

# Richard III

## 3.2

*Enter a Messenger to the door of Lord Hastings*

**MESSENGER** *(knocking)*

My lord, my lord!

**LORD HASTINGS** *[within]* Who knocks?

**MESSENGER**

One from Lord Stanley.

*[Enter Lord Hastings]*

**LORD HASTINGS**

What is't o'clock?

**MESSENGER** Upon the stroke of four.

**LORD HASTINGS**

Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?

**MESSENGER**

So it appears by that I have to say.

First he commends him to your noble self. 5

**LORD HASTINGS** What then?

**MESSENGER**

Then certifies your lordship that this night

He dreamt the boar had raze'd off his helm.

Besides, he says there are two councils kept,

And that may be determined at the one 10

Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,

If you will presently take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the north

To shun the danger that his soul divines. 15

**LORD HASTINGS**

Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord.

Bid him not fear the separated councils.

His honour and myself are at the one,

And at the other is my good friend Catesby,

Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us 20

Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance.

And for his dreams, I wonder he's so simple,

To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers.

To fly the boar before the boar pursues	25
Were to incense the boar to follow us,	
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.	
Go, bid thy master rise, and come to me,	
And we will both together to the Tower,	
Where he shall see the boar will use us kindly.	30
<b>MESSENGER</b>	
I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.	
<i>Exit</i>	
<i>Enter Catesby</i>	
<b>CATESBY</b>	
Many good morrows to my noble lord.	
<b>LORD HASTINGS</b>	
Good morrow, Catesby. You are early stirring.	
What news, what news, in this our tott'ring state?	
<b>CATESBY</b>	
It is a reeling world indeed, my lord,	35
And I believe will never stand upright	
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.	
<b>LORD HASTINGS</b>	
How? `Wear the garland'? Dost thou mean the crown?	
<b>CATESBY</b> Ay, my good lord.	
<b>LORD HASTINGS</b>	
I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders	40
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplaced.	
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?	
<b>CATESBY</b>	
Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward	
Upon his party for the gain thereof±±	
And thereupon he sends you this good news:	45
That this same very day your enemies,	
The kindred of the Queen, must die at Pomfret.	
<b>LORD HASTINGS</b>	
Indeed I am no mourner for that news,	
Because they have been still my adversaries.	
But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side	50
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,	
God knows I will not do it, to the death.	
<b>CATESBY</b>	
God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!	
<b>LORD HASTINGS</b>	

But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence:  
That they which brought me in my master's hate, 55  
I live to look upon their tragedy.  
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,  
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

**CATESBY**

'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,  
When men are unprepared, and look not for it. 60

**LORD HASTINGS**

O monstrous, monstrous! And so falls it out  
With Rivers, Vaughan, Gray±±and so 'twill do  
With some men else, that think themselves as safe  
As thou and I, who as thou know'st are dear  
To princely Richard and to Buckingham. 65

**CATESBY**

The Princes both make high account of you±±  
(*Aside*) For they account his head upon the bridge.

**LORD HASTINGS**

I know they do, and I have well deserved it.

*Enter Lord Stanley*

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?  
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided? 70

**STANLEY**

My lord, good morrow.±±Good morrow, Catesby.±±  
You may jest on, but by the Holy Rood  
I do not like these several councils, I.

**LORD HASTINGS**

My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours,  
And never in my days, I do protest, 75  
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now.  
Think you, but that I know our state secure,  
I would be so triumphant as I am?

**STANLEY**

The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,  
Were jocund, and supposed their states were sure, 80  
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;  
But yet you see how soon the day o'ercast.  
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt.  
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward.  
What, shall we toward the Tower? The day is spent. 85

**LORD HASTINGS**

Come, come, have with you! Wot you what, my lord?  
Today the lords you talked of are beheaded.

**STANLEY**

They for their truth might better wear their heads  
Than some that have accused them wear their hats.  
But come, my lord, let us away. 90

*Enter a Pursuivant named [Hastings]*

**LORD HASTINGS**

Go on before; I'll follow presently.

*Exeunt Stanley and Catesby*

Well met, Hastings. How goes the world with thee?

**PURSUIVANT**

The better that your lordship please to ask.

**LORD HASTINGS**

I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now  
Than when I met thee last, where now we meet. 95  
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,  
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies;  
But now, I tell thee±±keep it to thyself±±  
This day those enemies are put to death,  
And I in better state than e'er I was. 100

**PURSUIVANT**

God hold it to your honour's good content.

**LORD HASTINGS**

Gramercy, Hastings. There, drink that for me.

*He throws him his purse*

**PURSUIVANT** God save your lordship.

*Exit*

*Enter a Priest*

**PRIEST**

Well met, my lord. I am glad to see your honour.

**LORD HASTINGS**

I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart. 105  
I am in your debt for your last exercise.  
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.  
*[He whispers in his ear.]*

*Enter Buckingham*

**BUCKINGHAM**

What, talking with a priest, Lord Chamberlain?  
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;  
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand. 110

**LORD HASTINGS**

Good faith, and when I met this holy man  
The men you talk of came into my mind.  
What, go you toward the Tower?

**BUCKINGHAM**

I do, my lord, but long I cannot stay there;  
I shall return before your lordship thence.

115

**LORD HASTINGS**

Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

**BUCKINGHAM** (*aside*)

And supper too, although thou know'st it not.  
Come, will you go?

**LORD HASTINGS** I'll wait upon your lordship.

*Exeunt*