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Tho. Holley Esq. F.S.A.

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Thos. Folley,
1809.



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THE
LIFE AND
DEATH OF KING
RICHARD THE
SECOND.

With new Additions of the
Parliament Scene, and the
Deposing of King *Richard.*

As it hath beene acted by the Kings Majesties
Servants, at the *Globe.*

By *William Shakspeare.*



LONDON,
Printed by JOHN NORTON.

1634.

THE LIFE AND

DEATH OF KING

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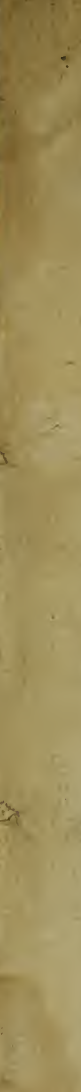
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING
BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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LONDON

Printed by J. B. Newell



The Life and Death of King *Richard* the second.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

*Enter King Richard, John a Gaunt, with other
Nobles, and Attendants.*

King Richard

Old *John* of *Gaunt*, time-honoured *Lancaster*,
Hast thou according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither *Henry Hereford*, thy bold son:
Here to make good, the boysterous late appeale
Which then our leasure would not let vs heare,
Against the Duke of *Norfolke*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Gaunt. I haue my Liege.

King. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good subiect should,
On some knowne ground of treachery in him.

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

King. Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our selues will heare
Th' accuser, and the accused, freely speake;
High stomack'd are they both, and full of ire
In rage, deafe as the sea; hasty as fire.

The Life and Death

Enter Bullingbrooke, and Mowbray.

Bul. Many yeeres of happy dayes befall
My gracious Sovereaigne, my loving Liege.

Mow. Each day still better others happinesse,
Vntill the heavens enuying earths good hap,
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.

King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cause you come,
Namely to appeale each other of high treason.

Cosin of *Hereford*, what dost thou obiect
Against the Duke of *Norfolke*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Bul. First, (heaven be the record of my speech,)
In the devotion of a subjects love,
Tending the precious safety of my Prince,
And free from other mis-begotten hate,
Come I appelant to his Princely presence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray*, doe I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine Soule answer it in Heaven.
Thou art a Traytor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since the more faire and Christall is the Skie,
The uglier seemes the Clouds, that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foule traitors name, stuffe I thy throat,
And wish (so please my Sovereaigne) ere I move, (prove.
What my tongue speakes, my right drawne sword may

Mow. Let not my coole words here accuse my zeale:
'Tis not the tryall of a womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twaine:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this,
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be husht, and nought at all to say.
First, the faire reverence of your Highnesse curbes me,
From giving reines and spurres to my free speech,
Which once would post, untill it had return'd.

These termes of treason, doubly downe his throat.
 Setting aside his high bloods royaltie,
 And let him be no kinsman to my Liege,
 I doe defie him, and I spit at him,
 Call him a slandrous Coward, and a Villaine:
 Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,
 And meet him, were I tide to runne a foote,
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
 Or any other ground inhabitable,
 Where ever English man durst set his foote.
 Meane time, let this defend my royaltie,
 By all my hopes most falsely doth he lye.

Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
 Disclaiming here the kindred of the King,
 And lay aside my high bloods royaltie,
 Which feare, not reverence makes me to except,
 If guilty dread have left thee so much strength,
 As to take up mine honours pawne, then stoope,
 By that, and all the rights of Knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
 What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.

Mow. I take it up, and by that sword I sweare,
 Which gently layd my Knighthood on my shoulder,
 Ile answer thee in any faire degree,
 Or Chivalrous designe of Knightly tryall:
 And when I mount, alive may I not light,
 If I be traytor, or unjustly fight.

King. What doth our Cousin lay to *Mowbrayes* charge?
 It must be great that can inherite us,
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bul. Looke what I sayd my life shall prove it true,
 That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thousand Nobles,
 In name of lendings for your highnesse Souldiers,
 The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
 Like a false Traytor, and iniurious Villaine.
 Besides I say, and will in battell prove,
 Or here or elsewhere to the furthest Verge
 That ever was survey'd by English eye,

The Life and Death

That all the treasons of these eighteene yeares
Complotted and contrived in this Land,
Fetcht from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.
Further I say and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life, to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of *Glosters* death,
Suggest his soone beleeving aduersari-s,
And consequently like a Traytor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent soule through streames of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels* cries,
(Even from the tonguelesse cavernes of the earth)
To me for Iustice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arme shall doe it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares;
Thomas of Norfolk, what sayest thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my soveraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so fowle a lyer.

King. *Mowbray*, impartiall are our eyes and eares,
Were he our brother, nay, our Kingdomes heire,
As he is but our fathers brothers sonne;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neerenesse to our sacred blood,
Should nothing priviledge him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmenesse of our upright soule.
He is our subiect (*Mowbray*) so art thou,
Free speech and tearelesse, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke* as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat; thoulyest:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his Highnesse souldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my soveraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deare account,
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lye. For *Glosters* death,

of Richard the second.

I flew him not ; but (to mine owne disgrace)
Neglected my sworne duty in that case :
For you my Noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trespasse that doth vex my grieved soule:
But ere I last receiv'd the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villaine,
A recreant, and most degenerate Traytor,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And enterchangeably hurle downe my gage,
Vpon this overweening Traitors foot,
To prove my selfe a loyall Gentleman,
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome.
In haste whereof most heartily I pray
Your Highnesse to assigne our tryall day.

King. Wrath kindled Genlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no Phyfition.
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors say, this is no time to bleed.
Good Vncle, let this end where it begun,
Wee'l calme the Duke of *Norfolke*, you your sonne.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age,
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of *Norfolkes* gage.

King. And *Norfolke*, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When *Harry* when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids, I should not bid agen.

King. *Norfolke*, throw downe, we bid; there is no boote.

Mow. My selfe I throw (dread Sovereigne) at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame;
The one my duty owes, but my faire name
Despight of death that lives upon my grave
To take dishonours use, thou shalt not have.

The Life and Death

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd here,
Pierc'd to the soule with slanders venom'd speare:
The which no Balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyson.

King. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.

Mow. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resigne my gage. My deare, deare Lord,
The purest treasure mortall times afford,
Is spotlesse reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A Jewell in a ten-times barr'd up Chest,
Is a bold spirit in a loyall brest.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deare my Liege) mine honour let me try,
In that I live, and for that will I dye.

King. Cofin throw downe your gage,
Doe you begin.

Bul. Oh heaven defend my soule from such foule sinne.
Shall I seeme Crest-falne in my fathers sight,
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue,
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong;
Or sound so base a parle: my teeth shall teare
The slavish motive of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in this high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in *Mowbrayes* face.

Exit Gaunt.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot doe to make you friends,
Be ready, (as your lives shall answer it)
At *Coventree*, upon Saint *Lamberts* day:
There shall your Swords and Lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your setled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Justice designe the Victors Chivalry.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes

Be ready to direct these home, Alarmes: *Exeunt:*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutchesse of Glocester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Glosters* blood,
Doth more sollicite me than your exclames,
To stirre against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lyeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of Heauen,
Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Dut. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?
Hath love in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards seven sonnes (whereof thy selfe art one)
Where are seven vialles of his sacred blood.
Or seven faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of those seven are dryed by natures course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But *Thomas*, my deare Lord, my life, my *Gloster*,
One Viall full of *Edwards* sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most Royall roote
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hact downe, and his summer leaves all vaded
By *Envies* hand, and *Murders* bloody Axe.
Ah *Gaunt*? His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettall, that selfe-mould that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liu'st and breath'st;
Yet art thou slaine in him: thou doest consent
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother dy,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life,
Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is despaire,
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd

Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life;
Teaching sterne murder how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardise in noble breasts. :
What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,
The best way is to venge my *Glosters* death.

Gaunt. Heavens is the quarrell : for Heavens substitute
His Deputy annoynted in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heaven revenge : for I may neuer list
An angry arme against his Minister.

Dut. Where then (alas) may I complaine my selfe?

Gan. To heaven, the widdowes Champion to defence.

Dut. Why then I will : farewell old *Gaunt*.

Thou go'st to *Coventry*, there to behold
Our Cosin *Hereford*, and fell *Mowbray* fight :
O sit my husbands wrongs on *Hereford*'s speare,
That it may enter butcher *Mowbrayes* breast :
Or if misfortune misse the first carriere,
Be *Mowbrayes* sinnes so heavy in his bosome,
That they may breake his foaming coursers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cosin *Hereford*.
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy sometimes brothers wife
With her companion *Greefe*, must end her life.

Gan. Sister fare well ; I must to *Coventry*,
As much good stay with thee, as go with me.

Dut. Yet one word more *Greefe* boundeth where it
Not with the empty hollownesse, but weight. (falls,
I take my leaue before I haue begun,
For sorrow ends not : when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother *Edward Yorke*.
Loe, this is all : nay yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly goe,
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what ?
With all good speed at *Pleshie* visite me.
Alacke, and what shall good old *Yorke* there see
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walles,

Vn-peopl'd Offices, untroden stones?
And what heere there for welcome, but my groanes?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seeke out sorrow, that dwels every where:
Desolate, desolate will I hence and dye,
The last leave of thee, takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marshall, and Auwerle.

Mar. My L. *Auwerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?

Au. Yea, at all poynts, and longs to enter in,

Mar. The Duke of *Norfolke*, sprightly and bold,
Stayes but the summons of the Appellants Trumpet.

Au. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Maiesties approach.

Flourish.

*Enter King, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Greene,
and others: Then Mowbray in Ar-
mor, and Harrold.*

Rich. Marshall, demand of yonder Champion
The cause of his arrivall here in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To sweare him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In Gods Name, and the Kings, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st, thus Knightly clad in Armes?
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truly, on thy Knighthood, and thine oath,
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour.

Mow. My name is *Tho. Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolke*,
Who hither come engaged by my oath
(Which heaven defend a Knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of *Hereford*, that appeales me.

And by the grace of God and this mine arme,
To proue him (in defending of my selfe)
A traytor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truely fight, defend me heaven.

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.

Rich. Marshall: aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And formally according to our Law
Depose him in the iustice of his cause. (ther

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'st thou hi-
Before King *Richard* in his Royall Lists?
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee Heaven.

Bul. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby;
Am I: who ready here doe stand in Armes,
To proue by heavens grace, and my bodies valour,
In Lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk;
That he's a Traytor foule and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King *Richard*, and to me;
And as I truely fight, defend me heaven.

Mar. On paine of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardy as to touch the Lists,
Except the Marshall, and such Officers
Appoynted to direct these faire designs.

Bul. Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Soueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiesty:
For *Mowbray* and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonius leave
And loving farewell of our severall friends.

Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craves to kisse your hand, and take his leave.

Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our armes.
Cofin of *Hereford* as thy cause is iust,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shead,

Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

Bul. Oh let no Noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be goard with *Morbayes* speare:
As confident, as is the Falcon's flight
Against a Bird, doe I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you (my Noble Cousin) Lord *Aumerle*;
Not sicke, although I haue to doe with death,
But lusty; young, and chearely drawing breath.
Loc, as at English Feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigor lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Adde prooffe unto mine Armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steele my Lances-poynt,
That it may enter *Morbayes* waxen Coate,
And furbish new the name of *John a Gaunt*,
Even in the lusty haviour of his sonne.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous,
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.

Rouze up thy youthfull blood, be valliant, and liue.

Bul. Mine innocence, and *S. George* to thrive.

Mow. How ever Heaven or fortune cast my lot,
There liues, or dyes, true to King *Richards* Throne,
A loyall, iust, and upright Gentleman:
Never did Captiue with a freer heart,
Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soule doth celebrate
This Feast of Battle, with mine adueryary.
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as iocond, as to jest,

The Life and Death

Goe I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breast.

Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I espie
Vertue with valour, couched in thine eye:

Order the tryall Marshall, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby
Receive thy Lance, and heaven defend thy right.

Bul. Strong as a Towre in hope, I cry, Amen.

Mar. Goe heare this Lance to *Thomas D. of Norfolk,*

1 *Har. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,*
Stands here for God, his Sovereigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, *Thomas Mowbray,*
A Traytor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

2. *Har.* Here standeth *Tho. Mowbray Duke of Norfolk*
On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his Sovereigne, and to him disloyalle
Couragiously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signall to begin. *A charge sounded.*

Mar. Sound Trumpets, and let forward Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.

Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets and their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with us, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we returne these Dukes, what we decree,

A long flourish.

Draw neere and list
What with our councell we have done.
For that our Kingdomes earth should not be soyld
With that deare blood which it hath fostered,
And for our eyes doe hate the dire aspect
Of civill wounds plough'd up with neyghbours swords,
Which so rouz'd up with boystrous untun'd drummes,
With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire Peace,

And

And make us wade even in our kindreds blood:
 Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
 You Cofin Hereford, upon paine of death,
 Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields,
 Shall not regret our faire Dominions,
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Bul. Your will be done: this must my comfort be,
 That Sunne that warmes you here shall shine on me:
 And those his golden beames to you here lent,
 Shall poynt on me, and gilde my banishment.

Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doome,
 Which I with some unwillingnesse pronounce,
 The slye slow houres shall not determinate
 The datelesse limit of thy deare exile:
 The hopelesse word, of never to returne,
 Breathe against thee, upon paine of life.

Mow. A heavy sentence my most Soveraigne Liege,
 And all unlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth:
 A deerer merit, not so deepe a maim,
 As to be cast forth in the common ayre
 Have I deserved at your Highnesse hands.
 The Language I have learn'd these forty yeares
 (Mynative English) now I must forgoe,
 And now my tongues use is to me no more,
 Then an untringed Vyoll, or a Harpe,
 Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd up,
 Or being open, put into his hands
 That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
 Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue
 Doubly purcullist with my teeth and lips,
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance,
 Is made my gaoler to attend on me:
 I am too old to fawne upon a Nurfe,
 To farre in yeares to be a pupill now:
 What is thy sentence then, but speechlesse death,
 Which robs my tongue from breatheing native breath?

Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate,
 After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

The Life and Death

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my Countries light
To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.

Rich. Returne againe and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our royall Sword, your banisht hands,
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven
(Our part therein we banish with your selves)
To kepe the Oath that we administer
You never shall (so helpe you Truth and Heaven)
Embrace each others loue in banishment,
Nor ever looke upon each others face,
Nor ever wis, regreete, or reconcile
This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor ever by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
Gainst Vs our State, our Subjects, or our Land.

Bul. I sweare.

Mow. And I to keepe all this.

Bul. Norfolk, so farre, as to mine enemy,
By this time (had the King permitted us)
One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,
Banish'd this frayle sepulcher of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this Land,
Confesse thy Treasons ere thou flie this Realme,
Since thou hast farre to goe, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soule.

Mow. No Bullingbrooke: If ever I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the Booke of Life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence,
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I doe know,
And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,
Save backe to England, all the worlds my way.

Rich. Vncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy griued heart: thy sad aspect,
Hath from the number of his banish'd yeares
Pluck'd foure away: fixe frozen Winters spent,
Returne with welcome home from banishment.

Bul. How long a time lyes in one little word:

Foure lagging Winters, and fourē wanton Springs
End in a word, such is the breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me
He shortens fourē yeares of my sonnes exile
But little vantage shall I reape thereby.
For ere these sixe yeares that he hath to spend
Can change the Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dried Lampe, and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night:
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me see my sonne.

Rich. Why Vncle, thou hast many yeares to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canst giue
Shorten my dayes thou canst with sudden sorrow,
And plucke nights from me, but not end a morrow:
Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

Rich. Thy sonne is banish'd upon good aduice
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave,
Why at our Iustice seem'st thou then to lowre?

Gau. Things sweet to tast, prove in digestion soure:
You urg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine owne away:
But you gave leaue to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.

Rich. Cofin farewell: and Vncle bid him so:
Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go. *Exit.*

Flourish.

Au. Cofin farewell, what presence must not know
From where you do remaine, let paper show.

Mar. My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose dost thou hold thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

The Life and Death

Bul. I haue too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath th' abundant colour of the heart.

Gau. Thy griefe is but thy absence for a time.

Bul. Ioy absent, griefe is present for that time.

Gau. What is sixe Winters, they are quickly gone?

Bul. To men in joy, but griefe makes one houre ten.

Gau. Call it a travell, that thou takest for pleasure.

Bul. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced Pilgrimage.

Gau. The fullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteeme a soyle, wherein thou art to set
The precious Jewell of thy home returne.

Bul. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty *Caucasus*?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?

Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on phantasticke Summers heate?

Oh no, the apprehension of the good
Giues but the greater feeling to the worse:

Fell sorrowes tooth, doth ever rankle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gau. Come, come (my sonne) Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Bul. Then Englands ground farewell; sweet soyle adieu,
My Mother, and my Nurse, which beares me yet:
Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-borne Englishman.

Scena Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.

Rich. We did observe. Cofin *Aumerle*,
How faire brought yon high *Hereford* on his way.

Ann-

of Richard the second.

Aum. I brought high Hereford (if you call him so)
But to the next high way, and there I left him.

Rich. And say, what store of parting teares were shed?

Aum. Faith none by me: except the Northeast wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our face,
Awak'd the sleepey rhowme, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

Rich. What said our Cosin when you parted with him?

An. Farewell: & for my heart disdain'd that my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such griefe,
That word seem'd buried in my sorrowes grave.

Marry, would the word farewell, had lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of Farewels,
But since it would not, he had none of me.

Rich. He is our Cosin (Cosin) but tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kin man come to see his friends,
Our selfe, and *Bushy*, *Bagon* here and *Greene*
Observed his Courtship to the common people,
How he did seeme to dive into their hearts,
With humble, and familiar courtesie,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poore Craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyster-wench;
A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks, my Countymen, my Loving friends,
As were our England in reuerfion his,
And he our subjects next degree in hope.

Gr. VVell he is gone, and with him goe these thoughts
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient mannaage must be made my Liege
Ere further leysure, yeeld the further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highness losse.

The Life and Death

Rich. We without I selfe in person to this waite,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall largesse, are growne somewhat light,
We are enfor'd to farme our royall Realme,
The renew whereof shall furnish us
For our affaires in hand: if they come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have Blancke-charters:
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,
And send them after to supply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland presently

Enter Bushy.
Bushy. What newes?

Bu. Old *John a Gaunt* is very sicke my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath sent post haste
To entreat your Maiesty to visite him.

Rich. Where lyes he?

Bu. At Ely-house.

Rich. Now put it (heaven) in his Physitians mind,
To helpe him to his grave immediately:
The lining of his coffers shall make Coates
To decke our Souldiers for these Irish waïres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go visite him:
Pray heaven we may make haste, and come too late, *Exit.*

Actus Secundus, Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt sicke, with the Duke of Yorke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my last
In wholsome counsell to his unstayd youth?

Yor. Vex not your selfe, nor strive not with your breath
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.

Gau. Oh But (they say) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deepe harmony

Where

of Richard the second.

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vaine;
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.

He that no more must say, is listen'd more
Then they whom youth and ease have taught to close,
More are mens ends mark'd, then their lives before,
The setting Sunne, and musicke is the close,
As the last taste of sweetes, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long past :
Though *Richard* my lives counsell would not heare,
My deaths sad tale, may yet un-deafe his eare.

For. No, it is stopt with other flatt'ring sounds
As prayfes of his state: then there are found
Lacivious Meeters, to whose venome sound
The open eares of youth doth alwaies listen
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our stardy apish Nation
Limpes after in base imitation,
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buzz'd into their eares ?
That all too late comes counsell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard :
Direct not him, whose way him selfe will chose,
Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose.

Gaunt. Me thinks I am a Prophet new inspir'd,
And thus expiring doe foretell of him,
His rash fierce blaze of Ryot cannot last,
For violent fires soone burne out themselves;
Small shoures last long, but sodaine stormes are short,
He tyres betimes, that spurs too fast betimes ;
With eager feeding food doth choake the feeder ;
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming meanes soone preyes upon it selfe.
This royall Throne of Kings, this Sceptred Isle,
This earth of Majesty, this seate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy Paradise,
This Fortres built by nature for her selfe,
Against infection, and the hand of warre:

The Life and Death

This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver Sea,
VVhich serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defensiuē to a house,
Against the enuy of lesse happier Lands,
This blessed plot, this Earth this Realme, this England,
This Nurse, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Christian service and true Chivalry,
As is the sepulcher in stubborn *Iury*
Of the worlds ransome, blessed *Maries* sonne.
This Land of such deare soules, this deare deare Land,
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement, or pelted Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
VVhose rocky shore beates backe the envious sledge
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
VVith Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds,
That England that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.
Ah, would the scandall vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death?

*Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Bushy, Greene,
Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby.*

For. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Coalts, being rag'd, doe rage the more.

Qu. How fares our noble Vncle, *Lancaster*?

Ri. VVhat comfort man? How ist with aged *Gaunt*?

Ga. Oh how that name befits my composition:
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
VVithin me griefe hath kept a tedious fast,
And who abitaines from meate, that is not gaunt:
For sleeping England long time have I watcht
VVatching breeds leanneffe, leanneffe is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some Fathers feed upon,

Is my strict fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt :
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow wombe inherits nought but bones.

Rich. Can sicke men play so nicely with their names ?

Gau. No, misery makes sport to mocke it selfe :

Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,
I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

Ric. Should dying men flatter those that live ?

Gau. No, no, man living flatter those that dye.

Ric. Thou now a dying, sayst thou flatter' st me.

Gau. O no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be.

Rich. I am in health I breathe, I see thee ill.

Gau. Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill :

Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesser then the Land,

Wherein thou lyest in reputation sicke,

And thou too carelesse patient as thou art.

Commit't thy annoynted body to the cure
Of those Physitions, that first wounded thee :

A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,

Whose compasse is no bigger then thy hand,

And yet encaged in so small a Verge,

The waste is no whit lesser then thy Land,

Oh had thy Grandfir with a Prophets eye,

Seene how his sonnes sonne, should destroy his sonnes,

From forth thy reach he would have layd thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possest,

Which art possest now to depose thy selfe,

Why (Cofin) were thou Regent of the world,

It were a shame to let this Land by lease :

But for thy world enioying but this Land,

Is it not more then shame, to shame it so ?

Landlord of England art thou, and not King :

Thy state of Law, is bondslave to the Law,

And ———

Rich. And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole,

Presuming on an Agues privelledge,

The Life and Death

Dar' st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chasing the Royall blood
With fury, from his native residence?
Now by my Seates right Royall Maiesty,
Wert thou not brother to great *Edwards* sonne,
This tongue that runnes so roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy unreuerent shoulders.

Gau. Oh spare me not, my brother *Edwards* sonne,
For that I was his father *Edwards* sonne;
That blood already (like the Pellican)
Thou hast tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother *Glocester*, plaine well meaning soule,
(Whom faire befall in heaven 'mongst happy soules!)
May be a president, and witnesse good,
That thou respect'st not spilling *Edwards* blood:
Ioyne with the present sicknesse that I haue,
And thy unkindnesse be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre.
Live in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee,
These words hereafter, thy tormentors be.
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave.
Love they to live, that love and honour have. *Exit.*

Rich. And let them dye, that age and fullens have,
For both haue thou, and both become the grave.

Yor. I doe beseech your Maiesty impute his words
To wayward sicklinesse, and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deare
As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.

Rich. Right, you say true: as *Hereford*'s love, so his;
As theirs, to mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your
Maiesty.

Rich. What sayes he?

Nor. Nay nothing, all is sayd:
His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument.
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.

Yor.

of Richard the second.

Yor. Be *Yorke* the next, that must be bankrupt so,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he,
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that. Now for our Irish warres,
We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kernes,
Which live like venom, where no venom else
But onely they have priviledge to live.
And for these great affaires do aske some charge
Towards our assistance, we doe seize to us
The plate, coyne, and revennews, and moveables,
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did stand possesser,

Yor. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not *Glosters* death, nor *Herefords* banishment,
Nor *Gaunts* rebukes, nor Englands private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poore *Bullingbrooke*,
About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace
Have ever made me sowre my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinkle on my soveraignes face:
I am the last of noble *Edwards* sonnes,
Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was first:
In warres was never Lyon rag'd more fierce:
In peace, was never gentle Lambe more mild,
Then was that young and Princely Gentleman:
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he
Accomplish'd with the number of thy howers:
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend: and spent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne:
Oh *Richard*, *Yorke* is too farre gone with griefe,
Or else he never would compare betweene.

Rich. Why Vncle,
What's the matter?

Yor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you please, if not

The Life and Death

I please not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seeke you to seize, and giue into your hands
The Royalties and Rightes, off banish'd *Hereford*?
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Hereford* liue?
Was not *Gaunt* just? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deserve to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deserving some?
Take *Herefords* rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his customrie rights:
Let not to morrow then insue to day,
Be not thy selfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire, sequence and succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you doe wrongfully seize *Herefords* right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Atturneyes generall, to sue
His Livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You loose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And picke my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honor and allegiance cannot thinke.

Ric. Thinke what you will: we seile into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

Yor. Ile not be by the while: My Leige farewell,
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell,
But by bad courses may be understood.
That their events can never fall out good.

Rich. Goe *Bushie* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* streight,
Bid him reaire to us to *Ely* House,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in absence of our selfe
Our Vnckle *Yorke*, Lord Governer of England:
For he is just, and alwayes lov'd us well.

Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Flourish.
Maner North Willoghby, and Ross.

Yor. Well Lords, the Duke of *Lancaster* is dead.

Ross.

of Richard the second.

Ross. And living too, for now his sonne is Duke.

Will. Barely in title, not in reuennue.

Nor. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great: but it must breake with silence
Eer't be disburthen'd with all liberall tongue.

Nor. Nay speake thy mind & let him ne'r speake more
That speakes thy words againe to doe thee harme.

Wil. Tends that thou'dst speake toth' D. of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly man!

Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can doe for him,

Vnlesse you call it good to pity him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

Nor. Now afore heaven, 'ts shame such wrongs are
borne

In him a royall Prince, and many moe

Of noble blood in this declining Land;

The King is not himselfe, but basely led

By flatterers, and what they will informe

Meerely in hate gainst any of us all:

That will the King severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our liues, our children, and our heires.

Ross. The Commons hath he pill'd with grieuous taxes

And quite lost their hearts: the Nobles hath he fin'd

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Wil. And daily new exactions are devis'd

As blankes, benevolences, and I wot not what:

But what o' Gods name doth become of this?

Nor. Warres hath not wated it, for warr'd he hath not

But basely yeelded upon comprimize,

That which his Ancestors achieu'd with blowes:

More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.

Ross. The Earle of Wiltshire hath the Realme in farme.

Wil. The King's growne bankrupt like a broken man.

Nor. Reproach, and desolation hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish warres:

(His burthienous taxations, notwithstanding)

But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

The Life and Death

Nor. His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing
Yet seeke no shelter to avoyd the storme:
We see the winde sit sore upon our sailes,
And yet we strike not, but lecturely perishe.

Ros. We see the very wracke that we must suffer,
And unavoyded is the danger now
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

Nor. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spie life peercing: but I dare not say,
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ros. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy selfe, and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

Nor. Then thus: I have from *Port le Blanc*
A Bay in *Britaine*, receiv'd intelligence,
That *Harry Duke of Hereford*, *Raynald Lord Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother Archbishop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, *Sir John Rainston*,
Sir John Norbery, *Sir Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Quoin*,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Britaine*,
With eight tall ships; three thousand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for *Ireland*.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoake,
Jumpe out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broken pawne the blemish'd Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides the Scepters gilt,
And make high Majesty looke like it selfe,
Away with me in posse to *Ravenspurgh*.
But if you faint, as fearing to doe so,
Stay and be secret and my selfe will goe.

Ros. To horse, to horse, urge doubts to them that feare.

Wil. Hoid out my horse, and I will first be there. *Exen.*

Scena Sæcunda.

Enter *Queene, Bushy, and Bagor.*

Bush. Madam, your Majesty is too much sad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aside selfe-harming heavinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

Qu. To please the King, I did: to please my selfe
I cannot doe it: yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as griefe,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet *Richard*, yet againe me thinks
Some unborne sorrow ripe in fortunes wombe
Is comming towards me, and my inward soule
With nothing trembles, at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my Lord the King.

Bush. Each substance of a grieffe had twenty shadows
Which shewes like griefe it selfe, but is not so:
For sorrowes eye glazed with blinding teares,
Divides one thing intire, to many objects
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry,
Distinguisht forme: so your sweet Maiesty
Looking awry upon your Lords departure,
Find shapes of griefe, more then himselfe to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is nought but shadowes
Of what it is not, then thrice-gracious Queene,
More then your Lords departure weepe not, more's not
Or if it be, tis with false sorrowes eye, (scene;
Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.

Qu. It may be so, but yet my inward soule
Perswades me it is otherwise how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heavy sad.

The Life and Death

As though on thinking on, no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrinke.

Bush. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)

Qu. 'Tis nothing lesse: conceit is still deriu'd
From some fore father greefe, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grieffe,
Or something, hath the nothing that I grieve,
'Tis in reversion that I doe possesse,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis namelesse woe I wot. *Enter Green.*

Gree. Heaven save your Majesty, and well met Gentle-
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland. (men;

Qu. Why hop' st thou so? 'Tis better hope he is:
For his designs crave haste, good hope,
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Gree. That he our hope, might have retyr'd his power,
And driven into despaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this Land,
The banish'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himselfe,
And with up-lifted Armes is safe arriu'd
At *Rauenspurg*.

Qu. Now God in heaven forbid.

Gree. O Maddam 'tis too true: and that is worse,
The L. Northumberland, his young sonne, *Henry Percy*,
The Lords of *Rosse*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughby*.
With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.

Bush. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland;
And the rest of the revolted faction Traytors?

Gree. We have: whereupon the Earle of Worcester
Hath broke his staffe, resign'd his Stewardship, (*brook*
And all the household seruants fled with him to *Bullen*.

Qu. So *Greene*, thou art the Midwife of my woe,
And *Bullingbrooke* my sorrowes dismall heyre:
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodigy,
And I a gasping new delivered mother,
Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioyn'd.

Bush. Despaire not Madam.

Qu. Who shall hinder me?

I will despaire, and beat ennity
With couzening hope; he is a flatterer,
A Parasite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger in extremity.

Enter Yorke.

Gree. Here comes the Duke of Yorke.

Qu. With signes of warre about his aged necke,
Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes:
Vncle, for heavens sake speake comfortable words.

Yor. Comfort's in Heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and griefe:
Your husband he is gone, to save fare off,
Whilst others come to make his loope at home:
Here am I left to underprop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe:
Now comes his sicke houre that his surfeit made,
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.

Yor. He was: why so, goe all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I feare revolt on *Herefords* side.
Sirra, get thee to *Plashy* to my sister *Gloster*,
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,
Hold, take my Ring.

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there,
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

Yor. What is't knave?

Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutchesse di'de.

Yo. Heaven for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come rushing on this wofull Land at once?
I know not what to doe: I would to heaven
(So my vntruth hath not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What, are there postes dispatcht for Ireland?
How shall we doe for money for these warres?

Come

The Life and Death

Come sister (Cofin I would say) pray pardon me
Goe fellow, get thee home, provide some Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you muster men?
If I know how, or which way to order these affaires
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands.
Never beleve me. Both are my kinsmen,
Th'one is my Sovereaign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend: the other againe
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience, and my kindred bids to right,
Well, somewhat we must doe: Come Cofin,
Ile dispose of you, Gentlemen, goe muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Barkley Castle:
I should to Plashy too, but time will not permit,
All is uneven, and every thing is left at six and seven. *Ex.*

Bush. The wind fits faire for newes to goe to Ireland,
But none returnes: for us to levy power
Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impossible.

Gree. Besides our neerenesse to the King in love,
Is neere the hate of those love not the King.

Bag. And that's the wavering Commons, for their love
Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bush. Therein the King stands generally condemn'd.

Bag. If judgement lye in them, then so doe we,
Because we have beene ever neere the King.

Gree. Well: I will for refuge streight to Brittol Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for us,
Except like Curres, to teare us all in peeces:

Will you goe along with us?

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maicesty:
Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three here part, that nev'r shall meete againe.

Bu. That's as *Torke* thrives to beate backe *Bullinbrooke*.

Gr. Alas poore Duke, the taske he undertakes

Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flye.

Bush. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.

Well, we may meet againe.

Bag. I feare me never.

Exit.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.

Bul. How farre is it my Lord to Barkley now?

Nor. Beleeve me noble Lord,

I am a stranger here in *Glostershire*.

These high wide hills, and rough uneven wayes;

Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearysome:

And yet our faire discourse hath beene as Sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and delectable:

But I bethinke me, what a weary way

From Ravenspurgh to Cottshold will be found,

In *Rosse* and *Willoughby*, wanting your company

Which I protest hath very much beguild

The teadioufnesse, and processe of my travell:

But theirs is sweetned with the hope to have

The present benefit that I possesse:

And hope to joy, is little lesse in joy,

Then hope enjoy'd: By this, the weary Lords

Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,

By sight of what I have, your Noble company,

Bul. Of much lesse valew is my company

Then your good words: but who comes here?

Enter H. Percy.

Nor. It is my sonne, young *Harry Percy*,

Sent from my brother *Worcester*: whence soever,

Harry how fares your Vncle?

The Life and Death

Percy. I had thought, my Lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

Nor. Why is he not with the Queene?

Percy. No, my good Lord, he hath forsooke the Court, Broken his Staffe of Office, and disperst The Household of the King.

Nor. What was his reason?

He was not so resolv'd, when we last spake together.

Percy. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traytor, But he, my Lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh, To offer service to the Duke of Hereford, And sent me over by Barkely, to discover What power the Duke of Yorke had levied there, Then with direction to repaire to Ravenspurgh.

Nor. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy?)

Percy. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge, I never in my life did looke on him.

Nor. Then learne to know him now: this is the Duke.

Percy. My gracious Lord, I tender you my service, Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young, Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme To more approved service and desert.

Bul. I thanke thee gentle *Percy*, and be sure I count my selfe in nothing else so happy, As in a soule remembering my good friends: And as my fortune ripens with my love, It shall be still thy true loves recompence; My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seales it.

Nor. How farre is it to Barkley? and what sturte Keeps good old *Torke* there, with his men of warre?

Percy. There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees, Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard, And in it are the Lords of *Yorke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymor*, None else of Name, and noble estimate.

Enter Rosse, and Willoughby.

Nor. Here comes the Lords of *Rosse*, and *Willoughby*, Bloody

of Richard the second.

Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste.

Bul. Welcome my Lords, I wot your love pursues
A banisht Traytor; all my Treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your love, and labours recompence.

Ros. Your presence makes vs rich, most Noble Lord.

Wil. And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it,

Bul. Evermore thanks, th' Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes here?

Enter Barkely.

Nor. It is my Lord of *Barkely* as I guesse.

Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Bul. My Lord, my answer is to *Lancaster*,
And I am come to seeke that name in England,
And I must find that Title in your Towne,
Before I make reply to ought you say.

Bark. Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the most glorious of this Land,
The Duke of *Torke*, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with selfe-borne Armes.

Enter Torke.

Bul. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in person. My Noble Vncle.

Tor. Shew me thy humble Heart, and not thy Knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false,

Bul. My gracious Vncle.

Tor. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vncle me,
I am no Traytors Vncle; and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have these banish'd, and forbidden Legges,
Dar'd once to touch the dust of Englands Ground?
But more then why, why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peacefull Bosome,
Frighting her pale faced Villages with Warre,

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And ostentation of despised Armes?
Com'st thou because th' anoynted King is hence?
Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall Bosome lyes his power.
Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt* thy Father, and thy selfe,
Rescued the *blacke Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,
From forth the Rankes of many thousand French:
Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,
Now prisoner to the Plashy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault.

Bul. My gracious Vncle, let me know my fault,
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

Tor. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In grosse Rebellion, and detested Treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before th' expiration of thy time,
Inbraving Armes against thy Sovereigne.

Bul. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford*,
But as a I come, I come for *Lancaster*.
And noble Vncle, I beseech your Grace
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinks in you
I see old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond, my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cousin King, be King of England,
It must be granted, I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a sonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinsman,
Had you first died and he bin thus trod downe,
He should have found his Vncle *Gaunt* a father,
To rowze his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denyde to sue my Livery here,
And yet my Letters Pattens give me leave;
My fathers goods are all distraynd, and sold,
And these, and all amisse imployd,

What...

What would you have me doe? I am a subiect,
And challenge Law, Attorneys are denyd me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To mine inheritance of free Descent.

Nor. The Noble Duke hath bene too much abus'd.

Rof. It stands your Grace upon to doe him right,

Wil. Base men by his endowments are made great.

Tor. My Lords of England; let me tell you this,

I have had feeling of my Cousins wrongs,

And labour'd all I could to doe him right:

But in this kind, to come in braving Armes,

Be his owne Carver, and cut out his way,

To find out Right with wrongs, it may not be;

And you that doe abeit him in this kind,

Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

Tor. The Noble Duke hath sworne his comming is

But for his owne, and for the right of that,

We all have strongly sworne to give him ayd,

And let him nev'r see joy, that breaks that oath.

Tor. Well, well; I see the issue of these Armes,

I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,

Because my power is weake, and all ill left;

But if I could; by him that gave me life,

I would attach you all, and make you steepe

Vnto the Soveraigne mercy of the King.

But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,

I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,

Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,

And there repose you for this Night.

Bul. An offer Vncle; that we will accept:

But we must winne your Grace to goe with us,

To Bristoll Castle, which they say is held

By *Bushie*, *Bagen*, and their Complices,

The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,

Which I have sworne to weede, and pluke away.

Tor. It may be I will goe with you, but yet ile pawle,

For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:

Not Friends; nor Foes, to me welcome you are,

Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King:
Therefore we will disperse our selves: farewells.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welchman,
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Capt. Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay;
The Bay-trees in our Country all are wither'd,
The Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heaven;
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And leane-lookt Prophets whisper fearefull change;
Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare, to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by Rage, and Warre:
These signes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*

Sal. Ah *Richard*, with eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy Glory, like a shooting Starre,
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly West.
Witnessing stormes to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to waite upon thy foes,
And crossely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius, Scæna Prima.

*Enter Bullingbrooke, Torke, Northumberland,
Rosse, Percy, Willoughby; with Bushy
and Greene, prisoners.*

Bul. Bring forth these men :

Bushy and Greene, I will not vex your soules,
(Since presently your soules must part your bodies)
VVith two much urging your pernicious lines,
For 'twere no Charity: yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths,
You have misled a Prince, a royall King,
A happy Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you unhappied, and disfigur'd cleane:
You have in manner with your sinfull houres
Made a Divorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the Possession of a Royall Bed,
And stayn'd the beauty of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
VVith teares drawne from her eyes, with your soule
My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth, (wrongs.
Neere to the King in Blood, and neere in love,
Till you did make him mis-interpret me,
Have stoopt my necke under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in forraigne Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
VVhile you have fed upon my Seigniories,
Dis-park'd my Parkes, and sell'd my Forrest woods;
From mine owne windows torne my Household Coat,
Raz'd out my Imprese, leaving me no signe,
Save mens opinions, and my living blood,
To shew the world I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,

The Life and Death

Condemnes you to the death: see them delivered over
To execution, and the hand of death.

Bulb. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.

Gree. My comfort is, that Heaven will take our soules,
And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.

Bul. My Lord *Norshumberland*, see them dispatch'd:
Vncle, you say the Queene is at your House,

For Heavens sake, fairely let her be intreated,

Tell her, I send to her my kind commends,

Take speciall care my greetings be deliver'd,

Yor. A Gentleman of mine, I have dispatch'd

VVith Letters of your loue to her at large.

Bul. Thankes gentle Vncle: come Lords away,

To fight with *Gendoure*, and his Complices;

A while to worke, and after holliday. *Exunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Drums, Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?

Au. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?

Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weepe for ioy
To stand upon my Kingdome once againe.

Deare Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,

Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hooves:

As a long parted Mother with her Child,

Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting,

So weeping, smiling, greet I thee the Earth,

And doe thee favour with my Royall hands,

Feed not thy Sovereignes Foe, my gentle Earth,

Nor with thy sweetes comfort his ravenous sence:

But

But let thy Spiders that sucke up thy venome,
And heavy-gated Toade lye in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feete,
Which with usurping steps doe trample thee.
Yeild stinging Nettles to mine Enemies;
And when they from thy bosome plucke a Flower,
Guard it I prethee with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch
Throw death upon thy Soveraignes Enemies.
Mocke not my sencelesse Conjurat[i]on: Lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these Stones
Prove armed Souldiers, ere her native King
Shall salter under fowle Rebellious Armes.

Car. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you King
Hath power to keepe you King, in spite of all.

Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,
Whilest *Bullingbrooke* through their security,
Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.

Rich. Discomfortable Cofin, knowest thou not,
That when the searching Eye of Heaven is hid
Behinde the Globe, that lights the lower world,
Then theeves and Robbers raunge abroad unseene,
In Murders and in out-rage bloody here:
But when from under this Terrestriall Ball
He fires the proud tops of the Easterne Pines,
And darts his Lightning through ev'ry guilty hole,
Then Murders, Treasons, and detested sinnes
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
So when this Thiefe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night,
Shall see us rising in our Throne, the East,
His Treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day;
But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his sinne.
Not all the water in the rough rude Sea
Can wash the Balme from an anoynted King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The Deputy elected by the Lord :
For every man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest,
To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,
Heaven for his *Richard* hath in heavenly pay
A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fall, for Heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your power ?

Salisb. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Then this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speake of nothing but despaire:
One day to late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all my happy dayes on Earth:
Oh call backe Yester day, bid time returne,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:
To day, to day, unhappie day too late
Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State.
For all the VVelch-men hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, disperst, and fled.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so pale ?

Rich. But now the blood of twentie thousand Men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till so much blood thither come againe,
Have I not reason to looke pale, and dead ?
All soules that will be safe, flye from my side,
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

Rich. I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King ?
Awake thou sluggard Majesty, thou sleepest:
Is not the Kings Name forty thousand Names ?
Arme, arme my Name: a puny subiect strikes
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,
Ye Favorites of a King: are we not high ?
High be our thoughts: I know my Vncle *Yorke*
Hath Power enough to serve our turne,
But who comes here ?

Enter Scroope.

Scroope. More health and happinesse betide my Liege,
Then

Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

Rich. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly losse, thou canst unfold:
Say, Is my Kingdome lost? why 'twas my Care:
And what losse is it to be rid of Care?

Strives *Bullingbrooke* to be as great as we? ^{is}
Greater he shall not be: If he serve God,
Wee'l serve him too; and be his Fellow so.

Revolt our subjects? That we cannot mend,
They breake their Faith to God as well as us:
Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,
The worst is Death, and death will have his day.

Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd
To beare the tidings of Calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which make the silver Rivers drowne their Shores,
As if the world were all dissolu'd to teares:
So high, above his Limits, swells the Rage
Of *Bullingbrooke*, covering your fearefull Land
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:
White Beares have arm'd their thin and hairelesse Scalps
Against thy Majesty, and boyes with womens voyces,
Strive to speake bigge, and clap their female joynts
In stiffe unwieldy Armes: against thy Crowne
Thy very Beadsmen learne to bend their bowes
Of double fatali Eugh: against thy state
Yea Distaffe-VVomen manage rusty Bills:
Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,
And all goes worse then I have power to tell.

Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill.
VVhere is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is *Bagot*?
VVhat is become of *Bushy*? where is *Greene*?
That they have let the dangerous Enemy
Measure our Confines with such peacefull steps?
If we prevaile, their hands shall pay for it.
I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.

Scroope. Peace have they made with him indeede (my
Lord.)

The Life and Death

Rich, Oh Villaines, *Vipers*, damn'd without redemption,
Dogs, easily won to fawne on any man,
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart,
Three *Judas*s, each one thrice worse then *Judas*,
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre,
Vpon their spotted soules for this Offence.

Scroope, Sweet love (I see) changing his property,
Turnes to the sowrest, and most deadly hate:
Againe uncurse their soules: their peace is made
With Heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of deaths destroying hand,
And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Ann. Is *Busky*, *Greene*, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead
Scroope. Yea, all of them at *Bristow* lost their heads.

Ann. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?

Rich. No matter where, of comfort no man speake:
Let's talke of Graves, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make dust our Paper, and with Rainy Eyes
Write sorrow in the bosome of the Earth.
Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills:
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,
Save our depos'd bodies to the ground?
Our Lands, our lives, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that small modell of the barren Earth,
Which serves as paste, and cover to our bones:
For Heavens sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings.

How some have beene depos'd, some slaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poyson'd by their Wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,

As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life;
VVerre Brasse impregnable: and humor'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne
Boares through his Castle VValls, and farewell King.
Cover your heads, and mocke not flesh and, blood
VVith solemne Reverence: throw away Respect,
Tradition, forme, and Ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistooke me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feele VVant,
Taste Griefe, need Friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord; wise men ne're waile their present woes,
But presently prevent the wayes to waile:
To feare the Foe, since feare oppresth strength,
Gives in your weakenesse, strength unto your Foe;
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death destroying death:
VVhere fearing dying, payes death servile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.

Rich. Thou chid'st me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come:
To change blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:
This Ague-fit of feare is over-blowne,
An easie taske it is to win our owne:
Say *Scroope*, where lies our Vncle with his Power?
Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be fowre.

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the skie
The state and inclination of the day,
So may you by my dull and heavy Eye:
My tongue hath but a heavier Tale to say:
I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken,
Your Vncle *Torke* is joyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Castles yeilded up,
And all your southerne Gentlemen in Aimes
Vpon his Faction.

Rich. Thou hast sayd enough.
Beshrew thee Cofin, which didst lead me forth

The Life and Death

Of that sweet way I was in, to dispaire :
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven Ile hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away;
A King, Woes slave, shall Kingly Woe obey:
That power I have, discharge, and let 'em goe
To care the Land, that hath some hope to grow
For I have none. Let no man speake againe
To alter this, for counsaile is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue,
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire Day. *Exen.*

Scæna Tertia.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke, Yorke,
Northumberland, Attendants.*

Bul. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends, upon this Coast.

Nor. The news is very faire and good my Lord,
Richard not farre from hence, hath hid his head.

Yor. It would beseeme the Lord Northumberland,
To say King *Richard*: a lacke the heavy day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head.

Nor. Your Grace mistakes: onely to be brieft,
Left I this Title out.

Yor. The time hath beene,
Would you have beene so brieft with him, he would
Have beene so brieft with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head; your whole heads length.

Bul.

of Richard the second.

Bul. Mistake not (Vncle) farther than you should.

Nor. Take not (good Cousin) farther than you should,
Least you mistake, the heavens are ore your head.

Bul. I know it (Vncle) and oppose not my selfe
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome *Harry*: what, will not this Castle yeeld?

Per. The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Against thy entrance.

Bul. Royally? Why, it contaynes no King?

Per. Yes (my good Lord)

It doth containe a King: King *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him the Lord *Anmerle*, Lord *Salisbury*
Sir *Stephen Scroope*, besides a Cleargy man
Of holy reverence: who, I cannot learne.

Nor. Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlile.

Bul. Noble Lord,

Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,
Through Brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliver:
Henry Bullingbrooke upon his knees doth kisse
King *Richards* hand, and sends allegiance
And true fayth of heart to his royall Person: hither come
Even at his feete, to lay my armes and power
Provided, that my Banishment repeal'd,
And Lands restor'd againe, be freely granted:
If not, ile use th'advantage of my power,
And lay the summers dust with showers of blood
Rayn'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen;
The which, how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, such Crimson Tempest should bedrench
The fresh greene Lap of faire King *Richards* Land
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
Goe signifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the Grassie Carpet of this plaine
Let's march without the noyse of threatning Drum,
That from this Castels tatter'd Battlements

Our

The Life and Death

Our faire Appoyntments may be well perus'd
Me thinkes King *Richard* and my selfe should meete
Wich no lesse terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundering smoake
At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of Heaven:
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeilding Water;
The rage be his, while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King *Richard* how he lookes.

*Parle without, and answer within: then a Flourish.
Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Ssroop,
Salisbury.*

See, see, King *Richard* doth himselve appeare
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the fiery Portall of the East.
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to staine the tract
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

Yor. Yet lookes he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Majesty: alacke, alacke, for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a show.

Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearefull hending of thy Knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay the awfull duty of our presence?
If we be not, shew us the hand of God,
That hath dismis'd us from our Stewardship,
For well we know no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he doe prophane, steale or usurpe.
And though you thinke, that all as you have done,
Have torne their soules, by turning them from us;
And we are barren, and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my master, God Omnipotent,
Is mustring in his Clouds, in our behalfe,
Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike

Your

Your Children yet unborne, and unbegot,
 That lift your Vassall hands against my head,
 And threat the glory of my precious Crowne:
 Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinks he is,
 That every stride he makes upon my Land,
 Is dangerous Treason: he is come to open
 The purple Testament of bleeding Warre:
 But ere the Crowne he looks for, live in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes:
 Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
 Change the complexion of her Maide-pale Peace
 To Scarlet indignation, and bedew
 Her pastors Grasse with faythfull English blood.

Nor. The King of Heaven forbid our Lord the King
 Should so with civill and uncivill Armes
 Be rusht upon: Thy thrice-noble Cousin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kisse thy hand,
 And by the honourable Tombe he sweares,
 That stands upon your Royall Grandfires Bones,
 And by the royalties of both your bloods.
 (Currents that spring from one most gracious head)
 And by the buried hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
 And by the worth and honour of himselfe,
 Comprizing all that may be sworne, or sayd,
 His comming hither hath no farther scope,
 Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
 Infranchisement immediate on his knees:
 Which on thy Royall party granted once,
 His glittering Armes he will commend to rust,
 His barbed Steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faythfull service of your Majesty:
 This sweares he as he is a Prince, is just,
 And as I am a Gentleman I credit him.

Rich. *Northumberland*, say thus: The King returns,
 His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,
 And all the number of his faire demands
 Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast,

The Life and Death

Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
VVe doe debase our selfe (Cosin) doe we not,
To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?
Shall we call backe *Northumberland* and send
Defiance to the Traytor and so die?

Ann. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their hopefull Swords.

Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the sentence of dread Banishment,
On yond proud man, should take it of againe
VVith words of sooth: O that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or lesser than my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have beene,
Or not remember what I must be now:
Swell'st thou prond heart? Ile giue thee scope to beate,
Since foes have scope to beate both thee and me.

An. *Northumberland* comes backe from *Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. VVhat must the King doe now? must he submit?
The King shall doe it: Must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented: Must he lose
The Name of King? o' Gods Name let it goe.
Ile give my Jewels for a set of beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
My figur'd Goblets, for a Dish of Wood,
My Scepter for a Palmers walking Staffe,
My Subjects, for a payre of carved Saints,
And my large Kingdome, for a little Grave,
A little little Grave, an obicure Grave.
Or Ile be buried in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subjects feete
May howrely trample on their Soveraignes Head:
For on my heart they tread now, whilst I live,
And buried once, why not upon my Head?
Anmerle, thou weep'st (my tender-hearted Cosin)
VVee'le make foule Weather with despised Teares:
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corne,
And make a Dearth in this revolting Land.

Or shall we play the wantons, with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding teares?
As thus: to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a paire of Graves,
VVithin the Earth: and therein layd, there lies
Two Kinsmen digg'd their Graves with weeping Eyes?
VVould not this ill, doe well? well, well, I see
I talke but idly, and you mocke at me.

Most mighty Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
VVhat sayes King *Bullingbrooke*? will his Majesty
Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die?
You make a legge and *Bullingbrooke* sayes I,

Nor. My Lord, in the base Court he doth attend
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.

Rich. Downe, downe I come, like glitt'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of unruly Iades.
In the base Court? base Court where Kings grow base,
To come at Traytors calls, and doe them grace. (King,
In the base Court come downe: downe Court, downe
For Night-Owles shrike, where mounting Larks should

Bul. What sayes his Majesty? (sing.)

Nor. Sorrow and griefe of heart
Makes him speake fondly, like a franticke man:
Yet he is come.

Bul. Stand all apart,
And shew faire duty to his Majesty.
My gracious Lord.

Rich. Faire Cousin,
You debase your Princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feele your love,
Than my unpleas'd Eye see your courtesie.
Vp Cousin, up, your Heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Bul. My gracious Lord, I come bur for mine owne.

Rich. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Bul. So farre be mine, (my most redoubted Lord,)
As my true service shall deserue your love.

Rich. Well you deserv'd:
They well deserue to have,
That know the strong 'st and surest way to get,
Vncle give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes,
Teares shew their love, but want their remedies.
Cosin I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will have, Ile give, and willing too,
For doe we must, what force will have us doe.
Set on towards London:
Cosin, is it so?

Bul. Yea, my good Lord.

Rich. Then I must not say, no. *Flourish, Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shall we devise here in this Garden,
To driue away the heavy thought of Care?

La. Madam, we'll play at Bowles.

Qu. 'Twill make me thinke the world is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes against the Byas.

La. Madam, we'll Dance.

Qu. My legges can keepe no measure in Delight,
When my poore heart no measure keeps in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing (*Girls*) some other sport.

La. Madam, we'll tell Tales.

Qu. Of sorrow, or of griefe?

La. Of eyther Madam.

Qu. Of neyther *Girls*.

For if of ioy being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more sorrow to my want of ioy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat:

And

And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.

La. Madam, Ile sing.

Qu. 'Tis well that thou hast cause ;

But thou should' st please me better, would' st thou weepe.

La. I could weepe, Madam, would it doe you good.

Qu. And I could sing, would weeping doe me good,
And never borrow any Teare of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.

But stay, heere come the Gardiners.

Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.

My wretchednesse, unto a Row of Pinnes,

They'le talke of state : for every one doth so,

Against a change; Woe is fore-runne with woe.

Gard. Goe binde thou up yond dangling Apricocks.

VVhich like unruly Children, make their Syre

Stoupe with oppression of their prodigall weight ;

Give some supportance to the bending twigges.

Goe thou, and like an Executioner

Cut off the heads of too fast growing spraves.

That looke too lofty in our Common-wealth :

All must be even, in our Governement.

You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away

The noysome weedes, that without profit sucke

The Soyles fertility from wholesome flowers.

Ser. Why should we, in the compasse of a Pale,

Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,

Shewing as in a Modell our firme state?

When our Sea-walled Garden, (the whole Land)

Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers choakt up,

Her Fruit-trees all unprun'd, her Hedges ruin'd,

Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholesome Hearbes

Swarming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace.

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,

Hath now himselve met with the Fall of Lease.

The Weedes that his broad-spreading Leaves did shelter,

That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,

Are pull'd up, Root, and all, by *Bullingbrooke* ;

The Life and Death

I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, *Bushy, Greene,*

Ser. What are they dead ?

Gard. They are,

And *Bullingbrooke* hath seiz'd the wastefull King.

What pittie is it, that he hath not trim'd

And dress'd his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare ;

And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruite-trees,

Least being over-proud with Sap and Blood,

With too much riches it confound it selfe ?

Had he done so, to great and growing men,

They might have liv'd to beare, and he to taste

Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches

We lop away, that bearing boughes may live:

Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,

Which waste and idle houres, hath quite throwne downe.

Ser. VVhat thinke you the King shall be depos'd ?

Gard. Deprest he is already, and depos'd

'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night

To a deare friend of the Duke of *York,*

That tell blacke tidings.

Qu. Oh I am prest to death, through want of speaking:

Thou old *Adams* likenesse, set to dresse this Garden:

How dares thy harsh tongue sound this unpleasing

What *Eve*, what serpent hath suggested thee, (newes ?

To make a second fall of curs'd man ?

Why do'st thou say King *Richard* is depos'd ?

Dar'st thou, (thou little better thing then earth)

Divine his downefall ? Say where, when, and how

Cam'st thou by this ill tydings ? Speake thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little joy have I

To breath these newes ; yet what I say, is true ;

King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold

Of *Bullingbrooke*, their fortunes both are weigh'd:

In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himselfe,

And some few vanities, that make him light:

But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,

Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,

And with that oddes he weighes King *Richard* downe.

of Richard the second.

Post you to London, and you'l finde it so,
I speake no more, then every one doth know.

Qu. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy Embassage belong to me?
And am I last that know it? Oh thou think'st
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come Ladies goe,
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.
What, was I borne to this? that my sad looke
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*!
Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe.

I would the Plants thou graft'st may never grow. *Exit.*

Gard. Poore Queene, so that thy state might be no
I would my skill were subiect to thy curse: (worse,
Here did she drop a teare, here in this place
Ile set a Banke of Rew, (sowre Herbe of Grace):
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here shortly shall be seene,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queene. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitz-Water, Surrey, Carlile, Abbot of Westminster. Herauld, Officers, and Bagot.

Bul. Call forth Bagot.

Now Bagot, freely speake thy mind,
VVhat thou dost know of Noble *Glosters* death,
VVho wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his timelesse end,

Bag. Then set before my face the Lord *Aumerle*.

Bul. Cousin, stand forth and looke upon that man.

Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to unsay what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time, when *Glosters* death was plotted,

I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English Court
As farre as Cal'is, to my Vncles head?
Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes.
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,
How blest this Land would be, in this your *Cofins* death?

Ann. Princes and Noble Lords:

What answer shall I make to this base man:
Shall I so much dishonour my faire starres,
On equall termes to give him chasticement?
Eyth' I must, or have mine honour spoyl'd
With th' Atteindor of his stand'rous lips,
There is my Gage, the manuell seale of death:
That markes thee out for hell. Thou lyest,
And will maintaine what thou hast sayd, is false,
In thy hearts blood, though being all too base,
To staine the temper of my Knightly sword.

Bul. Bagot forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Ann. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath moovd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies:

There is my Gage, *Anmerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that faire sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, (and vantly thou spak'st it)
That thou wer't cause of Noble *Glossers* death.
If thou deniest it, twenty times thou lyest,
And I will turne thy falsehood to thy heart,

Where it was forged, with my Rapiers poynt.

Ann. Thou dar'st not (Coward) live to see the day.

Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.

Ann. Fitzwater thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Per. Anmerle, thou lyest: his honour is as true
In this appeale, as thou art all uniuist:
And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th' extreamest poynt
Of mortall breathing. Seize it if thou dar'st.

Ann.

of Richard the second.

Aum. And if I doe not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengefull Steele,
Over the glittering Helmet of my Foe.

Sur. My Lord *Fitzwater*:

I doe remember well, the very time
Aumerle, and you did talke.

Fitz. My Lord,

'Tis very true: You were in presence then;
And you can witnesse with me, this is true.

Sur. As false, by heaven,
As heaven it selfe is true.

Fitz. *Surry*, thou lyeest,

Sur. Dishonourable Boy;

That lye shall lye so heauy on my sword,
That it shall render Vengeance and Revenge,
Till thou the Lye-giver, and that lye, doe lye
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.

In prooffe whereof, there is mine Honours pawne,
Engage it to the Tryall, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spurre a forward Horse?

If I dare eate, or drinke, or breath, or live,
I dare meete *Surry* in a Wilderneffe,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of Faith,
To tye thee to my strong Correction.

As I intended to thrive in this new world,

Aumerle is guilty of my true appeale.

Besides, I heard the banish'd *Norfolke* say,
That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a Gage,
That *Norfolke* lies, here doe I throw downe this,
If he may be repeald, to try his honour.

Bul. These differences shall all rest under Gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be;
(And though mine Enemy) restor'd againe
To all his Lands and Seigniories: when hee's return'd,
Against *Aumerle* we will inforce his Tryall.

Car. That honourable day shall ne're be seene,
Many a time hath banish'd *Norfolke* fought
For Iesu Christ, in glorious Christian field
Streaming the Ensigne of the Christian Crosse
Against blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens;
And toyl'd with workes of warre, retyr'd himselfe
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His Body to that pleasant Countries Earth,
And his pure soule unto his Captaine Christ,
Vnder whose Colours he had fought so long.

Bul. Why Bishop, is *Norforke* dead?

Carl. As sure as I live my Lord.

Bul. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soule
To the Bosome of good old *Abraham*.
Lords Appealants, your differences shall all rest under
Till we assigne you to your dayes of Tryall. (gage)

Enter Torke.

Torke. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From Plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing soule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the possession of thy Royall Hand.
Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.

Bul. In Gods Name, Ile ascend the Regall throne,

Carl. Mary, Heaven forbid.

VVorst in this Royall Presence may I speake,
Yet best beseeing me to speake the truth.
Would God, that any in this Noble Presence
Were enough Noble to be upright Iudge
Of Noble *Richard*; then true Noblenesse would
Learne him forbearance from so foule a Wrong.
What subiect can give sentence on his King?
And who sits here, that is not *Richards* subiect?
Theeves are not judg'd, but they are by to heare
Although apparant guilt be seene in them:
And shall the figure of Gods Majesty,
His Captaine, steward, Deputy elect,
Anoynted, Crown'd and planted many yeares.

of Richard the second.

Be judg'd by subjects, and inferior breath,
And he himselfe not present? Oh, forbid, it God,
That in a Christian Climate, soules refine
Should shew so heynous, blacke, obscene a deed.
I speake to subjects, and a subject speakes,
Stirr'd up by Heaven, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
Is a foule Traytor to proude *Herefords* King.
And if you Crowne him, let me prophecy,
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for his foule Act.
Peace shall goe sleepe with *Turkes* and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound,
Disorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutiny
Shall here inhabite and this Land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens sculls.

Oh, if you reare this House against this House
It will the wofullest Division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed Earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Least Child, Childs Children cry against you, VVoe.

North. Well have you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Capitall Treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall.

May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?

Bull. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may surrender: so we shall proceede
VVithout suspicion.

Yor. I will be his Conduct. *Exit.*

Bull. Lords, you that here are under our Arrest,
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Answer:
Little are we beholding to your Love,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands:

Enter Richard and Yorke.

Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
Before I have shooke off the Regall thoughts

The Life and Death

Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my Knee.
Give Sorrow leave a while, to returne me
To this submission. Yet I will remember
The favors of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All hayle to me?
So *Indas* did to Christ: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the King: will no man say, Amen?
Am I both Priest and Clarke? well then, Amen.
God save the King, although I be not he:
And yet Amen, if Heaven doe thinke him me.
To doe what service, am I sent for hither?

Yor. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
VVhich tyred Majesty did make thee offer:
The Resignation of thy State and Crowne.
To *Henry Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. Give me the Crown. Here *Cosin*. seize the Crown:
Here *Cosin*, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the ayre,
The other downe, unscene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whilst you mount up on high.

Bul. I thought you had beene willing to resigne.

Rich. My Crowne I am, but still my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depose,
But not my Griefes; still am I King of those.

Bul. Part of your Cares you give my with your Crown.

Rich. Your Cares set up, doe not pluck me Cares down.
My Care, is losse of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
The Cares I giue, I have, though given away,
They tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay:

Bul. Are you contented to resigne the Crowne?

Rich. I, no; no, I; for I must nothing be:
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.

Now,

Now, marke me how I will undoe my selfe.
 I give this heauy weight from off my Head,
 And this unwieldy Scepter from my hand,
 The pride of Kingly sway from out my heart.
 With mine owne Teares I wash away my blame,
 With mine owne hands I give away my Crowne.
 With mine owne Tongue deny my sacred State,
 With mine owne breath release all dutious Oathes:
 All pompe and Maiesty I doe forswear:
 My Mannors, Rents, Reuenews, I forgoe;
 My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I deny:
 God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me,
 God keepe all vowes unbroke are made to thee:
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
 And thou withall pleas'd, that hast all atchiev'd,
 Long mayst thou live in *Richards* Seate to sit,
 And soone lie *Richard* in an earthy pit.
 God save King *Henry*, un-king'd *Richard* sayes,
 And send him many yeares of sunne-shine dayes.
 What more remains?

Nor. No more: but that you read
 These Accusations, and these grievous Crymes,
 Committed by your person, and your followers
 Against the state, and profit of this Land:
 That by confessing them, the soules of men
 May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd.

Rich. Must I doe so? and must I ravell out
 My weav'd up follyes? Gentle *Northumberland*,
 If thy Offences were upon Record,
 Would it not shame thee in so faire a troupe,
 To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'st,
 There should'st thou find one haynous Article
 Containing the deposing of a King,
 And cracking the strong warrant of an Oath,
 Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the booke of Heaven.
 Nay, all of you, that stand and looke upon me,
 Whil'st that my wretchednesse doth bait my selfe,
 Though some of you, with *Pilate* wash your hands,

The Life and Death

Shewing an outward pittie : yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my sowre Crosse,
And Water cannot wash away your sinne.

Nor. My Lord dispatch, read o're these Articles.

Rich. Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot see :
And yet salt-water blindes them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traytors here,
Nay, if I turne mine eyes upon my selfe,
I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest
For I have given here my soules consent,
T' undecke the pompous body of a King ;
Made glory base, a soveraigne, a slave ;
Proud Maiesty, a subiect ; State, a Pefant,

Nor. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man ;
No, nor no mans Lord : I have no Name, no Title :
No, not that Name was given me at the Font,
But 'tis usurpt : alacke the heavy day,
That I have worne so many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my selfe.
Oh, that I were a mockery, King of Snow,
Standing before the sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my selfe away in Water-drops :
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may shew me what a face I have,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maiesty.

Bul. Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse.

Nor. Read o're this Paper, while the Glasse doth come.

Rich. Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell.

Bul. Urge it no more my Lord *Northumberland*.

Nor. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.

Rich. They shall be satisfy'd : he reade enough,
When I doe see the very Booke indeed,
Where all my sinnes are writ, and that's my selfe.

Enter one with a Glasse.

Give me that Glasse, and therein will I reade.

No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow strucke
So many blowes upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? Oh flattering Glasse,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou do'st beguile me. Was this face the face
That every day, under his household Roofe,
Did keepe ten thousand men? was this the face,
That like the sunne did make beholders winke?
Is this the face, which fac'd so many follyes,
That was at last out-fac'd by *Bullingbrooke*?
A brittle glory shineth in this face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred shivers.
Marke silent King, the Morall of this sport,
How soone my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Bul. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

Rich. Say that againe.

The shadow of my sorrow: ha, lets see,
'Tis very true, my grieffe lyes all within,
And these externall manners of laments,
Are meere shadows to the unseene grieffe,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soule:
There lies the substance: and I thanke thee King
For thy great bounty, that not onely giv'it
Me cause to waile, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. Ile begge one boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtaine it?

Bul. Name it, faire Cofin.

Rich. Faire Cofin? I am greater than a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then my subiects; being now a subiect,
I have a King here to my flatterer:
Being so great, I have no need to begge.

Bul. Yet aske.

Rich. And shall I have?

Bul. You shall.

The Life and Death

Rich. Then give me leave to goe.

Bul. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Bul. Goe some of you convey him to the Tower.

Rich. Oh good: convey: Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimble by a true Kings fall.

Bul. On wednesday next, we solemnly set downe
Our Coronation; Lords prepare your selves. *Exeunt.*

Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.

Carl. The woe's to come, the children yet un-borne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.

Aum. You holy clergy-men, is there no plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
What ever I shall happen to devise.
I see your browes are full of discontent,
Your heart of sorrow, and your eyes of teares,
Come home with me to supper, ile lay a plot
Shall shew us all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To *Iulius Casars* ill-erected Tower:

To whose flint bosome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious Earth
Have any resting for her true Kings Queene.

Enter Richard and Gard.

But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither: yet looke up; behold.
That you in pittie may dissolve to dew,

And

And wash him fresh againe with true-love teares.
 Ah thou the modell where old Troy did stand,
 Thou map of honour, thou King *Richard*'s Tombe,
 And not King *Richard*: thou most beauteous Inne,
 Why should hard-favor'd griefe be lodg'd in thee;
 When triumph is become an Ale-House guest?

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, doe not so,
 To make my end too suddē; learne good soule,
 To thinke our former State a happy dreame,
 From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
 Shewes us but this. I am sworne Brother (sweet)
 To grim necessity; and he and I
 Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,
 And Cloyster thee in some Religious house:
 Our holy lives must win a new worlds Crowne,
 Which our prophane houres here have throwne downe.

Qu. What, is my *Richard* both in shape and mind
 Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*
 Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he beene in thy heart?
 The Lyon dying thrusteth forth his paw,
 And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
 To be o're-powr'd: and wilt thou, Pupil-like,
 Take thy Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde,
 And fawne on rage with base humility,
 Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?

Rich. A King of beasts indeed, if aught but beast,
 I had beene still a happy King of Men.
 Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France.
 Thinke I am dead, and that even heere thou tak'st;
 As from my death-bed, my last living leaves
 In winter's dreadfull night, sit by the fire
 With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales
 Of woefull ages, long agoe betide:
 And ere thou bid'st goodnight, to quit their griefe,
 Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
 For why? the sencelesse Brands will sympathize
 The heavy accent of my mooving tongue,

And in compassion, weepe the fire out :
 And some will mourne in Ashes, some coale-blacke,
 For the depofing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.
 You must to *Pomfret*, not unto the *Tower*.
 And Madam, there is order ta'ne for you :

With all swift speed, you must away to *France*.

Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall
 The mounting *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne,
 The time shall not be many houres of age;
 More than it is, ere foule sinne, gathering head,
 Shall breake into corruption : thou shalt thinke,
 Though he deuide the Realme, and give thee halfe,
 It is too little, helping him to all :
 He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way
 To plant unrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,
 Being ne're so little urg'd, another way,
 To plucke him headlong from th' usurped Throne.
 The Love of wicked friends converts to Feare ;
 That Feare, to Hate ; and Hate turnes one or both,
 To worthy Danger, and deserved Death.

North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end :
 Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly divorc'd? (bad men) ye violate
 A two-fold Marriage ; 'twixt my Crowne, and me,
 And then betwixt me, and my married Wife.
 Let me un-kisse the Oath 'twixt thee and me ;
 And yet not so, for with a kisse 'twas made
 Part us *Northumberland* : I, towards the North,
 Where shivering Cold and Sicknesse pines the Clyme :
 My Queene to *France* : from whence, set forth in pompe,
 She came adorned hither like sweet may ;
 Sent backe *Hollowmas*, or short'ft of day.

Qu. And must we be divided? must we part?

Rich. I, hand from hand (my Love) and heart frō heart.

Qu. Banish us both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some Love, but little Pollicy.

Qu. Then whither he goes thither let me goe.

Rich. So two together weeping, make one Woe,
Weepe thou for me in France; I, for thee here:
Better farre off, than nere, be ne're the neere.
Goe, count thy way with sighes, I, mine with Groanes.

Qu. So longest way shall have the longest moanes.

Rich. Twice for one step ile groane, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in woing sorrow let's be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is such length in grieſe:
One kiſſe shall ſtop our mouthes, and doubly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus thus take I thy heart.

Qu. Give me mine owne againe: 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groane.

Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the reſt let ſorrow ſay. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Yorke, and his Dutcheſſe.

Dut. My Lord, you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you breake the ſtory off,
Of our two Coſins comming into London.

Yor. Where did I leave?

Dut. At that ſad ſtoppe, my Lord.
Where rude miſ-govern'd hands, from windowes tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King Richards head.

Yor. Then, as I ſayd, the Duke (great Bullingbrooke,)
Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed,
Which his aspiring Rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe:
While all tongues cri'd, God ſave thee Bullingbrooke,
You would have thought the very windowes ſpake,

The Life and Death

So many greedy lookes of young and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes:
Vpon his visage; and that all the walles
With painted Imagery had sayd at once,
Iesu preserve thee, welcome *Bullingbrooke*;
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,
Bespake them thus: I thanke you Countrey-men;
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.

Dutch. Alas poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilst?

York. As in a Theater, the eyes of men

After a well grac'd Actor leaves the ſtage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did ſcowle on *Richard*; no man cride, God ſave him;
No joyfull tongue gave him his welcome home,
But duſt was throwne upon his ſacred head,
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhooke off,
His face ſtill combating with teares and ſmiles
(The badges of his greefe and patience)

That had not God (for ſome ſtrong purpoſe) ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And Barbariſme it ſelfe have pittied him.

But Heaven hath a hand in theſe events,
To whoſe high will we bound our calme contents,
To *Bullingbrooke*, are we ſworne Subjects now,
Whoſe State, and Honour, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my ſonne, *Aumerle*.
York. *Aumerle* that was, but now he is
But that is loſt, for being *Richards* Friend.
And Madam, you muſt call him *Rarland* now;
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealty to the new-made King.

Dut. Welcome my ſonne, who are the Violets now,
That ſtrew the greene lap of the new-come Spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,

God

God knowes, I had as lief be none as one.

Yor. Well, beare you well in this new-spring of time,
Least you be cropt before you come to prime. (umphs?)
What news from Oxford? Hold those Iusts and Tri-

Ann. For ought I know my Lord, they doe.

Yor. You will be there I know.

Ann. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

Yor. What seale is that that hangs without thy bosome
Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the writing.

Ann. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

Yor. No matter then who sees it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Ann. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,

It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have scene.

Yor. Which for some reasons sir, I meane to see:
I feare, I feare.

Dut. What should you feare?

'Tis nothing but some Bond, that he is entred into
For gay apparrell against the Triumph.

Yor. Bound to himselfe? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? wife, you are a foole.

Boy, let me see the writing.

Ann. I doe beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

Yor. I will be satisfied, let me see t I say. *Snatches it.*

Treason, foule treason, villaine, traytor, slave.

Dut. What's the matter, my Lord?

Yor. Hoa, who's within there; saddle my horse,
Heaven for his mercy, what treachery is here?

Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?

Yor. Give me my boots, I say; Saddle my horse:
Now by my honour, my life, my troth.

I will appeach the villaine.

Dut. What is the matter?

Yor. Peace foolish woman.

Dut. I will not peace, what is the matter sonne?

Ann. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answer.

The Life and Death

Dut. Thy life answer?

Enter Servant with Boots.

Yor. Bring my Boots, I will unto the King.

Dut. Strike him *Aumerle*. Poore boy, thou art amaz'd,
Hence Villaine, never more come in my sight.

Yor. Give me my Boots I say.

Dut. Why *Yorke*, what wilt thou doe?
Wilt thou not hide the trespasse of thine owne?
Have we more sonnes? Or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunke up with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy mothers name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?

Yor. Thou fond and mad woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have tane the Sacrament,
And enterchangeably set downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.

Dut. He shall be none:
Wee'l keepe him here: then what is that to him:

Yor. Away fond woman: were he twenty times my
sonne, I would appeach him.

Dut. Hadst thou groan'd for him, as I have done,
Thou wouldest be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde; thou dost suspect
That I have beene dislovall to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:
Sweet *Yorke*, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee, as a man may be,
Not liketo me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I love him.

Yor. Make way, unruly woman. *Exit.*

Dut. After *Aumerle*. Mount thee upon his Horse,
Spurre post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he doe accuse thee,
Ile not be long behinde: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as *Yorke*:
And never will I rise up from the ground,

Till Bullingbrooke have pardon'd thee: Away, be gone, &c.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percy, and other Lords.

Bul. Can no man tell of my unthrifty sonne?

'Tis full three monthes since I did see him last.

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:

I would to heaven (my Lords) he might be found,

Enquire at London, 'mongst the Tavernes there:

For there (they say) he daily doth frequent,

With un-restrained loose Companions,

Even such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,

And rob our watch, and beate our passengers,

Which he (young wanton, and effeminate Boy)

Takes on the poynt of honour, to support

So dissolute a crew.

Per. My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the Prince,
And told him of these triumphes heid at Oxford.

Bul. And what sayd the Gallant?

Per. His answer was, he would unto the stewes,
And from the common'st creature plucke a glove
And weare it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Bul. As dissolute as desp'rate, yet through both,
I see some sparks of better hope: which elder dayes
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bul. What meanes my Cofin, that he stares
And lookes so wildely?

Aum. God save your Grace, I doe beseech your Ma-
To have some conference with your Grace alone.

Bul. Withdraw your selves, and leave us here alone,
What is the the matter with our Cofin now?

Aum.

The Life and Death

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my rooſe within my mouth,
Vnleſſe a pardon, ere I riſe or ſpeake.

Bul. Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the firſt, how hainous ere it be,
To winne thy after-love I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter till the tale be done.

Bul. Have thy deſire. *Enter Yorke within.*

Yor. My Liege beware, looke to thy ſelfe,
Thou haſt a Traytor in thy preſence there.

Bul. Villaine, ile make thee ſafe.

Aum. Stay thy revengefull hand, thou haſt no cauſe to

Yor. Open the doore, ſecure foole-hardy King:
Shall I for love ſpeake treaſon to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open. *Enter Yorke.*

Bul. What is the matter (Vncle) ſpeake, recover breath,
Tell us how neere is danger,
That we may arme us to encounter it.

Yor. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The reaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.

Aum. Remember as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I doe repent me reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my handes.

Yor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did ſet it downe,
I tore it from the traytors boſome, (King):
Feare and not loue, begets his penitence;
Forget to pittie him, leaſt thy pittie prove
A ſerpent, that will ſting thee to the heart.

Bul. Oh heinous, ſtrong, and bold conſpiracy,
O loyall Father of a trecherous Sonne:

Thou ſheere, immaculate, and ſilver fountaine,
From whence this ſtreame, through muddy paſſages

Hath had his current, and defil'd himſelfe,
Thy overflow of good, converts to bad,

And thine abundant goodneſſe ſhall excuſe
This deadly plot, in thy digreſſing ſonne.

Yor. So ſhall my vertue be his vices bawd,

And

And he shall spend mine Honour, with his shame ;
 As thriflesse Sonnes their scraping Fathers Gold.
 Mine honour lives when his dishonour dyes,
 Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies :
 Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath,
 The Traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Dutcheffewithin.

Dut. What hoa (my Liege) for Heavens sake let me in.

Bul. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

Dut. A Woman and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.

Speake with me ; pitty me, open the doore,
 A begger begs, that never begg'd before.

Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
 And now chang'd to the begger, and the King :
 My dangerous Cofin, let your Mother in,
 I know she's come to pray for your foule sin.

Yor. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
 More sinnes for this forgivenesse, prosper may.
 This fester'd joynt cut off, the rest rests sound,
 This let alone, will all the rest confound. *Enter Dutcheffe.*

Dut. O King, beleevē not this hard-hearted man,
 Love, loving not it selfe, none other can.

Yor. Thou franticke woman, what dost thou make here,
 Shall thy old dugges once more a Traitor reare ?

Dut. Sweet *Yorke* be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

Bul. Rise up good Aunt.

Du. Not yet, I thee beseech.

For ever will I kneele upon my knees,
 And never see day that the happy sees,
 Till thou give joy : vntill thou bid me ioy,
 By pardoning *Rurland*, my transgressing Boy.

Aum. Vnto my Mothers prayers, I bend my knee.

Yorke. Against them both, my true joynts bended be.

Dut. Pleades he in earnest? Looke upon his Face,
 His eyes do drop no teares: his prayers are in jest :
 His words come from his mouth, ours from our brest
 He prayes but faintly, and would be deny'd,
 VVe pray with heart, and soule, and all beside :

His weary joynts would gladly rise, I know,
Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrity,
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integrity:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let him have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.

Bul. Good Aunt stand up.

Dut. Nay, doe not say stand up.

But pardon first, and afterwards stand up.
And if I were thy Nurse thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech:
I never long'd to heare a word till now:
Say Pardon (King,) let pittie teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's so meet.

Yor. Speake it in French, (King) say, *Pardon'ne moy.*

Dut. Dost thou teach pardon, Pardon to destroy?

Ah my sowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That set'st the word it selfe, against the word.
Speake pardon as 'tis currant in our Land;
The chopping French we doe not understand.
Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there;
Or in thy pittious heart, plant thou thine eare.
That hearing how your plaints and prayers doe pearce,
Pittie may move thee, pardon to rehearse.

Bul. Good Aunt stand up.

Dut. I doe not sue to stand;

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Bul. I pardon him as heaven shall pardon me,

Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:

Yet am I sicke for feare, speake it againe,
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong.

Bul. I pardon him with all my heart.

Dut. A God on earth thou art.

Bul. But for our trusty brother-in-law, the Abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dogge them at the heeles.

Good Vncle helpe to order severall powers
To Oxford, or where ere these traytors are :
They shall not live within this world I sweare,
But I will have them if I once knew where.

Vncle farewell, and Cosin too adieu :

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dut. Come my old son, I pray heaven make thee new.

Enter Extor, and Servant.

Exit.

Ex. Didst thou not marke the King what words he spake.

Have I no friend will rid me of this living feare :

Was it not so ?

Ser. Those were his words.

Ex. Have I no friend (quoth he) he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together did he not ?

Ser. He did.

Ex. And speaking it he wistly look'd on me,
As who should say, I would thou wer't the man,
That would divorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret : Come, let's goe,
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his Foe.

Exit.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I have beene studying how to compare

This Prison where I liue, unto the world :

And for because the world is populous,

And here is not a creature, but my selfe,

I cannot doe it : yet ile hammer't out.

My braine, ile prove the female to my Soule

My soule, the Father : and these two beget

A generation of still breeding thoughts ;

And these same thoughts, people this little world

In humors like the people of this world,

For no thought is contented. The better sort,

The Life and Death

As thoughts of things Divine, are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the Faith it selfe
Against the Faith; as thus Come little ones; and then
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell (againe,
To thred the posterne of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vnlikely wonders; how these vaine weake nailes
May teare a passage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles;
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselves,
That they are not the first of Fortunes slaves,
Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stockes, refuse that shame
That many have, and others must sit there;
And in this thought, they finde a kind of ease,
Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of such as have before indur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Prison, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
Then Treason makes me wish my selfe a Begger,
And so I am. Then crushing penury,
Perswades me, I was better when a King;
Then am I king'd againe; and by and by,
Thinke that I am un-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And straight am nothing. But what ere I am, *Musicke*.
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
Wich being nothing. Musicke doe I heare?
Ha, ha? keepe time; How sowre sweet Musicke is,
When time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Musicke of mens lives:
And here have I the daintinesse of eare,
To heare time broke in a disorder'd string:
But for the Concord of my State and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.
I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me:
For now hath time made me his numbring Clocke:

My thoughts, are minutes ; and with sighes they iarre,
There watches to mine eyes the outward Watch,
Whereto my finger, like a Dials point,
Is poynting still, in clensing them from teares.
Now fir, the found that tels what houre it is,
Are clamorous grones, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighes and teares, and grones,
Shew minutes, houres, and times: O but my time
Runs poasting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,
While I stand fooling here, his jacke o'th' Clocke.
This Musicke mads me, let it sound no more,
For though it have holpe mad men to their wits,
In me it seemes, it will make wise-men mad:
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me ;
For 'tis a signe of love, and love to *Richard*,
Is a strange brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groome.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.

Rich. Thankes Noble Peere.

The cheapest of us, is ten grotes to deare.
What art thou? And how com'st thou hither?
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groo. I was a poore Groome of thy stable (King)
When thou wer't King, who travelling towards Yorke,
VVith much adoo, at length have gotten leave
To looke upon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that Corronation day,
VVhen *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,
That Horse, that thou so often hast bestrid,
That Horse, that I so carefully haue drest.

Rich. Rode he on Barbary? tell me gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groo. So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground.

Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;
That jade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.

Would he not stumble? would he not fall downe
(Since pride must have a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did usurpe his backe?
Forgivenesse horse; why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horse
And yet I beare a burthen like an Ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tyr'd by jauncing *Bullingbrooke*,

Enter Keeper with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place, here is no longer stay.

Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wer't away.

Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall
say. *Exit.*

Keep. My Lord wilt please you to fall too?

Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wer't wont to doo.

Keep. My Lord I dare not: Sir *Percy* of *Exton*,
Who lately came from th King, commands the contrary.

Rich. The divell take *Henry* of *Lancaster*, and thee;
Patience is stale and I am weary of it.

Keep. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Ri. How now? what meanes death in this rude assault?
Villaine, thine owne hand yeilds thy deaths instrument,
Goe thou and fill another roome in hell.

Exton strikes him downe.

That hand shall burne in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings owne land.
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is up on high,
Whil' st my grosse flesh sinkes downward here to dye.

Ex. As full of valour as of Royall blood,
Both have I spilt: Oh would the deed were good,
For now the divell that told me I did well,
Sayes that this deed is Chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King ile beare,
Take hence the rest; and give them buriall here. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

*Flourish, Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with
other Lords, and Attendants.*

Bul. Vncle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is that the Rebels have consum'd with fire,
Our Towne of Ciceter in Gloucestershire,
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.
VVelcome my Lord, what is the newes?

Nor. First, to thy sacred state, with I all happinesse:
The next newes is, I have to London sent
The heads of *Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent*:
The manner of their taking, may appeare
At large discoursed in this paper here.

Bul. We thanke thee gentle *Percy* for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gains.

Enter Fitz-water.

Fitz. My Lord, I have from Oxford sent to London,
The heads of *Broccas*, and *Sir Bennet Seely*,
Two of the dangerous conformed Traitors,
That fought at Oxford, thy dire overthrow.

Bul. Thy paines *Fitz-water*, shall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, and Carlile.

Per. The grand conspirator, *Abbot of Westminster*,
VVith clog of conscience, and sowre melancholly,
Hath yeilded up his body to the graue,
But here is *Carlile*, living to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

Bul. *Carlile*, this is your doome:
Choose out some secret place, some reverend roome
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy selfe:
So as thou liv'st in peace, dye free from strife:

The Life and Death

or though mine enemy thou hast ever beene,
High sparkes of honour in thee I have seene.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy buried feare. Herein all breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

Bul. Exton. I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deed of slaughter, with thy fatall hand.
Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.

Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.

Bul. They love not poysen, that doe poysen need,
Nor doe I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neyther my good word, nor Princely favour.

VVith *Caine* goe wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day, nor light.

Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, and make me grow.

Come mourne with me, for that I doe lament,
And put on sullen blacke incontinent:

Ile make a voyage to the Holy-land.

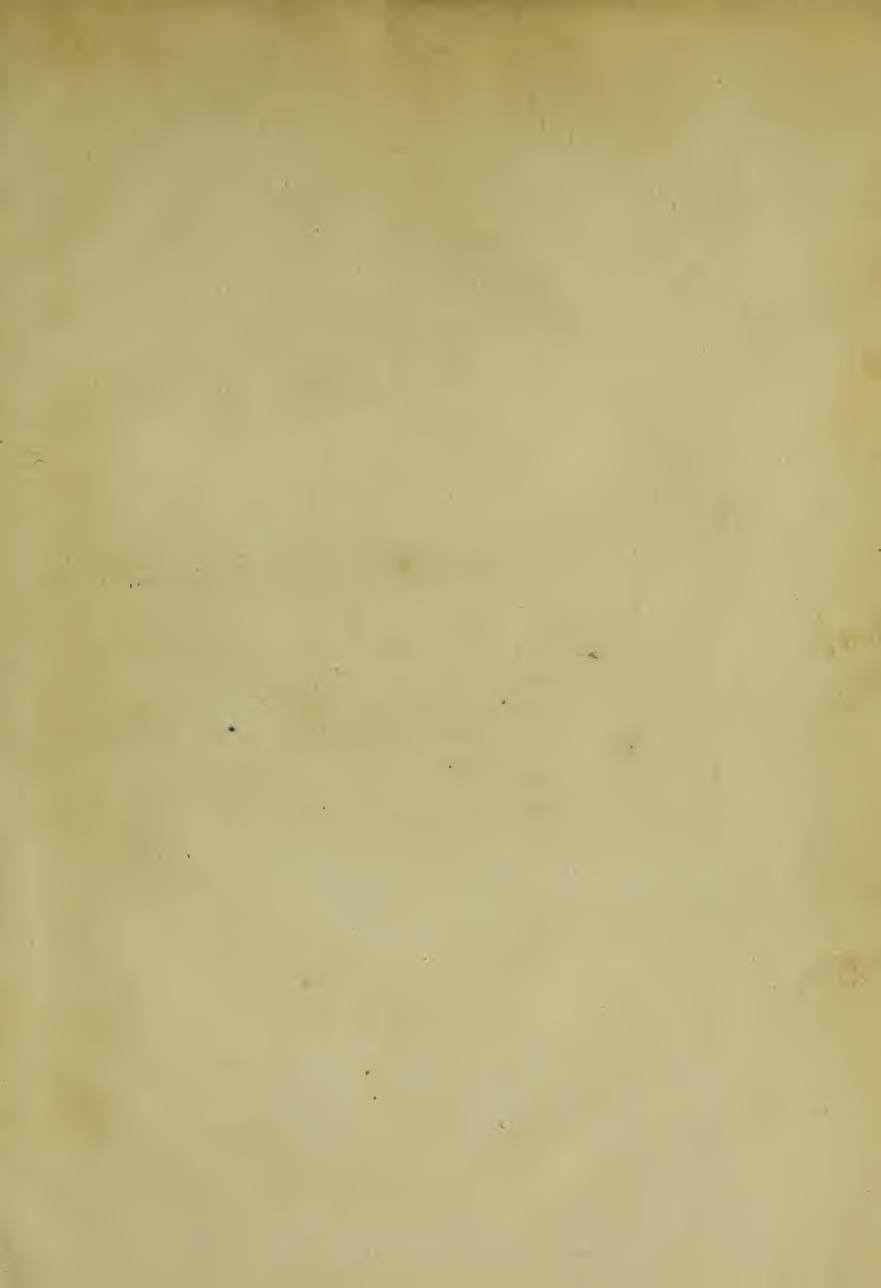
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand

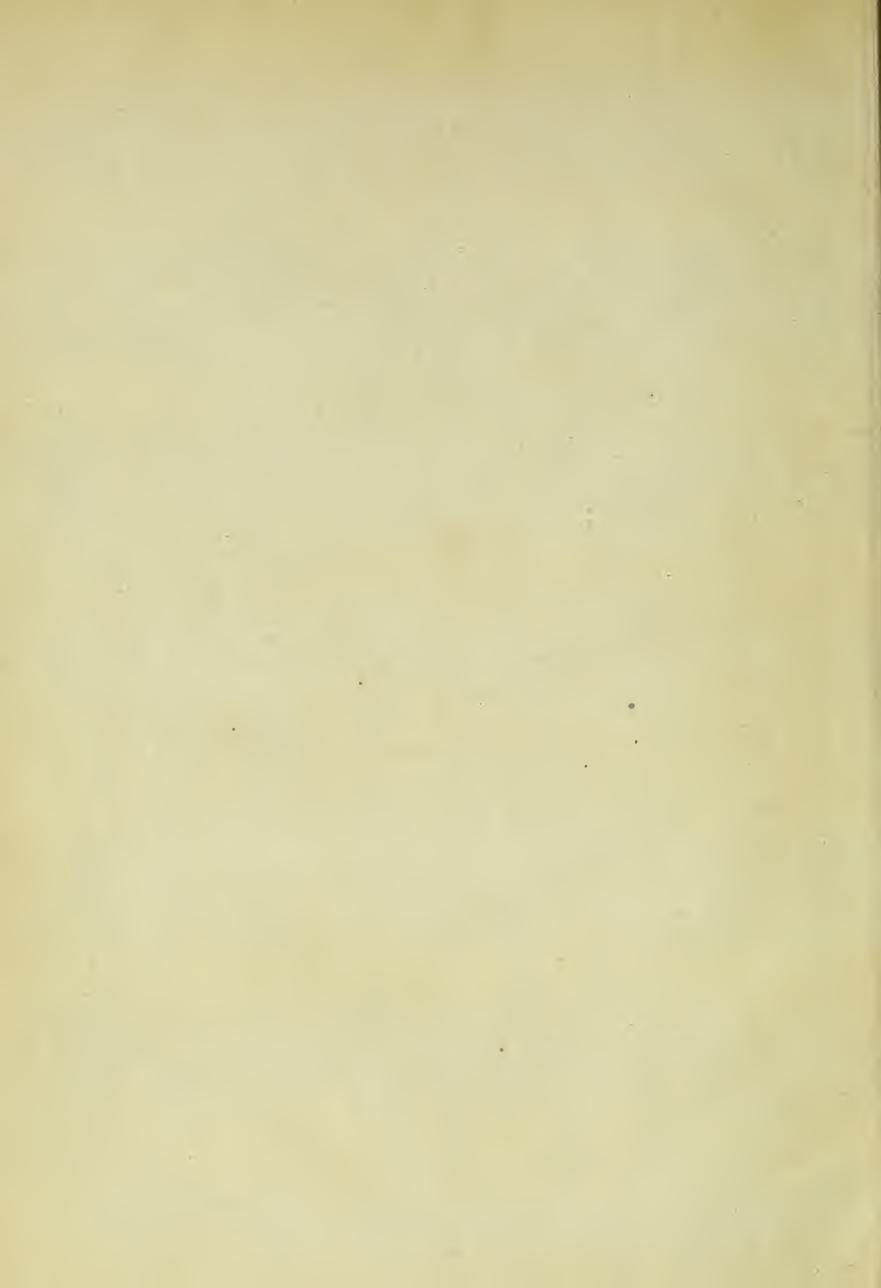
March sadly after, grace my mourning here,

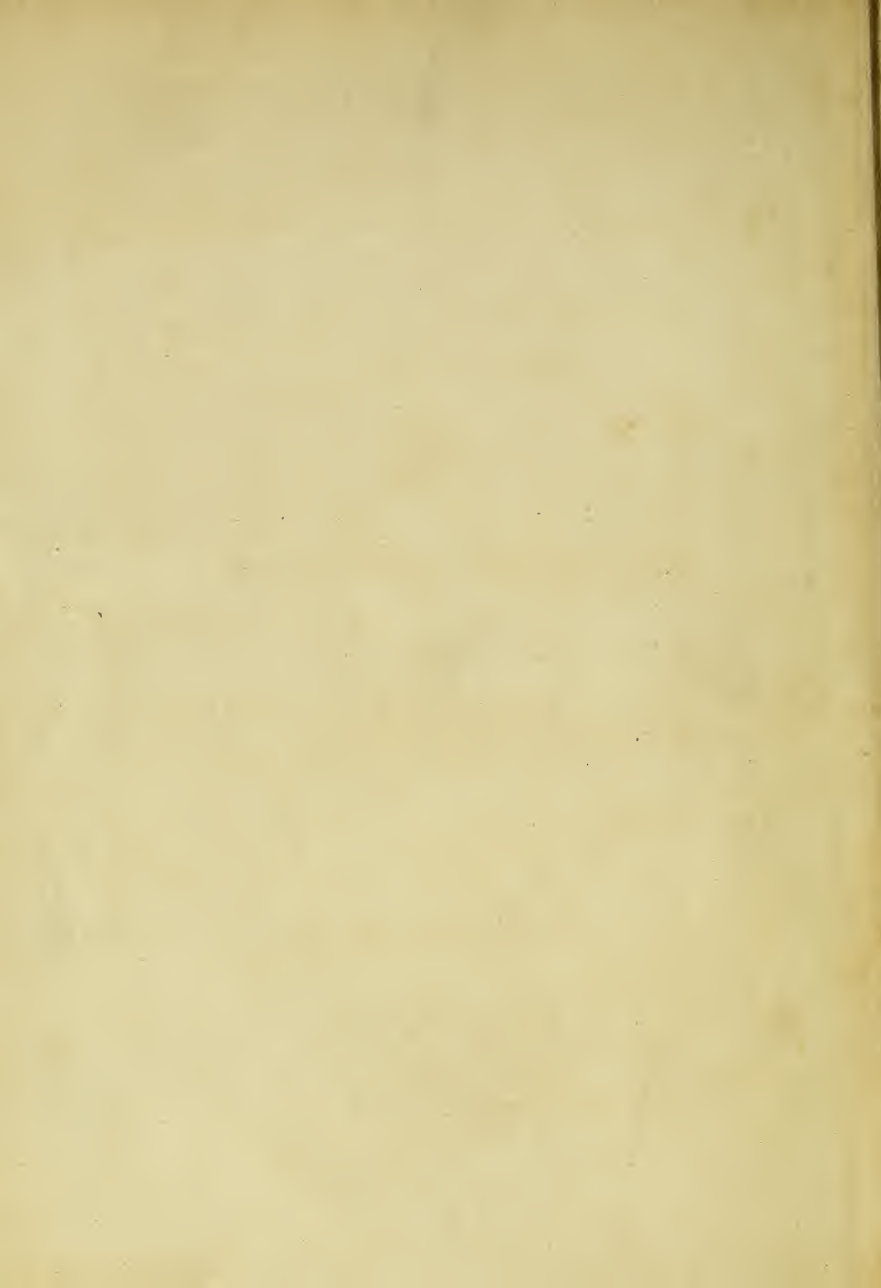
In weeping after this untimely beere.

Exeunt.

FINIS.







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