

Enter Richard.
Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.
Cates. Withdraw my Lord, he helps you to a Horse.
Rich. Slaue, I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the field,
Euen haue I laine to day, in stead of him.
A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard
is slaine.

Retreat and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the
Crown, with diuers other Lords.

Richm. God, and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond,
Well hast thou acquit thee: Loe,
Here these long vnrped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Weare it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all.
Buccell me, is yong George Stanley liuing?

Der. He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,

Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.

Richm. What men of name are laine on either side?

Der. Tom Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferris,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Bracken.

Richm. Interre their Bodies, as became their Birth,
Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers fled,
That in submission will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
We will vniue the White Rose, and the Red,
Smile Heauen vpon this faire Contention,
That long haue frown'd vpon their Enamity:
What Traitor heares me, and sayes not Amen?
England hath long bene mad, and feare'd her selfe,
The Brother blindly shed the Brothers blood;
The Father, rashly slaughtered his owne Sonne;
The Sonne compell'd, bene Butcher to the Sire;
All this diuided Yorke and Lancaster,
Diuided, in their dire Division.

O now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true Succeeders of each Royall House,
By Gods faire ordinance, conioyne together:
And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come, with Smoother-fac'd Peace,
With smiling Plenty, and faire Prosperous dayes,
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody dayes againe,
And make poore England weepe in Streams of Blood:
Let them not lue to cast this Land increafe,
That would with Treason, wound this faire Lande peere.
Now Chail wounds are stopp'd, Peace lines againe:
That the may long liue here, God say, Amen. Exe.

FINIS.



The Famous History of the Life of
King HENRY the Eight.

THE PROLOGUE.

Come no more to make you laugh, Things now
I haue to beare a Weight, and a Serious Brow,
Sad, sigh, and working, full of State and we:
Noble Scener, as draw the Eye to flow
We now present. Those that can Pritty here
May heere finde Truth too. Those that come to see
The Subiect will deserue it: Such as come
They Money out of hope they may beleene,
May heere finde Truth too. Those that come to see
Onely a show or raue, and so a peece,
The Play may passe: If they be still, and willing,
He undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two shors hours. Onely they
That come to heare a Merry, Bowdy Play,
A noyse of Targets: Or to see a Fellow
In a long Motley Coate, garned with Yellow,

Will be decey'd. For gentle Hearers, know
To ranke our chosen Truth with such a show
As Foole, and Fight is, beside for setting
Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring,
To make that onely true, we now intend,
Will leane vs neerer an vnderstanding Friend,
Therefore, for Goodnesse sake, and as we are knowne
The First and Happiest Hearers of the Towne,
Be sad, as we would make you. Think you see
The very Persons of our Noble Story:
As they were Liuing: Think you see them Great,
And follow'd with the generall throng, and sweat
Of thousand Friends: Then, in a moment, see
How soone this Mightinesse, meets Misery,
And if you can be merry then, He say,
A Man may weepe vpon his Wedding day.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one doore. At the other,
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord
Abergane.

Buckingham.
Good morrow, and well met. How haue ye done
since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thanke your Grace: I am now in
Healthfull, and euer since a freish Admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An vntimely Ague
Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when
Those Sunnes of Glory, thaire two Lights of Men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. I thinke Guyenes and Arde,
I was then present, saw them salute on Horsebacke,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embrace, as they grew together,
Which had they

What foure Thron'd ones could haue weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say
Till this time Pompe was houle, but now married
To one about it selfe. Each following day
Became the next dayes master, till the last
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heauen Gods
Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they
Made Britaine, India: Every man that flood,
Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,
Not w'd to toyke, did almost sweat to beare
The Pride vpon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a Painging. Now this Maske
Was cryide incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings
Equall in lustre, were now best, now worst.
As presence did present them: Him in eye,
Still him in praise, and being present both,
Twas said they saw but one, and no Discerner
Durst wagge his Tongue in censure, when these Sunnes
(For so they praise 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
The Noble Spirits to Armes; they did performe
Beyond

Shakespeare, William. *The Famous History of the life of King Henry VIII*. In *Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies: published according to the true originall copies*. London: Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount, 1623. Folger STC 22273 Fo.1 no.68

Shakespeare's First Folio (*Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies: published according to the true originall copies*. London: Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount, 1623) contained thirty-six of Shakespeare's plays. *King Henry VIII* is grouped with the Histories. *King Henry VIII* was first published in First Folio, and this version is the basis for all other editions.

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