

# The Life and Death of Richard the Third

[Shakespeare homepage](#) | [Richard III](#) | Act 5, Scene 5  
[Previous scene](#)

## SCENE V. Another part of the field.

*Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD III and RICHMOND; they fight. KING RICHARD III is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter RICHMOND, DERBY bearing the crown, with divers other Lords*

### RICHMOND

God and your arms be praised, victorious friends,  
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

### DERBY

Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.  
Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty  
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch  
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:  
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

### RICHMOND

Great God of heaven, say Amen to all!  
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

### DERBY

He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;  
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

### RICHMOND

What men of name are slain on either side?

### DERBY

John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,  
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

### RICHMOND

Inter their bodies as becomes their births:  
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled  
That in submission will return to us:  
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,  
We will unite the white rose and the red:  
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,  
That long have frown'd upon their enmity!  
What traitor hears me, and says not amen?

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;  
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,  
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,  
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:  
All this divided York and Lancaster,  
Divided in their dire division,  
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
The true succeeders of each royal house,  
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!  
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,  
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,  
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days!  
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,  
That would reduce these bloody days again,  
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!  
Let them not live to taste this land's increase  
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!  
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:  
That she may long live here, God say amen!

*Exeunt*