make puppets of us, to supplant the Throne.

Thinking us useless now to his designs,

The treach’rous *Buckingham*, who straddled th’ fence

Of loyalty as a green equestrian

His overchosen mount,

***2nd Pirate***

O vicious *Buckingham*.

***Richard***

He there elected

To have my princely brother and I slain.

***Jane***

This moves my weighty heart. My pig pie, lass.

***Richard***

He sent into our humble chambers some

Decadent lord, the lowborn *Tyrel*, hungry

As a bone-picked dog for princely favors. Thinking

The traitor did speak for th’ King, he crept into

Our beds and boldly spoke his ill intent.

My brother, *Edward*, a worthy prince who bore

Our Father’s worthiest name, there flung himself

Before my wavering breast and cried *Preserve*

*My little Brother Sir, for I am next*

*In line. Slay me and let my blood protect him*.

***Jane***

O mercy, I swoon.

***Don Pedro***

Odds zounds.

***Richard***

That bloody *Tyrel*, hunching o’er our starry

And liquidous eyes, obliged my brother his

Bequest, and butchered him before my face.

***1st Pirate***

Death! Death!

***2nd Pirate***

Kill the traitor!

***Richard***

Would I might.

But I was but a tender child of eight,

There dewed with *Edward’s* blood alike the poppy

With morning glow. There *Tyrel* stood, painted

As I with innocent life that seemed to bake

And steam away from off his sinful skin,

His dagger dipping toward my quaking chest.

***Jane***

Say on, say on. What next?

***Don Pedro***

He lived.

***Jane***

You spoil the tale.

***Don Pedro***

He tells the tale; you see he lives, ye hag.

***Jane***

Oh hag me not, thou heartless haggard, I

Am queen o’th’ Seas. Say on, my Prince, say on.

***Richard***

As *Tyrel’s* dagger dove into my breast,

The fingers of the morning Sun, erupted

Into our chambers, ‘n’ dazzled as it shone

Across the gilded blood of *Edward*, king

That should have been. The crimson halo glowed

In *Tyrel’s* eyes, and scour*e*d out the greed

And bloody-lust that ‘til then had animated

His life. Upon the instant, he flung himself

Onto his knees and prayed forgiveness, took

Me in his arms and spirited me away

To great Sir *Robert* *Chamberlain*, who died

For me. He set me on a ship to *Portugal*,

And ever since have I been as a ball

In Fortune’s matches, who volleys me about

To fit her instant pleasures. I’ve worked the docks

And served as page to th’ great Sir *Pedro* here,

And seen the beauteous verdant of *Ireland*,

The high resplendent *France*, and even far

Into the *Africk* jungles, there in search

Of Prester *John* his mythic Treasures. But

Such majesty as th’ world supplies cannot

Compare to *England*, mine inherited

And rightful seat, so brutally usurped

From poor, maligned *Richard*, my namesake.

And that I mean to render *York’s* again.

I tell you I am *Richard*, King of *England*.

***Jane***

My King, you do command the Rains, they blunder out mine eyes. We’ll stand and strike and fight and feast for *York* until the day we die. All hail King *Richard*.

***All Pirates***

All hail King *Richard*!

***Don Pedro***

My king, the Duchess waits.

***Richard***

Farewell my friends,

Remember me when you do pray, and pray

For me, for I’ll remember you. Adieu.

***All Pirates***

All hail King *Richard*!

***Don Pedro***

My King, a word with you.

***Richard***

Am I not sped, my Lord?

***Don Pedro***

Thou braying peacock! Thou cooing ass!

***Jane***

Forefend, to strike a king.

***Don Pedro***

This dress peg bears no crown, you lackwit gulls. Go blast your brains.

***Jane***

And what art thou, thou *Pedro*, who beards our King so saucily?

***Don Pedro***

Will you all kneel like savages to damask or silk and shining rocks? Would you set a laurel on a pig and call it King?

***Jane***

Will the pig speak for *York*? If so I’ll ponder’t. Skooth, ye Bucko, set a crown upon his head.

***1st Pirate***

A king of scallywags can bear no more than these poor rags. My sovereign.

***Don Pedro***

Wilt thou strut still, *Richard*?

***Richard***

How have I displeased?

***Don Pedro***

As still, by disobedience. Unto the Duchess at once.

***Richard***

I go, Sir.

[*Exit Richard*]

***1st Pirate***

Hail, my Lord.

***All Pirates***

All hail King *Richard*!

***Don Pedro***

You kernes, mean you to war with *Henry* for a manikin?

***1st Pirate***

What of the pig?

***Jane***

Ay, so. I mean to place a lily Pig upon the Throne.

***Don Pedro***

You’ll fight for *Richard*?

***Jane***

Nay Lady *Margaret* has her parakeeto.

Then I’ll display a standard of mine own.

Inskooth the white and green upon a sheet

May best the Crimson Dragon all alone

If loyal fast retainers know their worth.

What say ye rudely born, you band of brocks

Who lately wagged against my newly birth?

Will you crow out and prove the morning cocks

Who welcome th’blank-eyed Sun to chase away

The vicious, bloody Night? Will not you fight

For Scabby *Jane*? Or Lady, maid, or dray?

Or piss away your shot in diurnal plight?

If you’ll not sell your life for meager gain,

Then pledge your life and love to Lady *Jane*!

***All Pirates***

All hail Scabby *Jane*!

***Jane***

All hail Lady *Jane*!

***All Pirates***

All hail Scabby *Jane*!

***Jane***

Your wits and words are impotent, but I

Shall shake your hearts i’th’ temper as their offered.

Come brothers, set a Pig upon the throne.

[*Exit Jane and the Pirates*]

***Don Pedro***

If *Burgundy* demands I fight for *York*,

Then I’ll a private enterprise endure

On his behalf. The Golden Calf hath always

Been holy pledge to me. Then I will with

Those seahag brigands, ‘nd plunder what I can.

I’ll die for *York* however should I dare,

Then I’ll live as a sea King while I may.

[*Exit Don Pedro*]

**1.3**

[*Enter Richard, Robert Clifford, Sir John Kendal, and George Neville, followed by the Duchess of Burgundy*]

***Burgundy***

Will you pluck him too?

***Kendal***

He looks a Prince, what more

Need we?

***Neville***

I will not die for an imposter.

***Clifford***

I see the Prince, as a mote here floating on

Mine eye: his luxy hair, his aspect fair,

Not unlike *Edward* in his fresh, I say.

***Burgundy***

You’ve heard his tale, the tragedy of youth,

And all the wayward blows that Fortune buffeted

Withal. You see him here, his father in

The flesh. Whatever else could you command

In fast surety that this is *Richard*, King?

***Neville***

My life and name are worth more than a tale.

***Clifford***

And mine. What other forces mean to back’m?

***Burgundy***

No less than *Maximilian*, Emperor

O’th’ Romans, lord of Christendom. And’s son

My Lord, good *Philip* Fair. And *Charles* of *France*.

***Neville***

King *Henry’s* enemies. They spy a knife

To gird into the King’s defense, and hope

To wield this boy a puppet in his stead.

***Clifford***

Their evils do not make this gammin false.

***Kendal***

Where is the pirate that did keep him wardened?

***Richard***

*Don Pedro* is no Pirate.

***Clifford***

Ah, it speaks.

***Neville***

A Raven may con his *Ovid* to requite.

***Clifford***

I feel it certain: this is *Edward’s* son.

***Neville***

Pass off your feeling. We shall never know.

***Burgundy***

Lord *Neville* has it fair. We never shall,

My Lords, have certitude in anything,

But if you swell to hear me call you Lords,

Then think on what this gammin might provide.

His claim is good, e’en false, and mighty Seats

Now speak for him. King *James* of *Scotland* hath

Already overtures amended, and offers

A noblewoman t’ be his queen. And *Rome*

Insists the boy be made his royal guest.

You could not ask for mightier allies.

***Neville***

The *Roman* King is more herminious than

The Seas; I do not trust this latest Passion,

And more than six is needed for a Throne.

***Burgundy***

Lord *William* *Stanley* stands with us as well.

***Clifford***

Lord *Stanley*? *Henry’s* first adviser?

***Burgundy***

To the

Usurper, ay.

***Clifford***

Can *York* ascend so high?

***Richard***

My Lords and able friends, do not I pray

Assume ambition in my smile, for *York*

Was once the greatest edifice beneath

The Sun, and answered only to our God.

***Burgundy***

There has’t. Is it presumptive villainy

To place the rose from whence it is fallen? Or

To slay the scarlet Dragon that slumbers on

Our fortunes? *George* our Saint did fight the monsters,

Did not embrace them as that *Henry* would.

You see that *England* would have *York*, as well

As *Rome* and *France* and *Scotland*, *Ireland*, all.

Will you not have the White Rose there as well?

***Clifford***

My liege, I pray forgiveness for my doubts.

***Richard***

We are mortal, all; there’s nothing to forgive.

***Kendal***

A spritely mischief is our king; I pledge.

***Neville***

If even *Stanley* dares, then so shall I.

***Burgundy***

Then kneel with *Clifford*, offer up your hands

And pledge your honors to our holy quest.

***All***

I pledge.

***Burgundy***

Then *England* is reborn today.

*John Kendal*, the first strike is for you. You must

Return to home and sow what discord y’might,

Stir up the commons and the nobles for *Richard*.

Seek out Sir Harliston and Keating, who long

Have held the White Rose in their secret hearts.

*George Neville*, and *Clifford*, we’ll to *Rome*, and speak

With *Maximilian* and his son on this.

Carry this in your hearts as well’s thoughts, my Lords:

This rightful Duke of *York* is rightwise King.

***Kendal***

You here delight me, Duchess, I’ll away.

[*Exit Kendal*]

***Clifford***

Can we afford that wilder zealot, ma’am?

***Burgundy***

We’ll take all service that is offered holy.

Now each unto your posts at once, and take

No man into your service lest his troth

And purpose is devout and clear. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt*]

**2.1**

[*Enter Jane in her rude armor*]

***Jane***

Bring in the King.

[*The pirates enter with the pig, Don Pedro Brampton following*]

***Jane***

We here allege that little *Neddy Plantagenet*, the first lawful get of *George Clarence’s* loins, hath been cruelly and wrongly imprisoned in the Tower until we by valor have released him.

***Bucko***

Trumpet thy defiance, King *Neddy*.

***Don Pedro***

A most reluctant prince.

***Jane***

‘tis the Innocence of Youth, and we shall force providence in his stead.

***Bucko***

Here come *Fangerman*.

[*Enter Fangerman the Pirate with the Mayor’s Wife*]

***Don Pedro***

What, is that the Mayor?

***Fangerman***

‘tis his wife.

***Jane***

Where is the Mayor of *Deal*?

***Wife***

He is dead t’th’ Earth.

***Jane***

What? Dead? I’th’ grave or i’th’ Church?

***Wife***

I’th’ alehouse.

***Jane***

I’ll never curse a dead man, dame, nor shame

To wear the barleyhorn about my neck.

Call out your better citizens, good Lady.

Though we are base piratical, I am

No Pirate *Jenny* t’ visit my misfortunes

On others once I’ve come into my power.

***Wife***

Ye *Dealings*, such as be awake, assemble

And come to hear the terms o’these invaders.

***Jane***

Nay, not invaders: we are great redeemers.

***Wife***

Thou sayest.

***Jane***

Thou sayest, matron, or else shalt hear of it.

***Wife***

Yeh come ye *Dealings* to hear the Redeemer.

[*The Citizens come out*]

***1st Dealing***

The Redeemer’s come.

***2nd Dealing***

All hail the King of Kings.

***All Dealings***

All Hail the King of Kings!

***Jane***

Ay. So. y’are just in your gross ecstasy,

For see your proper King is come into

His seat. Poor *Neddy* *York*, the proper *George*

Of *Clarence’s* children (that *Edward’s* being born

Of bastardy) is delivered from the Tower.

***2nd Dealing***

Th’deliverer is come?

***Jane***

Ay, too, for he’ll

Deliver th’Promise of *Edward York*, who meant

To rule with love and Plenty to you all.

***1st Dealing***

Who is that *Edward York*?

***Jane***

The King of *England*.

***1st Dealing***

The King of *England’s* *Henry*, woman.

***Jane***

Nay afore him.

***1st Dealing***

‘twas *Richard*, the crook-backed boar of *York*.

***Jane***

Nay afore him.

***1st Dealing***

*Edward*, who robbed the crown of *Henry* the Sixt?

***Jane***

Nay who recovered for *York* from that scatter-minded miscrete *Henry*.

***2nd Dealing***

*Henry* reigneth still.

***Jane***

Nay *Henry* the Sixt.

***2nd Dealing***

He’s long dead.

***Jane***

I know this, scrape-pate. I tell thee the proper son of *Edward’s* come to salvate thee from wicked *Henry*, his cruel taxes and his lawyers.

***1st Dealing***

We do hate these, taxes and lawyers.

***Jane***

And’s just thou aught. Then welcome us our vicious army. Better, take us to your spirity Mayor and we’ll negotiate our armistice in proper buoyancy. No blood need’s spilt when ales may show the valor of men, skooth.

***Wife***

First show us *Edward*.

***Jane***

*Edward’s* deadward, madam, stay awoke.

***Wife***

Nay *Edward Clarence’s* son. Show us your king.

***Jane***

Art thou a shrewish mole? There ‘tis. Kneel before his glory.

***Wife***

That is your king?

***Jane***

That is the holy king.

***Wife***

That is a pig.

***Jane***

Oh baleful heretic. String her up.

[*Pirate takes Wife off*]

***Jane***

What is this?

***1st Dealing***

That is the holy king.

***2nd Dealing***

All hail the holy king!

***All***

All hail the holy king!

***Jane***

Now take us to the mayor, and we may throw our challenge in foul *Henry’s* face. And if he brave to say *This is no* *Edward*, then tell him *Show us Edward who you say’s in your Tower*. And without that proof, without that evidentiary proof, we say that white piglet of *York* is truer king than any. A *York*! A *York*!

***All***

A Pork! A Pork!

***Jane***

For the White Rose!

***All***

For the White Pig!

[*Exeunt*]

**2.2**

[*Enter Clifford and Neville*]

***Clifford***

I have it straight from *Kendal’s* hand; the North

Is cast to disarray, and *Scotland* calls

For *Richard*. Th’ *Cornish* beat their shields and cry

A *York*! A *York*! And even *Deal* is White

With bright anticipation, throwing off

The blush of wicked scarlet.

***Neville***

That I’ll trust

When we have seen the throngs. When fishmongers

Offer me elegies in either scale,

I’ll see the carp and feel its worth before

I nod to such abusion. *Clifford*, fie

That thou should’st gobble up this news as a capon

Devour*e*d by a starving prisoner.

Show me the seals of worthy men who pledge

Their honor to our cause, and then I’ll smile.

***Clifford***

The Duchess hath those seals.

***Neville***

She says.

***Clifford***

*Neville*?

***Neville***

I say show me the seals, and then I’ll smile.

***Clifford***

Here comes the Emperor.

[*The Emperor enters, followed by his train with Joanna Queen of Castile, and the Spanish Emissary, followed by Burgundy and Richard*]

***Emperor***

The puissance of the hart submits to us

As th’Holy *Roman* Empire dominates

The *European* theater. Fair *York*,

We celebrate thy seven month beneath

Our Aegis with our bravest hunt. Come,

And mark our terrible might i’th’ raging woods.

Thou’lt marvel, *York*, as I impale the hart

And make the rabbits skip, and th’ screaming panther

And bitter wolf will quiver all before me,

And I’ll regale my scapes and divers mad

Adventures, where once a charging rhino played

Me to a tree, or how I once discharged

A crossbow as I tript, and it did fly

Into a stamping boar, or how I once

Was carried off a cliff by a whick’ring jade

And clung with sweaty bands of steel until

My blushing, fainting lords there pulled me up.

I bid you make you welcome to our home

And know that th’Emperor’s love is lightly given

But never lightly dropped. Let’s off at once.

***Castile***

Good coz, may we not dress to hunt?

***Emissary***

Your Grace,

Queen *Isabella* hath insisted that

Your feigned support of *York* must end. King *Henry*

Must join the compact ‘f *France* is to be deposed.

***Emperor***

*Spain* is not Lord of Holy *Rome*, and every

Her range and rail against my purpose compels

Me further to mine end. King *Henry* is

Usurper, as plain as moonlight on the lilies.

And *Joanna*, coz, thou cannot bear the leathers

Until thou’st dominated the wilder boar,

And such are all commended to be hunters,

See that thy *Luth’ran* madness not derange

Thee from Degree his proper Earthly station.

***Emissary***

Shall *Isabella* take this as rebuff?

***Emperor***

Nay *Isabella* is our finest friend,

And’r husband *Ferdinand* more dear to me

Than *Philip Fair*, my coz, whose batty wife

Here battens on my manly sleeve lengths.

What offense hath her misapprehension

Stilettoed out the armor of my courtesy?

***Emissary***

My Lord, you have denied great *Spain’s* request.

***Emperor***

We have denied no thing, horatian,

You backward speaker; *Spain* is dear to us.

Come, let us hunt, dear *York*, for th’ blood of war

And *Diane’s* sport is thicker than the water

Of policy, weakened by custom’s clout.

***Richard***

Your Majesty does me great honor, Sir.

***Emperor***

Will *Britain* kneel to *Rome* at last? Have I

Here conquer’d that imperious Isle with words?

***Burgundy***

My King, I prithee do not kneel before

A foreign throne. The Emperor is kind

To take us on his charity, and yet,

For now, your Isle is yours, great Sovereign.

***Clifford and Neville***

Our Sovereign.

***Richard***

Your love, my friends, replenishes

My dignity. I pray you rise.

***Emperor***

Come, *York*.

Let us drown out the wails of women with

The screech o’th’ shrike or bluster of the boar.

[*Exit Emperor and his Attendants with Richard*]

***Emissary***

This *Maximilian* infuriates,

As a tromping child he will defy all points,

Command ‘nd condemn and then deny’s own words.

Doth neither *Burgundy* nor all of *Rome*

Concern itself with *France’s* threat to *Europe*?

***Burgundy***

*England* will join the *European* cause,

As soon’s his throne is rescued from the Serpent.

***Emissary***

Where is your *England*, Madam? He dances with

Rome’s ladies, hunts unwillingly or else

He readeth while the Court is entertained.

He speaks and flaunts his cloth o’ gold before

The great of *Europe*, but he doth not act.

***Burgundy***

He is negotiating his support.

***Emissary***

Thou, Duchess, art negotiating, not he.

That so called *Richard* seems declin*e*d to

Thy motherly wing, or else the Emperor’s games,

But sure he hath no love of *England*, nor

Hath ever been there I allege by aspect.

***Burgundy***

He lived and died within the Tower of *London*.

***Emissary***

Ay, so, and there is buried I’ve no doubt.

What popinjay thou parades before us, I know not.

***Burgundy***

Is this Queen *Isabella’s* word, good *Spain*?

***Emissary***

She is not querulous as I, but I

Her thoughts reflect.

***Castile***

I hear the hunting horn,

Come let us set the State aside for now.

My cousin *Richard*, if he so affects, will not

To kingship grow today whilst we here gossip.

If after half a year a prince will bow

To foreign majesty, methinks he’ll never

Regard the proper place of royalty.

Come *Spain*, though smothered in the drapes of state,

Let us find merriment in th’wood’s exertions.

[*Exist Castile and the Emissary*]

***Neville***

That stamm’ring carp is not a king.

***Clifford***

Good Duchess==

***Burgundy***

No words. Not one. I am not stone, my Lords,

Nor not unfeeling to the fawn’s stumbling,

But neither am insensitive to what

You’d brandish on our King my nephew. He

Is years remov’d from Majesty, and must

Repair his knowledge of the State. What better

To educate his folly than here in *Rome*?

***Neville***

His folly needs no augmentation, Madam.

***Clifford***

Nay *Neville*, pax, we’ve sworn this man our King.

***Burgundy***

And so our purpose cannot now depend

On petty grievances. We are united

In our folly or else we fall in disdain.

I will speak further with *Philip* of *Flanders*, do you

Attend t’th’ Emperor’s unemploy*e*d trains

And feel the attitudes of this our Host,

That we may better serve our enterprise.

[*Exeunt*]

[*Enter the Emperor in his leathers, with Richard, Castile, and his train*]

***Emperor***

Where is my fool? Send *Faris* here, for we

Are dampened by this overcast that sends

The beasts in fearful retreat of my great shadow.

Where’s *Faris*? Make merry, whilst we await the Sun.

[*Enter Faris the Emperor’s fool*]

***Faris***

Is this some *Greek* Democracy? that clowns

Command the clowns? or that a yeoman,

Some bastely forester holds sway over

The well bred gentle men of Holy *Rome*.

***Emperor***

Ay yes, good *Faris*, vent thy spleen on young

*Castile*, my cousin’s melancholic wife.

Teach her to harken t’ *Luther’s* ravings. To’r!

***Faris***

Good *Luther* was a man of the antipodes, for he did hate and love what never had he seen: loving nothing so well as poverty and level-mind, and hating nothing so well as a Jew. And as his foreface preached comely love for th’ downtrodden, did his backface spew his bilious condemnations on those Torans he had never met. For what is more downtrodden than a Jew in Christendom, except a woman in *Europe*?

***Emperor***

Gads patch, I care not for *Luther*, mock the lady and her long faces, to it.

***Faris***

My Lord, I am not shaped to mock a lady, and yet my shapely uses are denied by this the finery of state, then I’ll make use where I’m not formed to do. My Lady, I tell thee thou art mad.

***Castile***

This is but light reproof, fool, I have been told before.

***Faris***

But if a cat should call these plaguy, where is the affliction? For thou might point and say *It takes a cat to name a cat*. But now a fool says thou art mad. A fool may name a fool, but a madman cannot conster madness.

***Castile***

What lunatic hath called me mad?

***Faris***

Why every man. Who gorges in the wilderness and tears the lesser beasts apart and calls this conquest, then conquers his neighbors and his friends and calls this politics, then speaks and bandies words and calls this friendship, then drinks and dances fair and calls this intrigue, then betrays all he professes and calls this justice, then chops off his cousin’s head and calls this religion? I tell thee men are mad, and gentles doubly so.

***Castile***

Then I am not mad, fool.

***Faris***

Nay thou art high deranged, as every woman is, to settle in this mare’s nest and call it high civility. Should I hear even bruits of dominion from the brutes of the world, I should sooner die defying them than fail a thousand deaths in low servility to madness. But then a fool’s life’s an easy thing to lose.

***Emperor***

Ah merriness. Now turn thy vexations on my brother in spirit, tell *York* his place.

***Faris***

My lord, God knows, for even I see not this *Dicky’s* place, no more than he does.

***Emperor***

Thou’rt champion of mirth, *Faris*, now prithee let thy judgment fall on me.

***Faris***

For that I need a quorum of fools, my Lord.

***Emperor***

Am I so great?

***Faris***

Nay, but Greeks declared that judgment must fall from a team of peers, your equals.

***Emperor***

Thou’rt cruel, clown, to condemn a man still condemned by the heavy crown of holiday. Dost thou not regard my gilt crown?

***Faris***

How can I, thou’rt draped as a forester. There’s foolery: the king is as a commoner, the commoner a king, and a madwoman as a lady. I’sooth, I see no crowns in all the forest save mine own, and pity it’s so easily torn. I’sooth, all crowns are easily broken.

***Emperor***

Ay so, and I’ll break thine if thou should’st humble me.

***Faris***

Nay I’m in motley, Sir, and cannot humble nobody. You dress yourself in yeomanry, not I.

***Emperor***

Enough this pettiness. The forest is for men, begone.

***Faris***

And take the lady back with me?

***Emperor***

Avaunt I say.

***Richard***

I’ll with this fool, my Lord, he does intrigue.

***Faris***

Nay I but half intrigue, for I have never had a dollop of poison, and’struth I very poorly dance.

[*Exit Richard and Faris*]

***Emperor***

Come back I say; we’ll hunt the boar.

***Castile***

I’ll follow you, My Lord.

[*Exeunt the Emperor and his train*.]

[*Enter Burgundy, with Clifford and Neville*]

***Burgundy***

That *Spain* will uproot our cause.

***Neville***

But is it true?

***Burgundy***

Still doubt, thou *Neville*, who hath giv’n his pledge?

***Neville***

I pledged to *York*, and here we stand alone.

Some scabbeous pirates are skirmishing in *Deal*,

And your Sir *Pedro* is so gossip’d with’m.

Good *Clifford* says *John Kendal* does some work

For us in *England*, but any other men

Of worth stay far from that boy’s cause. My Lady,

Show us the Seals of them who’ve plighted t’you,

And I’ll not speak of this again.

***Burgundy***

And *Clifford*?

***Clifford***

I’ve sworn to *York*; some comfort would be welcome.

***Burgundy***

You dream that Kings are made out of the sky,

Enriched with royal speeches spilling out

Their mouths from birth, or that a regal bearing

Is gender’d from divinest copulation,

But men must learn their station, ‘nd Kings crave more

Instructors th’n any other man. So *Richard*

Shall learn to be a King. But to allay

Your choleric doubts, I’ll show to you the Seals

O’th’ worthy men who’ve sworn their names to us.

[*Enter York with Faris the Clown*]

***Faris***

Good York, thou see’st the map without the terrain, the Church without its architecture. These days we live in are weighty past the measure of a man, for our head is dense beyond all measure.

***York***

The Emperor hath great love for me.

***Faris***

He loves his meat well, ay, and’s meat always gives the stomach ache to other men. There be a sort of people in this sleepy world that cry *I’ll do what I will, seek not to alter me for I am honest*, and by their Honesty do beat and eat the other people. And when those beaten, eaten clowns throw up their fists in indignation, the raily sort cry out *I must be free; seek not to alter me*, and the bruised fools lie down again to be tread upon.

***York***

What simple fools would lie down for abuse?

***Faris***

They’re martyrs, sir. They’ll eat the poisoned meat to spare it others. When villains whine they ope their ears and veins to all their quails, forgetting that ‘tis only the good who lie down and die, while villains thrive.

***York***

Are there none but villains and martyrs, fool?

***Faris***

Nay there are fools as well, so spurn*e*d back

And forth by Fortune ‘tween the two extremes,

So bruis*e*d by their exchanging passions that

They settle to a petrified sterility,

And this is called Maturity, my Lord,

T’withstand it like a stoic, grumble, shrug,

And never say a thing not either way.

The greatest kings are these, though oft forgot.

The greatest peasants, though, are never fools.

***Clifford***

My Lord, why do ye juggle councils with

A common fool?

***Faris***

I am a fool of not

No common rate, but rather do excel,

For there’s a clown within this very wood

So given to extremities, so loving

Of agitations and of braggarting,

Who wears his colors well above his place,

And yet all bow and do him courtesies,

Vaingloried villain that he is, and when

I stand beside him still they call me Fool.

***York***

There’s wisdom in his entertainment, Lords.

***Burgundy***

*Richard*, attend on she who but desires

Thy proud ascension against the Scarlet fiend.

Have I not sacrificed my means, my freedom,

My dignity i’th’ face of greater men

For thee and thy good Fortune, yet thou spurn’st

My council to heed the foresight of a Patch?

***York***

I do not mean to scorn thee, Lady.

***Burgundy***

Thou dost.

Thou doll, thou poppet manikin, thou must

Appear a King before the Emperor

And *Spain*, before thy subjects, before the World.

***York***

I am a king. What otherwise I appear?

***Clifford***

A poor and motleyed clown may don a crown

And speak prophetically. A dog’s obeyed

In Proper robes, ‘tis true, and yet a cur

Is easily disprised of his fine worth

And tossed into the sea. Art thou a spaniel

That tosses ‘s locks and bays but th’ image of

Nobility? Art thou some parakeet

We’ve trained but haltingly to proclaimate?

***Burgundy***

This is no pageant we employ, to splay

Thee out like handkerchiefs t’th’ breast of some

Lamenting lady who fawneth for her hero’s

Return. We point on terms of death, and each

One here hath placed his life at thy dispose.

And have we given thee our lives and Names

To see thee dice with them? Wilt spend our worth

Upon a triptrey with a varlet clown?

Or wilt thou honor make unto our pledge,

And prove the King that we have sworn thou art?

***Faris***

A gilded cage is misery refined,

And’s sure that many chafe within’t. And yet,

So many of we mortal men are pinioned

By circumstance or custom or true chains,

Our prison might as well be gilty made.

***York***

I thank you, Lady, for your Patience is

Beyond my petty ken. My noble friends,

I shall fulfill your dreams in me, and let

The sunrise of my Nature overwhelm

The callow Overcast that I have been.

***Neville***

The Emperor expects us, good my Lady.

***Burgundy***

Retreat into thy chambers, *Richard*, there

To contemplate the gravity of statehood.

Good *Clifford*, *Neville*, pressing matter calls,

But first to satiate your spleeny demands

Of proof to she who’s born you all upon

Her back as a chap-fingered drab out in the fields,

Then come and I will show you th’ Seals of all

The worthy men who’ve pledged themselves to *York*.

[*Exeunt Burgundy, Clifford, and Neville*]

***York***

The White Lion should march in proud display

Before the World, but I am buried under

A matron’s gown like the unmann’d kitten.

How might I shine my inner worth closeted

Within a cupboard? How might I speak my claim

Without I stumble, halt, or fool myself.

***Faris***

A fool I play, lest a Fool I should become.

My Lord, rich blood wins not the love of men,

But rather Love will win their richest Blood.

Stand not on dowerest ceremony: t’make

A granite *Seneca* will move no Hearts

Toward you, nor any Waves toward *England* shores.

Make merry, proud, or wit about you as

They would. Be brother t’their desires and make

Their dearest wishes thine. Their Passions you

Must adopt and love as your own, for men love nothing

So much as themselves (and women too, my Lord).

But twist your face into a Mirror, and Love

Will have them see you as they wish to prove.

***York***

My thanks, Fool.

***Faris***

Ay, gentle Love and Thanks; fine tools.

[*Exit Faris*]

***York***

Who might I be, if I know not what I am?

So much addition hath been press’d on me

I’ve lost all certitude of self. A fog

Hath swallow*e*d mine Infancy, and fine

Smoky players now prance the parts of Lords,

Of dockside bosons, of Princes and of Peasants,

Of mortisers and murderers. If I cannot

Declare myself with any confidence,

And even am a stranger to mine own Desires,

Then Champion will I prove to those good friends

Who love me, or my Name, or what they think

I am. The White Rose is a Badge of Glory,

Then I will likewise help others tell their Story.

[*Exit York*]

**2.3**

[*Enter the Emperor and his train, among them Castile, Burgundy, Clifford, Neville, and the Spanish Emissary*]

***Emperor***

The celebration waits good *Burgundy*,

For I have felled a mighty stag today.

For what calamity must we delay?

***Burgundy***

We impose upon your gravity too long.

Let us settle now the terms of our engagement

And make it plain. For what will you relent

Your forces to the aid of *Richard Plantagenet*?

***Emissary***

First show us *Richard*, then he’ll speak to it.

***Burgundy***

I speak to *Rome*, not *Spain*. My gentle Lord,

Too long have we advantage taken of

Thy gen’rous house.

***Emperor***

It troubles me not, my Lady.

***Burgundy***

It troubles me, your Grace. It troubles me

When *Spain* reports that you will soon repent

Your doubtful pledge to *York*. It troubles me

When each visit from *France* will find you, by turns

Or choleric or sanguine to their cause.

It troubles *Burgundy*, when fair *Castile*

Your cousin swears yourself to me upon

The even, to find you changed again i’th’ morn.

Too long have impositions all been made.

We would have this settled afore the feast. Your Highness.

***Emperor***

Gentle *Margaret*, I will loose that I

Have so accustom’d grown to thy good Nephew

I cannot bear his departure. Ev’ry day he charmeth

The Emperor so that he’s become like meat

Unto my repast, and I could not endure

His loss no more than mine own Cousin, Lady.

***Burgundy***

The King of *England* is not your prisoner, Sir.

The King of *England* is not your Doll to play with.

***Castile***

Nor is he yours. I love my goodly *York*,

Such as he is, but who would cast his life

Away for some nice poppet, some tailor’s post,

A witty thing but indecisive, callow,

And so insouciant to state and war

That he is absent from his own Negotiation.

[*Enter York*]

***York***

Fair *Castile*, the blush you give me tops

Even the Usurper’s bloody gall, but I

Must take’t. I pray you, Emperor, forgive

My tardiness to this our unexpected

Convention. A great ‘nd benign friend you’ve been

To me, and I surmise myself a friend

Of equal color, who hath praised your mightiness

And marvailed at the beauty of your palaces,

And drunk like wine the bright pearlescent grace

Of all your Lords, your Ladies, Art, and Royalty.

A friend I’ve been to thee, but not a King.

This ends tonight, for now I crown myself

King *Richard*, Duke of *York*, and King of *England*.

I sue to you for aid in my campaign

Against the Scarlet Dragon *Henry*. What

Will y’ have, my mighty Cousin, in exchange?

***Castile***

The Emperor hath offered up his army

In exchange for th’Right of Estate, that *England* shall

Inherit to the Holy *Roman* Empire

Upon King *Richard’s* death.

***Burgundy***

Absurdity,

Refuse us and be done with us. To dangle

Your forces then rebuff us with such large

And overweening demands is double falsehood.

***York***

Your Majesty of *Rome*, I kneel to you

Again, for you have been as a lusty father

To this regal pauper who’s known no judge

Or lord of propriety in’s youth. The great

*Don Pedro* had the charge of me, my Lord,

And was officious steward to my breeding,

But love was far from him, for all my high

And bleeding admiration. But with sailors

Did I grow to manhood, ‘nd was inundated

With natural education to cement

The many cracks in my upbringing.

***Emperor***

So?

***York***

I say thou’st been as father to this fool,

And if thou doth portend t’inherit mine

Estate upon my death, thou’st surely learned

The back-trick from some dockside harlotan.

***Emissary***

D’you call his Majesty a varlet, Sir?

***York***

I praise his open mercy, for our Lord

And Savior frequented the grosser men

Of Earth (and women, good my lord), and *Max*

And I are never strangers to such peoples.

***Emperor***

Hah! Sooth, I know the table’s underside.

***York***

And in thy sportful hunting, Lord, when thou

Approachest th’ tiger with thy trigger quarrel,

Wilt thou cry celebrations afore thou strikest?

Or wilt thou skin the beast then give it back

Its pelt? Wilt thou eat pheasant afore thou’st shot’t?

Thou must give lessons to thy fool, my Lord,

For’s sure, he’d benefit from this display.

***Emperor***

Hah! I confess, ‘tis backward, but I’ll have

Some compensation for my charity.

***Burgundy***

Did charity’s Father demand a compensation?

***Emperor***

Nay, but neither am I he, good Lady.

***York***

Good *Max*, thou’st tane me as the sooty copper

And here refin*e*d me to shining bronze.

Thou’st grown me like an Apple tree, but th’tree

Giveth its bounty to all, not its planter.

And yet, if th’ orchard withereth, its master

May well pack up the fall. I offer this:

If you will help me win mine *England* back,

Then it shall fall to me and all the get

Of *York*. But if I do provide no heir,

If th’ White Rose doth finally decay,

Then all of *England* will there fall to you.

The Island’s future lives within my loins,

My Lord, and if I fail your lessons, you

May collect the proper penalty for ignorance.

***Emperor***

Hah hah! Thou hast *Seneca’s* wisdom and the wit

Of *Plautus*. Come, thou’lt have thine army, *York*,

And I will have mine *England* if thy Sword

Is never stout enough. I here embrace

These tender terms; and may I be forgiven

If I should wish you snail’s horns, *Richard*. Come.

[*Exeunt the Emperor and his train, manent York, Burgundy, Clifford, and Neville*]

***Burgundy***

Thou’lt sell away our Kingdom in a song?

***Neville***

Thou boy, whatever name thou art, have here

Fulfilled *Gaunt’s* prediction, that our *England*

Shall now be given out as bread t’th’ worthless.

***York***

My Lady, you have dreamt of vengeance against

The House of *Lancaster*, ‘nd now you’ll have it.

If I should predecease thee, Aunt, and all

Our brilliant Isle is given o’er to *Rome*,

The Scarlet serpent trampled, still shall be.

The towers taken from thy right shall still

Be toppled and destroyed, and all the greasy

Deceptions of *Henry* on our honored name

Restored to their rightful dignity.

***Clifford***

I do not care for *Margaret’s* pettiness,

Nor for the dignity of *Burgundy*.

We offer ourselves t’th’ restoration of *York*,

And thou deliverest our labors to

A foreign force, who like the vulture will

Tear into us without e’en the virtue o’ hunting

And overpow’ring us. Nay, his doll

Shall labor in his stead.

***York***

Brave *Clifford*,

And nobly close *George Neville*, you have heard

That many nations still support our claim,

Among them *James* of *Scotland*, who hath offered

To me a bride. The lady *Katherine Gordon*

Now waits for us i’th’ North, and though her state

Is well beneath the majesty of *York*,

Yet she is legendary in her beauty,

Devoted already to my reputation,

And rests prepared to gender heirs to me.

And should I fail before my seat’s secured,

Our case remains as we now see it: Nothing,

Enough for Justice, without Power behind’t.

***Neville***

Thou’rt cleverer than *Stanley*, good my *York*,

And greater in thy mischief than Sir *Kendal*.

***Burgundy***

The matter must be final set. For now,

Let warm’d and settled festivity appoint

His calming hand upon our shoulders. Go,

Let *Maximilian* charm you all with his light.

[*Exeunt, manet Burgundy*]

***Burgundy***

Can a shuddered Rose so blossom into a Tree

Within the winking of an eye? Have all

My murky years, congealing in my mind

To a gummy paste, born soil for my dear child?

As a Mother I have cleaved that wayward son

T’my breast so tight that he could not expand

His breadth. What a little push it took to see

The King in him. I pray the World that made

Him what he is creates as beneficial

A nest for his high purpose: the Rose of *York*.

[*Exit Burgundy*]

[*A great dance and celebration in the Roman Court*]

**3.1**

[*Alarums*]

[Enter John Kendal]

***Kendal***

I’ve birthed a riot in the North, but here

In London Pandemonium reigns, and gales

The mealy buffets of my pranking. *Jane*,

The *York’s* pet butcher, drives the civil to

A cruel *Perditio*, and I am apt.

[*Enter Jane with her power, Sir Peter among them*]

***Jane***

Sound the horn.

[*He sounds the horn*]

***Kendal***

My Lady *Jane*, I’ll fight for you.

***Jane***

Thou art a merry knight, my soul desire, though’s sure thou’rt rudely appareled.

***Kendal***

I dare not scuff my sportage in such a daring engagement.

***Jane***

Skooth, i’seems t’me that all men dare to scuff their sportage afore engagement, but if thou’lt die for *Neddy* then we’re needy of thy love, scuffed or no. Alongs!

***Kendal***

Great *Jane*, though I hope to have great coil from our toil, I do not look to die.

***Jane***

If none you gentle men will help me to my success (for’s sure e’en gentlemen look to their own success afore a lady’s), then I shall tear down *London* Town myself. *Bucko*, cry out my challenge.

***Bucko***

The Lady *Jane* of *Deal* thus declares: what doth she declare?

***Jane***

I do declare that *Henry* is false.

***Bucko***

That *Henry* is false. What else doth she declare?

***Jane***

That *Neddy* *Clarence*, rightful heir to *England*, is wrongly locked within the Tower.

***Bucko***

That *Neddy Clarence* is rightly wronged in the Tower. What else doth she declare?

***Jane***

That I have virtuously delivered *Ned* from said Tower.

***Bucko***

That she hath delivered *Ned* in the Tower. Thou art his mother?

***Jane***

Nay, skytch, I took him from the Tower.

***Bucko***

But doth this not counter thy declaration?

***Jane***

Hah?

***Bucko***

Thou chargest he is in the Tower, but now thou say’st he is out? Is he in or out?

***Jane***

Skooth *Bucko*, I have often asked that very point of many a man, but never of *Neddy* for he’s a boy. Now back to it.

***Fangerman***

What are we about?

***Jane***

Thou art about thine own pate, *Fangerman*, if thou speak’st further. *Bucko*, to’t with the challenge.

***Bucko***

The Lady *Jane* declareth: what declareth she?

***Jane***

Vacks; call them forth.

***Bucko***

*Denfort*!

***Jane***

Thou blister pated patch.

***Bucko***

Allay thy hand, Jane.

***Jane***

O I will lay my hand amore.

***Kendal***

Are they pirates or royal spies, that they so masterfully reverse their captain’s intent? Were I a loyalist, I could not design so full a sabotage.

***Don Pedro***

I fear this farcing is but a taste of *Richard*

What he’ll be served when he at last makes sail.

***Kendal***

Dost thou so love that false usurper? Then why

Abandon him to a clown’s skullduggery?

***Don Pedro***

I act. I move. I am not made to plan

Or politic the European courts.

And do you call our king Usurper, sir?

***Kendal***

Oh he is lofty foolery, but I

Am nobler in my fond blood than he, good Sir.

***Fangerman***

Here come the King’s Captain.

[*Enter Sir Daubney and his power*]

***Daubney***

Harken to the King’s mercy, for it is rare.

Dissolve, you laundry pile, as one, and we

Shall allow you to return to your own hovels.

Defy us once, and each and all shall hang.

***Jane***

Skooth a hanged man or two might’ve gentled me some, but as I spy no hanged man among you dainty bitlets, we shall lay on. Show us *Neddy Plantagenet*.

***Daubney***

He’s in the Tower, kept safe from Villains as you.

***Jane***

Oh villain! Hear you not his absolute villain? Oh I shall box his ears once I have tane his head. And he shall howl in spiritless turmoil as I twist and tug those scurvy excretions. Enough of tilt-yard politics, I crave the intrigue of the sword, and blood shall speak indoors and only flying fools will call themselves impolitic. Lay on, ye scruffs, and skooth I’ll ‘pale the man what says he’s had enough.

[*They lay into one another*]

***Daubney***

Fall back, we must find reinforcement.

[*The Londoners retreat*]

***Jane***

There be no stop until our *Neddy’s* on the throne. Show us your *Ned* or get ye out. A *York*! A *York*!

***Pirates***

A Pork! A Pork!

[*Exeunt, manent Don Pedro and Kendal*]

**3.2**

[*Enter Don Pedro solus*]

***Don Pedro***

It was a jest to bolster Jane and her

Unmannered cause, a means t’evade this weight

That *Margaret* loaded on me. But Scabby *Jane*

And her false *York* now saddle me with the tense

And overthrow of *England*. How can a crew

Of scurvy patches so surprise and unman

The Capital, unless it be by shock?

And as a sloppy potboy will o’erweigh

The stir, a dangerous wash is soon to fall

Upon those pot-brained brigands. I am still

A knight; by this I’ll sell myself to *Daubney*

And regain King *Henry’s* love. Ah privilege

Of Birth, that even treason might be forgiven.

[*Exit Don Pedro*]

**3.3**

[*Enter Sir John Kendal*]

***Kendal***

A *York* by any other name’s still White, then let white roses fall as gentle rain upon our merry cause. Come out ye *Neddards*, I’ll fight for you.

[*Enter Jane and her powers*]

***Jane***

Thou art a merry knight, my soul desire, though’s sure thou’rt rudely appareled.

***Kendal***

I dare not scuff my sportage in such a daring engagement.

***Jane***

Skooth, i’seems t’me that all men dare to scuff their sportage afore engagement, but if thou’lt die for *Neddy* then we’re needy of thy love, scuffed or no. Alongs!

[*Enter Don Pedro with the city guard*]

***Don Pedro***

The comedy is ended, and your bullish errors done. The King is made aware of your displays and braggarting, and even now the army doth assemble. Throw down your arms and beg for life, and haps you shall receive’t.

***Kendal***

Is that *Don Pedro* in *Henry’s* ranks?

***Don Pedro***

*John Kendal*, do you mean to die for a pig?

***Kendal***

Nay I am not *John Kendal*.

***Don Pedro***

You are, you flighty coward, and are not man enough to speak your name. What wonder then, a woman should command your standard.

***Jane***

A woman? Man, I am The Woman, and I’ll unman you ready straight, you straightless baiter.

***Don Pedro***

I pray you do not speak above your means.

***Jane***

I’ll speak by any means I will, thou box talker.

You stand before a *Jane* of many names,

And each and ev’ry smells as sweet to thee.

They call me Scabby, Lady, Queen and Cate,

And ev’ry swoln addition satisfies

More readily than thou, thou messy mate

Who seeks to stand before my might,

Who thinks to stare ‘pon my delight,

Who prays to pump before my right,

Who quails to ponder what I plight,

Who falls before my mettled height.

Thou art a donce, for Sir’s too much to bear,

Though bearing weight is all thou’st ever fared,

Thou petty pageboy petting patter pate:

Thou think’st to brave Brave *Jane*, I think’st too late.

***Don Pedro***

From the *Indies* to the *Africk’s* darkest Heart

I’ve invested ev’ry corner of this World,

And all the twisted, mottled monsters thereat

Could not compare at this gross, skatty girl.

*A Pox on her* would be too slight,

For name a Pox and she hath been nam’d for it.

Her twenty names are all too light,

And burn as *Venus* in her swampy Court.

She names me gentle, shames me *Don*,

As though I blush before nobility,

Yet she can only stammer ‘nd fawn

Before my virtuous Rigidity.

A dainty pigeon is delightful meat,

But this fen Hen, dear Sir, I will not eat.

***Jane***

I fear our time is breaking short,

Our battle cannot last.

The Night is over far too quick,

The Dawn will come too fast.

But ere we break these pleasantries

I prithee lend an ear

To this out my phylacteries,

A pleasing prayer to hear.

Ere you should prove a gentleman

You first must prove a man.

Afore you claim nobility

You first must prove a man.

And ere should’st call y’self a knight

You first must prove a man.

So ere you dare shame me with woman

You first must prove a man.

I say, thou cur-brained cut, thou villain base,

Thou’rt lower than a she-cat’s case

To think the scarlet Dragon will embrace

A bowelless football like thyself, thou Ace.

And when y’are made to stand before his grace

And there confess, your galled face

Will shine out treason, ‘nd note yourself debased

And boundless in your pandering Disgrace.

Avaunt, I am done with you.

***Don Pedro***

And I with you.

It is a fool who spits at kindness, and

A fool must here be educated. Come.

[*They fight*]

***Jane***

Fight on! Fight on! We’ll martyrize ourselves for a white pig afore we worship that red snake. Show us little *Neddy Plantagenet* from out the Tower or else accept our own.

[*A procession, Daubney among them, wherein prince Edward Plantagenet of Clarence is seen to pray*]

***Bucko***

What is’t?

***Kendal***

‘tis *Edward* in the flesh. My lord, dear *Edward*, I rejoice you are well.

***Don Pedro***

Great kind returns, fair *Edward*.

***Fangerman***

It is *Ned* from the Tower?

***Bucko***

Ay.

***Fangerman***

Then what have we?

***Bucko***

A pig.

***Fangerman***

Ay.

***Kendal***

I am off.

[*Kendal retreats*]

***Jane***

You shall prove a candle to my wisdom. Fly men, lest we be fried.

[*Jane and her powers flee*]

***Daubney***

Sir *Peter*, the King would see thee.

***Don Pedro***

Am I to be commended?

***Daubney***

I do not know, but I am to convey thee there.

***Don Pedro***

Thou frownest, friend. Will *Henry* scorn my valor on his ‘half?

***Daubney***

The King doubts not thy valor, only its timeliness. But come, he’ll speak with thee.

***Don Pedro***

I see ‘tis better to go whole hog than to confess one’s folly. *Richard*, where’er ye be, I pray you dive headfirst into your foolery, lest you be brayed a coward.

[*Exeunt*]

**4.1**

[*Enter the Emperor with York and Burgundy, followed by Clifford*]

***Emperor***

And what will *Scotland* offer you? Ye gads,

A pretty little maid I’m sure, but all

The gallowsglasses on the northern heath

Cannot compare to the Emperor’s great army.

***Burgundy***

But Sir, you do not give to us your army.

Some Mercenaries o’th’ high *Dutch*, tested,

Sure, but no more quantable than leaves

When bitter winds begin to blow. For such

As that you’d have us sign away our *England*?

***Emperor***

Shall I then take the Mercenaries back?

***York***

Mine honored coz and Friend, I thank thee heartily

F’thy Charity unto my claim, and I

Will keep thy council even in the first

And foremost chamber of mine heart. But I

Wed not for force of Arms nor even for

The cause of *York*, but f’r purest, fairful Love.

***Emperor***

Her birth is too below thee, *Richard*. Others

Will conster this and count thee petty born,

To settle for one so low in noble regard.

***Burgundy***

In this, the Emperor speaks sense, your Grace.

***York***

Who seeks a blemish shall find’t. Imagine I

Should wed some daughter of King *Henry’s* get

With the intent to bind our generations

As he intended with the cause of mine Aunt,

*Elizabeth* of *York*, the Queen they say

United White and Red. Then those who doubt

My Name would slander me as leaping o’er

My worth and smirching her bright sanguin’ty.

And should I wed some chambermaid, those same

Would call this evidentiary proof to their

Invented abusions they hath lain on me.

I would please all, but as I cannot make

A friend of those whose birth and breeding turns

Against my right, I aim to please myself.

The Lady *Katherine* *Gordon* is a jewel,

A very Diamond in the crown of *Scotland*,

And that their King should honor me with her

Is duty that I dare not underhang.

Moreover, her likeness hath been rendered t’me,

And any man who questions mine intent

With such a heavenly beauty is a fool.

***Clifford***

Yet will you sully your royal blood, your Highness?

***York***

Would that *Don Pedro* were here, to tell thee of

The time I stowed within the steerage of

A ship on our advantage unto *Italy*,

Or when he whipped me blue for serving him

His beef without its mustard, or else when he

Invest’d me in his chamber pot because

I did not proper honor him in court.

I’ve lived most strange to kingly ways, thou knowest,

Lov*e*d *Clifford*, and surely to regal tastes

As well, and if a royal’s blood denies

Him t’ honest labors, or makes him chafe to clean

That which himself had rendered muddy, then I appoint

The royal blood is in great need of commoning.

If *Katherine Gordon* help me to this end,

Then it is pleasure’s pain, and pleasant labor.

***Emperor***

Thou amateur, thou babe to romance, fie,

Yet I so full of bloody lust cannot

Impugn thy Passion. Mean thee to sail direct

Unto her embrace upon the watery carpet

Of dreams, and pierce into her heart by means

Of a broad and burly bowsprit, *Richard*? Hah?

***York***

Fie friend, a gentleman must firstly prize

His kindly overtures. Imprimus we’ll

To *Kent*, where’s said they favor *York* most highly.

We will make war or love as our welcome demands,

And bring a host of the defeated or allied

Unto my brilliant *Katherine’s* bower, to roust

Her from the civil’tries of *Scotland’s* kernes

With dazzling gilt and th’ dipolomacy o’th’ Pearl.

[*Enter Neville with Jane following*]

***Neville***

Your Grace, this codslip claims to know you well.

***Jane***

My claims to know are not as foul as thine.

***York***

*Jane*! Thou saltwench of the *Earth*, what joy

Delivereth this cataplasm t’me?

***Jane***

I know not plasms, Lord, but ‘tis no joy

That sends me hither: y’armies ‘re defeated.

***York***

Thou’rt misinformed, good *Jane*, we have no armies.

***Jane***

Nay we were warring for the Lily Pig,

(The Rose, that is) and pressed ‘to London town,

When th’King’s forces (the Scarlet Snake, that is)

There massed and did repel, compelling us

To fly (the rather to retreat, that is).

***York***

The dancing Stars of Heaven bless thee *Jane*,

And all thy men who thought to die for me.

***Jane***

Nay we are well; thou know’st discretion is

The broader side of Valor, ‘nd to retreat

Is th’broader side o’ Discretion, and thence to fly

From miserable odds the broader side o’ retreat.

***York***

No deaths? Can it be so?

***Jane***

Anything can be so.

***York***

Sir *Brampton*? What of *Don Pedro* my friend?

***Jane***

All wretched skooth that is not friend to you,

For he did turn his cloak as easily as

A tailor ‘n Winter, when the weather’s out.

***Clifford***

*Don Pedro* hath betrayed us?

***Neville***

I’ll not believe it.

***Jane***

Well, falsity requires no belief.

***Burgundy***

The man is patched of falsity, as a dusty,

Stitched blanket that comforts only the botcher

That sold it for a penny over price.

Dear boy, we must attaint him instantly.

***Jane***

I meant to attaint him well, but he did slip me.

***Neville***

Will such a condemnation carry weight?

***Clifford***

We cannot be betrayed without revenge,

Or we shall be dismissed as a weak vapor.

***Neville***

But how can we enforce attainders, madam?

***Burgundy***

We’ll hire assassins if we must. Thou *Jane*,

Thy varlets may assist for bedding money.

***Jane***

I am no back-trick murderer, but I

Will gladly gut the poacher gratis.

***Burgundy***

There has’t; we will condemn him presently.

***York***

My Lady *Burgundy*, your council is

Admired, respected, and loved above all others,

But know *Don Pedro* hath husbanded my life

Since I was gotten from the tomb o’th’ Tower.

By his mercy I have seen the world and learned

The manners of the oster *Arab*, the wisdom

Of *Greece*, th’ luxuriance of *Portugal*,

And th’industry that stands me apart from those

Who strut in finery from birth, dulled

From sense and gratitude to God or man.

*Don Pedro* hath fathered me in any sense

That hath a sense, more surely than you have proved

My mother in your bounteous charity.

If he hath erred on his own safety, I

Will call’t another lesson for my digestion

And thank him for the courtesy of’s office.

***Clifford***

Thou sotted ape.

***Burgundy***

Who should be loyal to thee, if they can cut

Thy very weezand with impunity?

Dear Nephew, I have longed for children in

My brighter youth, and pined in solitude

Behind the cloisters of my guard, and e’en

The priest could not allay my emptiness.

But if the grac*e*d *Jove* deliver*e*d

A Sun from out the clouds into mine arms,

I would not bid that son to chasten me,

Nor would I turn the savior’s cheek if he

Should seek to overturn my Life’s labor.

Sir *Peter* hath betrayed thee. More, he hath

No love for thee no more than any master

For’n underserving page, I tell thee he

Regards thee no more than a baggage, and this

His treachery displays it. I know, *Richard*,

I know this longing in thine heart, but foolish

Relenting will never earn you Love, no more

Than bloodless scorn. By’struth that bloody *Venus*

Condemns us most to love those that despise

And cast aside the honest dedication

Of those that adore us most, as you here throw

To disregard the gentle favor I show.

I beg you, let the Eagle’s pride command your acts

And leave the lamb’s Heart for another time.

***Emperor***

Ay *England*, be ruled by thine Aunt.

***York***

My gracious lady, we thank you for your council.

It is my Pledge *Don Pedro* be forgiven.

Moreover I require that emissaries

Be sent to him to learn the nature o’this

Reversal in his heart. Have we displeased

Or disrespected his intent, or else

Will gold alone make love t’ his dignity?

Discover these points, friend *Clifford*, for you have been

As a second arm to me, and I will trust

Your service on this most vital point.

***Clifford***

My lord.

I shall to *England* under your account.

***York***

Good *Jane*, y’are as a blown horse. I prithee

Allow this Grace to calm thy leal zeal.

The Emperor has granted plenity

To *England*, which he means to fall on thee.

***Jane***

My Lord, skooth, what speecheries thou hast.

[*Exeunt York and Jane*]

***Emperor***

Ye gads I’ll hunt, this politicking bores me.

[*Exeunt the Emperor*]

***Burgundy***

Forgiveness doth not suit a king.

***Neville***

My Lady,

If we condemn *Don Pedro* yet fail to seize

And execute the man, we are weaker still.

***Burgundy***

A man who welcomes treachery shall have’t.

***Neville***

But look to tender Mercy for example.

***Burgundy***

We do not seek to serve in Heaven, *Neville*,

We mean to rule on Earth. Go your ways.

[*Exit Burgundy*]

***Clifford***

He nothing knows of kingship, still. How can

We follow him into a damning fire?

***Neville***

If y’ cannot follow him to Hell, your oath’s

More insubstantial than the sulfurous vapor.

***Clifford***

How can you welcome this naivity?

***Neville***

Because I war against King *Henry*, who

Did plot most cleverly. *Plantagenet*

Was deracinated, pulled up by

The roots and cast into a consuming flame

By cunning *Henry*: that is what I fight.

A king who’ll rule with love’s a King I love.

***Clifford***

A king who rules with love, will rule but briefly.

***Neville***

Then serve him whilst ye can, but do it, chiefly.

[*Exeunt severally*]

**4.2**

[*Sennets. Enter the King Henry the Seventh of England, with his council William Stanley, Stephen Bull his navy commander, and Nick Hayes his chief messenger*]

***King***

What news of the Usurper, *Stanley*? Speak.

***Stanley***

Your highness, none since the defeat o’th’ brigands.

***King***

Nothing? Have they vanished into smoke then?

***Stanley***

You know your Grace, *Don Pedro* has been brought

And’s ready to be interviewed at your leisure.

***King***

Ay bring him in, and call in *Kendal*.

***Hayes***

My Lord.

[*Hayes exits*]

***King***

They cried for *Ned Plantagenet*, so simple

In’s mind he could not govern himself. And we

Delivered him. Would that we could as ready

Give *Richard* to the bosom of the people,

But there is neither bone nor dust i’th’ Tower

To eulogize the sons of *Edward* the Fourth.

This bastard pretender must know of this our lack,

To press his claim so bold continual.

The pirates and their pig were sportish foolery,

But *Burgundy* hath long and openly

Displayed her wound against me. Safe in *Flanders*

She hath plotted as a gossip on me since

My ascension. Age and bitterness will bury

Anon, but such venom from so toothless a cat

Confounds the intellect and beggars forethought.

To think it truly, though, I find th’decay

Of mine own body visits eviler humors

Upon me. Avarice, and certain pride,

And satyristic lust take root in me

And blossom as never they had in spritely youth.

And *Margaret* too must then despoil with age.

We war with the Devil as with each other do.

[*Hayes reenters with Sir John Kendal and Don Pedro*]

***Hayes***

Sir *Kendal* and *Don Pedro*, your Grace.

[*Hayes exits*]

***Kendal***

Your Majesty delights and honors me.

***King***

Rise, irascible *Kendal*. What means this latest sin?

***Kendal***

I know no sins, my Lord, but pretty greed

And lethe sloth, and ‘haps a lust or two.

***King***

Indeed I aught to keep thee as my jester.

*Sir Peter*, you are welcome hither.

***Don Pedro***

My liege.

***King***

Am I? It doth approach our royal ear

That you have thrown away your spurs to carouse

With pirates. Does the Noose appeal to you?

***Don Pedro***

Your Highness I did entertain the Duchess

Her madness for a song and single ducats,

And thought her plans but child’s play, but when

I saw the upjumped Usurper ready to strike

Against you, I straight unto your Grace appeared.

***Kendal***

‘tis true your Grace, I saw him turn his cloak.

***King***

How saw you this?

***Kendal***

As an observer, Lord.

***King***

Those who observe both sides ‘re despised by each.

***Kendal***

Without disdain, my Lord, there cannot be Mercy.

***King***

And would’st thou have mercy on this *Peter* Sir?

***Kendal***

Put me in cap and bells and I will speak.

[*Hayes enters, followed by Clifford*]

***Hayes***

Your Grace, another man from the Usurper.

***Kendal***

*Clifford*? Doth *Richard* know of this?

***Clifford***

No more than of you your gentle efforts.

*Don Pedro*, he bid me offer you forgiveness.

***King***

*Robert Clifford*, we hear that you are chief

I’th’ Council ‘f that false *York*. What brings you here

So boldly under the banners o’th’ rightful King?

***Clifford***

I have come, my liege, to beg your clemency.

I’ve awoken to the foolishness of *York*

His claim, and come to here abolish and

Foreswear all plight to the White Rose forever.

***Stanley***

Hath *Richard* yet set sail, that ev’ry rat

Already doth abandon him his ship?

***King***

There is no virtue in sticking to a false claim.

Yet you have shown a paucity of judgment.

Why should we welcome you into our service?

***Clifford***

I bring with me the Seals of the *Yorkist* cause,

Plucked out from *Burgundy’s* own treasure box.

With these, each man that shades himself beneath

The White Rose will be ferreted out, my Lord.

***Stanley***

Your Highness can you trust this traitor? I say

Defy his newly minted piety.

***King***

Deny the keys to *York’s* conspiracy?

***Clifford***

Do not puzzle, Highness, at *Stanley’s* quarrelling,

But rather set yourself to wonder that

So great a monstrosity could set itself

At your right hand. Behold Lord *Stanley’s* seal,

That dedicates him to the *Yorkist* plot.

***Stanley***

Your Majesty, this is a base conspiracy.

***Clifford***

Ay, one to which I shamefully did cleave,

As did *John Neville*, *Richard Harliston*,

And *Keating*, and *Kendal* there. Though most have not

Yet acted, having receipt of no instruction,

Yet they are signed and plighted to this Doom.

The seals are yours, my Sovereign, for my part.

***King***

*Sir Peter*, can you speak to any o’ this?

***Don Pedro***

*John Kendal* met with *Burgundy* in *Flanders*,

And *Keating* ‘nd *Neville* too, and *Harliston*.

To *William Stanley* here I cannot speak.

***Stanley***

There ha’t, a duplicitous deceit, your Grace.

***King***

Yea, ‘tis, duplicitous. Long has the cloud

Of deep suspicion lowr’d on thee, *Stanley*,

Whom I have lifted up so high, to have

Thee spet into mine eye. If thou wilt tender

Thy treachery as recompense to charity,

Then I will teach thy lies with vicious justice.

Remove him from my sight, strike off his head.

***Stanley***

My king I prithee mercy.

***King***

Confess?

***Stanley***

My lord.

***King***

Take him away at once.

[*Stanley is removed*]

***Kendal***

You have my Seal, your Majesty; I’m yours.

***Clifford***

I’ll swear the like.

***Don Pedro***

And I, your Highness, well.

***King***

Am I so blessed in my friends? *Clifford*,

You’ve shown repentance and utility.

*John Kendal*, you’ve a brilliant skill for chaos:

‘nd that I mean t’unleash on the Usurper,

And maugre all thy naughtful sinnery,

Thou sinnest in such fine jocularity,

I fear the Devil himself would mercy take.

*Don Pedro*, what can you supply against

Th’ foreswearing swain who calls himself a *York*?

***Don Pedro***

How know you he is false?

***King***

*Richard* is dead,

Slain in the Tower by *Tyrel* on the wishes

Of evil, crook-backed *Richard* the Third, whom I

Had slain at *Bosworth*. Your king is not a ghost.

***Don Pedro***

No king of mine, but rather my servant boy.

He served as a page to me for many years,

And then was known as *Peter Warbeck* of *Flanders*,

A boson’s boy, common as dirt, though blessed

With passing likeness to King *Edward* in’s youth.

This *Peter* I called *Perkin*, to separate

Him from myself, for he was eager for

A father’s love, and his outstretching hands

Awoke a sick in me, as did his fondness

For glossy celebrations and high comradery.

His desperation to be loved repelled me,

And now you see its apex in this foolish

Enterprise, usurpation ‘gainst the crown.

I tell you *Richard* as he’s called is but

A common pageboy, *Peter Perkin*, ‘nd I

Will swear to that by any element.

***King***

O towering joy, resplendent ecstasy.

You say you’ll swear to this?

***Don Pedro***

By anything.

***King***

That he is common? Named *Perkin*?

***Don Pedro***

Or *Peter*, sire.

***King***

This is the piece I need. High you with *Hayes*

My messenger at once, and you and he

Will copy down all evidence you have

Of *Perkin’s* dirtly birth, and spread this out

To ev’ry corner of this pillar’d earth.

***Don Pedro***

Your Grace I shall.

[*Don Pedro exits with Hayes*]

***King***

*John Kendal*, we have it that the people of *Deal*

Mistook a pig not only for young *Clarence*,

But also thought the Savior was at hand.

They since have learned themselves more cynical

Of deliverance by magic. Set you to

The southeast of our sceptered Isle and there

Spread more absurdities untrue, that when

Some Frenchman finally comes to claim his crown,

There none will swallow such a sweetsop broth.

***Kendal***

Oh rapture, Highness, that you might overtop

The villainies that *Margaret* offered me.

[*Exit Kendal*]

***King***

And *Clifford*, what am I to do with you?

***Clifford***

I’ve given you the Seals, your Majesty,

I pray you do not march me against the fool

Who even now thinks me his fastest friend.

***King***

Unrigid wyrm, who bends as the crevices

Command, we have no love for all your uses,

And such a wilting nature moves us to display

The redness of our worser devils, but we

Must thank all service. Crawl back into thine hole,

Low fallen *Clifford*, who once had holp to tear

Vainglorious *York* from off his mount of dirt,

And do not trouble us again with thy name.

***Clifford***

I go and thank your mercy, good my Lord.

[*Clifford exits*]

***King***

Those Planets that do circle th’Earth like wolves

Would seem to strike by fancy, but this day

Doth prove Divinity’s design in all

The Heavens their motions and signatory dances.

Let any worthy know I never held

A single fear of that low *Perkin*, dust

Beneath my nails. I’ll turn the fabric of

Our world to any twist required; as I

Transmuted *Richard* to a monster before me,

I’ll make this *Richard*, true or false, the basest

Imposturing rogue. But first I’ll have him quelled

By all the might the Scarlet Dragon’s held.

[*Exeunt*]

**4.3**

[*Enter Burgundy, meeting York and Jane*]

***Jane***

My *Bucko* says the ships are set, my Lord.

***York***

And *Harliston* has already been engaged.

Kind *Margaret*, today I chase the Sun to steal

His flame. I am a Phoenix feather you

Have tendered in a jar, and now that fire

Is loosed upon the Seas, to stir such Storms

As eely basilisks cannot endure.

Though now I break away from thee, as though

To tear mine Heart in half, this is the Hour

Of triumph, Lady, born of thine own Faith.

***Burgundy***

I’ll wait for you at *James’* court, my Lord.

***York***

My Lady, doth our Constellation draw

No warmth from thee? Thy fervor evanesces

As th’ mem’ry of my trueborn Mother floats

Away upon the years. Dost thou not share

This spark, this furious delight in us?

***Burgundy***

Has there been no report of *Pedro*, Lord?

***Jane***

Zooks, let him come within a mile of me

And his reports shall echo trilliantly,

For I’ll wave the banner of his blood upon

This standard in my tuck, my gentle madam.

***York***

Good *Clifford* seeks him still. But fret ye not.

I cannot think the man who made me would

So read’ly set aside the object of

His childless ambition. In *Cork*,

They sing of *Lugh*, the ancient hero o’th’ Sun,

Whose parents gave him to the Seas to rear,

‘nd from their harsh parentage arose a King

T’outshine the *Heavens*, forged from adversity.

Good *Clifford* shall command the truth of this,

So sorrow not for me, my mother of Fortune.

***Burgundy***

I fear still for your safety in *Kent*, my Lord.

***York***

My Lady, there is nowhere safer than *Kent*

In all *England*, thy powers have reported.

***Burgundy***

Yet time, or favor, many might mislay.

***York***

We’ve had assurance, doubly sure, that *Kent*

And *Cornwall*, *Essex*, countless commoners

Hide lily roses beneath their beds and pray

For *York’s* return, turn wistful faces toward

The Tower where they fear I fell, where mine

Own simple cousin *Ned* still fosters. Years

Have harvested this news, that we are fed

To bursting with demands for our Rebirth.

***Burgundy***

*Richard*, the Commons are not Lords, cannot

So sway the policies of Fate.

***Jane***

Ay skooth,

They could not overbear the King when I

Had flown the green and white against the Tower.

***York***

But *Richard* sounds in ev’ry common Heart.

I have this news of thee; why dost thou doubt?

***Burgundy***

My Lord.

***York***

Why do you Lord me so, my Lady?

What is the genesis of this newborn

Obeisance to my Crown?

***Burgundy***

I fear, my Lord.

***York***

What can you fear, when *England* prays my return?

***Burgundy***

We cannot know, my *Richard*, *England’s* heart.

***Jane***

In skooth, they held but little love for *York*

When I held up thy cause.

***York***

We cannot know.

But you, my Lady, have spoken *England’s* Heart

For all my waking life. I have sung vespers

T’th’ love of *York* that *England* bears, for me,

That as a fond religion it hath slept

Beside my slumb’ring head and kept th’ Devil

O’ despair from my ambitious dreams. Mine Heart.

And now, upon the very Sunrise ‘f our

Foretold event, you sweep the stool from out

My feet to crack my neck, or else to blot

My face with Scarlet shame: but now, but now,

The very instant when our Faith was most

Required, thou make’st a Heretic of me.

***Burgundy***

I only bid thee be cautious, good my Lord.

***York***

Lord me not, woman. Is there no truth

In those predictions of my Fame that you

Saw fit to mother me withal? Have I,

As a feral dog within the city streets,

Been bred on garbage, season’d with such salts

To make them taste more wholesome than they are?

***Burgundy***

‘tis natural, my Lord, to see our Hope

As greater than a cynic’s eye would see.

***York***

My Hope, my Lady, hath been as you told it.

Am I not loved in *Kent*, as you have said?

Do they not hide *York’s* banners in their closets

And offer paeans for our Resurrection?

***Burgundy***

Some do, surely.

***York***

Some? I’ve seen a madman

Fall down in worship to broken rude,

And fathomless scores pay ‘beisance to the grape,

And *York* you offer Some? As good to promise

Some dogs will heel, some snakes refuse to bite.

Some plagues kill not, but I’ll not build my kingdom

Upon such shifty sands. What do you mean

To break such inky breath upon me now?

***Burgundy***

I could not see thee off so unprepared.

***York***

I am as wreckless as thou tenderest me.

Dost mean to make me *Alexander* in

A minute’s time? The tide is come, and thou

Hast swept the riggings, burnt my sails, and turn

A beatific sorrow unto me,

Expecting exoneration by the sin

That most offends.

***Burgundy***

That faithless *Peter* you

Forgive, but my unselfed concern you scorn?

***York***

Do not martyr thyself upon my death, Madam.

Was I raised by thee to read the falsehood on

Thy lips? Did’st thou tutor in me the sharp

Regard to puncture out thine own deception?

What full instruction hath I slept, wherein

Thou tought me to trust not my guardians,

Or that I should give gimlet eyes to those

Who molded me, who most profess their love?

My Father ‘n Fortune taught me these, betrayal

And loveless calculation, but you

Demanded blind obedience, the love

Of zealotry, yet end your practices

With a Coward’s unthought, skulking treachery.

***Burgundy***

My love, my child, outweighs the favor I

Would conjure from thine aspect. Remember this.

***York***

Thy Love hath born a damning storm. Farewell.

And pray thy giddy faith away to Hell.

[*Exit York and Jane*]

***Burgundy***

Mine Heart is a savage island in the Sea,

And all our boundless words and gestures, th’ salt

And breakers that divide our thoughts from one

Another. Our minds are islands in the Sea,

So far asunder cleft, that we could sooner

Divine a message in a bottle than

Puzzle the meaning in another’s glance.

But we sail our barks upon these perilous waves

In desperate hope for understanding, that each

Our single intonation begs for truth.

But word, but look, but voice, these are such Storms

That no mortal can hope to navigate,

And we are cast, stretched, starving for Love

Upon an Ocean of meaningless gestures: we drink

The madness from these pois’nous waves to chase

Our death away with double death, that each

Imbibement of our Doom we obsecrate

With violent demand: what do you think?

Our Hearts are ever several, here reft

By bitter Death disguised as Hope so fair,

That we should swallow Doom, and eat Despair.

**4.4**

[*Great celebrations and revelry abound. Kendal enters amidst the tumult with rude armor and a paper sword*]

***Kendal***

To overcome a foe with false delights

Is a rare dish, and if you’ll eat a rat

And call’t a fish, then I’ll deliver gross

Fantasies abundant to your needs, and raise

A rabble of disaffected nay sayers

To answer royalty with harshest recourse.

Sing on, dance on, and never mind the source.

[*Exeunt*]

**5.1**

[*Enter York with Jane and Neville*]

***York***

The chalky Cliffs of *Dover* loom as a gaunt

Monument to our folly. I would the parents

Of Fortune were here to pick the Fruit o’ their work.

***Jane***

Sigh not, good Prince, I love thy fruits as well.

Thou knowest the tropic Orange is as the Sun,

The king of all the sugar pods, and yet

Your *English* Apple is a pleasing tart.

Skooth, I should not compare the two as one,

And yet we ever do regard the more

Exotic choice as fairer to our tastes.

Thyself art fair exotic, *York*, being *French*

And *Flemish* ‘nd *Portuguese* of all thy youth.

Mayhap your *Kentings* will delight for that.

***Neville***

Here comes good *Harliston*.

[*Enter Richard Harliston*]

***Harliston***

My mighty sovereign,

We’re overthrown. All of *Kent*, so lately

Endeared to the claim of *York*, has now

Denied my efforts, called me traitor and fool.

They succored me falsely and swore they’d stand for thee,

And once our guard was down they set upon’s.

***York***

Have ours been taken?

***Harliston***

And slain, my Lord, alas.

***Jane***

If any chance to live, we’ll fight for them.

***York***

Can I shed *English* blood for *Roman* hirelings?

***Jane***

Nay *Rome* is holy transubstantive, yet those

Are *Dutch*, and yet are of the higher kind,

But this is as comparing Apples ‘n’ Oranges,

For all the same there’s *English* men that lead,

And more they’re all that’ve sworn to thee, I’m sure.

***Neville***

Gracious my Lord, did you contend to conquer

*England* without you strike an *English* soldier?

If all the general should swear for you,

There are still swords, and nobles, and *Lancasters*

Who’ve sworn to *Henry*, ‘nd commons he hath lifted

Upward, who sure will fight for their new spoils.

If you’ll take *England*, Lord, ‘twill be by force.

***Jane***

Ponder that another time, *York*; your men are taken.

***Harliston***

I fear they are all slain.

***Jane***

I spet on fear, good yeoman. Show me thy fear, and I will shower it in disdain.

***Harliston***

No *Harliston* will quail where a woman dares. Your Highness, what command?

***York***

*Neville*, keep the ships nearby and ready.

***Neville***

My Lord.

[*Exit Neville*]

***York***

*Jane*, gather your leal pirates and send into the town. Good *Harliston*, do sneak in from the other side and seek out all survivors.

***Harliston***

I’ll seek, but do not hope to find.

***York***

We live in Hope, or die a thousand times.

[*Exeunt*]

**5.2**

[*Alarums*]

[*Don Pedro enters in the Alarums*]

***Don Pedro***

Avaunt you fools, I stand for *Henry*. Show

Me where the White Rose festers, for I mean

To give him dreaded council. Back, swains, back.

[*Enter Harliston*]

***Harliston***

King *Henry’s* troops are coming. We must fall back. All are lost, all lost.

***Don Pedro***

Is that Sir *Harliston*? Bring me to *Richard*, I have foul news.

***Harliston***

You offer oil for the fire, Sir, but I will bring you. Come.

[*Alarums and retreats*]

**5.3**

[*Enter York, followed by Jane and Harliston*]

***Jane***

We must away at once.

[*Enter Neville*]

***Neville***

My Lord!

***York***

Are we set to sail, good *Neville*?

***Neville***

Ay, my Lord,

But tragedy is fallen: *Keating’s* taken.

***York***

He’th not yet moved: what could betray his purpose?

[*Enter Don Pedro*]

***Don Pedro***

Your mercy hath betrayed him, *Richard*.

***Jane***

Thou!

Thou pirate Bluster Beard, thou lower than

A worm’s breakfast: bear thy vacant Heart

To me, that I might spear it with my tooth.

***York***

Relent, *Jane*. Sir, did *Clifford’s* message reach thee?

***Don Pedro***

It did, and as an ice cube in a poisoned

Chalice did it most comfort me.

***York***

What mean you?

***Don Pedro***

Your *Clifford*, loyalist unequaled,

Presented afore the King in mine sight,

Whilst I and merry *Kendal* made our cause

Before King *Henry’s* throne.

***York***

Sir *Kendal* too?

***Neville***

He ever was as trustful as the wind.

***Jane***

Ay I’ll have wind for him, that zephyr toad.

***Don Pedro***

Thou know’st, I gather, that I did declare

Against this scabby girl her rebels, who spoke

For broken-pated *Ned Plantagenet*,

And for that kindness was I brought to beg

For mine own life before the throne. And *Clifford*,

Meaning to outdo both our treacheries,

Foreswore thee there before the royal Court,

And more, delivered the Seals of *Burgundy*.

*George* *Neville*, *Harliston*, and even *Keating*

Were betrayed, not by this pirate lord, but by

Your loved *Clifford*, for but he chafed at you

Your mercy unto me.

***Neville***

Then let us banish

That mercy, King. Sir *Peter’s* in your Power.

Show *Kendal* and that blackguard *Clifford* what

Betrayal means to *York*. Cut off his head.

***Jane***

Nay pirates ‘re hanged, my Lord. Let not the swift

And noble end declare this man above

My men who still, my Lord, defend your banners.

***Harliston***

Ay hang’m, and leave him for the crows, my Lord.

***Don Pedro***

Well, King?

***York***

Why have you come, my Lord?

***Don Pedro***

I shared

*Clifford’s* offense at overweening piety,

Which did undo poor *Henry* the Sixt. But when

I saw that th’first among your guarantors

Deliver as a thief from his own mother

The bounty of *Burgundy’s* secrets, I demurred

And did repent myself. A weathervane

Have I thus far proven in your service, and more

Than any other man have justice in’t,

For I have seen you clean the muck from th’ ships,

Or load a cannon, ‘nd sleep in the corner of

My floor alike a dog. Thou’s t lived like a dog,

And that I think invests thine heart with loyalty.

If thou wilt have me, Liege, I kneel and beg

The pledge of my good service to thy Name.

***Harliston***

He is thine to slay, my sovereign.

***Neville***

Kill him, liege.

***York***

*Jane*?

***Jane***

Ay?

***York***

And *Neville*, *Harliston*, repair

You all into the ships; to *Scotland* straight.

***Lords***

My Lord?

***York***

Am I your King? Then prove your faith.

[*Neville and Harliston exeunt*]

***York***

*Jane*.

***Jane***

Ay?

***York***

Keep thy weapon on him.

***Jane***

I do it freely, good my Lord.

***Don Pedro***

My Lord?

***York***

Why? *Peter*? Why did’st thou abandon me?

I never sought but how to please thee, as

An ‘dmiring son before his Father, as

A Pilgrim for his god I worshipped thee

And hoped to emulate thy mightiness.

***Don Pedro***

Thou art a poor Counterfeit then, *Richard*,

What kindness hast thou seen me demonstrate?

I’ve slit throats, stabb’d backs, commanded

Superiors and overborn them by

Suborning their most loyal men. I am

Composed of treachery, and though a Sir

Protects my name, if thou had’st half created

A semblance o’ mine example, thou would’st have swung

From a common gibbet afore thou wert a man.

I turned my cloak because thou look’d to lose,

And I had no ambit*i*on to die.

But *Clifford*, who always swore to thee, did curdle

My self regard, and now I throw myself

Upon the infamous mercy of *Richard York*.

***York***

How can I trust you?

***Don Pedro***

If you’d be like me, do not.

***Jane***

King *Henry* took the crown through treachery

And vicious cruelty: let him be thy Star.

***York***

Sir *Peter*, get ye ‘board the ships to *Scotland*.

***Don Pedro***

I will, your Highness.

***Jane***

Nay, he’ll not be born.

***York***

Let him pass, Jane.

***Jane***

This Don is not worth the trough-piss I tread upon, and thou dost spet upon the names of *Harliston* and *Neville*, of *Keating* who is taken, of *Bucko* and *Fangerman*, thou spet’st upon my name to let him in thy grace.

***Don Pedro***

Stand by, Scab.

***Jane***

I’ll not. Draw if you be man, you pennyworth politician, and earn the addition that birth hath tossed to you.

***Don Pedro***

The king calls me friend.

***Jane***

And Jane calls you a mungrel-hearted weasel. Hold up your sword, that surrogate that falsely stamps you Sir, and defend your worthless life.

***York***

Hold friends, hold!

[*They fight*]

***Don Pedro***

Ack! I am flea-bit.

***Jane***

Thou’rt a flea devoured.

[*They fight*]

***York***

I pray you hold, *Jane*.

***Jane***

I hold what little property thou has’t, King. Those ships are thine, and that plain-faced devil shall not have’m.

[*They fight*]

***York***

Now! Kneel before your king at once.

***Knights***

My liege.

***York***

You both have sworn and braggarted, and now

You both do bleed. What good of this, if now

You both should die for me against my will?

***Jane***

Your Majesty, I fane can smell a mutiny. That man will undo you.

***Don Pedro***

I’ve pledged to you, *Richard*.

***York***

Your hand on heart. In my place, what would you do?

***Don Pedro***

My hand upon mine heart, my Lord. I’d cut your throat.

***York***

You did preserve the child, so preserve I the father. Your heresy I banish from my sight. Let *Peter*, who fell in service to the serpent, stay and prove himself faithful in the least degree to that serpent he hath slaved beneath.

***Don Pedro***

Henry hath learned of your service, *Perkin*, and hath hungrily devoured it. Presently that Scarlet Dragon will breathe this fiery news across the nation, and what noble sentiment *Richard* carries will soon be blown away upon the wind. Will you then repel a friend when so few are left to you?

***York***

*Richard* hath never repelled a friend, *Peter*,

And never shall he stain his majesty

With such discard. Begone, good council. Go.

[*Don Pedro exits*]

***Jane***

*York*?

***York***

Ay?

***Jane***

What is that *Perkin* he speaks? I’ve heard the *Kentings* shout it too.

***York***

It was an addition of my youth. No more.

My charity springs not from innocence

But from the obligation of a King.

Let us amend our Fortune in *Scotland*, *Jane*.

***Jane***

Ay Lord, thou’lt have the Lady to Wife afore

Thou’st slain the Dragon. Most backward is thy quest,

And there I love it most; though I might doubt.

***York***

My *Jane*. I knelt to thee, the Ocean’s queen,  
And swore I could not be great *England’s* King

Without consent of those who seek my Rule.

I kneel and say again: thy Blessing I

Desire in this mine holy purpose. Bless,

Or go thy ways, I will not grudge thee *Jane*.

***Jane***

You would forgive even the Devil, fool,

‘nd my Salt would bless even the lowest Cod.

I’ll watch for you, *Richard*.

[*Exit Jane*]

***York***

A Mountain may bear many peaks upon it,

‘nd in ascending that Objective paramount

We might divide our singular eye into

A thousand facets like the spiers of’n Ant,

That treads in absent purpose though its mind

Be severed into a dozen dozen ends.

What glory to the Ant, that has his blinders

There set on him from birth, that can ascend

No higher than that which Nature loads on him,

Denied the varied uses of the yeoman,

The diverse studies of the academe,

The huswife her multi-headed committed duties,

The Knight his charge, the Player his many roles.

And yet, to have no possibility,

So small potential, limited sagacity,

Is to be free of disappointment, free

O’th’ shame of failure, free of Embarrassment,

And without concern for th’ peeling glares of those

Who do hold themselves above your natural state.

To be constrained by Nature, bound by birth,

Is to be free of Dreams beyond your power.

But a man is not an Ant, and to divide

His passions among the knobby hillocks of

His dreams is t’live the life of an Insect in

The body ‘f a Man, and this I cannot do.

I will not make the wisd’m of *Daedalus* mine own,

But I will soar, Icarial, into

The Sun, that his annihilating Jaws

Will close on me t’digest me with his Glory,

But no, I’ll not submit e’en t’ *Helios*

His boundless Majesty, for even he

Will bow to endless Time, and Time alone

Is Master to my Dreams. A boson’s boy

Is not an Ant, and can prove capable

O’th’ same Greatness found in any blood.  
Were I swain or prince, it proves no matter here.

Humanity alone is my constraint,

‘nd what any mortal creature, noble, common,

Man, woman, or any in between these

Extremest points of derivation can

Contend, that will I contend.

Abject humiliation is a tutor

O’ so potent wisdom, ‘tis a wonder we

D’not fly unto his study. I will take

This lesson, fly unto mine exercise,

Until th’ Sun itself will I prove my device.

[*Exit*]

FINIS

The Pretension of Richard IV

*Personae Dramatis*

Margaret, *the Duchess of Burgundy*

Robert Clifford \

Sir John Kendal \

Don Pedro *the captain*  \

George Neville *Conspirators with Margaret*

Richard Harliston /

Keating /

Richard, *called the Duke of York* /

Jane, *called the Queen of the Sea*

*Her Pirates*, *among them* Bucko *and* Fangerman

Edward Clarence, *another Prince in the Tower*

Maximilian I, *Holy Roman Emperor*

Faris, *his Clown*

Joanna, *called The Mad, Queen of Castile*

*An Emissary from Spain*

Sir Charles Daubney, *a King’s Retainer*

Henry VII, *King of England*

William Stanley, *his adviser*

Stephen Bull, *his lord of ordinance*

Nick Hayes, *his messenger*

*The Wife of the Mayor of Deal*

*Various Citizens of Deal and Kent*

*Various Nobles of the Holy Roman Court*

*Various Nobles of the English Court*