

# **The life and death of King Richard**

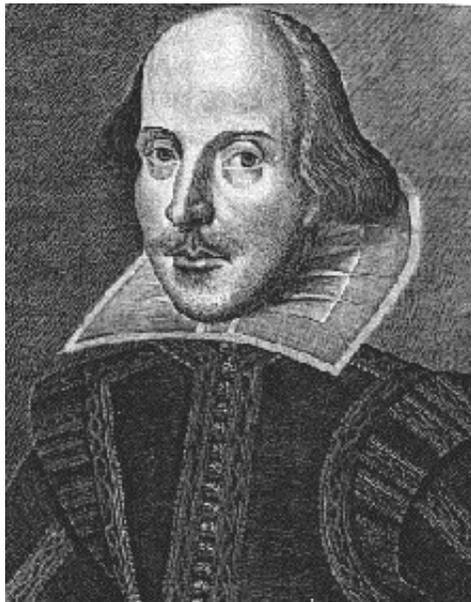
the Second.

by

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

Based on the Folio Text of 1623

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# Shakespeare: First Folio

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## The life and death of King Richard the Second

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### *Actus Primus, Scaena Prima.*

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2 *Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles*  
3 *and Attendants.*

4 *King Richard.*

5 Old *Iohn of Gaunt*, time- honoured Lancaster,  
6 Hast thou according to thy oath and band  
7 Brought hither *Henry* Herford thy bold son:  
8 Heere to make good y boistrous late appeale,  
9 Which then our leysure would not let vs heare,  
10 Against the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*?

11 *Gaunt.* I haue my Liege.

12 *King.* Tell me moreouer, hast thou sounded him,  
13 If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,  
14 Or worthily as a good subiect should  
15 On some knowne ground of treacherie in him.

16 *Gaunt.* As neere as I could sift him on that argument,  
17 On some apparant danger seene in him,  
18 Aym'd at your Highnesse, no inueterate malice.

19 *Kin.* Then call them to our presence face to face,  
20 And frowning brow to brow, our selues will heare  
21 Th' accuser, and the accused, freely speake;  
22 High stomack'd are they both, and full of ire,  
23 In rage, deafe as the sea; hastie as fire.

24 *Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.*

25 *Bul.* Many yeares of happy dayes befall  
26 My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege.

27 *Mow.* Each day still better others happinesse,  
28 Vntill the heauens enuying earths good hap,  
29 Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.

30 *King.* We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,  
31 As well appeareth by the cause you come,  
32 Namely, to appeale each other of high treason.  
33 Coosin of Hereford, what dost thou obiect  
34 Against the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*?

35 *Bul.* First, heauen be the record to my speech,  
36 In the deuotion of a subiects loue,  
37 Tendering the precious safetie of my Prince,  
38 And free from other misbegotten hate,  
39 Come I appealant to this Princely presence.

40 Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turne to thee,  
 41 And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,  
 42 My body shall make good vpon this earth,  
 43 Or my diuine soule answer it in heauen.  
 44 Thou art a Traitor, and a Miscreant;  
 45 Too good to be so, and too bad to liue,  
 46 Since the more faire and christall is the skie,  
 47 The vglie seeme the cloudes that in it flye:  
 48 Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,  
 49 With a foule Traitors name stuffe I thy throte,  
 50 And wish (so please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,  
 51 What my tong speaks, my right drawn sword may proue  
 52 *Mow.* Let not my cold words heere accuse my zeale:  
 53 'Tis not the triall of a Womans warre,  
 54 The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
 55 Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine:  
 56 The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.  
 57 Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,  
 58 As to be husht, and nought at all to say.  
 59 First the faire reuerence of your Highnesse curbes mee,  
 60 From giuing reines and spurres to my free speech,  
 61 Which else would post, vntill it had return'd  
 62 These tearmes of treason, doubly downe his throat.  
 63 Setting aside his high bloods royalty,  
 64 And let him be no Kinsman to my Liege,  
 65 I do defie him, and I spit at him,  
 66 Call him a slanderous Coward, and a Villaine:  
 67 Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,  
 68 And meete him, were I tide to runne afoote,  
 69 Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,  
 70 Or any other ground inhabitable,  
 71 Where euer Englishman durst set his foote.  
 72 Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,  
 73 By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie.  
 74 *Bul.* Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,  
 75 Disclaiming heere the kindred of a King,  
 76 And lay aside my high bloods Royalty,  
 77 Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.  
 78 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,  
 79 As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then stoope.  
 80 By that, and all the rites of Knight- hood else,  
 81 Will I make good against thee arme to arme,  
 82 What I haue spoken, or thou canst deuise.  
 83 *Mow.* I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare,  
 84 Which gently laid my Knight- hood on my shoulder,  
 85 Ile answer thee in any faire degree,

86 Or Chiualrous designe of knightly triall:  
 87 And when I mount, aliue may I not light,  
 88 If I be Traitor, or vniustly fight.  
 89 *King.* What doth our Cosin lay to *Mowbraies* charge?  
 90 It must be great that can inherite vs,  
 91 So much as of a thought of ill in him.  
 92 *Bul.* Looke what I said, my life shall proue it true,  
 93 That *Mowbray* hath receiu'd eight thousand Nobles, [b6v  
 94 In name of lendings for your Highnesse Soldiers,  
 95 The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,  
 96 Like a false Traitor, and iniurious Villaine.  
 97 Besides I say, and will in battaile proue,  
 98 Or heere, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge  
 99 That euer was suruey'd by English eye,  
 100 That all the Treasons for these eighteene yeeres  
 101 Complotted, and contriued in this Land,  
 102 Fetch'd from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.  
 103 Further I say, and further will maintaine  
 104 Vpon his bad life, to make all this good.  
 105 That he did plot the Duke of Glousters death,  
 106 Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,  
 107 And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,  
 108 Sluc'd out his innocent soule through streames of blood:  
 109 Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels* cries,  
 110 (Euen from the toonglesse cauernes of the earth)  
 111 To me for iustice, and rough chasticement:  
 112 And by the glorious worth of my discent,  
 113 This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.  
 114 *King.* How high a pitch his resolution soares:  
 115 *Thomas* of Norfolke, what sayest thou to this?  
 116 *Mow.* Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,  
 117 And bid his eares a little while be deafe,  
 118 Till I haue told this slander of his blood,  
 119 How God, and good men, hate so foule a lyar.  
 120 *King.* *Mowbray*, impartiall are our eyes and eares,  
 121 Were he my brother, nay our kingdomes heyre,  
 122 As he is but my fathers brothers sonne;  
 123 Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,  
 124 Such neighbour- neerenesse to our sacred blood,  
 125 Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize  
 126 The vn- stooping firmenesse of my vpriight soule.  
 127 He is our subiect (*Mowbray*) so art thou,  
 128 Free speech, and fearelesse, I to thee allow.  
 129 *Mow.* Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,  
 130 Through the false passage of thy throat; thou lyst:  
 131 Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,

132 Disburst I to his Highnesse souldiers;  
 133 The other part reseru'd I by consent,  
 134 For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,  
 135 Vpon remainder of a deere Accompt,  
 136 Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:  
 137 Now swallow downe that Lye. For Glousters death,  
 138 I slew him not; but (to mine owne disgrace)  
 139 Neglected my sworne duty in that case:  
 140 For you my noble Lord of *Lancaster*,  
 141 The honourable Father to my foe,  
 142 Once I did lay an ambush for your life,  
 143 A trespasse that doth vex my greeued soule:  
 144 But ere I last receiu'd the Sacrament,  
 145 I did confesse it, and exactly begg'd  
 146 Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.  
 147 This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,  
 148 It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,  
 149 A recreant, and most degenerate Traitor,  
 150 Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,  
 151 And interchangeably hurle downe my gage  
 152 Vpon this ouer- weening Traitors foote,  
 153 To proue my selfe a loyall Gentleman,  
 154 Euen in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome.  
 155 In hast whereof, most heartily I pray  
 156 Your Highnesse to assigne our Triall day.  
 157 *King.* Wrath- kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:  
 158 Let's purge this choller without letting blood:  
 159 This we prescribe, though no Physition,  
 160 Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.  
 161 Forget, forgiue, conclude, and be agreed,  
 162 Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.  
 163 Good Vnckle, let this end where it begun,  
 164 Wee'l calme the Duke of Norfolk; you, your son.  
 165 *Gaunt.* To be a make- peace shall become my age,  
 166 Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolk's gage.  
 167 *King.* And Norfolk, throw downe his.  
 168 *Gaunt.* When *Harrie* when? Obedience bids,  
 169 Obedience bids I should not bid agen.  
 170 *King.* Norfolk, throw downe, we bidde; there is  
 171 no boote.  
 172 *Mow.* My selfe I throw (dread Soueraigne) at thy foot.  
 173 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,  
 174 The one my dutie owes, but my faire name  
 175 Despight of death, that liues vpon my graue  
 176 To darke dishonours vse, thou shalt not haue.  
 177 I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd heere,

178 Pierc'd to the soule with slanders venom'd speare:  
 179 The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood  
 180 Which breath'd this poyson.  
 181 *King.* Rage must be withstood:  
 182 Giue me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.  
 183 *Mo.* Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,  
 184 And I resigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,  
 185 The purest treasure mortall times afford  
 186 Is spotlesse reputation: that away,  
 187 Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.  
 188 A Jewell in a ten times barr'd vp Chest,  
 189 Is a bold spirit, in a loyall brest.  
 190 Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one:  
 191 Take Honor from me, and my life is done.  
 192 Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trie,  
 193 In that I liue; and for that will I die.  
 194 *King.* Coosin, throw downe your gage,  
 195 Do you begin.  
 196 *Bul.* Oh heauen defend my soule from such foule sin.  
 197 Shall I seeme Crest- falne in my fathers sight,  
 198 Or with pale beggar- feare impeach my hight  
 199 Before this out- dar'd dastard? Ere my toong,  
 200 Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong;  
 201 Or sound so base a parle: my teeth shall teare  
 202 The slauish motiue of recanting feare,  
 203 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,  
 204 Where shame doth harbour, euen in *Mowbrayes* face.  
 205 *Exit Gaunt.*  
 206 *King.* We were not borne to sue, but to command,  
 207 Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
 208 Be readie, (as your liues shall answer it)  
 209 At Couentree, vpon S[aint]. *Lamberts* day:  
 210 There shall your swords and Lances arbitrate  
 211 The swelling difference of your settled hate:  
 212 Since we cannot attone you, you shall see  
 213 Iustice designe the Victors Chiualrie.  
 214 Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,  
 215 Be readie to direct these home Alarmes. *Exeunt.*

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### *Scaena Secunda.*

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217 *Enter Gaunt, and Dutchesse of Gloucester.*  
 218 *Gaunt.* Alas, the part I had in Glousters blood,  
 219 Doth more solícite me then your exclames,

220 To stirre against the Butchers of his life. [c1  
 221 But since correction lyeth in those hands  
 222 Which made the fault that we cannot correct,  
 223 Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,  
 224 Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,  
 225 Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.  
 226 *Dut.* Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?  
 227 Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?  
 228 *Edwards* seuen sonnes (whereof thy selfe art one)  
 229 Were as seuen violles of his Sacred blood,  
 230 Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote:  
 231 Some of those seuen are dride by natures course,  
 232 Some of those branches by the destinies cut:  
 233 But *Thomas*, my deere Lord, my life, my Glouster,  
 234 One Violl full of *Edwards* Sacred blood,  
 235 One flourishing branch of his most Royall roote  
 236 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;  
 237 Is hactt downe, and his summer leafes all vaded  
 238 By Enuies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.  
 239 Ah *Gaunt!* His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,  
 240 That mettle, that selfe- mould that fashion'd thee,  
 241 Made him a man: and though thou liu'st, and breath'st,  
 242 Yet art thou slaine in him: thou dost consent  
 243 In some large measure to thy Fathers death,  
 244 In that thou seest thy wretched brother dye,  
 245 Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.  
 246 Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is dispaire,  
 247 In suffring thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,  
 248 Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
 249 Teaching sterne murther how to butcher thee:  
 250 That which in meane men we intitle patience  
 251 Is pale cold cowardice in noble brests:  
 252 What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,  
 253 The best way is to venge my Glousters death.  
 254 *Gaunt.* Heauens is the quarrell: for heauens substitute  
 255 His Deputy annointed in his sight,  
 256 Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully  
 257 Let heauen reuenge: for I may neuer lift  
 258 An angry arme against his Minister.  
 259 *Dut.* Where then (alas may I) complaint my selfe?  
 260 *Gau.* To heauen, the widdowes Champion to defence  
 261 *Dut.* Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.  
 262 Thou go'st to Couentrie, there to behold  
 263 Our Cosine Herford, and fell Mowbray fight:  
 264 O sit my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,  
 265 That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes brest:

266 Or if misfortune misse the first carreere,  
 267 Be Mowbrayes sinnes so heauy in his bosome,  
 268 That they may breake his foaming Coursers backe,  
 269 And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,  
 270 A Caytiffe recreant to my Cosine Herford:  
 271 Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy sometimes brothers wife  
 272 With her companion Greefe, must end her life.  
 273 *Gau.* Sister farewell: I must to Couentree,  
 274 As much good stay with thee, as go with mee.  
 275 *Dut.* Yet one word more: Greefe boundeth where it |(falls,  
 276 Not with the emptie hollownes, but weight:  
 277 I take my leaue, before I haue begun,  
 278 For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.  
 279 Commend me to my brother *Edmund Yorke*.  
 280 Loe, this is all: nay, yet depart not so,  
 281 Though this be all, do not so quickly go,  
 282 I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?  
 283 With all good speed at Plashie visit mee.  
 284 Alacke, and what shall good old Yorke there see  
 285 But empty lodgings, and vnfurnish'd walles,  
 286 Vn- peopel'd Offices, vntroden stones?  
 287 And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?  
 288 Therefore commend me, let him not come there,  
 289 To seeke out sorrow, that dwels euery where:  
 290 Desolate, desolate will I hence, and dye,  
 291 The last leaue of thee, takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt*

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### *Scena Tertia.*

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293 *Enter Marshall, and Aumerle.*  
 294 *Mar.* My L[ord]. *Aumerle*, is *Harry Herford* arm'd.  
 295 *Aum.* Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.  
 296 *Mar.* The Duke of Norfolke, sprightfully and bold,  
 297 Stayes but the summons of the Appealants Trumpet.  
 298 *Au.* Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and stay  
 299 For nothing but his Maiesties approach. *Flourish.*  
 300 *Enter King, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Greene, &*  
 301 *others: Then Mowbray in Ar-mor,*  
 302 *and Harrold.*  
 303 *Rich.* Marshall, demand of yonder Champion  
 304 The cause of his arriuall heere in Armes,  
 305 Aske him his name, and orderly proceed  
 306 To swear him in the iustice of his cause.  
 307 *Mar.* In Gods name, and the Kings say who y art,

308 And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in Armes?  
 309 Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrell,  
 310 Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,  
 311 As so defend thee heauen, and thy valour.  
 312 *Mow.* My name is *Tho[mas]. Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolk,  
 313 Who hither comes engaged by my oath  
 314 (Which heauen defend a knight should violate)  
 315 Both to defend my loyalty and truth,  
 316 To God, my King, and his succeeding issue,  
 317 Against the Duke of Herford, that appeales me:  
 318 And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,  
 319 To proue him (in defending of my selfe)  
 320 A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,  
 321 And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.  
 322 *Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.*  
 323 *Rich.* Marshall: Aske yonder Knight in Armes,  
 324 Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,  
 325 Thus placed in habiliments of warre:  
 326 And formerly according to our Law  
 327 Depose him in the iustice of his cause.  
 328 *Mar.* What is thy name? and wherfore comst y hither  
 329 Before King *Richard* in his Royall Lists?  
 330 Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell?  
 331 Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heauen.  
 332 *Bul.* *Harry* of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
 333 Am I: who ready heere do stand in Armes,  
 334 To proue by heauens grace, and my bodies valour,  
 335 In Lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,  
 336 That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous,  
 337 To God of heauen, King *Richard*, and to me,  
 338 And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.  
 339 *Mar.* On paine of death, no person be so bold,  
 340 Or daring hardie as to touch the Listes,  
 341 Except the Marshall, and such Officers  
 342 Appointed to direct these faire designes.  
 343 *Bul.* Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Soueraigns hand,  
 344 And bow my knee before his Maiestie:  
 345 For *Mowbray* and my selfe are like two men,  
 346 That vow a long and weary pilgrimage, [c1v  
 347 Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue  
 348 And louing farwell of our seuerall friends.  
 349 *Mar.* The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,  
 350 And craues to kisse your hand, and take his leaue.  
 351 *Rich.* We will descend, and fold him in our armes.  
 352 Cosin of Herford, as thy cause is iust,  
 353 So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:

354 Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shead,  
 355 Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.  
 356 *Bull.* Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare  
 357 For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbrayes* speare:  
 358 As confident, as is the Falcons flight  
 359 Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.  
 360 My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you,  
 361 Of you (my Noble Cosin) Lord *Aumerle*;  
 362 Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,  
 363 But lustie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.  
 364 Loe, as at English Feasts, so I regreete  
 365 The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.  
 366 Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,  
 367 Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,  
 368 Doth with a two- fold rigor lift mee vp  
 369 To reach at victory aboue my head,  
 370 Adde prooffe vnto mine Armour with thy prayres,  
 371 And with thy blessings steele my Lances point,  
 372 That it may enter *Mowbrayes* waxen Coate,  
 373 And furnish new the name of *Iohn a Gaunt*,  
 374 Euen in the lusty hauiour of his sonne.  
 375 *Gaunt.* Heauen in thy good cause make thee prosp'rous  
 376 Be swift like lightning in the execution,  
 377 And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,  
 378 Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske  
 379 Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.  
 380 Rouze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue.  
 381 *Bul.* Mine innocence, and S[aint]. *George* to thriue.  
 382 *Mow.* How euer heauen or fortune cast my lot,  
 383 There liues, or dies, true to Kings *Richards* Throne,  
 384 A loyall, iust, and vpriht Gentleman:  
 385 Neuer did Captiue with a freer heart,  
 386 Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace  
 387 His golden vncontroul'd enfranchisement,  
 388 More then my dancing soule doth celebrate  
 389 This Feast of Battell, with mine Aduersarie.  
 390 Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,  
 391 Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,  
 392 As gentle, and as iocond, as to iest,  
 393 Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet brest.  
 394 *Rich.* Farewell, my Lord, securely I espy  
 395 Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:  
 396 Order the triall Marshall, and begin.  
 397 *Mar.* *Harrie of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,*  
 398 Receiue thy Launce, and heauen defend thy right.  
 399 *Bul.* Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.

400 *Mar.* Go beare this Lance to *Thomas D[uke].* of *Norfolke.*  
 401 1.*Har.* *Harry* of *Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,*  
 402 Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,  
 403 On paine to be found false, and recreant,  
 404 To proue the Duke of *Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray,*  
 405 A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,  
 406 And dares him to set forwards to the fight.  
 407 2.*Har.* Here standeth *Tho[mas]: Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk*  
 408 On paine to be found false and recreant,  
 409 Both to defend himselfe, and to approue  
 410 *Henry* of *Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,*  
 411 To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall:  
 412 Couragiously, and with a free desire  
 413 Attending but the signall to begin. *A charge sounded*  
 414 *Mar.* Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants:  
 415 Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.  
 416 *Rich.* Let them lay by their Helmets & their Speares,  
 417 And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:  
 418 Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets sound,  
 419 While we returne these Dukes what we decree.  
 420 *A long Flourish.*  
 421 Draw neere and list  
 422 What with our Councell we haue done.  
 423 For that our kingdomes earth should not be soyl'd  
 424 With that deere blood which it hath fostered,  
 425 And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect  
 426 Of ciuill wounds plowgh'd vp with neighbors swords,  
 427 Which so rouz'd vp with boystrous vntun'd drummes,  
 428 With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,  
 429 And grating shocke of wrathfull yron Armes,  
 430 Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,  
 431 And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:  
 432 Therefore, we banish you our Territories.  
 433 You Cosin *Herford,* vpon paine of death,  
 434 Till twice fiue Summers haue enrich'd our fields,  
 435 Shall not regret our faire dominions,  
 436 But treade the stranger pathes of banishment.  
 437 *Bul.* Your will be done: This must my comfort be,  
 438 That Sun that warmes you heere, shall shine on me:  
 439 And those his golden beames to you heere lent,  
 440 Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.  
 441 *Rich.* *Norfolke:* for thee remaines a heauier dombe,  
 442 Which I with some vnwillingnesse pronounce,  
 443 The slye slow houres shall not determinate  
 444 The datelesse limit of thy deere exile:  
 445 The hopelesse word, of Neuer to returne,

446 Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life.  
 447 *Mow.* A heauy sentence, my most Soueraigne Liege,  
 448 And all vnlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth:  
 449 A deerer merit, not so deepe a maime,  
 450 As to be cast forth in the common ayre  
 451 Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands.  
 452 The Language I haue learn'd these forty yeares  
 453 (My natiue English) now I must forgo,  
 454 And now my tongues vse is to me no more,  
 455 Then an vnstringed Vyall, or a Harpe,  
 456 Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd vp,  
 457 Or being open, put into his hands  
 458 That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.  
 459 Within my mouth you haue engaol'd my tongue,  
 460 Doubly percullist with my teeth and lippes,  
 461 And dull, vnfeeling, barren ignorance,  
 462 Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:  
 463 I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurse,  
 464 Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now:  
 465 What is thy sentence then, but speechlesse death,  
 466 Which robs my tongue from breathing natiue breath?  
 467 *Rich.* It boots thee not to be compassionate,  
 468 After our sentence, plaining comes too late.  
 469 *Mow.* Then thus I turne me from my countries light  
 470 To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.  
 471 *Ric.* Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,  
 472 Lay on our Royall sword, your banisht hands;  
 473 Swear by the duty that you owe to heauen  
 474 (Our part therein we banish with your selues)  
 475 To keepe the Oath that we administer:  
 476 You neuer shall (so helpe you Truth, and Heauen)  
 477 Embrace each others loue in banishment,  
 478 Nor euer looke vpon each others face, [c2  
 479 Nor euer write, regreete, or reconcile  
 480 This lowring tempest of your home- bred hate,  
 481 Nor euer by aduised purpose meete,  
 482 To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,  
 483 'Gainst Vs, our State, our Subiects, or our Land.  
 484 *Bull.* I swear.  
 485 *Mow.* And I, to keepe all this.  
 486 *Bul.* Norfolke, so fare, as to mine enemye,  
 487 By this time (had the King permitted vs)  
 488 One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,  
 489 Banish'd this fraile sepulchre of our flesh,  
 490 As now our flesh is banish'd from this Land.  
 491 Confesse thy Treasons, ere thou flye this Realme,

492 Since thou hast farre to go, beare not along  
 493 The clogging burthen of a guilty soule.  
 494 *Mow.* No *Bullingbroke*: If euer I were Traitor,  
 495 My name be blotted from the booke of Life,  
 496 And I from heauen banish'd, as from hence:  
 497 But what thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,  
 498 And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rue.  
 499 Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,  
 500 Saue backe to England, all the worlds my way. *Exit.*  
 501 *Rich.* Vncle, euen in the glasses of thine eyes  
 502 I see thy greeued heart: thy sad aspect,  
 503 Hath from the number of his banish'd yeares  
 504 Pluck'd foure away: Six frozen Winters spent,  
 505 Returne with welcome home, from banishment.  
 506 *Bul.* How long a time lyes in one little word:  
 507 Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton springs  
 508 End in a word, such is the breath of Kings.  
 509 *Gaunt.* I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me  
 510 He shortens foure yeares of my sonnes exile:  
 511 But little vantage shall I reape thereby.  
 512 For ere the sixe yeares that he hath to spend  
 513 Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,  
 514 My oyle- dride Lampe, and time- bewasted light  
 515 Shall be extinct with age, and endlesse night:  
 516 My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,  
 517 And blindfold death, not let me see my sonne.  
 518 *Rich.* Why Vncle, thou hast many yeeres to liue.  
 519 *Gaunt.* But not a minute (King) that thou canst giue;  
 520 Shorten my dayes thou canst with sudden sorow,  
 521 And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:  
 522 Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,  
 523 But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:  
 524 Thy word is currant with him, for my death,  
 525 But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.  
 526 *Ric.* Thy sonne is banish'd vpon good aduice,  
 527 Whereto thy tongue a party- verdict gaue,  
 528 Why at our Iustice seem'st thou then to lowre?  
 529 *Gau.* Things sweet to tast, proue in digestion sowre:  
 530 You vrg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather  
 531 You would haue bid me argue like a Father.  
 532 Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,  
 533 I was too strict to make mine owne away:  
 534 But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tong,  
 535 Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.  
 536 *Rich.* Cosine farewell: and Vncle bid him so:  
 537 Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go. *Exit.*

538 *Flourish.*  
 539 *Au.* Cosine farewell: what presence must not know  
 540 From where you do remaine, let paper show.  
 541 *Mar.* My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride  
 542 As farre as land will let me, by your side.  
 543 *Gaunt.* Oh to what purpose dost thou hord thy words,  
 544 That thou returnst no greeting to thy friends?  
 545 *Bull.* I haue too few to take my leaue of you,  
 546 When the tongues office should be prodigall,  
 547 To breath th' abundant dolour of the heart.  
 548 *Gau.* Thy greefe is but thy absence for a time.  
 549 *Bull.* Ioy absent, greefe is present for that time.  
 550 *Gau.* What is sixe Winters, they are quickly gone?  
 551 *Bul.* To men in ioy, but greefe makes one houre ten.  
 552 *Gau.* Call it a trauell that thou tak'st for pleasure.  
 553 *Bul.* My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,  
 554 Which findes it an inforced Pilgrimage.  
 555 *Gau.* The sullen passage of thy weary steppes  
 556 Esteeme a soyle, wherein thou art to set  
 557 The precious Iewell of thy home returne.  
 558 *Bul.* Oh who can hold a fire in his hand  
 559 By thinking on the frostie *Caucasus*?  
 560 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
 561 By bare imagination of a Feast?  
 562 Or Wallow naked in December snow  
 563 By thinking on fantasticke summers heate?  
 564 Oh no, the apprehension of the good  
 565 Giues but the greater feeling to the worse:  
 566 Fell sorrowes tooth, doth euer ranckle more  
 567 Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.  
 568 *Gau.* Come, come (my son) Ile bring thee on thy way  
 569 Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.  
 570 *Bul.* Then Englands ground farewell: sweet soil adieu,  
 571 My Mother, and my Nurse, which beares me yet:  
 572 Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,  
 573 Though banish'd, yet a true- borne Englishman.

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### *Scoena Quarta.*

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575 *Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.*  
 576 *Rich.* We did obserue. Cosine *Aumerle*,  
 577 How far brought you high Herford on his way?  
 578 *Aum.* I brought high Herford (if you call him so)  
 579 But to the next high way, and there I left him.

580 *Rich.* And say, what store of parting tears were shed?  
 581 *Aum.* Faith none for me: except the Northeast wind  
 582 Which then grew bitterly against our face,  
 583 Awak'd the sleepe rhewme, and so by chance  
 584 Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.  
 585 *Rich.* What said our Cosin when you parted with him?  
 586 *Au.* Farewell: and for my hart disdain'd y my tongue  
 587 Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft  
 588 To counterfeit oppression of such greefe,  
 589 That word seem'd buried in my sorrowes graue.  
 590 Marry, would the word Farwell, haue lengthen'd houres,  
 591 And added yeeres to his short banishment,  
 592 He should haue had a volume of Farwels,  
 593 But since it would not, he had none of me.  
 594 *Rich.* He is our Cosin (Cosin) but 'tis doubt,  
 595 When time shall call him home from banishment,  
 596 Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,  
 597 Our selfe, and *Bushy*: heere *Bagot* and *Greene*  
 598 Obseru'd his Courtship to the common people:  
 599 How he did seeme to diue into their hearts,  
 600 With humble, and familiar courtesie,  
 601 What reuerence he did throw away on slaues;  
 602 Wooing poore Craftes- men, with the craft of soules,  
 603 And patient vnder- bearing of his Fortune,  
 604 As 'twere to banish their affects with him.  
 605 Off goes his bonnet to an Oyster- wench, [c2v  
 606 A brace of Dray- men bid God speed him well,  
 607 And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
 608 With thanks my Countrimen, my louing friends,  
 609 As were our England in reuersion his,  
 610 And he our subiects next degree in hope.  
 611 *Gr.* Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts:  
 612 Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,  
 613 Expedient manage must be made my Liege  
 614 Ere further leysure, yeeld them further meanes  
 615 For their aduantage, and your Highnesse losse.  
 616 *Ric.* We will our selfe in person to this warre,  
 617 And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,  
 618 And liberall Largesse, are growne somewhat light,  
 619 We are inforc'd to farme our royall Realme,  
 620 The Reuennue whereof shall furnish vs  
 621 For our affayres in hand: if that come short  
 622 Our Substitutes at home shall haue Blanke- charters:  
 623 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,  
 624 They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,  
 625 And send them after to supply our wants:

626 For we will make for Ireland presently.  
 627 *Enter Bushy.*  
 628 *Bushy*, what newes?  
 629 *Bu.* Old *Iohn of Gaunt* is verie sicke my Lord,  
 630 Sodainly taken, and hath sent post haste  
 631 To entreat your Maiesty to visit him.  
 632 *Ric.* Where lyes he?  
 633 *Bu.* At Ely house.  
 634 *Ric.* Now put it (heauen) in his Physitians minde,  
 635 To helpe him to his graue immediately:  
 636 The lining of his coffers shall make Coates  
 637 To decke our souldiers for these Irish warres.  
 638 Come Gentlemen, let's all go visit him:  
 639 Pray heauen we may make hast, and come too late. *Exit.*

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***Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.***

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641 *Enter Gaunt, sicke with Yorke.*  
 642 *Gau.* Will the King come, that I may breath my last  
 643 In wholsome counsell to his vnstaid youth?  
 644 *Yor.* Vex not your selfe, nor striue not with your breth,  
 645 For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.  
 646 *Gau.* Oh but (they say) the tongues of dying men  
 647 Inforce attention like deepe harmony;  
 648 Where words are scarce, they are seldome spent in vaine,  
 649 For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.  
 650 He that no more must say, is listen'd more,  
 651 Then they whom youth and ease haue taught to glose,  
 652 More are mens ends markt, then their liues before,  
 653 The setting Sun, and Musicke in the close  
 654 As the last taste of sweetes, is sweetest last,  
 655 Writ in remembrance, more then things long past;  
 656 Though *Richard* my liues counsell would not heare,  
 657 My deaths sad tale, may yet vndeafe his eare.  
 658 *Yor.* No, it is stopt with other flatt'ring sounds  
 659 As praises of his state: then there are found  
 660 Lasciuious Meeters, to whose venom sound  
 661 The open eare of youth doth alwayes listen.  
 662 Report of fashions in proud Italy,  
 663 Whose manners still our tardie apish Nation  
 664 Limpes after in base imitation.  
 665 Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,  
 666 So it be new, there's no respect how vile,  
 667 That is not quickly buz'd into his eares?

668 That all too late comes counsell to be heard,  
669 Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:  
670 Direct not him, whose way himselfe will choose,  
671 Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose.  
672 *Gaunt.* Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inspir'd,  
673 And thus expiring, do foretell of him,  
674 His rash fierce blaze of Ryot cannot last,  
675 For violent fires soone burne out themselues,  
676 Small showres last long, but sodaine stormes are short,  
677 He tyres betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;  
678 With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:  
679 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
680 Consuming meanes soone preyes vpon it selfe.  
681 This royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Isle,  
682 This earth of Maiesty, this seate of Mars,  
683 This other Eden, demy paradise,  
684 This Fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,  
685 Against infection, and the hand of warre:  
686 This happy breed of men, this little world,  
687 This precious stone, set in the siluer sea,  
688 Which serues it in the office of a wall,  
689 Or as a Moate defensiuie to a house,  
690 Against the enuy of lesse happier Lands,  
691 This blessed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,  
692 This Nurse, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,  
693 Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,  
694 Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,  
695 For Christian seruice, and true Chiualrie,  
696 As is the sepulcher in stubborne *Iury*  
697 Of the Worlds ransome, blessed *Maries* Sonne.  
698 This Land of such deere soules, this deere- deere Land,  
699 Deere for her reputation through the world,  
700 Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)  
701 Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.  
702 England bound in with the triumphant sea,  
703 Whose rocky shore beates backe the enuious siedge  
704 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
705 With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.  
706 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
707 Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.  
708 Ah! would the scandall vanish with my life,  
709 How happy then were my ensuing death?  
710 *Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Bushy, Greene,*  
711 *Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby.*  
712 *Yor.* The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,  
713 For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

714 *Qu.* How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?  
 715 *Ri.* What comfort man? How ist with aged *Gaunt*?  
 716 *Ga.* Oh how that name befits my composition:  
 717 Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:  
 718 Within me greefe hath kept a tedious fast,  
 719 And who abstaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?  
 720 For sleeping England long time haue I watcht,  
 721 Watching breeds leannesse, leannesse is all gaunt.  
 722 The pleasure that some Fathers feede vpon,  
 723 Is my strict fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,  
 724 And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:  
 725 Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,  
 726 Whose hollow wombe inherits naught but bones.  
 727 *Ric.* Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?  
 728 *Gau.* No, misery makes sport to mocke it selfe:  
 729 Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in mee, [c3  
 730 I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.  
 731 *Ric.* Should dying men flatter those that liue?  
 732 *Gau.* No, no, men liuing flatter those that dye.  
 733 *Rich.* Thou now a dying, sayst thou flatter'st me.  
 734 *Gau.* Oh no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be.  
 735 *Rich.* I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.  
 736 *Gau.* Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill:  
 737 Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,  
 738 Thy death- bed is no lesser then the Land,  
 739 Wherein thou lvest in reputation sicke,  
 740 And thou too care- lesse patient as thou art,  
 741 Commit'st thy 'anointed body to the cure  
 742 Of those Physitians, that first wounded thee.  
 743 A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,  
 744 Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head,  
 745 And yet incaged in so small a Verge,  
 746 The waste is no whit lesser then thy Land:  
 747 Oh had thy Grandsire with a Prophets eye,  
 748 Seene how his sonnes sonne, should destroy his sonnes,  
 749 From forth thy reach he would haue laid thy shame,  
 750 Deposing thee before thou wert possest,  
 751 Which art possest now to depose thy selfe.  
 752 Why (Cosine) were thou Regent of the world,  
 753 It were a shame to let his Land by lease:  
 754 But for thy world enjoying but this Land,  
 755 Is it not more then shame, to shame it so?  
 756 Landlord of England art thou, and not King:  
 757 Thy state of Law, is bondslaue to the law,  
 758 And—  
 759 *Rich.* And thou, a lunaticke leane- witted foole,

760 Presuming on an Agues priuiledge,  
 761 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
 762 Make pale our cheeke, chasing the Royall blood  
 763 With fury, from his natiue residence?  
 764 Now by my Seates right Royall Maiestie,  
 765 Wer't thou not Brother to great *Edwards* sonne,  
 766 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,  
 767 Should run thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.  
 768 *Gau.* Oh spare me not, my brothers *Edwards* sonne,  
 769 For that I was his Father *Edwards* sonne:  
 770 That blood already (like the Pellican)  
 771 Thou hast tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.  
 772 My brother Gloucester, plaine well meaning soule  
 773 (Whom faire befall in heauen 'mongst happy soules)  
 774 May be a president, and wnesse good,  
 775 That thou respect'st not spilling *Edwards* blood:  
 776 Ioyne with the present sicknesse that I haue,  
 777 And thy vnkindnesse be like crooked age,  
 778 To crop at once a too- long wither'd flowre.  
 779 Liue in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee,  
 780 These words heereafter, thy tormentors bee.  
 781 Conuey me to my bed, then to my graue,  
 782 Loue they to liue, that loue and honor haue. *Exit*  
 783 *Rich.* And let them dye, that age and sullens haue,  
 784 For both hast thou, and both become the graue.  
 785 *Yor.* I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words  
 786 To wayward sicklinesse, and age in him:  
 787 He loues you on my life, and holds you deere  
 788 As *Harry Duke of Herford*, were he heere.  
 789 *Rich.* Right, you say true: as *Herfords* loue, so his;  
 790 As theirs, so mine: and all be as it is.  
 791 *Enter Northumberland.*  
 792 *Nor.* My Liege, olde *Gaunt* commends him to your  
 793 Maiestie.  
 794 *Rich.* What sayes he?  
 795 *Nor.* Nay nothing, all is said:  
 796 His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,  
 797 Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.  
 798 *Yor.* Be Yorke the next, that must be bankrupt so,  
 799 Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.  
 800 *Rich.* The ripest fruit first fals, and so doth he,  
 801 His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:  
 802 So much for that. Now for our Irish warres,  
 803 We must supplant those rough rug- headed Kernes,  
 804 Which liue like venom, where no venom else  
 805 But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.

806 And for these great affayres do aske some charge  
807 Towards our assistance, we do seize to vs  
808 The plate, coine, reuennewes, and moueables,  
809 Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did stand possest.  
810 *Yor.* How long shall I be patient? Oh how long  
811 Shall tender dutie make me suffer wrong?  
812 Not *Glousters* death, nor *Herfords* banishment,  
813 Nor *Gautes* rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,  
814 Nor the preuention of poore *Bullingbrooke*,  
815 About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace  
816 Haue euer made me sowre my patient cheeke,  
817 Or bend one wrinkle on my Soueraignes face:  
818 I am the last of noble *Edwards* sonnes,  
819 Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was first,  
820 In warre was neuer Lyon rag'd more fierce:  
821 In peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde,  
822 Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman,  
823 His face thou hast, for euen so look'd he  
824 Accomplish'd with the number of thy howers:  
825 But when he frown'd, it was against the French,  
826 And not against his friends: his noble hand  
827 Did win what he did spend: and spent not that  
828 Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:  
829 His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,  
830 But bloody with the enemies of his kinne:  
831 Oh *Richard*, *Yorke* is too farre gone with greefe,  
832 Or else he neuer would compare betweene.  
833 *Rich.* Why Vncle,  
834 What's the matter?  
835 *Yor.* Oh my Liege, pardon me if you please, if not  
836 I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:  
837 Seeke you to seize, and gripe into your hands  
838 The Royalties and Rights of banish'd *Herford*?  
839 Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Herford* liue?  
840 Was not *Gaunt* iust? and is not *Harry* true?  
841 Did not the one deserue to haue an heyre?  
842 Is not his heyre a well- deseruing sonne?  
843 Take *Herfords* rights away, and take from time  
844 His Charters, and his customarie rights:  
845 Let not to morrow then insue to day,  
846 Be not thy selfe. For how art thou a King  
847 But by faire sequence and succession?  
848 Now afore God, God forbid I say true,  
849 If you do wrongfully seize *Herfords* right,  
850 Call in his Letters Patents that he hath  
851 By his Atturneyes generall, to sue

852 His Liuerie, and denie his offer'd homage,  
 853 You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,  
 854 You loose a thousand well- disposed hearts,  
 855 And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts  
 856 Which honor and allegeance cannot thinke.  
 857 *Ric.* Thinke what you will: we seise into our hands,  
 858 His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.  
 859 *Yor.* Ile not be by the while: My Liege farewell, [c3v  
 860 What will ensue heereof, there's none can tell.  
 861 But by bad courses may be vnderstood,  
 862 That their euent can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*  
 863 *Rich.* Go *Bushie* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* streight,  
 864 Bid him repaire to vs to *Ely* house,  
 865 To see this businesse: to morrow next  
 866 We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:  
 867 And we create in absence of our selfe  
 868 Our Vncle *Yorke*, Lord Gouvernor of England:  
 869 For he is iust, and alwayes lou'd vs well.  
 870 Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,  
 871 Be merry, for our time of stay is short. *Flourish.*  
 872 *Manet North. Willoughby, & Ross.*  
 873 *Nor.* Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.  
 874 *Ross.* And liuing too, for now his sonne is Duke.  
 875 *Wil.* Barely in title, not in reuennew.  
 876 *Nor.* Richly in both, if iustice had her right.  
 877 *Ross.* My heart is great: but it must break with silence,  
 878 Er't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.  
 879 *Nor.* Nay speake thy mind: & let him ne'r speak more  
 880 That speakes thy words againe to do thee harme.  
 881 *Wil.* Tends that thou'dst speake to th' Du[ke]. of Hereford,  
 882 If it be so, out with it boldly man,  
 883 Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.  
 884 *Ross.* No good at all that I can do for him,  
 885 Vnlesse you call it good to pitie him,  
 886 Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.  
 887 *Nor.* Now afore heauen, 'tis shame such wrongs are  
 888 borne.  
 889 In him a royall Prince, and many moe  
 890 Of noble blood in this declining Land;  
 891 The King is not himselfe, but basely led  
 892 By Flatterers, and what they will informe  
 893 Meerely in hate 'gainst any of vs all,  
 894 That will the King seuerely prosecute  
 895 'Gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.  
 896 *Ros.* The Commons hath he pil'd with greeuous taxes  
 897 And quite lost their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde

898 For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.  
 899 *Wil.* And daily new exactions are deuised,  
 900 As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what:  
 901 But what o' Gods name doth become of this?  
 902 *Nor.* Wars hath not wasted it, for war'd he hath not.  
 903 But basely yeelded vpon comprimise,  
 904 That which his Ancestors atchieu'd with blowes:  
 905 More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.  
 906 *Ros.* The Earle of Wiltshire hath the realme in Farme.  
 907 *Wil.* The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.  
 908 *Nor.* Reproach, and dissolution hangeth ouer him.  
 909 *Ros.* He hath not monie for these Irish warres:  
 910 (His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)  
 911 But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.  
 912 *Nor.* His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King:  
 913 But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,  
 914 Yet seeke no shelter to auoid the storme:  
 915 We see the winde sit sore vpon our sailes,  
 916 And yet we strike not, but securely perish.  
 917 *Ros.* We see the very wracke that we must suffer,  
 918 And vnauoyded is the danger now  
 919 For suffering so the causes of our wracke.  
 920 *Nor.* Not so: euen through the hollow eyes of death,  
 921 I spie life peering: but I dare not say  
 922 How neere the tidings of our comfort is.  
 923 *Wil.* Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours  
 924 *Ros.* Be confident to speake Northumberland,  
 925 We three, are but thy selfe, and speaking so,  
 926 Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.  
 927 *Nor.* Then thus: I haue from Port *le Blan*  
 928 A Bay in *Britaine*, receiu'd intelligence,  
 929 That *Harry Duke of Herford*, *Rainald Lord Cobham*,  
 930 That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,  
 931 His brother Archbishop, late of *Canterbury*,  
 932 *Sir Thomas Erpingham*, *Sir Iohn Rainston*,  
 933 *Sir Iohn Norberie*, & *Sir Robert Waterton*, & *Francis Quoint*,  
 934 All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Britaine*,  
 935 With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre  
 936 Are making hither with all due expedience,  
 937 And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore:  
 938 Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay  
 939 The first departing of the King for Ireland.  
 940 If then we shall shake off our slauish yoake,  
 941 Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing,  
 942 Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemish'd Crowne,  
 943 Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gilt,

944 And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,  
 945 Away with me in poste to *Rauenspurgh*,  
 946 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
 947 Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.  
 948 *Ros.* To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them y feare.  
 949 *Wil.* Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.  
 950 *Exeunt.*

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***Scena Secunda.***

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952 *Enter Queene, Bushy, and Bagot.*  
 953 *Bush.* Madam, your Maiesty is too much sad,  
 954 You promis'd when you parted with the King,  
 955 To lay aside selfe- harming heauinesse,  
 956 And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.  
 957 *Qu.* To please the King, I did: to please my selfe  
 958 I cannot do it: yet I know no cause  
 959 Why I should welcome such a guest as greefe,  
 960 Saue bidding farewell to so sweet a guest  
 961 As my sweet *Richard*; yet againe me thinkes,  
 962 Some vnborne sorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe  
 963 Is comming towards me, and my inward soule  
 964 With nothing trembles, at something it greeues,  
 965 More then with parting from my Lord the King.  
 966 *Bush.* Each substance of a greefe hath twenty shadows  
 967 Which shewes like greefe it selfe, but is not so:  
 968 For sorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,  
 969 Diuides one thing intire, to many obiects,  
 970 Like perspectiues, which rightly gaz'd vpon  
 971 Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry,  
 972 Distinguish forme: so your sweet Maiestie  
 973 Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,  
 974 Finde shapes of greefe, more then himselfe to waile,  
 975 Which look'd on as it is, is naught but shadowes  
 976 Of what it is not: then thrice- gracious Queene,  
 977 More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not |(seene;  
 978 Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrowes eie,  
 979 Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.  
 980 *Qu.* It may be so: but yet my inward soule  
 981 Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,  
 982 I cannot but be sad: so heauy sad,  
 983 As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,  
 984 Makes me with heauy nothing faint and shrinke.  
 985 *Bush.* 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.) [c4

986 *Qu.* 'Tis nothing lesse: conceit is still deriu'd  
 987 From some fore- father greefe, mine is not so,  
 988 For nothing hath begot my something greefe,  
 989 Or something, hath the nothing that I greeue,  
 990 'Tis in reuersion that I do possesse,  
 991 But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what  
 992 I cannot name, 'tis namelesse woe I wot.  
 993 *Enter Greene.*  
 994 *Gree.* Heauen saue your Maiesty, and wel met Gentle-(men:  
 995 I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.  
 996 *Qu.* Why hop'st thou so? Tis better hope he is:  
 997 For his signes craue hast, his hast good hope,  
 998 Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?  
 999 *Gre.* That he our hope, might haue retyr'd his power,  
 1000 and driuen into dispaire an enemies hope,  
 1001 Who strongly hath set footing in this Land.  
 1002 The banish'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himselfe,  
 1003 And with vp- lifted Armes is safe arriu'd  
 1004 At *Rauenspurg*.  
 1005 *Qu.* Now God in heauen forbid.  
 1006 *Gr.* O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worse,  
 1007 The L[ord]. Northumberland, his yong sonne *Henrie Percie*,  
 1008 The Lords of *Rosse*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughby*,  
 1009 With all their powrefull friends are fled to him.  
 1010 *Bush.* Why haue you not proclaim'd Northumberland  
 1011 And the rest of the reuolted faction, Traitors?  
 1012 *Gre.* We haue: whereupon the Earle of Worcester  
 1013 Hath broke his staffe, resign'd his Stewardship,  
 1014 And al the houshold seruants fled with him to *Bullinbrook*  
 1015 *Qu.* So *Greene*, thou art the midwife of my woe,  
 1016 And *Bullinbrooke* my sorrowes dismall heyre:  
 1017 Now hath my soule brought forth her prodegie,  
 1018 And I a gasping new deliuered mother,  
 1019 Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioyn'd.  
 1020 *Bush.* Dispaire not Madam.  
 1021 *Qu.* Who shall hinder me?  
 1022 I will dispaire, and be at enmitie  
 1023 With couzening hope; he is a Flatterer,  
 1024 A Parasite, a keeper backe of death,  
 1025 Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,  
 1026 Which false hopes linger in extremity.  
 1027 *Enter Yorke.*  
 1028 *Gre.* Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.  
 1029 *Qu.* With signes of warre about his aged necke,  
 1030 Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes:  
 1031 Vncle, for heauens sake speake comfortable words:

1032 *Yor.* Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,  
 1033 Where nothing liues but crosses, care and greefe:  
 1034 Your husband he is gone to saue farre off,  
 1035 Whilst others come to make him loose at home:  
 1036 Heere am I left to vnder- prop his Land,  
 1037 Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe:  
 1038 Now comes the sicke houre that his surfet made,  
 1039 Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.  
 1040 *Enter a seruant.*  
 1041 *Ser.* My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.  
 1042 *Yor.* He was: why so: go all which way it will:  
 1043 The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,  
 1044 And will I feare reuolt on Herfords side.  
 1045 Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sister Gloster,  
 1046 Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,  
 1047 Hold, take my Ring.  
 1048 *Ser.* My Lord, I had forgot  
 1049 To tell your Lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there,  
 1050 But I shall greeue you to report the rest.  
 1051 *Yor.* What is't knaue?  
 1052 *Ser.* An houre before I came, the Dutchesse di'de.  
 1053 *Yor.* Heau'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes  
 1054 Come rushing on this wofull Land at once?  
 1055 I know not what to do: I would to heauen  
 1056 (So my vntruth had not prouok'd him to it)  
 1057 The King had cut off my head with my brothers.  
 1058 What, are there postes dispatcht for Ireland?  
 1059 How shall we do for money for these warres?  
 1060 Come sister (Cozen I would say) pray pardon me.  
 1061 Go fellow, get thee home, prouide some Carts,  
 1062 And bring away the Armour that is there.  
 1063 Gentlemen, will you muster men?  
 1064 If I know how, or which way to order these affaires  
 1065 Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,  
 1066 Neuer beleue me. Both are my kinsmen,  
 1067 Th' one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath  
 1068 And dutie bids defend: th' other againe  
 1069 Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,  
 1070 Whom conscience, and my kindred bids to right:  
 1071 Well, somewhat we must do: Come Cozen,  
 1072 Ile dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster vp your men,  
 1073 And meet me presently at Barkley Castle:  
 1074 I should to Plashy too: but time will not permit,  
 1075 All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at six and seuen. *Exit*  
 1076 *Bush.* The winde sits faire for newes to go to Ireland,  
 1077 But none returnes: For vs to leuy power

1078 Proportionable to th' enemy, is all impossible.  
 1079 *Gr.* Besides our neerensse to the King in loue,  
 1080 Is neere the hate of those loue not the King.  
 1081 *Ba.* And that's the wauering Commons, for their loue  
 1082 Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,  
 1083 By so much fils their hearts with deadly hate.  
 1084 *Bush.* Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd  
 1085 *Bag.* If iudgement lye in them, then so do we,  
 1086 Because we haue beene euer neere the King.  
 1087 *Gr.* Well: I will for refuge straight to Bristoll Castle,  
 1088 The Earle of Wiltshire is alreadie there.  
 1089 *Bush.* Thither will I with you, for little office  
 1090 Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,  
 1091 Except like Curses, to teare vs all in peeces:  
 1092 Will you go along with vs?  
 1093 *Bag.* No, I will to Ireland to his Maiestie:  
 1094 Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,  
 1095 We three here part, that neu'r shall meete againe.  
 1096 *Bu.* That's as Yorke thriues to beate back *Bullinbroke*  
 1097 *Gr.* Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes  
 1098 Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans drie,  
 1099 Where one on his side fights, thousands will flye.  
 1100 *Bush.* Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.  
 1101 Well, we may meete againe.  
 1102 *Bag.* I feare me neuer. *Exit.*

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***Scaena Tertia.***

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1104 *Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northum-berland.*  
 1106 *Bul.* How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now?  
 1107 *Nor.* Beleeue me noble Lord,  
 1108 I am a stranger heere in Gloustershire,  
 1109 These high wilde hilles, and rough vneeuuen waies,  
 1110 Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome.  
 1111 And yet our faire discourse hath beene as sugar, [c4v  
 1112 Making the hard way sweet and delectable:  
 1113 But I bethinke me, what a wearie way  
 1114 From Rauenspurgh to Cottshold will be found,  
 1115 In *Rosse* and *Willoughby*, wanting your companie,  
 1116 Which I protest hath very much beguild  
 1117 The tediousnesse, and processe of my trauell:  
 1118 But theirs is sweetned with the hope to haue  
 1119 The present benefit that I possesse;  
 1120 And hope to ioy, is little lesse in ioy,

1121 Then hope enioy'd: By this, the wearie Lords  
 1122 Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,  
 1123 By sight of what I haue, your Noble Companie.  
 1124 *Bull.* Of much lesse value is my Companie,  
 1125 Then your good words: but who comes here?  
 1126 *Enter H[arry]. Percie.*  
 1127 *North.* It is my Sonne, young *Harry Percie*,  
 1128 Sent from my Brother *Worcester*: Whence soeuer.  
 1129 *Harry*, how fares your Vnckle?  
 1130 *Percie.* I had thought, my Lord, to haue learn'd his  
 1131 health of you.  
 1132 *North.* Why, is he not with the Queene?  
 1133 *Percie.* No, my good Lord, he hath forsook the Court,  
 1134 Broken his Staffe of Office, and disperst  
 1135 The Household of the King.  
 1136 *North.* What was his reason?  
 1137 He was not so resolu'd, when we last spake together.  
 1138 *Percie.* Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor.  
 1139 But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurgh,  
 1140 To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford,  
 1141 And sent me ouer by Barkely, to discouer  
 1142 What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,  
 1143 Then with direction to repaire to Rauenspurgh.  
 1144 *North.* Haue you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)  
 1145 *Percie.* No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot  
 1146 Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,  
 1147 I neuer in my life did looke on him.  
 1148 *North.* Then learne to know him now: this is the  
 1149 Duke.  
 1150 *Percie.* My gracious Lord, I tender you my seruice,  
 1151 Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,  
 1152 Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme  
 1153 To more approued seruice, and desert.  
 1154 *Bull.* I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be sure  
 1155 I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,  
 1156 As in a Soule remembring my good Friends:  
 1157 And as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue,  
 1158 It shall be still thy true Loues recompence,  
 1159 My Heart this Couenant makes, my Hand thus seales it.  
 1160 *North.* How farre is it to Barkely? and what stirre  
 1161 Keepes good old *Yorke* there, with his Men of Warre?  
 1162 *Percie.* There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees,  
 1163 Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard,  
 1164 And in it are the Lords of *Yorke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymor*,  
 1165 None else of Name, and noble estimate.  
 1166 *Enter Rosse and Willoughby.*

1167 *North.* Here come the Lords of *Rosse* and *Willoughby*,  
 1168 Bloody with spurring, fierie red with haste.  
 1169 *Bull.* Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues  
 1170 A banisht Traytor; all my Treasurie  
 1171 Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enrich'd,  
 1172 Shall be your loue, and labours recompence.  
 1173 *Ross.* Your presence makes vs rich, most Noble Lord.  
 1174 *Willo.* And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.  
 1175 *Bull.* Euermore thanks, th' Exchequer of the poore,  
 1176 Which till my infant- fortune comes to yeeres,  
 1177 Stands for my Bountie: but who comes here?  
 1178 *Enter Barkely.*  
 1179 *North.* It is my Lord of Barkely, as I ghesse.  
 1180 *Bark.* My Lord of Hereford, my Message is to you.  
 1181 *Bull.* My Lord, my Answere is to *Lancaster*,  
 1182 And I am come to seeke that Name in England,  
 1183 And I must finde that Title in your Tongue,  
 1184 Before I make reply to aught you say.  
 1185 *Bark.* Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning  
 1186 To raze one Title of your Honor out.  
 1187 To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)  
 1188 From the most glorious of this Land,  
 1189 The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on  
 1190 To take aduantage of the absent time,  
 1191 And fright our Natiue Peace with selfe- borne Armes.  
 1192 *Enter Yorke.*  
 1193 *Bull.* I shall not need transport my words by you,  
 1194 Here comes his Grace in Person. My Noble Vnckle.  
 1195 *York.* Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,  
 1196 Whose dutie is deceiuable, and false.  
 1197 *Bull.* My gracious Vnckle.  
 1198 *York.* Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me,  
 1199 I am no Traytors Vnckle; and that word Grace,  
 1200 In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane.  
 1201 Why haue these banish'd, and forbidden Legges,  
 1202 Dar'd once to touch a Dust of Englands Ground?  
 1203 But more then why, why haue they dar'd to march  
 1204 So many miles vpon her peacefull Bosome,  
 1205 Frighting her pale- fac'd Villages with Warre,  
 1206 And ostentation of despised Armes?  
 1207 Com'st thou because th' anoynted King is hence?  
 1208 Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,  
 1209 And in my loyall Bosome lyes his power.  
 1210 Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,  
 1211 As when braue *Gaunt*, thy Father, and my selfe  
 1212 Rescued the *Black Prince*, that yong *Mars* of men,

1213 From forth the Rankes of many thousand French:  
 1214 Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,  
 1215 Now Prisoner to the Palsie, chastise thee,  
 1216 And minister correction to thy Fault.  
 1217 *Bull.* My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault,  
 1218 On what Condition stands it, and wherein?  
 1219 *York.* Euen in Condition of the worst degree,  
 1220 In grosse Rebellion, and detested Treason:  
 1221 Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come  
 1222 Before th' expiration of thy time,  
 1223 In brauing Armes against thy Soueraigne.  
 1224 *Bull.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford*,  
 1225 But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.  
 1226 And Noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace  
 1227 Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye:  
 1228 You are my Father, for me thinkes in you  
 1229 I see old *Gaunt* alieu. Oh then my Father,  
 1230 Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd  
 1231 A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties  
 1232 Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away  
 1233 To vpstart Vnthrifts? Wherefore was I borne?  
 1234 If that my Cousin King, be King of England,  
 1235 It must be graunted, I am Duke of Lancaster.  
 1236 You haue a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinsman,  
 1237 Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,  
 1238 He should haue found his Vnckle *Gaunt* a Father,  
 1239 To rowze his Wrongs, and chase them to the bay.  
 1240 I am denyde to sue my Liuerie here,  
 1241 And yet my Letters Patents giue me leaue:  
 1242 My Fathers goods are all distraynd, and sold,  
 1243 And these, and all, are all amisse imployd. [c5  
 1244 What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,  
 1245 And challenge Law: Attorneyes are deny'd me;  
 1246 And therefore personally I lay my claime  
 1247 To my Inheritance of free Discent.  
 1248 *North.* The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.  
 1249 *Ross.* It stands your Grace vpon, to doe him right.  
 1250 *Willo.* Base men by his endowments are made great.  
 1251 *York.* My Lords of England, let me tell you this,  
 1252 I haue had feeling of my Cosens Wrongs,  
 1253 And labour'd all I could to doe him right:  
 1254 But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,  
 1255 Be his owne Caruer, and cut out his way,  
 1256 To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be;  
 1257 And you that doe abett him in this kind,  
 1258 Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

1259 *North.* The Noble Duke hath sworne his comming is  
 1260 But for his owne; and for the right of that,  
 1261 Wee all haue strongly sworne to giue him ayd,  
 1262 And let him neu'r see Ioy, that breakes that Oath.  
 1263 *York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes,  
 1264 I cannot mend it, I must needes confesse,  
 1265 Because my power is weake, and all ill left:  
 1266 But if I could, by him that gaue me life,  
 1267 I would attach you all, and make you stoope  
 1268 Vnto the Soueraigne Mercy of the King.  
 1269 But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,  
 1270 I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,  
 1271 Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,  
 1272 And there repose you for this Night.  
 1273 *Bull.* An offer Vnckle, that wee will accept:  
 1274 But wee must winne your Grace to goe with vs  
 1275 To Bristow Castle, which they say is held  
 1276 By *Bushie, Bagot,* and their Complices,  
 1277 The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,  
 1278 Which I haue sworne to weed, and plucke away.  
 1279 *York.* It may be I will go with you: but yet Ile pawse,  
 1280 For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:  
 1281 Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,  
 1282 Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

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### *Scoena Quarta.*

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1284 *Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.*  
 1285 *Capt.* My Lord of Salisbury, we haue stayd ten dayes,  
 1286 And hardly kept our Countrey men together,  
 1287 And yet we heare no tidings from the King;  
 1288 Therefore we will disperse our selues: farewell.  
 1289 *Sal.* Stay yet another day, thou trustie Welchman,  
 1290 The King repositeth all his confidence in thee.  
 1291 *Capt.* 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay;  
 1292 The Bay- trees in our Countrey all are wither'd,  
 1293 And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heauen;  
 1294 The pale- fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,  
 1295 And leane- look'd Prophets whisper fearefull change;  
 1296 Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leape,  
 1297 The one in feare, to loose what they enioy,  
 1298 The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre:  
 1299 These signes fore- run the death of Kings.  
 1300 Farewell, our Countrey men are gone and fled,

1301 As well assur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*  
 1302 *Sal.* Ah *Richard*, with eyes of heauie mind,  
 1303 I see thy Glory, like a shooting Starre,  
 1304 Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:  
 1305 Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly West,  
 1306 Witnessing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnrest:  
 1307 Thy Friends are fled, to wait vpon thy Foes,  
 1308 And crossely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

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***Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.***

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1310 *Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland,*  
 1311 *Rosse, Percie, Willoughby, with Bushie*  
 1312 *and Greene Prisoners.*  
 1313 *Bull.* Bring forth these men:  
 1314 *Bushie* and *Greene*, I will not vex your soules,  
 1315 (Since presently your soules must part your bodies)  
 1316 With too much vrging your pernicious liues,  
 1317 For 'twere no Charitie: yet to wash your blood  
 1318 From off my hands, here in the view of men,  
 1319 I will vnfold some causes of your deaths.  
 1320 You haue mis- led a Prince, a Royall King,  
 1321 A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,  
 1322 By you vnhappyed, and disfigur'd cleane:  
 1323 You haue in manner with your sinfull houres  
 1324 Made a Diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,  
 1325 Broke the possession of a Royall Bed,  
 1326 And stayn'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes,  
 1327 With teares drawn fro[m] her eyes, with your foule wrongs.  
 1328 My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,  
 1329 Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,  
 1330 Till you did make him mis- interprete me,  
 1331 Haue stoopt my neck vnder your iniuries,  
 1332 And sigh'd my English breath in forraine Clouds,  
 1333 Eating the bitter bread of banishment;  
 1334 While you haue fed vpon my Seignories,  
 1335 Dis- park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my Forrest Woods;  
 1336 From mine owne Windowes torne my Household Coat,  
 1337 Raz'd out my Impresse, leauing me no signe,  
 1338 Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,  
 1339 To shew the World I am a Gentleman.  
 1340 This, and much more, much more then twice all this,  
 1341 Condemnes you to the death: see them deliuered ouer  
 1342 To execution, and the hand of death.

1343 *Bushie*. More welcome is the stroake of death to me,  
 1344 Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.  
 1345 *Greene*. My comfort is, that Heauen will take our soules,  
 1346 And plague Iniustice with the paines of Hell.  
 1347 *Bull*. My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch'd:  
 1348 Vnckle, you say the Queene is at your House,  
 1349 For Heauens sake fairely let her be entreated,  
 1350 Tell her I send to her my kind commends;  
 1351 Take speciall care my Greetings be deliuer'd.  
 1352 *York*. A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatch'd  
 1353 With Letters of your loue, to her at large.  
 1354 *Bull*. Thankes gentle Vnckle: come Lords away,  
 1355 To fight with *Glendoure*, and his Complices;  
 1356 A while to worke, and after holliday.  
 1357 *Exeunt*. [c5v

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### *Scena Secunda.*

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1359 *Drums: Flourish, and Colours.*  
 1360 *Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.*  
 1361 *Rich*. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?  
 1362 *Au*. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,  
 1363 After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?  
 1364 *Rich*. Needs must I like it well: I weepe for ioy  
 1365 To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe.  
 1366 Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,  
 1367 Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hoofes:  
 1368 As a long parted Mother with her Child,  
 1369 Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting;  
 1370 So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my Earth,  
 1371 And doe thee fauor with my Royall hands.  
 1372 Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,  
 1373 Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his rauenous sence:  
 1374 But let thy Spiders, that suck vp thy Venome,  
 1375 And heaue- gated Toades lye in their way,  
 1376 Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,  
 1377 Which with vsurping steps doe trample thee.  
 1378 Yeeld stinging Nettles to mine Enemies;  
 1379 And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower,  
 1380 Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,  
 1381 Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch  
 1382 Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes Enemies.  
 1383 Mock not my sencelesse Coniuration, Lords;  
 1384 This Earth shall haue a feeling, and these Stones

1385 Proue armed Souldiers, ere her Natiue King  
 1386 Shall falter vnder foule Rebellious Armes.  
 1387 *Car.* Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you King  
 1388 Hath power to keepe you King, in spite of all.  
 1389 *Aum.* He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,  
 1390 Whilest *Bullingbrooke* through our securitie,  
 1391 Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.  
 1392 *Rich.* Discomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not,  
 1393 That when the searching Eye of Heauen is hid  
 1394 Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,  
 1395 Then Theeues and Robbers raunge abroad vnseene,  
 1396 In Murthers and in Out- rage bloody here:  
 1397 But when from vnder this Terrestriall Ball  
 1398 He fires the prouid tops of the Easterne Pines,  
 1399 And darts his Lightning through eu'ry guiltie hole,  
 1400 Then Murthers, Treasons, and detested sinnes  
 1401 (The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)  
 1402 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselues.  
 1403 So when this Theefe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,  
 1404 Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night,  
 1405 Shall see vs rising in our Throne, the East,  
 1406 His Treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
 1407 Not able to endure the sight of Day;  
 1408 But selfe- affrighted, tremble at his sinne.  
 1409 Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea  
 1410 Can wash the Balme from an anyoynted King;  
 1411 The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
 1412 The Deputie elected by the Lord:  
 1413 For euery man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest,  
 1414 To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,  
 1415 Heauen for his *Richard* hath in heauenly pay  
 1416 A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,  
 1417 Weake men must fall, for Heauen still guards the right.  
 1418 *Enter Salisbury.*  
 1419 Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power?  
 1420 *Salisb.* Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,  
 1421 Then this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue,  
 1422 And bids me speake of nothing but despaire:  
 1423 One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)  
 1424 Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth:  
 1425 Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne,  
 1426 And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men:  
 1427 To day, to day, vnhappy day too late  
 1428 Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State;  
 1429 For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,  
 1430 Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, disperst, and fled.

1431 *Aum.* Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so  
 1432 pale?  
 1433 *Rich.* But now the blood of twentie thousand men  
 1434 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,  
 1435 And till so much blood thither come againe,  
 1436 Haue I not reason to looke pale, and dead?  
 1437 All Soules that will be safe, flye from my side,  
 1438 For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride.  
 1439 *Aum.* Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.  
 1440 *Rich.* I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King?  
 1441 Awake thou sluggard Maiestie, thou sleepest:  
 1442 Is not the Kings Name fortie thousand Names?  
 1443 Arme, arme my Name: a punie subiect strikes  
 1444 At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,  
 1445 Ye Fauorites of a King: are wee not high?  
 1446 High be our thoughts: I know my Vnckle *Yorke*  
 1447 Hath Power enough to serue our turne.  
 1448 But who comes here? *Enter Scroope.*  
 1449 *Scroope.* More health and happinesse betide my Liege,  
 1450 Then can my care- tun'd tongue deliuer him.  
 1451 *Rich.* Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd:  
 1452 The worst is worldly losse, thou canst vnfold:  
 1453 Say, Is my Kingdome lost? why 'twas my Care:  
 1454 And what losse is it to be rid of Care?  
 1455 Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as Great as wee?  
 1456 Greater he shall not be: If hee serue God,  
 1457 Wee'l serue him too, and be his Fellow so.  
 1458 Reuolt our Subiects? That we cannot mend,  
 1459 They breake their Faith to God, as well as vs:  
 1460 Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,  
 1461 The worst is Death, and Death will haue his day.  
 1462 *Scroope.* Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd  
 1463 To beare the tidings of Calamitie.  
 1464 Like an vnseasonable stormie day,  
 1465 Which make the Siluer Riuers drowne their Shores,  
 1466 As if the World were all dissolu'd to teares:  
 1467 So high, aboue his Limits, swells the Rage  
 1468 Of *Bullingbrooke*, couering your fearefull Land  
 1469 With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:  
 1470 White Beares haue arm'd their thin and haireslesse Scalps  
 1471 Against thy Maiestie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,  
 1472 Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioints  
 1473 In stiffe vnwieldie Armes: against thy Crowne  
 1474 Thy very Beads- men learne to bend their Bowes  
 1475 Of double fatall Eugh: against thy State  
 1476 Yea Distaffe- Women manage rustie Bills:

1477 Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,  
 1478 And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.  
 1479 *Rich.* Too well, too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill.  
 1480 Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is *Bagot*?  
 1481 What is become of *Bushie*? where is *Greene*? [c6  
 1482 That they haue let the dangerous Enemie  
 1483 Measure our Confines with such peacefull steps?  
 1484 If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it.  
 1485 I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.  
 1486 *Scroope.* Peace haue they made with him indeede (my  
 1487 Lord.)  
 1488 *Rich.* Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,  
 1489 Dogges, easily woon to fawne on any man,  
 1490 Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart,  
 1491 Three Iudasses, each one thrice worse then *Iudas*,  
 1492 Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre  
 1493 Vpon their spotted Soules for this Offence.  
 1494 *Scroope.* Sweet Loue (I see) changing his propertie,  
 1495 Turnes to the sowrest, and most deadly hate:  
 1496 Againe vncurse their Soules; their peace is made  
 1497 With Heads, and not with Hands: those whom you curse  
 1498 Haue felt the worst of Deaths destroying hand,  
 1499 And lye full low, grau'd in the hollow ground.  
 1500 *Aum.* Is *Bushie*, *Greene*, and the Earle of Wiltshire  
 1501 dead?  
 1502 *Scroope.* Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.  
 1503 *Aum.* Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?  
 1504 *Rich.* No matter where; of comfort no man speake:  
 1505 Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,  
 1506 Make Dust our Paper, and with Raynie eyes  
 1507 Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth.  
 1508 Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills:  
 1509 And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,  
 1510 Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?  
 1511 Our Lands, our Liues, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,  
 1512 And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,  
 1513 And that small Modell of the barren Earth,  
 1514 Which serues as Paste, and Couer to our Bones:  
 1515 For Heauens sake let vs sit vpon the ground,  
 1516 And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:  
 1517 How some haue been depos'd, some slaine in warre,  
 1518 Some haunted by the Ghosts they haue depos'd,  
 1519 Some poyson'd by their Wiues, some sleeping kill'd,  
 1520 All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne  
 1521 That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,  
 1522 Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits

1523 Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,  
 1524 Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,  
 1525 To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,  
 1526 Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,  
 1527 As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,  
 1528 Were Brasse impregnable: and humor'd thus,  
 1529 Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne  
 1530 Bores through his Castle Walls, and farwell King.  
 1531 Couer your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
 1532 With solemne Reuerence: throw away Respect,  
 1533 Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,  
 1534 For you haue but mistooke me all this while:  
 1535 I liue with Bread like you, feele Want,  
 1536 Taste Griefe, need Friends: subiected thus,  
 1537 How can you say to me, I am a King?  
 1538 *Carl.* My Lord, wise men ne're waile their present woes,  
 1539 But presently preuent the wayes to waile:  
 1540 To feare the Foe, since feare oppresseth strength,  
 1541 Giues in your weakenesse, strength vnto your Foe;  
 1542 Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to sight,  
 1543 And fight and die, is death destroying death,  
 1544 Where fearing, dying, payes death seruile breath.  
 1545 *Aum.* My Father hath a Power, enquire of him;  
 1546 And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.  
 1547 *Rich.* Thou chid'st me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come  
 1548 To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:  
 1549 This ague fit of feare is ouer- blowne,  
 1550 An easie taske it is to winne our owne.  
 1551 Say *Scroope*, where lyes our Vnckle with his Power?  
 1552 Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be sowre.  
 1553 *Scroope.* Men iudge by the complexion of the Skie  
 1554 The state and inclination of the day;  
 1555 So may you by my dull and heauie Eye:  
 1556 My Tongue hath but a heauier Tale to say:  
 1557 I play the Torturer, by small and small  
 1558 To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.  
 1559 Your Vnckle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,  
 1560 And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,  
 1561 And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes  
 1562 Vpon his Faction.  
 1563 *Rich.* Thou hast said enough.  
 1564 Beshrew thee Cousin, which didst lead me forth  
 1565 Of that sweet way I was in, to despaire:  
 1566 What say you now? What comfort haue we now?  
 1567 By Heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,  
 1568 That bids me be of comfort any more.

1569 Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,  
 1570 A King, Woes slaue, shall Kingly Woe obey:  
 1571 That Power I haue, discharge, and let 'em goe  
 1572 To eare the Land, that hath some hope to grow,  
 1573 For I haue none. Let no man speake againe  
 1574 To alter this, for counsaile is but vaine.  
 1575 *Aum.* My Liege, one word.  
 1576 *Rich.* He does me double wrong,  
 1577 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.  
 1578 Discharge my followers: let them hence away,  
 1579 From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire Day.  
 1580 *Exeunt.*

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***Scaena Tertia.***

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1582 *Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke,*  
 1583 *Yorke, Northumberland, Attendants.*  
 1584 *Bull.* So that by this intelligence we learne  
 1585 The Welchmen are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*  
 1586 Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed  
 1587 With some few priuate friends, vpon this Coast.  
 1588 *North.* The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,  
 1589 *Richard*, not farre from hence, hath hid his head.  
 1590 *York.* It would beseeme the Lord Northumberland,  
 1591 To say King *Richard*: alack the heauie day,  
 1592 When such a sacred King should hide his head.  
 1593 *North.* Your Grace mistakes: onely to be briefe,  
 1594 Left I his Title out.  
 1595 *York.* The time hath beene,  
 1596 Would you haue beene so briefe with him, he would  
 1597 Haue beene so briefe with you, to shorten you,  
 1598 For taking so the Head, your whole heads length.  
 1599 *Bull.* Mistake not (Vnckle) farther then you should.  
 1600 *York.* Take not (good Cousin) farther then you should.  
 1601 Least you mistake the Heauens are ore your head.  
 1602 *Bull.* I know it (Vnckle) and oppose not my selfe  
 1603 Against their will. But who comes here?  
 1604 *Enter Percie.*  
 1605 Welcome *Harry*: what, will not this Castle yeeld?  
 1606 *Per.* The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,  
 1607 Against thy entrance. [c6v  
 1608 *Bull.* Royally? Why, it containes no King?  
 1609 *Per.* Yes (my good Lord)  
 1610 It doth containe a King: King *Richard* lyes

1611 Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,  
1612 And with him, the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,  
1613 Sir *Stephen Scroope*, besides a Clergie man  
1614 Of holy reuerence; who, I cannot learne.  
1615 *North*. Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlile.  
1616 *Bull*. Noble Lord,  
1617 Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,  
1618 Through Brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle  
1619 Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliuer:  
1620 *Henry Bullingbrooke* vpon his knees doth kisse  
1621 King *Richards* hand, and sends allegeance  
1622 And true faith of heart to his Royall Person: hither come  
1623 Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,  
1624 Prouided, that my Banishment repeal'd,  
1625 And Lands restor'd againe, be freely graunted:  
1626 If not, Ile vse th'aduantage of my Power,  
1627 And lay the Summers dust with showers of blood,  
1628 Rayn'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen;  
1629 The which, how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*  
1630 It is, such Crimson Tempest should bedrench  
1631 The fresh greene Lap of faire King *Richards* Land,  
1632 My stooping dutie tenderly shall shew.  
1633 Goe signifie as much, while here we march  
1634 Vpon the Grassie Carpet of this Plaine:  
1635 Let's march without the noyse of threatning Drum,  
1636 That from this Castles tatter'd Battlements  
1637 Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.  
1638 Me thinkes King *Richard* and my selfe should meet  
1639 With no lesse terror then the Elements  
1640 Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake  
1641 At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heauen:  
1642 Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;  
1643 The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine  
1644 My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.  
1645 March on, and marke King *Richard* how he lookes.  
1646 *Parle without, and answere within: then a Flourish.*  
1647 *Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop,*  
1648 *Salisbury.*  
1649 See, see, King *Richard* doth himselfe appeare  
1650 As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,  
1651 From out the fierie Portall of the East,  
1652 When he perceiues the enuious Clouds are bent  
1653 To dimme his glory, and to staine the tract  
1654 Of his bright passage to the Occident.  
1655 *York*. Yet lookes he like a King: behold his Eye  
1656 (As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth

1657 Controlling Maiestie: alack, alack, for woe,  
 1658 That any harme should staine so faire a shew.  
 1659 *Rich.* Wee are amaz'd, and thus long haue we stood  
 1660 To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,  
 1661 Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King:  
 1662 And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget  
 1663 To pay their awfull dutie to our presence?  
 1664 If we be not, shew vs the Hand of God,  
 1665 That hath dismiss'd vs from our Stewardship,  
 1666 For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone  
 1667 Can gripe the sacred Handle of our Scepter,  
 1668 Vnlesse he doe prophane, steale, or vsurpe.  
 1669 And though you thinke, that all, as you haue done,  
 1670 Haue torne their Soules, by turning them from vs,  
 1671 And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:  
 1672 Yet know, my Master, God Omnipotent,  
 1673 Is mustring in his Clouds, on our behalfe,  
 1674 Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike  
 1675 Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,  
 1676 That lift your Vassall Hands against my Head,  
 1677 And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.  
 1678 Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinks he is,  
 1679 That euery stride he makes vpon my Land,  
 1680 Is dangerous Treason: He is come to ope  
 1681 The purple Testament of bleeding Warre;  
 1682 But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,  
 1683 Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes  
 1684 Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,  
 1685 Change the complexion of her Maid- pale Peace  
 1686 To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew  
 1687 Her Pastors Grasse with faithfull English Blood.  
 1688 *North.* The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King  
 1689 Should so with ciuill and vnciuill Armes  
 1690 Be rush'd vpon: Thy thrice- noble Cousin,  
 1691 *Harry Bullingbrooke*, doth humbly kisse thy hand,  
 1692 And by the Honorable Tombe he swears,  
 1693 That stands vpon your Royall Grandsires Bones,  
 1694 And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,  
 1695 (Currents that spring from one most gracious Head)  
 1696 And by the buried Hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,  
 1697 And by the Worth and Honor of himselfe,  
 1698 Comprising all that may be sworne, or said,  
 1699 His comming hither hath no further scope,  
 1700 Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge  
 1701 Infranchisement immediate on his knees:  
 1702 Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,

1703 His glittering Armes he will commend to Rust,  
 1704 His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart  
 1705 To faithfull seruice of your Maiestie:  
 1706 This sweares he, as he is a Prince, is iust,  
 1707 And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.  
 1708 *Rich. Northumberland*, say thus: The King returnes,  
 1709 His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,  
 1710 And all the number of his faire demands  
 1711 Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:  
 1712 With all the gracious vtterance thou hast,  
 1713 Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.  
 1714 We doe debase our selfe (Cousin) doe we not,  
 1715 To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?  
 1716 Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and send  
 1717 Defiance to the Traytor, and so die?  
 1718 *Aum.* No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,  
 1719 Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful Swords.  
 1720 *Rich.* Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,  
 1721 That layd the Sentence of dread Banishment  
 1722 On yond prouwd man, should take it off againe  
 1723 With words of sooth: Oh that I were as great  
 1724 As is my Griefe, or lesser then my Name,  
 1725 Or that I could forget what I haue beene,  
 1726 Or not remember what I must be now:  
 1727 Swell'st thou prouwd heart? Ile giue thee scope to beat,  
 1728 Since Foes haue scope to beat both thee and me.  
 1729 *Aum. Northumberland* comes backe from *Bulling-brooke*.  
 1731 *Rich.* What must the King doe now? must he submit?  
 1732 The King shall doe it: Must he be depos'd?  
 1733 The King shall be contented: Must he loose  
 1734 The Name of King? o' Gods Name let it goe.  
 1735 Ile giue my Iewels for a sett of Beades,  
 1736 My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,  
 1737 My gay Apparrell, for an Almes- mans Gowne,  
 1738 My figur'd Goblets, for a Dish of Wood,  
 1739 My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe, [d1  
 1740 My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints,  
 1741 And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,  
 1742 A little little Graue, an obscure Graue.  
 1743 Or Ile be buryed in the Kings high- way,  
 1744 Some way of common Trade, where Subiects feet  
 1745 May howrely trample on their Soueraignes Head:  
 1746 For on my heart they tread now, whilst I liue;  
 1747 And buryed once, why not vpon my Head?  
 1748 *Aumerle*, thou weep'st (my tender- hearted Cousin)  
 1749 Wee'le make foule Weather with despised Teares:

1750 Our sighes, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corne,  
 1751 And make a Dearth in this reuolting Land.  
 1752 Or shall we play the Wantons with our Woes,  
 1753 And make some prettie Match, with shedding Teares?  
 1754 As thus: to drop them still vpon one place,  
 1755 Till they haue fretted vs a payre of Graues,  
 1756 Within the Earth: and therein lay'd, there lyes  
 1757 Two Kinsmen, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes?  
 1758 Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I see  
 1759 I talke but idly, and you mock at mee.  
 1760 Most mightie Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,  
 1761 What sayes King *Bullingbrooke*? Will his Maiestie  
 1762 Giue *Richard* leaue to liue, till *Richard* die?  
 1763 You make a Legge, and *Bullingbrooke* sayes I.  
 1764 *North*. My Lord, in the base Court he doth attend  
 1765 To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.  
 1766 *Rich*. Downe, downe I come, like glist'ring *Phaeton*,  
 1767 Wanting the manage of vnruely Iades.  
 1768 In the base Court? base Court, where Kings grow base,  
 1769 To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.  
 1770 In the base Court come down: down Court, down King,  
 1771 For night- Owls shrike, where mou[n]ting Larks should sing.  
 1772 *Bull*. What sayes his Maiestie?  
 1773 *North*. Sorrow, and grieffe of heart  
 1774 Makes him speake fondly, like a frantick man:  
 1775 Yet he is come.  
 1776 *Bull*. Stand all apart,  
 1777 And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie.  
 1778 My gracious Lord.  
 1779 *Rich*. Faire Cousin,  
 1780 You debase your Princely Knee,  
 1781 To make the base Earth proude with kissing it.  
 1782 Me rather had, my Heart might feele your Loue,  
 1783 Then my vnpleas'd Eye see your Courtesie.  
 1784 Vp Cousin, vp, your Heart is vp, I know,  
 1785 Thus high at least, although your Knee be low.  
 1786 *Bull*. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine  
 1787 owne.  
 1788 *Rich*. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and  
 1789 all.  
 1790 *Bull*. So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,  
 1791 As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.  
 1792 *Rich*. Well you deseru'd:  
 1793 They well deserue to haue,  
 1794 That know the strong'st, and surest way to get.  
 1795 Vnckle giue me your Hand: nay, drie your Eyes,

1796 Teares shew their Loue, but want their Remedies.  
 1797 Cousin, I am too young to be your Father,  
 1798 Though you are old enough to be my Heire.  
 1799 What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,  
 1800 For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe.  
 1801 Set on towards London:  
 1802 Cousin, is it so?  
 1803 *Bull.* Yea, my good Lord.  
 1804 *Rich.* Then I must not say, no.  
 1805 *Flourish. Exeunt.*

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***Scena Quarta.***

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1807 *Enter the Queene, and two Ladies.*  
 1808 *Qu.* What sport shall we deuise here in this Garden,  
 1809 To driue away the heauie thought of Care?  
 1810 *La.* Madame, wee'le play at Bowles.  
 1811 *Qu.* 'Twill make me thinke the World is full of Rubs,  
 1812 And that my fortune runnes against the Byas.  
 1813 *La.* Madame, wee'le Dance.  
 1814 *Qu.* My Legges can keepe no measure in Delight,  
 1815 When my poore Heart no measure keepes in Griefe.  
 1816 Therefore no Dancing (Girle) some other sport.  
 1817 *La.* Madame, wee'le tell Tales.  
 1818 *Qu.* Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?  
 1819 *La.* Of eyther, Madame.  
 1820 *Qu.* Of neyther, Girle.  
 1821 For if of Ioy, being altogether wanting,  
 1822 It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:  
 1823 Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,  
 1824 It addes more Sorrow to my want of Ioy:  
 1825 For what I haue, I need not to repeat;  
 1826 And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.  
 1827 *La.* Madame, Ile sing.  
 1828 *Qu.* 'Tis well that thou hast cause:  
 1829 But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weepe.  
 1830 *La.* I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good.  
 1831 *Qu.* And I could sing, would weeping doe me good,  
 1832 And neuer borrow any Teare of thee.  
 1833 *Enter a Gardiner, and two Seruants.*  
 1834 But stay, here comes the Gardiners,  
 1835 Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.  
 1836 My wretchednesse, vnto a Rowe of Pinnes,  
 1837 They'le talke of State: for euery one doth so,

1838 Against a Change; Woe is fore- runne with Woe.  
 1839 *Gard.* Goe binde thou vp yond dangling Apricocks,  
 1840 Which like vnruely Children, make their Syre  
 1841 Stoupe with oppression of their prodigall weight:  
 1842 Giue some supportance to the bending twigges.  
 1843 Goe thou, and like an Executioner  
 1844 Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprayes,  
 1845 That looke too loftie in our Common- wealch:  
 1846 All must be euen, in our Gouvernment.  
 1847 You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away  
 1848 The noysome Weedes, that without profit sucke  
 1849 The Soyles fertilitie from wholesome flowers.  
 1850 *Ser.* Why should we, in the compasse of a Pale,  
 1851 Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,  
 1852 Shewing as in a Modell our firme Estate?  
 1853 When our Sea- walled Garden, the whole Land,  
 1854 Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers choakt vp,  
 1855 Her Fruit- trees all vnpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,  
 1856 Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholesome Hearbes  
 1857 Swarming with Caterpillers.  
 1858 *Gard.* Hold thy peace.  
 1859 He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,  
 1860 Hath now himselfe met with the Fall of Leafe.  
 1861 The Weeds that his broad- spreading Leaues did shelter,  
 1862 That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him vp,  
 1863 Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:  
 1864 I meane, the Earle of Wiltshire, *Bushie, Greene.* [d1v  
 1865 *Ser.* What are they dead?  
 1866 *Gard.* They are,  
 1867 And *Bullingbrooke* hath seiz'd the wastefull King.  
 1868 Oh, what pittie is it, that he had not so trim'd  
 1869 And drest his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,  
 1870 And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit- trees,  
 1871 Least being ouer- proud with Sap and Blood,  
 1872 With too much riches it confound it selfe?  
 1873 Had he done so, to great and growing men,  
 1874 They might haue liu'd to beare, and he to taste  
 1875 Their fruites of dutie. Superfluous branches  
 1876 We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:  
 1877 Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,  
 1878 Which waste and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe.  
 1879 *Ser.* What thinke you the King shall be depos'd?  
 1880 *Gar.* Deprest he is already, and depos'd  
 1881 'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night  
 1882 To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorke,  
 1883 That tell blacke tydings.

1884 *Qu.* Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking:  
 1885 Thou old *Adams* likenesse, set to dresse this Garden:  
 1886 How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this vnpleasing |(newes  
 1887 What Eue? what Serpent hath suggested thee,  
 1888 To make a second fall of cursed man?  
 1889 Why do'st thou say, King *Richard* is depos'd,  
 1890 Dar'st thou, thou little better thing then earth,  
 1891 Diuine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how  
 1892 Cam'st thou by this ill- tydings? Speake thou wretch.  
 1893 *Gard.* Pardon me Madam. Little ioy haue I  
 1894 To breath these newes; yet what I say, is true;  
 1895 King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold  
 1896 Of *Bullingbrooke*, their Fortunes both are weigh'd:  
 1897 In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himselfe,  
 1898 And some few Vanities, that make him light:  
 1899 But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,  
 1900 Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,  
 1901 And with that oddes he weighes King *Richard* downe.  
 1902 Poste you to London, and you'l finde it so,  
 1903 I speake no more, then euery one doth know.  
 1904 *Qu.* Nimble mischance, that art so light of foote,  
 1905 Doth not thy Embassage belong to me?  
 1906 And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou think'st  
 1907 To serue me last, that I may longest keepe  
 1908 Thy sorrow in my breast. Come Ladies goe,  
 1909 To meet at London, Londons King in woe.  
 1910 What was I borne to this: that my sad looke,  
 1911 Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*.  
 1912 Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe,  
 1913 I would the Plants thou graft'st, may neuer grow. *Exit.*  
 1914 *G.* Poore Queen, so that thy State might be no worse,  
 1915 I would my skill were subiect to thy curse:  
 1916 Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place  
 1917 Ile set a Banke of Rew, sowre Herbe of Grace:  
 1918 Rue, eu'n for ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,  
 1919 In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene. *Exit.*

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***Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.***

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1921 *Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Nor-thumberland,*  
 1922 *Percie, Fitz-Water, Surrey, Carlile, Abbot*  
 1923 *of Westminster. Herauld, Officers, and Bagot.*  
 1924 *Bullingbrooke.* Call forth *Bagot*.  
 1925 Now *Bagot*, freely speake thy minde,

1926 What thou do'st know of Noble Glousters death:  
 1927 Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd  
 1928 The bloody Office of his Timelesse end.  
 1929 *Bag.* Then set before my face, the Lord *Aumerle*.  
 1930 *Bul.* Cosin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man.  
 1931 *Bag.* My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue  
 1932 Scornes to vnsay, what it hath once deliuer'd.  
 1933 In that dead time, when Glousters death was plotted,  
 1934 I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,  
 1935 That reacheth from the restfull English Court  
 1936 As farre as Callis, to my Vnkles head.  
 1937 Amongst much other talke, that very time,  
 1938 I heard you say, that you had rather refuse  
 1939 The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,  
 1940 Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,  
 1941 How blest this Land would be, in this your Cosins death.  
 1942 *Aum.* Princes, and Noble Lords:  
 1943 What answer shall I make to this base man?  
 1944 Shall I so much dishonor my faire Starres,  
 1945 On equall termes to giue him chasticement?  
 1946 Either I must, or haue mine honor soyl'd  
 1947 With th' Attaindor of his sland'rous Lippes.  
 1948 There is my Gage, the manuall Seale of death  
 1949 That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyst,  
 1950 And will maintaine what thou hast said, is false,  
 1951 In thy heart blood, though being all too base  
 1952 To staine the temper of my Knightly sword.  
 1953 *Bul.* *Bagot* forbear, thou shalt not take it vp.  
 1954 *Aum.* Excepting one, I would he were the best  
 1955 In all this presence, that hath mou'd me so.  
 1956 *Fitz.* If that thy valour stand on sympathize:  
 1957 There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:  
 1958 By that faire Sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,  
 1959 I heard thee say (and vauntingly thou spak'st it)  
 1960 That thou wer't cause of Noble Glousters death.  
 1961 If thou deniest it, twenty times thou lyst,  
 1962 And I will turne thy falshood to thy hart,  
 1963 Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.  
 1964 *Aum.* Thou dar'st not (Coward) liue to see the day.  
 1965 *Fitz.* Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.  
 1966 *Aum.* *Fitzwater* thou art damn'd to hell for this.  
 1967 *Per.* *Aumerle*, thou lye'st: his Honor is as true  
 1968 In this Appeale, as thou art all vniust:  
 1969 And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage  
 1970 To proue it on thee, to th' extreamest point  
 1971 Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

1972 *Aum.* And if I do not, may my hands rot off,  
 1973 And neuer brandish more reuengefull Steele,  
 1974 Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.  
 1975 *Surrey.* My Lord *Fitz-water*:  
 1976 I do remember well, the very time  
 1977 *Aumerle*, and you did talke.  
 1978 *Fitz.* My Lord,  
 1979 'Tis very true: You were in presence then,  
 1980 And you can witness with me, this is true.  
 1981 *Surrey.* As false, by heauen,  
 1982 As Heauen it selfe is true.  
 1983 *Fitz.* *Surrey*, thou Liest.  
 1984 *Surrey.* Dishonourable Boy;  
 1985 That Lye, shall lie so heauy on my Sword,  
 1986 That it shall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,  
 1987 Till thou the Lye- giuer, and that Lye, doe lye  
 1988 In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.  
 1989 In prooffe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,  
 1990 Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st. [d2  
 1991 *Fitzw.* How fondly do'st thou spurre a forward Horse?  
 1992 If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,  
 1993 I dare meete *Surrey* in a Wildernesse,  
 1994 And spit vpon him, whilest I say he Lyes,  
 1995 And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith,  
 1996 To tye thee to my strong Correction.  
 1997 As I intend to thriue in this new World,  
 1998 *Aumerle* is guiltie of my true Appeale.  
 1999 Besides, I heard the banish'd *Norfolke* say,  
 2000 That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men,  
 2001 To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.  
 2002 *Aum.* Some honest Christian trust me with a Gage,  
 2003 That *Norfolke* lyes: here doe I throw downe this,  
 2004 If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor.  
 2005 *Bull.* These differences shall all rest vnder Gage,  
 2006 Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be;  
 2007 And (though mine Enemie) restor'd againe  
 2008 To all his Lands and Seignories: when hee's return'd,  
 2009 Against *Aumerle* we will enforce his Tryall.  
 2010 *Carl.* That honorable day shall ne're be seene.  
 2011 Many a time hath banish'd *Norfolke* fought  
 2012 For Iesu Christ, in glorious Christian field  
 2013 Streaming the Ensigne of the Christian Crosse,  
 2014 Against black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:  
 2015 And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retyr'd himselfe  
 2016 To Italy, and there at Venice gaue  
 2017 His Body to that pleasant Countries Earth,

2018 And his pure Soule vnto his Captaine Christ,  
 2019 Vnder whose Colours he had fought so long.  
 2020 *Bull.* Why Bishop, is *Norfolke* dead?  
 2021 *Carl.* As sure as I liue, my Lord.  
 2022 *Bull.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet Soule  
 2023 To the Bosome of good old *Abraham*.  
 2024 Lords Appealants, your differe[n]ces shal all rest vnder gage,  
 2025 Till we assigne you to your dayes of Tryall.  
 2026 *Enter Yorke.*  
 2027 *Yorke.* Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee  
 2028 From plume- pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soule  
 2029 Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds  
 2030 To the possession of thy Royall Hand.  
 2031 Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,  
 2032 And long liue *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.  
 2033 *Bull.* In Gods Name, Ile ascend the Regall Throne.  
 2034 *Carl.* Mary, Heauen forbid.  
 2035 Worst in this Royall Presence may I speake,  
 2036 Yet best beseeming me to speake the truth.  
 2037 Would God, that any in this Noble Presence  
 2038 Were enough Noble, to be vpright Iudge  
 2039 Of Noble *Richard*: then true Noblenesse would  
 2040 Learne him forbearance from so foule a Wrong.  
 2041 What Subiect can giue Sentence on his King?  
 2042 And who sits here, that is not *Richards* Subiect?  
 2043 Theeues are not iudg'd, but they are by to heare,  
 2044 Although apparant guilt be seene in them:  
 2045 And shall the figure of Gods Maiestie,  
 2046 His Captaine, Steward, Deputie elect,  
 2047 Anoynted, Crown'd, planted many yeeres,  
 2048 Be iudg'd by subiect, and inferior breathe,  
 2049 And he himselfe not present? Oh, forbid it, God,  
 2050 That in a Christian Climate, Soules refin'de  
 2051 Should shew so heynous, black, obscene a deed.  
 2052 I speake to Subiects, and a Subiect speakes,  
 2053 Stirr'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King  
 2054 My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,  
 2055 Is a foule Traytor to prowde *Herefords* King.  
 2056 And if you Crowne him, let me prophecie,  
 2057 The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
 2058 And future Ages groane for his foule Act.  
 2059 Peace shall goe sleepe with Turkes and Infidels,  
 2060 And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres  
 2061 Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound.  
 2062 Disorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutinie  
 2063 Shall here inhabite, and this Land be call'd

2064 The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls.  
 2065 Oh, if you reare this House, against this House  
 2066 It will the wofullest Diuision proue,  
 2067 That euer fell vpon this cursed Earth.  
 2068 Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so,  
 2069 Least Child, Childs Children cry against you, Woe.  
 2070 *North.* Well haue you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,  
 2071 Of Capitall Treason we arrest you here.  
 2072 My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,  
 2073 To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall.  
 2074 May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?  
 2075 *Bull.* Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view  
 2076 He may surrender: so we shall proceede  
 2077 Without suspition.  
 2078 *Yorke.* I will be his Conduct. *Exit.*  
 2079 *Bull.* Lords, you that here are vnder our Arrest,  
 2080 Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Answer:  
 2081 Little are we beholding to your Loue,  
 2082 And little look'd for at your helping Hands.  
 2083 *Enter Richard and Yorke.*  
 2084 *Rich.* Alack, why am I sent for to a King,  
 2085 Before I haue shooke off the Regall thoughts  
 2086 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet haue learn'd  
 2087 To insinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee.  
 2088 Giue Sorrow leaue a while, to tuture me  
 2089 To this submission. Yet I well remember  
 2090 The fauors of these men: were they not mine?  
 2091 Did they not sometime cry, All hayle to me?  
 2092 So *Judas* did to Christ: but he in twelue,  
 2093 Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelue thousand, none.  
 2094 God saue the King: will no man say, Amen?  
 2095 Am I both Priest, and Clarke? well then, Amen.  
 2096 God saue the King, although I be not hee:  
 2097 And yet Amen, if Heauen doe thinke him mee.  
 2098 To doe what seruice, am I sent for hither?  
 2099 *Yorke.* To doe that office of thine owne good will,  
 2100 Which tyred Maiestie did make thee offer:  
 2101 The Resignation of thy State and Crowne  
 2102 To *Henry Bullingbrooke.*  
 2103 *Rich.* Giue me the Crown. Here Cousin, seize y Crown:  
 2104 Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.  
 2105 Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,  
 2106 That owes two Buckets, filling one another,  
 2107 The emptier euer dancing in the ayre,  
 2108 The other downe, vnseene, and full of Water:  
 2109 That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,

2110 Drinking my Griefes, whil'st you mount vp on high.  
 2111 *Bull.* I thought you had been willing to resigne.  
 2112 *Rich.* My Crowne I am, but still my Griefes are mine:  
 2113 You may my Glories and my State depose,  
 2114 But not my Griefes; still am I King of those.  
 2115 *Bull.* Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne.  
 2116 *Rich.* Your Cares set vp, do not pluck my Cares downe.  
 2117 My Care, is losse of Care, by old Care done,  
 2118 Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:  
 2119 The Cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,  
 2120 They 'tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay:  
 2121 *Bull.* Are you contented to resigne the Crowne? [d2v  
 2122 *Rich.* I, no; no, I: for I must nothing bee:  
 2123 Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.  
 2124 Now, marke me how I will vndoe my selfe.  
 2125 I giue this heauie Weight from off my Head,  
 2126 And this vnwieldie Scepter from my Hand,  
 2127 The pride of Kingly sway from out my Heart.  
 2128 With mine owne Teares I wash away my Balme,  
 2129 With mine owne Hands I giue away my Crowne,  
 2130 With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,  
 2131 With mine owne Breath release all dutious Oathes;  
 2132 All Pompe and Maiestie I doe forswear:  
 2133 My Manors, Rents, Reuenues, I forgoe;  
 2134 My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:  
 2135 God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee,  
 2136 God keepe all Vowes vnbroke are made to thee.  
 2137 Make me that nothing haue, with nothing grieu'd,  
 2138 And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchieu'd.  
 2139 Long may'st thou liue in *Richards* Seat to sit,  
 2140 And soone lye *Richard* in an Earthie Pit.  
 2141 God saue King *Henry*, vn- King'd *Richard* sayes,  
 2142 And send him many yeeres of Sunne- shine dayes.  
 2143 What more remaines?  
 2144 *North.* No more: but that you reade  
 2145 These Accusations, and these grieuous Crymes,  
 2146 Committed by your Person, and your followers,  
 2147 Against the State, and Profit of this Land:  
 2148 That by confessing them, the Soules of men  
 2149 May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd.  
 2150 *Rich.* Must I doe so? and must I rauell out  
 2151 My weau'd- vp follyes? Gentle *Northumberland*,  
 2152 If thy Offences were vpon Record,  
 2153 Would it not shame thee, in so faire a troupe,  
 2154 To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'st,  
 2155 There should'st thou finde one heynous Article,

2156 Contayning the deposing of a King,  
 2157 And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath,  
 2158 Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the Booke of Heauen.  
 2159 Nay, all of you, that stand and looke vpon me,  
 2160 Whil'st that my wretchednesse doth bait my selfe,  
 2161 Though some of you, with *Pilate*, wash your hands,  
 2162 Shewing an outward pittie: yet you *Pilates*  
 2163 Haue here deliuer'd me to my sowre Crosse,  
 2164 And Water cannot wash away your sinne.  
 2165 *North.* My Lord dispatch, reade o're these Articles.  
 2166 *Rich.* Mine Eyes are full of Teares, I cannot see:  
 2167 And yet salt- Water blindes them not so much,  
 2168 But they can see a sort of Traytors here.  
 2169 Nay, if I turne mine Eyes vpon my selfe,  
 2170 I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest:  
 2171 For I haue giuen here my Soules consent,  
 2172 T' vndeck the pompous Body of a King;  
 2173 Made Glory base; a Soueraigntie, a Slaue;  
 2174 Prowd Maiestie, a Subiect; State, a Pesant.  
 2175 *North.* My Lord.  
 2176 *Rich.* No Lord of thine, thou haught- insulting man;  
 2177 No, nor no mans Lord: I haue no Name, no Title;  
 2178 No, not that Name was giuen me at the Font,  
 2179 But 'tis vsurpt: alack the heauie day,  
 2180 That I haue worne so many Winters out,  
 2181 And know not now, what Name to call my selfe.  
 2182 Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,  
 2183 Standing before the Sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,  
 2184 To melt my selfe away in Water- drops.  
 2185 Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,  
 2186 And if my word be Sterling yet in England,  
 2187 Let it command a Mirror hither straight,  
 2188 That it may shew me what a Face I haue,  
 2189 Since it is Bankrupt of his Maiestie.  
 2190 *Bull.* Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking- Glasse.  
 2191 *North.* Read o're this Paper, while y Glasse doth come.  
 2192 *Rich.* Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell.  
 2193 *Bull.* Vrge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland*.  
 2194 *North.* The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.  
 2195 *Rich.* They shall be satisfy'd: Ile reade enough,  
 2196 When I doe see the very Booke indeede,  
 2197 Where all my sinnes are writ, and that's my selfe.  
 2198 *Enter one with a Glasse.*  
 2199 Giue me that Glasse, and therein will I reade.  
 2200 No deeper wrinckles yet? hath Sorrow strucke  
 2201 So many Blowes vpon this Face of mine,

2202 And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatt'ring Glasse,  
 2203 Like to my followers in prosperitie,  
 2204 Thou do'st beguile me. Was this Face, the Face  
 2205 That euery day, vnder his House- hold Roofe,  
 2206 Did keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Face,  
 2207 That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?  
 2208 Is this the Face, which fac'd so many follyes,  
 2209 That was at last out- fac'd by *Bullingbrooke*?  
 2210 A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,  
 2211 As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,  
 2212 For there it is, crackt in an hundred shiuers.  
 2213 Marke silent King, the Morall of this sport,  
 2214 How soone my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face.  
 2215 *Bull.* The shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd  
 2216 The shadow of your Face.  
 2217 *Rich.* Say that againe.  
 2218 The shadow of my Sorrow: ha, let's see,  
 2219 'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within,  
 2220 And these externall manner of Laments,  
 2221 Are meere shadowes, to the vnseene Griefe,  
 2222 That swells with silence in the tortur'd Soule.  
 2223 There lyes the substance: and I thanke thee King  
 2224 For thy great bountie, that not onely giu'st  
 2225 Me cause to wayle, but teachest me the way  
 2226 How to lament the cause. Ile begge one Boone,  
 2227 And then be gone, and trouble you no more.  
 2228 Shall I obtaine it?  
 2229 *Bull.* Name it, faire Cousin.  
 2230 *Rich.* Faire Cousin? I am greater then a King:  
 2231 For when I was a King, my flatterers  
 2232 Were then but subiects; being now a subiect,  
 2233 I haue a King here to my flatterer:  
 2234 Being so great, I haue no neede to begge.  
 2235 *Bull.* Yet aske.  
 2236 *Rich.* And shall I haue?  
 2237 *Bull.* You shall.  
 2238 *Rich.* Then giue me leaue to goe.  
 2239 *Bull.* Whither?  
 2240 *Rich.* Whither you will, so I were from your sights.  
 2241 *Bull.* Goe some of you, conuey him to the Tower.  
 2242 *Rich.* Oh good: conuey: Conueyers are you all,  
 2243 That rise thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.  
 2244 *Bull.* On Wednesday next, we solemnly set downe  
 2245 Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your selues. *Exeunt.*  
 2246 *Abbot.* A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.  
 2247 *Carl.* The Woes to come, the Children yet vnborne,

2248 Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as Thorne.  
 2249 *Aum.* You holy Clergie- men, is there no Plot  
 2250 To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot.  
 2251 *Abbot.* Before I freely speake my minde herein,  
 2252 You shall not onely take the Sacrament,  
 2253 To bury mine intents, but also to effect [d3  
 2254 What euer I shall happen to deuise.  
 2255 I see your Browes are full of Discontent,  
 2256 Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares.  
 2257 Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a Plot  
 2258 Shall shew vs all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

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***Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.***

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2260 *Enter Queene, and Ladies.*  
 2261 *Qu.* This way the King will come: this is the way  
 2262 To *Iulius Caesars* ill- erected Tower:  
 2263 To whose flint Bosome, my condemned Lord  
 2264 Is doom'd a Prisoner, by prowde *Bullingbrooke.*  
 2265 Here let vs rest, if this rebellious Earth  
 2266 Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene.  
 2267 *Enter Richard, and Guard.*  
 2268 But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,  
 2269 My faire Rose wither: yet looke vp; behold,  
 2270 That you in pittie may dissolue to dew,  
 2271 And wash him fresh againe with true- loue Teares.  
 2272 Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did stand,  
 2273 Thou Mapped of Honor, thou King *Richards* Tombe,  
 2274 And not King *Richard:* thou most beauteous Inne,  
 2275 Why should hard- fauor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,  
 2276 When Triumph is become an Ale- house Guest.  
 2277 *Rich.* Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not so,  
 2278 To make my end too sudden: learne good Soule,  
 2279 To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,  
 2280 From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,  
 2281 Shewes vs but this. I am sworne Brother (Sweet)  
 2282 To grim Necessitie; and hee and I  
 2283 Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,  
 2284 And Cloyster thee in some Religious House:  
 2285 Our holy liues must winne a new Worlds Crowne,  
 2286 Which our prophane houres here haue stricken downe.  
 2287 *Qu.* What, is my *Richard* both in shape and minde  
 2288 Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*  
 2289 Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he beene in thy Heart?

2290 The Lyon dying, thrusteth forth his Paw,  
 2291 And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage  
 2292 To be o're- powr'd: and wilt thou, Pupill- like,  
 2293 Take thy Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde,  
 2294 And fawne on Rage with base Humilitie,  
 2295 Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?  
 2296 *Rich.* A King of Beasts indeed: if aught but Beasts,  
 2297 I had beene still a happy King of Men.  
 2298 Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:  
 2299 Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou tak'st,  
 2300 As from my Death- bed, my last liuing leaue.  
 2301 In Winters tedious Nights sit by the fire  
 2302 With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales  
 2303 Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide:  
 2304 And ere thou bid good- night, to quit their grieffe,  
 2305 Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,  
 2306 And send the hearers weeping to their Beds:  
 2307 For why? the sencelesse Brands will sympathize  
 2308 The heaue accent of thy mouing Tongue,  
 2309 And in compassion, weepe the fire out:  
 2310 And some will mourne in ashes, some coale- black,  
 2311 For the deposing of a rightfull King.  
 2312 *Enter Northumberland.*  
 2313 *North.* My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.  
 2314 You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.  
 2315 And Madame, there is order ta'ne for you:  
 2316 With all swift speed, you must away to France.  
 2317 *Rich.* *Northumberland*, thou Ladder wherewithall  
 2318 The mounting *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne,  
 2319 The time shall not be many houres of age,  
 2320 More then it is, ere foule sinne, gathering head,  
 2321 Shall breake into corruption: thou shalt thinke,  
 2322 Though he diuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,  
 2323 It is too little, helping him to all:  
 2324 He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way  
 2325 To plant vnrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,  
 2326 Being ne're so little vrg'd another way,  
 2327 To pluck him headlong from the vsurped Throne.  
 2328 The Loue of wicked friends conuertes to Feare;  
 2329 That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turnes one, or both,  
 2330 To worthie Danger, and deserued Death.  
 2331 *North.* My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:  
 2332 Take leaue, and part, for you must part forthwith.  
 2333 *Rich.* Doubly diuorc'd? (bad men) ye violate  
 2334 A two- fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crowne, and me.  
 2335 And then betwixt me, and my married Wife.

2336 Let me vn- kisse the Oath 'twixt thee, and me;  
 2337 And yet not so, for with a Kisse 'twas made.  
 2338 Part vs, *Northumberland*: I, towards the North,  
 2339 Where shiuering Cold and Sicknesse pines the Clyme:  
 2340 My Queene to France: from whence, set forth in pompe,  
 2341 She came adorned hither like sweet May;  
 2342 Sent back like Hollowmas, or short'st of day.  
 2343 *Qu.* And must we be diuided? must we part?  
 2344 *Rich.* I, hand from hand (my Loue) and heart fro[m] heart.  
 2345 *Qu.* Banish vs both, and send the King with me.  
 2346 *North.* That were some Loue, but little Pollicy.  
 2347 *Qu.* Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.  
 2348 *Rich.* So two together weeping, make one Woe.  
 2349 Weepe thou for me in France; I, for thee heere:  
 2350 Better farre off, then neere, be ne're the neere.  
 2351 Goe, count thy Way with Sighes; I, mine with Groanes.  
 2352 *Qu.* So longest Way shall haue the longest Moanes.  
 2353 *Rich.* Twice for one step Ile groane, y Way being short,  
 2354 And peece the Way out with a heauie heart.  
 2355 Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be briefe,  
 2356 Since wedding it, there is such length in Griefe:  
 2357 One Kisse shall stop our mouthes, and dumbely part;  
 2358 Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.  
 2359 *Qu.* Giue me mine owne againe: 'twere no good part,  
 2360 To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.  
 2361 So, now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,  
 2362 That I may striue to kill it with a groane.  
 2363 *Rich.* We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:  
 2364 Once more adieu; the rest, let Sorrow say. *Exeunt.*

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### *Scoena Secunda.*

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2366 *Enter Yorke, and his Duchesse.*  
 2367 *Duch.* My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,  
 2368 When weeping made you breake the story off,  
 2369 Of our two Cousins comming into London.  
 2370 *Yorke.* Where did I leaue?  
 2371 *Duch.* At that sad stoppe, my Lord,  
 2372 Where rude mis- gouern'd hands, from Windowes tops,  
 2373 Threw dust and rubbish on King *Richards* head. [d3v  
 2374 *Yorke.* Then, as I said, the Duke, great *Bullingbrooke*,  
 2375 Mounted vpon a hot and fierie Steed,  
 2376 Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,  
 2377 With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course:

2378 While all tongues cride, God saue thee *Bullingbrooke*.  
 2379 You would haue thought the very windowes spake,  
 2380 So many greedy lookes of yong and old,  
 2381 Through Casements darted their desiring eyes  
 2382 Vpon his visage: and that all the walles,  
 2383 With painted Imagery had said at once,  
 2384 Iesu preserue thee, welcom *Bullingbrooke*.  
 2385 Whil' st he, from one side to the other turning,  
 2386 Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,  
 2387 Bespake them thus: I thanke you Countrimen:  
 2388 And thus still doing, thus he past along.  
 2389 *Dutch*. Alas poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilst?  
 2390 *Yorke*. As in a Theater, the eyes of men  
 2391 After a well grac'd Actor leaues the Stage,  
 2392 Are idley bent on him that enters next,  
 2393 Thinking his prattle to be tedious:  
 2394 Euen so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes  
 2395 Did scowle on *Richard*: no man cride, God saue him:  
 2396 No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,  
 2397 But dust was throwne vpon his Sacred head,  
 2398 Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,  
 2399 His face still combating with teares and smiles  
 2400 (The badges of his greefe and patience)  
 2401 That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd  
 2402 The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,  
 2403 And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him.  
 2404 But heauen hath a hand in these euent,  
 2405 To whose high will we bound our calme contents.  
 2406 To *Bullingbrooke*, are we sworne Subiects now,  
 2407 Whose State, and Honor, I for aye allow.  
 2408 *Enter Aumerle*.  
 2409 *Dut*. Heere comes my sonne *Aumerle*.  
 2410 *Yor*. *Aumerle* that was,  
 2411 But that is lost, for being *Richards* Friend.  
 2412 And Madam, you must call him *Rutland* now:  
 2413 I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,  
 2414 And lasting fealtie to the new- made King.  
 2415 *Dut*. Welcome my sonne: who are the Violets now,  
 2416 That strew the greene lap of the new- come Spring?  
 2417 *Aum*. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,  
 2418 God knowes, I had as lief be none, as one.  
 2419 *Yorke*. Well, beare you well in this new- spring of time  
 2420 Least you be cropt before you come to prime.  
 2421 What newes from Oxford? Hold those Iusts & Triumphs?  
 2422 *Aum*. For ought I know my Lord, they do.  
 2423 *Yorke*. You will be there I know.

2424 *Aum.* If God preuent not, I purpose so.  
 2425 *Yor.* What Seale is that that hangs without thy bosom?  
 2426 Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the Writing.  
 2427 *Aum.* My Lord, 'tis nothing.  
 2428 *Yorke.* No matter then who sees it,  
 2429 I will be satisfied, let me see the Writing.  
 2430 *Aum.* I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,  
 2431 It is a matter of small consequence,  
 2432 Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.  
 2433 *Yorke.* Which for some reasons sir, I meane to see:  
 2434 I feare, I feare.  
 2435 *Dut.* What should you feare?  
 2436 'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into  
 2437 For gay apparrell, against the Triumph.  
 2438 *Yorke.* Bound to himselfe? What doth he with a Bond  
 2439 That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole.  
 2440 Boy, let me see the Writing.  
 2441 *Aum.* I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.  
 2442 *Yor.* I will be satisfied: let me see it I say. *Snatches it*  
 2443 Treason, foule Treason, Villaine, Traitor, Slaue.  
 2444 *Dut.* What's the matter, my Lord?  
 2445 *Yorke.* Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horse.  
 2446 Heauen for his mercy: what treachery is heere?  
 2447 *Dut.* Why, what is't my Lord?  
 2448 *Yorke.* Giue me my boots, I say: Saddle my horse:  
 2449 Now by my Honor, my life, my troth,  
 2450 I will appeach the Villaine.  
 2451 *Dut.* What is the matter?  
 2452 *Yorke.* Peace foolish Woman.  
 2453 *Dut.* I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?  
 2454 *Aum.* Good Mother be content, it is no more  
 2455 Then my poore life must answer.  
 2456 *Dut.* Thy life answer?  
 2457 *Enter Seruant with Boots.*  
 2458 *Yor.* Bring me my Boots, I will vnto the King.  
 2459 *Dut.* Strike him *Aumerle.* Poore boy, y art amaz'd,  
 2460 Hence Villaine, neuer more come in my sight.  
 2461 *Yor.* Giue me my Boots, I say.  
 2462 *Dut.* Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?  
 2463 Wilt thou not hide the Trespasse of thine owne?  
 2464 Haue we more Sonnes? Or are we like to haue?  
 2465 Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?  
 2466 And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,  
 2467 And rob me of a happy Mothers name?  
 2468 Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?  
 2469 *Yor.* Thou fond mad woman:

2470 Wilt thou conceale this darke Conspiracy?  
 2471 A dozen of them heere haue tane the Sacrament,  
 2472 And interchangeably set downe their hands  
 2473 To kill the King at Oxford.  
 2474 *Dut.* He shall be none:  
 2475 Wee'l keepe him heere: then what is that to him?  
 2476 *Yor.* Away fond woman: were hee twenty times my  
 2477 Son, I would appeach him.  
 2478 *Dut.* Hadst thou groan'd for him as I haue done,  
 2479 Thou wouldest be more pittifull:  
 2480 But now I know thy minde; thou do'st suspect  
 2481 That I haue bene disloyall to thy bed,  
 2482 And that he is a Bastard, not thy Sonne:  
 2483 Sweet Yorke, sweet husband, be not of that minde:  
 2484 He is as like thee, as a man may bee,  
 2485 Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,  
 2486 And yet I loue him.  
 2487 *Yorke.* Make way, vnruely Woman. *Exit*  
 2488 *Dut.* After *Aumerle.* Mount thee vpon his horse,  
 2489 Spurre post, and get before him to the King,  
 2490 And begge thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee,  
 2491 Ile not be long behind: though I be old,  
 2492 I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke:  
 2493 And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,  
 2494 Till *Bullingbrooke* haue pardon'd thee: Away be gone. *Exit*

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### *Scoena Tertia.*

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2496 *Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie, and other Lords.*  
 2497 *Bul.* Can no man tell of my vnthriftie Sonne?  
 2498 'Tis full three monthes since I did see him last.  
 2499 If any plague hang ouer vs, 'tis he,  
 2500 I would to heauen (my Lords) he might be found:  
 2501 Enquire at London, 'mongst the Tauernes there: [d4  
 2502 For there (they say) he dayly doth frequent,  
 2503 With vnrestrained loose Companions,  
 2504 Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,  
 2505 And rob our Watch, and beate our passengers,  
 2506 Which he, yong wanton, and effeminate Boy  
 2507 Takes on the point of Honor, to support  
 2508 So dissolute a crew.  
 2509 *Per.* My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the Prince,  
 2510 And told him of these Triumphes held at Oxford.  
 2511 *Bul.* And what said the Gallant?

2512 *Per.* His answer was: he would vnto the Stewes,  
 2513 And from the common'st creature plucke a Gloue  
 2514 And weare it as a fauour, and with that  
 2515 He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.  
 2516 *Bul.* As dissolute as desp'rate, yet through both,  
 2517 I see some sparkes of better hope: which elder dayes  
 2518 May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?  
 2519 *Enter Aumerle.*  
 2520 *Aum.* Where is the King?  
 2521 *Bul.* What meanes our Cosin, that hee stares  
 2522 And lookes so wildely?  
 2523 *Aum.* God saue your Grace. I do beseech your Maiesty  
 2524 To haue some conference with your Grace alone.  
 2525 *Bul.* Withdraw your selues, and leaue vs here alone:  
 2526 What is the matter with our Cosin now?  
 2527 *Aum.* For euer may my knees grow to the earth,  
 2528 My tongue cleaue to my rooffe within my mouth,  
 2529 Vnlesse a Pardon, ere I rise, or speake.  
 2530 *Bul.* Intended, or committed was this fault?  
 2531 If on the first, how heynous ere it bee,  
 2532 To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.  
 2533 *Aum.* Then giue me leaue, that I may turne the key,  
 2534 That no man enter, till my tale be done.  
 2535 *Bul.* Haue thy desire. *Yorke within.*  
 2536 *Yor.* My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,  
 2537 Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.  
 2538 *Bul.* Villaine, Ile make thee safe.  
 2539 *Aum.* Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause  
 2540 to feare.  
 2541 *Yorke.* Open the doore, secure foole- hardy King:  
 2542 Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?  
 2543 Open the doore, or I will breake it open.  
 2544 *Enter Yorke.*  
 2545 *Bul.* What is the matter (Vnkle) speak, recouer breath,  
 2546 Tell vs how neere is danger,  
 2547 That we may arme vs to encounter it.  
 2548 *Yor.* Peruse this writing heere, and thou shalt know  
 2549 The reason that my haste forbids me show.  
 2550 *Aum.* Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past:  
 2551 I do repent me, reade not my name there,  
 2552 My heart is not confederate with my hand.  
 2553 *Yor.* It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe.  
 2554 I tore it from the Traitors bosome, King.  
 2555 Feare, and not Loue, begets his penitence;  
 2556 Forget to pittie him, least thy pittie proue  
 2557 A Serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.

2558 *Bul.* Oh heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,  
 2559 O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne:  
 2560 Thou sheere, immaculate, and siluer fountaine,  
 2561 From whence this streame, through muddy passages  
 2562 Hath had his current, and defil'd himselfe.  
 2563 Thy ouerflow of good, conuerts to bad,  
 2564 And thy abundant goodnesse shall excuse  
 2565 This deadly blot, in thy digressing sonne.  
 2566 *Yorke.* So shall my Vertue be his Vices bawd,  
 2567 And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame;  
 2568 As thriftlesse Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold.  
 2569 Mine honor liues, when his dishonor dies,  
 2570 Or my sham'd life, in his dishonor lies:  
 2571 Thou kill'st me in his life, giuing him breath,  
 2572 The Traitor liues, the true man's put to death.  
 2573 *Dutchesse within.*  
 2574 *Dut.* What hoa (my Liege) for heauens sake let me in.  
 2575 *Bul.* What shrill- voic'd Suppliant, makes this eager cry?  
 2576 *Dut.* A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.  
 2577 Speake with me, pittie me, open the dore,  
 2578 A Begger begs, that neuer begg'd before.  
 2579 *Bul.* Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,  
 2580 And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King.  
 2581 My dangerous Cosin, let your Mother in,  
 2582 I know she's come, to pray for your foule sin.  
 2583 *Yorke.* If thou do pardon, whosoeuer pray,  
 2584 More sinnes for this forgiuennesse, prosper may.  
 2585 This fester'd ioynt cut off, the rest rests sound,  
 2586 This let alone, will all the rest confound.  
 2587 *Enter Dutchesse.*  
 2588 *Dut.* O King, beleeue not this hard- hearted man,  
 2589 Loue, louing not it selfe, none other can.  
 2590 *Yor.* Thou franticke woman, what dost y make here,  
 2591 Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?  
 2592 *Dut.* Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.  
 2593 *Bul.* Rise vp good Aunt.  
 2594 *Dut.* Not yet, I thee beseech.  
 2595 For euer will I kneele vpon my knees,  
 2596 And neuer see day, that the happy sees,  
 2597 Till thou giue ioy: vntill thou bid me ioy,  
 2598 By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing Boy.  
 2599 *Aum.* Vnto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee.  
 2600 *Yorke.* Against them both, my true ioynts bended be.  
 2601 *Dut.* Pleades he in earnest? Looke vpon his Face,  
 2602 His eyes do drop no teares: his prayres are in iest:  
 2603 His words come from his mouth, ours from our brest.

2604 He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,  
 2605 We pray with heart, and soule, and all beside:  
 2606 His weary ioynts would gladly rise, I know,  
 2607 Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:  
 2608 His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,  
 2609 Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie:  
 2610 Our prayers do out- pray his, then let them haue  
 2611 That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue.  
 2612 *Bul.* Good Aunt stand vp.  
 2613 *Dut.* Nay, do not say stand vp.  
 2614 But Pardon first, and afterwards stand vp.  
 2615 And if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach,  
 2616 Pardon should be the first word of thy speach.  
 2617 I neuer long'd to heare a word till now:  
 2618 Say Pardon (King,) let pittie teach thee how.  
 2619 The word is short: but not so short as sweet,  
 2620 No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's so meet.  
 2621 *Yorke.* Speake it in French (King) say *Pardon'ne moy.*  
 2622 *Dut.* Dost thou teach pardon, Pardon to destroy?  
 2623 Ah my sowre husband, my hard- hearted Lord,  
 2624 That set's the word it selfe, against the word.  
 2625 Speake Pardon, as 'tis currant in our Land,  
 2626 The chopping French we do not vnderstand.  
 2627 Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there,  
 2628 Or in thy pitteous heart, plant thou thine eare,  
 2629 That hearing how our plaints and prayres do pearce,  
 2630 Pittie may moue thee, Pardon to rehearse.  
 2631 *Bul.* Good Aunt, stand vp.  
 2632 *Dut.* I do not sue to stand,  
 2633 Pardon is all the suite I haue in hand. [d4v  
 2634 *Bul.* I pardon him, as heauen shall pardon mee.  
 2635 *Dut.* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee?  
 2636 Yet am I sicke for feare: Speake it againe,  
 2637 Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,  
 2638 But makes one pardon strong.  
 2639 *Bul.* I pardon him with all my hart.  
 2640 *Dut.* A God on earth thou art.  
 2641 *Bul.* But for our trusty brother- in- Law, the Abbot,  
 2642 With all the rest of that consorted crew,  
 2643 Destruction straight shall dogge them at the heeles:  
 2644 Good Vnckle helpe to order seuerall powres  
 2645 To Oxford, or where ere these Traitors are:  
 2646 They shall not liue within this world I sweare,  
 2647 But I will haue them, if I once know where.  
 2648 Vnckle farewell, and Cosin adieu:  
 2649 Your mother well hath praid, and proue you true.

2650 *Dut.* Come my old son, I pray heauen make thee new.  
 2651 *Exeunt.*  
 2652 *Enter Exton and Seruants.*  
 2653 *Ext.* Didst thou not marke the King what words hee  
 2654 spake?  
 2655 Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare:  
 2656 Was it not so?  
 2657 *Ser.* Those were his very words.  
 2658 *Ex.* Haue I no Friend? (quoth he:) he spake it twice,  
 2659 And vrg'd it twice together, did he not?  
 2660 *Ser.* He did.  
 2661 *Ex.* And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,  
 2662 As who should say, I would thou wer't the man  
 2663 That would diuorce this terror from my heart,  
 2664 Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe;  
 2665 I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe. *Exit.*

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### *Scaena Quarta.*

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2667 *Enter Richard.*  
 2668 *Rich.* I haue bin studying, how to compare  
 2669 This Prison where I liue, vnto the World:  
 2670 And for because the world is populous,  
 2671 And heere is not a Creature, but my selfe,  
 2672 I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer't out.  
 2673 My Braine, Ile proue the Female to my Soule,  
 2674 My Soule, the Father: and these two beget  
 2675 A generation of still breeding Thoughts;  
 2676 And these same Thoughts, people this Little World  
 2677 In humors, like the people of this world,  
 2678 For no thought is contented. The better sort,  
 2679 As thoughts of things Diuine, are intermixt  
 2680 With scruples, and do set the Faith it selfe  
 2681 Against the Faith: as thus: Come litle ones: & then again,  
 2682 It is as hard to come, as for a Camell  
 2683 To thred the posterne of a Needles eye.  
 2684 Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot  
 2685 Vnlikely wonders; how these vaine weake nailes  
 2686 May teare a passage through the Flinty ribbes  
 2687 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles:  
 2688 And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.  
 2689 Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselues,  
 2690 That they are not the first of Fortunes slaues,  
 2691 Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars,

2692 Who sitting in the Stockes, refuge their shame  
 2693 That many haue, and others must sit there;  
 2694 And in this Thought, they finde a kind of ease,  
 2695 Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe  
 2696 Of such as haue before indur'd the like.  
 2697 Thus play I in one Prison, many people,  
 2698 And none contented. Sometimes am I King;  
 2699 Then Treason makes me wish my selfe a Beggar,  
 2700 And so I am. Then crushing penurie,  
 2701 Perswades me, I was better when a King:  
 2702 Then am I king'd againe: and by and by,  
 2703 Thinke that I am vn- king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,  
 2704 And straight am nothing. But what ere I am, *Musick*  
 2705 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,  
 2706 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd  
 2707 With being nothing. Musicke do I heare?  
 2708 Ha, ha? keepe time: How sowre sweet Musicke is,  
 2709 When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?  
 2710 So is it in the Musicke of mens liues:  
 2711 And heere haue I the daintinesse of eare,  
 2712 To heare time broke in a disorder'd string:  
 2713 But for the Concord of my State and Time,  
 2714 Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.  
 2715 I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me:  
 2716 For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;  
 2717 My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they iarre,  
 2718 Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch,  
 2719 Whereto my finger, like a Dialls point,  
 2720 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.  
 2721 Now sir, the sound that tels what houre it is,  
 2722 Are clamorous groanes, that strike vpon my heart,  
 2723 Which is the bell: so Sighes, and Teares, and Grones,  
 2724 Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times: but my Time  
 2725 Runs poasting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,  
 2726 While I stand fooling heere, his iacke o'th' Clocke.  
 2727 This Musicke mads me, let it sound no more,  
 2728 For though it haue holpe madmen to their wits,  
 2729 In me it seemes, it will make wise- men mad:  
 2730 Yet blessing on his heart that giues it me;  
 2731 For 'tis a signe of loue, and loue to *Richard*,  
 2732 Is a strange Brooch, in this all- hating world.  
 2733 *Enter Groome.*  
 2734 *Groo.* Haile Royall Prince.  
 2735 *Rich.* Thankes Noble Peere,  
 2736 The cheapest of vs, is ten groates too deere.  
 2737 What art thou? And how com'st thou hither?

2738 Where no man euer comes, but that sad dogge  
 2739 That brings me food, to make misfortune liue?  
 2740 *Groo.* I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)  
 2741 When thou wer't King: who traueilling towards Yorke,  
 2742 With much adoo, at length haue gotten leaue  
 2743 To looke vpon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.  
 2744 O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld  
 2745 In London streets, that Coronation day,  
 2746 When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,  
 2747 That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid,  
 2748 That horse, that I so carefully haue drest.  
 2749 *Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,  
 2750 How went he vnder him?  
 2751 *Groo.* So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground.  
 2752 *Rich.* So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;  
 2753 That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.  
 2754 This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.  
 2755 Would he not stumble? Would he not fall downe  
 2756 (Since Pride must haue a fall) and breake the necke  
 2757 Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?  
 2758 Forgiuenesse horse: Why do I raile on thee,  
 2759 Since thou created to be aw'd by man  
 2760 Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horse, [d5  
 2761 And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,  
 2762 Spur- gall'd, and tyrd by iauncing *Bullingbrooke*.  
 2763 *Enter Keeper with a Dish.*  
 2764 *Keep.* Fellow, giue place, heere is no longer stay.  
 2765 *Rich.* If thou loue me, 'tis time thou wer't away.  
 2766 *Groo.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall  
 2767 say. *Exit.*  
 2768 *Keep.* My Lord, wilt please you to fall too?  
 2769 *Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou wer't wont to doo.  
 2770 *Keep.* My Lord I dare not: Sir *Pierce* of Exton,  
 2771 Who lately came from th' King, commands the contrary.  
 2772 *Rich.* The diuell take *Henrie* of Lancaster, and thee;  
 2773 Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.  
 2774 *Keep.* Helpe, helpe, helpe.  
 2775 *Enter Exton and Seruants.*  
 2776 *Ri.* How now? what meanes Death in this rude assault?  
 2777 Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument,  
 2778 Go thou and fill another roome in hell.  
 2779 *Exton strikes him downe.*  
 2780 That hand shall burne in neuer- quenching fire,  
 2781 That staggers thus my person. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,  
 2782 Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings own land.  
 2783 Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on high,

2784 Whil'st my grosse flesh sinkes downward, heere to dye.  
 2785 *Exton.* As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,  
 2786 Both haue I spilt: Oh would the deed were good.  
 2787 For now the diuell, that told me I did well,  
 2788 Sayes, that this deede is chronicled in hell.  
 2789 This dead King to the liuing King Ile beare,  
 2790 Take hence the rest, and giue them buriall heere. *Exit.*

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### *Scoena Quinta.*

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2792 *Flourish.* Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with  
 2793 other Lords & attendants.  
 2794 *Bul.* Kinde Vnkle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,  
 2795 Is that the Rebels haue consum'd with fire  
 2796 Our Towne of Cicester in Gloucestershire,  
 2797 But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not.  
 2798 *Enter Northumberland.*  
 2799 Welcome my Lord: What is the newes?  
 2800 *Nor.* First to thy Sacred State, wish I all happinesse:  
 2801 The next newes is, I haue to London sent  
 2802 The heads of *Salsbury, Spencer, Blunt,* and *Kent:*  
 2803 The manner of their taking may appeare  
 2804 At large discoursed in this paper heere.  
 2805 *Bul.* We thank thee gentle *Percy* for thy paines,  
 2806 And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.  
 2807 *Enter Fitz-waters.*  
 2808 *Fitz.* My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,  
 2809 The heads of *Broccas,* and Sir *Bennet Seely,*  
 2810 Two of the dangerous consorted Traitors,  
 2811 That sought at Oxford, thy dire ouerthrow.  
 2812 *Bul.* Thy paines *Fitzwaters* shall not be forgot,  
 2813 Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.  
 2814 *Enter Percy and Carlile.*  
 2815 *Per.* The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,  
 2816 With clog of Conscience, and sowre Melancholly,  
 2817 Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue:  
 2818 But heere is *Carlile,* liuing to abide  
 2819 Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.  
 2820 *Bul.* *Carlile,* this is your doome:  
 2821 Choose out some secret place, some reuerend roome  
 2822 More then thou hast, and with it ioy thy life:  
 2823 So as thou liu'st in peace, dye free from strife:  
 2824 For though mine enemy, thou hast euer beene,  
 2825 High sparkes of Honor in thee haue I seene.

2826 *Enter Exton with a Coffin.*  
2827 *Exton.* Great King, within this Coffin I present  
2828 Thy buried feare. Heerein all breathlesse lies  
2829 The mightiest of thy greatest enemies  
2830 *Richard* of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.  
2831 *Bul. Exton,* I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought  
2832 A deede of Slaughter, with thy fatall hand,  
2833 Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.  
2834 *Ex.* From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.  
2835 *Bul.* They loue not poyson, that do poyson neede,  
2836 Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,  
2837 I hate the Murtherer, loue him murdered.  
2838 The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,  
2839 But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour.  
2840 With *Caine* go wander through the shade of night,  
2841 And neuer shew thy head by day, nor light.  
2842 Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,  
2843 That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.  
2844 Come mourne with me, for that I do lament,  
2845 And put on sullen Blacke incontinent:  
2846 Ile make a voyage to the Holy- land,  
2847 To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.  
2848 March sadly after, grace my mourning heere,  
2849 In weeping after this vntimely Beere. *Exeunt.*

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**FINIS.**

**2851 The life and death of King Richard  
the Second.**

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