



## ACT V. SCENE I.

Salisbury.

*Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, with halberds led to Execution.*

BUCKINGHAM.

WILL not king *Richard* let me speak with him?*Sher.* No, good my lord, therefore be patient.

*Buck.* *Hastings*, and *Edward's* children, *Gray*, and *Rivers*,  
 Holy king *Henry*, and thy fair son *Edward*,  
*Vaughan*, and all that have miscarried  
 By underhand, corrupted, foul injustice;  
 If that your moody, discontented souls,  
 Do through the clouds behold this present hour,  
 Ev'n for revenge mock my destruction! —  
 This is *All-Souls' day*, fellows, is it not?

*Sher.* It is, my lord.

*Buck.* Why then, *All-Souls' day* is my body's doomsday.  
 This is the day, which, in king *Edward's* time,  
 I wish'd 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 whom most I trusted:  
 This the determin'd respite<sup>a</sup> of my wrongs.  
 That high all-seer, which I dallied with,  
 Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,  
 And giv'n 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.  
 Thus *Marg'ret's* curse falls heavy on my head:

<sup>a</sup> That is, the time to which the punishment for his wrongs was respited.*When*