

Scene from 2^d part K. E. 4.

the young princes in the tower.

Enter the two young Princes, Edward & Richard, in their gowns & caps, unbuttered & untruss'd.



Richard. How does your Lordship?

Ed. With good brother Richard, how does your self?
You told me your head ached.

Ric. Indeed it does my Lord, feel with your hand
how hot it is.

He lays his hand on his brother's head.

Ed. Indeed you have caught cold,
With sitting yesternight to hear me read:

I pray thee go to bed, sweet Dick, for little heart.

Ric. You'll give me leave to wait upon your Lordship.

Ed. I had more need brother, to wait on you:
For you are sick, & so am not I.

Ric. O Lord, methinks this going to our bed,
How like it is to going to our grave.

Ed. I pray thee do not speak of graves, sweet heart,
Indeed thou frightest me.

Ric. Why my Lord Brother, did not our Tutor teach us,
That night when at night we went unto our bed,
We still should think we went unto our graves?

Ed. 'Tis that's true that we should do as every Christian
ought,
To be prepar'd to die at every hour: but I am heavy.

Rich. Indeed and so am I.

Ed. Then let us say our prayers, and go to bed.

They kneel, & some musicke the while within
the musicke ceaseth & they rise.

Rich. What, bleed you more?

Ed. I, two drops & no more.

Rich. God blesse us both, and I desire no more.

Ed. Brother, he here what David saies, & so say I,
Lord, in thee will I trust, although I dye.

As the ppage Premier for out enter Tirrell.

Tir. See lay you downe, but none more to rise:

Thair put my hand into the foulest murder,
that euer was committed since the world began,
The very goodly stones here in the walls,
Break out in teares, but withhold the fact.

Methinks the bodies lying dead in graves,
Should rise & cry against us: O heark, heark
The mandrakes thricks are musick to their cries.

The very night is frighted, and the stars
Do drop like torches, to behold this deed:

The very centre of the earth doth shake.

Methinks the Raine should rent downe from the top,
To let the heauen look on this monstrous deed.

(Enter at the one doore Dighton, with Edward
under his arme, at the other doore, Forrest
with Richard)

Dight. Stand further, damned rogue, & come not near me
For, say, stand thou further villaine, stand aside.

Dight. Are we not both damned for this cursed deed?

7. Then art the villaine that thou bearest the King.
D. and what bearest thou?

7. It is too true, ~~what~~ Oh I am damnd indeed.

/ He looks downe on the boy under his arme

Tir. I am as deep as you, although my hand
Did not the deed.

D. O villaine, art thou there.

For a plague light on thee.  SHR

Tir. Curse not, a thousand plagues will light upon us all.
They lay them downe.

The Priest here in the tower will bury them
Let us away.

W. Loring MS

[W132]