Shakespeare paper: 
Richard III

Please read this page, but do not open the booklet until your teacher tells you to start.

Write your name, the name of your school and the title of the play you have studied on the cover of your answer booklet.

This booklet contains one task which assesses your reading and understanding of Richard III and has 18 marks.

You have 45 minutes to complete this task.
Richard III

Act 1 Scene 2, lines 135 to 186
Act 4 Scene 4, lines 199 to 264

What do you learn about Richard from the different ways he speaks to and behaves towards the women in these extracts?

Support your ideas by referring to both of the extracts which are printed on the following pages.

18 marks
Richard III

Act 1 Scene 2, lines 135 to 186

In this extract, Richard tells Lady Anne that he loves her.

RICHARD It is a quarrel most unnatural, 135
To be revenged on him that loveth thee.

ANNE It is a quarrel just and reasonable, 140
To be revenged on him that killed my husband.

RICHARD He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband
Did it to help thee to a better husband. 145

ANNE His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

RICHARD He lives that loves thee better than he could.

ANNE Name him.

RICHARD Plantagenet.

ANNE Why, that was he.

RICHARD The self-same name, but one of better nature.

ANNE Where is he?

RICHARD Here. (She spits at him.) Why dost thou 150
spit at me?

ANNE Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

RICHARD Never came poison from so sweet a place.

ANNE Never hung poison on a fouler toad. 155
Out of my sight! Thou dost infect mine eyes.

RICHARD Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

ANNE Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead!
RICHARD

I would they were, that I might die at once—
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspects with store of childish drops—
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him—
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father’s death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks
Like trees bedashed with rain. In that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word.
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

She looks scornfully at him.

Teach not thy lip such scorn— for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword—
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

He kneels, pulling open his shirt. She grips the sword and moves as if to stab him.

Nay, do not pause: for I did kill King Henry—
But ’twas thy beauty that provokèd me.
Nay, now dispatch: ’twas I that stabbed young Edward—
But ’twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

She lets the sword fall.

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

ANNE

Arise, dissembler. Though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.
In this extract, King Richard tells Queen Elizabeth that he intends to marry her daughter.

KING RICHARD Stay, madam. I must talk a word with you.

ELIZABETH I have no more sons of the royal blood For thee to slaughter! For my daughters, Richard, They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens — And therefore level not to hit their lives.

KING RICHARD You have a daughter called Elizabeth, Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

ELIZABETH And must she die for this? O, let her live, And I’ll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty, Slander myself as false to Edward’s bed, Throw over her the veil of infamy! So she may live unscarred of bleeding slaughter, I will confess she was not Edward’s daughter.

KING RICHARD Wrong not her birth. She is a royal Princess.

ELIZABETH To save her life I’ll say she is not so.

KING RICHARD Her life is safest only in her birth.

ELIZABETH And only in that safety died her brothers.

KING RICHARD Lo, at their birth good stars were opposite.

ELIZABETH No – to their lives ill friends were contrary.

KING RICHARD All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

ELIZABETH True, when avoided grace makes destiny. My babes were destined to a fairer death, If grace had blessed thee with a fairer life.

KING RICHARD You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.
ELIZABETH Cousins, indeed! And by their uncle cozened –
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life!
Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.
No doubt the murderouse knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart
To revel in the entrails of my lambs!
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchored in thine eyes –
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

225

KING RICHARD Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you or yours
Than ever you or yours by me were harmed!

230

ELIZABETH What good is covered with the face of heaven,
To be discovered, that can do me good?

KING RICHARD Th’ advancement of your children, gentle lady.

ELIZABETH Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

KING RICHARD Unto the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth’s glory!

240

ELIZABETH Flatter my sorrow with report of it.
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

KING RICHARD Even all I have – ay, and myself and all
Will I withal endow a child of thine –
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

245

ELIZABETH Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness’ date.

KING RICHARD Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

ELIZABETH My daughter’s mother thinks it with her soul.

KING RICHARD What do you think?
ELIZABETH  That thou dost love my daughter ‘from’ thy soul.  
So from thy soul’s love didst thou love her brothers,  
And from my heart’s love I do thank thee for it!

KING RICHARD  Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.  
I mean that with my soul I love thy daughter  
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

END OF TEST