

RICHARD III Podcast (Part Five-Act V)ACT V

Music underscores narration.

Narration: Richard the Third. Act Five. Now, the play takes us into the thick of battle. Richard's forces have captured Buckingham, and they put him to death without a word from his old ally. Next, at a camp near Tamworth, we meet Richard's opposition, Richmond Earl of Tudor, and feel the momentum of the forces building behind him. Soon, we are transported to Bosworth Field where Richard is setting up camp. Richard retires for the night; and, in a split soundscape, we hear Richmond at prayer and Richard tossing and turning with terrible nightmares. The ghosts of all those whom Richard has killed come to visit him in his dreams, pronouncing curses on him, but blessings on his enemy, Richmond. It seems that old Margaret's prophecies are finally coming to pass! As morning comes, the two commanders give speeches to their troops to inspire them. Finally, in the powerful conclusion to the play, Richard meets Richmond in battle. No summary is better than Shakespeare's words; so, for that, we encourage you to listen to the ending of the podcast!

SCENE I

Narration: *Act Five. Scene I. An open field near Salisbury. Brakenbury leads Buckingham to his execution.*

Sound of an ominous drum.

BUCKINGHAM

Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

BRAKENBURY

No, my good lord; therefore, be patient.

BUCKINGHAM

This is All Souls' Day, fellow, is it not?

BRAKENBURY

It is.

BUCKINGHAM

Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.

This is the day that, in King Edward's time,
I wish't might fall on me, when I was found

False to his children or his wife's allies

This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall

By the false faith of him I trusted most;

This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul

Is the determined respite of my wrongs:

That high All-Seer that I dallied with

Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head

And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.

Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men

To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
 Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head;
 'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,
 Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'
 Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Exit

SCENE II

Narration: *The camp of Earl Richmond of Tudor near Tamworth. Richmond and his followers enter.*

Music underscoring narration.

RICHMOND

Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
 Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
 Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we march'd on without impediment;
 And here receive we from our father Stanley
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
 That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
 In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
 Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
 Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn
 From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
 In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Sound of horses, men's voices.

DORSET

Every man's conscience is a thousand men
 To fight against this guilty homicide.

HERBERT

I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

BLUNT

He hath no friends but who are friends for fear,
 Which in his dearest need will shrink from him.

RICHMOND

All for our vantage. Then in God's name, march.
 True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Exit

SCENE III.

Narration: Act Five. Scene Three. At first, The scene moves between the camps of the two forces. Then in a strange dreamscape the ghosts address both Richard and Richmond.

Music under Narration

KING RICHARD III

Up with my tent. Here will I lie tonight,
But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

RATCLIFFE

Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

KING RICHARD III

Why, our battalion trebles that account.
Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Let's lack no discipline, make no delay,
For lords, tomorrow is a busy day.
Exit

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, BLUNT, DORSET and others.

RICHMOND

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives signal, of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength.
My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:
Yet one thing more, Dorset, before thou go'st,
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know?

Change in scene music.

DORSET

Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
Which well I am assured I have not done,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

RICHMOND

If without peril it be possible,
Go, give him from me this most needful scroll.

DORSET

Upon my life, my lord, I'll under-take it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

RICHMOND

Good night, my brave good Lord. Come gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business
In to our tent; the air is raw and cold.

Richmond and Lords withdraw into the tent

Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD III, RATCLIFF, CATESBY

KING RICHARD III

What is't o'clock?

Change in scene music.

CATESBY

It's supper-time, my lord; it's nine o'clock.

KING RICHARD III

I will not sup to-night. Give me some ink and paper.
What, is my armour laid into my tent?

CATESBY

It is, my liege and all things are in readiness.

KING RICHARD III

Catesby.

CATESBY

My lord.

KING RICHARD III

Send out a pursuivant-at-arms
To Stanley's regiment. Bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.

Exit CATESBY

Ratcliff.

RATCLIFF

My lord.

KING RICHARD III

Is ink and paper ready?

RATCLIFF

It is, my lord.

KING RICHARD III

Bid my guard watch. Leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent
And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.
Exit RATCLIFF Enter RICHMOND

RICHMOND

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries.
To Thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still!
Sleeps

Change in scene music.

Enter the Ghost of CLARENCE

Ghost of CLARENCE

Richard, let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death.
Tomorrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair and die.

Change in scene music

Richmond, thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee.
Good angels guard thy battle. Live and flourish.

Change in scene music

Enter the Ghosts of RIVERS and GRAY

Ghost of RIVERS

Richard, let me sit heavy on thy soul tomorrow,
Rivers that died at Pomfret. Despair and die.

Change in scene music

Ghost of GREY

Richard, think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair.

Ghosts of RIVERS and GREY

Richmond, awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.

Change in scene music

Enter the Ghost of HASTINGS

Ghost of HASTINGS

Richard, think on Lord Hastings.
Despair and die.

Change in scene music

Arm, fight, Richmond, and conquer for fair England's sake.

Change in scene music

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes

Ghosts of young Princes

Richard, Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower.
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die.

Change in scene music

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Change in scene music

Enter the Ghost of LADY ANNE

Ghost of LADY ANNE

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne, thy wife,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations.
Tomorrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair and die.

Change in scene music

Richmond, thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep.
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Change in scene music

Enter the Ghost of BUCKINGHAM

Ghost of BUCKINGHAM

Richard, the first was I that helped thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny.
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness.

Change in scene music

God and good angels fight on Richmond's side,
And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

Change in scene music

The Ghosts vanish

KING RICHARD III starts out of his dream

KING RICHARD III

Give me another horse: bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, Jesu!--Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am:
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why:
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
Alack. I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I lie. I am not.

Change in scene music

Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree
Murder, stem murder, in the direst degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF

RATCLIFF

My lord!

KING RICHARD III

'Zounds, who is there?

RATCLIFF

Ratcliff, my lord, 'tis I. The early village cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up and buckle on their armour.

KING RICHARD III

O Ratcliff, I have dreamed a fearful dream!
What think'st thou, will our friends prove all true?

RATCLIFF

No doubt, my lord.

KING RICHARD III

O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear.

RATCLIFF

Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

KING RICHARD III

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

Exit

Enter DORSET to RICHMOND, sitting in his tent

DORSET

How have you slept, my lord?

Change in scene music

RICHMOND

The sweetest sleep and fairest-boding dreams
That ever entered in a drowsy head.
How far into the morning is it?

DORSET

Upon the stroke of four.

RICHMOND

Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

Longer sound effect. Men preparing for battle. Horses snorting. Armor being prepared etc.

His oration to his soldiers

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
Abase foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!

Re-enter KING RICHARD, CATESBY

KING RICHARD III

Who saw the sun today?

CATESBY

Not I, my lord.

KING RICHARD III

The sun will not be seen to-day.

The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.

Not shine today? Why, what is that to me

More than to Richmond?

For the selfsame heaven

That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power.

Exit CATESBY

Different sounds of war preparations.

His oration to his Army

Remember whom you are to cope withal,

A scum of Bretons and base lackey peasants,

Whom their o'eremployed country vomits forth

To desperate ventures and assured destruction.

Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?

Ravish our daughters?

Hark, I hear their drum.

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge.

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls.

Conscience is but a word that cowards use.

March on, join bravely, let us to it pell-mell,

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

Exit

Sound of drum far off.

SCENE IV.

Narration: Act Five. Scene Four. Another part of the field. Forces fighting everywhere. Catesby enters hurriedly.

Sounds of fighting. Swords clashing. Arrows hissing etc.

CATESBY

Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!

The king enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring an opposite to every danger:

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.

Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD III

Sound of battle horns.

KING RICHARD III

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

CATESBY

Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

RICHMOND enters from another part of the field.

Continued battle noise.

RICHMOND

Richard!

Voice from far off.

KING RICHARD III

Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.

RICHMOND

Foul spoken coward, that thund'rest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dares perform.

KING RICHARD III

I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of thou.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

RICHMOND

Stand and fight!

They fight. KING RICHARD III is slain.

*Sound of a protracted sword
fight with grunts etc.
Finally, a death blow and
last gasp from Richard.*

SCENE V.

*Narration: Act Five. Scene Five. Another part of the
battle-field. Captain Blunt addresses Richmond.*

RICHMOND

God and your arms be praised, victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Sound of cheers.

BLUNT

Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

RICHMOND

Great God of heaven, say Amen to all!
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

BLUNT

He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

RICHMOND

What men of name are slain on either side?

BLUNT

John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

RICHMOND

Inter their bodies as becomes their births:
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us:
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red:
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long have frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say amen!

Exit