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Lady Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Richard III (Duke of Gloucester). I would they were, that I might die at once;

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops:

These eyes that never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word;
But now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him]

Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom.

And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword]

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry,
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[Here she lets fall the sword]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Lady Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.

Richard III (Duke of Gloucester). Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Lady Anne. I have already.

Richard III (Duke of Gloucester). Tush, that was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
That hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessory.

Lady Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Richard III (Duke of Gloucester). 'Tis figured in my tongue.

Lady Anne. I fear me both are false.

Richard III (Duke of Gloucester). Then never man was true.

Lady Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Richard III (Duke of Gloucester). Say, then, my peace is made.

Lady Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Richard III (Duke of Gloucester). But shall I live in hope?

Lady Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Richard III (Duke of Gloucester). Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Lady Anne. To take is not to give.

Richard III (Duke of Gloucester). Look, how this ring encompasseth finger.
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Lady Anne. What is it?

Richard III (Duke of Gloucester). That it would please thee leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place;
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you: 405

For divers unknown reasons. I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Lady Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

Richard III (Duke of Gloucester). Bid me farewell.

Lady Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.