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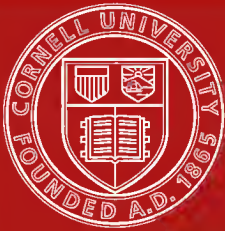
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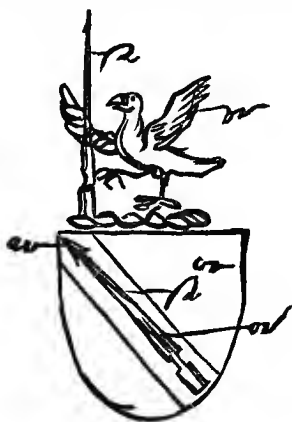
THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES,
AND TRAGEDIES OF MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

As presented at the Globe and Blackfriars
Theatres, *circa* 1591–1623

*Being the text furnished the Players, in parallel
pages with the first revised folio text,
with Critical Introductions*

The Bankside Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN



NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

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PARIS.....NEW YORK.....CHICAGO

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The Bankside Shakespeare

XVII.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING
RICHARD THE SECOND

£

*(The Players' Text of 1597, with the
Heminges and Condell Text
of 1623)*

With an Historical Introduction

BY

ALFRED WAITES, Esq.

*A Corresponding Member of the Shakespeare
Society of New York*

NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
1892

A. 109412



INTRODUCTION

I.

EXCEPT the entry of the First Part of the *Contention of the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster* in 1593-4, a work which is not by any means conceded to be by William Shakespeare, the entry of the present play is the first notice upon the Registers of the Stationers' Company of any regular claim to the ownership of a Shakespeare play. The entry is as follows:—

Andrew Wise. f. Entered for his copie by appoyntment
from Mr. Warden Man, The Tragedye of Richard
the Seconde. 29. Augusti /

“Andrew Wise: Entred for his copie by appoyntment from Mr. Warden Man, The Tragedye of Richard the Seconde.” The marginal date being, “1597, 29th Augusti.” The Quarto here reproduced was printed immediately. In 1598 it was again printed, the only addition being the words, “BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,” on the title-page. In 1603 there is the further entry in the Stationers' Register.

1603—1 Regis Ja. 25 Junj. — Math. Lawe — entred for his copies in full courte holden this day, these copies following — viz. iij. entreludes or playes: the first is of Richard the 3, the second of Richard the 2, the third of Henry the 4 the first parte. all kinges: all whiche by consent of the company, are sett ower to him from Andr: Wyse.

Mathew Law held the play from print, however, for five years, until 1608, when the Third Quarto ap-

peared with a much augmented title-page, running as follows:—

The Tragedie of King Richard the Second: With new Additions of the Parliament Sceane and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath lately been acted by the Kings Majesties servants at the Globe. By William Shakespeare. At London. Printed by W. W. for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Churchyard [or Church-Yard?] at the signe of the Foxe. 1608.

[As to the reasons for the insertion in this third Quarto—or possibly we should say for the omission in the first two Quartos—of this matter (lines F. 2058–2225) this Introduction will consider later on.]

A fourth Quarto, repeating the title-page and text of the third, was reprinted in 1615; and, in the year 1623, by what right or assignment is unknown, Heminges and Condell reprinted it in the First Folio, classifying it, not as a Tragedie but among the “Histories.”

The authorship of this Tragedie, as it is called in the Quartos—Historie, as it is called in the Folio—(and which appears to have been exclusively dramatized from the narration of Holinshed), is ascribed to Francis Bacon by the two leading champions of the Baconian hypothesis. Perhaps nothing will better serve to expose the nature of their delusion than an impartial examination of the evidence which is adduced in support of this claim. A witticism and a remark, neither of which had the slightest reference to this play of *Richard II.*, form the “evidence” of the one; while his own egregious blunder constitutes the “proof” of the other. The claim of the first is made in connection with an incident of Essex’s trial in the month of June, 1600. It should be distinctly remembered that the Earl of Essex was twice arrested and tried; first in June, 1600, and second in

February, 1601. Upon his first trial, in June, 1600, the Earl was charged with misconduct as commander of the Queen's troops in Ireland, for leaving the army there and returning to London without permission, and with having given countenance to a seditious pamphlet written by Dr. Hayward, and for which the author had been punished in 1599. This work was dedicated to Essex, "who had made all haste to have the book called in and suppressed."

Essex's insurrection took place in February, 1601, and his trial and execution for that offence in the same month. Much of the confusion in which this subject has been involved has been occasioned by not carefully remembering the character of the Earl's transgressions and the dates upon which he was called to answer for them. The hypothetists quote from Bacon's *Apology*, in which, treating of the first trial of Essex, Bacon says:—

About the same time, I remember an answer of mine in a matter which had some affinity with my lord's cause, which though it grew from me, went after about in other's names. For her Majesty being mightily incensed with that book which was dedicated to my lord of Essex, being a story of the first year of King Henry IV., thinking it a seditious prelude to put into the people's heads boldness and faction, said, she had an opinion that there was treason in it, and asked me if I could find any places in which it might be drawn within the case of treason: whereto I answered: For treason, surely, none; but for felony, very many. And when her Majesty hastily asked me, Wherein? I told her the author had committed very apparent theft; for he had taken most of the sentences of Cornelius Tacitus, and translated them into English, and put them into his text.

The words, "I remember an answer of mine in a matter which had some affinity with my lord's cause, which though it grew from me, went after about in other's names," are assumed to mean that the play of *Richard II.* was written by Bacon and went after about in the name of Shakespeare. A slight examination

of the passage, however, will demonstrate that Bacon said it was *this answer to the Queen's question, i. e.*, this joke, which was appropriated and "went after about in other's names," and which he proposed to claim as his own. When the parts were distributed to counsel who were appointed to prosecute Essex on this first trial (June, 1600), Bacon heard that the lords, in making distribution of the parts, had assigned to him, by the conclusion binding upon the Queen's pleasure, directly, *nolens volens*, that part of the charges which related to the old offence of countenancing Hayward's pamphlet. "And they determined," he says, "that I should set forth some undutiful carriage of my lord, in giving occasion and countenance to a seditious pamphlet, as it was termed, which was dedicated unto him, which was the book afore-mentioned of King Henry IV. Whereupon I replied to that allotment, and said to their lordships that it was an old matter, and had no manner of coherence with the rest of the charge, being matters of Ireland, and thereupon that I, having been wronged by bruits before, this would expose me to them more; and *it would be said that I gave in evidence mine own tales.*" The words in italics constitute that portion of the remark which is said by the hypothetists to prove Bacon's authorship of *Richard II.*

We can gather very little from what was said on the trial of Essex respecting Dr. Hayward's book, since "the reporter has preserved only one or two disconnected sentences."¹ But what Bacon meant by giving "in evidence his own tales" is very clear.

If we interpret Bacon as signifying that it would be said that he gave in evidence his own tales against the prisoner (that is, that he, Bacon, might be obliged to charge the Earl with writing and counte-

¹ Spedding, *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, ii. 190.

nancing something which Bacon had himself written and countenanced, and which might entail serious consequences upon some of the Lords of the Council), we not only perceive why he expressed himself in this peculiar fashion to them, but why they subsequently permitted Bacon to depart from the instructions which they had at first insisted on. That Bacon was the author of something which, if the Lords of the Council persisted in his charging Essex with undutiful carriage in giving occasion and countenance to a seditious pamphlet, Bacon would have to give in evidence against Essex, was unquestionably true. What was it? The citizens of London had anticipated Bacon's faithlessness to his benefactor Essex; rumors to that effect had already been current; these were the "bruits" to which, in case he appeared as his prosecutor on this old charge, he would be again exposed. Hayward's pamphlet *was* a "seditious prelude to put into the people's head boldness and faction." The Queen saw "treason" there because its purpose was to sustain the faction which was working for James VI. of Scotland, and which was weary of waiting for the natural death of Elizabeth. Many of her prominent nobles and statesmen, many of those whom the Queen thought devoted to her, had been and were in secret correspondence with James; and when the Earl of Essex was brought before the Lords-Commissioners to answer for his disloyalty, this was true not only of Essex, but of Anthony and Francis Bacon. Bacon certainly did not mean to confess the authorship of Hayward's book or of Shakespeare's plays. He had no such meaning in his thoughts. His words were freighted with a deeper significance, and were of more serious import to the Lords of the Council. As we have said, some of these men and, indeed, nearly all the leading officers of the English government were, at

this time, more or less concerned in treating secretly with James VI. And if the Lords of the Council had insisted upon Bacon's charging Essex with disloyalty in the matter of Hayward's book (connected as that necessarily was with his aiding and abetting the designs of the Scottish king), Essex might have revealed what he knew of Bacon's course in that particular, and, in self-defence, Bacon would have implicated the Lords of the Council by stating what he knew or suspected of their engagements with James and the Earl of Mar. Such a revelation would have brought ruin upon their heads, for nothing would have so thoroughly aroused the anger of the Queen as the discovery that her most trusted officers had dared to negotiate with James of Scotland for the succession to her crown. This was the menace which was conveyed to the Lords of the Council in Bacon's response, and which they most thoroughly understood. Thus means were found to avoid the danger which threatened them; thus Bacon, upon the first trial of Essex, dealt severely with him upon matters of comparatively little importance, and not only did not accuse him of treasonable negotiations with James, but acquitted him wholly and entirely of any disloyal thought towards his Queen; and thus all escaped, because Bacon was not forced to give in evidence his own tales. Bacon's reference to this proceeding is as follows:—

Wherewith though I was in mine own mind little satisfied, because I knew well a man were better to be charged with some faults, than admonished of others: yet the conclusion binding upon the Queen's pleasure directly *volens nolens*, I could not avoid that part that was laid upon me; which part if in the delivery I did handle not tenderly (*though no man before me did in so clear terms free my Lord from all disloyalty as I did*), that, your Lordship knoweth, must be ascribed to the superior duty I did owe to the Queen's fame and honor in a public proceeding, and partly to the intention I had to uphold myself

*in credit and strength with the Queen, the better to be able to do my Lord good offices afterwards.*¹

When, six months afterwards, Essex, Southampton, and the rest, were put upon their trial for the insurrection, February 8, 1601, Henry Cuffe, secretary to the Earl of Essex, testified that Anthony Bacon was a secret agent of James VI., and Mr. Spedding conjectures that the papers which would have compromised him were either destroyed by Anthony or given up to the government. When Elizabeth was dead (March 24, 1603), Bacon called the attention of the new monarch to these their services in his behalf, and prided himself upon his own successful hypocrisy in the following letter entitled, "An offer of Service to King James upon his first coming in":—

It may please your most excellent Majesty,

It is observed upon a place in the Canticles, by some, *Ego sum flos campi et lilium convallium*, that a *dispari*, it is not said, *Ego sum flos horti, et lilium montium*; because the majesty of that person is not enclosed for a few, nor appropriate to the great. And yet notwithstanding this royal virtue of access, which nature and judgment have planted in your Majesty's mind as the portal of all the rest, could not of itself (my imperfections considered) have animated me to make oblation of myself immediately to your Majesty, had it not been joined with an habit of like liberty, which I enjoyed with my late dear Sovereign Mistress; a prince happy in all things, but most happy in such a successor. And yet further and more nearly, I was not a little encouraged, not only upon a supposal that unto your Majesty's sacred ears (open to the air of all virtues) there might perhaps have come some small breath of the good memory of my father, so long a principal counsellor in this your kingdom; but also by the particular knowledge of the infinite devotion and incessant endeavors (beyond the strength of his body, and the nature of the times) which appeared in my good brother towards your Majesty's service; and were on your Majesty's part, through your singular benignity, by many most gracious and lively significations and favors

¹ Bacon's Apology concerning the Earl of Essex. *Letters and Life*, iii. 154.

accepted and acknowledged, beyond the merit of anything he could affect. *All which endeavors and duties for the most part were common to myself with him, though by design (as between brethren) dissembled.* And, therefore, most high and mighty King, my most dear and dread sovereign lord," etc., etc.¹

Had not Francis Bacon reason to fear that the part allotted to him might compel him to put in evidence his own tales?

In the month of February, 1601, the Earl of Essex made the mad attempt to drive his enemies from the presence of the Queen. The insurrection was swiftly repressed, and Essex and some of his accomplices were beheaded for their respective shares in that foolish proceeding. As the reader knows, Essex really had some sort of claim to the throne, but that he ever thought of succeeding to it is not only improbable but is contradicted by positive facts, facts with which Anthony and Francis Bacon must have been familiar. Very little was said about James VI. during the trial of Essex and his accomplices. It was the policy of its managers to handle that subject with extreme delicacy, though they well knew that Essex's motives were to drive his enemies, who were the enemies of James Stuart, from the Queen's presence, and to induce her to declare that the King of Scotland should be her successor. Elizabeth was growing old, she could not live much longer; the officers of the government and the counsel on the trial hoped to survive her, and were anxious to avoid offending James; thus they tried to make it appear that Essex sought to depose the Queen and seize the crown himself.²

To sustain this charge the prisoners were accused of having endeavored to incite the people to revolu-

¹ Spedding, *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, iii. 62.

² See Declaration of the Treasons of Robert, late Earl of Essex, and his Accomplices, *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, ii. 248.

tion by causing the performance of a play, entitled *The Deposing of King Richard II.*, on the afternoon preceding the insurrection. The hypothetists affirm that this play was the play which is known to us as Shakespeare's tragedy of *Richard II.*, and that its secret author was Francis Bacon. From the statement of what passed at the arraignment of several of the accused, including Sir Gilly Merrick, it appears, "that the afternoon of the rebellion Merricke, with a great company of others that afterwards were in all the action, had procured to be played before them the play of *The Deposing of King Richard II.* Neither was it casual, but a play bespoken by Merricke. And not so only, but when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was old, and that they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it; there were forty shillings extraordinary given to play it, and so thereupon played it was. So earnest he was to satisfy his eyes with the sight of that tragedy, which he thought soon after his lord should bring from the stage to the state, but that God turned it upon their own heads."¹

The play was performed on the afternoon of February 7, 1601, and the hypothetist says that "there is no certain evidence that the play (Shakespeare's *Richard II.*) was produced long before it was printed in 1597."² Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, therefore, is not appropriately termed "an old play," especially when we know that there was an old play on this very subject of deposing King Richard II. Moreover, the statement of the player to Sir Gilly Merrick is explicitly confirmed by Camden, a contemporary historian, and the author of the *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, who, therefore, had more than ordinary reasons for being exact in his descriptions.

¹ *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, ii. 289, 290.

² *The Authorship of Shakespeare*, i. 242.

He says that the play which was performed on this occasion by desire of Sir Gilly Merrick was an obsolete tragedy (*exoletum tragediam*). Dr. Forman, another contemporary, and whose diary has been preserved, saw this old play; and from his account we learn that it was of an entirely different character from that of Shakespeare's, for in this old play the conspirators who sought to depose Richard II. were told that "all should be well if they would discharge their army, upon whose promise and fair speeches they did it; and after the king bade them all to a banquet, and so betrayed them, and cut off their heads, because they had not his pardon under his hand and seal, but his word." Here, we perceive a motive for the performance of this old play of *Richard II.*, because Sir Gilly Merrick, as a conspirator, would seek to enforce the fact that the danger most to be feared in any insurrection is that some of the conspirators may be induced, by means of fair promises and speeches, to desert their comrades. To inculcate the folly of doing this, and to show the probability that they would all be betrayed and put to death if they once permitted themselves to be divided and deluded by "fair speeches," might well have been an additional reason why Sir Gilly Merrick paid "forty shillings extraordinary" to have played this old play of *Richard II.* The deposition of Richard II. was a subject upon which Elizabeth is said to have been sensitive; and this is, perhaps, the reason why Shakespeare did not publish the deposition scene in his tragedy of *Richard II.* till after Elizabeth's death. He purposely omitted it in order that his play might be acted without giving offence to the government; and that it was acted and published with the consent of the government is proved from the title-page of the First Quarto, which states that the play was printed "as it hath been publikely

acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants." Indeed, throughout this play of Shakespeare's there is, as Gervinus has well remarked, such a genuine sympathy for the deposed king, that it would rather suit the purposes of those who wished to prevent the deposition of a monarch than to further the aims of a usurper. To prove this it is sufficient to call attention to lines Q. 2028, 2017 F. :—

Bolingbroke. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Carlisle. Marry, God forbid !—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
 Yet best, beseeming me to speak the truth.
 Would God, that any in this noble presence
 Were enough noble to be upright judge
 Of noble Richard; then true noblesse would
 Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
 What subject can give sentence on his king?
 And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
 Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
 Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
 And shall the figure of God's majesty,
 His captain, steward, deputy elect,
 Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
 And he himself not present? O, forfend it, God,
 That in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
 Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 Stirr'd up by God thus boldly for his king.
 My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
 And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,
 And future ages groan for this foul act;
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
 And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
 Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
 Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.
 O, if you raise this house against this house,

It will the woofullest division prove
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth :
 Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
 Lest child, child's children cry against you woe !”

Was such language likely to promote insurrection and to aid in the deposing of the Queen? Would any one about to take up arms against his sovereign pay “forty shillings extraordinary” to have this tragedy played before his co-conspirators?

In addition to the internal evidence, we have :—

First. The explicit statement of Camden that the play which was performed before the conspirators on the afternoon preceding the rebellion of Essex was “an obsolete play.”

Second. The declaration of the player to Sir Gilly Merrick, that the play was “an old play,” and that they would have loss in playing it, because few would come to see it.

Third. Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, as the author of *The Authorship of Shakespeare* repeatedly admits,¹ was having “a great run” at this very time, it therefore could not have been the play which the player did not want to play because “few would come to see it.”

By the course of procedure which was adopted by Elizabeth's ministers and her counsel at the trial of Essex and his accomplices for their insurrection, the undefended prisoners were effectually precluded from the introduction of any evidence which might have implicated Bacon or the Lords of the Council in treasonable intercourse with James VI. Moreover, if, as Mr. Spedding conjectures, Bacon's brother had destroyed or given up to the government the papers which would have proved his complicity, we can clearly see that every precaution had been taken by Francis Bacon to insure himself against recrimina-

¹ Pages 244-249.

tion. Notwithstanding this, so closely was Bacon involved in these disloyal practices of Essex's, that even here, on this second trial, Essex indignantly summoned Francis Bacon to witness against Francis Bacon, and compelled him to give in evidence "his own tales."

It will be remembered that Francis Bacon had been the legal adviser of Essex. In that capacity he was the author of some letters, one of which he had advised the Earl to sign, and which together were to be shown to the Queen. In these letters, the reasons for Essex's resentment against his enemies at the Court of Elizabeth were clearly expressed. Upon the trial, and when it was certain Essex's life was forfeited, unless the Queen should pardon him, Bacon had the inconceivable baseness to introduce this subject into his speech against his benefactor, and charged him, as if it were an aggravation of his crime, with having desired the dismissal of these counsellors: Upon which the Earl said:—

To answer Mr. Bacon's speech, I say thus much; and call forth Mr. Bacon against Mr. Bacon. You are then to know that Mr. Francis Bacon hath written two letters, the one of which hath been artificially framed in my name, after he had framed the other in Mr. Bacon's name to provoke me. In the latter of these two, he lays down the ground of my discontentment and the reasons I pretend against mine enemies, pleading as orderly for me as I could do myself. . . . If those reasons were then just and true, not counterfeit, how can it be that now my pretences are false and injurious? For then Mr. Bacon joined with me in mine opinion, and pointed out those to be mine enemies and to hold me in disgrace with her Majesty, whom he seems now to clear of such mind towards me, and therefore I leave the truth of what I say, and he opposeth unto your Lordships' indifferent consideration.¹

Thus we see that Essex was not unwilling to criminate Francis Bacon, and if, as alleged, Bacon wrote

¹ Spedding, *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, ii. 226, 227.

the play of *Richard II.*; and if, as the hypothetists admit, Essex must have known it; and if that was the same play which the counsel for the prosecution had so vigorously denounced, would not Essex have covered his treacherous accuser with shame and confusion by revealing his secret, and by proving Bacon the author of that play? Essex did not do it, and did not do it because it was not true.

Twelve months after the execution of Essex, William Lambarde presented Queen Elizabeth with his pandect of her Rolls in the Tower, when, looking through the records, she came to the reign of Richard II. she remarked: "I am Richard II., know ye not that?" Lambarde replied, in allusion to the Essex attempt, "Such a wicked imagination was determined and attempted by a most unkind gent, the most adorned creature that ever your Majesty made." To this her Majesty rejoined: "He that will forget God will also forget his benefactors; this tragedy was played forty times in open streets and houses." When Elizabeth said this to Lambarde, I conceive that she was thinking, not so much of her own deposition, as a possible consequence of the foolish attempt of Essex, for she scorned personal fear, but of the likeness to Richard's fate which time had brought her. His sharpest sufferings were occasioned by the desertion of those whom he had called his friends; and, indeed, she was most like Richard in that. The treachery of his servants had not exceeded the faithlessness of her courtiers. She should, perhaps, have expected it, but she could not endure the painful knowledge. She was now a lame old woman left utterly alone. Her sensitive pride could not brook the light-hearted behavior of her courtiers whom she saw gayly saluting the rising sun. She suspected their correspondence with James VI. She could not have overlooked the significance of the conduct of

her lawyers and ministers during the trial of Essex. As, one by one, Richard's dependents hastened to his rival, — those, too, in whom he had reposed the government of the kingdom, — so all in whom Elizabeth had confided betrayed her — even Cecil. Her eyes were unscaled to see the wickedness of flattery as her servants looked northward, mocking the folly which they had praised and despising the queenly heart which yearned for fidelity. The pang of desolation was most bitter. She refused to be flattered more; she sank into profoundest melancholy from which she was aroused but once or twice, only to relapse into absolute despair: she refused to speak, and, as was said of Richard, disdained to support a life which had become a burden, and, in misanthropic silence, died.

Another champion of the delusion "proves" that Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's play of *Richard II.* in the following lucid way: "There was found among Bacon's writings a curious essay, called 'The Characters of a Believing Christian, in Paradoxes and Seeming Contradictions.' It is a wholesale burlesque of Christianity, so cunningly put together that it may read as a commendation of Christians. I give a few extracts."

This champion then quotes a page or two of the "curious essay" referred to, asks his readers to compare the extracts with the soliloquy of Richard II. (Q. 2483, 2646 F.), and exultingly says: "No one can doubt that these thoughts, showing the same irreligious belief, and the same subtle way of propounding it, came from the same mind." That is, Bacon's. It would be cruel to affirm that an hypothetist has read a book because he often quotes from it, but had the author of *The Great Cryptogram* devoted a little time to the perusal of Spedding's

Letters and Life of Francis Bacon, a work to which he very frequently refers, he could not have evaded the following passage: "All editions of Bacon contain a theological piece entitled 'The Characters of a Believing Christian in Paradoxes and Seeming Contradictions,' commonly spoken of as 'Christian Paradoxes.' In 1864, the Rev. Alexander Grosart, to whose affectionate study of the religious writers of that period we owe so many valuable reprints, had the good fortune to make all further doubt and discussion superfluous by producing the real author. The work in question forms a portion of the second part of Herbert Palmer's *Memorials of Godliness and Christianity*."¹

Such is the character of the "evidence" which the hypothetists have adduced to "prove" that Francis Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's play of *Richard II*. What would the slandered have said of it? Nothing but this, —

If I am
 Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
 My faculties nor person, yet will be
 The chronicles of my doing, let me say
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
 That virtue must go through.

II.

THE last years of the half century during which Edward III. ruled England were full of misery and shame. The glory of his reign was eclipsed by the death of the Black Prince. The aged monarch distrusted the sons who were left, and made them swear to be loyal to the heir of his eldest born. The child, eleven years of age, ascended the throne as Richard II. on the 21st of June, 1377. His uncles, the sur-

¹ *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, vi. 130.

viving sons of Edward III., John of Gaunt, "time honor'd Lancaster," the feeble Edmund Langley, afterwards Duke of York, and the ambitious Thomas of Woodstock, afterwards Duke of Gloucester, were greedy, quarrelsome, and unscrupulous. Each thought himself best fitted to advise the King, and each seems to have made it his interest to keep the royal youth from being fatigued by intellectual pursuits or wearied by the exercise of discretion. It was a turbulent period. The doctrines which Wickliffe was preaching struck at the foundation of established rule. Rebellion seethed in the midst of unspeakable wretchedness. The peasants of England were veritable slaves, they were beginning to demand some of the commonest rights of humanity; the priest, John Ball, was appealing to the sense and experience of his fellow-men. With irresistible logic, he was asking how the nobles had become noble; and, if wealth was a blessing, by what right a blessing degraded the majority. Such were the rebels that troubled the early part of the reign of Richard II.,—rebels, because they asked for their rights when the rights of the poor were owned by the rich. It was the age of knight-errantry, of chivalry, that institution which provided table-napkins for cannibals. The iron barons yearned for the shambles and revelled in blood; their chief complaint against Richard was that his pacific disposition did not allow them to satiate their diabolical passions.¹ War was their sport, the sufferings of the multitude were of as little consequence as the tears and moans of the stricken deer in the forest. The truce with France, which had been prolonged from month to month, expired three days before the death of Edward III. Scarcely had the bustle and uproar of Richard's coronation sunk into silence when John De Vienne

¹ Froissart, iii. c. 64.

and Ferdinand Sanchez appeared in the English Channel and swooped down upon the defenceless dwellers by the sea. On a summer's eve, the vigil of St. Peter, as the devout were kneeling at the shrine of the saint, an alarm was heard; and, by the light of the descending sun, the people of the little town of Rye, upon the Sussex coast, saw the oncoming of a hostile fleet. There was no time for escape. The ships were small and were scarcely seen before the mail-clad warriors sprang upon the beach and made an easy butchery of the women and children who crouched in helpless terror at the cruel feet of the matchless chivalry of France and of Castile.¹ Thus Richard inherited his father's quarrels, but none of his father's ability to cope with them. He was deficient in nearly every quality which constitutes a leader. His was a grievous error, but the commonest; he mistook the possession of power for the ownership of intellect, subservience for homage, flattery for friendship, and greed for gratitude. He was placed on the pinnacle of greatness, and was as unsteadfast as the fickle wind. He loved buffoonery, prodigality, and idle pomp. Like other sons of distinguished warriors, he was unable to withstand the difficulties which time had grouped about him. He was denied the inheritance which he most needed. The genius of victory recovered her laurels ere they could fall from his father's brow. Fitfully the spirit of the sire flashed in the bosom of the son, but the momentary illumination only deepened the darkness of his life. When Walworth struck down Wat Tyler, and the leaderless mob was about to revenge its chieftain's death, the young King rode amid its surging ranks, exclaiming, "Follow me, I will be your leader!" The acquiescence of the mob argued well for the justice of its cause, but the royal prom-

¹ Sismondi, *Hist. Français*, vii. 293; Froissart, i. 338.

ise was fallacious ; fifteen hundred of the rioters were led to the gallows.¹ John of Gaunt, who assumed the administration of the government, had little sympathy with the people, and persistently opposed their efforts to better their condition. He was stern and cruel, by nature and policy little inclined to deal justly with the victims of English misrule. He had no difficulty in persuading his royal nephew to withdraw the letters of manumission which he had granted to the English serfs, and to revoke the general pardon which he had accorded to the rioters. Such conduct made John of Gaunt hated by the great bulk of the people. He was at this time chasing the phantom of a crown ; and, soon after, went to Castile to fight for it. During his absence Richard II. became of age, but age brought no increase of wisdom. The King's favorites, De la Pole and De Vere, prompted his actions, and his actions reflected their source. The restless Duke of Gloucester induced the Lords and Commons to demand the removal and impeachment of the chancellor, De la Pole. The King replied that, at their bidding, he "would not remove the meanest scullion in his kitchen,"² and hinted that he might call for aid upon the King of France. The two Houses referred to the fate of Edward II., and their representative sternly said : "We have an ancient Constitution, and it was not many ages experimented (it grieves us that we must mention it), that if the King through any evil counsel or weak obstinacy, or contempt of his people, or out of a perverse and froward wilfulness, or any other irregular courses, shall alienate himself from his people, and refuse to govern by the laws and statutes of the realm, but will throw himself headlong into wild designs, and

¹ Mackintosh, *Hist. Eng.* i. 330.

² Hallam, *Mid. Ages*, iii. p. 67 and note.

stubbornly exercise his own singular and arbitrary will, — from that time it shall be lawful for his people, by their full and free assent and consent, to depose that king from his throne, and in his stead to establish some other of the royal race upon the same.”¹

Richard succumbed for a time. Michael de la Pole was found guilty of having defrauded the crown of large sums of money. He was sent close prisoner to Windsor Castle, where he remained till the dissolution of Parliament, when he was again prominent among the royal favorites, and vainly combated the barons, who prevailed on the King to intrust the administration of the government for twelve months to fourteen commissioners.² The Chancellor Arundel was first named in the commission, but its real head was the King's uncle, Thomas, Duke of Gloucester.³ The commissioners were now the dispensers of patronage, and, therefore, objects of flattery. The court of Richard became a dreary place, but his favorite De la Pole would have been unwelcome elsewhere, and remained with his master to whisper evil counsel. No promise could bind the King, and, notwithstanding the oath he had taken to submit to it, he resolved to rid himself of the irksomeness which the commission had forced upon him. On the 25th of August, 1387, he held a council at Nottingham, where servile judges declared that those who had procured the late commission, or had advised the King to consent to it, were punishable with death, and that those who should persevere in maintaining it were guilty of treason. The five lords appellant, as they were afterwards called, — the Duke of Gloucester-

¹ *Parl. Hist.* i. 186; Lord Campbell's *Chancellors*, i. 275; Hallam, *Mid. Ages*, iii. 67.

² Campbell's *Chancellors*, i. 276.

³ Mackintosh, *Hist. Eng.* i. 323; Campbell's *Chancellors*, i. 277.

ter, Bolingbroke, Earl of Derby and afterwards Duke of Hereford, the Earl of Warwick, the Earl of Nottingham, and the Chancellor Arundel, — gathered an army of forty thousand men, commanded by the ambitious Gloucester, and, on the 11th of November, 1387, marched against the King. They appealed the Archbishop of York; De Vere, Duke of Ireland; the Earl of Suffolk, De la Pole; and Brembre, Lord Mayor of London. Parliament met in February, 1388, and condemned the accused to death. But, in the mean while, De Vere and De la Pole had escaped, the former to Holland, the latter to Paris. The Archbishop ended his days as a Flemish curate. Tressilian, the Chief Justice, was captured by the Duke of Gloucester and on the same evening hanged at Tyburn. Brembre shared his fate.

If warning had not been useless, the manliest admonition ever addressed by a poet to a king would not have been an empty sound in Richard's ears. To Chaucer, the father of English poetry, the persons and events which marked the course of Richard's life were as familiar "as household words."¹ He implored the young King to turn from the error of his ways, to regard his kingship as a trust and to be loyal to each plighted word, to banish dissension by welcoming unity, to love the worthy and respect the true and win the realm to steadfastness, in the following "*Ballad sent to King Richard*," —

Sometime this world was so steadfast and stable,
That man's word was held obligation;
And now it is so false and deceivable,
That word and work, as in conclusion
Be nothing one; for turned up so down

¹ His wife's sister became the wife of John of Gaunt. Thomas Chaucer, his eldest son, became Speaker of the House of Commons; his daughter married the Duke of Suffolk, their son married the sister of Edward IV., the Princess Elizabeth, and their eldest son was declared heir apparent to the throne by Richard III.

Is all this world, through meed and wilfulness,
That all is lost for lack of steadfastness.

What makes this world to be so variáble,
But lust that folk have in dissensión?
For now-a-days a man is held unable
But if he can, by some collusiún,
Do his neighbour wrong or oppressiún.
What causeth this but wilful wretchedness,
That all is lost for lack of steadfastness?

Truth is put down, reason is holden fable;
Virtue hath now no dominatiún;
Pity exil'd, no wight is merciáble;
Through covetise is blent discretiún;
The worldē hath made permutatiún
From right to wrong, from truth to fickleness,
That all is lost for lack of steadfastness.

L'ENVOY

O Prince! desirē to be honourable;
Cherish thy folk, and hate extortiún;
Suffer nothing that may be reprováble
To thine estate, done in thy regiún;
Shew forth the sword of castigatiún;
Dread God, do law, love thorough worthiness,
And wed thy folk again to steadfastness!

Gloucester's party, which now controlled the government, ruled with a heavy hand; and, in its desire to strengthen its position, lost its hold upon the respect of the governed. The King seized the occasion, and regained his power ere the discomfited faction had realized the full extent of its error. Richard used the recovered authority, for a time, with more moderation and discretion than had yet characterized him. He made a truce with his rancorous opponent and uncle, Thomas Duke of Gloucester, restored him to his place in the Council, and reappointed Arundel to the chancellorship; Arundel, who had been first named in the commission which, not long before, had virtually dethroned him; Arun-

del, the implacable antagonist of Michael de la Pole. This complaisance of Richard secured, for several years, indulgence for his incapacity and toleration for his folly. John of Gaunt had now returned from his vain quest in Castile; with him, at the King's side, stood Edmund Duke of York, while Henry Bolingbroke and Thomas Mowbray, who, as two of the lords appellants and the accusers of De Vere and De la Pole, had so harshly humbled Richard, now made their peace with the king by betraying those who had coöperated with them; or, as Hallam expresses it, "had plunged into the depths of infamy to ruin their former friends."¹ Such conduct might have pleased the King because it weakened his enemies, but he could not have highly esteemed a loyalty which its owners so lightly valued. In truth, it was not in his nature to forgive them for the part they had taken against him; for the humiliation which he had endured; for the miserable deaths which his friends had suffered. Henry Bolingbroke and Thomas Mowbray had been hateful, and probably remained obnoxious to the King. Their present treachery to their former adherents could not have led him to forget their former desertion of him. He might have admired the ease with which they could dispense with conscience, but he could not have failed to suspect their motives from his experience of their character. Meanwhile, the King disdained his opportunities and frittered them idly away: low pleasures, feasting, jollity were the serious business of his life. He alienated the regard of every unprejudiced subject whom he admitted to his presence. An acquaintance with the qualities of his mind impaired the respect which should have been due to his station.² He continued to squander the

¹ *Mid. Ages*, iii. 78.

² Hume, *Hist. Eng.* iii. 27.

revenues upon his favorites, now the earls of Kent and Huntington, and esteemed their satisfaction more than the welfare of his kingdom.

But let us be just to Richard. He is memorable as an English king who entertained affection for his wife. She died early in June, 1394, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Richard's grief was most violent and was manifested in characteristic fashion. "On the seventh of June," says Stow, "Queen Anne died at Shene in Surrey, and was buried at Westminster. The King took her death so heavily that, besides cursing the place where she died, he did also for anger throw down the buildings, unto which the former kings, being weary of the city, were wont for pleasure to resort." The Duke of Gloucester soon afterwards offered his daughter to the royal widower, but the King had no wish to increase the intimacy or to promote the aims of one whose activity had already occasioned him so much inquietude. He desired an ally who would aid him to despotism, not one who sought by his means to obtain despotic authority for himself. Two years later, the King resolved to seek a more powerful alliance. He was now thirty years of age. The King of France, though mad, was the most potent sovereign in Christendom; his eldest daughter was only seven years old, but Richard in his eagerness to secure that assistance which would enable him to be independent of his subjects, did not scruple to ask the hand of the little girl in marriage. The English ambassadors were instructed to demand two millions of francs as the dowry of Isabel, and were to persist in that demand for a day; if then unsuccessful, they were to reduce the sum to one and a half millions of francs and persist in that for three days; and so on, to a million, and finally, they might reduce the sum to eight hundred thousand francs, which was the amount

agreed upon: provided, however, that in return Charles VI. and his uncles agreed to aid and sustain Richard II. with all their power against any of his subjects."¹ The Duke of Gloucester could not endure the apparent tranquillity which, at this time, reigned in the councils of the King. He disliked the semblance of concord which the union of his brothers and nephews indicated, and repeatedly broke in upon the harmony with harsh complaint and jarring discord. He had been grievously offended by the marriage of Henry Bolingbroke with Mary Bohun, and, now with bitter taunts, reflected upon the marriage of John of Gaunt with Catherine Swynford, which had lowered the dignity of his family and had sullied the blood of Plantagenet.² With vindictive activity he opposed the measures of the King; he inflamed vulgar prejudice to gratify personal spite. He exclaimed against the attempt to formulate articles for a permanent peace with Charles VI., he strived to prevent the arrangement of a truce, and bitterly protested against the marriage of the royal widower with the daughter of the King of France.³ A contemporary indeed has recorded that the opposition of Gloucester had a subtler aim and a more malignant purpose; Froissart assures us that the Duke of Gloucester had plotted the dismemberment of the empire and the dethronement of the King. To be faithful to Richard was to be the enemy of Gloucester, and, from personal fear, many a courtier was eager for the Duke's destruction. The harshness with which he had treated the King, the cruelty with which he had revenged himself on the favorites and had spurned the passionate entreaties of the sovereign and his consort for their pardon, the ill-

¹ *Histoire des Français*, viii. 87.

² Hume, iii. 25; Hallam, *Mid. Ages*, iii. 73; Froissart, iv. c. 72.

³ Froissart, iv. c. 80.

disguised contempt with which he had refuted the King's reasons and had rejected his counsel, are convincing proofs of the weakness of Richard and the tyranny of Gloucester. But, while he despised the King, he flattered his subjects; and if the one was exasperated by his hatred, the others were charmed by his wisdom. Richard had neither the intellect by which to prove the falsity of his uncle's declarations, nor the courage to treat them with magnanimity or disdain. He determined to rid himself of the Duke insidiously. The moment seemed opportune, and the hatred of twenty years culminated in an act of shameful treachery. The King made Thomas Mowbray, Earl of Nottingham, his confidant, explained his plans, issued his orders, and then rode off on horseback to the residence of the Duke of Gloucester, at Pleshy in Surrey, about thirty miles from London. The chronicler records that Richard was unaccompanied and was unrecognized until Gloucester's porter at the gate exclaimed, "Here is the King!"

It was evening in the month of July, 1397. Gloucester had supped, but immediately went out to meet his nephew. Richard entered the house, chatted merrily with the Duchess and her children, and, with lying lips and smiling face, lured away the unsuspecting Duke. They rode fast from Pleshy. The King pretended to be anxious to reach London. At Stratford, Thomas Mowbray, with a large force, lay in ambush, and Richard galloped ahead while Mowbray advanced and in the King's name arrested the astounded Duke, who called loudly to the King, but the King galloped faster than before.¹ The Earl Marshal (Mowbray) hurried the victim to the Thames and thence to a ship which at once set sail for Calais, where the Duke, by the King's command, was

¹ Froissart, iv. c. 87.

closely imprisoned. The ability and vigor with which this treacherous work was done excited surprise rather than animadversion, save among the immediate partisans of Gloucester. His brothers, Lancaster and York, and his nephews, the Earl of Rutland and the Earl of Derby (afterwards Henry IV.), concurred in the arrest, and their assent was announced by royal proclamations.¹ The King declared his intention to bring Gloucester to trial. On the 21st of September, 1397, Thomas Mowbray, Earl Marshal and Governor of Calais, was ordered to bring the Duke to answer to the charge of treason before the King and Parliament. Three days later the Governor of Calais informed his master that the Duke of Gloucester was dead. Subsequent inquiries proved that Gloucester had been foully murdered by order of the King. Henry Bolingbroke had taken no such active part in the destruction of the Duke as that which had devolved on Thomas Mowbray, but after the murder was known each was rewarded. The concurrence of Bolingbroke was purchased with the dukedom of Hereford, and the zeal of Mowbray was recompensed by the duchy of Norfolk.² This evil deed was the King's most successful performance. The Parliament, which was summoned immediately afterwards, was slavishly compliant, and passed whatever acts Richard was pleased to dictate;³ and so anxious was Richard that these acts should be maintained that he required the Lords and Commons to swear to them anew upon the Holy Cross of Canterbury. This ancient relic was no more efficacious than its modern substitute, and the mediæval politician swore upon the cross of the saint with as little compunction as that with which the

¹ Mackintosh, *Hist. Eng.* i. 327; Rymer, viii. 6. 7; Hume, iii. 30.

² Hume, *Hist. Eng.* iii. 33.

³ *Ibid.* iii. 30.

ordinary witness of our time salutes the volume of Holy Writ. The greater part of those who bound themselves by this oath in favor of the King, had done so for the King's enemies ten years before, and were perfectly willing to do so again when, two years later, Henry Bolingbroke usurped the throne of Richard II.¹

But now, Richard "reigned more fiercely than before."² The success of his measures convinced him of their justice. No one was permitted to publicly speak against aught that he did. Those who ventured to brave his will were silenced by the headsman.³ This stern policy was assisted by a force of ten thousand archers who were kept in instant readiness by day and by night. The danger of talking increased the temptation. Public accusations were few, but secret conclaves were many. The memory of one sufferer was readily supplemented by the imagination of another, nothing was overlooked and nothing was unexaggerated in the long catalogue of Richard's follies and crimes. At length, emboldened by numbers, a general murmur arose against the King, the favorites, and the Parliament. In the month of December, 1397, Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, and Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, were riding together from Windsor to Brentford. Their conversation naturally included the subject of the King's misgovernment. They knew that Richard could not trust them, and they dreaded the consequences of their own misdoings. Mowbray thought that Richard would yet revenge himself, would revoke their pardons, as he had revoked others', that the royal word was no security since the King had broken all his oaths. It

¹ Hallam, *Med. Ages*, iii. 76.

² Froissart, iv. c. 92.

³ Mackintosh, *Hist. Eng.* i. 330.

probably then occurred to Bolingbroke that one of them might escape the danger which menaced both ; accordingly, he went to the King, revealed the conversation and said that Mowbray had spoken in private many slanderous words, and had imputed to the King an intention of destroying the principal members of his nobility.¹

Thus Shakespeare's play of Richard II. opens with a challenge to mortal combat while the foremost of England's chevaliers accuse each other of falsehood and disloyalty.

At Shrewsbury, not in "The Palace in London," did Bolingbroke appear

to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray.

(Q. 8, 7 F.)

The quarrel was transferred to Coventry. The king had announced that the trial by battle should take place there :

At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day ;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate.

(Q. 206, 208 F.)

and, on the appointed day, the lists were set out on Gosford Green, where Heaven was expected to declare by the event which was the liar and traitor. The dukes of Hereford and Norfolk had received their lances and had mounted their chargers ; the trumpets had sounded and the marshal had given the order for the combatants to close, when the King suddenly threw his warder down and stopped the battle. "The King caused their spears to be taken from them, and commanded them to repair again to their chairs, where they remained two long hours while the King and council deliberately consulted

¹ Hume, *Hist. Eng.* iii. 34.

what order was best to be had in so weighty a cause. Finally, after they had devised, and fully determined what should be done therein, the heralds cried silence; and Sir John Bushie, the King's secretary, read the sentence and determination of the King and his council, in a long roll; the effect whereof was, that Henry Duke of Hereford should within fifteen days depart out of the realm, and not to return before the term of ten years were expired, except by the King he should be repealed again, and this upon pain of death; and that Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, because he had sown sedition in the realm by his words, should likewise avoid the realm, and never to return again into England, nor approach the borders or confines thereof upon pain of death."¹ Their hearts were black with treachery and hate; it was natural that one should seek to destroy the other, and that Richard should avail himself of the chance to be rid of both. Mowbray knew Bolingbroke better than Richard knew him:

What thou art, God, thou and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.

(Q. 496, 494 F.) }

When Aumerle told Richard of the manner of the parting with Bolingbroke, Richard noticed, but failed to observe the subtilty of, the behavior. He remarked upon it with an easy suspicion and almost chid Aumerle for the rudeness of the separation; he bade him remember:

He is our cousin, cousin (Q. 622, 590 F.),

and added,

but 't is doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.

¹ Holinshed, 1398.

Bolingbroke, banished, bore his fortune lightly. He was most thoughtful of the future and seemed most hopeful when the present was darkest. His courtesy was free to those whose brute strength he honored, whose lusty lungs he admired, but whose intelligence he despised because of the easy price at which he made it his. He smiled to poor craftsmen, bowed low to draymen who wished him God speed, and gave them the tribute of his supple knee. (Q. 627, 595 F. *et seq.*)

Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ;
exclaimed the wily Duke,

As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

The thought which Richard entertained had become resolution in the mind of Bolingbroke. He knew that the people of London would argue his innocence from the familiarity of his courtesy.

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;

and every witness compared the act with the insolent pride of Richard, and a hundred recruits pledged him their faith with a sincerity which Bolingbroke never knew. No one could better steal opportunities or profit by mistakes. No personal sensitiveness was allowed to balk the object of his ambition. He felt no indignity in the blows that were struck at it. The dirt was ornamental which lay between him and the crown. He could prate and storm and "tear a passion to tatters," but there was an art about it which revealed how strongly a dominant thought controlled it all. He divested himself of every touch of sensible feeling. If he seemed galled, it was for a purpose ; anger was a commodity which he bought and sold for profit.

The opportunity for which Bolingbroke lay in wait

soon came. The King planned an expedition to Ireland to revenge the death of the earl of March whom he had declared his successor. To provide the means he exercised the most wanton tyranny, he extorted money from the counties, compelled the wealthy to confess that they had been guilty of treason, and to give blank obligations which his officers filled up with large sums.¹

Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters ;
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
 And send them after to supply our wants.

(Q. 650, 618 F.)

John of Gaunt died opportunely, and subservient lawyers at once declared that the crown could forfeit his immense estates. Therefore, the King revoked the letters patent which he had given Bolingbroke,

By his attorneys-general to sue
 His livery,

(Q. 875, 846 F.)

and plucked a thousand dangers on his head and lost a thousand hearts. Richard feared the power which this accession of wealth would give to Henry Bolingbroke, now Duke of Lancaster. Henry's poverty was Richard's security ; thus, too, when Henry was about to marry Marie, daughter of the Duke of Berri, Richard determined to prevent it, for Marie would have brought her husband great riches and powerful allies. The Earl of Salisbury was instantly dispatched to Paris, and there was reinforced by the Duke of Burgundy, who eagerly took part against Bolingbroke, and brutally declared at the Court of Charles VI. that he would never consent that his cousin Marie should be married to a traitor. This was

¹ Hallam, *Mid. Ages*, iii. 79; *Rot. Parl.* 1 Hen. IV. pp. 420, 426. Mackintosh, *Hist. Eng.* i. 332.

the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage

which York lamented. (Q. 839, 809 F.) His nephew's resentment was, however, of its usual character. He allied himself with the bitterest opponent of Burgundy and professed to be eager to wipe off the stain with which the Duke had dimmed his honor. It was at this time that the disaffected citizens of London sent Thomas Fitz-Allan, Archbishop of Canterbury, to urge Bolingbroke to seize the occasion of the King's absence in Ireland to recover his forfeited duchy, and to maintain his rights and theirs.¹

Bolingbroke, however, had no means, except those for which he was indebted to the King of France, the father-in-law of Richard II. He saw that it was impossible to undertake such a matter as the invasion of England, destitute as he was; how to acquire sufficient resources engrossed all his thought, and the difficulties vanished with his scruples. The Duke of Orleans had always been most jealous of the Duke of Burgundy, and, judging that, after such an insult as that which Bolingbroke had publicly received, the latter would partake of his hatred, secretly proposed to him an alliance for the purpose of assisting each against the enemies of both. This treaty was understood by Bolingbroke, as subsequently appeared, to be expressly directed against the Duke of Burgundy and against Richard II.² The nature of the compact will, perhaps, be better understood by an extract or two:—

Louis, duke of Orleans &c. to all to whom these presents may come, health and greeting. We make known by them that the most potent prince, and our very dear cousin, Henry, duke of Lancaster and Hereford, &c. has given us his love and friendship. Nevertheless, being desirous of strengthening the

¹ Sismondi, *Hist. Français*, viii. 122.

² *Ibid.* viii. 125.

ties of affection between us, seeing that nothing in this world can be more delectable or profitable: . . .

In the name of God and the most holy Trinity, which is a fair example and sound foundation of perfect love and charity, and without whose grace nothing can be profitably concluded; to the end that the form and manner of this our friendship may be reputed honorable, we have caused the terms of it to be thus drawn up: . . .

Item. The duke of Lancaster and myself will be always united in the strictest ties of love and affection, as loyal and true friends should be.

Item. Each of us will be, at all times and places, friendly to one another and to our friends, and enemies to our enemies, as will be honorable and praiseworthy, &c. (Monstrelet, i. 18, 19.)

This treaty was signed by the parties on the 17th June, 1399. The Duke of Burgundy suspected that Bolingbroke was anxious to reach England, and wrote to the inhabitants of Boulogne to arrest him on the way. On the 14th July Bolingbroke landed at Ravenspur in Yorkshire, having been assisted there by the Duke of Burgundy, and was, at the solicitation of the latter,

well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
(Q. 957, 929 F.)

commanded by Peter de Craon, the mortal enemy of the Duke of Orleans. Orleans thought himself basely deceived, and wrote a letter full of bitter reproaches, and with it sent a challenge to Bolingbroke, when the latter was Henry IV. Henry's answer was twinned with a sneer at the easy credulity of Orleans. The Percies met Bolingbroke near Ravenspur. He declared that he had come solely to reclaim his inheritance and to correct the misdoings of the royal favorites. With facile oaths he swore to this again and again. Recruits flocked to his standard. The unsuspecting Richard was in Ireland when the news of the invasion reached him. He

delayed his return, and the delay cost him his throne. The King landed in Wales, and Bolingbroke was soon upon his track. The royal army which Salisbury had gathered melted away as the rumor ran that Richard was dead; the King was helpless. He took refuge in Conway castle, which was thought impregnable, and from which he might escape to Gascony. It, therefore, became necessary to wheedle the King out of his security, and Northumberland was the willing tool. With lies and cajoleries Richard was induced to abandon his advantage,¹ and from that moment Bolingbroke was king. Richard was in the grip of a merciless enemy. He was deserted by every one; not even a lackey remained to wish him good morrow, nor a peasant to feel a touch of pity; the very greyhound that he had petted and which hitherto had gladly bounded to greet him, imitated humanity, left his prostrate master and fawned upon the smiling conqueror.²

Well might Salisbury exclaim,—

Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
 I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
 Fall to the base earth from the firmament.
 Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
 Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest;
 Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes,
 And crossly to thy good, all fortune goes.

(Q. 1314, 1294 F.)

Spurning disguise the moment it was unnecessary, Bolingbroke with boisterous hand imperiously clutched the crown. In the remorseless pursuance of that purpose Richard had been scarcely an obstacle. The kingly dignity, manhood itself, fell from him with his kingdom; he was as abject as his weakest subject, his actions were directed by an

¹ Mackintosh, *Hist. Eng.* i. 354.

² Froissart, iv. c. 112.

irresistible influence, his very thoughts succumbed to the iron will of Bolingbroke. The usurper had calculated every movement with imperturbable skill; men were but instruments to serve his ends, and though he sometimes veiled his disposition under the mask of courtesy, he was as careless of others' feelings as he was of his own veracity. He did not hesitate to employ fiction to support his claim to the throne and forged a ridiculous story, which he read himself to the assembled peers and commoners, to prove his descent by right line of blood. But nothing is unwise when it is favored by fortune, and as Bolingbroke, now Henry IV., rode into London (Q. 2202, 2359 F.), —

You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old,
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage;

while Richard (Q. 2212, 2369 F.) —

Duch. Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?

York. As in a theatre, 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, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard.

Some of the nobility, among them Aumerle the son of York, were angrily opposed to the easy elevation of Bolingbroke.¹ Others were devoted to Richard and suffered death for the part they played: such were Salisbury, Huntington, and Spencer; these were punished because they were true: thus morality accommodates itself to great offenders, and fidelity is a crime when usurpation is successful. Many of the

¹ The speech of Merks, Bishop of Carlisle, is thought by Mackintosh, *Hist. Eng.* i. 337, to be a fabrication. It is, however, given in Holinshed.

barons had so deeply compromised themselves with Henry that, while Richard lived, their own fears became Henry's sentinels and with unwearied zeal watched for his safety. The conspiracies at Oxford and elsewhere and the outbreak at Cirencester were thus unravelled and subdued, and

The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt and Kent
(Q. 2615, 2779 F.)

were sent as collateral securities to London.

Shakespeare has made the parting of Richard from his queen more sorrowful by representing the little one matured. She was, at the time of her dethronement, eleven years of age—a prattling child. It is good to know that she had lived sweetly in Richard's court and was returned unsullied to her home,

from whence set forth in pomp
She came adorned hither like sweet May.
(Q. 2164, 2321 F.)

There was no such public scene as that with which Shakespeare concludes this tragedy, when Exton presents Henry with his "buried fear." The old chronicler, whom the poet closely followed, had related the story of the murder at Pomfret, but his account ended there. This last scene so closely resembles that between Hubert and King John as to lead us to conclude that Shakespeare intended to show us a man who had fattened upon iniquity and who was strengthened by crime. Bolingbroke had won by cheating, but had cheated no one so much as himself. The bauble possessed was not worth the possessing; when he had become accustomed to his new honors a fatal infirmity afflicted him; every subject rejoiced because of the king's disease, and threw a lover's glance upon the future; he had shown his enemies how to usurp, and they failed not to practise his instructions. His soul basked in shadows, yet no

compunctious visiting clouded the fatal clearness of his prescience. He had commanded success, but he could not make of it an anodyne or an inheritance. The thought wearied him that the building which he had raised with such toil and stratagem, might, after all, be founded on the sand. Distrust generated distrust till his hopes fell in shapeless ruin and banished peaceful sleep forever from his eyes. The dynasty which he had striven to establish, like an

insubstantial pageant faded.

His son's widow married a Welshman: she and the mistress of John of Gaunt brought forth the children who became the parents of the successors to his crown.

A few years after the death of Richard, his widow married Charles d'Angoulême, son of the Duke of Orleans, and very soon thereafter Duke of Orleans himself. Henry Prince of Wales, the son of Bolingbroke, had asked her to be his wife. The court of France rejected that offer; her sister Katherine subsequently became his bride: their son was Henry VI., and his fate was the fate of Richard II.

Within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable, and humor'd thus
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!

III.

The First Quarto of the present play was entered in the Stationers' Register August 29, 1597. There

are three varying copies of this First Quarto, each known by the name of one of its possessors, — the Devonshire, the Huth, and the Capell. Of these the Duke of Devonshire's copy is called the best, since a very large number of the minor readings have been improved by punctuation and other press corrections. As the parallelization shows, some of these betterments were followed by the First Folio compositors, and some were not. Altogether they present another curious phase of the treatment which these Shakespeare plays underwent in the printing-offices of the date. It baffles conjecture, indeed, to find in this play traces of a minute proof correction as against the egregious, not to say hideous, blunders of the *Hamlet*, the *Lear*, and the *Pericles*.¹ In order to clearly understand the character of these variations the reader's attention is directed to the following examples: —

<i>Corrected</i> <i>Devonshire.</i>	<i>Uncorrected</i> <i>Huth and Capell.</i>
Q. 222. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre? Hath love in thy old bloud no living fire?	Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre. Hath love in thy old bloud no living fire:
Q. 255. Where then alas may I.	Where then may I.
Q. 261. butcher Mowbraies.	butchers Mowbraies.
Q. 272. emptie hollownes.	emptines, hollownes.
Q. 283. What heare there.	What cheere there.

“There is something quite pathetic,” says Mr. Daniel in his admirable Introduction to the *facsimile* of the Devonshire Quarto, “in the contemplation of the endeavors which have been made to justify some of the readings which appear in the ‘Uncorrected’ column of the above list; the supreme authority for their correction having remained till now unknown.”

¹ See Introduction to vol. x. p. xix., and xiv. p. xxxviii.

Listen to Malone contending for 'cheere' in the last of the above cited examples :—

Alack and what shall good old York there see,
 But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
 Unpeopled *offices*, untrodden stones?
 And what *cheer* there for welcome, but my groans?

Thus the First Quarto, 1597; in those of 1598 and 1608, and in the Folio, *hear* was substituted in the fourth line for *cheer*, an alteration which was adopted in all the subsequent copies, till the true reading was noticed in the appendix to my former edition.

This passage furnishes an evident proof of the value of first editions, and also shows at how very early a period the revisers of Shakespeare's pieces began to tamper with his text, under the notion of improving it, or of correcting imaginary errors of the press; of which kind of temerity the edition of his *Lucrece* in 1616 is a very remarkable instance.

Groans occurring in this passage, the reviser conceived that the word in the former part of the line where it is found, must have been *hear*, which gives a clear and plausible meaning; but certainly not that intended by Shakespeare.

Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted, in a preceding note, the words, *unfurnish'd walls*; but neither he nor any other editor has taken any notice of the word *offices* in this passage, which requires to be particularly explained, because it is immediately connected with the word *cheer*, and shows that the original reading [*cheere*] is the true one.

It is unnecessary to follow Malone's argument further since, as the Cambridge editors remark, the antithesis between *there see*, Q. 280, and *hear there*, is too marked to admit of a doubt as to which reading should be preferred.

There are, however, errors in the Devonshire copy from which the Huth is free. As for example, —

<i>Huth.</i>	<i>Devonshire.</i>
iffue.	iffue. Q. 310.
kernes.	kerne. Q. 828.

In view of the quotation from Mr. Daniel's Introduction, we may appropriately refer to the passage

at line 683 of the Quarto, which has vexed the intellects and troubled the souls of generations of commenters upon Shakespeare's text.

This passage appears in each of the copies of the First Quarto in precisely similar language and is thus reprinted in the Second Quarto. The Third Quarto reading is very different, and the change, by whomever made, was continued in the succeeding Quarto and in the Folio, as follows:—

- Gaunt.* Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
York. No; it is stopp'd with other, flattering founds,
As praises of his state; then there are found
Lascivious metres; to whose venom found
The open ear of youth doth always listen.

In the First Quarto the concluding lines are thus given:—

- York.* No, it is stopt with other flattering foundes,
As praises of whose taste the wise are found
Lascivious meeters, to whose venom found
The open ear of youth doth alwayes listen.

The Folio reading has been generally adopted, though the editors of the Globe Edition prefer the Quarto; they, however, contented themselves with changing the word "found" in the second line to "fond" and placing a comma after "praises." It may be presumptuous to differ from such admirable Shakespearean scholars as Clark and Wright, yet I humbly venture the statement that the passage as given in the First Quartos was clear and intelligible without alteration.

The King's ear was already deaf to Gaunt's wholesome counsel, stopped by other sounds, as praises of whose taste even the wise are lax metres (or measurers) while the ear of youth is always open to that venom sound.

Dr. Johnson was dissatisfied with the interpreta-

tion usually given to the words "Lascivious metres" (printed "meeters" in the First Quarto) and assumed the poet's meaning to be "Lascivious meeters"—persons who met others and accosted them lasciviously, giving this definition in his dictionary, illustrating it by the quotation and making an addition of his own:—

There are *beside*
Lascivious meeters.

There is another passage in the same scene which is likewise capable of explanation without the alteration of a letter.

York announces to Gaunt the arrival of the King, and beseeches his brother to "deal mildly" with Richard.

York. The king is come; deal mildly with his youth:
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Staunton has the following note upon this passage:—

For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Ritson suggested "being *rein'd*, do rage the more," and Mr. Collier's annotator reads "being *urg'd*"; an alteration to which the following passage from G. Wither's *Abuses Stript and Whipt* lends some support:—

Do not incense my satyr for thy life;
Hee's patient enough unless thou urge.

Neither of these proposed amendments can well be accepted as the original meaning of the poet. It is evident from York's entreating Gaunt to "deal mildly" with his royal nephew, that York feared the consequences of Gaunt's railing at the King, and this is exactly what he emphasizes by saying,—

For young hot colts, being rag'd [hard g], do rage the more.

To *rag*, meant to *rail*, *rate*, or *scol'd at*.

This word, though given as obsolete in the dic-

tionaries, is not so in Warwickshire, where I have frequently heard the recipient of a scolding exclaim : " You should have heard how he rag'd me."

The Second Quarto, with Shakespeare's name on the title-page, was issued in 1598 by Andrew Wise, the publisher of the First Quarto. Mathew Law printed the Third Quarto in 1608 and the Fourth Quarto in 1615. The last Quarto, the Fifth, was founded on the Second Folio and was published in 1634.

ALFRED WAITES.

WORCESTER, MASS.,
March, 1890.



WE, the undersigned, a Committee appointed by *The Shakespeare Society of New York* to confer and report upon a Notation for *The Bankside Edition* of the plays of William Shakespeare, hereby certify that the *Notation* of the present volume: of which five hundred copies only are printed, of which this copy is No. 57: is that resolved upon by us, and reported by us to, and adopted by, *The Shakespeare Society of New York*.

COMMITTEE

{ ALVEY A. ADEE, *Chairman*.
THOMAS R. PRICE.
WM. H. FLEMING.
APPLETON MORGAN.



T H E
Tragedie of King Ri-
chard the se-
cond.

*As it hath bene publikely acted
by the right Honourable the
Lorde Chamberlaine his Ser-
uants.*



L O N D O N
Printed by Valentine Simmes for Androw Wise, and
are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at
the signe of the Angel.
1 5 9 7.



THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING RICHARD THE SECOND.





1 1 ENTER KING RICHARD, IOHN
 2 OF GAVNT, WITH OTHER
 3 *Nobles and attendants.*


4 *King Richard.*

5 Vld Iohn of Gaunt time honoured Lancafter,
 6 Haft thou according to thy oath and bande
 7 Brought hither Henrie Herford thy bolde fonne,
 8 Here to make good the boiftrous late appeale.
 9 Which then our leyfure would not let vs heare
 9 Against the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Moubray?
 11 *Gaunt.* I haue my Leige,
 12 *King.* Tell me moreouer haft thou founded him,
 13 If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
 14 Or worthily as a good fubiect should
 15 On some knowne ground of treacherie in him.
 16 *Gaunt.* As neere as I could fift him on that argument,
 17 On some apparent daunger feene in him,
 18 Aimde at your highnes, no inueterate malice.
 19 *King.* Then call them to our prefence face to face,
 20 And frowning brow to brow our felues will heare,



The life and death of King Richard the Second.

Actus Primus Scæna Prima.

<i>Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.</i>	1 2
<i>King Richard.</i>	3
 <i>Ld Iohn of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancafter,</i>	4
Haft thou according to thy oath and band	5
Brought hither <i>Henry</i> Herford thy bold son :	6
Heere to make good y ^e boiftrous late appeale,	7
Which then our leyfure would not let vs heare,	8
Against the Duke of Norfolke, <i>Thomas Mowbray</i> ?	9
<i>Gaunt.</i> I haue my Liege.	10
<i>King.</i> Tell me moreouer, haft thou founded him,	11
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,	12
Or worthily as a good subiect should	13
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him.	14
<i>Gaunt.</i> As neere as I could fift him on that argument,	15
On some apparant danger feene in him,	16
Aym'd at your Highneffe, no inueterate malice.	17
<i>King.</i> Then call them to our prefence face to face,	18
And frowning brow to brow, our felues will heare	19

21 The accufer and the accused freely ſpeake:
 22 High ſtomackt are they both and full of ire,
 23 In rage, deafe as the fea, haſtie as fire.

24 *Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.*

25 *Bulling.* Manie yeares of happie daies befall,
 26 My gracious foueraigne my moſt louing liege.
 26 *Mowb.* Each day ſtill better others happines,
 28 Vntill the heauens enuying earths good hap,
 29 Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.
 30 *King.* We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
 31 As well appeareth by the cauſe you come,
 32 Namely to appeale each other of high treaſon:
 33 Coofin of Herford, what doſt thou obiect
 33 *Againſt the Duke of Norffolke Thomas Mowbray?*
 35 *Bull.* Firſt, heauen be the record to my ſpeech,
 36 In the deuotion of a ſubiects loue,
 37 Tendring the pretious ſafetie of my Prince,
 38 And free from other miſbegotten hate,
 39 Come I appellat to this princely preſence.
 40 Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee,
 41 And marke my greeting well : for what I ſpeake
 42 My body ſhall make good vpon this earth,
 43 Or my diuine foule anſwer it in heauen :
 44 Thou art a traitour and a miſcreant,
 45 Too good to be ſo, and too bad to liue,
 46 Since the more faire and criſtall is the ſkie,
 47 The vglie ſeeme the cloudes that in it flie:
 48 Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
 49 With a foule traitors name ſtuffe I thy throte,
 49 *And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soueraigne) ere I moue,*
 51 What my tong ſpeaks my right drawn ſword may proue.
 52 *Mow.* Let not my cold wordes here accuſe my zeale,
 53 Tis not the triall of a womans warre,
 54 The bitter clamour of two eger tongues

Th'accufer, and the accused, freely speake ; 20
 High stomack d are they both, and full of ire, 21
 In rage, deafe as the fea; haftie as fire. 22

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray. 23

Bul. Many yeares of happy dayes befall 24
 My gracious Soueraigne, my moft louing Liege. 25

Mow. Each day ftill better others happineffe, 26
 Vntill the heauens enuying earths good hap, 27
 Adde an immortall title to your Crowne. 28

King. We thanke you both, yct one but flatters vs, 29
 As well appeareth by the caufe you come, 30
 Namely, to appeale each other of high trefaon. 31
 Coofin of Hereford, what doft thou obiect 32
 Againft the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray* ? 33

Bul. Firft, heauen be the record to my fpeech, 34
 In the deuotion of a fubiects loue, 35
 Tendering the precious fafetie of my Prince, 36
 And free from other misbegotten hate, 37
 Come I appealant to rhis Princely prefence. 38
 Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turne to thee, 39
 And marke my greeting well : for what I fpeake, 40
 My body fhall make good vpon this earth, 41
 Or my diuine foule anfwer it in heauen. 42
 Thou art a Traitor, and a Mifcreant ; 43
 Too good to be fo, and too bad to liue, 44
 Since the more faire and chriftall is the skie, 45
 The vglier feeme the cloudes that in it flye : 46
 Once more, the more to aggrauate the note, 47
 With a foule Traitors name ftuffe I thy throte, 48
 And wifh (fo pleafe my Soueraigne) ere I moue, 49
 What my tong fpeaks, my right drawn fword may proue 50

Mow. Let not my cold words heere accufe my zeale: 51
 'Tis not the triall of a Womans warre, 52
 The bitter clamour of two eager tongues, 53

- 55 Can arbitrate this caufe betwixt vs twaine,
 56 The bloud is hote that muft be coold for this,
 57 Yet can I not of fuch tame patience boaft,
 58 As to be huiht, and naught at all to fay.
 59 Firft the faire reuerence of your Highneffe curbs me,
 60 From giuing reines and fpurres to my free fpeech,
 61 Which elfe would poft vntill it had returnd,
 62 Thefe termes of treafon doubled downe his throat :
 62 63 Setting afide his high blouds royaltie,
 64 And let him be no kinfman to my Liege,
 65 I do defie him, and I fpit at him,
 66 Call him a flanderous coward, and a villaine,
 67 Which to maintaine, I would allow him ods,
 68 And meete him were I tied to runne afoote,
 69 Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
 70 Or any other ground inhabitable,
 71 Where euer Englifhman durft fet his foote,
 72 Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,
 73 By all my hopes moft falfly doth he lie.
 74 *Bull.* Pale trembling coward there I throw my gage,
 74 75 Difclaiming here the kinred of the King,
 76 And lay afide my high bloudes royaltie,
 77 Which Feare, not Reuerence makes thee to except.
 78 If guilty dread haue left thee fo much ftrengh,
 79 As to take vp mine honours pawne, then ftowpe,
 80 By that, and all the rites of Knighthoode elfe,
 81 Will I make good againft thee arme to arme,
 82 What I haue fpoke, or thou canft worfe deuife.
 83 *Mow.* I take it vp, and by that fword I fweare,
 84 Which gently laid my Knighthood on my foulder,
 85 Ile anfwer thee in any faire degree,
 86 Or chiualous defigne of knightly triall:
 87 And when I monut, aliuie may I not light,
 88 If I be traitor or vniuftly fight.
 88 89 *King.* What doth our coufin lay to Mowbraics charge?
 90 It muft be great that can inherit vs,
 91 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine :	54
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.	55
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,	56
As to be hurt, and nought at all to say.	57
First the faire reuerence of your Highnesse curbes mee,	58
From giuing reines and spurres to my free speech,	59
Which else would post, vntill it had return'd	60
These termes of treason, doubly downe his throat.	61
Setting aside his high bloods royalty,	62
And let him be no Kinfman to my Liege,	63
I do defie him, and I spit at him,	64
Call him a slanderous Coward, and a Villaine :	65
Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,	66
And meete him, were I tide to runne afoote,	67
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,	68
Or any other ground inhabitable,	69
Where euer Englishman durst set his foote.	70
Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,	71
By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie.	72
<i>Bul.</i> Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,	73
Disclaiming heere the kindred of a King,	74
And lay aside my high bloods Royalty,	75
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.	76
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,	77
As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then stoope.	78
By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood else,	79
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,	80
What I haue spoken, or thou canst deuise.	81
<i>Mow.</i> I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare,	82
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my shoulder,	83
Ile answer thee in any faire degree,	84
Or Chiualous designe of knightly triall :	85
And when I mount, aliue may I not light,	86
If I be Traitor, or vniustly fight.	87
<i>King.</i> What doth our Coffin lay to <i>Mowbraies</i> charge ?	88
It must be great that can inherite vs,	89
So much as of a thought of ill in him.	90

- 92 *Bul.* Looke what I speake, my life shall proue it true,
 93 That Mowbray hath receiude eight thousand nobles
 94 In name of Lendings for your Highnes fouldiours,
 95 The which he hath detaind for lewd employments,
 96 Like a false traitour, and iniurious villaine:
 97 Besides I say, and will in battle proue,
 98 Or here, or elfewhere to the furthest Verge
 99 That euer was furueyed by English eye,
 100 That all the treafons for these eigheteene yeares,
 100 101 Complotted and contriued in this land :
 102 Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
 103 Further I say and further will maintaine
 104 Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
 105 That he did plotte the Duke of Glocesters death,
 106 Suggest his foone beleeuing aduerfaries,
 107 And consequently like a taitour coward,
 108 Slucte out his innocent foule through streames of bloud,
 109 Which bloud, like sacrificing Abels cries,
 110 Euen from the toungelesse Cauernes of the earth.
 111 To me for iustice and rough chastisement.
 112 And by the glorious worth of my descent,
 113 This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.
 113 114 *King.* How high a pitch his resolution soares,
 115 Thomas of Norfolk what faist thou to this?
 116 *Mowb.* Oh let my foueraigne turne awaie his face,
 117 And bid his eares a little while be deafe.
 118 Till I haue tolde this flander of his bloud,
 119 How God and good men hate so foule a lier.
 120 *King.* Mowbray impartiall are our eies and eares,
 121 Were he my brother, nay, my kingdomes heire,
 122 As he is but my fathers brothers sonne,
 123 Now by scepters awe I make a vowe,
 124 Such neighbour neerenes to our sacred bloud
 125 Should nothing priuiledge him nor partialize
 126 The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpriight foule,
 127 He is our subiect Mowbray so art thou,
 127 128 Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allowe.

<i>Bul.</i> Looke what I said, my life shall proue it true,	91
That <i>Mowbray</i> hath receiu'd eight thousand Nobles,	92
In name of lendings for your Highnesse Soldiers,	93
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,	94
Like a false Traitor, and iniurious Villaine.	95
Besides I say, and will in battaile proue,	96
Or heere, or elfewhere to the furthest Verge	97
That euer was furuey'd by English eye,	98
That all the Treasons for these eighteene yeeres	99
Complotted, and contriued in this Land,	100
Fetch'd from false <i>Mowbray</i> their first head and spring.	101
Further I say, and further will maintaine	102
Vpon his bad life, to make all this good.	103
That he did plot the Duke of Glousters death,	104
Suggest his foone beleeuing aduerfaries,	105
And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,	106
Sluc'd out his innocent foule through streames of blood :	107
Which blood, like sacrificing <i>Abels</i> cries,	108
(Euen from the toonglesse cauernes of the earth)	109
To me for iustice, and rough chasticement :	110
And by the glorious worth of my descent,	111
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.	112
<i>King.</i> How high a pitch his resolution soares :	113
<i>Thomas</i> of Norfolke, what sayest thou to this ?	114
<i>Mow.</i> Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,	115
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,	116
Till I haue told this slander of his blood,	117
How God, and good men, hate so foule a lyar.	118
<i>King.</i> <i>Mowbray</i> , impartiall are our eyes and eares,	119
Were he my brother, nay our kingdomes heyre,	120
As he is but my fathers brothers sonne ;	121
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,	122
Such neighbour-neerenessse to our sacred blood,	123
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize	124
The vn-ftooping firmenessse of my vpright foule.	125
He is our subiect (<i>Mowbray</i>) so art thou,	126
Free speech, and fearelesse, I to thee allow.	127

- 129 *Mowb.* Then Bullingbrooke as lowe as to thy heart
 130 Through the false passage of thy throate thou liest,
 131 Three partes of that receipte I had for Callice,
 132 Disburst I duely to his highnesse fouldiers,
 133 The other part referude I by consent,
 134 For that my foueraigne liege was in my debt.
 135 Vpon remainder of a deare account:
 136 Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:
 137 Now swallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death,
 137 138 I slewe him not but to my owne disgrace,
 139 Neglected my sworne duety in that case:
 140 For you my noble Lord of Lancafter,
 141 The honourable father to my foe,
 142 Once did I lay an ambushe for your life,
 143 A trespasse that doth vex my griued soule:
 144 But ere I last receiude the Sacrament,
 145 I did confesse it, and exactly begd
 146 Your graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
 147 This is my fault, as for the rest appeald
 148 It issues from the rancour of a villaine,
 148 149 A recreant and most degenerate traitour,
 150 Which in my selfe I boldly will defende,
 151 And enterchangeably hurle downe my gage
 152 Vpon this ouerweening traitors foote,
 153 To proue my selfe a loyal Gentleman.
 154 Euen in the best bloud chamberd in his bosome,
 155 In haste wherof most hartily I pray
 156 Your highnes to asigne our triall day.
 157 *King.* Wrath kindled gentleman be ruled by me,
 158 Lets purge this choler without letting bloud,
 159 This we prescribe though no Phisition,
 159 160 Deepe malice makes too deepe incision,
 161 Forget, forgiue, conclude and be agreed,
 162 Our doctors say, this is no month to bleede:
 163 Good Vnckle let this ende where it begonne,
 164 Weele calme the Duke of Norfolke, you your sonne.

<i>Mow.</i> Then <i>Bullingbrooke</i> , as low as to thy heart,	128
Through the false passage of thy throat; thou lyest:	129
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,	130
Disburst I to his Highnesse souldiers ;	131
The other part referu'd I by consent,	132
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,	133
Vpon remainder of a deere Accompt,	134
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene :	135
Now swallow downe that Lye. For Glousters death,	136
I slew him not ; but (to mine owne disgrace)	137
Neglected my sworne duty in that case :	138
For you my noble Lord of <i>Lancaster</i> ,	139
The honourable Father to my foe,	140
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,	141
A trespasse that doth vex my greened soule :	142
But ere I last receiu'd the Sacrament,	143
I did confesse it, and exactly begg'd	144
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.	145
This is my fault : as for the rest appeal'd,	146
It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,	147
A recreant, and most degenerate Traitor,	148
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,	149
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage	150
Vpon this ouer-weening Traitors foote,	151
To proue my selfe a loyall Gentleman,	152
Euen in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome.	153
In hast whereof, most heartily I pray	154
Your Highnesse to assigne our Triall day.	155
<i>King.</i> Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me :	156
Let's purge this choller without letting blood :	157
This we prescribe, though no Physition,	158
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.	159
Forget, forgiue, conclude, and be agreed,	160
Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.	161
Good Vnckle, let this end where it begun,	162
Wee'l calme the Duke of Norfolke ; you, your son.	163

- 165 *Gaunt.* To be a make-peace shal become my age,
 166 Throw downe (my founne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.
 167 *King.* And Norfolke throw downe his.
 168 *Gaunt.* When Harry? when obedience bids,
 169 Obedience bids I should not bid againe.
 170 *King.* Norfolke throw downe we bid, there is no boote.
- 171 *Mow.* My felfe I throw dread foueraigne at thy foote,
 172 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
 173 The one my duety owes, but my faire name
 174 Despight of death that liues vpon my graue,
 175 To darke dishonours vse thou shalt not haue:
 176 I am disgraste, impeacht, and baffuld heere,
 177 Pierst to the foule with Slaunders venomd speare,
 178 The which no balme can cure but his heart bloud
 179 Which breathde this poyson.
 180 *King.* Rage must be withstoode,
 181 Giue me his gage; Lions make Leopards tame.
 182 *Mow.* Yea but not change his spots: take but my flame,
 183 And I resigne my gage, my deare deare Lord,
 184 The purest treafure mortall times afford
 185 Is spotlesse Reputation that away
 186 Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
 187 A iewell in a ten times bard vp chest,
 188 Is a bold spirit in a loyall breast:
 189 Mine honour is my life, both grow in one,
 190 Take honour from me, and my life is done:
 191 Then(deare my Liege)mine honour let me trie.
 192 In that I liue, and for that will I die.
 193 *King.* Coofin, throw vp your gage, do you beginne.
- 194 *Bull.* O God defend my foule from such deepe sinne,
 195 Shall I feeme Crest-fallen in my fathers fight?
 196 Or with pale beggar-feate impeach my height,
 197 Before this out-darde Dastard? ere my tong
 198 Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
 199

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age, 164
 Throw downe (my fonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage. 165

King. And Norfolke, throw downe his. 166

Gaunt. When *Harrie* when? Obedience bids, 167
 Obedience bids I should not bid agen. 168

King. Norfolke, throw downe, we bidde; there is 169
 no boote. 170

Mow. My selfe I throw (dread Soueraigne) at thy foot. 171
 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame, 172
 The one my dutie owes, but my faire name 173
 Despight of death, that liues vpon my graue 174
 To darke dishonours vse, thou shalt not haue. 175
 I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd heere, 176
 Pierc'd to the foule with slanders venom'd speare : 177
 The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood 178
 Which breath'd this poyson. 179

King. Rage must be withstood : 180
 Giue me his gage : Lyons make Leopards tame. 181

Mo. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame, 182
 And I resigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord, 183
 The purest treasure mortall times afford 184
 Is spotlesse reputation : that away, 185
 Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay. 186
 A Iewell in a ten times barr'd vp Chest, 187
 Is a bold spirit, in a loyall brest. 188
 Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one : 189
 Take Honor from me, and my life is done. 190
 Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trie, 191
 In that I liue; and for that will I die. 192

King. Coofin, throw downe your gage, 193
 Do you begin. 194

Bul. Oh heauen defend my foule from such foule sin. 195
 Shall I feeme Crest-falne in my fathers fight, 196
 Or with pale beggar-feare imp each my hight 197
 Before this out-dar'd daftard? Ere my toong, 198
 Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong; 199

199 Or found fo bafe a parlee, my teeth fhall feare
 200 The flauifh motiue of recanting feare,
 201 And fpit it bleeding in his high difgrace,
 202 Where Shame doth harbour euen in Mowbraies face.

203 *King.* We were not borne to fue, but to commaund,
 204 Which fince we cannot do, to make you friends,
 205 Be ready as your liues fhall anfwere it,
 206 At Couentry vpon faint Lamberts day,
 207 There fhall your fwords and launces arbitrate
 208 The fwelling difference of your fetled hate,
 209 Since we cannot atone you, we fhall fee
 210 Iuftice defigne the Victors chiuallrie,
 211 Lord Marfhall, commaund our Officers at Armes.

214 212 Be ready to direct thefe home allarmes. *Exit,*

213 *Enter Iohn of Gaunt with the Ducheffe of Glocefter.*

214 *Gaunt* Alas, the part I had in Woodstockes bloud,
 215 Doth more follicite me than your exclames:
 216 To firre againft the butchers of his life,
 217 But fince correction lieth in thofe hands,
 218 Which made the fault that we cannot correct:
 219 Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,
 220 Who when they fee the houres ripe on earth,
 221 Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heads.
 224 222 *Ducheffe* Findes brotherhood in thee no fharpere fpurre.
 223 Hath loue in thy old bloud no liuing fire:
 224 Edwards feuen fonnes whereof thy felfe art one.
 225 Were as feuen viols of his facred bloud,
 226 Or feuen faire branches fpringing from one roote:
 227 Some of thofe feuen are dried by natures courfe,
 228 Some of thofe branches by the Deftinies cut:

Or found so base a parle : my teeth shall teare 200
 The slavish motive of recanting feare, 201
 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace, 202
 Where shame doth harbour, euen in *Mowbrayes* face. 203

Exit Gaunt. 204

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command, 205
 Which since we cannot do to make you friends, 206
 Be readie, (as your liues shall answer it) 207
 At Couentree, vpon *S. Lamberts* day : 208
 There shall your swords and Lances arbitrate 209
 The swelling difference of your setled hate : 210
 Since we cannot atone you, you shall see 211
 Iustice designe the Victors Chivalrie. 212
 Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes, 213
 Be readie to direct these home Alarmes. *Exeunt.* 214

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutcheffe of Gloucester. 215

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Glousters* blood, 216
 Doth more folicite me then your exclames, 217
 To stirre against the Butchers of his life. 218
 But since correction lyeth in those hands 219
 Which made the fault that we cannot correct, 220
 Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen, 221
 Who when they see the houres ripe on earth, 222
 Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads. 223

Dut. Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre ? 224
 Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire ? 225
Edwards feuen fonnes (whereof thy selfe art one) 226
 Were as feuen violles of his Sacred blood, 227
 Or feuen faire branches springing from one roote : 228
 Some of those feuen are dride by natures course, 229
 Some of those branches by the destinies cut : 230

- 229 But *Thomas* my deare Lord, my life, my Glocester,
 230 One violl full of Edwards sacred bloud,
 231 One flourishing branch of his most royall roote
 232 Is crackt, and all the precious liquor spilt,
 233 Is hackt downe, and his summer leaues all faded
 234 By Enuies hand, and Murders bloody axe.
 235 Ah Gaunt, his bloud was thine. that bed, that womb,
 238 236 That mettall, that selfe mould, that fashioned thee
 237 Made him a man ; and though thou liuest and breathest,
 238 Yet art thou flaine in him, thou doost consent
 239 In some large measure to thy fathers death,
 240 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 241 Who was the modell of thy fathers life:
 242 Call it not patience Gaunt, it is dispaire,
 243 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtred,
 244 Thou shewest the naked pathway to thy life,
 245 Teaching sterne Murder how to butcher thee:
 246 That which in meane men we intitle Patience,
 247 Is pale cold Cowardice in noble breasts.
 250 248 What shall I saie? to safegard thine owne life,
 249 The best way is to venge my Glocesters death.
 250 *Gaunt* Gods is the quarrell for Gods substitute,
 251 His deputy annointed in his fight,
 252 Hath cauld his death, the which if wrongfully,
 253 Let heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift
 254 An angry arme against his minister.
 255 *Duch.* Where then may I complaine my selfe?
 256 *Gaunt* To God the widdowes Champion and defence.
 257 *Duch.* Why then I will ; farewell olde Gaunt,
 258 Thou goest to Couentry, there to behold
 261 259 Our Coosen Hereford and fell Mowbray fight,
 260 O set my husbands wronges on Herefords speare,
 261 That it may enter butchers Mowbraies breast:
 262 Or if misfortune misse the first carier,
 263 Be Mowbraies finnes so heavy in his bosome
 264 That they may breake his foming courfers backe

But <i>Thomas</i> , my deere Lord, my life, my Gloufter,	231
One Violl full of <i>Edwards</i> Sacred blood,	232
One flourishing branch of his most Royall roote	233
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ;	234
Is hackt downe, and his summer leafes all vaded	235
By Enuies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.	236
Ah <i>Gaunt</i> ! His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,	237
That mettle, that selfe-mould that fashion'd thee,	238
Made him a man : and though thou liu'ft, and breath'ft,	239
Yet art thou flaine in him : thou dost consent	240
In some large meafure to thy Fathers death,	241
In that thou feest thy wretched brother dye,	242
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.	243
Call it not patience (<i>Gaunt</i>) it is difpaire,	244
In fuffring thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,	245
Thou fhew'ft the naked pathway to thy life,	246
Teaching sterne murther how to butcher thee :	247
That which in meane men we intitle patience	248
Is pale cold cowardice in noble brefts :	249
What fhall I fay, to fafeguard thine owne life,	250
The best way is to venge my Glousters death.	251
<i>Gaunt</i> . Heauens is the quarrell : for heauens fubftitute	252
His Deputy annointed in his fight,	253
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully	254
Let heauen reuenge : for I may neuer lift	255
An angry arme againft his Minister.	256
<i>Dut.</i> Where then (alas may I) complaint my selfe ?	257
<i>Gau.</i> To heauen, the widdowes Champion to defence	258
<i>Dut.</i> Why then I will: farewell old <i>Gaunt</i> .	259
Thou go'ft to Couentrie, there to behold	260
Our Cofine Herford, and fell Mowbray fight :	261
O fit my husbands wrongs on Herfords fpeare,	262
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes breft :	263
Or if misfortune miffe the first carreere,	264
Be Mowbrayes finnes fo heauy in his bofome,	265
That they may breake his foaming Courfers backe,	266

265 And throw the rider headlong in the listes,
 266 A caitiue recreant to my Coofen Hereford,
 267 Farewell old Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wife,
 268 With her companion Griefe must end her life.
 269 *Gaunt* Sifter farewell, I must to Couentry,
 270 As much good stay with thee, as go with me.
 271 *Duch.* Yet one word more, griefe boundeth where is fals,
 272 Not with the emptines, hollownes, but weight:
 275 273 I take my leaue before I haue begone,
 274 For forrow endes not when it seemeth done:
 275 Commend me to thy brother Edmund Yorke,
 276 Lo this is all : nay yet depart not fo.
 277 Though this be al, doe not so quickly go:
 278 I shall remember more: Bid him, ah what?
 279 With all good speede at Plashie visite me,
 280 Alacke and what shall good olde Yorke there see,
 281 But empty lodgings and vn furnisht wals,
 282 Vnpeopled offices, vntrodden stones,
 283 And what cheere there for welcome but my grones?
 284 Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
 287 285 To seeke out forrow that dwels euery where,
 286 Defolate defolate will I hence and die:
 287 The last leaue of thee takes my weeping eie. *Exeunt.*

288 *Enter Lord Marshall and the Duke Anmerle.*

289 *Mar.* My Lord Aumerle is Harry Herford armde?
 290 *Aum.* Yea at all points, and longs to enter in.
 291 *Mar.* The Duke of Norfolke sprightly and bold,
 292 Staies but the fummons of the appellants trumpet.
 293 *Aum.* Why then the Champions are preparde and stay
 294 For nothing but his maiesties approach.

And throw the Rider headlong in the Lifts,	267
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cofine Herford:	268
Farewell old <i>Gaunt</i> , thy sometimes brothers wife	269
With her companion Greefe, muft end her life.	270
<i>Gau.</i> Sifter farewell : I muft to Couentree,	271
As much good ftay with thee, as go with mee.	272
<i>Dut.</i> Yet one wotd more : Greefe boundeth where it	273
Not with the emptie hollownes, but weight : (falls,	274
I take my leaue, before I haue begun,	275
For forrow ends not, when it feemeth done.	276
Commend me to my brother <i>Edmund Yorke</i> .	277
Loe, this is all : nay, yet depart not fo,	278
Though this be all, do not fo quickly go,	279
I fhall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what ?	280
With all good fpeed at Plafhie vifit mee.	281
Alacke, and what fhall good old Yorke there fee	282
But empty lodgings, and vn furnifh'd walles,	283
Vn-peopel'd Offices, vntroden ftone ?	284
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones ?	285
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,	286
To feeke out forrow, that dwels euery where :	287
Defolate, defolate will I hence, and dye,	288
The laft leaue of thee, takes my weeping eye. <i>Exeunt</i>	289

Scena Tertia.

<i>Enter Marshall, and Aumerle.</i>	290
<i>Mar.</i> My L. <i>Aumerle</i> , is <i>Harry Herford</i> arm'd.	291
<i>Aum.</i> Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.	292
<i>Mar.</i> The Duke of Norfolke, fpightfully and bold,	293
Stayes but the fummons of the Appealants Trumpet.	294
<i>Au.</i> Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and ftay	295
For nothing but his Maiefties approach. <i>Flourifh.</i>	296

297 295 *The trumpets found and the King enters with his nobles, when*
296 *they are set, enter the Duke of Norfolk in armes defendent.*

297 *King* Marshall demaunde of yonder Champion,

298 The caufe of his arriuall here in armes,

299 Aske him his name, and orderly proceede

300 To fweare him in the iustice of his caufe.

301 *Mar.* In Gods name and the Kings fay who thou art.

302 And why thou comest thus knightly clad in armes,

303 Against what man thou comst and what thy quarell.

304 Speake truly on thy knighthoode, and thy oth.

305 As so defend the heauen and thy valour.

306 *Mow.* My name is Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk,

310 307 Who hither come ingaged by my oath,

308 (Which God defende a Knight should violate)

309 Both to defend my loyalty and truth,

310 To God, my King, and my succeeding issue.

311 Against the Duke of Herford that appeales me.

312 And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,

313 To proue him in defending of my selfe,

314 A traitour to my God, my King, and me,

315 And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

316 *The trumpets found. Enter Duke of Hereford*

317 *appellant in armour.*

318 *King* Marshall aske yonder Knight in armes,

321 319 Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,

320 Thus plated in habiliments of warre,

321 And formally according to our lawe,

322 Depose him in the iustice of his caufe.

323 *Mar.* What is thy name? and wherfore comst thou hither?

324 Before king Richard in his royall lists,

325 Against whom comes thou? and whats thy quarrell?

326 Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heauen.

327 *Bul.* Harry of Herford, Lancafter and Darbie

328 Am I, who ready here do stand in Armes

Enter King, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Greene, & others: Then Mowbray in Armour, and Harrold. 297
298
299

Rich. Marshall, demand of yonder Champion 300
The cause of his arriuell heere in Armes, 301
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed 302
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause. 303

Mar. In Gods name, and the Kings, say who y^e art, 304
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in Armes? 305
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrell, 306
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath, 307
As so defend thee heauen, and thy valour. 308

Mow. My name is *Tho. Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolk, 309
Who hither comes engaged by my oath 310
(Which heauen defend a knight should violate) 311
Both to defend my loyalty and truth, 312
To God, my King, and his succeeding issue, 313
Against the Duke of Herford, that appeales me : 314
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme, 315
To proue him (in defending of my selfe) 316
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me, 317
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen. 318

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold. 319

Rich. Marshall : Aske yonder Knight in Armes, 320
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither, 321
Thus placed in habiliments of warre : 322
And formerly according to our Law 323
Depose him in the iustice of his cause. 324

Mar. What is thy name? and wherfore com'st y^e hither 325
Before King *Richard* in his Royall Lifts? 326
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell? 327
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heauen. 328

Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby, 329
Am I : who ready heere do stand in Armes, 330

- 329 To proue by Gods grace, and my bodies valour
 330 In lifts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norffolke,
 331 That he is a traitour foule and dangerous,
 332 To God of heauen, king Richard and to me:
 335 333 And as I truely fight, defend me heauen.
 334 *Mar.* On paine of death, no perfon be fo bold,
 335 Or daring, hardy, as to touch the listes,
 336 Except the Martiall and fuch officers
 337 Appoynted to direct thefe faire defignes.
 338 *Bul.* Lord Martiall, let me kiffe my Souereignes hand,
 339 And bow my knee before his Maieftie,
 340 For Mowbray and my felfe are like two men,
 341 That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage,
 342 Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
 343 And louing farewell of our feuerall friends:
 344 *Mar.* The appellat in all duety greetes your Highnes,
 345 And craues to kiffe your hand, and take his leaue.
 348 346 *King* We will defcend and fold him in our armes,
 347 Coofin of Herford, as thy caufe is right,
 348 So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
 349 Farewell my bloud, which if to day thou fhead,
 350 Lament we may, but not reuenge the dead.
 351 *Bul.* O let no noble eie prophane a teare
 352 For me, if I be gorde with Mowbraies fpeare :
 353 As confident as is the Falcons flight
 354 Againft a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
 355 My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you:
 358 356 Of you (my noble coufin) Lord Aumarle,
 357 Not ficke although I haue to do with death,
 358 But luftly, yong and cheerely drawing breth:
 359 Loe, as at Englifh feasts fo I regret
 360 The daintieft laft, to make the end moft fweet.
 361 Oh thou the earthly Authour of my bloud,
 362 Whofe youthfull fpirite in me regenerate
 363 Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me vp,
 364 To reach at Victory about my head:

To proue by heauens grace, and my bodies valour, 331
 In Lifts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke, 332
 That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous, 333
 To God of heauen, King *Richard*, and to me, 334
 And as I truly fight, defend me heauen. 335

Mar. On paine of death, no perfon be fo bold, 336
 Or daring hardie as to touch the Liftes, 337
 Except the Marshall, and fuch Officers 338
 Appointed to direct these faire defignes. 339

Bul. Lord Marshall, let me kiffe my Soueraigns hand, 340
 And bow my knee before his Maieftie : 341
 For *Mowbray* and my felfe are like two men, 342
 That vow a long and weary pilgrimage, 343
 Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue 344
 And louing farwell of our feuerall friends. 345

Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes, 346
 And craues to kiffe your hand, and take his leaue. 347

Rich. We will defcend, and fold him in our armes. 348
 Cofin of Herford, as thy caufe is iuft, 349
 So be thy fortune in this Royall fight : 350
 Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou fhead, 351
 Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead. 352

Bull. Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare 353
 For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbrayes* fpeare : 354
 As confident, as is the Falcons flight 355
 Againft a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight. 356
 My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you, 357
 Of you (my Noble Cofin) Lord *Aumerle* ; 358
 Not ficke, although I haue to do with death, 359
 But luftie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath. 360
 Loe, as at Englifh Feaft, fo I regreete 361
 The daintieft laft, to make the end moft sweet. 362
 Oh thou the earthy author of my blood, 363
 Whofe youthfull fpirit in me regenerate, 364
 Doth with a two-fold rigor lift mee vp 365
 To reach at victory aboue my head, 366

- 365 Adde proffe vnto mine armour with thy prayers,
 366 And with thy blefsings steele my launces point,
 369 367 That it may enter Mowbraies waxen cote.
 368 And furbish new the name of Iohn a Gaunt,
 369 Euen in the lustie hauiour of his sonne.
 370 *Gaunt.* God in thy good cause make thee prosperous,
 371 Be swift like lightning in the execution,
 372 And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
 373 Fall like amazing thunder on the caske
 374 Of thy aduerse pernicious enemy,
 375 Rowze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant and liue.
 376 *Bul.* Mine innocence and faint George to thriue.
 377 *Mowb.* How euer God or Fortune cast my lot,
 380 378 There liues or dies true to King Richards throne,
 379 A loyall, iust, and vpright Gentleman:
 380 Neuer did captiue with a freer heart
 381 Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
 382 His golden vncontrould enfranchisement,
 383 More than my dauncing soule doth celebrate
 384 This feast of battle with mine aduerfarie,
 385 Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
 386 Take from my mouth the wish of happy yeeres,
 387 As gentle, and as iocund as to iest
 388 Go I to fight, truth hath a quiet brest.
 389 *King* Farewell (my Lord) securely I espie,
 390 Vertue with Valour couched in thine eie,
 391 Order the triall Martiall, and beginne.
 392 *Mart.* Harry of Herford, Lancaster and Darby,
 395 393 Receive thy lance, and God defend the right.
 394 *Bul.* Strong as a tower in hope I cry, Amen.
 395 *Mart.* Go beare this lance to Thomas Duke of Norfolke.
 396 1 *Herald* Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby
 397 Stands here, for God, his soueraigne, and himselfe,
 398 On paine to be found false and recreant,
 399 To proue the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray
 400 A traitor to God, his king, and him,
 401 And dares him to set forward to the fight.

Adde prooffe vnto mine Armour with thy prayres,	387
And with thy blefsings fteele my Lances point,	388
That it may enter <i>Mowbrayes</i> waxen Coate,	389
And furnifh new the name of <i>Iohn a Gaunt</i> ,	370
Euen in the luftly hauiour of his fonne.	371
<i>Gaunt.</i> Heauen in thy good caufe make thee prop'rous	372
Be fwift like lightning in the execution,	373
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,	374
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske	375
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.	376
Rouze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue.	377
<i>Bul.</i> Mine innocence, and <i>S. George</i> to thriue.	378
<i>Mow.</i> How euer heauen or fortune caft my lot,	379
There liues, or dies, true to Kings <i>Richards</i> Throne,	380
A loyall, iuft, and vpright Gentleman :	381
Neuer did Captiue with a freer heart,	382
Caft off his chaines of bondage, and embrace	383
His golden vncontroul'd enfranchifement,	384
More then my dancing foule doth celebrate	385
This Feaft of Bat tell, with mine Aduerfarie.	386
Moft mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,	387
Take from my mouth, the wifh of happy yeares,	388
As gentle, and as iocond, as to ieft,	389
Go I to fight : Truth, hath a quiet breft.	390
<i>Rich.</i> Farewell, my Lord, fe curely I efpy	391
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye :	392
Order the triall Marfhall, and begin.	393
<i>Mar.</i> <i>Harrie</i> of <i>Herford</i> , <i>Lancafter</i> , and <i>Derby</i> ,	394
Receiue thy Launce, and heauen defend thy right.	395
<i>Bul.</i> Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.	396
<i>Mar.</i> Go beare this Lance to <i>Thomas D.</i> of <i>Norfolke</i> .	397
1. <i>Har.</i> <i>Harry</i> of <i>Herford</i> , <i>Lancafter</i> , and <i>Derbie</i> ,	398
Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himfelfe,	399
On paine to be found falfe, and recreant,	400
To proue the Duke of <i>Norfolke</i> , <i>Thomas Mowbray</i> ,	401
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,	402
And dares him to fet forwards to the fight.	403

402 *Herald 2* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray D of Norfolk
 403 On paine to be found false and recreant,
 404 Both to defend himselfe, and to approue
 405 Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Darby.
 406 To God, his foueraigne, and to him disloyall,
 409 407 Couragiously, and with a free desire,
 408 Attending but the signall to beginne.
 409 *Mart.* Sound trumpets, and fet forward Combatants:
 410 Stay, the king hath throwen his warder downe.
 411 *King.* Let them lay by their helmets, and their speares.
 412 And both returne backe to their chaires againe,
 413 Withdraw with vs, and let the trumpets found,
 414 While we returne thefe dukes what we decree.

415 Draw neere and lift
 416 What with our counfell we haue done :
 417 For that our kingdomes earth should not be foild
 418 With that deare bloud which it hath fostered:
 419 And for our eies do hate the dire aspect
 423 420 Of cruell wounds plowd vp with neighbours sword,
 421 And for we thinke the Egle-winged pride
 422 Of skie-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
 423 With riuall hating enuy set on you
 424 To wake our peace, which in our Countries cradle
 425 Draw the sweet infant breath of gentle sleepe,
 424 426 Which so rouzde vp with boiftrous vntunde drummes,
 427 With harsh refounding trumpets dreadfull bray,
 428 And grating shocke of harsh refounding armes,
 429 Might from our quiet confines fright faire Peace,
 428 430 And make vs wade euen in our kinreds bloud;
 431 Therefore we banish you our territories:
 432 You cousin Hereford vpon paine of life,
 433 Til twice fise summers haue enricht our fields,
 434 Shall not regreete our faire dominions,
 435 But treade the stranger paths of banishment,
 436 *Bul.* Your will be done; this must my comfort be,

2. <i>Har.</i> Here standeth <i>Tho: Mowbray</i> Duke of Norfolk	404
On paine to be found false and recreant,	405
Both to defend himselfe, and to approue	406
<i>Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,</i>	407
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall:	408
Couragioufly, and with a free desire	409
Attending but the signall to begin. <i>A charge sounded</i>	410
<i>Mar.</i> Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants :	411
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.	412
<i>Rich.</i> Let them lay by their Helmets & their Speares,	413
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe :	414
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets found,	415
While we returne these Dukes what we decree.	416
<i>A long Flourish.</i>	417
Draw neere and lift	418
What with our Councell we haue done.	419
For that our kingdomes earth should not be foyled	420
With that deere blood which it hath fostered,	421
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect	422
Of ciuill wounds plowgh'd vp with neighbors fwords,	423
Which fo rouz'd vp with boyftrous vntun'd drummes,	424
With harsh refounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,	425
And grating shocke of wrathfull yron Armes,	426
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,	427
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood :	428
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.	429
You Cofin Herford, vpon paine of death,	430
Till twice fise Summers haue enrich'd our fields,	431
Shall not regret our faire dominions,	432
But treade the stranger pathes of banishment.	433
<i>Bul.</i> Your will be done: This must my comfort be,	434

- 437 That Sunne that warmes you here, shall shine on me,
 438 And those his golden beames to you heere lent,
 439 Shall point on me, and guilde my banishment.
 438 440 *King* Norfolk, for thee remains a heauier doome,
 441 Which I with some vnwillingnesse pronounce,
 442 The flie flow houres shall not determinate
 443 The datelesse limite of thy deere exile,
 444 The hopelesse word of neuer to returne,
 445 Breathe I against thee, vpon paine of life.
 446 *Mowb.* A heauy sentence, my most foueraigne Liege,
 447 And all vnlookt for from your Highnesse mouth,
 448 A deerer merit not so deepe a maim,
 449 As to be cast forth in the common ayre
 448 450 Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands:
 451 The language I haue learnt these forty yeeres
 452 My natiue English now I must forgo,
 453 And now my tongues vse is to me, no more
 454 Than an vnstringed violl or a harpe,
 455 Or like a cunning instrument casde vp,
 456 Or being open, put into his hands
 457 That knowes no touch to tune the harmonie:
 458 Within my mouth you haue engaold my tongue,
 459 Doubly portculift with my teeth and lippes,
 460 And dull vnfeeling barren ignorance
 461 Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:
 462 I am too olde to fawne vpon a nurse,
 463 Too far in yeeres to be a pupill now,
 464 What is thy sentence but speechlesse death?
 465 Which robbes my tongue from breathing natiue breath,
 466 *King* It bootes thee not to be compasionate,
 465 467 After our sentence playning comes too late.
 468 *Mow.* Then thus I turne me from my countries light,
 469 To dwel in solemne shades of endlesse night.
 470 *King.* Returne againe, and take an othe with thee,
 471 Lay on our royall sword your banisht hands,
 472 Swear by the duty that y'owe to God,

That Sun that warmes you heere, shall shine on me:	435
And those his golden beames to you heere lent,	436
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.	437
<i>Rich.</i> Norfolk: for thee remains a heavier domb,	438
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce,	439
The flye slow houres shall not determinate	440
The datelesse limit of thy deere exile :	441
The hopelesse word, of Neuer to returne,	442
Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life.	443
<i>Mow.</i> A heavy sentence, my most Soueraigne Liege,	444
And all vnlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth :	445
A deerer merit, not so deepe a maime,	446
As to be cast forth in the common ayre	447
Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands.	448
The Language I haue learn'd these forty yeares	449
(My native English) now I must forgo,	450
And now my tongues use is to me no more,	451
Then an vnstringed Vyall, or a Harpe,	452
Or like a cunning Instrument cast vp,	453
Or being open, put into his hands	454
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.	455
Within my mouth you haue engag'd my tongue,	456
Doubly percullist with my teeth and lippes,	457
And dull, vnfeeling, barren ignorance,	458
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me :	459
I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurse,	460
Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now :	461
What is thy sentence then, but speechlesse death,	462
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?	463
<i>Rich.</i> It boots thee not to be compassionate,	464
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.	465
<i>Mow.</i> Then thus I turne me from my countries light	466
To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.	467
<i>Ric.</i> Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,	468
Lay on our Royall sword, your banisht hands ;	469
Swear by the duty that you owe to heauen	470

- 473 (Our part therein we banish with your felues,
 474 To keepe the oath that we administer:
 475 You neuer shall, so helpe you truth and God,
 476 Embrace each others loue in banishment,
 475 477 Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,
 478 Nor neuer write, regreete, nor reconcile
 479 This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,
 480 Nor neuer by aduised purpose meete,
 481 To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,
 482 Gainst vs, our state, our subiects, or our land.
 483 *Bul.* I sweare.
 484 *Mow.* And I, to keepe al this.
 485 *Bul.* Norffolke, so fare as to mine enemy:
 486 By this time, had the King permitted vs,
 487 One of our foules had wandred in the aire,
 488 Banisht this fraile sepulchre of our flesh,
 487 489 As now our flesh is banisht from this land,
 490 Confesse thy treasons ere thou flie the realme,
 491 Since thou hast far to go, beare not along
 492 The clogging burthen of a guiltie soule.
 493 *Mow.* No Bullingbrooke, if euer I were traitour,
 494 My name be blotted from the booke of life,
 495 And I from heauen banisht as from hence:
 496 But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,
 497 And al too soone(I feare)the King shall rew:
 498 Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,
 499 Saue backe to England al the worlds my way. *Exit*
 500 *King.* Vncle, euen in the glasse of thine eyes,
 501 I see thy grieued heart: thy sad aspect
 502 Hath from the number of his banisht yeeres
 501 503 Pluckt foure away, fixe frozen winters spent,
 504 Returne with welcome home from banishment.
 505 *Bull.* How long a time lies in one little word,
 506 Foure lagging winters and foure wanton springes,
 507 End in a word, such is the breath of Kinges.
 508 *Gaunt.* I thanke my liege that in regard of me,

(Our part therein we banish with your felues)	471
To keepe the Oath that we adminifter :	472
You ueuer shall (fo helpe you Truth, and Heauen)	473
Embrace each others loue in banishment,	474
Nor euer looke vpon each others face,	475
Nor euer write, regreete, or reconcile	476
This lowring tempeft of your home-bred hate,	477
Nor euer by aduifed purpofe meete,	478
To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,	479
'Gainft Vs, our State, our Subiects, or our Land.	480
<i>Bull.</i> I iweare.	481
<i>Mow.</i> And I, to keepe all this.	482
<i>Bul.</i> Norfolke, fo fare, as to mineemie,	483
By this time (had the King permitted vs)	484
One of our foules had wandred in the ayre,	485
Banish'd this fraile fepulchre of our flefh,	486
As now our flefh is banish'd from this Land.	487
Confefse thy Treafons, ere thou flye this Realme,	488
Since thou haft farre to go, beare not along	489
The clogging burthen of a guilty foule.	490
<i>Mow.</i> No <i>Bullingbroke</i> : If euer I were Traitor,	491
My name be blotted from the booke of Life,	492
And I from heauen banish'd, as from hence :	493
But what thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,	494
And all too foone (I feare) the King shall rue.	495
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I ftray,	496
Saue backe to England, all the worlds my way. <i>Exit.</i>	497
<i>Rich.</i> Vncle, euen in the glaffes of thine eyes	498
I fee thy greued heart : thy fad afpect,	499
Hath from the number of his banish'd yeares	500
Pluck'd foure away : Six frozen Winters fpent,	501
Returne with welcome home, from banishment :	502
<i>Bul.</i> How long a time lyes in one little word :	503
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton fprings	504
End in a word, fuch is the breath of Kings.	505
<i>Gaunt.</i> I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me	506

- 509 He shortens foure yeares of my sonnes exile,
 510 But little vantage shall I reape thereby:
 511 For eare the fixe years that he hath to spend
 512 Can change their moones, and bring their times about,
 513 My oile-dried lampe, and time bewasted light
 514 Shall be extint with age and endlesse nightes,
 515 My intch of taper will be burnt and done,
 514 516 And blindfold Death not let me see my sonne.
 517 *King.* Why Vnckle thou hast many yeares to liue.
 518 *Gaunt.* But not a minute King that thou canst giue,
 519 Shorten my daies thou canst with fullen sorrowe,
 520 And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
 521 Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,
 522 But stoppe no wrinckle in his pilgrimage:
 523 Thy word is currant with him for my death,
 524 But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
 525 *King.* Thy sonne is banisht vpon good aduise,
 526 Whereto thy tong a party verdict gaue,
 525 527 Why at our iustice seemst thou then to lowre?
 528 *Gaunt.* Things sweet to taste, prooue in digestion fowre.
 529 You vrgde me as a iudge, but I had rather,
 528 530 You would haue bid me argue like a father:
 531 Oh had't beene a stranger, not my child,
 532 To smoothe his fault I should haue beene more milde:
 533 A partial slaunder fought I to auoide,
 534 And in the sentence my owne life destroyed:
 529 535 Alas, I lookt when some of you should say,
 536 I was too strict to make mine owne away:
 537 But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,
 538 Against my will to do my selfe this wrong
 539 *King.* Coosen farewell, and Vnckle, bid him so,
 534 540 Sixe yeares we banish him and he shall go. *Exit*

 541 *Au.* Cofin farewell, what preface must not know,
 542 From where you doe remaiue let paper shew.
 543 *Mar.* My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride
 544 As farre as land will let me by your side.

He shortens foure yeares of my sonnes exile :	507
But little vantage shall I reape thereby.	508
For ere the fixe yeares that he hath to spend	509
Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,	510
My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewasted light	511
Shall be extinct with age, and endlesse night :	512
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,	513
And blindfold death, not let me see my sonne.	514
<i>Rich.</i> Why Vncle, thou hast many yeeres to liue.	515
<i>Gaunt.</i> But not a minute (King) that thou canst giue ;	516
Shorten my dayes thou canst with sudder sorow,	517
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow :	518
Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,	519
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage :	520
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,	521
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.	522
<i>Ric.</i> Thy sonne is banish'd vpon good aduice,	523
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gaue,	524
Why at our Iustice seem'ft thou then to lowre ?	525
<i>Gau.</i> Things sweet to tast, proue in digestion sowre :	526
You vrg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather	527
you would haue bid me argue like a Father.	528

Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,	529
I was too strict to make mine owne away:	530
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tong,	531
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.	532

<i>Rich.</i> Cofine farewell : and Vncle bid him so :	533
Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go. <i>Exit.</i>	534

Flourish.

<i>Au.</i> Cofine farewell : what presence must not know	536
From where you do remaine, let paper show.	537

<i>Mar.</i> My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride	538
As farre as land will let me, by your side.	539

- 545 *Gaunt.* Oh to what purpose doest thou hoard thy words,
 546 That thou returnest no greeting to thy friends?
 547 *Bull.* I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
 548 When the tongues office should be prodigall,
 549 To breathe the aboundant dolor of the heart.
- 545 550 *Gaunt.* Thy grieffe is but thy absence for a time.
 551 *Bull.* Ioy absent, grieffe is present for that time.
 552 *Gaunt.* What is fixe winters? they are quickly gone,
 553 *Bul.* To men in ioy, but grieffe makes one hower ten,
 554 *Gaunt.* Call it a trauaile that thou takst for pleasure,
 555 *Bul.* My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
 556 Which findes it an enforced pilgrimage.
- 557 *Gaunt.* The fullen passage of thy weary steps,
 558 Esteeme as foyle wherein thou art to set,
 554 559 The pretious Iewell of thy home returne.
- 560 *Bul.* Nay rather euery tedious stride I make,
 561 Will but remember me what a deale of world:
 562 I wander from the Iewels that I loue.
 563 Must I not serue a long apprenticeship.
 564 To forreine passages, and in the end,
 565 Hauing my freedome, boast of nothing else,
 566 But that I was a iourneyman to grieffe.
- 567 *Gaunt.* All places that the eie of heauen visits,
 568 Are to a wifeman portes and happie hauens:
 569 Teach thy necessity to reason thus,
 570 There is no vertue like necessity,
 571 Thinke not tho King did banish thee,
 572 But thou the King: Woe doth the heauier fit,
 573 Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:
 574 Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
 575 And not the King exile thee; or suppose,
 576 Deuouring pestilence hangs in our aire,
 577 And thou art flying to a fresher clime:
 578 Looke what thy foule holds deare, imagine it
 579 To ly that way thou goest, not whence thou comst.
 580 Suppose the singing birds musitions,

<i>Gaunt.</i> Oh to what purpose dost thou hold thy words,	540
That thou returnst no greeting to thy friends?	541
<i>Bull.</i> I have too few to take my leave of you,	542
When the tongues office should be prodigall,	543
To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.	544
<i>Gau.</i> Thy griefe is but thy absence for a time.	545
<i>Bull.</i> Joy absent, griefe is present for that time.	546
<i>Gau.</i> What is sixe Winters, they are quickly gone?	547
<i>Bul.</i> To men in joy, but griefe makes one houre ten.	548
<i>Gau.</i> Call it a trauell that thou tak'it for pleasure.	549
<i>Bul.</i> My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,	550
Which findes it an enforced Pilgrimage.	551
<i>Gau.</i> The fullen passage of thy weary steppes	552
Esteeme a foyle, wherein thou art to set	553
The precious Jewell of thy home returne.	554

- 581 The graffe whereon thou treadst, the presence strowd,
 582 The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy steps, no more
 583 Then a delightfull measure or a dance,
 584 For gnarling sorrow hath lesse power to bite,
 585 The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.
 555 586 *Bul.* Oh who can hold a fier in his hand,
 587 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
 588 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 589 By bare imagination of a feast?
 590 Or wallow naked in December snow,
 591 By thinking on fantasticke fommers heate?
 592 Oh no, the apprehension of the good,
 593 Giues but the greater feeling to the worfe:
 594 Fell sorrowes tooth doth neuer ranckle more,
 595 Then when he bites, but launceth not the foare.
 596 *Gaun.* Come come my sonne Ile bring thee on thy way.
 597 Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
 598 *Bul.* Then Englands ground farewell, sweet foile adiew,
 599 My mother and my nurse that beares me yet,
 600 Where eare I wander boast of this I can,
 570 601 Though banisht, yet a true borne English man. *Exeunt.*

571 602 *Enter the King with Bushie, &c at one dore, and the*
 603 *Lord Aumarle at another.*

- 604 *King* We did obserue. Coosen Aumarle,
 605 How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
 606 *Aum.* I brought high Herford, if you call him so,
 607 But to the next high way, and there I left him.
 608 *King* And say, what store of parting teares were shed?
 609 *Aum.* Faith none for me, except the Northeast winde,
 610 Which then blew bitterly against our faces,

<i>Bul.</i> Oh who can hold a fire in his hand	555
By thinking on the frostie <i>Caucasus</i> ?	556
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,	557
by bare imagination of a Feast?	558
Or Wallow naked in December snow	559
by thinking on fantasticke summers heate?	560
Oh no, the apprehension of the good	561
Giues but the greater feeling to the worfe:	562
Fell forrowes tooth, doth euer ranckle more	563
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the fore.	564
<i>Gau.</i> Come, come (my son) Ile bring thee on thy way	565
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.	566
<i>Bul.</i> Then Englands ground farewell: sweet foil adieu,	567
My Mother, and my Nurse, which beares me yet:	568
Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,	569
Though banish'd, yet a true-borne Englishman.	570

Scena Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot. 571

<i>Rich.</i> We did obserue. Cofine <i>Anmerle</i> ,	572
How far brought you high Herford on his way?	573
<i>Aum.</i> I brought high Herford (if you call him so)	574
but to the next high way, and there I left him.	575
<i>Rich.</i> And say, what store of parting tears were shed?	576
<i>Aum.</i> Faith none for me: except the Northeast wind	577
Which then grew bitterly against our face,	578

- 611 Awakt the sleeping rhowme, and fo by chance
 580 612 Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.
 613 *King* What faid our coufin when you parted with him?
 614 *Aum.* Farewel, & for my hart difdained that my tongue
 615 Should fo prophane the word that raught me craft,
 616 To counterfaite opprefion of fuch grieffe,
 617 That words feemd buried in my sorrowes graue :
 618 Marry would the word Farewel haue lengthned howers,
 619 And added yeares to his fhort banifhment,
 620 He fhould haue had a volume of farewels:
 621 But fince it would not, he had none of me.
 590 622 *King.* He is our Coofens Coofin, but tis doubt,
 623 When time fhall call him home from banifhment
 624 Whether our kinfman come to fee his friends.
 625 Our felfe and Bufhie,
 626 Obferued his courtfhip to the common people,
 627 How he did feeme to diue into their harts,
 628 With humble and familiar courtefie,
 629 What reuerence he did throw away on flaues,
 630 Wooing poore craftsmen with the craft of fmiles
 631 And patient vnder-bearing of his fortune,
 632 As twere to banifh their affects with him,
 601 633 Off goes his bonnet to an oysterwench,
 634 A brace of draimen bid, God fpeed him wel,
 635 And had the tribute of his fupple knee,
 636 With thanks my countrey men my louing friendes,
 637 As were our England in reuerfion his,
 638 And he our fubiefts next degree in hope.
 639 *Greene.* Wel, he is gone, and with him go thefe thoughts,
 640 Now for the rebels which ftand out in Ireland,
 641 Expedient mannage muft be made my liege,
 642 Ere further leyfure yeeld them further meanes,
 643 For their aduantage and your highnes loffe.
 644 *King.* VVe will our felfe in perfon to this warre,
 645 And for our coffers with too great a court,
 646 And liberall larges are growen fomewhat light,

Awak'd the sleepe rhowme, and so by chance	579
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.	580
<i>Rich.</i> What said our Cofin when you parted with him?	581
<i>Au.</i> Farewell: and for my hart difdained \ddot{y} my tongue	582
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft	583
To counterfeit opprefion of fuch greefe,	584
That word seem'd buried in my forrowes graue.	585
Marry, would the word Farwell, haue lengthen'd houres,	586
And added yeeres to his fhort banifhment,	587
He fhould haue had a volume of Farwels,	588
but fince it would not, he had none of me.	589
<i>Rich.</i> He is our Cofin (Cofin) but 'tis doubt,	590
When time fhall call him home from banifhment,	591
Whether our kinfman come to fee his friends,	592
Our felfe, and <i>Busby</i> : heere <i>Bagot</i> and <i>Greene</i>	593
Obferu'd his Courtfhip to the common people:	594
How he did feeme to diue into their hearts,	595
With humble, and familiat courtefie,	596
What reuerence he did throw away on flaues;	597
Wooing poore Craftes-men, with the craft of foules,	598
And patient vnder-bearing of his Fortune,	599
As 'twere to banifh their affects with him.	600
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyfter-wench,	601
A brace of Dray-men bid God fpeed him well,	602
And had the tribute of his fupple knee,	603
With thanks my Countrimen, my louing friends,	604
As were our England in reuerfion his,	605
And he our fubiefts next degree in hope.	606
<i>Gr.</i> Well, he is gone, & with him go thefe thoughts:	607
Now for the Rebels, which ftand out in Ireland,	608
<i>Expedient</i> manage muft be made my Liege	609
Ere further leifure, yeeld them further meanes	610
For their aduantage, and your Highneffe loffe.	611
<i>Ric.</i> We will our felfe in perfon to this warre,	612
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,	613
And liberall Largeffe, are growne fomewhat light,	614

647 VVe are inforst to farm our royall Realme,
 648 The reuenuew whereof shall furnishe vs,
 617 649 For our affaires in hand if that come short,
 650 Our substitutes at home shall haue blanke charters,
 651 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
 652 They shall subscribe them for large summes of gold,
 653 And send them after to supply our wants,
 654 For we will make for Ireland presently.
 655 *Enter Bushie with newes.*

656 *Bush.* Olde Iohn of Gaunt is grievous sicke my Lord
 657 Sodaynely taken, and hath sent post haste,
 658 To intreate your Maiestie to visite him.
 659 *King* Where lies he?
 660 *Bush.* At Elyhouse.
 661 *King* Now put it (God) in the Physicians mind,
 662 To help him to his graue immediatly:
 663 The lining of his coffers shall make coates
 664 To decke our souldiers for these Irish warres.
 665 Come gentlemen, lets all go visite him,
 635 666 Pray God we may make haste and come too late,
 667 Amen *Exeunt.*

636 668 *Enter Iohn of Gaunt sicke, with the duke of Yorke, &c.*

669 *Gaunt.* Wil the King come that I may breathe my last?
 670 In holsome counsell to his vnstaied youth.
 671 *Yorke* Vex not your selfe, nor striue not with your breath,
 672 For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.
 673 *Gaunt.* Oh but they say, the tongues of dying men,
 674 Inforce attention like deepe harmony:
 675 Where words are scarce they are seldome spent in vaine,

We are inforc'd to farme our royall Realme,	615
The Reuennew whereof shall furnish vs	616
For our affayres in hand : if that come short	617
Our Substitutes at home shall haue Blanke-charters :	618
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,	619
They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,	620
And send them after to supply our wants:	621
For we will make for Ireland presently.	622
<i>Enter Bushy.</i>	623
<i>Bushy</i> , what newes ?	624
<i>Bu.</i> Old <i>Iohn of Gaunt</i> is verie sicke my Lord,	625
Sodainly taken, and hath sent post haste	626
To entreat your Maieesty to visit him.	627
<i>Ric.</i> Where lyes he ?	628
<i>Bu.</i> At Ely house.]	629
<i>Ric.</i> Now put it (heauen) in his Physitians minde,	630
To helpe him to his graue immediately :	631
The lining of his coffers shall make Coates	632
To decke our souldiers for these Irish warres.	633
Come Gentlemen, let's all go visit him :	634
Pray heauen we may make hast, and come too late. <i>Exit.</i>	635

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, sicke with Yorke. 636

<i>Gau.</i> Will the King come, that I may breath my last	637
In wholsome counsell to his vnstaid youth ?	638
<i>Yor.</i> Vex not your selfe, nor strue not with your breth,	639
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.	640
<i>Gau.</i> Oh but (they say) the tongues of dying men	641
Inforce attention like deepe harmony ;	642
Where words are scarce, they are seldome spent in vaine,	643

- 676 For they breathe truth that breathe their wordes in paine:
 677 He that no more muſt ſay, is liſtened more
 646 678 Than they whom youth and eaſe haue taught to gloſe,
 679 More are mens ends markt than their liues before:
 680 The ſetting Sunne, and Muſike at the cloſe,
 681 As the laſt taſte of ſweetes is ſweeteſt laſt,
 682 Writ in remembrance more than things long paſt,
 683 Though richard my lines counſell would not heare,
 684 My deaths ſad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.
 653 685 *Yorke* No, it is ſtopt with other flattering foundes,
 686 As praifes of whoſe taſte the wiſe are found
 687 Laſcivious meeters, to whoſe venome found
 688 The open eare of youth doth alwayes liſten.
 689 Report of faſhions in proude Italie,
 690 Whoſe maners ſtill our tardy apiſh nation
 691 Limps after in baſe imitation:
 692 Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanitie,
 693 So it be new, theres no reſpect how vile,
 694 That is not quickly buzde into his eares:
 663 695 Then all too late comes Counſell to be heard,
 696 Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
 697 Direct not him whoſe way himſelfe wil chuſe.
 698 T is breath thou lackſt, and that breath wilt thou looſe.
 699 *Gaunt* Me thinkes I am a prophet new inſpirde.
 700 And thus expiring do foretell of him,
 701 His raſh fierce blaze of ryot cannot laſt:
 702 For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues.
 703 Small ſhoures laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort:
 704 He tires betimes that ſpurs too faſt betimes
 705 With eagre feeding foode doth choke the feeder,
 706 Light vanitie inſatiate cormorant,
 675 707 Conſuming meanes ſoone praies vpon it ſelfe:
 708 This royall throne of Kings, this ſceptred Ile
 709 This earth of maieſtie, this ſeate of Mars,
 710 This other Eden, demy Paradice,
 711 This fortrefſe built by Nature for her ſelfe,

For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine. 644
 He that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more, 645
 Then they whom youth and eaſe haue taught to gloſe, 646
 More are mens ends markt, then their liues before, 647
 The ſetting Sun, and Muſicke is the cloſe 648
 As the laſt taſte of ſweetes, is ſweeteſt laſt, 649
 Writ in remembrance, more then things long paſt; 650
 Though *Richard* my liues counſell would not heare, 651
 My deaths ſad tale, may yet vndeafe his eare. 652

Yor. No, it is ſtopt with other flatt'ring ſounds 653
 As praifes of his ſtate: then there are ſound 654
 Laciuious Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound 655
 The open eare of youth doth alwayes liſten. 656
 Report of faſhions in proud Italy, 657
 Whoſe manners ſtill our tardie apiſh Nation 658
 Limpes after in baſe imitation. 659
 Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity, 660
 So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile, 661
 That is not quickly buz'd into his eares? 662
 That all too late comes counſell to be heard, 663
 Where will doth mutiny with wits regard: 664
 Direct not him, whoſe way himſelfe will chooſe, 665
 Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath wilt thou looſe. 666

Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inſpir'd, 667
 And thus expiring, do foretell of him, 668
 His raſh fierce blaze of Ryot cannot laſt, 669
 For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues, 670
 Small ſhowres laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort, 671
 He tyres betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes; 672
 With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder: 673
 Light vanity, infatiate cormorant, 674
 Conſuming meanes ſoone preyes vpon it ſelfe, 675
 This royall Throne of Kings, this ſceptred Iſle, 676
 This earth of Maieſty, this ſeate of Mars, 677
 This other Eden, demy paradife, 678
 This Fortrefſe built by Nature for her ſelfe, 679

712 Against infection and the hand of warre,
 713 This happy breede of men, this little world,
 714 This precious stone fet in the siluer sea,
 715 Which serues it in the office of a wall,
 716 Or as moate defenfue to a house,
 717 Against the enuie of lesse happier lands.
 718 This blessed plot, this earth, this realme, this England,
 719 This nurse, this teeming wombe of royall Kings,
 720 Feard by their breed, and famous by theyr byrth,
 721 Renowned for theyr deedes as far from home,
 690 722 For christian feruice, and true chiuallry,
 723 As is the sepulchre in stubburne Iewry,
 724 Of the worlds ranfome blessed Maries sonne:
 725 This land of such deare foules, this deere deere land,
 726 Deare for her reputation through the world,
 727 Is now leasde out; I dye pronouncing it,
 728 Like to a tenement or pelting Farme.
 729 England bound in with the triumphant sea,
 730 Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious siege
 731 Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 700 732 With inckie blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
 733 That England that was wont to conquer others,
 734 Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe:
 735 Ah would the scandall vanish with my life,
 736 How happy then were my ensuing death?
 737 *Yorke* The King is come, deale mildely with his youth,
 738 For young hot colts being ragde, do rage the more.

705 739 *Enter king and Queene, &c.*

709 740 *Queene* How fares our noble vncler Lancafter?
 741 *King* What comfort man? how ist with aged Gaunt?
 742 *Gaunt* O how that name befits my composition!
 743 Old Gaunt indeede, and gaunt in being olde:

Against infection, and the hand of warre : 680
 This happy breed of men, this little world, 681
 This precious stone, set in the fluer sea, 682
 Which serues it in the office of a wall, 683
 Or as a Moate defenfue to a house, 684
 Against the enuy of lesse happier Lands, 685
 This blessed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England, 686
 This Nurfe, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings, 687
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth, 688
 Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home, 689
 For Christian seruice, and true Chiuarie, 690
 As is the sepulcher in stubborne *Iury* 691
 Of the Worlds ranfome, blessed *Maries* Sonne. 692
 This Land of such deere foules, this deere-deere Land, 693
 Deere for her reputation through the world, 694
 Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it) 695
 Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme. 696
 England bound in with the triumphant sea, 697
 Whose rocky shore beates backe the enuious sledge 698
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame, 699
 With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds. 700
 That England, that was wont to conquer others, 701
 Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe. 702
 Ah! would the scandall vanish with my life, 703
 How happy then were my ensuing death ? 704

Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Bushy, Greene, 705
Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby. 706

Yor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth, 707
 For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more. 708
Qu. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster ? 709
Ri. What comfort man? How ist with aged *Gaunt* ? 710
Ga. Oh how that name befits my composition : 711
 Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old : 712

- 744 Within me Griefe hath kept a tedious fast.
 714 745 And who abstaines from meate that is not gaunt?
 746 For sleeping England long time haue I watcht.
 747 Watching breedes leanenesse, leanenesse is all gaunt:
 748 The pleasure that some fathers feede vpon
 749 Is my strict fast; I meane my childrens lookes,
 750 And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt:
 751 Gaunt am I for the graue; gaunt as a graue,
 752 Whose hollow wombe inherites naught but bones.
 753 *King* Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?
 754 *Gaunt*. No misery makes sport to mocke it selfe,
 755 Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,
 756 I mocke my name(great King) to flatter thee.
 757 *King* Should dying men flatter with those that liue?
 727 758 *Gaunt* No no, men liuing flatter those that die.
 759 *King*. Thou now a dying sayest thou flatterest me.
 760 *Gaunt*. Oh no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.
 761 *King*. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.
 762 *Gaunt*. Now he that made me knowes I see thee ill,
 763 Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,
 764 Thy death-bed is no lesse than thy land,
 765 Wherein thou liest in reputation sicke,
 766 And thou too carelesse pacient as thou art
 767 Commitst thy annoynted body to the cure
 737 768 Of those Physitions that first wounded thee,
 769 A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
 770 Whose compasse is no bigger than thy head,
 771 And yet iraged in so small a verge,
 772 The waste is no whit lesse than thy land:
 773 Oh had thy grandfire with a Prophets eie,
 774 Seene how his sonnes sonne should destroy his sonnes.
 775 From forth thy reach he would haue laid thy shame,
 776 Deposing thee before thou wert possesst,
 777 Which art possesst now to depose thy selfe:
 747 778 Why cousin wert thou regent of the world,
 779 It were a shame to let this land by lease:

Within me greefe hath kept a tedious fast,	713
And who abstaynes from meate, that is not gaunt ?	714
For sleeping England long time haue I watcht,	715
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.	716
The pleasure that some Fathers feede vpon,	717
Is my strict fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,	718
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:	719
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,	720
Whose hollow wombe inherits naught but bones.	721
<i>Ric.</i> Can sicke men play so nicely with their names ?	722
<i>Gau.</i> No, misery makes sport to mocke it selfe :	723
Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,	724
I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.	725
<i>Ric.</i> Should dying men flatter those that liue ?	726
<i>Gau.</i> No, no, men liuing flatter those that dye.	727
<i>Rich.</i> Thou now a dying, sayst thou flatter'ft me.	728
<i>Gau.</i> Oh no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be.	729
<i>Rich.</i> I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.	730
<i>Gau.</i> Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill :	731
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,	732
Thy death-bed is no lesse then the Land,	733
Wherein thou lyeest in reputation sicke,	734
And thou too carelesse patient as thou art,	735
Commit'ft thy' anointed body to the cure	736
Of those Physitians, that first wounded thee.	737
A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,	738
Whose compass is no bigger then thy head,	739
And yet incaged in so small a Verge,	740
The waste is no whit lesse then thy Land :	741
Oh had thy Grandfire with a Prophets eye,	742
Seene how his sonnes sonne, should destroy his sonnes,	743
From forth thy reach he would haue laid thy shame,	744
Deposing thee before thou wert posselt,	745
Which art posselt now to depose thy selfe.	746
Why (Cofine) were thou Regent of the world,	747
It were a shame to let his Land by lease :	748

- 780 But for thy world enioying but this land,
 781 Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
 782 Landlord of England art thou now not, not King,
 783 Thy state of lawe is bondslaue to the lawe,
 784 And thou
 785 *King.* A lunatike leane-witted foole,
 786 Prefuming on an agues priuiledge,
 787 Darest with thy frozen admonition
 788 Make pale our checke, chafing the royall blood
 789 With furie from his natiue residence.
 790 Now by my feates right royall maiestie,
 791 Wert thou not brother to great Edwards sonne,
 792 This tong that runnes so roundly in thy head,
 793 Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.
 794 *Gaunt* Oh spare me not my brothers Edwards sonne,
 764 795 For that I was his father Edwards sonne,
 796 That blood already like the Pellican,
 797 Haft thou tapt out and drunkenly carowft,
 798 My brother Glocester plaine well meaning foule,
 799 Whom faire befall in heauen mongst happy foules,
 800 Maie be a president and witnes good:
 801 That thou respectst not spilling Edwards blood:
 802 Ioine with the present sicknes that I haue,
 803 And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
 804 To crop at once a too long withered flower,
 805 Liue in thy shame, but die not shame with thee,
 806 These words hereafter thy tormentors be,
 807 Conuay me to my bed then to my graue,
 777 808 Loue they to liue that loue and honour haue.
 809 *Exit.*
 810 *King* And let them die that age and fullens haue,
 811 For both haft thou, and both become the graue.
 812 *Yorke* I doe beseech your Maiesty, impute his words
 813 To waiward ficklines and age in him,
 814 He loues you on my life, and holdes you deere,
 815 As Harry Duke of Hereford were he here.

But for thy world enjoying but this Land, 749
 Is it not more then shame, to shame it so ? 750
 Landlord of England art thou, and not King : 751
 Thy state of Law, is bondslauē to the law, 752
 And——— 753

Rich. And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole, 754
 Prefuming on an Agues priuiledge, 755
 Dar'ft with thy frozen admonition 756
 Make pale our cheeke, chafing the Royall blood 757
 With fury, from his natiue residence ? 758
 Now by my Seates right Royall Maieftie, 759
 Wer't thou not Brother to great *Edwards* sonne, 760
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head, 761
 Should run thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders. 762

Gau. Oh spare me not, my brothers *Edwards* sonne, 763
 For that I was his Father *Edwards* sonne : 764
 That blood already (like the Pellican) 765
 Thou haft tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd. 766
 My brother Gloucefter, plaine well meaning foule 767
 (Whom faire befall in heauen 'mongft happy foules) 768
 May be a president, and witnesse good, 769
 That thou respect'ft not spilling *Edwards* blood : 770
 Ioyne with the present sicknesse that I haue, 771
 And thy vnkindnesse be like crooked age, 772
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre. 773
 Liue in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee, 774
 These words heereafter, thy tormentors bee. 775
 Conuey me to my bed, then to my graue, 776
 Loue they to liue, that loue and honor haue. *Exit* 777

Rich. And let them dye, that age and fullens haue, 778
 For both haft thou, and both become the graue. 779

Yor. I do befeech your Maieftie impute his words 780
 To wayward sicklinesse, and age in him : 781
 He loues you on my life, and holds you deere 782
 As *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, were he heere. 783

816 *King* Right, you fay true, as Herefords loue, fo his
 817 As theirs, fo mine, and all be as it is. (ieftie.

818 *North.* My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your Ma-

789 819 *King* What faies he?

820 *North.* Nay nothing, all is faid:

821 His tongue is now a stringleffe instrument,

822 Words, life, and al, old Lancafter hath fpent,

823 *Yorke* Be Yorke the next that muft be bankrout fo,

824 Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

825 *King* The ripeft fruit firft fals, and fo doth he,

826 His time is fpent, our pilgrimage muft be;

827 So much for that. Now for our Irifh wars,

828 We muft fupplant thofe rough rugheaded kernes,

829 Which liue like venome, where no venome elfe,

830 But onely they haue priuiledge to liue.

831 And for thefe great affaires do afke fome charge,

802 832 Towards our afsiftance we doe feaze to vs:

833 The plate, coine, reuenewes, and moueable :

834 Whereof our Vnckle Gaunt did ftand poffeft.

835 *Yorke* How long fhall I be patient? ah how long

836 Shall tender duty make me fuffer wrong?

837 Not Glocefters death, not Herefords banifhment,

838 Nor Gauntes rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,

839 Nor the preuention of poore Bullingbrooke,

840 About his mariadge, nor my owne difgrace,

841 Haue euer made me fower my patient cheeke,

842 Or bende one wrinkle on my foueraignes face :

813 843 I am the laft of noble Edwards fonnes,

844 Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was firft

845 In warre was neuer Lyon ragde more fierce,

846 In peace was neuer gentle lambe more milde,

847 Then was that young and princely Gentleman:

1623 *The life and death of King Richard the Second* 53

Rich. Right, you say true : as *Herfords* loue, so his ; 784
As theirs, so mine : and all be as it is. 785

Enter Northumberland. 786

Nor. My Liege, olde *Gaunt* commends him to your 787
Maieftie, 788

Rich. What sayes he ? 789

Nor. Nay nothing, all is said : 790

His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument, 791

Words, life, and all, old *Lancafter* hath spent. 792

Yor. Be *Yorke* the next, that must be bankrupt so, 793

Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo. 794

Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he, 795
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be : 796

So much for that. Now for our Irish warres, 797

We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kernes, 798

Which line like venom, where no venom else 799

But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue. 800

And for these great affayres do aske some charge 801

Towards our assistance, we do seize to vs 802

The plate, coine, reuenewes, and moueables, 803

Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did stand possessor. 804

Yor. How long shall I be patient ? Oh how long 805

Shall tender dutie make me suffer wrong ? 806

Not *Glousters* death, nor *Herfords* banishment, 807

Nor *Gaunts* rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs, 808

Nor the preuention of poore *Bullingbrooke*, 809

About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace 810

Haue euer made me fowre my patient cheekes, 811

Or bend one wrinkle on my Soueraignes face : 812

I am the last of noble *Edwards* sones, 813

Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was first, 814

In warre was neuer Lyon rag'd more fierce : 815

In peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde, 816

Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman, 817

- 848 His face thou haft, for euen fo lookt he,
 849 Accomplisht with a number of thy howers;
 850 But when he frowned it was againft the french,
 851 And not againft his friends : his noble hand
 852 Did win what he did fpende, and fpend not that
 853 Which his triumphant fathers hand had wonne:
 854 His hands were guilty of no kinred blood,
 855 But bloudie with the enemies of his kinne:
 856 Oh Richard: Yorke is too far gone with griefe,
 857 Or elfe he neuer would compare betweene.
 828 858 *King* Why Vnckle whats the matter?
- 859 *Yorke* Oh my liege, pardone me if you please,
 860 If not I pleafd not to be pardoned, am content with all,
 861 Seeke you to feaze and gripe into your hands
 862 The roialties and rights of banifht Hereford :
 863 Is not Gaunt dead? and doth' not Hereford liue ?
 864 Was not Gaunt iust ? and is not Harrie true ?
 865 Did not the one deferue to haue an heire ?
 866 Is not his heire a well deseruing fonne ?
 867 Take Herefordes rightes away, and take from time
 868 His charters. and his custumarie rightes ;
 869 Let not to morrow then enfue to daie:
 841 870 Be not thy felfe . For how art thou a King
 871 But by faire fequence and fuccesfion?
 872 Now afore God God forbidde I fay true,
 873 If you doe wrongfully feaze Hereford's rightes.
 874 Call in the letters patents that he hath
 875 By his attourneies generall to fue
 876 His liuery, and deny his offred homage,
 877 You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
 878 You loofe a thousand well difpofed hearts,
 850 879 And pricke my tender patience to thofe thoughts,
 880 Which honour, and alleageance cannot thinke.
 881 *King* Thinke what you wil, we ceafe into our hands
 882 His plate, his goods, his money and his landes.

His face thou haft, for euen fo look'd he 818
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy howers : 819
 But when he frown'd, it was againft the French, 820
 And not againft his friends : his noble hand 821
 Did win what he did fpend : and fpend not that 822
 Which his triumphant fathers hand had won: 823
 His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood, 824
 But bloody with the enemies of his kinne: 825
 Oh *Richard*, *Yorke* is too farre gone with greefe, 826
 Or elfe he neuer would compare betweene. 827

Rich. Why Vncle, 828
 What's the matter ? 829

Yor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleafe, if not 830
 I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all : 831
 Seeke you to feize, and gripe into your hands 832
 The Royalties and Rights of banifh'd Herford ? 833
 Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not Herford liue ? 834
 Was not *Gaunt* iuft? and is not *Harry* true ? 835
 Did not the one deferue to haue an heyre ? 836
 Is not his heyre a well-deferuing fonne ? 837
 Take Herfords rights away, and take from time 838
 His Charters, and his customarie rights: 839
 Let not to morrow then infue to day, 840
 Be not thy felfe. For how art thou a King 841
 But by faire fequence and fuccefsion ? 842
 Now afore God, God forbid I fay true, 843
 If you do wrongfully feize Herfords right, 844
 Call in his Letters Patents that he hath 845
 By his Atrurneyes generall, to fue 846
 His Liuerie, and denie his offer'd homage, 847
 You plucke a thoufand dangers on your head, 848
 You loofe a thoufand well-difpofed hearts, 849
 And pricke my tender patience to thofe thoughts 850
 Which honor and allegiance cannot thinke. 851

Ric. Thinke what you will : we feife into our hands, 852
 His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands. 853

- 883 *Yorke* Ile not be by the while, my liege farewell,
 884 What will enfue hereof thers none can tell:
 885 But by bad courfes may be vnderftood
 886 That their euent can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*
 887 *King* Go Bushie to the Earle of Wiltshire ftraight,
 888 Bid him repaire to vs to Ely houle,
 889 To fee this bufines: to morrow next
 890 We will for Ireland, and tis time I trow,
 891 And we create in abfence of our felfe,
 863 892 Our Vnckle Yorke Lord gouernour of England;
 893 For he is iuft, and alwaies loued vs well:
 894 Come on our Queene, to morrow muft we part,
 895 Be merry, for our time of ftaiie is fhort.
 896 *Exeunt King and Queene: Manet north*
 897 *North.* Well Lords, the Duke of Lancafter is dead.
 898 *Rosse* And liuing to, for now his fonne is Duke.
 899 *Will.* Barely in title, not in reuenewes.
 900 *north.* Richly in both if iuftice had her right.
 901 *Roffe* My heart is great, but it muft breake with filence,
 902 Eart be disburdened with a liberall tongue.
 903 *north.* Nay fpeake thy mind, & let him nere fpeake more
 904 That fpeakes thy words againe to doe thee harme. (ford?
 905 *Wil.* Tends that thou wouldft fpeake to the Duke of Her-
 906 If it be fo, out with it boldly man.
 878 907 *Quicke* is mine eare to heare of good towards him.
 908 *Roffe* No good at all that I can doe for him,
 909 Vnleff you call it good to pittie him,
 910 Bereft, and gelded of his patrimony.
 911 *North.* Now afore God tis fhame fuch wrongs are borne,

 912 In him a royall Prince and many mo,
 913 Of noble bloud in this declining land,
 914 The King is not himfelfe, but bafely led
 915 By flatterers, and what they will informe,
 916 Meerely in hate gainft any of vs all,
 917 That will the King feuerely profecute,
 890 918 Gainft vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

<i>Yor.</i> Ile not be by the while : My Liege farewell,	854
What will enfue heereof, there's none can tell.	855
But by bad courſes may be vnderſtood,	856
That their euentſ can neuer fall out good.	<i>Exit.</i> 857
<i>Rich.</i> Go <i>Buſhie</i> to the Earle of <i>Wiltſhire</i> ſtreight,	858
Bid him repaire to vs to <i>Ely</i> houſe,	859
To ſee this buſineſſe : to morrow next	860
We will for <i>Ireland</i> , and 'tis time, I trow :	861
And we create in abſence of our ſelſe	862
Our Vncle <i>Yorke</i> , Lord Gouvernor of England :	863
For he is iuſt, and alwayes lou'd vs well.	864
Come on our Queene, to morrow muſt we part,	865
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort.	<i>Flouriſh.</i> 866
<i>Manet North. Willoughby, & Roff.</i>	867
<i>Nor.</i> Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaſter is dead.	868
<i>Roff.</i> And liuing too, for now his ſonne is Duke,	869
<i>Wil.</i> Barely in title, not in reuennew.	870
<i>Nor.</i> Richly in both, if iuſtice had her right.	871
<i>Roff.</i> My heart is great : but it muſt break with ſilence,	872
Er't be diſburthen'd with a liberall tongue.	873
<i>Nor.</i> Nay ſpeake thy mind : & let him ne'r ſpeake more	874
That ſpeakes thy words againe to do thee harme.	875
<i>Wil.</i> Tends that thou'dſt ſpeake to th'Du. of Hereford,	876
If it be ſo, out with it boldly man,	877
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.	878
<i>Roff.</i> No good at all that I can do for him,	879
Vnleſſe you call it good to pitie him,	880
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.	881
<i>Nor.</i> Now afore heauen, 'tis ſhame ſuch wrongs are	882
borne,	883
In him a royall Prince, and many moe	884
Of noble blood in this declining Land ;	885
The King is not himſelſe, but baſely led	886
By Flatterers, and what they will informe	887
Meerely in hate 'gainſt any of vs all,	888
That will the King ſeuerely proſecute	889
'Gainſt vs, our liues, our children, and our hereis.	890

- 919 *Roffe* The commons hath he pild with grieuous taxes,
 920 And quite loft their hearts. The nobles hath he finde,
 921 For ancient quarrels and quite loft their hearts.
 922 *Willo.* And daily new exactions are deuifed,
 923 As blanckes, beneuolences, and I wot not what:
 924 But what a Gods name doth become of this:
 925 *North.* Wars hath not wafted it, for warrde he hath not,
 926 But bafely yeelded vpon compromife.
 927 That which his noble auncestors atchiued with blowes,
 928 More hath he fpent in peace then they in wars.
 929 *Roffe* The Earle of Wiltfhire hath the realme in farme.
 930 *Will.* The King growen banckrout like a broken man.
 931 *North.* Reproch and diffolution hangeth ouer him.
 932 *Rofse* He hath not money for thefe Irish wars,
 905 933 His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
 934 But by the robbing of the banifht Duke.
 935 *North.* His noble kinfman moft degenerate King,
 936 But Lords we heare this fearefull tempeft fing,
 937 Yet feeke no fhelter to auoid the ftorme:
 938 We fee the wind fit fore vpon our failes,
 939 And yet we ftrike not, but feecurely perifh.
 940 *Roffe* We fee the very wracke that we muft fuffer,
 941 And vnauoided is the danger now
 942 For fuffering fo the caufes of our wracke.
 943 *North.* Not fo, euen through the hollow eies of death,
 916 944 I fpie life peering but I dare not fay,
 945 How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
 946 *Wil.* Nay let vs fhare thy thoughts as thou doft ours.
 947 *Rofse* Be confident to fpeake Northumberland
 948 We three are but thy felfe, and fpeaking fo
 949 Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
 950 *North.* Then thus, I haue from le Port Blan
 951 A Bay in Brittainne receiude intelligence,
 952 That Harry duke of Herford, Rainold L. Cobham
 953 That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
 926 954 His brother, archbifhop late of Canterburie,

<i>Rof.</i> The Commons hath he pil'd with greuous taxes	891
And quite loft their hearts : the Nobles hath he finde	892
For ancient quarrels, and quite loft their hearts.	893
<i>Wil.</i> And daily new exactions are deuised,	894
As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what :	895
But what o'Gods name doth become of this ?	896
<i>Nor.</i> Wars hath not wasted it, for war'd he hath not.	897
But basely yeelded vpon comprimize,	898
That which his Ancestors atchieu'd with blowes :	899
More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.	900
<i>Rof.</i> The Earle of Wiltshire hath the realme in Farme.	901
<i>Wil.</i> The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.	902
<i>Nor.</i> Reproach and dissolution hangeth ouer him.	903
<i>Rof.</i> He hath not monie for these Irish warres :	904
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)	905
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.	906
<i>Nor.</i> His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King :	907
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,	908
Yet seeke no shelter to auoid the storme :	909
We see the winde fit fore vpon our sailes,	910
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.	911
<i>Rof.</i> We see the very wracke that we must suffer,	912
And vnauoyded is the danger now	913
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.	914
<i>Nor.</i> Not so : euen through the hollow eyes of death,	915
I spie life peering : but I dare not say	916
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.	917
<i>Wil.</i> Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours	918
<i>Rof.</i> Be confident to speake Northumberland,	919
We three, are but thy selfe, and speaking so,	920
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.	921
<i>Nor.</i> Then thus : I haue from Port <i>le Blan</i>	922
A Bay in <i>Britaine</i> , receiu'd intelligence,	923
That <i>Harry Duke of Herford</i> , <i>Rainald Lord Cobham</i> ,	924
That late broke from the Duke of <i>Exeter</i> ,	925
His brother Archbishop, late of <i>Canterbury</i> ,	926

955 Sir Thomas Erpingham, fir Iohn Ramfton,
 956 Sir Iohn Norbery, fir Robert Waterton, and Francis Coines;
 957 All thefe well furnifhed by the Duke of Brittain
 958 With eight tall fhippes, three thoufand men of warre,
 959 Are making hither with all due expedience,
 960 And fhortly meane to touch our Northerne fhore:
 961 Perhaps they had ere this, but that they ftay
 962 The firft departing of the King for Ireland.
 963 If then we fhall fhake off our flauifh yoke,
 964 Impe out our drowping countries broken wing,
 965 Redeeme from Broking pawne the blemifht Crowne,
 988 966 Wipe off the duft that hides our Scepters guilt,
 967 And make high Maieftie looke like it felfe,
 968 Away with me in poft to Rauenspurgh:
 969 But if you faint, as fearing to do fo,
 970 Stay, and be fecret, and my felfe will go.
 971 *Rofe* To horfe, to horfe, vrge doubts to them that feare.
 972 *Willo.* Holde out my horfe, and I will firft be there.
 973 *Exeunt.*

974 *Enter the Queene, Bushie, Bagot.*
 975 *Bush.* Madam, your maieftie is too much fad,
 976 You promift, when you parted with the King,
 977 To lay afide life-harming heauines,
 978 And entertaine a cheerefull difpofition.
 979 *Queene* To pleafe the king I did, to pleafe my felfe
 980 I cannot do it; yet I know no caufe
 988 981 Why I fhould welcome fuch a gueft as Griefe,
 982 Saue bidding farewell to fo fweete a gueft,
 983 As my fweete Richard : yet agayne me thinkes
 984 Some vnborne forrow ripe in Fortunes wombe.
 985 Is comming towards me and my inward foule,

Sir <i>Thomas Erpingham</i> , Sir <i>John Rainston</i> ,	927
Sir <i>Iohn Norberie</i> , Sir <i>Robert Waterton</i> , & <i>Francis Quoint</i> ,	928
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of <i>Britaine</i> ,	929
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre	930
Are making hither with all due expedience,	931
And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore :	932
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay	933
The first departing of the King for Ireland.	934
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoake,	935
Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing,	936
Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemish'd Crowne,	937
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gilt,	938
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,	939
Away with me in poste to <i>Rauenpurgh</i> ,	940
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,	941
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.	942
<i>Rof.</i> To horse, to horse, vrgе doubts to them † feare.	943
<i>Wil.</i> Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.	944
<i>Exeunt.</i>	945

Scena Secunda.

<i>Enter Queene, Bushy, and Bagot.</i>	946
<i>Bush.</i> Madam, your Maiesty is too much sad,	947
You promis'd when you parted with the King,	948
To lay aside selfe-harming heauineffe,	949
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.	950
<i>Qu.</i> To please the King, I did : to please my selfe	951
I cannot do it : yet I know no cause	952
Why I should welcome such a guest as greefe,	953
Sauē bidding farewell to so sweet a guest	954
As my sweet <i>Richard</i> ; yet againe me thinkes,	955
Some vnborne sorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe	956
Is comming towards me, and my inward soule	957

- 986 With nothing trembles, at somethings grieues,
 987 More then with parting from my Lord the King.
 988 *Bushie* Each substance of a grieue hath twenty shadowes.
 961 989 Which shewes like grieue it selfe, but is not so:
 990 For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,
 991 Diuides one thing entire to many obiects,
 992 Like perspectiues, which rightly gazde vpon
 993 Shew nothing but confusion; eyde awry,
 994 Distinguish forme : so your sweet maiestie,
 995 Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
 996 Finde shapes of grieue more than himselfe to waile,
 997 Which look on as it is, is naught but shadowes
 970 998 Of what it is not; then thrice (gracious Queene)
 999 More then your Lords departure weep not, more is not seen
 1000 Or if it be, tis with false Sorrowes eye,
 1001 Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.
 1002 *Queene* It may be so; but yet my inward foule
 1003 Perfwades me it is otherwise : how ere it be,
 1004 I cannot but be sad : so heauie sad,
 1005 As thought on thinking on no thought I thinke,
 1006 Makes me with heauy nothing faint and shrinke.
 1007 *Bush.* Tis nothing but conceit my gracious Lady.
 980 1008 *Queene* Tis nothing lesse : conceit is still deriude,
 1009 From some forefather grieue, mine is not so,
 1010 For nothing hath begot my something grieue,
 1011 Or something hath the nothing that I grieue,
 1012 Tis in reuerfion that I do possesse,
 1013 But what it is that is not yet knowen what,
 1014 I cannot name, tis namelesse woe I wot.

 1015 *Greene* God faue your maiesty, and well met Gentlemen,
 1016 I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.
 1017 *Queene* Why hopest thou so? tis better hope he is,
 1018 For his designes craue haste, his haste good hope:
 992 1019 Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?
 1020 *Greene* That he our hope might haue retirde his power,

With nothing trembles, at something it grieues, 958
 More then with parting from my Lord the King. 959

Bush. Each substance of a greefe hath twenty shadows 960
 Which shewes like greefe it selfe, but is not so : 961
 For sorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,
 Diuides one thing intire, to many obiects, 963
 Like perspectiues, which rightly gaz'd vpon 964
 Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry, 965
 Distinguish forme : so your sweet Maiestie 966
 Looking awry vpon your Lords departure, 967
 Finde shapes of greefe, more then himselfe to waile,
 Which look'd on as it is, is naught bur shadowes 969
 Of what it is not : then thrice-gracious Queene,
 More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not 971
 Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrowes eie, (feene; 972
 Which for things true, weepe things imaginari. 973

Qu. It may be so : but yet my inward soule 974
 Perfwades me it is otherwise : how ere it be,
 I cannot but be sad : so heauy sad, 976
 As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
 Makes me with heauy nothing faint and shrinke. 978

Bush. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.) 979

Qu. 'Tis nothing lesse : conceit is still deriu'd 980
 From some fore-father greefe, mine is not so,
 For nothing hath begot my something greefe,
 Or something, hath the nothing that I greeue,
 'Tis in reuerfion that I do possesse, 984
 But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
 I cannot name, 'tis namelesse woe I wot. 986

Enter Greene. 987

Gree. Heauen faue your Maiesty, and wel met Gentle- 988
 I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland. (men: 989

Qu. Why hop'st thou so? 'Tis better hope he is : 990
 For his designs craue hast, his hast good hope,
 Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt ? 992

Gre. That he our hope, might haue retyr'd his power, 993

- 1021 And driuen into defpaire an enemies hope,
 1022 Who strongly hath fet footing in this land
 1023 The banisht Bullingbrooke repeales himselfe,
 1024 And with vplifted armes is safe ariude at Rauenspurgh,

 1025 *Queene* Now God in heauen forbid.
 1026 *Greene* Ah Madam! tis too true, and that is worfe:
 1027 The lord Northumberland, his son yong H.Percie,
 1028 The lords of Rosse, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
 1029 With all their powerful friends are fled to him,
 1004 1030 *Bush.* Why haue you not proclaimed Northumberland
 1031 And al the rest reuolted faction, traitours?
 1032 *Greene* We haue, whereupon the earle of Worcester
 1033 Hath broken his Staffe, resignd his Stewardship,
 1034 And al the household seruants fled with him to Bullingbrook
 1035 *Queene* So Greene, thou art the midwife to my woe,
 1036 And Bullingbrooke my forowes difmall heire,
 1037 Now hath my foule brought forth her prodigie,
 1038 And I a gasping new deliuerd mother,
 1039 Haue woe to woe, forow to forow ioynde
 1014 1040 *Bushie* Dispaire not Madam.
 1041 *Queene* Who shall hinder me?
 1042 I will dispaire and be at enmitie
 1043 With coufening Hope, he is a flatterer,
 1044 A parasite, a keeper backe of Death,
 1045 Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,
 1046 VVhich false Hope lingers in extremitie.

 1047 *Greene* Here comes the Duke of Yorke.
 1048 *Queene* VVith signes of war about his aged necke,
 1049 Oh ful of carefull busines are his lookes!
 1025 1050 Vncle, for Gods sake speake comfortable wordes.
 1051 *Yorke.* Should I do so I should bely my thoughts,
 1026 1052 Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
 1053 VVhere nothing liues but crosses, cares and grieue:
 1054 Your husband, he is gone to saue far off,

and driuen into dispaire an enemies hope,	994
Who strongly hath fet footing in this Land.	995
The banish'd <i>Bullingbrooke</i> repeales himselfe,	996
And with vp-lifted Armes is safe arriu'd	997
At <i>Rauenfburg</i> .	998
<i>Qu.</i> Now God in heauen forbid.	999
<i>Gr.</i> O Madam 'tis too true : and that is worfe,	1000
The L.Northumberland, his yong sonne <i>Henrie Percie</i> ,	1001
The Lords of <i>Roffe</i> , <i>Beaumont</i> , and <i>Willonghby</i> ,	1002
With all their powrefull friends are fled to him.	1003
<i>Bush.</i> Why haue you not proclaim'd Northumberland	1004
And the rest of the reuolted faction, Traitors ?	1005
<i>Gre.</i> We haue : whereupon the Earle of Worcester	1006
Hath broke his staffe, resign'd his Stewardship,	1007
And al the houshold seruants fled with him to <i>Bullinbrook</i>	1008
<i>Qu.</i> So <i>Greene</i> , thou art the midwife of my woe,	1009
And <i>Bullinbrooke</i> my sorrowes difmall heyre :	1010
Now hath my foule brought forth her prodegie,	1011
And I a gasping new deliuered mother,	1012
Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioyn'd.	1013
<i>Bush.</i> Dispaire not Madam.	1014
<i>Qu.</i> Who shall hinder me ?	1015
I will dispaire, and be at enmitie	1016
With couzening hope ; he is a Flatterer,	1017
A Parasite, a keeper backe of death,	1018
Who gently would diffolue the bands of life,	1019
Which false hopes linger in extremity.	1020
<i>Enter Yorke</i>	1021
<i>Gre.</i> Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.	1022
<i>Qu.</i> With signes of warre about his a ged necke,	1023
Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes :	1024
Vncle, for heauens sake speake comfortable words :	1025
<i>Yor.</i> Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,	1026
Where nothing liues but crosses, care and greefe :	1027
Your husband he is gone to faue farre off,	1028

- 1055 VVhilft others come to make him loofe at home:
 1056 Heere am I left to vnderprop his land,
 1057 Who weake with age cannot fupport my felfe,
 1058 Now comes the ficke houre that his furfet made,
 1059 Now fhall he trie his friends that flattered him.
- 1035 1060 *Seruingman* My Lord, your fon was gone before I came.
 1061 *Yorke* He was; why fo go all which way it will:
 1062 The nobles they are fled, the commons they are colde,
 1063 And will (I feare) reuolt on Herefords fide.
 1064 Sirra, get thee to Plafhie to my fifter Glocefter,
 1065 Bid her fend me prefently a thoufand pound,
 1066 Hold take my ring.
 1067 *Seruingman* My Lord, I had forgot to tel your Lordfhip:
 1068 To day as I came by I called there,
 1069 But I fhall grieue you to report the reft.
 1070 *Yorke* What ift knaue?
 1071 *Seruingman* An houre before I came the Dutcheffe died.
- 1047 1072 *Yorke* God for his mercy, what a tide of woes
 1073 Comes rufhing on this wofull land at once!
 1074 I know not what to do: I would to God,
 1075 (So my vntruth had not prouokt him to it)
 1076 The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
 1077 What are there no Pofts difpatcht for Ireland?
 1078 How fhall we do for money for thefe wars?
 1079 Come fifter, coufin I would fay, pray pardon me:
 1080 Go fellow get thee home, prouide fome cartes,
 1081 And bring away the armour that is there.
- 1057 1082 Gentlemen, will you go mufter men?
 1083 If I know how or which way to order thefe affayres
 1084 Thus diforderly thruft into my hands,
 1085 Neuer beleeeue me: both are my kinfmen,
 1086 Tone is my foueraigne, whom both my oath
 1087 And duety bids defend; tother againe
 1088 Is my kinfman, whom the King hath wrongd,
 1089 Whom confcience, and my kinred bids to right.

Whilst others come to make him loofe at home : 1029
 Heere am I left to vnder-prop his Land, 1030
 Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe : 1031
 Now comes the ficke houre that his surfet made, 1032
 Now shall he try his friends that flattered him. 1033

Enter a seruant. 1034

Ser. My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came. 1035

Yor. He was : why so : go all which way it will : 1036
 The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold, 1037
 And will I feare reuolt on Herfords side. 1038
 Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sifter Gloster, 1039
 Bid her send me presently a thousand pound, 1040
 Hold, take my Ring. 1041

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot 1042

To tell your Lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there, 1043
 But I shall greewe you to report the rest. 1044

Yor. What is't knaue ? 1045

Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutcheffe di'de, 1046

Yor. Heau'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes 1047
 Come rushing on this wofull Land at once ? 1048
 I know not what to do : I would to heauen 1049
 (So my vntruth had not prouok'd him to it) 1050
 The King had cut off my head with my brothers. 1051
 What, are there postes dispatcht for Ireland ? 1052
 How shall we do for money for these warres ? 1053
 Come sifter (Cozen I would say) pray pardon me. 1054
 Go fellow, get thee home, pouide some Carts, 1055
 And bring away the Armour that is there. 1056
 Gentlemen, will you muster men ? 1057
 If I know how, or which way to order these affaires 1058
 Thus disorderly thrust into my hands, 1059
 Neuer beleewe me. Both are my kinfmen, 1060
 Th'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath 1061
 And dutie bids defend : th'other againe 1062
 Is my kinfman, whom the King hath wrong'd, 1063
 Whom conscience, and my kindred bids to right : 1064

- 1090 Wel fomewhat we muſt do : Come couſin,
 1091 Ile diſpoſe of you: Gentlemen, go muſter vp your men,
 1092 And meete me preſently at Barkly :
 1068 1093 I ſhould to Plaſhie too, but time wil not permit :
 1094 All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at fixe and feauen.
 1095 *Exeunt Duke. Qu man. Buſh. Green.*
 1096 *Buſh.* The winde fits faire for newes to go for Ireland,
 1097 But none returnes. For vs to leuie power
 1098 Proportionable to the enemy is all vnpoſſible.
 1099 *Gree.* Befides our neerenes to the King in loue,
 1100 Is neare the hate of thoſe loue not the King.
 1101 *Bag.* And that is the wauering commons, for their loue
 1102 Lies in their purſes, and who ſo empties them,
 1103 By ſo much filſ their hearts with deadly hate.
 1104 *Buſh.* Wherein the King ſtands generally condemnd,
 1105 *Bag.* If iudgment lie in them, then ſo do we,
 1080 1106 Becauſe we euer haue beene neere the King.
 1107 *Gree.* Well I will for refuge ſtraight to Briſt. Caſtle.
 1108 The Earle of Wiltſhire is already there.
 1109 *Buſh.* Thither will I with you, for little office
 1110 Will the hatefull commons perfourme for vs.
 1111 Except like curs to teare vs all to pieces:
 1112 Will you go along with vs ?
 1113 *Bag.* No, I will to Ireland to his Maieſty,
 1114 Farewell if hearts preſages be not vaine,
 1115 We three here part that nere ſhall meete againe.
 1090 1116 *Buſh.* Thats as Yorke thriues to beat backe Bullingbrook.
 1117 *Gree.* Alas poore Duke the taſke he vndertakes,
 1118 Is numbring ſands, and drinking Oceans drie,
 1119 Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will flie:
 1120 Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.
 1121 *Buſh.* Well, we may meete againe.
 1122 *Bag.* I feare me neuer.

Well, somewhat we muſt do : Come Cozen, 1085
 Ile diſpoſe of you. Gentlemen, go muſter vp your men, 1086
 And meet me preſently at Barkley Caſtle: 1087
 I ſhould to Plaſhy too : but time will not permit, 1088
 A] is vneuen, and euery thing is left at fix and feuen. *Exit* 1089

Buſh. The winde fits faire for newes to go to Ireland, 1070
 But none returns : For vs to leuy power 1071
 Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impoſſible. 1072

Gr. Befides our neereſſe to the King in loue, 1073
 Is neere the hate of thoſe loue not the King . 1074

Ba And that's the wauering Commons, for their loue 1075
 Lies in their purſes, and who ſo empties them, 1076
 By ſo much fills their hearts with deadly hate. 1077

Buſh. Wherein the king ſtands generally condemn'd 1078

Bag. If iudgement lye in them, then ſo do we, 1079
 Becauſe we haue bene euer neere the King. 1080

Gr. Well : I will for refuge ſtraight to Briſtoll Caſtle, 1081
 The Earle of Wiltſhire is alreadie there. 1082

Buſh. Thither will I with you, for little office 1083
 Will the hateful Commons, performe for vs, 1084
 Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces : 1085
 Will you go along with vs? 1086

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maieſtie : 1087
 Farewell, if hearts preſages be not vaine, 1088
 We three here part, that neu'r ſhall meete againe. 1089

Bu. That's as Yorke thriues to beate back *Bullinbroke* 1090

Gr. Alas poore Duke, the taſke he vndertakes 1091
 Is numbring ſands, and drinking Oceans drie, 1092
 Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will flye. 1093

Buſh. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer. 1094
 Well, we may meete againe. 1095

Bag. I feare me neuer. *Exit.* 1096

1123 *Enter Hereford, Northumberland.*

1124 *Bull.* How far is it my Lord to Barckly now?

1125 *North.* Beleeue me noble Lord,

1126 I am a stranger here in Glocestershire,

1127 These high wild hils and rough vneuen waies,

1128 Drawes out our miles and makes them wearifome,

1129 And yet your faire discourse hath beene as sugar,

1105 1130 Making the hard way sweete and delectable,

1131 But I bethinke me what a weary way

1132 From Rauenspurgh to Cotthall will be found,

1133 In Roffe and Willoughby wanting your company,

1134 Which I protest hath very much beguild,

1135 The tediousnesse and proesse of my trauell :

1136 But theirs is sweetned with the hope to haue

1137 The present benefit which I possesse,

1138 And hope to ioy is little lesse in ioye,

1139 Then hope enjoyed: by this the weary Lords

1140 Shall make their way seeme short as mine hath done,

1116 1141 By fight of what I haue, your noble company.

1142 *Bull.* Of much lesse value is my company,

1143 Then your good wordes. But who comes here?

1144 *Enter Harry Perfie.*

1145 *North.* It is my sonne young Harry Perfy,

1146 Sent from my brother Worcester whence fouer.

1147 Harry, how fares your Vnckle ?

(of you.

1148 *H.Per.* I had thought my Lord to haue learned his health

1149 *North.* Why is he not with the Queene?

1150 *H.Per.* No my good Lord, he hath forfooke the court,

1151 Broken his staffe of office and disperst

1152 The household of the King.

Scæna Tertia.

<i>Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.</i>	1097 1098
<i>Bul.</i> How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now ?	1099
<i>Nor.</i> Beleeue me noble Lord,	1100
I am a stranger heere in Glousterfhire,	1101
Thefe high wilde hilles, and rough vneeuē waies,	1102
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearifome:	1103
And yet our faire difcourfe hath beene as fugar,	1104
Making the hard way fweet and delectable :	1105
But I bethinke me, what a wearie way	1106
From Rauenspurgh to Cottshold will be found,	1107
In <i>Roffe</i> and <i>Willoughby</i> , wanting your companie,	1108
Which I proteft hath very much beguild.	1109
The tedioufneffe ,and proceffe of my trauell :	1110
But theirs is fweetned with the hope to haue	1111
The prefent benefit that I poffeffe ;	1112
And hope to ioy, is little leffe in ioy,	1113
Then hope enioy'd : By this, the wearie Lords	1114
Shall make their way feeme fhort, as mine hath done,	1115
By fight of what I haue, your Noble Companie.	1116
<i>Bull.</i> Of much leffe value is my Companie,	1117
Then your good words : but who comes here ?	1118
<i>Enter H. Percie.</i>	1119
<i>North.</i> It is my Sonne, young <i>Harry Percie</i> ,	1120
Sent from my Brother <i>Worcefter</i> : Whence foeuer.	1121
<i>Harry</i> , how fares your Vnckle ?	1122
<i>Percie.</i> I had thought, my Lord, to haue learn'd his	1123
health of you.	1124
<i>North.</i> Why, is he not with the Queene ?	1125
<i>Percie.</i> No, my good Lord, he hath forfook the Court,	1126
Broken his Staffe of Office, and difperft	1127
The Houehold of the King.	1128

- 1153 *North.* What was his reason, he was not so resolute,
 1180 1154 When last we spake together?
 1155 *H. Per.* Because your Lo: was proclaimed traitor,
 1156 But he my Lo: is gone to Rauenſpurgh,
 1157 To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford,
 1158 And ſent me ouer by Barckly to diſcouer,
 1159 What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
 1160 Then with directions to repaire to Rauenſpurgh.
 1161 *North.* Haue you forgot the Duke of Hereford's boy.
 1162 *H. Per.* No my good Lo: for that is not forgot,
 1163 Which nere I did remember, to my knowledge
 1164 I neuer in my life did looke on him,
 1165 *North.* Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.
- 1166 *H. Per.* My gracious Lo: I tender you my ſeruice,
 1144 1167 Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
 1168 Which elder daies ſhal ripen and confirme
 1169 To more approued ſeruice and deſert.
 1170 *Bull.* I thanke thee gentle Perſy, and be ſure,
 1171 I count my ſelfe in nothing elſe ſo happy,
 1172 As in a ſoule remembering my good friends,
 1173 And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
 1174 It ſhalbe ſtill thy true loues recompence,
 1175 My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus ſeales it,
 1176 *North.* How farre is it to Barckly, and what ſtur
 1177 Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of war?
- 1155 1178 *H. Per.* There ſtands the Caſtle by yon tuft of trees,
 1179 Mand with 300. men as I haue heard,
 1180 And in it are the Lords of Yorke Barkly and Seymer,
 1181 None elſe of name and noble eſtimate.
- 1182 *North.* Here come the Lords of Roffe and Willoughby,
 1183 Bloudy with ſpurring, fiery red with haſte.
 1184 *Bull.* Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue purſues,
 1185 A baniſht traitor: all my treaſury
 1186 Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more inricht,
 1187 Shalbe your loue and labours recompence.

- North.* What was his reason ? 1129
 He was not so resolu'd, when we last spake together, 1130
Percie. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor. 1131
 But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurgh, 1132
 To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford, 1133
 And sent me ouer by Barkely, to discouer 1134
 What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there, 1135
 Then with direction to repaire to Rauenspurgh. 1136
North. Haue you forgot the Duke of Hereford(Boy.) 1137
Percie. No, my good Lord ; for that is not forgot 1138
 Which ne're I did remember : to my knowledge, 1139
 I neuer in my life did looke on him. 1140
North. Then learne to know him now : this is the 1141
 Duke. 1142
Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my seruice, 1143
 Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young, 1144
 Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme 1145
 To more approued seruice, and desert, 1146
Bull. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be sure 1147
 I count my selfe in nothing else so happy, 1148
 As in a Soule remembring my good Friends : 1149
 And as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue, 1150
 It shall be still thy true Loues recompence, 1151
 My Heart this Couenant makes, my Hand thus seales it. 1152
North. How farre is it to Barkely ? and what stirre 1153
 Keepes good old *Yorke* there, with his Men of Warre ? 1154
Percie. There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees, 1155
 Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard, 1156
 And in it are the Lords of *Yorke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymor*, 1157
 None else of Name, and noble estimate. 1158
Enter Rosse and Willoughby. 1159
North. Here come the Lords of *Rosse* and *Willoughby*, 1160
 Bloody with spurring, fierie red with haste. 1161
Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues 1162
 A banisht Traytor ; all my Treasurie 1163
 Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enrich'd, 1164
 Shall be your loue, and labours recompence. 1165

- 1188 *Rosse* Your preface makes vs rich, most noble Lord.
 1189 *Wil:* And far surmounts our labour to attaine it.
 1168 1190 *Bul.* Euermore thanke's the exchequer of the poore,
 1191 VVhich till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
 1192 Stands for my bounty: but who comes here?

 1193 *North.* It is my Lord of Barkly as I guesse.
 1194 *Barkly* My Lord of Hereford my message is to you.
 1195 *Bul.* My Lord my answere is to Lancaster,
 1196 And I am come to seeke that name in England,
 1197 And I must find that title in your tongue,
 1177 1198 Before I make reply to ought you say.
 1199 *Bar.* Mistake me not my Lord, tis not my meaning,
 1200 To race one title of your honor out:
 1201 To you my Lo: I come, what Lo: you will,
 1202 From the most gracious regent of this land
 1203 The Duke of Yorke: to know what prickes you on,
 1204 To take aduantage of the absent time,
 1184 1205 And fright our native peace with selfeborne armes?

 1206 *Bull.* I shall not need transport my words by you,
 1207 Here comes his grace in person, my noble Vnckle.
 1208 *Yorke* Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
 1209 Whose duety is deceiueable and false.
 1210 *Bull.* My gracious Vnckle.
 1211 *Yor.* Tut tut, grace me no grace, nor vnckle me no vnckle,
 1212 I am no traitors Vnckle, and that word Grace
 1213 In an vngracious mouth is but prophane:
 1194 1214 Why haue those banisht and forbidden legs,
 1215 Dard once to touch a dust of Englands ground:
 1216 But then more why? why haue they dard to march
 1217 So many miles vpon her peacefull bosome,
 1218 Fighting her pale fac't villadges with warre,
 1219 And ostentation of despised armes?
 1220 Comst thou because the annointed king is hence?
 1221 Why foolish boy the King is left behinde,

- Roff.* Your prefence makes vs rich, moſt Noble Lord. 1166
Willo. And farre furmounds our labour to attaine it. 1167
Bull. Euermore thankes, th'Exchequer of the poore, 1168
 Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres, 1169
 Stands for my Bountie: but who comes here? 1170
 Enter Barkely. 1171
North. It is my Lord of Barkely, as I gheſſe. 1172
Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Meſſage is to you. 1173
Bull. My Lord, my Anſwere is to *Lancaſter*, 1174
 And I am come to ſeeke that Name in England, 1175
 And I muſt finde that Title in your Tongue, 1176
 Before I make reply to aught you ſay. 1177
Bark. Miſtake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning 1178
 To raze one Title of your Honor out. 1179
 To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will) 1180
 From the moſt glorious of this Land, 1181
 The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on 1182
 To take aduantage of the abſent time, 1183
 And fright our Natiue Peace with ſelfe-borne Armes. 1184
 Enter Yorke. 1185
Bull. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you, 1186
 Here comes his Grace in Perſon. My Noble Vnckle. 1187
Yorke. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee, 1188
 Whoſe dutie is deceiuable, and falſe. 1189
Bull. My gracious Vnckle. 1190
Yorke. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me, 1191
 I am no Traytors Vnckle; and that word Grace, 1192
 In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane. 1193
 Why haue theſe baniſh'd, and forbidden Legges, 1194
 Dar'd once to touch a Duſt of Englands Ground? 1195
 But more then why, why haue they dar'd to march 1196
 So many miles vpon her peacefull Boſome, 1197
 Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre, 1198
 And oſtentation of deſpifed Armes? 1199
 Com'ſt thou becauſe th'anoynted King is hence? 1200
 Why fooliſh Boy, the King is left behind, 1201

- 1222 And in my loiall bofome lies his power,
 1223 Were I but now Lord of fuch hot youth,
 1204 1224 As when braue Gaunt thy father and my felfe,
 1225 Refcued the blacke prince that young Mars of men.
 1226 From forth the ranckes of many thousand french,
 1227 O then how quickly fhould this arme of mine,
 1228 Now prifoner to the Palfie chaftife thee,
 1229 And minifter correction to thy fault!
 1230 *Bull.* My gracious Vnckle let me know my fault,
 1231 On what condition ftands it and wherein?
 1212 1232 *Torke* Euen in condition of the worft degree,
 1233 In groffe rebellion and detefted treafon,
 1234 Thou art a banifht man and here art come,
 1235 Before the expiration of thy time,
 1236 In brauing armes againft thy foueraigne.
 1237 *Bull.* As I was banifht, I was bani fht Hereford,
 1238 But as I come, I come for Lancafter.
 1239 And noble Vnckle I befeech your grace,
 1240 Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eie:
 1241 You are my father, for me thinkes in you
 1222 1242 I fee old Gaunt aliue. Oh then my father,
 1243 Will you permit that I fhall ftand condemnd
 1244 A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
 1245 Pluckt from my armes perforce; and giuen away
 1246 To vpftart vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
 1247 If that my coufin King be King in England,
 1248 It muft be granted I am duke of Lancafter:
 1249 You haue a fonne, Aumerle, my noble coufin,
 1230 1250 Had you firft died, and he bin thus trod downe,
 1251 He fhould haue found his vnckle Gaunt a father,
 1252 To rowze his wrongs and chafe them to the baie.
 1253 I am denied to fue my Liurey here,
 1254 And yet my letters pattents giue me leaue.
 1255 My fathers goods are all diftrainde and fold
 1256 And thefe, and all, are all amiffe employed.
 1257 What would you haue me do? I am a fubiect;

And in my loyall Bosome lyes his power.	1202
Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,	1203
As when braue <i>Gaunt</i> , thy Father, and my selfe	1204
Rescued the <i>Black Prince</i> , that yong <i>Mars</i> of men,	1205
From forth the Rankes of many thousand French :	1206
Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,	1207
Now Prisoner to the Palsie, chastise thee,	1208
And minister correction to thy Fault.	1209
<i>Bull.</i> My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault,	1210
On what Condition stands it, and wherein ?	1211
<i>York.</i> Euen in Condition of the worst degree,	1212
In grosse Rebellion, and detested Treason :	1213
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come	1214
Before th'expiration of thy time,	1215
In brauing Atmes against thy Soueraigne.	1216
<i>Bull.</i> As I was banish'd, I was banish'd <i>Hereford</i> ,	1217
But as I come, I come for <i>Lancaster</i> .	1218
And Noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace	1219
Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye :	1220
You are my Father, for me thinks in you	1221
I see old <i>Gaunt</i> aliue. Oh then my Father,	1222
Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd	1223
A wandring Vagabond ; my Rights and Royalties	1224
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away	1225
To vpstart Vnthrifs ? Wherefore was I borne ?	1226
If that my Cousin King, be King of England,	1227
It must be graunted, I am Duke of Lancafter.	1228
You haue a Sonne, <i>Aumerle</i> , my Noble Kinsman,	1229
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,	1230
He should haue found his Vnckle <i>Gaunt</i> a Father,	1231
To rowze his Wrongs, and chafe them to the bay.	1232
I am denyde to sue my Liuerie here,	1233
And yet my Letters Patents giue me leauē :	1234
My Fathers goods are all distraynd, and sold,	1235
And these, and all, are all amisse imployd.	1236
What would you haue me doe ? I am a Subiect,	1237

- 1258 And I challenge law, Atturnies are denied me,
 1259 And therefore perfonally I lay my claime
 1240 1260 To my inheritance of free defcent.
 1261 *North.* The noble Duke hath bin too much abufed.
 1262 *Rofse* It ftands your Grace vpon to do him right.
 1263 *Willo.* Bafe men by his endowments are made great.
 1264 *Yorke* My Lords of England, let me tell you this:
 1265 I haue had feeling of my coufins wrongs,
 1266 And labourd all I could to do him right:
 1267 But in this kind to come, in brauing armes
 1268 Be his owne caruer, and cut out his way,
 1249 1269 To finde out right wyth wrong it may not be:
 1270 And you that do abette him in this kinde,
 1271 Cherifh rebellion, and are rebells all.
 1272 *North.* The noble Duke hath fworne his comming is,
 1273 But for his owne ;and for the right of that,
 1274 We al haue ftrongly fworne to giue him ayde:
 1275 And let him neuer fee ioy that breakes that oath.
 1276 *Yorke:* Wel wel, I fee the iffue of thefe armes,
 1277 I cannot mend it I muft needes confefse,
 1278 Becaufe my power is weake and all ill left:
 1259 1279 But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
 1280 I would attach you all, and make you ftoope
 1281 Vnto the foueraigne mercie of the king;
 1282 But fince I cannot, be it knowen vnto you,
 1283 I do remaine as newter, fo fare you well,
 1284 Vnleffe you pleafe to enter in the caftle,
 1285 And there repofe you for this night.
 1266 1286 *Bull.* An offer vnclie that we will accept,
 1287 But we muft winne your Grace to go with vs,
 1288 To Bristow caftle, which they fay is held
 1289 By Bushie, Bagot, and their complices,
 1290 The caterpillers of the commonwealth,
 1291 Which I haue fworne to weede and plucke away.
 1292 *Yorke* It may be I will go with you, but yet Ile pawfe,
 1293 For I am loath to breake our countries lawes,

And challenge Law : Attorneyes are deny'd me ;	1238
And therefore peronally I lay my claime	1239
To my Inheritance of free Difcent.	1240
<i>North.</i> The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.	1241
<i>Roff.</i> It stands your Grace vpon, to doe him right.	1242
<i>Willo.</i> Bafe men by his endowments are made great.	1243
<i>York.</i> My Lords of England, let me tell you this,	1244
I haue had feeling of my Cofens Wrongs,	1245
And labour'd all I could to doe him right :	1246
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,	1247
Be his owne Caruer, and cut out his way,	1248
To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be ;	1249
And you that doe abett him in this kind,	1250
Cherifh Rebellion, and are Rebels all.	1251
<i>North.</i> The Noble Duke hath fworne his comming is	1252
But for his owne ; and for the right of that,	1253
Wee all haue strongly fworne to giue him ayd,	1254
And let him neu'r fee Ioy, that breakes that Oath.	1255
<i>York.</i> Well, well, I fee the iffue of thefe Armes,	1256
I cannot mend it, I muft needes confefse,	1257
Because my power is weake, and all ill left :	1258
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,	1259
I would attach you all, and make you ftoope	1260
Vnto the Soueraigne Mercy of the King.	1261
But fince I cannot, be it knowne to you,	1262
I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,	1263
Vnleffe you pleafe to enter in the Cattle,	1264
And there repofe you for this Night.	1265
<i>Bull.</i> An offer Vnckle, that wee will accept :	1266
But wee muft winne your Grace to goe with vs	1267
To Bristow Cattle, which they fay is held	1268
By <i>Buflie</i> , <i>Bagot</i> , and their Complices,	1269
The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,	1270
Which I haue fworne to weed, and plucke away.	1271
<i>York.</i> It may be I will go with you: but yet Ile pawfe,	1272
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes :	1273

1294 Nor friends, nor foes to me welcome you are:
 1295 Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

1276 1296

Enter erle of Salisbury and a Welch captaine.

1297 *Welch.* My lord of Salisbury, we haue stayer ten dayes,
 1298 And hardly kept our countrymen together,
 1299 And yet we heare no tidings from the King,
 1300 Therefore we will disperse our selues, farewell.
 1301 *Salif.* Stay yet an other day, thou trustie Welchman,
 1302 The King repofeth all his confidence in thee.
 1303 *Welch.* Tis thought the King is dead; we wil not stay,
 1304 The bay trees in our country are al witherd,
 1305 And Meteors fright the fixed starres of heauen,
 1286 1306 The pale-facde moone lookes bloudie on the earth,
 1307 And leane-lookt prophets whisper fearefull change,
 1308 Rich men looke sad, and ruffians daunce and leape,
 1309 The one in feare to loose what they enioy,
 1310 The other to enioy by rage and warre:
 1311 These signes forerunne the death or fall of Kings.
 1312 Farewell, our countrymen are gone and fled,
 1313 As well affured Richard their King is dead.
 1314 *Salif.* Ah Richard! with the eies of heauy mind
 1295 1315 I see thy glory like a shooting starre
 1316 Fall to the bafe earth from the firmament,
 1317 Thy sunne sets weeping in the lowly west,
 1318 Witnessing stormes to come, wo, and vnrest,
 1319 Thy friends are fled to wait vpon thy foes,
 1320 And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are, 1274
 Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.* 1275

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine. 1276

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we haue stayd ten dayes, 1277
 And hardly kept our Countreyemen together, 1278
 And yet we heare no tidings from the King ; 1279
 Therefore we will disperfe our felues : farewell. 1280

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trustie Welchman, 1281
 The King repofeth all his confidence in thee. 1282

Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay ; 1283
 The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are wither'd, 1284
 And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heauen ; 1285
 The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth, 1286
 And leane-look'd Prophets whifper fearefull change ; 1287
 Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leape, 1288
 The one in feare, to loofe what they enioy, 1289
 The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre : 1290
 These signes fore-run the death of Kings. 1291
 Farewell, our Countreyemen are gone and fled, 1292
 As well assur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.* 1293

Sal. Ah *Richard*, with eyes of heauie mind, 1294
 I fee thy Glory, like a shooting Starre, 1295
 Fall to the bafe Earth, from the Firmament : 1296
 Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly West, 1297
 Witneffing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnrest : 1298
 Thy Friends are fled, to wait vpon thy Foes, 1299
 And croffely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.* 1300

1301 1321 *Enter Duke of Hereford, Yorke, Northumberland,*
 1322 *Bushie and Greene prisoners.*

1323 *Bull.* Bring forth these men.
 1324 Bushie and Greene, I will not vex your foules,
 1325 Since presently your foules must part your bodies
 1326 With too much vrging your pernicious liues,
 1327 For twere no charitie; yet to wash your blood
 1328 From off my hands, heere in the view of men
 1310 1329 I will vnfold some causes of your deaths:
 1330 You haue misled a Prince, a royall King,
 1331 A happy Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
 1332 By you vnhappyed, and disfigured cleane,
 1333 You haue in manner with your sinfull houres
 1334 Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
 1335 Broke the possession of a royall bed,
 1336 And staine the beutie of a faire Queenes cheekes
 1337 With teares, drawn from her eies by your fowle wrongs,
 1319 1338 My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
 1339 Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
 1340 Till you did make him misinterpret me,
 1341 Haue stoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
 1342 And sigh't my English breath in forren cloudes,
 1343 Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
 1344 Whilst you haue fed vpon my segniories,
 1345 Disparkt my parkes, and feld my Forrest woods,
 1346 From my owne windowes torne my household coate,
 1347 Rac't out my impresse, leauing me no signe,
 1348 Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
 1349 To shew the world I am a gentleman.
 1350 This and much more, much more then twice all this

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

<i>Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland,</i>	1301
<i>Roffe, Percie, Willoughby, with Bushie</i>	1302
<i>and Greene Prisoners.</i>	1303
<i>Bull.</i> Bring forth these men :	1304
<i>Bushie</i> and <i>Greene</i> , I will not vex your foules,	1305
(Since presently your foules must part your bodies)	1306
With too much vrging your pernicious liues,	1307
For 'twere no Charitie : yet to wash your blood	1308
From off my hands, here in the view of men,	1309
I will vnfold some causes of your deaths.	1310
You haue mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,	1311
A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,	1312
By you vnhappyed, and disfigur'd cleane :	1313
You haue in manner with your finfull houres	1314
Made a Diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,	1315
Broke the possession of a Royall Bed,	1316
And slayn'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes,	1317
With teares drawn frō her eyes, with your foule wrongs.	1318
My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,	1319
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,	1320
Till you did make him mis-interpret me,	1321
Haue stoopt my neck vnder your iniuries,	1322
And figh'd my English breath in forraine Clouds,	1323
Eating the bitter bread of banishment ;	1324
While you haue fed vpon my Seignories,	1325
Dif-park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my Forrest Woods ;	1326
From mine owne Windowes torne my Household Coat,	1327
Raz'd out my Impresse, leauing me no signe,	1328
Saued mens opinions, and my liuing blood,	1329
To shew the World I am a Gentleman.	1330
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,	1331

- 1351 Condemns you to the death : see them deliuered ouer
 1338 1352 To execution and the hand of death.
 1353 *Bush.* More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
 1354 Than Bullingbrooke to England, Lords farewell.
 1355 *Greene* My comfort is, that heauen will take our foules,
 1356 And plague iniustice with the paines of hell,
 1357 *Bul.* My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatcht:
 1358 Vncle, you say the Queene is at your house,
 1359 For Gods sake fairely let her be intreated,
 1360 Tel her I send to her my kinde commends;
 1361 Take special care my greetings be deliuered.
 1362 *Yorke* A gentleman of mine I haue dispatcht,
 1363 With letters of your loue to her at large.
 1364 *Bul.* Thankes(gentle vncle:)Come Lords, away,
 1365 To fight with Glendor and his complices,
 1347 1366 A while to worke, and after holiday. *Exeunt.*

1367 *Enter the King Aumerle, Carleil, &c.*

- 1368 *King* Barkloughly castle call they this at hand?
 1369 *Aum.* Yea my Lord, How brookes your Grace the ayre
 1370 After your late tosing on the breaking feas?
 1371 *King* Needes must I like it well, I weepe for ioy,
 1372 To stand vpon my kingdome once againe:
 1373 Deere earth I do salute thee with my hand,
 1374 Though rebels wound thee with their hofes hooves:
 1375 As a long parted mother with her childe
 1359 1376 Playes fondly with her teares and smiles in meeting;
 1377 So weeping, smiling greete I thee my earth,

Condemnes you to the death : see them deliuered ouer	1332
To execution, and the hand of death.	1333
<i>Bushie.</i> More welcome is the stroake of death to me,	1334
Then <i>Bullingbrooke</i> to England.	1335
<i>Greene.</i> My comfort is, that Heauen will take our foules,	1336
And plague Iniustice with the paines of Hell.	1337
<i>Bull.</i> My Lord <i>Northumberland</i> , see them dispatch'd :	1338
Vnckle, you say the Queene is at your Houfe,	1339
For Heauens sake fairely let her be entreated,	1340
Tell her I send to her my kind commends ;	1341
Take speciall care my Greetings be deliuer'd.	1342
<i>York.</i> A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatch'd	1343
With Letters of your loue, to her at large.	1344
<i>Bull.</i> Thankes gentle Vnckle : come Lords away,	1345
To fight with <i>Glendoure</i> , and his Complices ;	1346
A while to worke, and after holliday.	1347
<i>Exeunt.</i>	1348

Scena Secunda. .

<i>Drums : Flourish, and Colours.</i>	1349
<i>Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.</i>	1350
<i>Rich.</i> Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand ?	1351
<i>Au.</i> Yea, my Lord : how brooks your Grace the ayre,	1352
After your late toffing on the breaking Seas ?	1353
<i>Rich.</i> Needs must I like it well : I weepe for ioy	1354
To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe.	1355
Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,	1356
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hoofes :	1357
As a long parted Mother with her Child,	1358
Plays fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting ;	1359
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my Earth,	1360

- 1378 And do thee fauours with my royall hands;
 1379 Feede not thy Soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,
 1380 Nor with thy sweetes comfort his rauinous fence,
 1381 But let thy Spiders that sucke vp thy venome,
 1382 And heauy-gated toades lie in theyr way,
 1383 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feete,
 1384 Which with vsurping steps do trample thee,
 1385 Ycelde flinging nettles to mine enemies:
 1386 And when they from thy bosome plucke a flower,
 1387 Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder,
 1371 1388 Whose double tongue may wyth a mortall touch,
 1372 1389 Throwe death vpon thy foueraignes enemies,
 1390 Mocke not my fenceles coniuration Lords,
 1391 This earth shall haue a feeling, and these stones,
 1392 Proue armed fouldiers ere her natiue King,
 1393 Shall faulter vnder foule rebellions armes.
 1394 *Carl.* Feare not my Lord, that power that made you king,
 1378 1395 Hath power to keepe you king in spight of all,
 1396 The meanes that heauens yeeld must be imbrac't
 1397 And not neglected. Else heauen would,
 1398 And we will not, heauens offer, we refuse,
 1399 The profered meanes of succors and redresse.
 1379 1400 *Aum.* He meanes my Lo. that we are too remisse,
 1401 Whilft Bullingbrooke through our security,
 1402 Growes strong and great in substance and in power.
 1403 *King* Discomfortable Coofen knowst thou not,
 1404 That when the searching eie of heauen is hid,
 1405 Behinde the globe that lights the lower world,
 1385 1406 Then theeues and robbers range abroad vnseene,
 1407 In murthers and in outrage bouldy here,
 1408 But when from vnder this terrestriall ball,
 1409 He fires the proud tops of the easterne pines,
 1410 And dartes his light through euery guilty hole,
 1411 Then murthers, treasons and detested finnes,
 1412 The cloake of night being pluckt from off their backs,
 1413 Stand bare and naked trembling at themselues?

And doe thee fauor with my Royall hands.	1361
Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,	1362
Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his rauenuous fence :	1363
But let thy Spiders, that suck vp thy Venome,	1364
And heauie-gated Toades lye in their way,	1365
Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,	1366
Which with vsurping steps doe trample thee.	1367
Yeeld stinging Nettles to mine Enemies ;	1368
And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower,	1369
Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,	1370
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch	1371
Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes Enemies.	1372
Mock not my fencelesse Coniuration, Lords ;	1373
This Earth shall haue a feeling, and these Stones	1374
Proue armed Souldiers, ere her Natiue King	1375
Shall falter vnder foule Rebellious Armes.	1376
<i>Car.</i> Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you King	1377
Hath power to keepe you King, in spight of all.	1378

<i>Aum.</i> He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,	1379
Whilest <i>Bullingbrooke</i> through our securitie,	1380
Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.	1381
<i>Rich.</i> Discomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not,	1382
That when the searhing Eye of Heauen is hid	1383
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,	1384
Then Theeues and Robbers raunge abroad vnseene,	1385
In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here :	1386
But when from vnder this Terrestriall Ball	1387
He fires the proud tops of the Easterne Pines,	1388
And darts his Lightning through eu'ry guiltie hole,	1389
Then Murthers, Treasons, and detested finnes	1390
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)	1391
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselues.	1392

- 1414 So when this thiefe, this traitor Bullingbrooke,
 1415 Who all this while hath reueld in the night,
 1416 VVhilst we were wandring with the Antipodes,
 1417 Shall see vs rising in our throne the east,
 1418 His treasons will fit blushing in his face,
 1419 Not able to endure the sight of day,
 1420 But selfe affrighted tremble at his sinne,
 1421 Not all the water in the rough rude sea,
 1422 Can wash the balme off from an annointed King,
 1423 the breath of worldly men cannot depose,
 1402 1424 the deputy elected by the Lord,
 1425 For euery man that Bullingbrooke hath prest,
 1426 to lifte shrewd steele against our golden crowne,
 1427 God for his Ric: hath in heauenly pay,
 1428 A glorious Angell; then if Angels fight,
 1429 Weake men must fall, for heauen still gardes the right.
 1430 *Enter Salisb.*
 1431 *King* Welcome my Lo: how far off lies your power?
 1432 *Salis.* Nor neare nor farther off my gracious Lo:
 1433 Than this weake arme ; discomfort guides my tongue,
 1434 And bids me speake of nothing but Despaire,
 1435 One day too late I feare me noble Lo:
 1436 Hath clouded all thy happy daies on earth:
 1437 O call backe yesterday, bid time returne,
 1416 1438 And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men,
 1439 To day to day vnhappy daie too late,
 1440 Ouertrowes thy ioies friends, fortune and thy state,
 1441 For all the Welshmen hearing thou wert dead,
 1442 Are gone to Bullingbrooke disperst and fled.
 1443 *Aum.* Comfort my liege , why looks your grace so pale.

 1444 *King* But now the bloud of 20000. men,
 1445 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:
 1446 And till so much bloud thither come againe,
 1447 Haue I not reason to looke pale and dead?
 1448 All foules that wilbe safe, flie from my side,
 1449 For time hath fet a blot vpon my pride.

So when this Theefe, this Traytor <i>Bullingbrooke</i> ,	1393
Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night,	1394
Shall see vs rising in our Throne, the East,	1395
His Treasons will fit blushing in his face,	1396
Not able to endure the sight of Day ;	1397
But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his sinne.	1398
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea	1399
Can wash the Balme from an anyoynted King ;	1400
The breath of worldly men cannot depose	1401
The Deputie elected by the Lord :	1402
For euery man that <i>Bullingbrooke</i> hath prest,	1403
To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,	1404
Heauen for his <i>Richard</i> hath in heauenly pay	1405
A glorious Angell : then if Angels fight,	1406
Weake men must fall, for Heauen still guards the right.	1407
<i>Enter Salisbury.</i>	1408
Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power ?	1409
<i>Salisb.</i> Nor neere, not farther off, my gracious Lord,	1410
Then this weake arme ; discomfot guides my tongue,	1411
And bids me speake of nothing but despaire :	1412
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)	1413
Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth :	1414
Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne,	1415
And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men :	1416
To day, to day, vnhappie day too late	1417
Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State;	1418
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,	1419
Are gone to <i>Bullingbrooke</i> , disperst, and fled.	1420
<i>Aum.</i> Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so	1421
pale ?	1422
<i>Rich.</i> But now the blood of twentie thousand men	1423
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,	1424
And till so much blood thither come againe,	1425
Haue I not reason to looke pale, and dead ?	1426
All Soules that will be safe, flye from my side,	1427
For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride.	1428

- 1429 1450 *Aum.* Comfort my liege remember who you are.
 1451 *King* I had forgot my selfe, am I not King?
 1452 Awake thou coward Maiefty thou sleepest,
 1453 Is not the Kings name twenty thousand names?
 1454 Arme arme, my name a puny subiect strikes,
 1455 At thy great glorie, looke not to the ground,
 1456 Ye fauourites of a King, are we not high?
 1457 High be our thoughts, I know my Vnckle Yorke,
 1458 Hath power enough to ferue our turne:but who comes here?
 1459 *Enter Scroope.*
 1460 *Scro.* More health and happines betide my liege,
 1461 Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him.
 1441 1462 *King* Mine eare is open, and my hart prepard,
 1463 The worst is worldly losse thou canst vnfold,
 1464 Say, is my kingdome lost? why twas my care,
 1465 And what losse is it to be rid of care?
 1466 Striues Bullingbrooke to be as great as we,
 1467 Greater he shall not be, if he ferue God,
 1468 Weele ferue him to, and be his fellow fo:
 1469 Reuolt our subiects, that we cannot mende,
 1470 They breake their faith to God as well as vs:
 1471 Crie woe, destruction, ruine, and decay,
 1472 The worst is death, and death will haue his day.
 1452 1473 *Scro.* Glad am I, that your highnes is so armde,
 1474 To beare the tidings of calamity,
 1475 Like an vnseasonable stormie day,
 1476 Which makes the siluer riuers drowne their shores,
 1477 As if the world were all dissolude to teares:
 1478 So high about his limits fwels the rage
 1479 Of Bullingbrooke couering your fearefull land,
 1480 With hard bright steele, and harts harder then steele,
 1481 White beards haue armd their thin and haireles scalpes
 1482 Against thy maiefty: boies with womens voices,
 1483 Striue to speake big and clap their femal ioints,
 1484 In stiffe vnweildy armes against thy crowne,
 1485 Thy very beardsmen learne to bend their bowes,

<i>Aum.</i> Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.	1429
<i>Rich.</i> I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King?	1430
Awake thou fluggard Maieftie, thou sleepest :	1431
Is not the Kings Name fortie thousand Names?	1432
Arme, arme my Name : a punie subiect strikes	1433
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,	1434
Ye Faurites of a King : are wee not high ?	1435
High be our thoughts : I know my Vnckle <i>Yorke</i>	1436
Hath Power enough to serue our turne.	1437
But who comes here ? <i>Enter Scroope.</i>	1438
<i>Scroope.</i> More health and happineffe betide my Liege,	1439
Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliuer him.	1440
<i>Rich.</i> Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd :	1441
The worst is worldly losse, thou canst vnfold :	1442
Say, Is my Kingdome lost? why 'twas my Care:	1443
And what losse is it to be rid of Care ?	1444
Striues <i>Bullingbrooke</i> to be as Great as wee ?	1445
Greater he shall not be : If hee serue God,	1446
Wee'l serue him too, and be his Fellow so.	1447
Reuolt our Subiects? That we cannot mend,	1448
They breake their Faith to God, as well as vs :	1449
Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,	1450
The worst is Death, and Death will haue his day.	1451
<i>Scroope.</i> Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd	1452
To beare the tidings of Calamitie.	1453
Like an vnseasonable stormie day,	1454
Which make the Siluer Riuers drowne their Shores,	1455
As if the World were all dissolu'd to teares :	1456
So high, aboue his Limits, swells the Rage	1457
Of <i>Bullingbrooke</i> , couering your fearefull Land	1458
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:	1459
White Beares haue arm'd their thin and hairelesse Scalps	1460
Against thy Maieftie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,	1461
Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioints	1462
In stiffe vnwieldie Armes : against thy Crowne	1463
Thy very Beads-men learne to bend their Bowes	1464

1465 1486 Of double fatall ewe against thy fstate,
 1487 Yea diftaffe women mannage ruftie bills
 1488 Against thy feate, both young and old rebell,
 1489 And all goes worfe then I haue power to tell.
 1490 *King* Too well too well thou telst a tale fo ill,
 1491 Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
 1492 What is become of Bushie? where is Greene?
 1493 That they haue let the dangerous enemy,
 1494 Meafure our confines with fuch peacefull steps,
 1495 If we preuaile, their heads fhall pay for it:
 1496 I warrant they haue made peace with Bulling.
 1497 *Scro.* Peace haue they made with him indeed my Lord.

1498 *King* Oh villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,
 1479 1499 Dogs eafily woon to fawne on any man,
 1500 Snakes in my hart bloud warmd that sting my hart,
 1501 Three Iudaffes, each one thrife worfe then Iudas,
 1502 Would they make peace?terrible hel,
 1503 Make war vpon their spotted foules for this.
 1504 *Scro.* Sweet loue I fee changing his property,
 1505 Turnes to the fowrest and moft deadly hate,
 1506 Againe, vncurfe their foules, their peace is made
 1507 With heads and not with hands, thofe whom you curle
 1508 Haue felt the worft of deathes destroying wound.
 1509 And lie full low grau'd in the hollow ground.
 1490 1510 *Aum.* Is Bushie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead.

1511 *Scro.* I all of them at Bristow loft their heads.
 1512 *Aum.* Where is the Duke my father with his power?
 1513 *King* No matter where, of comfort no man fpeake:
 1514 Lets talke of graues, of wormes, and Epitaphs,
 1515 Make duft our paper, and with rainy eies,
 1516 Write forrow on the bofome of the earth.
 1517 Lets choofe executors and talke of wils:
 1518 And yet not fo, for what can we bequeath,
 1519 Saue our depofed bodies to the ground?

Of double fatall Eugh : againſt thy State	1465
Yea Diſtaffe-Women manage ruſtie Bills :	1466
Againſt thy Seat both young and old rebell,	1467
And all goes worfe then I haue power to tell.	1468
<i>Rich.</i> Too well, too well thou tell'ſt a Tale fo ill.	1469
Where is the Earle of Wiltſhire? where is <i>Bagot</i> ?	1470
What is become of <i>Buſhie</i> ? where is <i>Greene</i> ?	1471
That they haue let the dangerous Enemie	1472
Meaſure our Confines with ſuch peacefull ſteps ?	1473
If we preuaile, their heads ſhall pay for it.	1474
I warrant they haue made peace with <i>Bullingbrooke</i> .	1475
<i>Scroope.</i> Peace haue they made with him indeede (my	1476
Lord.)	1477
<i>Rich.</i> Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,	1478
Dogges, eaſily woon to fawne on any man,	1479
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that ſting my heart,	1480
Three Iudaffes, each one thrice worfe then <i>Iudas</i> ,	1481
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre	1482
Vpon their ſpotted Soules for this Offence.	1483
<i>Scroope.</i> Sweet Loue(I fee) changing his propertie,	1484
Turnes to the fowreſt, and moſt deadly hate :	1485
Againe vncurſe their Soules ; their peace is made	1486
With Heads, and not with Hands: thoſe whom you curſe	1487
Haue felt the worſt of Deaths destroying hand,	1488
And lye full low, grau'd in the hollow ground.	1489
<i>Aum.</i> Is <i>Buſhie</i> , <i>Greene</i> , and the Earle of Wiltſhire	1490
dead ?	1491
<i>Scroope.</i> Yea, all of them at Briſtow loſt their heads.	1492
<i>Aum.</i> Where is the Duke my Father with his Power ?	1493
<i>Rich.</i> No matter where ; of comfort no man ſpeake :	1494
Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,	1495
Make Duſt our Paper, and with Raynie eyes	1496
Write Sorrow on the Boſome of the Earth.	1497
Let's chuſe Executors, and talke of Wills :	1498
And yet not ſo ; for what can we bequeath,	1499
Saue our depofed bodies to the ground ?	1500

- 1520 Our landes, our liues, and all are Bullingbrookes,
 1502 1521 And nothing can we call our owne, but death:
 1522 And that fmall modle of the barren earth,
 1523 Which ferues as pafte, and couer to our bones,
 1524 For Gods fake let vs fit vpon the ground,
 1525 And tell fad ftories of the death of Kings,
 1526 How fome haue beene depofd, fome flaine in warre,
 1527 Some haunted by the ghofts they haue depofed,
 1528 Some poiſoned by their wiues, fome ſleeping kild;
 1529 All murthered, for within the hollow crowne
 1511 1530 That roundes the mortall temples of a king,
 1531 Keepes death his court, and there the antique fits,
 1532 Scofing his ftate and grinning at his pompe,
 1533 Allowing him a breath, a litle ſceane,
 1534 To monarchife be feard, and kil with lookes,
 1535 Infuſing him with ſelfe and vaine conceit,
 1536 As if this fleſh which wals about our life,
 1518 1537 Were braffe impregnable;and humord thus,
 1538 Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
 1539 Boares thorough his Caſtle wall, and farewell King;
 1540 Couer your heades, and mocke not fleſh and bloud,
 1541 With ſolemne reuerence, throw a way reſpect,
 1542 Tradition, forme, and ceremonious duetie,
 1543 For you haue but miſtooke me al this while :
 1544 I liue with bread like you, feele want,
 1545 Taſte grieſe, neede friends, ſubiected thus,
 1527 1546 How can you fay to me, I am a King?
 1547 *Carleil* My lord, wiſemen nere fit and waile they woes,
 1548 But preſently preuent the wayes to waile,
 1549 To feare the foe, ſince feare oppreſſeth ſtrength,
 1550 Giues in your weakenes ſtrength vnto your foe,
 1551 And ſo your follies fight againſt your ſelfe :
 1552 Feare and be flaine, no worſe can come to fight,
 1553 And fight and die, is death deſtroying death,
 1554 Where fearing dying, paies death ſeruile breath.
 1555 *Aum.* My father hath a power, inquire of him,
 1556 And learne to make a body of a limme.

Our Lands, our Liues, and all are *Bullingbrookes*, 1501
 And nothing can we call our owne, but Death, 1502
 And that small Modell of the barren Earth, 1503
 Which ferues as Pafte, and Couer to our Bones : 1504
 For Heauens fake let vs fit vpon the ground, 1505
 And tell fad ftories of the death of Kings : 1506
 How fome haue been depos'd, fome flaine in warre, 1507
 Some haunted by the Ghofts they haue depos'd, 1508
 Some poyfon'd by their Wiues, fome fleeping kill'd, 1509
 All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne 1510
 That rounds the mortall Temples of a King, 1511
 Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique fits 1512
 Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe, 1513
 Allowing him a breath, a little Scene, 1514
 To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks, 1515
 Infufing him with felfe and vaine conceit, 1516
 As if this Flefh, which walls about our Life, 1517
 Were Braffe impregnable : and humor'd thus, 1518
 Comes at the laft, and with a little Pinne 1519
 Bores through his Cattle Walls, and farwell King. 1520
 Couer your heads, and mock not flefh and blood 1521
 With folemne Reuerence : throw away Refpect, 1522
 Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie, 1523
 For you haue but miftooke me all this while : 1524
 I liue with Bread like you, feele Want, 1525
 Tafte Griefe, need Friends : fubiefted thus, 1526
 How can you fay to me, I am a King ? 1527
Carl. My Lord, wife men ne're waile their prefent woes, 1528
 But prefently preuent the wayes to waile : 1529
 To feare the Foe, fince feare oppreffeth ftrength, 1530
 Giues in your weakeneffe, ftrength vnto your Foe ; 1531

 Feare, and be flaine, no worfe can come to fight, 1532
 And fight and die, is death destroying death, 1533
 Where fearing, dying, payes death feruile breath. 1534
Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him, 1535
 And learne to make a Body of a Limbe. 1536

- 1537 1557 *King* Thou chidst me well, prowd Bullingbrooke, I come
 1558 To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
 1559 This agew fit of feare is ouerblowne,
 1560 An easie taske it is to winne our owne.
 1561 Say Scroope, where lies our vnckle with his power?
 1562 Speake sweetely man although thy lookes be fower.
 1563 *Scroope* Men iudge by the complexion of the skie,
 1564 The state and inclination of the day;
 1545 1565 So may you by my dull and heauy eie:
 1566 My tongue hath but a heauier tale to fay,
 1567 I play the torturer by small and small
 1568 To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
 1569 Your vnckle Yorke is ioyned with Bullingbrooke,
 1570 And all your Northerne castles yeilded vp,
 1571 And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
 1572 Vpon his partie.
 1573 *King* Thou hast said enough:
 1554 1574 Beshrew thee cousin which didst leade me forth
 1575 Of that sweete way I was in to dispaire.
 1576 What say you now? what comfort haue we now?
 1577 By heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,
 1578 That bids me be of comfort any more.
 1579 Go to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
 1580 A King woes slaue shall kingly woe obey:
 1581 That power I haue, discharge, and let them goe
 1582 To eare the land that hath some hope to grow,
 1583 For I haue none, let no man speake againe,
 1564 1584 To alter this, for counsell is but vaine.
 1585 *Aum.* My Liege, one word.
 1586 *King* He does me double wrong,
 1587 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tong,
 1588 Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
 1589 From Richards night, to Bullingbrookes faire day.

<i>Rich.</i> Thou chid'st me well; proud <i>Bullingbrooke</i> I come	1537
To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome :	1538
This ague fit of feare is ouer-blowne,	1539
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.	1540
Say <i>Scroope</i> , where lyes our Vnckle with his Power ?	1541
Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be fowre.	1542
<i>Scroope.</i> Men iudge by the complexion of the Skie	1543
The state and inclination of the day ;	1544
So may you by my dull and heauie Eye :	1545
My Tongue hath but a heauier Tale to fay :	1546
I play the Torturer, by small and small	1547
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.	1548
Your Vnckle <i>Yorke</i> is ioyn'd with <i>Bullingbrooke</i> ,	1549
And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,	1550
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes	1551
Vpon his Faction.	1552
<i>Rich.</i> Thou hast said enough.	1553
Befhrew thee Cousin, which didst lead me forth	1554
Of that sweet way I was in, to despaire :	1555
What say you now ? What comfort haue we now ?	1556
By Heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,	1557
That bids me be of comfort any more.	1558
Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,	1559
A King, Woes slaue, shall Kingly Woe obey :	1560
That Power I haue, discharge, and let 'em goe	1561
To eare the Land, that hath some hope to grow,	1562
For I haue none. Let no man speake againe	1563
To alter this, for counsaile is but vaine.	1564
<i>Aum.</i> My Liege, one word.	1565
<i>Rich.</i> He does me double wrong,	1566
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.	1567
Discharge my followers : let them hence away,	1568
From <i>Richards</i> Night, to <i>Bullingbrookes</i> faire Day.	1569
<i>Exeunt.</i>	1570

1590

Enter Bull, Yorke, North.

- 1591 *Bull.* So that by this intelligence we learne
 1592 The Welch men are disperft, and Salisburie
 1593 Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
 1594 With fome few priuate friends vpon this coast.
 1577 1595 *North.* The newes is very faire and good my lord,
 1596 Richard not farre from hence hath hid his head.
 1597 *Yorke* It would befeeme the Lord Northumberland
 1598 To fay King Richard ;alacke the heauy day,
 1599 When fuch a facred King should hide his head.
 1600 *North.* Your Grace miftakes; onely to be brieue
 1601 Left I his title out.
 1602 *Yorke* The time hath bin, would you haue beene fo brieue
 1603 He would haue bin fo brieue to fhorten you, (with him,
 1587 1604 For taking fo the head your whole heads length.
 1605 *Bull.* Miftake not (vncke) further then you should.
 1606 *Yorke* Take not (good coufin) further then you should,
 1607 Left you miftake the heauens are ouer our heads.
 1608 *Bull.* I know it vncke, and oppofe not my felfe,
 1609 Againft their will. But, who comes here? *Enter Percie.*
 1610 Welcome Harry; what, will not this caftle yeelde?
 1595 1611 *H. Per.* ,The Caftle royally is mand my Lord.
 1612 Againft thy entrance.
 1613 *Bull.* Royally, why it containes no King.
 1614 *H. Per.* Yes(my good Lord,)
 1615 It doth containe a King, King Richard lies
 1616 Within the limites of yon lime and ftone,
 1617 And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisburie,

Scæna Tertia.

<i>Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke,</i>	1571
<i>Yorke, Northumberland, Attendants.</i>	1572
<i>Bull.</i> So that by this intelligence we learne	1573
The Welchmen are dispers'd, and <i>Salisbury</i>	1574
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed	1575
With some few priuate friends, vpon this Coaft.	1576
<i>North.</i> The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,	1577
<i>Richard,</i> not farre from hence, hath hid his head.	1578
<i>York.</i> It would befeeme the Lord Northumberland,	1579
To say King <i>Richard</i> : alack the heauie day,	1580
When such a sacred King should hide his head.	1581
<i>North.</i> Your Grace mistakes: onely to be briefe,	1582
Left I his Title out.	1583
<i>York.</i> The time hath beene,	1584
Would you haue beene so briefe with him, he would	1585
Haue beene so briefe with you, to shorten you,	1586
For taking so the Head, your whole heads length.	1587
<i>Bull.</i> Mistake not (Vnckle) farther then you should,	1588
<i>York.</i> Take not (good Cousin) farther then you should.	1589
Leaft you mistake the Heauens are ore your head.	1590
<i>Bull.</i> I know it (Vnckle) and oppofe not my selfe	1591
Against their will. But who comes here?	1592
<i>Enter Percie.</i>	1593
Welcome <i>Harry</i> : what, will not this Castle yeeld?	1594
<i>Per.</i> The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,	1595
Against thy entrance.	1596
<i>Bull.</i> Royally? Why, it containes no King?	1597
<i>Per.</i> Yes (my good Lord)	1598
It doth containe a King: King <i>Richard</i> lyes	1599
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,	1600
And with him, the Lord <i>Aumerle</i> , Lord <i>Salisbury</i> ,	1601

1618 Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a cleargie man
 1619 Of holy reuerence, who I cannot learne.
 1604 1620 *North.* Oh belike it is the bishop of Carleil.
 1621 *Bull.* Noble Lords,
 1622 Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Castle,
 1623 Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parlee
 1624 Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.
 1625 H. Bull. on both his knees doth kiffe king Richards hand,
 1626 And fends allegeance and true faith of heart
 1627 To his most royall perfon : hither come
 1628 Euen at his feete to lay my armes and power:
 1629 Prouided, that my banishment repeald,
 1630 And lands restored againe be freely granted;
 1615 1631 If not, Ile vse the aduantage of my power,
 1632 And lay the summers dust with showres of bloud,
 1633 Raine from the wounds of slaughtered English men,
 1634 The which, how farre off from the minde of Bulling.
 1635 It is, such crimfon tempest should bedrench
 1636 The fresh greene lap of faire King Richards land:
 1637 My stooping duety tenderly shall shew:
 1638 Go signifie as much while here we march
 1639 Vpon the grafsie carpet of this plaine;
 1640 Lets march without the noyse of threatning drumme,
 1641 That from this Castels tottered battlements
 1642 Our faire appointments may be well perufde.
 1643 Me thinkes King Richard and my selfe should meete
 1644 With no lesse terrour than the elements
 1645 Of fire and water, when their thundring shocke
 1646 At meeting teares the cloudie cheekes of heauen.
 1647 Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding water ;
 1632 1648 The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigne.
 1649 My water's on the earth, and not on him,
 1650 March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

1651 *The trumpets sound, Richard appeareth on the walls.*

Sir <i>Stephen Scroope</i> , besides a Clergie man	1602
Of holy reuerence ; who, I cannot learne.	1603
<i>North.</i> Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlile.	1604
<i>Bull.</i> Noble Lord,	1605
Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,	1606
Through Brazen Trumpet fend the breath of Parle	1607
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliuer :	1608
<i>Henry Bullingbrooke</i> vpon his knees doth kisse	1609
King <i>Richards</i> hand, and fends allegiance	1610
And true faith of heart to his Royall Perfon: hither come	1611
Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,	1612
Prouided, that my Banishment repeal'd,	1613
And Lands restor'd againe, be freely graunted :	1614
If not, Ile vse th'aduantage of my Power,	1615
And lay the Summers duft with showers of blood,	1616
Rayn'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen ;	1617
The which, how farre off from the mind of <i>Bullingbrooke</i>	1618
It is, such Crimfon Tempest should bedrench	1619
The fresh greene Lap of faire King <i>Richards</i> Land,	1620
My stooping dutie tenderly shall shew.	1621
Goe signifie as much, while here we march	1622
Vpon the Graffie Carpet of this Plaine :	1623
Let's march without the noyse of threatenng Drum,	1624
That from this Castles tatter'd Battlements	1625
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.	1626
Me thinks King <i>Richard</i> and my selfe should meet	1627
With no lesse terror then the Elements	1628
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring fmoake	1629
At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heauen :	1630
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding Water ;	1631
The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine	1632
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.	1633
March on, and marke King <i>Richard</i> how he lookes.	1634
<i>Parle without, and answere within : then a Flourish.</i>	1635
<i>Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop,</i>	1636
<i>Salisbury.</i>	1637

- 1652 *Bull.* See fee King Richard doth himselfe appeare,
 1653 As doth the blushing difcontented Sunne,
 1654 From out the fierie portall of the East,
 1655 When he perceiues the enuious cloudes are bent
 1656 To dimme his glorie, and to flaine the tracke
 1643 1657 Ofhis bright passage to the Occident.
 1658 *Yorke* Yet lookes he like a King, beholde his eye,
 1659 As bright as is the Eagles, lightens forth
 1660 Controlling maiestie ;alacke alacke for woe,
 1661 That any harme should flaine fo faire a shew.
 1662 *King* We are amazde, and thus long haue we floode,
 1663 To watch the feareful bending of thy knee,
 1664 Because we'thought our felfe thy lawful King:
 1665 And if wee be, howe dare thy ioynts forget
 1666 To pay their awefull duety to our prefence?
 1667 If we be not, shew vs the hand of God
 1668 That hath difmift vs from our Stewardship,
 1669 For well we know no hand of bloud and bone
 1654 1670 Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,
 1671 Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or vsurpe,
 1672 And though you thinke that all as you haue done
 1673 Haue torne their foules, by turning them from vs,
 1674 And we are barren and bereft of friends:
 1675 Yet know, my maister God omnipotent,
 1676 Is mustering in his cloudes on our behalfe,
 1677 Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike
 1678 Your children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
 1679 That lift your vassaile hands against my head,
 1680 And threat the glorie of my precious crowne.
 1681 Tell Bullingbrooke, for yon me thinkes he standes,
 1682 That euery stride he makes vpon my land,
 1683 Is dangerous treafon : he is come to open
 1670 1684 The purple testament of bleeding warre:
 1685 But ere the crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
 1686 ten thousand bloudy crownes of mothers sonnes,
 1687 Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,

See, see, King <i>Richard</i> doth himfelfe appeare	1638
As doth the blufhing difcontented Sunne,	1639
From out the fierie Portall of the Eaft,	1640
When he perceiues the eniuous Clouds are bent	1641
To dimme his glory, and to ftaine the tract	1642
Of his bright paffage to the Occident.	1643
<i>York.</i> Yet lookes he like a King : behold his Eye	1644
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth	1645
Controlling Maieftie : alack, alack, for woe,	1646
That any harme fhould ftaine fo faire a fhew.	1647
<i>Rich.</i> Wee are amaz'd, and thus long haue we flood	1648
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,	1649
Becaufe we thought our felfe thy lawfull King :	1650
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget	1651
To pay their awfull dutie to our prefence ?	1652
If we be not, fhew vs the Hand of God,	1653
That hath difmifs'd vs from our Stewardfhip,	1654
For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone	1655
Can gripe the facred Handle of our Scepter,	1656
Vnleffe he doe prophane, feale, or vfurpe.	1657
And though you thinke, that all, as you haue done,	1658
Haue tornè their Soules, by turning them from vs,	1659
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends :	1660
Yet know, my Master, God Omnipotent,	1661
Is mustring in his Clouds, on our behalfe,	1662
Armies of Peftilence, and they fhall ftrike	1663
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,	1664
That lift your Vaffall Hands againft my Head,	1665
And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.	1666
Tell <i>Bullingbrooke</i> , for yond me thinkes he is,	1667
That euery ftride he makes vpon my Land,	1668
Is dangerous Treafon : He is come to ope	1669
The purple Teftament of bleeding Warre ;	1670
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,	1671
Ten thoufand bloody crowne s of Mothers Sonnes	1672
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,	1673

- 1688 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace,
 1689 to scarlet indignation and bedew
 1690 Her pastors graffe with faithfull English blood,
 1677 1691 *North.* The King of heauen forbid: our Lo: the king
 1692 Should so with ciuill and vnciuill armes,
 1693 be rusht vpon. thy thrife noble Cofen,
 1694 Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kisse thy hand,
 1695 And by the honorable tombe he sweares,
 1696 that stands vpon your roiall grandfires bones,
 1697 And by the roialties of both your bloods,
 1698 Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
 1699 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
 1700 And by the worth and honor of himselfe,
 1687 1701 Comprifing all that may be sworne or said.
 1702 His comming hither hath no further scope,
 1703 Then for his lineall roialties, and to beg
 1704 Infranchisement immediate on his knees,
 1705 Which on thy roiall partie granted once,
 1706 His glittering armes he will commend to rust,
 1707 His barbed speeres to stables, and his hart
 1708 To faithfull seruice of your Maiesty.
 1709 This sweares he, as he is princeffe iust,
 1710 And as I am a gentleman I credit him.
 1697 1711 *King* Northumberland, say thus, the King returnes,
 1712 His noble Cofen is right welcome hither,
 1713 And all the number of his faire demaunds,
 1714 Shall be accomplisht without contradiction,
 1715 With all the gracious vtterance thou hast,
 1716 Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
 1717 *King* We do debase our selues, Cofen do we not,
 1718 To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?
 1719 Shall we call backe Northumberland and fend
 1720 Defiance to the triator and so die?
 1707 1721 *Aum.* No good my Lo:lets fight with gentle words,
 1722 Till time lend friends, and friends their helpfull swords,
 1723 *King.* Oh God oh God that ere this tong of mine

Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace	1674
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew	1675
Her Pastors Graffe with faithfull English Blood.	1676
<i>North.</i> The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King	1677
Should fo with ciuill and vnciuill Armes	1678
Be rufh'd vpon : Thy thrice-noble Cousin,	1679
<i>Harry Bullingbrooke</i> , doth humbly kiffe thy hand,	1680
And by the Honorable Tombe he fweares,	1681
That ftands vpon your Royall Grandfires Bones,	1682
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,	1683
(Currents that fpring from one moft gracious Head)	1684
And by the buried Hand of Warlike <i>Gaunt</i> ,	1685
And by the Worth and Honor of himfelfe,	1686
Comprifing all that may be fworne, or faid,	1687
His comming hither hath no further fcope,	1688
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge	1689
Infranchifement immediate on his knees :	1690
Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,	1691
His glittering Armes he will commend to'Ruft,	1692
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart	1693
To faithfull feruice of your Maieftie :	1694
This fweares he, as he is a Prince, is iuft,	1695
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.	1696
<i>Rich. Northumberland</i> , fay thus : The King returnes,	1697
His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,	1698
And all the number of his faire demands	1699
Shall be accomplifh'd without contradiction :	1700
With all the gracious vtterance thou haft,	1701
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commend.	1702
We doe debafe our felfe(Cousin)doe we not,	1703
To looke fo poorely, and to fpeake fo faire ?	1704
Shall we call back <i>Northumberland</i> , and fend	1705
Defiance to the Traytor, and fo die ?	1706
<i>Aum.</i> No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,	1707
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful Swords.	1708
<i>Rich.</i> Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,	1709

1724 That laid the sentence of dread banishment
 1725 Or yon prowde man should take it off againe
 1726 With words of sooth ! Oh that I were as great
 1727 As is my griefe, or leffer than my name !
 1728 Or that I could forget what I haue beene !
 1729 Or not remember what I must be now !
 1730 Swellst thou (prowd heart) Ile giue thee scope to beate,
 1731 Since foes haue scope to beate both thee and me.
 1718 1732 *Aum.* Northumberland comes backe from Bullingbrooke

1733 *King* What must the King do now? must he submit?
 1734 The King shall do it : must he be deposde?
 1735 The king shall be contented : must he loofe
 1736 The name of King? a Gods name let it go :
 1737 Ile giue my iewels for a set of Bead es:
 1738 My gorgeous pallace for a hermitage :
 1739 My gay apparel for an almesmans gowne:
 1740 My figurde goblets for a dish of wood :
 1741 My scepter for a Palmers walking staffe:
 1742 My subiects for a paire of carued Saintes,
 1730 1743 And my large kingdome for a little graue,
 1744 A little little graue, an obscure graue,
 1745 Or Ile be buried in the Kings hie way,
 1746 Some way of common trade, where subiects feete
 1747 May hourelly trample on their soueraignes head;
 1748 For on my heart they treade now whilst I liue:
 1749 And buried once, why not vpon my head?
 1750 Aumerle thou weepst(my tender-hearted coffin)
 1738 1751 Weele make fowle weather with despised teares;
 1752 Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corne,
 1753 And make a dearth in this reuolting land:
 1754 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 1755 And make some prety match with sheading teares,
 1756 As thus to drop them still vpon one place,
 1757 Till they haue fretted vs a paire of graues
 1745 1758 Within the earth, and therein laide; there lies

That layd the Sentence of dread Banishment	1710
On yond proud man, should take it off againe	1711
With words of footh : Oh that I were as great	1712
As is my Griefe, or lesser then my Name,	1713
Or that I could forget what I haue beene,	1714
Or not remember what I must be now :	1715
Swell'ft thou proud heart ? Ile giue thee scope to beat,	1716
Since Foes haue scope to beat both thee and me.	1717
<i>Aum.</i> <i>Northumberland</i> comes backe from <i>Bulling-</i>	1718
<i>brooke.</i>	1719
<i>Rich.</i> What must the King doe now? must he submit?	1720
The King shall doe it . Must he be depos'd ?	1721
The King shall be contented : Must he loose	1722
The Name of King ? o' Gods Name let it goe.	1723
Ile giue my Iewels for a sett of Beades,	1724
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,	1725
My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,	1726
My figur'd Goblets, for a Dish of Wood,	1727
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,	1728
My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints,	1729
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,	1730
A little little Graue, an obscure Graue.	1731
Or Ile be buryed in the Kings high-way,	1732
Some way of common Trade, where Subiects feet	1733
May howrely trample on their Soueraignes Head :	1734
For on my heart they tread now, whilest I liue ;	1735
And buryed once, why not vpon my Head ?	1736
<i>Aumerle,</i> thou weep'ft (my tender-hearted Coufin)	1737
Wee'le make foule Weather with despised Teares :	1738
Our sighes, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corne,	1739
And make a Dearth in this reuolting Land,	1740
Or shall we play the Wantons with our Woes,	1741
And make some prettie Match, with shedding Teares ?	1742
As thus : to drop them still vpon one place,	1743
Till they haue fretted vs a payre of Graues,	1744
Within the Earth : and therein lay'd, there lyes	1745

- 1759 Two kinfmen digd their graues with weeping eies:
 1760 Would not this ill do well? well well I fee,
 1761 I talke but idley, and you laugh at me.
 1762 Most mightie Prince my Lord Northumberland,
 1763 What faies king Bullingbroke, will his maiestie
 1751 1764 Giue Richard leaue to liue till Richard dye,
 1765 You make a leg and Bullingbroke faies I.
 1766 *North.* My Lord, in the bafe court he doth attend,
 1767 To fpeake with you, may it pleafe you to come downe.
 1768 *King.* Downe, downe I come, like gliftring Phaeton:
 1769 Wanting the manage of unrulie Iades.
 1770 In the bafe court, bafe court where Kinges growe bafe,
 1771 To come at traitors calls, and do them grace,
 1772 In the bafe court come downe: downe court, downe King.
 1760 1773 For nightowles fhreeke where mounting larkes fhould fing,
 1774 *Bull.* What faies his maiestie?
 1775 *North.* Sorrowe and greife of hart,
 1776 Makes him fpeake fondly like a frantike man,
 1777 Yet he is come.
 1778 *Bull.* Stand all apart,
 1779 And fhew faire dutie to his Maiestie: (*he kenceles downe.*
 1780 My gracious Lord.
 1781 *King.* faire coofen, you debafe your princely knee,

 1770 1782 To make the bafe earth proud with kifing it:
 1783 Me rather had my hart might feele your loue,
 1784 Then my vnpleafed eie fee your curtefie:
 1785 Vp coofen vp, your hart is vp I knowe,
 1786 Thus high at leaft, although your knee be lowe.
 1775 1787 *Bull.* My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

 1788 *King.* Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all.

 1789 *Bull.* So farre be mine my moft redoubted Lord,
 1790 As my true feruice fhall deferue your loue.
 1791 *King.* Well you deferue; they well deferue to haue,

Two Kinemen, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes?	1746
Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I fee	1747
I talke but idly, and you mock at mee.	1748
Most mightie Prince, my Lord <i>Northumberland</i> ,	1749
What sayes King <i>Bullingbrooke</i> ? Will his Maiestie	1750
Giue <i>Richard</i> leaue to liue, till <i>Richard</i> die?	1751
You make a Legge, and <i>Bullingbrooke</i> sayes I.	1752
<i>North.</i> My Lord, in the bafe Court he doth attend	1753
To fpeake with you, may it pleafe you to come downe.	1754
<i>Rich.</i> Downe, downe I come, like glift'ring <i>Phaeton</i> ,	1755
Wanting the manage of vnruely Iades.	1756
In the bafe Court? bafe Court, where Kings grow bafe,	1757
To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.	1758
In the bafe Court come down: down Court, down King,	1759
For night-Owls fhrike, where mou'ting Larks should fing.	1760
<i>Bull.</i> What sayes his Maiestie?	1761
<i>North.</i> Sorrow, and grieffe of heart	1762
Makes him fpeake fondly, like a frantick man:	1763
Yet he is come.	1764
<i>Bull.</i> Stand all apart,	1765
And fhew faire dutie to his Maiestie.	1766
My gracious Lord.	1767
<i>Rich.</i> Faire Coufin,	1768
You debafe your Princely Knee,	1769
To make the bafe Earth prou'd with kiffing it.	1770
Me rather had, my Heart might feele your Loue,	1771
Then my vnpleas'd Eye fee your Courtefie.	1772
Vp Coufin, vp, your Heart is vp, I know,	1773
Thus high at leaft, although your Knee be low.	1774
<i>Bull.</i> My gracious Lord, I come but for mine	1775
owne.	1776
<i>Rich.</i> Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and	1777
all.	1778
<i>Bull.</i> So farre be mine, my moft redoubted Lord,	1779
As my true feruice fhall deferue your loue.	1780
<i>Rich.</i> Well you deferu'd:	1781
They well deferue to haue,	1782

1792 That know the strong'st and surest way to get,
 1793 Vncle giue me your handes, nay drie your eies,
 1794 Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies,
 1786 1795 Coofen I am to yong to be your Father,
 1796 Though you are old enough to be my heire,
 1797 What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,
 1798 For doe we must what force will haue vs doe:
 1799 Set on towards London, Cofen is it fo?

1800 *Bul.* Yea my good Lord:

1793 1801 *King.* Then I must not say no.

1802

Enter the Queene with her attendants

1803 *Quee.* What sport shall we deuise here in this garden,
 1804 To driue away the heauy thought of care?

1805 *Lady* Madame weele play at bowles.

1806 *Quee.* Twil make me thinke the world is full of rubs,
 1807 And that my fortune runs against the bias.

1801 1808 *Lady* Madame weele daunce.

1809 *Quee.* My legs can keepe no measure in delight,
 1810 When my poore hart no measure keeps in grieffe:

1811 Therefore no dauncing girle, some other sport.

1812 *Lady* Madame weele tell tales.

1813 *Quee.* Of sorrow or of grieffe.

1814 *Lady* Of either Madame.

1815 *Quee.* Of neither girle,

1816 For if of ioy, being altogether wanting,

1817 It doth remember me the more of sorrow:

1818 Or if of grieffe, being altogether had,

1812 1819 It adds more sorrow to my want of ioy:

That know the strong'st, and surest way to get.	1783
Vnckle giue me your Hand : nay, drie your Eyes,	1784
Teares shew their Loue, but want their Remedies.	1785
Coufin, I am too young to be your Father,	1786
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.	1787
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,	1788
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe.	1789
Set on towards London :	1790
Coufin, is it so ?	1791
<i>Bull.</i> Yea, my good Lord.	1792
<i>Rich.</i> Then I must not say, no.	1793
<i>Flourish.</i>	<i>Exeunt.</i> 1794

Scena Quarta.

<i>Enter the Queene, and two Ladies.</i>	1795
<i>Qu.</i> What sport shall we deuise here in this Garden,	1796
To driue away the heauie thought of Care ?	1797
<i>La.</i> Madame, wee'le play at Bowles.	1798
<i>Qu.</i> 'Twill make me thinke the World is full of Rubs,	1799
And that my fortune runnes against the Byas.	1800
<i>La.</i> Madame, wee'le Dance.	1801
<i>Qu.</i> My Legges can keepe no measure in Delight,	1802
When my poore Heart no measure keeps in Griefe.	1803
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) some other sport.	1804
<i>La.</i> Madame, wee'le tell Tales.	1805
<i>Qu.</i> Of Sorrow, or of Griefe ?	1806
<i>La.</i> Of eyther, Madame.	1807
<i>Qu.</i> Of neyther, Girle.	1808
For if of Ioy, being altogether wanting,	1809
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow :	1810
Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,	1811
It addes more Sorrow to my want of Ioy :	1812

1820 For what I haue I need not to repeate,
 1821 And what I want it bootes not to complaine.
 1822 *Lady* Madame Ile sing,
 1823 *Quee.* Tis well that thou haft caufe,
 1824 But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weepe.
 1825 *Lady* I could weepe: Madame would it doe you good?
 1826 *Quee.* And I could sing would weeping doe me good,
 1827 And neuer borrow any teare of thee.

1828 *Enter Gardeners.*

1829 But stay, here come the gardeners,
 1830 Lets step into the shadow of these trees,
 1824 1831 My wretchednes vnto a row of pines,
 1832 They will talke of state for euery one doth so,
 1833 Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe.
 1834 *Gard.* Go bind thou vp yong dangling Aphricokes,
 1835 Which like vnruely children make their fire,
 1836 Stoope with opprefion of their prodigall weight.
 1837 Giue some supportance to the bending twigs,
 1838 Go thou, and like an executioner
 1839 Cut off the heads of two fast growing spraires,
 1840 That looke too loftie in our common-wealth,
 1834 1841 All must be euen in our gouernement.
 1842 You thus employed, I will goe roote away
 1843 The noyfome weedes which without profit sucke
 1844 The foiles fertilitie from wholsome flowers.
 1845 *Man.* Why should we in the compas of a pale,
 1846 Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
 1847 Shewing as in a modle our firme estate,
 1848 When our sea-walled garden the whole land
 1849 Is full of weedes, her fairest flowers choakt vp,
 1850 Her fruit trees all vnprunde her hedges ruinde,
 1844 1851 Her knots difordered, and her holsome hearbs
 1852 Swarming with caterpillers.
 1853 *Gard.* Hold thy peace,
 1854 He that htah suffered this difordered spring,
 1855 Hath now himfelfe met with the fall of leafe:

For what I haue, I need not to repeat ;	1813
And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.	1814
<i>La.</i> Madame, Ile sing.	1815
<i>Qu.</i> 'Tis well that thou hast cause :	1816
But thou should'ft please me better, would'ft thou weepe.	1817
<i>La.</i> I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good.	1818
<i>Qu.</i> And I could sing, would weeping doe me good,	1819
And neuer borrow any Teare of thee.	1820
<i>Enter a Gardiner, and two Seruants.</i>	1821
But stay, here comes the Gardiners,	1822
Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.	1823
My wretchednesse, vnto a Rowe of Pinnes,	1824
They'le talke of State: for euery one doth so,	1825
Against a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.	1826
<i>Gard.</i> Goe binde thou vp yond dangling Apricocks,	1827
Which like vnruely Children, make their Syre	1828
Stoupe with oppression of their prodigall weight :	1829
Giue some supportance to the bending twigges.	1830
Goe thou, and like an Executioner	1831
Cut off the heads of too fast growing spraves,	1832
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth :	1833
All must be euen, in our Gouernment.	1834
You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away	1835
The noysome Weedes, that without profit sucke	1836
The Soyles fertilitie from wholesome flowers.	1837
<i>Ser.</i> Why should we, in the compasse of a Pale,	1838
Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,	1839
Shewing as in a Modell our firme Estate ?	1840
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,	1841
Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers choakt vp,	1842
Her Fruit-trees all vnpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,	1843
Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholesome Hearbes	1844
Swarming with Caterpillers.	1845
<i>Gard.</i> Hold thy peace.	1846
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,	1847
Hath now himselve met with the Fall of Lease.	1848

- 1856 The weedes which his broad fpreading leaues did fhelter,
 1857 That feemde in eating him to hold him vp,
 1861 1858 Are pluckt vp roote and all by Bullingbrooke,
 1859 I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, Bushie, Greene,
 1860 *Man.* What are they dead?
 1861 *Gard.* They are.
 1862 And Bullingbrooke hath ceafde the wastefull king;
 1863 Oh what pitie is it that he had not fo trimde,
 1864 And drest his land as we this garden at time of yeare
 1865 Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruit trees,
 1866 Left being ouer proud in fap and bloud,
 1867 With too much riches it confound it felfe
 1861 1868 Had he done fo to great and growing men,
 1869 They might haue liude to beare, and he to tafte
 1870 Their fruits of duety : superfluous branches
 1871 We loppe away, that bearing boughes may liue:
 1872 Had he done fo, himfelfe had borne the crowne,
 1873 Which waste of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.
 1867 1874 *Man.* What, thinke you the King fhall be depofed?
 1875 *Gard.* Deprest he is already, and depofde
 1876 Tis doubt he will be . Letters came laft night
 1877 To a deare friend of the good Duke of Yorke,
 1878 That tell blacke tidings.
 1879 *Queene* Oh I am prest to death through want of fpeaking
 1880 Thou old Adams likeneffe fet to dresse this garden,
 1881 How dares thy harsh rude tong found this vnpleasing news?
 1882 What Eue? what serpent hath fuggeded thee
 1883 To make a second fall of curfed man?
 1884 Why dost thou fay king Richard is depofde?
 1885 Darst thou thou little better thing than earth
 1886 Diuine his downefall? fay, where, when, and how,
 1880 1887 Canst thou by this ill tidings fpeake thou wretch?
 1888 *Gard.* Pardon me Madam, little ioy haue I
 1889 To breathe this newes, yet what I fay is true:
 1890 King Richard he is in the mightie hold
 1891 Of Bullingbrooke : their fortunes both are weyde

The Weeds that his broad-fpreading Leaues did shelter,	1849
That feem'd, in eating him, to hold him vp,	1850
Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by <i>Bullingbrooke</i> :	1851
I meane, the Earle of Wiltfhire, <i>Bushie, Greene.</i>	1852
<i>Ser.</i> What are they dead ?	1853
<i>Gard.</i> They are,	1854
And <i>Bullingbrooke</i> hath seiz'd the wastefull King.	1855
Oh, what pittie is it, that he had not so trim'd	1856
And drest his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,	1857
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,	1858
Leaft being ouer-proud with Sap and Blood,	1859
With too much riches it confound it felfe ?	1860
Had he done so, to great and growing men,	1861
They might haue liu'd to beare, and he to taste	1862
Their fruites of dutie. Superfluous branches	1863
We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:	1864
Had he done so, himfelfe had borne the Crowne,	1865
Which waste and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe.	1866
<i>Ser.</i> What thinke you the King shall be depos'd ?	1867
<i>Gar.</i> Deprest he is already, and depos'd	1868
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came laft night	1869
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,	1870
That tell blacke tydings.	1871
<i>Qu.</i> Oh I am prest to death through want of fpeaking :	1872
Thou old <i>Adams</i> likeneffe, fet to dresse this Garden :	1873
How dares thy harsh rude tongue found this vnpleasing	1874
What Eue? what Serpent hath suggested thee, (newes	1875
To make a second fall of curfed man ?	1876
Why do'ft thou say, King <i>Richard</i> is depos'd,	1877
Dar'ft thou, thou little better thing then earth,	1878
Diuine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and how	1879
Cam'ft thou by this ill-tydings ? Speake thou wretch.	1880
<i>Gard.</i> Pardon me Madam. Little ioy haue I	1881
To breath these newes; yet what I say, is true ;	1882
King <i>Richard</i> , he is in the mighty hold	1883
Of <i>Bullingbrooke</i> , their Fortunes both are weigh'd :	1884

1892 In your Lo. scale is nothing but himfelfe,
 1893 And fome few vanities that make him light:
 1894 But in the ballance of great Bullingbrooke,
 1888 1895 Befides himfelfe are all the Englifh peeres,
 1896 And with that oddes he weighs King Richard downe ;
 1897 Poft you to London and you will find it fo,
 1898 I fpeake no more than euery one doth know.
 1899 *Queene* Nimble Mifchance that arte fo light of foote,
 1900 Doth not thy embaffage belong to me,
 1901 And am I laft that knowes it? Oh thou thinkeft
 1902 To ferue me laft that I may longeft keepe
 1903 Thy forrow in my breaft : come Ladies go
 1904 To meete at London Londons king in wo.
 1898 1905 What, was I borne to this that my fad looke
 1906 Should grace the triumph of great Bullingbrooke ?
 1907 Gardner for telling me thefe newes of wo,
 1908 Pray God the plants thou graftft may neuer grow. *Exit*
 1909 *Gard.* Poore Queene, fo that thy ftate might be no worfe,
 1910 I would my Skill were fubieft to thy curfe :
 1911 Here did fhe fall a teare, here in this place
 1912 Ile fet a banke of Rew fowre hearb of grace,
 1913 Rew euen for ruth heere fhortly fhall be feene,
 1907 1914 In the remembrance of a weeping Queene. *Exeunt.*

1915 *Enter Bullingbrooke with the Lords to parliament.*

1916 *Bull.* Call forth Bagot. *Enter Bagot.*
 1917 Now Bagot, freely fpeake thy mind,
 1918 What thou doeft know of noble Gloucefters death,
 1919 Who wrought it with the King, and who performde
 1920 The bloody office of his timeles end.

In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himfelfe,	1885
And fome few Vanities, that make him light:	1886
But in the Ballance of great <i>Bullingbrooke</i> ,	1887
Befides himfelfe, are all the Englifh Peeres,	1888
And with that oddes he weighes King <i>Richard</i> downe.	1889
Poſte you to London, and you'l finde it fo,	1890
I ſpeake no more, then euery one doth know.	1891
<i>Qu.</i> Nimble miſchance, that art ſo light of foote,	1892
Doth not thy Embaſſage belong to me ?	1893
And am I laſt that knowes it ? Oh thou think'ſt	1894
To ſerue me laſt, that I may longeſt keepe	1895
Thy forrow in my breaſt. Come Ladies goe,	1896
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.	1897
What was I borne to this : that my ſad looke,	1898
Should grace the Triumph of great <i>Bullingbrooke</i> .	1899
Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe,	1900
I would the Plants thou graft'ſt, may neuer grow. <i>Exit.</i>	1901
<i>G.</i> Poore Queen, ſo that thy State might be no worfe,	1902
I would my ſkill were ſubieſt to thy curſe:	1903
Heere did ſhe drop a teare, heere in this place	1904
Ile ſet a Banke of Rew, fowre Herbe of Grace:	1905
Rue, eu'n for ruth, heere ſhortly ſhall be feene,	1906
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene. <i>Exit.</i>	1907

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

<i>Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percie, Fitz-Water, Surrey, Carlile, Abbot of Weſtmiſter. Herald, Officers, and Bagot.</i>	1908
	1909
	1910
<i>Bullingbrooke.</i> Call forth <i>Bagot</i> .	1911
Now <i>Bagot</i> , freely ſpeake thy minde,	1912
What thou do'ſt know of Noble Glouſters death :	1913
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd	1914
The bloody Office of his Timeleſſe end.	1915

- 1921 *Bagot* Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.
 1922 *Bull.* Cousin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man.
 1918 1923 *Bagot* My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tong
 1924 Scornes to vnfay what once it hath deliuered.
 1925 In that dead time when Glocesters death was plotted
 1926 I heard you fay, Is not my arme of length,
 1927 That reacheth from the restful English court,
 1928 As farre as Callice to mine vnclcs head?
 1929 Amongst much other talke that very time
 1930 I heard you fay, that you had rather refuse
 1931 The offer of an hundred thousand crownes,
 1932 Then Bullingbrookes returne to England, adding withall,
 1933 How blest this land would be in this your cofins death.
 1934 *Aum.* Princes and noble Lords,
 1935 What answer shall I make to this bafe man?
 1936 Shall I so much dishonour my faire starres
 1937 On equal termes to giue them chasticement?
 1938 Either I must, or haue mine honour foild
 1939 With the attainder of his slaunderous lippes,
 1935 1940 There is my gage, the manual seale of death,
 1941 That markes thee out for hell, I say thou liest,
 1942 And wil maintaine what thou hast said is false
 1943 In thy heart bloud, though being all too bafe
 1944 To staine the temper of my knightly sword.
 1940 1945 *Bull.* Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it vp.
 1946 *Aum.* Excepting one, I would he were the best
 1947 In all this prefence that hath moude me so.
 1948 *Fitz.* If that thy valure stand on simparchie,
 1949 There is my gage Aumerle, in gage to thine;
 1950 By that faire Sunne which shews me where thou standst,
 1951 I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spokst it,
 1952 That thou wert cause of noble Gloucesters death,
 1953 If thou deniest it twenty times, thou liest,
 1954 And I will turne thy falshoode to thy heart,
 1950 1955 Where it was forged with my rapiers point.
 1956 *Aum.* Thou darst not (coward) liue to see that day.

- Bag.* Then fet before my face, the Lord *Aumerle*. 1916
- Bul.* Cofin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man. 1917
- Bag.* My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue 1918
Scornes to vnfay, what it hath once deliuer'd. 1919
In that dead time, when Glousters death was plotted, 1920
I heard you fay, Is not my arme of length, 1921
That reacheth from the restfull English Court 1922
As farre as Callis, to my Vnkles head. 1923
Amongst much other talke, that very time, 1924
I heard you fay, that you had rather refuse 1925
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes, 1926
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England ; adding with all, 1927
How blest this Land would be, in this your Cofins death. 1928
- Aum.* Princes, and Noble Lords : 1929
What answer shall I make to this base man ? 1930
Shall I so much dishonor my faire Starres, 1931
On equall termes to giue him chastisement ? 1932
Either I must, or haue mine honor soyl'd 1933
With th'Attaindor of his fland'rous Lippes. 1934
There is my Gage the manuell Seale of death 1935
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyeft, 1936
And will maintaine what thou hast said, is false, 1937
In thy heart blood, though being all too base 1938
To staine the temper of my Knightly sword. 1939
- Bul.* *Bagot* forbear, thou shalt not take it vp. 1940
- Aum.* Excepting one, I would he were the best 1941
In all this prefence, that hath mou'd me fo. 1942
- Fitz.* If that thy valour stand on sympathize : 1943
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine : 1944
By that faire Sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'ft, 1945
I heard thee fay (and vauntingly thou spak'ft it) 1946
That thou wer't cause of Noble Glousters death. 1947
If thou deniest it, twenty times thou lyeft, 1948
And I will turne thy falshood to thy hart, 1949
Where it was forged with my Rapiers point. 1950
- Aum.* Thou dar'ft not (Coward) liue to see the day. 1951

- 1957 *Fitz.* Now by my foule, I would it were this houre.
 1958 *Aum.* Fitzwaters, thou art damnd to hell for this.
 1959 *L. Per.* Aumerle, thou lieft, his honour is as true
 1960 In this appeale as thou art all vniuft,
 1961 And that thou art fo, there I throwe my gage,
 1962 To prooue it on thee to the extreameft point
 1963 Of mortall breathing, ceaze it if thou darft.
 1964 *Aum.* And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
 1965 And neuer brandifh more reuengefull fteele
 1961 1966 Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.
 1967 *Another L.* I taske the earth to the like (forfworne Aumerle)
 1968 And fpurre thee on with full as many lies
 1969 As it may be hollowed in thy treacherous eare
 1970 From finne to finne : there is my honors pawne
 1971 Ingage it to the triall if thou darest.
 1972 *Aum.* Who fets me elfe? by heauen Ile throwe at all,
 1973 I haue a thoufand fpirites in one breaft,
 1974 To anfwer twenty thoufand fuch as you.
 1962 1975 *Sur.* My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well

 1976 The very time (Aumerlc) and you did talke.
 1965 1977 *Fitz.* Tis very true you were in prefence then,
 1978 And you can witnes with me this is true.
 1979 *Sur.* As falfe, by heauen, as heauen it felfe is true.
 1980 *Fitz.* Surrie thou lieft. (fword,
 1981 *Sur.* Difhonorable boy, that lie fhall lie fo heaue onmy

 1982 That it fhall render vengeance and reuenge,
 1983 Till thou the lie-giuer, and that lie do lie,
 1984 In earth as quiet as thy fathers fcull.
 1985 In prooffe whereof there is my honours pawne,
 1975 1986 Ingage it to the triall if thou darft.
 1987 *Fitz.* How fondly doeft thou fpurre a forward horfe?
 1988 If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,
 1989 I dare meet Surry in a wildernes,
 1990 And spit vpon him whilft I fay, he lies,

<i>Fitz.</i> Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.	1952
<i>Aum.</i> <i>Fitzwater</i> thou art damn'd to hell for this.	1953
<i>Per.</i> <i>Aumerle</i> , thou lye'ft : his Honor is a s true	1954
In this Appeale, as thou art all vniust :	1955
And that thou art fo, there I throw my Gage	1956
To proue it on thee, to th'extreameft point	1957
Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'ft.	1958
<i>Aum.</i> And if I do not, may my hands rot off,	1959
And neuer brandish more reuengefull Steele,	1960
Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.	1961

<i>Surrey.</i> My Lord <i>Fitz-water</i> :	1962
I do remember well, the very time	1963
<i>Aumerle</i> , and you did talke. <i>Fitz.</i> My Lord,	1964
'Tis very true : You were in prefence then,	1965
And you can witneffe with me, this is true.	1966
<i>Surrey.</i> As false, by heauen,	1967
As Heauen it felfe is true. <i>Fitz.</i> <i>Surrey</i> , thou Lyeft.	1968
<i>Surrey.</i> Dishonourable Boy ;	1969
That Lye, shall lie fo heauy on my Sword,	1970
That it shall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,	1971
Till thou the Lye-giuer, and that Lye, doe lye	1972
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.	1973
In prooffe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,	1974
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'ft,	1975
<i>Fitzw.</i> How fondly do'ft thou fpurre a forward Horfe?	1976
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,	1977
I dare meete <i>Surrey</i> in a Wilderneffe,	1978
And spit vpon him, whileft I fay he Lyes,	1979

- 1991 And lies, and lies: there is bond of faith,
 1992 To tie thee to my wrong correction:
 1993 As I intende to thrive in this new world,
 1994 Aumerle is guiltie of my true appeale.
 1984 1995 Besides I heard the banished Norffolke say,
 1996 That thou Aumerle didst send two of thy men,
 1997 To execute the noble Duke at Callice.
 1998 *Aum.* Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
 1999 That Norffolke lies, heere do I throwe downe this,
 2000 If he may be repeald to trie his honour.
 2001 *Bull.* These differences shall all rest vnder gage,
 2002 Till Norffolke be repeald, repeald he shall be,
 2003 And though mine enimie, restord againe
 2004 To all his landes and signiories: when he is returnd,
 1994 2005 Against Aumerle we will enforce his triall.
 2006 *Carl.* That honourable day shall neuer be seene,
 2007 Manie a time hath banisht Norffolke fought,
 2008 For Iesu Christ in glorious Christian feild,
 2009 Streaming the ensigne of the Christian Crosse,
 2010 Against blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens,
 2011 And toild with workes of warre, retir'd him selfe
 2012 To Italie, and there at Venice gaue
 2013 His bodie to that pleasant Countries earth,
 2014 And his pure soule vnto his Captaine Christ,
 2004 2015 Vnder whose coulours he had fought so long.
 2016 *Bull.* Why B. is Norffolke dead?
 2017 *Carl.* As surely as I liue my Lord.
 2018 *Bull.* Sweet peace conduct his sweete soule to the bofome,
 2019 Of good olde Abraham: Lords Appellants,
 2020 Your differences shall all rest vnder gage,
 2010 2021 Till we afsigne you to your daies of triall. *Enter Yorke*
 2022 *Yorke* Great Duke of Lancaster I come to thee,
 2023 From plume-pluckt Richard, who with willing soule,
 2024 Adopts the heire, and his high scepter yeeldes,
 2025 To the possession of thy royall hand:
 2026 Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
 2027 And long liue Henry fourth of that name.

And Lyes, and Lyes : there is my Bond of Faith,	1980
To tye thee to my strong Correction.	1981
As I intend to thrive in this new World,	1982
<i>Aumerle</i> is guiltie of my true Appeale.	1983
Besides, I heard the banish'd <i>Norfolke</i> say,	1984
That thou <i>Aumerle</i> didst send two of thy men,	1985
To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.	1986
<i>Aum.</i> Some honest Christian trust me with a Gage,	1987
That <i>Norfolke</i> lyes : here doe I throw downe this,	1988
If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor.	1989
<i>Bull.</i> These differences shall all rest vnder Gage,	1990
Till <i>Norfolke</i> be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be ;	1991
And (though mine Enemye) restor'd againe	1992
To all his Lands and Seignories : when hee's return'd,	1993
Against <i>Aumerle</i> we will enforce his Tryall.	1994
<i>Carl.</i> That honorable day shall ne're be seene.	1995
Many a time hath banish'd <i>Norfolke</i> fought	1996
For Iesu Christ, in glorious Christian field	1997
Streaming the Ensigne of the Christian Croffe,	1998
Against black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens :	1999
And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retyr'd himselfe	2000
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue	2001
His Body to that pleasant Countries Earth,	2002
And his pure Soule vnto his Captaine Christ,	2003
Vnder whose Colours he had fought so long.	2004
<i>Bull.</i> Why Bishop, is <i>Norfolke</i> dead ?	2005
<i>Carl.</i> As sure as I liue, my Lord.	2006
<i>Bull.</i> Sweet peace conduct his sweet Soule	2007
To the Bosome of good old <i>Abraham</i> .	2008
Lords Appealants, your differēces shall all rest vnder gage,	2009
Till we assigne you to your dayes of Tryall. <i>Enter Yorke.</i>	2010
<i>Yorke.</i> Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee	2011
From plume-pluckt <i>Richard</i> , who with willing Soule	2012
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds	2013
To the possession of thy Royall Hand.	2014
Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,	2015
And long liue <i>Henry</i> , of that Name the Fourth.	2016

- 2028 *Bull.* In Gods name Ile ascend the regall throne.
 2029 *Car.* Mary God forbid.
 2030 Worst in this royall prefence may I speake.
 2031 Yet best befeeming me to speake the truth,
 2032 Would God that any in this noble prefence,
 2022 2033 Were enough noble to be vpright iudge
 2034 Of noble Richard. then true nobleffe would
 2035 Learne him forbearance from so foule a wrong,
 2036 What subiect can giue sentence on his King:
 2037 And who fits here that is not Richards subiect?
 2038 Theeues are not iudgd but they are by to heare,
 2039 Although apparant guilt be seene in them,
 2040 And shall the figure of Gods Maiefty,
 2041 His Captaine, steward, deputy, elect,
 2042 Annointed, crowned, planted, many yeares
 2043 Be iudgd by subiect and inferiour breath,
 2044 And he himselfe not present? Oh forfend it God,
 2045 That in a Christian climate soules refine,
 2046 Should shew so heinous blacke obseene a deed
 2047 I speake to subiects and a subiect speakes,
 2048 Stird vp by God thus boldly for his King,
 2049 My Lord of Hereford here whom you call King,
 2050 Is a foule traitour to proud Herefords King,
 2051 And if you crowne him let me prophesie,
 2052 The bloud of English shall manure the ground,
 2042 2053 And future ages groane for this foule act,
 2054 Peace shall go sleepe with tnrkes and infidels,
 2055 And in this feate of peace, tumultuous warres,
 2056 Shall kin with kin, and kinde with kind confound:
 2057 Disorder, horror, feare, and mutiny,
 2058 Shall heere inhabit, and this land be cald,
 2059 The field of Golgotha and dead mens sculs.
 2060 Oh if yon raise this house againt this house,
 2061 It will the wofullest diuision proue,
 2051 2062 that euer fell vpon this cursed earth:
 2063 Preuent it, resist it, let it not be fo,
 2064 Left child, childs children, crie againt you wo.

<i>Bull.</i> In Gods Name, Ile ascend the Regall Throne.	2017
<i>Carl.</i> Mary, Heauen forbid.	2018
Worst in this Royall Prefence may I speake,	2019
Yet best befeeming me to speake the truth.	2020
Would God, that any in this Noble Prefence	2021
Were enough Noble, to be vpright Iudge	2022
Of Noble <i>Richard</i> : then true Nobleneffe would	2023
Learn him forbearance from so foule a Wrong.	2024
What Subiect can giue Sentence on his King ?	2025
And who sits here, that is not <i>Richards</i> Subiect ?	2026
Theeues are not iudg'd, but they are by to heare,	2027
Although apparant guilt be seene in them :	2028
And shall the figure of Gods Maiestie,	2029
His Captaine, Steward, Deputie elect,	2030
Anoynted, Crown'd, planted many yeeres,	2031
Be iudg'd by subiect, and inferior breathe,	2032
And he himselve not present ? Oh, forbid it, God,	2033
That in a Christian Climate, Soules refin'de	2034
Should shew so heynous, black, obscene a deed.	2035
I speake to Subiects, and a Subiect speakes,	2036
Stirr'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King.	2037
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,	2038
Is a foule Traytor to prowde <i>Herefords</i> King.	2039
And if you Crowne him, let me prophecie,	2040
The blood of English shall manure the ground,	2041
And future Ages groane for his foule Act.	2042
Peace shall goe sleepe with Turkes and Infidels,	2043
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres	2044
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound.	2045
Diforder, Horror, Feare, and Mutinie	2046
Shall here inhabite, and this Land be call'd	2047
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls.	2048
Oh, if you reare this Houfe, against this Houfe	2049
It will the wofullest Diuision proue,	2050
That euer fell vpon this curfed Earth.	2051
Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so,	2052
Leaft Child, Childs Children cry against you, Woe.	2053

2065 *North.* Well haue you argued fir, and for your paines,
2066 Of Capitall treason, we arrest you heere:
2067 My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
2057 2068 to keepe him safely till his day of triall.

<i>North.</i> Well haue you argu'd Sir : and for your paines,	2054
Of Capitall Treafon we arrest you here.	2055
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,	2056
To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall.	2057
May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit ?	2058
<i>Bull.</i> Fetch hither <i>Richard</i> , that in common view	2059
He may surrender: so we shall proceede	2060
Without suspension.	2061
<i>Yorke.</i> I will be his Conduct. <i>Exit.</i>	2062
<i>Bull.</i> Lords, you that here are vnder our Arrest,	2063
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Answer :	2064
Little are we beholding to your Loue,	2065
And little look'd for at your helping Hands.	2066
<i>Enter Richard and Yorke.</i>	
<i>Rich.</i> Alack, why am I sent for to a King,	2068
Before I haue shooke off the Regall thoughts	2069
Wherewith I reign'd ? I hardly yet haue learn'd	2070
To insinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee,	2071
Giue Sorrow leaue a while, to tuture me	2072
To this submission. Yet I well remember	2073
The fauors of these men : were they not mine ?	2074
Did they not sometime cry, All haile to me ?	2075
So <i>Iudas</i> did to Christ: but he in twelue,	2076
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelue thousand, none.	2077
God saue the King: will no man say, Amen ?	2078
Am I both Priest, and Clarke? well then, Amen.	2079
God saue the King, although I be not hee :	2080
And yet Amen, if Heauen doe thinke him mee.	2081
To doe what seruice, am I sent for hither ?	2082
<i>Yorke.</i> To doe that office of thine owne good will,	2083
Which tyred Maiestie did make thee offer :	2084
The Resignation of thy State and Crowne	2085
To <i>Henry Bullingbrooke.</i>	2086
<i>Rich.</i> Giue me the Crown. Here Cousin, feize y ^e Crown :	2087
Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.	2088

Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,	2089
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,	2090
The emptier euer dancing in the ayre,	2091
The other downe, vnseene, and full of Water :	2092
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,	2093
Drinking my Griefes, whil't you mount vp on high.	2094
<i>Bull.</i> I thought you had been willing to resigne.	2095
<i>Rich.</i> My Crowne I am, but still my Griefes are mine:	2096
You may my Glories and my State depose,	2097
But not my Griefes; still am I King of those.	2098
<i>Bull.</i> Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne.	2099
<i>Rich.</i> Your Cares set vp, do not pluck my Cares downe,	2100
My Care, is losse of Care, by old Care done,	2101
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne :	2102
The Cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,	2103
They 'tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay :	2104
<i>Bull.</i> Are you contented to resigne the Crowne ?	2105
<i>Rich.</i> I, no; no, I: for I must nothing bee:	2106
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.	2107
Now, marke me how I will vndoe my selfe.	2108
I giue this heauie Weight from off my Head,	2109
And this vnwieldie Scepter from my Hand,	2110
The pride of Kingly fway from out my Heart.	2111
With mine owne Teares I wash away my Balme,	2112
With mine owne Hands I giue away my Crowne,	2113
With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,	2114
With mine owne Breath releafe all dutious Oathes ;	2115
All Pompe and Maiestie I doe forswear :	2116
My Manors, Rents, Reuenues, I forgoe ;	2117
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I denie :	2118
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee,	2119
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke are made to thee.	2120
Make me, that nothing haue, with nothing grieu'd,	2121
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchieu'd.	2122
Long may't thou liue in <i>Richards</i> Seat to sit,	2123
And foone lye <i>Richard</i> in an Earthie Pit.	2124

God faue King *Henry*, vn-King'd *Richard* fayes, 2125
 And fend him many yeeres of Sunne-shine dayes. 2126
 What more remains ? 2127

North. No more : but that you reade 2128
 Thefe Accufations, and thefe grieuous Crymes, 2129
 Committed by your Perfon, and your followers, 2130
 Againft the State, and Profit of this Land : 2131
 That by confeffing them, the Soules of men 2132
 May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd. 2133

Rich. Muft I doe fo ? and muft I rauell out 2134
 My weau'd-vp follyes ? Gentle *Northumberland*, 2135
 If thy Offences were vpon Record, 2136
 Would it not fhame thee, in fo faire a troupe, 2137
 To reade a Lecture of them ? If thou would'ft, 2138
 There fhould'ft thou finde one heynous Article, 2139
 Contayning the depofing of a King, 2140
 And cracking the ftrong Warrant of an Oath, 2141
 Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the Booke of Heauen. 2142
 Nay, all of you, that ftand and looke vpon me, 2143
 Whil'ft that my wretchedneffe doth bait my felfe, 2144
 Though fome of you, with *Pilate*, wash your hands, 2145
 Shewing an outward pittie : yet you *Pilates* 2146
 Haue here deliuer'd me to my fowre Crosse, 2147
 And Water cannot wash away your finne. 2148

North. My Lord difpatch, reade o're thefe Articles. 2149

Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares, I cannot fee: 2150
 And yet falt-Water blindes them not fo much, 2151
 But they can fee a fort of Traytors here. 2152
 Nay, if I turne mine Eyes vpon my felfe, 2153
 I finde my felfe a Traytor with the reft : 2154
 For I haue giuen here my Soules confent, 2155
 T'vndeck the pompous Body of a King ; 2156
 Made Glory bafe ; a Soueraigntie, a Slaue ; 2157
 Prowd Maieftie, a Subiect ; State, a Peſant. 2158

North. My Lord. 2159

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-infuling man ; 2160

No, nor no mans Lord : I haue no Name, no Title ;	2161
No, not that Name was giuen me at the Font,	2162
But 'tis vsurpt : alack the heauie day,	2163
That I haue worne so many Winters out,	2164
And know not now, what Name to call my selfe.	2165
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,	2166
Standing before the Sunne of <i>Bullingbrooke</i> ,	2167
To melt my selfe away in Water-drops.	2168
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,	2169
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,	2170
Let it command a Mirror hither straight,	2171
That it may shew me what a Face I haue,	2172
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maiestie.	2173
<i>Bull.</i> Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse.	2174
<i>North.</i> Read o're this Paper, while y ^e Glasse doth come.	2175
<i>Rich.</i> Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell.	2176
<i>Bull.</i> Vrge it no more, my Lord <i>Northumberland</i> .	2177
<i>North.</i> The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.	2178
<i>Rich.</i> They shall be satisfy'd : Ile reade enough,	2179
When I doe see the very Booke indeede,	2180
Where all my finnes are writ, and that's my selfe.	2181
<i>Enter one with a Glasse.</i>	2182
Giue me that Glasse, and therein will I reade.	2183
No deeper wrinckles yet ? hath Sorrow frucke	2184
So many Blowes vpon this Face of mine,	2185
And made no deeper Wounds ? Oh flatt'ring Glasse,	2186
Like to my followers in prosperitie,	2187
Thou do'ft beguile me. Was this Face, the Face	2188
That euery day, vnder his Houfe-hold Roofe,	2189
Did keepe ten thousand men ? Was this the Face,	2190
That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke ?	2191
Is this the Face, which fac'd so many follyes,	2192
That was at last out-fac'd by <i>Bullingbrooke</i> ?	2193
A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,	2194
As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,	2195
For there it is, crackt in an hundred shiuers.	2196

- 2226 2069 *Bull.* Let it be fo, and loe on wednesday next,
 2070 We folemnly proclaime our Coronation,
 2071 Lords be ready all. *Exeunt.*
 2072 *Manent West. Caleil, Aumerle.*
 2073 *Abbot.* A wofull Pageant haue we heere beheld.
 2229 2074 *Car.* The woe's to come, the children yet vnborne,
 2075 Shall feele this day as sharpto them as thorne.

Marke filent King, the Morall of this sport,	2197
How foone my Sorrow hath deftroi'd my Face.	2198
<i>Bull.</i> The shadow of your Sorrow hath deftroi'd	2199
The shadow of your Face.	2200
<i>Rich.</i> Say that againe.	2201
The shadow of my Sorrow : ha, let's see,	2202
'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within,	2203
And these externall manner of Laments,	2204
Are meere shadows, to the vnseene Griefe,	2205
That swells with silence in the tortur'd Soule.	2206
There lyes the substance : and I thanke thee King	2207
For thy great bountie, that not onely giu'ft	2208
Me cause to wayle, but teachest me the way	2209
How to lament the cause. Ile begge one Boone,	2210
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.	2211
Shall I obtaine it ?	2212
<i>Bull.</i> Name it, faire Cousin.	2213
<i>Rich.</i> Faire Cousin ? I am greater then a King:	2214
For when I was a King, my flatterers	2215
Were then but subiects ; being now a subiect,	2216
I haue a King here to my flatterer :	2217
Being so great, I haue no neede to begge.	2218
<i>Bull.</i> Yet aske. <i>Rich.</i> And shall I haue ?	2219
<i>Bull.</i> You shall.	2220
<i>Rich.</i> Then giue me leaue to goe. <i>Bull.</i> Whither ?	2221
<i>Rich.</i> Whither you will, so I were from your fights,	2222
<i>Bull.</i> Goe some of you, conuey him to the Tower.	2223
<i>Rich.</i> Oh good : conuey: Conueyers are you all,	2224
That rise thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.	2225
<i>Bull.</i> On Wednesday next, we solemnly set downe	2226
Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your selues. <i>Exeunt.</i>	2227
<i>Abbot.</i> A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.	2228
<i>Carl.</i> The Woes to come, the Children yet vnborne,	2229
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as Thorne.	2230

2076 *Aum.* You holy Clergy men, is there no plot,
 2077 To ridde the realme of this pernicious blot?
 2078 *Abbot.* My Lo. before I freely speake my mind heerein,
 2079 You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
 2080 To burie mine intents, but also to effect,
 2081 What euer I shall happen to deuise:
 2082 I see your browes are full of discontent,
 2083 Your harts of forrow, and your eies of teares:
 2084 Come home with me to supper, Ile lay a plot,
 2240 2085 Shall shew vs all a merrie daie. *Exeunt.*

2086 *Enter the Queene with her attendants.*
 2087 *Quee.* This way the King will come, this is the way,
 2088 To Iulius Cæsars ill erected Tower,
 2089 To wofse flint bofome, my condemned Lord,
 2245 2090 Is doomde a prifoner by proud Bullingbrooke,
 2091 Heere let vs rest, if this rebellious earth,
 2092 Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene. (*Enter Ric.*

2093 But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
 2094 My faire Rose wither, yet looke vp, behold,
 2251 2095 That you in pittie may dissolue to deaw,
 2096 And wash him fresh againe with true loue teares.
 2097 Ah thou the modle where olde Troy did stand!
 2098 Thou mapp of honour, thou King Richards tombe,
 2099 And not King Richard: thou most beauteous Inue,
 2100 Why should hard fauourd greife be lodged in thee,
 2101 When triumph is become an alehouse guest?
 2102 *Rich.* Ioyne not with greife faire woman, doe not fo,
 2103 To make my end too sudder, learne good soule,
 2104 To thinke our former state a happie dreame,
 2105 From which awakt the trueth of what we are

<i>Aum.</i> You holy Clergie-men, is there no Plot	2231
To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot.	2232
<i>Abbot.</i> Before I freely speake my minde herein,	2233
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,	2234
To bury mine intents, but also to effect	2235
What euer I shall happen to deuise.	2236
I see your Browes are full of Difcontent,	2237
Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares.	2238
Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a Plot	2239
Shall shew vs all a merry day.	<i>Exeunt.</i> 2240

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

<i>Enter Queene, and Ladies.</i>	2241
<i>Qu.</i> This way the King will come : this is the way	2242
To <i>Iulius Cæsars</i> ill-erected Tower :	2243
To whose flint Bofome, my condemned Lord	2244
Is doom'd a Prifoner, by prow'd <i>Bullingbrooke.</i>	2245
Here let vs rest, if this rebellious Earth	2246
Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene.	2247
<i>Enter Richard, and Guard.</i>	2248
But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,	2249
My faire Rose wither : yet looke vp ; behold,	2250
That you in pittie may diffolue to dew,	2251
And wash him fresh againe with true-loue Teares.	2252
Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did stand,	2253
Thou Mapped of Honor, thou King <i>Richards</i> Tombe,	2254
And not King <i>Richard</i> : thou most beauteous Inne,	2255
Why should hard-fauor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,	2256
When Triumph is become an Ale-houfe Guest.	2257
<i>Rich.</i> Ioyn not with grieve, faire Woman, do not so,	2258
To make my end too fudden : learne good Soule,	2259
To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,	2260
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,	2261

- 2262 2106 Shewes vs but this; I am fworne brother (fweet)
 2107 To grim neceffitie, and he and I,
 2108 Will keepe a league till death. Hie thee to Fraunce,
 2109 And cloister thee in some religious house,
 2110 Our holy liues muſt win a new worlds crowne,
 2111 VVhich our prophane houres he ere haue throwne downe.
 2112 *Quee.* what is my Richard both in ſhape and minde
 2113 transformd and weakned? hath Bullingbrooke,
 2270 2114 Depofde thine intellect? hath he been in thy hart?
 2115 The Lyon dying thruſteth foorth his pawe,
 2116 And woundes the earth if nothing elſe with rage,
 2117 To be ore-powr'd, and wilt thou pupill-like
 2118 Take the correction, mildly kiſſe the rod,
 2119 And fawne on Rage with baſe humilitie,
 2120 VVhich art a Lion and the king of beaſts.
 2121 *King.* a King of beaſts indeed, if aught but beaſts,
 2122 I had been ſtill a happie King of men.
 2123 Good (ſometimes Queene) prepare thee hence for France,
 2124 Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou takeſt
 2125 As from my death bed thy laſt liuing leaue;
 2126 In winters tedious nights ſit by the fire,
 2127 with good old folkes, and let them tell the tales,
 2284 2128 Of woefull ages long agoe betidde:
 2129 And ere thou bid good night to quite their griefes,
 2130 Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
 2131 And fend the hearers weeping to their beds:
 2132 For why, the ſenſleſſe brands will ſimpathize
 2133 The heauy accent of thy moouing tong,
 2134 And in compaſſion weepe the fire out,
 2135 And ſome wil mourne in aſhes, ſome cole blacke,
 2292 2136 For the depofing of a rightfull King. *Enter Northum.*

 2137 *North.* My Lord, the minde of Bullingbrooke is change,
 2138 You muſt to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.
 2139 And Madam, there is order tane for you,
 2140 With al ſwift ſpeede you muſt away to France.

Shewes vs but this. I am fworne Brother (Sweet)	2262
To grim Necessitie ; and hee and I	2263
Will keepe a League till Death, High thee to France,	2264
And Cloyster thee in some Religious Houfe :	2265
Our holy liues must winne a new Worlds Crowne,	2266
Which our prophane houres here haue stricken downe.	2267
<i>Qu.</i> What, is my <i>Richard</i> both in shape and minde	2268
Transform'd, and weaken'd ? Hath <i>Bullingbrooke</i>	2269
Depos'd thine Intellect ? hath he beene in thy Heart ?	2270
The Lyon dying, thrusteth forth his Paw,	2271
And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage	2272
To be o're-powr'd : and wilt thou, Pupill-like,	2273
Take thy Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde,	2274
And fawne on Rage with base Humilitie,	2275
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts ?	2276
<i>Rich.</i> A King of Beasts indeed: if aught but Beasts,	2277
I had beene still a happy King of Men.	2278
Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France :	2279
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou tak'ft,	2280
As from my Death-bed, my last liuing leaue.	2281
In Winters tedious Nights sit by the fire	2282
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales	2283
Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide :	2284
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their grieffe,	2285
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,	2286
And send the hearers weeping to their Beds :	2287
For why? the sencelesse Brands will sympathize	2288
The heauie accent of thy mouing Tongue,	2289
And in compassion, weepe the fire out :	2290
And some will mourne in ashes, some coale-black,	2291
For the deposing of a rightfull King.	2292
<i>Enter Northumberland.</i>	2293
<i>North.</i> My Lord, the mind of <i>Bullingbrooke</i> is chang'd.	2294
You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.	2295
And Madame, there is order ta'kne for you :	2296
With all swift speed, you must away to France.	2297

- 2141 *King* Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithall
 2142 The mounting Bullingbrooke ascends my throne,
 2143 The time shall not be many houres of age
 2144 More than it is, ere foule sinne gathering head
 2145 Shall breake into corruption, thou shalt thinke,
 2146 Though he diuide the realme and giue thee halfe,
 2147 It is too little helping him to all.
 2305 2148 He shall thinke that thou which knowest the way
 2149 To plant vnrightfull kings, wilt know againe,
 2150 Being nere so little vrgde another way,
 2151 To plucke him headlong from the vsurped throne:
 2152 The loue of wicked men conuertes to feare,
 2153 That feare to hate; and hate turnes one or both
 2154 To worthy daunger and deferued death.
 2155 *North.* My guilt be on my head, and there an end:
 2156 Take leaue and part, for you must part forthwith.
 2314 2157 *King* Doubly diuorft (bad men) you violate
 2158 A two-fold marriage twixt my crowne and me,
 2159 And then betwixt me and my married wife.
 2160 Let me vnkisse the oathe twixt thee and me:
 2161 And yet not so, for with a kisse twas made.
 2162 Part vs Northumberland, I towards the north,
 2163 Where shiuering cold and sickeneffe pines the clime:
 2164 My wife to Fraunce, from whence fet forth in pomp
 2322 2165 She came adorned hither like sweete Maie,
 2166 Sent backe like Hollowmas or shortst of day.
 2167 *Queene* And must we be diuided? must we part?
 2168 *King* I hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart.
 2169 *Queene* Banish vs both, and send the King with me.
 2170 *King* That were some loue, but little pollicie.
 2171 *Queene* Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
 2172 *King* So two together weeping make one woe,
 2330 2273 Weepe thou for me in Fraunce, I for thee heere,
 2174 Better far off than neere be nere the neare,
 2175 Go count thy way with sighes, I mine with groanes.
 2176 *Queene* So longest way shall haue the longest moanes.

<i>Rich.</i> <i>Northumberland</i> , thou Ladder wherewithall	2298
The mounting <i>Bullingbrooke</i> ascends my Throne,	2299
The time shall not be many houres of age,	2300
More then it is, ere foule sinne, gathering head,	2301
Shall breake into corruption : thou shalt thinke,	2302
Though he diuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,	2303
It is too little, helping him to all :	2304
He shall thinke, that thou which know'ft the way	2305
To plant vnrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,	2306
Being ne're so little vrg'd another way,	2307
To pluck him headlong from the vsurped Throne.	2308
The Loue of wicked friends conuertes to Feare ;	2309
That Feare, to Hate ; and Hate turnes one, or both,	2310
To worthie Danger, and deserued Death.	2311
<i>North.</i> My guilt be on my Head, and there an end :	2312
Take leaue, and part, for you must part forthwith.	2313
<i>Rich.</i> Doubly diuorc'd? (bad men) ye violate	2314
A two-fold Marriage ; 'twixt my Crowne, and me,	2315
And then betwixt me, and my marryed Wife.	2316
Let me vn-kisse the Oath 'twixt thee, and me ;	2317
And yet not so, for with a Kisse 'twas made.	2318
Part vs, <i>Northumberland</i> : I, towards the North,	2319
Where shiuering Cold and Sicknesse pines the Clyme :	2320
My Queene to France : from whence, set forth in pompe,	2321
She came adorned hither like sweet May ;	2322
Sent back like Hollowmas, or short'ft of day.	2323
<i>Qu.</i> And must we be diuided ? must we part ?	2324
<i>Rich.</i> I, hand from hand (my Loue) and heart frō heart.	2325
<i>Qu.</i> Banish vs both, and send the King with me.	2326
<i>North.</i> That were some Loue, but little Pollicy.	2327
<i>Qu.</i> Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.	2328
<i>Rich.</i> So two together weeping, make one Woe.	2329
Weepe thou for me in France; I, for thee heere :	2330
Better farre off, then neere, be ne're the neere.	2331
Goe, count thy Way with Sighes ; I, mine with Groanes.	2332
<i>Qu.</i> So longest Way shall haue the longest Moanes.	2333

- 2177 *King* T wife for one step Ile grone the way being short
 2178 And peece the way out with a heauy heart.
 2179 Come come in wooing forrow lets be briefe,
 2180 Since wedding it, there is fuch length in grieffe;
 2181 One kiffe fhall ftop our mouths, and dumbly part,
 2182 Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
 2340 2183 *Queene* Giue me mine owne againe, twere no good part
 2184 To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart:
 2185 So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
 2186 That I may friue to kill it with a groane.
 2187 *King* We make woe wanton with this fond delay,
 2188 Once more adue, the reft let forrow fay. *Exeunt.*

2346 2189

Enter Duke of Yorke and the Dutcheffe.

- 2190 *Du.* My Lord, you told me you would tell the reft,
 2191 When weeping made you breake the ftorie of
 2192 Of our two coufins comming into London.
 2350 2193 *Yorke* Where did I leaue?
 2194 *Du.* At that fad ftop my Lord,
 2195 Where rude mifgouerned hands from windowes tops.
 2196 Threw duft and rubbifh on king Richards head.
 2197 *Yorke* Then (as I faid) the Duke great Bullingbrooke
 2198 Mounted vpon a hote and fierie fteede,
 2199 Which his afpiring rider feemd to know,
 2200 With flow, but ftately pafe kept on his courfe.
 2201 Whilft all tongues cried, God faue the Bullingbrooke,
 2202 You would haue thought the very windows fpake:
 2360 2203 So many greedy lookes of yong and old
 2204 Through cafements darted their defiring eies
 2205 Vpon his vifage, and that all the walles
 2206 With painted imagery had faid at once,

<i>Rich.</i> Twice for one step Ile groane, † Way being short,	2334
And peece the Way out with a heauie heart.	2335
Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be brieft,	2336
Since wedding it, there is such length in Griefe :	2337
One Kiffe shall stop our mouthes, and dumbely part ;	2338
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.	2339
<i>Qu.</i> Giue me mine owne againe: 'twere no good part,	2340
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.	2341
So, now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,	2342
That I may friue to kill it with a groane.	2343
<i>Rich.</i> We make Woe wanton with this fond delay :	2344
Once more adieu; the rest, let Sorrow fay. <i>Exeunt.</i>	2345

Scæna Secunda.

<i>Enter Yorke, and his Duchesse.</i>	2346
<i>Duch.</i> My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,	2347
When weeping made you breake the story off,	2348
Of our two Coufins comming into London.	2349
<i>Yorke.</i> Where did I leaue?	2350
<i>Duch.</i> At that sad stoppe, my Lord,	2351
Where rude mis-gouern'd hands, from Windowes tops,	2352
Threw duft and rubbish on King <i>Richards</i> head,	2353
<i>Yorke.</i> Then, as I said, the Duke, great <i>Bullingbrooke</i> ,	2354
Mounted vpon a hot and fierie Steed,	2355
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,	2356
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course :	2357
While all tongues cride, God saue thee <i>Bullingbrooke</i> .	2358
You would haue thought the very windowes spake,	2359
So many greedy lookes of yong and old,	2360
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes	2361
Vpon his visage : and that all the walles,	2362
With painted Imagery had said at once,	2363

- 2207 Iesu preferue the welcome Bullingbrooke,
 2208 Whilft he from the one fide to the other turning
 2209 Bare-headed, lower than his prowde fteedes necke
 2210 Befpake them thus; I thanke you countrymen:
 2211 And thus ftill doing, thus he pafft along.
 2369 2212 *Du.* Alac poore Richard, where rode he the whilft?
 2213 *Yorke* As in a Theater the eies of men,
 2214 After a well-graced Actor leaues the ftage,
 2215 Are ydly bent on him that enters next,
 2216 Thinking his prattle to be tedious ;
 2217 Euen fo, or with much more contempt mens eies
 2218 Did fcowle on gentle Ric. no man cried, God faue him,
 2219 No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
 2220 But duft was throwen vpon his facred head:
 2221 Which with fuch gentle forrow he fhooke off,
 2379 2222 His face ftill combating with teares and fmiles,
 2223 The badges of his grieffe and patience,
 2224 That had not God for fome ftroong purpofe fteeld
 2225 The hearts of men, they muft perforce haue melted,
 2226 And Barbarifme it felfe haue pittied him:
 2227 But heauen hath a hand in thefe euent,
 2228 To whofe high will we bound our calme contents.
 2229 To Bullingbrooke are we fworne fubiefts now,
 2230 Whoſe ftate and honour I for ay allow.

 2389 2231 *Du.* Here comes my fonne Aumerle.
 2232 *Yorke* Aumerle that was,
 2233 But that is loft, for being Richards friend:
 2234 And Madam, you muſt call him Rutland now:
 2235 I am in parleament pledge for his truth
 2236 And laſting fealtie to the new made king.
 2237 *Du.* Welcome my fonne, who are the violets now
 2238 That frew the greene lap of the new come ſpring.
 2239 *Au.* Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
 2398 2240 God knowes I had as leife be none as one.
 2241 *Yorke* Well, beare you wel in this new ſpring of time,

Iesu preferue thee, welcom <i>Bullingbrooke</i> .	2364
Whil't he, from one side to the other turning,	2365
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,	2366
Befpake them thus : I thanke you Countrimen :	2367
And thus still doing, thus he past along.	2368
<i>Dutch.</i> Alas poore <i>Richard</i> , where rides he the whilst?	2369
<i>Yorke.</i> As in a Theater, the eyes of men	2370
After a well grac'd Actor leaues the Stage,	2371
Are idly bent on him that enters next,	2372
Thinking his prattle to be tedious :	2373
Euen so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes	2374
Did scowle on <i>Richard</i> : no man cride, God saue him :	2375
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,	2376
But dust was throwne vpon his Sacred head,	2377
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,	2378
His face still combating with teares and smiles	2379
(The badges of his greefe and patience)	2380
That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd	2381
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,	2382
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him.	2383
But heauen hath a hand in these euent,	2384
To whose high will we bound our calme contents.	2385
To <i>Bullingbrooke</i> , are we sworne Subiects now,	2386
Whose State, and Honor, I for aye allow.	2387
<i>Enter Aumerle.</i>	2388
<i>Dut.</i> Heere comes my sonne <i>Aumerle</i> .	2389
<i>Yor.</i> <i>Aumerle</i> that was,	2390
But that is lost, for being <i>Richards</i> Friend,	2391
And Madam, you must call him <i>Rutland</i> now:	2392
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,	2393
And lasting fealtie to the new-made King.	2394
<i>Dut.</i> Welcome my sonne : who are the Violets now,	2395
That strew the greene lap of the new-come Spring ?	2396
<i>Aum.</i> Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,	2397
God knowes, I had as lief be none, as one.	2398
<i>Yorke.</i> Well, beare you well in this new-spring of time	2399

- 2242 Left you be cropt before you come to prime.
 2243 What newes from Oxford, do these iusts & triumphs hold?
 2244 *Aum.* For aught I know (my Lord) they do.
 2245 *Yorke* you will be there I know.
 2246 *Aum.* If God preuent not, I purpose so.
 2247 *Yorke* What seale is that that hangs without thy bosome?
 2248 yea, lookst thou pale? let me see the writing.
 2407 2249 *Aum.* My Lord, tis nothing.
 2250 *Yorke* No matter then who see it,
 2251 I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.
 2252 *Aum.* I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
 2253 It is a matter of small consequence,
 2254 Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.
 2255 *Yorke* Which for some reasons sir I meane to see.
 2256 I feare I feare.
 2257 *Du.* What should you feare?
 2258 Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into
 2259 For gay apparell gainst the triumph day.
 2418 2260 *Yorke* Bound to himselfe; what doth he with a bond
 2261 That he is bound to. Wife, thou art a foole:
 2262 Boy, let me see the writing.
 2263 *Aum.* I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.
 2264 *Yorke* I will be satisfied, let me see it I say:
 2265 *He pluckes it out of his bosome and reades it:*
 2266 *Yorke* Treason, foule treason, villaine, traitor, flauie,
 2267 *Du.* What is the matter my lord?
 2268 *Yorke* Ho, who is within there? saddle my horse,
 2269 God for his mercy! what treachery is here?
 2270 *Du.* Why what is it my Lord?
 2428 2271 *Yorke* Giue me my bootes I say, saddle my horse,
 2272 Now by mine honour, by my life, by my troth
 2273 I will appeach the villaine.
 2274 *Du.* What is the matter?
 2275 *Yorke* Peace foolish woman.
 2276 *Du.* I wil not peace, what is the matter Aumerle?
 2434 2277 *Au.* Good mother be content, it is no more
 2278 Then my poore life must answere.

Leaft you be cropt before you come to prime.	2400
What newes from Oxford? Hold thofe Iufts & Triumphs?	2401
<i>Aum.</i> For ought I know my Lord, they do.	2402
<i>Yorke.</i> You will be there I know.	2403
<i>Aum.</i> If God preuent not, I purpofe fo.	2404
<i>Yor.</i> What Seale is that that hangs without thy bofom?	2405
Yea, look'ft thou pale? Let me fee the Writing.	2406
<i>Aum.</i> My Lord, 'tis nothing.	2407
<i>Yorke.</i> No matter then who fees it,	2408
I will be fatisfied, let me fee the Writing.	2409
<i>Aum.</i> I do befeech your Grace to pardon me,	2410
It is a matter of fmall confequence,	2411
Which for fome reafons I would not haue feene.	2412
<i>Yorke.</i> Which for fome reafons fir, I meane to fee:	2413
I feare, I feare.	2414
<i>Dut.</i> What fhould you feare?	2415
'Tis nothing but fome bond, that he is enter'd into	2416
For gay apparrell, againft the Triumph.	2417
<i>Yorke.</i> Bound to himfelfe? What doth he with a Bond	2418
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole.	2419
Boy, let me fee the Writing.	2420
<i>Aum.</i> I do befeech you pardon me, I may not fhew it.	2421
<i>Yor.</i> I will be fatisfied:let me fee it I fay. <i>Snatches it</i>	2422
Treason, foule Treason, Villaine, Traitor, Slaue.	2423
<i>Dut.</i> What's the matter, my Lord?	2424
<i>Yorke.</i> Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horfe.	2425
Heauen for his mercy: what treachery is heere?	2426
<i>Dut.</i> Why, what is't my Lord?	2427
<i>Yorke.</i> Giue me my boots, I fay: Saddle my horfe:	2428
Now by my Honor, my life, my troth,	2429
I will appeach the Villaine.	2430
<i>Dut.</i> What is the matter?	2431
<i>Yorke.</i> Peace foolifh Woman.	2432
<i>Dut.</i> I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?	2433
<i>Aum.</i> Good Mother be content, it is no more	2434
Then my poore life muft anfwer.	2435

2279 *Du.* Thy life anfwere?

2280 *yor.* Bring me my bootes, I will vntothe King.

2281 *His man enters with his bootes.*

2282 *Du.* Strike him Aumerle, poore boy thou art amazd,
2283 Hence vilaine neuer more come in my fight.

2284 *Yor.* Giue me my bootes I fay.

2285 *Du.* Why Yorke what wilt thou doe?

2286 Wilt thou not hide the trespaffe of thine owne?

2287 Haue we more fons? or are we like to haue?

2288 Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?

2446 2289 And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age?

2290 And rob me of a happie mothers name.

2291 Is he not like the? is he not thine owne?

2292 *Yor.* Thou fond mad woman,

2293 Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie ?

2294 A doozen of them here haue tane the sacrament,

2295 And interchaungeably fet downe there hands,

2296 To kill the king at Oxford.

2297 *Du.* He shal be none, weele keepe him heere,

2298 Then what is that to him?

2299 *Yor.* Away fond woman, were he twentie times my sonne,

2300 Iwould appeach him.

2301 *Du.* Hadst thou groand for him as I haue done,

2302 Thou wouldst bee more pittifull.

2460 2303 But nowe I knowe rhy minde, thou doest suspect

2304 That I haue been disloiall to thy bed,

2305 And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:

2306 Sweete Yorke, sweete husband, be not of that mind,

2307 He is as like thee as any man may be,

2308 Not like to me, or a of my kinne,

2309 And yet I loue him.

2310 *Yor.* Make way vnrulie woman. *Exit.*

2311 *Du.* After Aumerle: mount thee vpon his horse,

2312 Spur, post, and get before him to the King,

2313 And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee,

<i>Dut.</i> Thy life answer ?	2436
<i>Enter Seruant with Boots.</i>	2437
<i>Yor.</i> Bring me my Boots, I will vnto the King.	2438
<i>Dut.</i> Strike him <i>Aumerle</i> . Poore boy, y ^e art amaz'd,	2439
Hence Villaine, neuer more come in my sight.	2440
<i>Yor.</i> Giue me my Boots, I fay.	2441
<i>Dut.</i> Why Yorke, what wilt thou do ?	2442
Wilt thou not hide the Trefpasse of thine owne ?	2443
Haue we more Sonnes? Or are we like to haue ?	2444
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?	2445
And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,	2446
And rob me of a happy Mothers name ?	2447
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne ?	2448
<i>Yor.</i> Thou fond mad woman :	2449
Wilt thou conceale this darke Conspiracy?	2450
A dozen of them heere haue tane the Sacrament,	2451
And interchangeably fet downe their hands	2452
To kill the King at Oxford.	2453
<i>Dut.</i> He shall be none :	2454
Wee'l keepe him heere : then what is that to him ?	2455
<i>Yor.</i> Away fond woman : were hee twenty times my	2456
Son, I would appeach him.	2457
<i>Dut.</i> Hadst thou groan'd for him as I haue done,	2458
Thou wouldest be more pittifull :	2459
But now I know thy minde ; thou do'st suspect	2460
That I haue bene disloyall to thy bed,	2461
And that he is a Bastard, not thy Sonne :	2462
Sweet Yorke, sweet husband, be not of that minde :	2463
He is as like thee, as a man may bee,	2464
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,	2465
And yet I loue him.	2466
<i>Yorke.</i> Make way, vnruely Woman.	<i>Exit</i> 2467
<i>Dut.</i> After <i>Aumerle</i> . Mount thee vpon his horse,	2468
Spurre post, and get before him to the King,	2469
And begge thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee,	2470

2471 2314 Ile not be long behind, though I be old,
 2315 I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke,
 2316 An neuer will I rife vp from the ground,
 2317 Till Bullingbroke haue pardoned thee: away, be gone.

2318 *Enter the King with his nobles.*

2319 *King H.* Can no man tell me of my vnthriftie sonne?
 2320 Tis full three moneths since I did see him laft,
 2321 If any plague hang ouer vs tis he:
 2322 I would to God my Lordes he might be found:
 2323 Inquire at London, mongft the Tauernes there,
 2481 2324 For there(they fay) he daylie doth frequent,
 2325 With vnrestrained loofe companions,
 2326 Euen fuch(they fay)as ftand in narrow lanes,
 2327 And beate our watch, and rob our paffengers,
 2328 Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
 2329 Takes on the point of honour to fupport fo diffolute a crew,

2330 *H. Percie* My Lord, fome two dayes since I faw the prince,
 2331 And tould him of thofe triumphes helde at Oxford,

2332 *King.* And what faid the gallant?

2333 *Per.* His anfwer was, he would vnto the ftews,
 2334 And from the commonft creature plucke a gloue,
 2335 And weare it as a fauour, and with that,
 2336 He would vnhorfe the luftieft Challenger.

2337 *King H.* As diffolute as desperat, yet through both,
 2496 2338 I fee fome fparkes of better hope, which elder yeares,
 2339 May happily bring foorth. But who comes heere?

2340 *Enter Aumerle amazed.*

2341 *Aum.* Where is the King? (fo wildly.

2342 *King H.* What meanes our cofen, that he ftares and lookes

Ile not be long behind : though I be old, 2471
 I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke: 2472
 And neuer will I rife vp from the ground, 2473
 Till *Bullingbrooke* haue pardon'd thee: Away be gone. *Exit* 2474

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percic, and other Lords. 2475

Bul. Can no man tell of my vnthrifitie Sonne ? 2476
 'Tis full three monthes since I did see him laft. 2477
 If any plague hang ouer vs, 'tis he, 2478
 I would to heauen(my Lords)he might be found: 2479
 Enquire at London, 'mongft the Tauernes there : 2480
 For there (they fay) he dayly doth frequent, 2481
 With vnrestrained loofe Companions, 2482
 Euen fuch (they fay) as ftand in narrow Lanes, 2483
 And rob our Watch, and beate our paffengers, 2484
 Which he, yong wanton, and effeminate Boy 2485
 Takes on the point of Honor, to fupport 2486
 So diffolute a crew. 2487

Per. My Lord, fome two dayes since I faw the Prince, 2488
 And told him of thefe Triumphes held at Oxford. 2489

Bul. And what faid the Gallant ? 2490

Per. His anfwer was : he would vnto the Stewes, 2491
 And from the common'ft creature plucke a Gloue 2492
 And weare it as a fauour, and with that 2493
 He would vnhorfe the luftieft Challenger. 2494

Bul. As diffolute as deſp'rate, yet through both, 2495
 I fee fome ſparkes of better hope : which elder dayes 2496
 May happily bring forth. But who comes heere ? 2497

Enter Aumerle. 2498

Aum. Where is the King ? 2499

Bul. What meanes our Coffin, that hee ftares 2500
 And lookes ſo wildly ? 2501

- 2343 *Aum.* God faue your grace, I doe befeech your Maieftie,
 2344 To haue some conference with your grace alone,
 2345 *King.* Withdraw your felues, and leaue vs here alone.
 2346 What is the matter with our cofen nowe?
 2347 *Aum.* For euer may my knees growe to the earth,
 2348 My tongue, cleaue to my rooffe within my mouth,
 2349 Vnleffe a pardon ere I rife or fpeake.
 2350 *King.* Intended, or committed, was this fault?
 2510 2351 If on the frft, how heynous ere it be
 2352 To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.
 2353 *Aum.* Then giue me leaue that May turne the key,
 2354 That no man enter till my tale be done.
 2355 *King.* Haue thy defire.
 2356 *The Duke of Yorke knockes at the doore and crieth.*
 2357 *Yor.* My leige beware, looke to thy felfe,
 2358 thou haft a traitor in thy prefence there.
 2359 *King.* Vilain Ile make thee fafe. (feare)
 2360 *Aum.* Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou haft no caufe to

 2520 2361 *Yor.* Open the dore, fecure foole, hardie King,
 2362 Shall I for loue fpeake treafon to thy face,
 2363 Open the dore, or I will breake it open.

 2364 *King.* What is the matter vncke, fpeake, recouer breath,
 2365 Tell vs, how neare is daunger,
 2366 That wee may arme vs to encounter it?
 2367 *Yor.* Perufe this writting heere, and thou fhalt know,
 2368 the treafon that my hafte forbids me fhew.
 2369 *Aum.* remember as thou readft, thy promife pafte,
 2370 I do repent me, reade not my name there,
 2371 My hart is not confederate with my hand.
 2372 *Yor.* It was (vilaine)ere thy hand did fet it downe.
 2533 2373 I tore it from the traitors bofome (King,)
 2374 Feare, and not loue, begets his penitence:
 2375 Forget to pittie him, left thy pittie proue,
 2376 A Serpent that will sting thee to the hart.

Aum. God faue your Grace. I do befeech your Maiefty
To haue fome conference with your Grace alone. 2502 2503

Bul. Withdraw your felues, and leaue vs here alone :
What is the matter with our Cofin now ? 2504 2505

Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnleffe a Pardon, ere I rife, or fpeake. 2506 2507 2508

Bul. Intended, or committed was this fault ?
If on the firft, how heynous ere it bee,
To win thy after loue, I pardon thee. 2509 2510 2511

Aum. Then giue me leaue, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter, till my tale me done. 2512 2513

Bul. Haue thy defire. *Yorke within.* 2514

Yor. My Liege beware, looke to thy felfe,
Thou haft a Traitor in thy prefence there. 2515 2516

Bul. Villaine, Ile make thee fafe. 2517

Aum. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou haft no caufe
to feare. 2518 2519

Yorke. Open the doore, fecure foole-hardy King :
Shall I for loue fpeake treafon to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open. 2520 2521 2522

Enter Yorke. 2523

Bul. What is the matter (Vnkle) fpeak, recouer breath,
Tell vs how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it. 2524 2525 2526

Yor. Perufe this writing heere, and thou fhalt know
The reafon that my hafte forbids me fhew. 2527 2528

Aum. Remember as thou read'ft, thy promife pafte :
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand. 2529 2530 2531

Yor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did fet it downe.
I tore it from the Traitors bofome, King.
Feare, and not Loue, begets his penitence ;
Forget to pittie him, leaft thy pittie proue
A Serpent, that will fting thee to the heart. 2532 2533 2534 2535 2536

- 2377 *King* . O heynous, strong, and bould conspiracy;
 2378 O loyall Father, of a treacherous Sonne,
 2379 Thou sheere immaculate and filuer Fountaine,
 2380 From whence this streame, through muddy passages,
 2381 Hath held his current, and defild himselfe.
 2382 Thy ouerflow of good, conuertes to bad:
 2383 And thy abundant goodnes, shall excuse,
 2384 this deadly blot in thy digressing sonne.
 2385 *Yor.* So shall my vertue, be his vices baude,
 2386 An he shall spend mine honour, with his shame,
 2387 As thriftles sonnes, their scraping Fathers gold:
 2548 2388 Mine honour liues when his dishonour dies,
 2389 Or my shamde life in his dishonour lies,
 2390 Thou kilst me in his life giuing him breath,
 2391 The traitor liues, the true man's put to death.
- 2392 *Du.* What ho, my Liege, for Gods sake let me in.
 2393 *King H.* What shril voice suppliant makes this eger crie?
 2394 *Du.* A woman, and thy aunt (great king) tis I,
 2395 Speake with me, pitie me, open the doore,
 2396 A beggar begs that neuer begd before.
 2397 *King* Our scene is altdred from a ferious thing,
 2398 And now changde to the Beggar and the King:
 2399 My dangerous coufin, let your mother in,
 2561 2400 I know she is come to pray for your foule sinne.
 2401 *Yorke* If thou do pardon whofoeuer pray,
 2402 More finnes for this forgiuenes prosper may:
 2403 This festred ioynt cut off, the rest rest found,
 2404 This let alone wil all the rest confound.
- 2405 *Du.* Oh king, belecue not this hard-hearted man,
 2406 Loue louing not it selfe, none other can.
 2407 *Yorke* Thou frantike woman, what dost thou make here?
 2408 Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor reare?
 2409 *Du.* Sweete Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.
 2410 *King H* Rife vp good aunt.

<i>Bul.</i> Oh heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,	2537
O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne :	2538
Thou sheere, immaculate, and filuer fountaine,	2539
From whence this streame, through muddy passages	2540
Hath had his current, and defil'd himselfe,	2541
Thy ouerflow of good, conuerts to bad,	2542
And thy abundant goodnesse shall excufe	2543
This deadly blot, in thy digressing sonne.	2544
<i>Yorke.</i> So shall my Vertue be his Vices bawd,	2545
And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame ;	2546
As thriftlesse Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold.	2547
Mine honor liues, when his dishonor dies,	2548
Or my sham'd life, in his dishonor lies :	2549
Thou kill'ft me in his life, giuing him breath,	2550
The Traitor liues, the true man's put to death.	2551
<i>Dutchesse within.</i>	2552
<i>Dut.</i> What hoa (my Liege) for heauens fake let me in.	2553
<i>Bul.</i> What shrill-voic'd Suppliant, makes this eager cry ?	2554
<i>Dut.</i> A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.	2555
Speake with me, pittie me, open the dore,	2556
A Begger begs, that neuer begg'd before.	2557
<i>Bul.</i> Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,	2558
And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King.	2559
My dangerous Cofin, let your Mother in,	2560
I know she's come, to pray for your foule sin,	2561
<i>Yorke.</i> If thou do pardon, whofoeuer pray,	2562
More finnes for this forgiuenesse, prosper may.	2563
This fester'd ioynt cut off, the rest rests sound,	2564
This let alone, will all the rest confound.	2565
<i>Enter Dutchesse.</i>	2566
<i>Dut.</i> O King, beleeeue not this hard-hearted man,	2567
Loue, louing not it selfe, none other can.	2568
<i>Yor.</i> Thou franticke woman, what dost y ^e make here,	2569
Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare ?	2570
<i>Dut.</i> Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.	2571
<i>Bul.</i> Rife vp good Aunt.	2572

- 2411 *Du.* Not yet I thee befeech,
 2574 2412 For euer wil I walke vpon my knees,
 2413 And neuer see day that the happy sees,
 2414 Till thou giue ioy, vntil thou bid me ioy,
 2415 By pardoning Rutland my transgrefsing boy.
 2416 *Aum.* Vnto my mothers prayers I bend my knee,
 2417 *yorke* Againft them both my true ioynts bended be,
 2418 Ill maift thou thriue if thou graunt any grace.
 2419 *Du.* Pleades he in earnest? looke vpon his face,
 2420 His eies do drop no teares, his prayers are in iest,
 2421 His words come from his month, ours from our breast,
 2422 He prayes but faintly, and would be denied,
 2423 We pray with heart and foule, and all befide,
 2424 His weary ioynts would gladly rife I know,
 2586 2425 Our knees ftill kneele till to the ground they grow,
 2426 His prayers are full of falfe hypocrifie,
 2427 Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie,
 2428 Our prayers do outpray his, then let them haue
 2429 That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.
 2430 *yorke* Good aunt ftand vp.
 2431 *Du.* Nay, do not fay, ftand vp;
 2432 Say Pardon firft, and afterwards, ftand vp,
 2433 And if I were thy nurfe thy tong to teach,
 2434 Pardon should be the firft word of thy fpeech:
 2596 2435 I neuer longd to heare a word till now,
 2436 Say pardon King, let pitie teach thee how,
 2437 The word is fhort, but not fo fhort as fweete,
 2438 No word like pardon for Kings mouthes fo meete.
 2439 *yorke* Speake it in French, King fay, Pardonne moy.
 2440 *Du.* Dost thou teach pardon pardon to deftroy?
 2441 Ah my fower husband, my hard-hearted Lord!
 2442 That fets the word it felfe againft the word :
 2443 Speake pardon as tis currant in our land,
 2605 2444 The chopping French we do not vnderftand,
 2445 Thine eie begins to fpeake, fet thy tongue there:
 2446 Or in this piteous heart plant thou thine eare,

<i>Dut.</i> Not yet, I thee befeech.	2573
For euer will I kneele vpon my knees,	2574
And neuer fee day, that the happy fees,	2575
Till thou giue ioy : vntill thou bid me ioy.	2576
By pardoning Rutland, my transfreffing Boy.	2577
<i>Aum.</i> Vnto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee.	2578
<i>Yorke.</i> Againft them both, my true ioynts bended be,	2579
<i>Dut.</i> Pleades he in carneft? Looke vpon his Face,	2580
His eyes do drop no teares: his prayres are in left :	2581
His words come from his mouth, ours from our brest.	2582
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,	2583
We pray with heart, and foule, and all befide :	2584
His weary ioynts would gladly rife, I know,	2585
Our knees fhall kneele, till to the ground they grow :	2586
His prayers are full of falfe hypocrifie,	2587
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie :	2588
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue	2589
That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue.	2590
<i>Bul.</i> Good Aunt ftand vp.	2591
<i>Dut.</i> Nay, do not fay ftand vp.	2592
But Pardon firft, and afterwards ftand vp.	2593
And if I were thy Nurfe, thy tongue to teach,	2594
Pardon fhould be the firft word of thy fpeech.	2595
I neuer long'd to heare a word till now :	2596
Say Pardon (King,) let pittie teach thee how.	2597
The word is fhort : but not fo fhort as fweet,	2598
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's fo meet.	2599
<i>Yorke.</i> Speake it in French (King) fay <i>Pardon'ne moy.</i>	2600
<i>Dut.</i> Dof't thou teach pardon, Pardon to deftroy ?	2601
Ah my fowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,	2602
That fet's the word it felfe, againft the word.	2603
Speake Pardon, as 'tis currant in our Land,	2604
The chopping French we do not vnderftand,	2605
Thine eye begins to fpeake, fet thy tongue there,	2606
Or in thy pitteous heart, plant thou thine eare,	2607

- 2447 That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
 2448 Pitie may moou thee pardon to rehearse.
 2449 *King H.* Good aunt stand vp.
 2450 *Du.* I do not sue to stand.
 2451 Pardon is all the fute I haue in hand.
 2613 2452 *King* I pardon him as God shall pardon me.
 2453 *Du.* Oh happy vantage of a kneeling knee,
 2454 Yet am I sicke for feare, speake it againe,
 2455 Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twaine,
 2456 But makes one pardon strong.
 2457 *King H.* I pardon him with al my heart.
 2458 *Du.* A god on earth thou art.
 2459 *King H.* But for our trusty brother in law and the Abbot,
 2460 With all the rest of that comforted crew,
 2461 Destruction strait shall dog them at the heeles,
 2623 2462 Good vncle, help to orderfeuerall powers,
 2463 To Oxford, or where ere these traitors are,
 2464 They shall not liue within this world I sweare,
 2465 But I will haue them if I once know where.
 2466 Vncle farewell, and cousin adue,
 2467 Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true:
 2468 *Du.* Come my olde sonne, I pray God make thee new.

 2469 *Exeunt. Manet for Pierce Exton, &c.*
 2632 2470 *Exton* Didst thou not marke the K. what words he spake?

 2471 Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?
 2472 Was it not so?
 2473 *Man* These were his very words.
 2474 *Exton* Haue I no friend quoth he? he spake it twice.
 2475 And vrgde it twice together, did he not?
 2476 *Man* He did.
 2477 *Exton* And speaking it, he wifhtly lookt on me,
 2478 As who should say, I would thou wert the man,
 2479 That would diuorce this terrour from my heart,
 2480 Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come lets go,
 2644 2481 I am the kings friend, and will rid his foe.

That hearing how our plaints and prayres do pearce,	2608
Pitty may moue thee, Pardon to rehearse.	2609
<i>Bul.</i> Good Aunt, stand vp.	2610
<i>Dut.</i> I do not sue to stand,	2611
Pardon is all the suite I haue in hand.	2612
<i>Bul.</i> I pardon him, as heauen shall pardon mee.	2613
<i>Dut.</i> O happy vantage of a kneeling knee :	2614
Yet am I ficke for feare : Speake it againe,	2615
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,	2616
But makes one pardon strong.	2617
<i>Bul.</i> I pardon him with all my hart.	2618
<i>Dut.</i> A God on earth thou art.	2619
<i>Bul.</i> But for our trusty brother-in-Law, the Abbot,	2620
With all the rest of that comforted crew,	2621
Destruccion straight shall dogge them at the heeles :	2622
Good Vnckle helpe to order feuerall powres	2623
To Oxford, or where ere these Traitors are :	2624
They shall not liue within this world I sweare,	2625
But I will haue them, if I once know where.	2626
Vnckle farewell, and Cofin adieu:	2627
Your mother well hath praid, and proue you true.	2628
<i>Dut.</i> Come my old son, I pray heauen make thee new.	2629
	<i>Exeunt.</i> 2630
	<i>Enter Exton and Seruants.</i>
<i>Ext.</i> Didst thou not marke the King what words hee	2632
spake ?	2633
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare :	2634
Was it not so ?	2635
<i>Ser.</i> Those were his very words.	2636
<i>Ex.</i> Haue I no Friend?(quoth he:) he spake it twice,	2637
And vrg'd it twice together, did he not ?	2638
<i>Ser.</i> He did.	2639
<i>Ex.</i> And speaking it, he wiftly look'd on me,	2640
As who should say, I would thou wer't the man	2641
That would diorce this terror from my heart,	2642
Meaning the King at Pomfret : Come, let's goe ;	2643
I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe.	<i>Exit.</i> 2644

2482 *Enter Richard alone.*

- 2483 *Rich.* I haue beene studying how I may compare
 2484 This prifon where I liue, vnto the world :
 2485 And forbecaufe the world is populous,
 2486 And here is not a creature but my felfe,
 2487 I cannot do it : yet Ile hammer it out,
 2488 My braine Ile prooue, the female to my foule,
 2489 My foule the father, and thefe two beget
 2653 2490 A generation of ftill-breeding thoughts:
 2491 And thefe fame thoughts people this little world,
 2492 In humors like the people of this world:
 2493 For no thought is contented : the better fort,
 2494 As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
 2495 With fcruples, and do fet the word it felfe
 2496 Againft the word, as thus: Come little ones, & then againe
 2497 It is as hard to come, as for a Cammell
 2498 To threed the pofterne of a fmall needles eie:
 2662 2499 Thoughts tending to ambition they do plot,
 2500 Vnlikely wonders : how thefe vaine weake nailes
 2501 May teare a paffage thorow the flinty ribs
 2502 Of this hard world my ragged prifon walles:
 2503 And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
 2504 Thoughts tending to content flatter themfelues,
 2505 That they are not the firft of fortunes flauers,
 2506 Nor fhall not be the laft like feely beggars,
 2507 Who fitting in the ftockes refuge their fhame,
 2508 That many haue, and others muft fet there.
 2672 2509 And in this thought they find a kind of eafe,
 2510 Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe
 2511 Of fuch as haue before indurde the like.
 2512 Thus play I in one perfon many people,
 2513 And none contented ; fometimes am I King,

Scena Quarta.

<i>Enter Richard.</i>	2645
<i>Rich.</i> I haue bin studying, how to compare	2646
This Prifon where I liue, vnto the World :	2647
And for becaufe the world is populous,	2648
And heere is not a Creature, but my felfe,	2649
I cannot do it : yet Ile hammer't out.	2650
My Braine, Ile proue the Female to my Soule,	2651
My Soule, the Father : and thefe two beget	2652
A generation of ftill breeding Thoughts ;	2653
And thefe fame Thoughts, people this Little World	2654
In humors, like the people of this world,	2655
For no thought is contented. The better fort,	2656
As thoughts of things Diuine, are intermixt	2657
With scruples, and do fet the Faith it felfe	2658
Againft the Faith:as thus: Come litle ones:& then again,	2659
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell	2660
To thred the pofterne of a Needles eye.	2661
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot	2662
Vnlikely wonders ; how thefe vaine weake nailes	2663
May teare a paffage through the Flinty ribbes	2664
Of this hard world, my ragged prifon walles:	2665
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.	2666
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themfelues,	2667
That they are not the firft of Fortunes flaues,	2668
Nor fhall not be the laft. Like filly Beggars,	2669
Who fitting in the Stockes, refuge their fhame	2670
That many haue, and others muft fit there ;	2671
And in this Th ought, they finde a kind of eafe,	2672
Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe	2673
Of fuch as haue before indur'd the like.	2674
Thus play I in one Prifon, many people,	2675
And none contented. Sometimes am I King ;	2676

- 2514 Then treasons make me with my selfe a beggar,
 2515 And so I am : then crushing penurie
 2516 Perfwades me I was better when a king,
 2680 2517 Then am I kingd againe, and by and by,
 2518 Thinke that I am vnkingd by Bullingbrooke,
 2519 And strait am nothing. But what ere I be,
 2520 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 2521 With nothing shall be pleafde, till he be easde,
 2522 With being nothing. Musicke do I heare. *the musike plaies*
 2523 Ha ha keepe time, how fowre sweete Musicke is
 2524 When time is broke, and no proportion kept.
 2525 So is it in the musike of mens liues:
 2526 And here haue I the daintineffe of eare
 2690 2527 To ~~checke~~ time broke in a difordered string:
 2528 But for the concord of my state and time,
 2529 Had not an eare to heare my true time broke,
 2530 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me:
 2531 For now hath time made me his numbring clocke;
 2532 My thoughts are minutes, and with fighes they iarre,
 2533 Their watches on vnto mine eyes the outward watch
 2534 Whereto my finger like a dialles poynt,
 2535 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.
 2699 2536 Now fir, the found that telles what houre it is,
 2537 Are clamorous groanes which strike vpon my hart,
 2538 Which is the bell, so fighs, and teares, and grones,
 2539 Shew minutes, times, and houres: but my time,
 2540 Runnes pofing on in Bullingbrookes proud ioye,
 2541 While I stand fooling heere his iacke of the clocke.
 2542 This musicke maddes me, let it found no more,
 2543 For though it haue help mad men to their witts,
 2544 In me it feemes it will make wife men mad:
 2545 Yet blessing on his hart that giues it me,
 2546 For tis asigne of loue: and loue to Richard,
 2710 2547 Is a strange brooch in this al-hating world.
 2548 *Enter a groome of the stable.*
 2549 *Groome.* Haile roiall Prince.

Then Treafon makes me with my felfe a Beggar,	2677
And fo I am. Then crufhing penurie,	2678
Perfwades me, I was better when a King :	2679
Then am I king'd againe : and by and by,	2680
Thinke that I am vn-king'd by <i>Bullingbrooke</i> ,	2681
And fraight am nothing. But what ere I am,	<i>Mufick</i> 2682
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,	2683
With nothing fhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd	2684
With being nothing. Muficke do I heare?	2685
Ha, ha? keepe time : How fowre sweet Muficke is,	2686
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept ?	2687
So is it in the Muficke of mens liues :	2688
And heere haue I the daintineffe of eare,	2689
To heare time broke in a diforder'd ftring :	2690
But for the Concord of my State and Time,	2691
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.	2692
I wafte Time, and now doth Time wafte me :	2693
For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke ;	2694
My Thoughts, are minutes ; and with Sighes they iarre,	2695
Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch,	2696
Whereto my finger, like a Dialls point,	2697
Is pointing fill, in cleaning them from teares.	2698
Now fir, the found that tels what houre it is,	2699
Are clamorous groanes, that frike vpon my heart,	2700
Which is the bell : fo Sighes, and Teares, and Grones,	2701
Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times : but my Time	2702
Runs poafting on, in <i>Bullingbrookes</i> proud ioy,	2703
While I ftand fooling heere, his iacke o'th'Clocke.	2704
This Muficke mads me, let it found no more,	2705
For though it haue holpe madmen to their wits,	2706
In me it feemes, it will make wife-men mad :	2707
Yet bleffing on his heart that giues it me ;	2708
For 'tis a figne of loue, and loue to <i>Richard</i> ,	2709
Is a ftrange Brooch, in this all-hating world.	2710
<i>Enter Groome.</i>	2711
<i>Groo.</i> Haile Royall Prince.	2712

- 2550 *Rich.* Thankes noble peare:
 2551 The cheapeft of vs is ten grotes too deare.
 2552 What art thou, and how comeft thou hither,
 2553 Where no man neuer comes, but that fad dog,
 2554 That brings me foode to make miſfortune liue.
 2555 *Groome.* I was a poore groome ofthy ſtable King,
 2556 When thou wert King: who trauailling towards Yorke,
 2720 2557 With much adoe (at length) haue gottenleauē,
 2558 To looke vpon my fometimes roiall maifters face:
 2559 Oh how it ernd my hart when I beheld,
 2560 In London ſtreetes, that Coronation day,
 2561 When Bullingbroke rode on Roane Barbarie,
 2562 That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtride,
 2563 That horſe, that I ſo carefully haue dreſt,
 2564 *Rich.* Rode he on Barbarie, tell me gentle freind,
 2728 2565 How went he vnder him?
 2566 *Groom.* So proudly as if he diſdaind the ground.
 2567 *Ric.* So proud that Bullingbroke was on his backe :
 2568 That Iade hath eate bread from my royall hand,
 2569 This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:
 2570 Would he not ſtumble, would he not fall downe
 2571 Since pride muſt haue a fal, and breake the necke,
 2572 Of that prond man, that did vſurpe his backe ?
 2736 2573 Forgiuenes horſe why do I raile on thee?
 2574 Since thou created to be awed by man,
 2575 Waſt borne to beare ; I was not made a horſe,
 2576 And yet I beare a burthen like an aſſe,
 2577 Spurrd, galld, and tirde by iauncing Bullingbrooke.
- 2741 2578 *Enter one to Richard with meate.*
 2579 *Keeper* Fellow, giue place, heere is no longer ſtay.
 2580 *Rich.* If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.
 2581 *Groome* What my tong dares not, that my heart ſhal ſay.
 2582 *Exit Groome.*
 2583 *Keeper* My Lord, wilt pleaſe you to fall to?
 2584 *Rich.* Taſte of it firſt as thou art wont to do.

<i>Rich.</i> Thanks Noble Peere,	2713
The cheapeft of vs, is ten groates too deere.	2714
What art thou ? And how com'ft thou hither?	2715
Where no man euer comes, but that fad dogge	2716
That brings me food, to make misfortune liue ?	2717
<i>Groo.</i> I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)	2718
When thou wer't King:who traueiling towards Yorke,	2719
With much adoo, at length haue gotten leaue	2720
To looke vpon my (fometimes Royall) mafters face.	2721
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld	2722
In London ftreets, that Coronation day,	2723
When <i>Bullingbrooke</i> rode on Roane Barbary,	2724
That horfe, that thou fo often haft beft rid,	2725
That horfe, that I fo carefully haue drest,	2726
<i>Rich.</i> Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,	2727
How went he vnder him ?	2728
<i>Groo.</i> So proudly, as if he had difdain'd the ground.	2729
<i>Rich.</i> So proud, that <i>Bullingbrooke</i> was on his backe ;	2730
That lade hath eate bread from my Royall hand,	2731
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.	2732
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall downe	2733
(Since Pride muft haue a fall) and breake the necke	2734
Of that proud man, that did vfurpe his backe ?	2735
Forgiueneffe horfe : Why do I raile on thee,	2736
Since thou created to be aw'd by man	2737
Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horfe,	2738
And yet I beare a burthen like an Affe,	2739
Spur-gall'd, and tyrd by iauncing <i>Bullingbrooke</i> .	2740
<i>Enter Keeper with a Dish.</i>	2741
<i>Keep.</i> Fellow, giue place, heere is no longer ftay.	2742
<i>Rich.</i> If thou loue me, 'tis time thou wer't away.	2743
<i>Groo.</i> What my tongue dares not, that my heart fhall	2744
fay. <i>Exit.</i>	2745
<i>Keep.</i> My Lord, wilt pleafe you to fall too ?	2746
<i>Rich.</i> Tafte of it firft, as thou wer't wont to doo.	2747

2585 *Keeper* My Lord I dare not, fir Pierce of Exton,
 2586 Who lately came from the King commaunds the contrary.
 2587 *Rich.* The diuell take Henry of Lancafter, and thee,
 2588 Patience is stale, and I am wearie of it.

2752 2589 *Keeper* Help, help, help.

2590 *The murderers rush in.*

2591 *Rich.* How now, what meanes Death in this rude affault?
 2592 Villaine, thy owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrumēt,
 2593 Go thou and fill another roome in hell.

2594 *Here Exton strikes him downe.*

2595 *Rich.* That hand fhall burne in neuer quenching fire,
 2596 That staggers thus my perfon : Exton, thy fierce hand
 2597 Hath with the kings bloud stained the kings owne land.
 2598 Mount mount my foule, thy feate is vp on high,
 2762 2599 Whilst my groffe flesh finckes downward here to die,
 2600 *Exton* As full of valure as of royall bloud:
 2601 Both haue I spilld, Oh would the deede were good!
 2602 For now the diuell that told me I did well,
 2603 Saies that this deede is chronicled in hell:
 2604 This dead king to the liuing king Ile beare.
 2605 Take hence the rest, and giue them buriall heere.

2606 *Enter Bullingbrooke with the duke of Yorke.*

2607 *King* Kind vnclē Yorke, the latestt newes we heare,
 2772 2608 Is that the rebels haue consumed with fire
 2609 Our towne of Ciceter in Gloucestershire,
 2610 But whether they be tane or flaine we heare not.

2611 *Enter Northumberland.*

2612 Welcome my Lord, what is the newes?
 2613 *North.* Firft to thy sacred state wish I all happineffe,

Keep. My Lord I dare not : Sir *Pierce* of *Exton*, 2748
 Who lately came from th'King, commands the contrary. 2749
Rich. The diuell take *Henrie* of *Lancafter*, and thee ; 2750
 Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. 2751
Keep. Helpe, helpe, helpe. 2752

Enter Exton and Seruants. 2753

Ri. How now? what meanes *Death* in this rude affalt? 2754
 Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrumēt, 2755
 Go thou and fill another roome in hell, 2756

Exton strikes him downe. 2757

That hand fhall burne in neuer-quenching fire, 2758
 That staggers thus my perfon. *Exton*, thy fierce hand, 2759
 Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings own land. 2760
 Mount, mount my foule, thy feate is vp on high, 2761
 Whil't my grosse flesh finkes downward, heere to dye. 2762

Exton. As full of *Valor*, as of *Royall* blood, 2763
 Both haue I spilt : Oh would the deed were good. 2764
 For now the diuell, that told me I did well, 2765
 Sayes, that this deede is chronicled in hell. 2766
 This dead King to the liuing King Ile beare, 2767
 Take hence the rest, and giue them buriall heere. *Exit.* 2768

Scæna Quinta.

Flourish. *Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with* 2769
other Lords & attendants. 2770

Bul. Kinde Vnkle *Yorke*, the latestt newes we heare, 2771
 Is that the Rebels haue confum'd with fire 2772
 Our Towne of *Ciceter* in *Gloucestershire*, 2773
 But whether they be tane or flaine, we heare not. 2774

Enter Northumberland. 2775

Welcome my Lord : What is the newes ? 2776
Nor. Firft to thy Sacred State, with I all happineffe : 2777

2614 The next newes is, I haue to London sent
 2790 2615 The heades of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt and Kent,
 2616 The maner of their taking may appeare
 2617 At large discourfed in this paper heere.
 2618 *King* We thanke thee gentle Percie for thy paines,
 2619 And to thy woorth will adde right worthy gaines.

2620 *Enter Lord Fitzwaters.*

2621 *Fitz.* My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London
 2622 The heads of Broccas, and fir Benet Seely,
 2623 Two of the daungerous confortd traitors,
 2624 That fought at Oxford thy dire ouerthrow.
 2625 *king* Thy paines Fitz. fhall nor be forgot,
 2790 2626 Right noble is thy merit well I wot.

2627 *Enter H. Percie.*

2628 *Percie* The grand conspirator Abbot of Westminster
 2629 With clog of confciencie and fowre melancholy
 2630 Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue.
 2631 But here is Carleil liuing, to abide
 2632 Thy kingly doome, and fentence ofhis pride.
 2633 *king* Carleil, this is your doome ;
 2634 Choofe out fome fecret place, fome reuerent roome
 2635 More than thou haft, and with it ioy thy life:
 2636 So as thou liu'ft in peace, die free from strife,
 2637 For though mine enemy thou haft euer beene,
 2802 2638 High sparkes of honour in thee haue I feene.

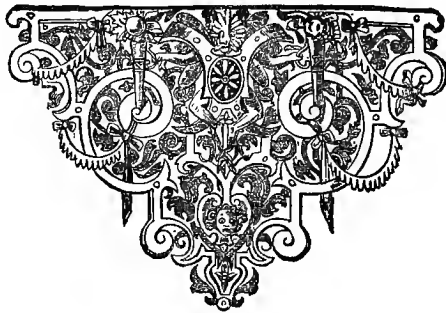
2639 *Enter Exton with the coffin.*

2640 *Exton* Great King, within this coffin I present
 2641 Thy buried feare : herein all breathlefse lies
 2642 The mightieft of thy greateft enemies,
 2643 Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.
 2808 2644 *king* Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou haft wrought
 2645 A deed of flaunder with thy fatall hand,
 2646 Vpon my head and all this famous Land.
 2647 *Exton.* From your owne mouth my Lo. did I this deed.
 2648 *King.* They loue not poifon that do poifon neede,

The next newes is, I haue to London fent	2778
The heads of <i>Salsbury, Spencer, Blunt,</i> and <i>Kent</i> :	2779
The manner of their taking may appeare	2780
At large discourfed in this paper heere.	2781
<i>Bul.</i> We thank thee gentle <i>Percy</i> for thy paines,	2782
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.	2783
<i>Enter Fitz-waters.</i>	2784
<i>Fitz.</i> My Lord, I haue from Oxford fent to London,	2785
The heads of <i>Broccas,</i> and Sir <i>Bennet Seely,</i>	2786
Two of the dangerous confortd Traitors,	2787
That fought at Oxford, thy dire ouerthrow.	2788
<i>Bul.</i> Thy paines <i>Fitzwaters</i> fhall not be forgot,	2789
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.	2790
<i>Enter Percy and Carlile.</i>	2791
<i>Per.</i> The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,	2792
With clog of Conscience, and fowre Melancholly,	2793
Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue :	2794
But heere is <i>Carlile,</i> liuing to abide	2795
Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.	2796
<i>Bul.</i> <i>Carlile,</i> this is your doome :	2797
Chooſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reuerend roome	2798
More then thou haſt, and with it ioy thy life :	2799
So as thou liu'ſt in peace, dye free from ſtrife :	2800
For though mine enemy, thou haſt euer beene,	2801
High ſparkes of Honor in thee haue I ſeene.	2802
<i>Enter Exton with a Coffin.</i>	2803
<i>Exton.</i> Great King, within this Coffin I preſent	2804
Thy buried feare. Heerein all breathleſſe lies	2805
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies	2806
<i>Richard</i> of <i>Burdeaux,</i> by me hither brought.	2807
<i>Bul.</i> <i>Exton,</i> I thanke thee not, for thou haſt wrought	2808
A deede of Slaughte, with thy fatall hand,	2809
Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.	2810
<i>Ex.</i> From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.	2811
<i>Bul.</i> They loue not poyſon, that do poyſon neede,	2812

2649 Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead ,
 2650 I hate the murtherer, loue him murthered:
 2651 The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labor,
 2652 But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour;
 2817 2653 With Cayne go wander through shades of night,
 2654 And neuer shew thy head by day nor light,
 2655 Lordes, I protest my foule is full of wo,
 2656 That blood should fprinkle me to make me grow:
 2657 Come mourne with me, for what I do lament,
 2658 And put on fulleyn blacke incontinent,
 2659 Ile make a voiage to the holly lande,
 2660 To wash this blood off from my guiltie hand:
 2661 March fadly after, grace my mournings heere,
 2826 2662 In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

FINIS.



Nor do I thee : though I did with him dead,	2813
I hate the Murtherer, loue him murdered.	2814
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,	2815
But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour.	2816
With <i>Caine</i> go wander through the shade of night,	2817
And neuer shew thy head by day, nor light.	2818
Lords, I protest my foule is full of woe,	2819
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.	2820
Come mourne with me, for that I do lament,	2821
And put on fullen Blacke incontinent :	2822
Ile make a voyage to the Holy-land,	2823
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.	2824
March sadly after, grace my mourning heere,	2825
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.	<i>Exeunt</i> , 2826

FINIS.



THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD
THE SECOND.

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE 1597 QUARTO AND THE FIRST FOLIO.

SIGNATURE.	THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.	
	AT QUARTO LINE.	AT FOLIO LINE.
A 2	26	25
A 3	100	99
A 3 (v.) or blank.	174	174
B	247	249
B 2	318	320
B 3	392	394
B 3 (v.) or blank.	466	464
C	540	534
C 2	612	580
C 3	685	653
C 3 (v.) or blank.	758	729
D	832	802
D 2	907	878
D 3	981	953
D 3 (v.) or blank.	1056	1030
E	1130	1105
E 2	1205	1184
E 3	1279	1259
E (v.) or blank.	1352	1333
F	1425	1403
F 2	1499	1479
F 3	1574	1554
F 3 (v.) or blank.	1648	1632
G	1721	1707
G 2	1795	1786
G 3	1868	1861
G 3 (v.) or blank.	1940	1935
H	2015	2004
H 2	2090	2245
H 3	2168	2322
H 3 (v.) or blank.	2240	2398
I	2214	2471
I 2	2288	2548
I 3	2362	2623
I 3 (v.) or blank.	2436	2699
K	2508	2772

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE FIRST FOLIO.

FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.		BANKSIDE LINE.	FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.		BANKSIDE LINE.
1st column, page	23	45	2d column, page	34	1471
2d " "	23	92	1st " "	35	1537
1st " "	24	158	2d " "	35	1596
2d " "	24	218	1st " "	36	1662
1st " "	25	284	2d " "	36	1728
2d " "	25	343	1st " "	39 ¹	1794
1st " "	26	409	2d " "	39	1852
2d " "	26	475	1st " "	38	1911
1st " "	27	541	2d " "	38	1975
2d " "	27	601	1st " "	39	2040
1st " "	28	659	2d " "	39	2105
2d " "	28	724	1st " "	40	2171
1st " "	29	788	2d " "	40	2235
2d " "	29	854	1st " "	41	2294
1st " "	30	920	2d " "	41	2353
2d " "	30	979	1st " "	42	2419
1st " "	31	1045	2d " "	42	2480
2d " "	31	1104	1st " "	43	2546
1st " "	32	1170	2d " "	43	2612
2d " "	32	1236	1st " "	44	2672
1st " "	33	1293	2d " "	44	2738
2d " "	33	1348	1st " "	45	2779
1st " "	34	1405	2d " "	45	2826

¹ Misprinted in Folio.

