

Richard Duke of York

1.3

*Alarums, and then enter the young Earl of Rutland
and his Tutor, a chaplain*

RUTLAND

Ah, whither shall I fly to scape their hands?

Enter Lord Clifford with soldiers

Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes.

CLIFFORD *(to the Tutor)*

Chaplain, away±±thy priesthood saves thy life.

As for the brat of this accurseÁd duke,

Whose father slew my father±±he shall die. 5

TUTOR

And I, my lord, will bear him company.

CLIFFORD Soldiers, away with him.

TUTOR

Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child

Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

Exit, guarded

[Rutland falls to the ground]

CLIFFORD

How now±±is he dead already? 10

Or is it fear that makes him close his eyes?

I'll open them.

RUTLAND *[reviving]*

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch

That trembles under his devouring paws,

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey, 15

And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword

And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath. 20

Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

CLIFFORD

In vain thou speak'st, poor boy. My father's blood

Hath stopped the passage where thy words should

enter.

RUTLAND

Then let my father's blood open it again.
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him. 25

CLIFFORD

Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me.
No±±if I digged up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire nor ease my heart. 30
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul.
And till I root out their accurseÁd line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore±± 35

RUTLAND

O, let me pray before I take my death.
[Kneeling] To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me.

CLIFFORD

Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

RUTLAND

I never did thee harm±±why wilt thou slay me?

CLIFFORD

Thy father hath.

RUTLAND But 'twas ere I was born. 40

Thou hast one son±±for his sake pity me,
Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days,
And when I give occasion of offence, 45
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

CLIFFORD

No cause? Thy father slew my father, therefore die.
He stabs him

RUTLAND

Dii faciant laudis summa sit ista tuae.
He dies

CLIFFORD

Plantagenet±±I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade 50
Shall rust upon my weapon till thy blood,
Congealed with this, do make me wipe off both.
Exit with Rutland's body [and soldiers]