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T H E
Tragedie of King Ri-
chard the second.

As it hath beene publikely acted by the Right Ho-
nourable the Lord Chamberlaine his
seruants,

By William Shake-speare.



L O N D O N

Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and
are to be sold at his shop in Paules churchyard at
the signe of the Angel,

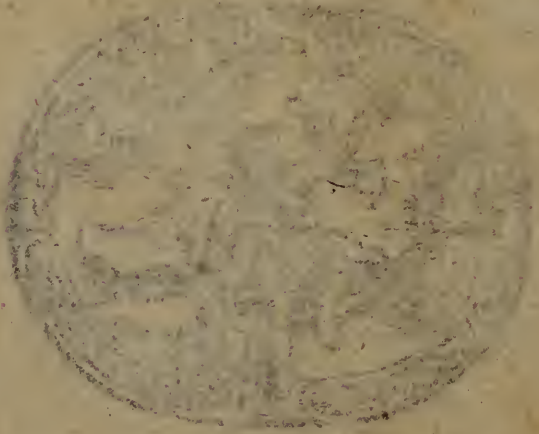
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The King's
Tragedie of King Richard the second


As it was presented at the Swan Theatre in London
by the Lord Chamberlaine of the Kings Majesties

169990


May, 1873



L O N D O N
Printed by W. Clowes and Sons, for Andrew Wilson,
the Printer to the University of Oxford,
at the Angel, 17, St. Dunstons Church Lane.
1873.


Enter King Richard, John of Gant,
with other Nobles and
Attendants.

King Richard.

 Lde John of Gaunt time honored Lancaster,
Hast thou according to thy othe and bande
Brought hither Henry Herford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boistrous late appeale
Which then our leifure would not let vs heare
Against the Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I haue my Leige.

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

Gaunt As neare as I could sitt him on that argument,
On some apparent danger scene in him,
Aimde at your Highnesse, no inueterate malice.

King Then call them to our prelence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow our selues will heare,
The accuser and the accused freely speake:
Hie stomackt are they both, and full of ire,
Inrage, deafe as the sea, hastie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bulling. Many yeares of happy daies befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege.

The Tragedie of

Mowb. Each day stil better others happinesse,
Vntil the heauens enuying earths good happe,
Adde an immortal ritle to your Crowne.

King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As wel appeareth by the cause you come,
Namely to appeale each other of high treason:
Coosin of Hereford what dost thou obiect
Against the Duke of Norfolkke Thomas Mowbray?

Bul. First, heauen be the record to my speech,
In the deuotion of a subiects loue,
Tendering the precious safetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellat to this princely presence.
Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting wel: for what I speake
My body shal make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine soule answere it in heauen:
Thou art a traitour and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to liue,
Since the more faire and cristall is the skie,
The vglie seeme the cloudes that in it flie:
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
With a foule traitours name stufte I thy throte,
And wish (so please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong speaks, my right drawne sword may proue.

Mow. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeale,
Tis not the triall of a womans war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine,
The bloud is hotte that must be coold for this,
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be husht and naught at al to say.
First the faire reuerence of your highnesse curbes mee,
From giuing reines and spurs to my free speech,
Which else would post vntill it had returnd,
These rearmes of treason doubled downe his throate:
Setting aside his high blouds royaltie,
And let him bee no kinsman to my Leige,

I do defie him, and spit at him,
Call him a slaundersous coward and a villaine,
Which to maintaine, I would allow him odds,
And meete him were I ride to runne afoote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer English man durst sette his foote,
Meane time let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie.

Bul. Pale trembling coward there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming heere the kinred of a King,
And lay aside my high blouds royaltie,
Which Feare, not Reuerence makes thee to except,
If guiltie dread haue left thee so much strength,
As to take vp mine honours pawne, then stowpe,
By that, and all the rites of Knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
What I haue spoke, or thou canst deuise.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laide my knighthood on my shoulder,
Ile answere thee in any faire degree,
O chiualous designe of knightly triall,
And when I mount, aliue may I not light,
If I be traitour or vniustly fight.

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

Bul. Looke what I sayd my life shal prooue it true,
That Mowbray hath receiude eight thousand nobles,
In name of Lendings for your highnesse souldiours,
The which hee hath detainde for lewd employments,
Like a false traitour and iniurious villaine,
Besides I say, and will in battaile prooue,
Or here, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge
That euer was surveyed by English eie,
That all the treasons for these eighteene yeates,
Complotted and contriued in this land,
Fetcht from false Mowbray their first head and spring.

Further I say, and further will maintaine
 Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
 That he did plotte the Duke of Glocesters death,
 Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
 And consequently like a traitour coward,
 Sluc'te out his innocent soule through streames of blood,
 Which blood, like sacrificing Abels cries,
 Euen from the tonguelesse Cauerns of the earth,
 To me for iustice and rough chastisement:
 And by the glorious worth of my descent,
 This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares,
 Thomas of Norfolke what faist thou to this?

Mowb. Oh let my soueraigne turne away his face,
 And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
 Till I haue told this slander of his blood,
 How God and good men hate so foule a lier.

King. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and eares,
 Were he my brother, nay, my kingdomes heire,
 As he is but my fathers brothers sonne,
 Now by scepters awe I make a vow,
 Such neighbour neerenes to our sacred blood
 Should nothing priuledge him nor partialize
 The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpright soule,
 He is our subiect Mowbray, so art thou,
 Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then Bollingbrooke as low as to thy heart,
 Through the false passage of thy throat thou liest,
 Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
 Disburst I to his highnesse Souldiours,
 The other part reserue I by consent,
 For that my soueraigne liege was in my debt,
 Vpon remainder of a deare account,
 Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:
 Now swallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death,
 I slew him not, but to mine owne disgrace
 Neglected my sworne dutie in that case:
 For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,

King Richard the second.

The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespasse that doth vexe my greued soule:
Ah but ere I last receiue the sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begd
Your graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault, as for the rest appeal
It issues from the rancour of a villaine,
A recreant and most degenerate traitour,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And enterchangeably hurle downe the gage,
Vpon this ouerweening traitours foote,
To prooue my selfe a loyal Gentleman,
Euen in the best bloude chamberd in his bosome,
In haste whereof most heartily I pray
Your highnesse to assigne our trial day.

King. VVrath kindled gentleman bee ruled by me,
Lets purge this choler without letting blood,
This wee prescribe though no Phisition,
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision,
Forget, forgiue, conclude, and bee agreed,
Our Doctors say this is no month to bleede:
Good Vnckle let this end where it begunne,
Weele calme the Duke of Norfolke, you your sonne.

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

King. And Norfolke throw downe his.

Gaunt. When Harry, when? obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid againe.

King. Norfolke throw downe wee bid, there is no boote.

Mow. My selfe I throw (dread soueraigne) at thy foote,
My life thou shalt commaund, but not my shame,
The one my dutie owes, but my faire name
Despight of death that liues vpon my graue,
To darke dishonours vse thou shalt not haue:
I am disgraste, impeacht, and baffuld heere,
Pierst to the soule with Slaunders venomd speare,
The which no balme can cure but his heart blood

Which

Which breathde this poyson.
King. Rage must be withstood,
 Giue me his gage, Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change his spots; take but my shame
 And I resigne my gage my deare deare Lord.
 The purest treaure mortall times affoord,
 Is spotlesse reputation, that away
 Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay,
 A Jewell in a tenner lines bard vp chest;
 Is a bold spirit in a loyall breast:
 Mine honour is my life, both grow in one;
 Take honour from me, and my life is done:
 Then (deare my Liege) mine honour let me try,
 In that I liue; and for that will I die.

King. Cousin throw vp your gage, do you beginne.

Bul. O God defend my foule from such deepe sinne,
 Shall I seeme Crest-fallen in my fathers fight?
 Or with pale begger-face impeach my height,
 Before this out-darde dastardere my tongue
 Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
 Or found so base a parlee, my teeth shall teare,
 The slavish motiue of recanting feare,
 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
 Where shame doth harbour, euen in Mowbraies face.

King. We were not boine to sue, but to commaund,
 Which since wee cannot do to make you friends,
 Be readie as your life shall answere it,
 At Couentry vpon Saint Lambards day,
 There shall your swords and launces arbitrate
 The swelling difference of your settled hate,
 Since wee cannot atone you, you shall see
 Iustice designe the Victors chiuallrie:
 Lord Marshall, commaund our Officers at Armes,
 Be readie to direct these home alarmes. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn of Gaunt, with the Duchesse of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas the part I had in Woodstocks bloud,
 Doth more sollicite me then your exclaymes,

King Richard the second.

To stirre against the butchers of his life,
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the wil of heauen,
Who when they see the houres ripe on earth
Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Duchesse Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurree
Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards seuen sonnes wherof thy selfe art one,
Were as seuen viols of his sacred blood,
Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of those seuen are dried by natures course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;
But *Thomas* my deere Lord, my life, my Gloucester,
One viol ful of Edwards sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royall roote
Is crackt, and al the precious liquor spilt,
Is hackt downe, and his summer leaues al faded
By *Enuies* hand, and *Murders* bloody axe.

Wh *Gaunt*, his blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettall, that selfe mould, that fashioned mee
Made him a man: and though thou liuest and breathest,
Yet art thou slaine in him, thou doest consent
In some large measure to thy fathers death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy fathers life,
Call it not patience *Gaunt*, it is dispaire,
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtred,
Thou shewest the naked pathway to thy life.
Teaching sterne Murder how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle *Patience*,
Is pale cold Cowardice in noble breasts.

What shal I say? to safegard thy own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloucesters death.

Gaunt Gods is the quarrell for Gods substitute,
His deputy annointed in his sight,
Hath causd his death, the which, if wrong fully
Let heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift

The Tragedie of

An angrie arme against his minister.

Duch. Where then alas may I complaine my selfe?

Gaunt. To God the widdowes Champion and defence,

Duch. Why then I will farewell old Gaunt,
Thou goest to Couentry, here to beholde
Our Cousin Herford and fell Mowbray fight,
O set my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbraies breast:
Or if misfortune misse the first carier,
Be Mowbraies sinnes so heauie in his bosome,
That they may breake his foming coursers backe,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiue recreant to my Cousin Herford:
Farewel old Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wife,
With her companion Griefe must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister farewell I must to Couentrie,
As much good stay with thee, as go with mee.

Duch. Yet one word more, grieft boundeth where it fals,
Not with the emptie hollownesse, but weight:
I take my leaue before I haue begunne,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done:
Commend me to my brother Edmund Yorke,
Lo this is all: nay yet depart not so,
Though this be ad do not so quickly goe:
I sha' remember more: Bid him, ah what?
With al good speede at Plashie visit me,
Alacke and what shall good old Yorke there see,
But emptie lodgings and vnfurnisht walles,
Vnpeopled off ces, vntrodden stones,
And what heare there for welcome but my groanes?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seeke out sorrow that dwels euery where,
Desolate, desolate will I hence and die:
The last leaue of thee takes my weeping eye.

Exeunt.

Enter the Lord Marshall and the Duke Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, in this world Herford and Mowbray

Aum. Yea at al points, my Lord, I see you are

Mar.

King Richard the second.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke sprightly and bold,
Staies but the summons of the appellants trumpet.

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

*trumpets sound, and the King enters with his nobles: when
they are set, enter the duke of Norfolke in armes defendant.*

King. Marshall demaund of yonder Champion,
The cause of his arriual here in armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceede
To swear him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. In Gods name and the Kings say who thou art,
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in armes,
Against what man thou comst, and what's thy quarrel,
Speake truely on thy knighthood, and thy oth,
As so defend thee heauen and thy valour.

Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, D. of Norfolke,
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,
(Which God defend a knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyaltie and truth
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Herford that appeales mee,
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To prooue him in defending of my selfe,
A traitour to my God, my king, and me,
And as I truely fight defend me heauen.

*The Trumpets sound, enter Duke of Herford
appellant in armour.*

King. Marshall aske yonder knight in armes,
Both who he is, and why hee cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of warre,
And formally according to our law,
Depose him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherfore comst thou hither?
Before king Richard in his royall lists,
Against whom comes thou? and whats thy quarrell?
Speake like a true knight, and defend thee heauen.

The Tragedie of

Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darbie
Am I, who readie here do stand in Armes,
To prooue by Gods grace, and my bodies valour
In lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk,
That he is a traitour foule and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truely fight, defend me heauen.

Mar. On paine of death no person be so bold
Or daring, hardie, as to touch the lists,
Except the Martiall and such officers
Appoynted to direct these faire designes.

Bul. Lord Martiall, let me kisse my soueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiestie,
For Mowbray and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And louing farewell of our feuerall friends.

Mar. The appellat in all dutie greetes your highnesse,
And craues to kisse your hand and take his leaue.

King. Wee will descend and fold him in our armes,
Cousin of Herford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight;
Farewel my bloud, which if to day thou shead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge the dead.

Bul. O let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gorde with Mowbrayes speare:

As confident as is the falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.

My louing Lord I take my leaue of you:

Of you (my noble cousin) Lord Aumarle,
Not sicke although I haue to doo with death,

But lustie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath,
Loe, as at English feasts so I regret

The daintiest last, to make the end most sweete.

Oh, thou the earthly Authour of my bloud,

Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,

Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me vp,

To reach at Victorie aboue my head,

King Richard the second.

Adde prooffe vnto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steele my launces poynts,
That it may enter Mowbraies waxen coate,
And furbish new the name of Iohn a Gaunt;
Euen in the lustie hauiour of his sonne.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous;
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caske
Of thy aduerse pernicious enemy,
Rowse vp thy youthful bloud, be valiant and liue.

Bul. Mine innocence and Saint George to thriue.

Mow. How euer God or fortune cast my lotte,
There liues or dies true to King Richards throne,
A loyal, iust, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did captiue with a freer heart
Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace,
His golden vncontroled enfranchisement,
More then my dauncing soule doth celebrate,
This feast of battle with mine aduersarie,
Most mightie Leige, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth the wish of happie yeares,
As gentle and as iocund as to iest
Go I to fight, trueth hath a quiet brest.

King. Farewel (my Lord) securely I espie,
Vertue with valour couched in thine eye,
Order the triall Martiall, and beginne.

Mart. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby,
Receiue thy lance, and God defend thy right.

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

Mart. Go beare this lance to Thomas D. of Norfolke.

Herald. Harry of Herford, Lancaster and Darby
Stands heere, for God, his soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false and recreant,
To prooue the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray,
A traitour to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

Herald. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray D. of Norfolk,

The Tragedie. of

On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approue
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Darby,
To God, his soueraigne, and to him disloyal,
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signall to beginne,

Mart. Sound trumpets, and set forth Combatants
Stay, the king hath throwne his warder downe.

King. Let them lay by their helmets, and their speares,
And both returne backe to their chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the trumpets sound,
While we returne these dukes what we decree.
Draw neere and list

What with our counsel we haue done:
For that our kingdomes earth should not be soild
With that deere bloud which it hath fostered:
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of ciuil wounds plowd vp with neighbours sword,
And for we thinke the Eagle-winged pride
Ofskie-aspiring and ambitious thoughts
With riuall-hating enuy set on you
To wake our peace, which in our countries cradle
Drawes the sweete infant breath of gentle sleepe,
Which so rouzde vp with boistrans vntunde drumme
With harsh resounding trumpets dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful yron armes,
Might from our quiet confines fright faire Peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds bloud.

Therefore we banish you our territories:
You cousin Hereford vpon paine of life
Til twice fise summers haue enricht our field
Shal not regreete our faire dominions
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Bul. Your wil be done; this must my comfort be,
That Sonne that warmes you here; shall shine on me,
And those his golden beames vnto you here lent
Shal point on me, and guild my banishment.

King. Not folke, for thee remains a heauier doome,
Which

King Richard the second.

Which I with some vnwillingnes pronounce,
The slow houres shall not determinate
The datelesse limite of thy deere exile,
The hopelesse word of neuer to returne,
Breathe I against thee, vpon paine of life.

Mow. A heauie sentence, my most soueraigne Liege,
And all vnlookt for from your Highnesse mouth,
A deerer merit, not so deepe a maim,
As to be cast forth in the common syre
Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands: —
The language I haue learnt these forty yeares,
My natiue English now I must forgo,
And now my tongues vse is to me no more
Than an vnstringed violl or a harpe,
Or like a cunning instrument casde vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony:
Within my mouth you haue engaold my tongue,
Doubly portcullist with my teeth and lippes,
And dull vnfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne vpon a nurse,
Too far in yeeres to be a pupil now,
What is thy sentence but speechlesse death?
Which robbes my tongue from breathing natiue breath.

King. It bootes thee not to be compassionate,
After our sentence playning comes too late,

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light,
To dwel in solemne shades of endlesse night.

King. Returne againe and take an oth with thee,
Lay on our royal sword your banisht hands,
Swear by the duty that y'owe to God
(Our part therein we banish with your selues)
To keepe the oath that we administer:
You neuer shal, so helpe you truth and God,
Embrace each others loue in banishment
Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,
Nor neuer write, regrecte, nor reconcile

This

The Tragedie of

This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor neuer by aduised purpose meete,
To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainst vs, our state, our subiects, or our land.

Bul. I sweare.

Mow. and I, to keepe althis.

Bul. Norffolke, so fare as to mine enemy:
By this time, had the King permitted vs,
One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,
Banisht this fraile sepulchre of our flesh.
As now our flesh is banisht from this land,
Confesse thy treasons ere thou flie the realme,
Since thou hast far to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guiltie soule.

Mow. No Bullingbrooke, if euer I were traitour,
My name be blotted from the booke of life,
And I from heauen banisht as from hence:
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,
And al too soone. (I feare) the king shal rewe:
Farewel (my Leige) now no way can I stray,
Saue back to England al the world's my way.

King Vncle, euen in the glasses of thine eyes,
I see thy griued heart : thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banisht yeeres
Pluckt foure away, six frozen winters spent,
Returne with welcome home from banishment.

Bull. How long a time lies in one little word,
Foure lagging winters and foure wanton springs,
End in a word, such is the breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thanke my leige, that in regard of me,
He shortens foure yeares of my sonnes exile,
But little vantage shal I reape thereby:
For ere the sixe yeares that he hath to spend
Can change their moones, and bring their times about,
My oile-dried lampe, and time bewasted light
Shal be extinct with age and endlesse nights,
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold Death not let me see my sonne.

King Richard the second.

King. Why Vnckle thou hast many yeeres to liue.

Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canst giue,
Shorten my dayes thou canst with lullen sorrow,

And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:

Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,

But stoppe no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:

Thy word is currant with him for my death,

But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

King. Thy sonne is banisht with good aduise,

Whereto thy tongue a party, verdict gaue,

Why at our iustice seemst thou then to lowre?

Gaunt. Things sweete to taste, proue in digestion sowre.

You vrge me as a iudge, but I had rather,

You would haue bid me argue like a father,

Oh had't beene a stranger, not my child,

To smooth his fault I would haue beene more milde:

A partial slaunder ought I to avoyde,

And in the sentence my own life destroyde:

Alas, I lookt when some of you should say,

I wast oo strict to make mine owne away:

But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,

Against my will to do my selfe this wrong.

King. Coosen farewell, and Vnckle, bid him so,

Sixe yeres we banish him and he shal go.

An. Cosin farewell, what presence must not know,

From where you do remaine, let paper shew.

Mar. My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride

As far as land wil let me by your side.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,

That thou returnest no greeting to thy friends?

Bull. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,

When the tongues office should be prodigall

To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

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

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

Gaunt. What is sixe winters? they are quickly gone.

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

Gaunt. Call it a trauaile that thou takst for pleasure.

Bul. My heart wil sigh when I miscall it so,
Which findes it an inforced pilgrimage;

Gaunt. The fullen passage of thy wearie steps,
Esteeme a foyle wherein thou art to set,
The precious Iewel of thy home returned.

Bul. Nay rather eury tedious stride I make,
Will but remember me what a deale of world
I wander from the Jewels that I loue,
Must I not serue a long apprentishood
To forren passages, and in the end,
Hauing my freedome, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a iourneyman to grieue?

Gaunt. All places that the eie of heauen visits,
Are to a wiseman portes and happy hauens:
Teach thy necessitie to reason thus,
There is no vertue like necessitie,
Thinke not the King did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doeth the heavier sit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the King exile thee; or suppose
Deuouring pestilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:
Looke what thy soule holds deere, imagine it
To ly that way thou goest, not whence thou comst:

Suppose the singing birds musitions,
The grasse whereon thou treadst, the presence strowde,
The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy steps, no more
Then a delightful measure or a dance,
For gnarling sorrow hath lesse power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus;
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastick summers heat?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good

King Richard the second.

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:

Fell sorrowes tooth doth neuer ranckle more,

Then when it bites, but launcheth not the sore.

Gann. Come come my sonne, Ile bring thee on thy way.

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Bul. Then Englands ground farewell, sweete soile adiew

My mother and my nurse that beares me yet,

Where ere I wander boast of this I can,

Though banisht, yet a true borne Englishman. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with Bushie, &c at one dore, and the

Lord Aumarle at the other.

King We did obserue. Cousin Aumarle,

How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum I brought high Herford, if you cal him so,

But to the next high way, and there I left him,

King And say, what store of parting teares were shed?

Aum Faith none for me, except the Northeast winde,

Which then blew bitterly against our faces,

Awakt the sleeping riewme, and so by chance

Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

King What said your cousin when you parted with him?

Aum Farewel; & for my heart disdaind that my tongue

Should so prophane the word that taught me craft,

To counterfaite oppression of such grieffe,

That words seemd buried in my sorrowes graue:

Mary would the word Farewell haue lengthned houres,

And added yeeres to his short banishment,

He should haue had a volume of farewells:

But since it would not, he had none of me.

King He is our Coosens Cousin, but tis doubt,

When time shall call him home from banishment,

Whether our kinsman comes to see his friends.

Our selfe and Bushie,

Observed his courtship to the common people,

How he did seeme to diue into their hearts,

With humble and famelier courtesie,

With reuerence he did throw away on slaues,

The Tragedie of

Wooing poore craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient vnderbearing of his fortune,
As twere to banish their affects with him,
Off goes his bonnet to an oysterwench,
A brace of draymen bid God speede him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks my countrey men, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuerfion his,
And hee our subiects next degree in hope,

Greene. Wel, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts,
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient mannage must be made my liege,
Ere further leysure yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highnesse losse.

King. VVe will our selfe in person to this war,
And for our coffers with too great a court
And liberall larges are growne somewhat light,
Wee are inforst to farme our royall Realme,
The reuenew whereof shall furnish vs,
For our affaires in hand if that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall haue blanke charters,
VWhere to when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large summes of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants,
For we wil make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushie with newes.

Bush. Old Iohn of Gaunt is grieuous sicke my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath sent post haste,
To intreate your Maiestic to visit him.

King. VWhere lies he?

Bush. At Ely house.

King. Now put it (God) into the Phisitions mind;
To helpe him to his graue immediatly:
The lining of his coffers shall make coates
To decke our Souldiours for these Irish wars:
Come Gentlemen, lets all go visit him,
Pray God we may make hafte and come too late,

Amen. *Exeunt.*

Enter

King Richard the second.

Enter John of Gaunt sicke, with the Duke of Yorke, &c.

Gaunt. Wil the king come that I may breathe my last,
In hollome counsel to his vnstaied youth?

Yorke. Vex not your self, nor striue not with your breath,
For al in vaine comes counsel to his eare.

Gaunt. Oh but they say, the tongues of dying men,
Inforce attention like deepe harmonie,
Where words are scarce, they are seildome spent in vaine,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in paine:

He that no more must say, is listened more
Than they whom youth and ease haue taught to glose,
More are mens ends markt then their liues before:

The setting Sunne, and Musike at the glose,
As the last taste of sweetes is sweetest last,
Writ, in remembrance more then things long past,
Though Richard my liues counsel would not heare,
My deaths sad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.

Yorke. No, it is stopt with other flattering sounds,
As praises of whose state the wise are found
Lasciuious Meeters, to whose venom sound
The open eare of youth doth alwaies listen,
Report of fashions in proude Italie,
Whose manners stil our tardie apish nation
Limps after in base imitation:

Where doth the world thrust foorth a vanitie,
So it be new there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buzd into his eares?
Then al too late comes Counsel to bee heard,
Where wil doth mutinie with wits regard:
Direct not him whose way himselfe wil choose,
Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose.

Gaunt. Me thinks I am a prophet new inspirde,
And thus expiring do foretel of him,
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last:
For vioient fires soone burne out themselues,
Smal shoures last long, but sodaine stormes are short:
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes,

The Tragedie of

With eager feeding foode doth choke the feeder,
Light vanitie, insatiatè cormorant,
Consuming meanes soone prayes vpon it selfe:
This royall throne, of Kings, this Sceptred Ile,
This earth of Maiestie, this seate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy Paradice,
This fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,
Against infection and the hand of War,
This happie breede of men, this little world,
This precious stone sette in the siluer sea,
Which serues it in the office of a wall,
Or as moate defensue to a house,
Against the enuie of lesse happier lands,
This blessed plotte, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This nurse, this teeming wombe of royall kings,
Feard by their breede, and famous by their birth,
Renowned in ther dedes as far from home,
For christian service and true chiuarie,
As is the sepulchre in stubburne Iewry,
Of the worlds ransome, blessed Maries sonne:
This land of such deere soules, this deare deare land,
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now lease out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting Farme,
England bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inkie blottes, and rotten parchment bonds:
That England that was wont to conquere others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe:
Ah would the scandall vanish with my life,
How happie then were my ensuing death?
Yorke The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For yong hot colts being ragde, do rage the more.

Enter the King and Queene, &c.

Queene. How fares our noble vncle Lancaster?

King. What comfort man: hoyt ist with aged Gaunt?

diw

Gaunt

King Richard the second.

Gaunt Oh how that name befits my composition, is not it
Old Gaunt indeede, and gaunt in being old, is not it
Within me Griefe hath kept a tedious fast, and to broyles
And who abstaines from meate that is not gaunt
For sleeping England long time haue I watcht,
Watching breeds leannesse, leannesse is all gaunt.

The pleasure that some fathers feede vpon,
Is my striēt fast, I meane my childrens lookes,
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt,
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whose hollow wombe inherites naught but bones.

King. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt No miserie makes sport to mocke it selfe,
Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,
O mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

King Should dying men flatter those that liue?

Gaunt No, no, men liuing flatter those that die.

King Thou now a dying sayst thou flatterest me?

Gaunt Oh no, thou diest though I the sicker be.

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

Gaunt Now he that made me knowes I see thee ill,
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesser then the land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sicke,
And thou too carelesse pacient as thou art,
Commitst thy annoynted body to the cure
Of those Phisitians that first wounded thee,
A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head,
And yet iraged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser then thy land:

Oh had thy Grandfire with a Prophets eye,

Seene how his sonnes sonne should destroy his sonnes,

From forth thy reach he would haue layde thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possessd,

Which art possessd now to depose thy selfe:

Why Cousin wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame to let this land by lease.

But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now not King,
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law
And thou.

King. A lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Presuming on an agues priuiledge,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chasing the royal blood
With furie from his natiue residence.
Now by my seates right royal maiestie
Wert thou not brother to great Edwards sonne,
This tongue that runnes so roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent, shoulders.

Garrat. Oh spare me not my brother Edwards sonne,
For that I was his father Edwards sonne,
That blood already like the Pellican,
Hast thou tapt and drunkenly carowst,
My brother Gloucester, plaine well meaning soule
Whom faire befall in heauen mongst happy soules,
May be a president and witnes good:
That thou respectst not spilling Edwards blood:
Ioine with the present sicknes that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower,
Liue in thy shame, but die not shame with thee,
These words hereafter thy tormentors be,
Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue that loue and honour haue.

Exit.

King. And let them die that age and sullens haue
For both hast thou, and both become thee graue.

Torke. I doe beseech your Maiesty, impute his words
To wayward sicklines and age in him,
He loues you on my life, and holdes you deere
As Harry Duke of Hereford were he here.

King. Right, you say true, as Herefords loue, so his,
As theirs, to mine, and be as it is,

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your Ma-
King What sayes he? (iestie

North. Nay nothing, as is said:

His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

Yorke Be Yorke the next that must be bankrout so,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortal wo.

King The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be;
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which liue like venome, where no venome else,
But onely they haue priuiledge to liue.

And for these great affaires do aske some charge;
Towards our assistance we doe seaze to vs,
The plate, coyne, reuenues, and moucables
Whereof our Vnckle Gaunt did stand possesse.

Yorke How long shall I be patient? ah how long
Shal tender duetie make me suffer wrong?
Not Glocesters death, nor Herefords banishment,
Nor Gaunts rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore Bullingbrooke,
About his mariage, nor my owne disgrace,
Haue euer made me sower my patient cheeke,
Or bende one wrinkle on my soueraignes face:
I am the last of the noble Edwards sonnes,
Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was first.
In warre was neuer Lyon ragde more fierce,
In peace was neuer gentle lambe more milde
Then was that yong and princely Gentleman:
His face thou hast, for euen so lookt he.
Accomplisht with a number of thy houres;
But when he frowned, it was against the french,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had wonne:
His hands were guiltie of no kinred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne.

Oh Richard: Yorke is too far gone with griefe,
Or else he neuer would compare betweene.

King Why Vnckle whats the matter?

Yorke Oh my leige, pardon me if you please,
If not I pleasd not to be pardoned, am content withal,
Seeke you to seaze and gripe into your hands
The roialties and rightes of banisht Hereford:
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Herford liue?

Was not Gaunt iust? and is not Harry true?

Did not the one deserue to haue an heyre?

Is not his heire a wel deseruing sonne?

Take Herefords rights away, and take from time

His charters and his costomarie rights;

Let not to morrow then ensue to daie:

Be not thy selfe, For how art thou a King

But by faire sequence and succession?

Now afore God, God forbid I say true,

If you do wrongfully seaze Herfords right,

Cal in the letters pattents that he hath

By his atournies general to sue

His liuery, and deny his offered homage,

You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,

You lose a thousand well disposed hearts,

And prick my tender patience to those thoughts

Which honour and aleageance cannot thinke.

King Thinke what you wil, we ceaze into our hands

His plate, his goods, his mony and his lands.

Yorke He not be by the while, my liege farewel,

What wil insue hereof ther's none can tel:

But by bad courses may be vnderstood

That their events can neuer fall out good,

King Go Bushie to the Earle of Wiltshire straight,

Bid him repaire to vs to Eli house,

To see this busines: to morrow next,

We wil for Ireland, and tis time I trow,

And we create in absence of our selfe;

Our Vnckle Yorke Lord gouernour of England;

For he is iust and alwayes loued vs well;

Come

King Richard the second.

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

Exeunt King and Queene : Manet North.

North. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Rosse And liuing too for now his sonne is Duke.

Will. Barely in title not in reuenues.

North. Richly in both if iustice had her right.

Rosse My heart is great, but it must break with silence,
Ert be disburdened with a liberal tongne.

North. Nay speak thy mind, & let him nere speake more
That speakes thy words againe to do thee harme, (ford?

Will. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the D. of Her-
If it be so, out with it boldly man,

Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Rosse No good at all that I can doe for him.

Vnlesse you call it good to pittie him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now afore God tis shame such wrongs are borne,

In him a royall Prince, and many mo

Of noble bloud in this declining land,

The king is not himselfe, but basely led

By flatterers, and what they will informe,

Meerely in hate against any of vs all,

That will the King seuerely profecute,

Against vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

Rosse The commons hath hee pild with grieuous taxes,

And quite lost their hearts. The nobles hath hee find

For auncient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Will. And daily new exactions are deuise,

As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what,

But what a Gods name doth become of this?

Will. Wars hath not wasted it, for warrde hee hath not,

But basely yeilded vpon compromise,

That which his noble auncestors atchiude with blowes,

More hath hee spent in peace then they in wars.

Rosse The Earle of Wiltshire hath the Realme in farme.

Will. The King growne bankerout like a broken man.

The Tragedie of

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth ouer him,
Rosse He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banisht Duke.

North. His noble kinsman most degenerate King;
But Lords, we heare this feareful tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoyd the storme,
Wee see the winde sitte sore vpon our sailes,
And yet wee strike not, but securely perish.

Rosse We see the verie wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

North. Not so, euen through the hollow eyes of death,
I espie life peering, but I dare not say,
How neare the tydings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts as thou dost ours.

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

North. Then thus, I haue from le Port Blan
A Bay in Brittainie receiude intelligence,
That Harry duke of Herford, Rainold L. Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His brother Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir Iohn Ramston,
Sir Iohn Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Coines,
All these well furnished by the Duke of Brittainie
With eight tall shippes, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore,
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland,
If then wee shall shake off our countries slaush yoke,
Impe out our drowping countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broking Pawne the blemisht Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepters guilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in post to Rauenspurgh:

But

King Richard the second.

But if you faint, as feareing to doe so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.

Rosse. To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them that feare.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Enter the Queene, Bushie, and Bagot.

Bush. Madam, your maiestie is too much sadde,
You promist when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

Queene. To please the King I did, to please my selfe
I cannot doo it, yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweete a guest,
As my sweete Richard: yet againe me thinkes
Some vnborne sorrow ripe in Fortunes wombe,
Is comming towards me and my inward soule,
With nothing trembles, at some thing it grieues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Bush. Each substance of a griefe hath twentie shadowes,
Which shewes like griefe it selfe, but is not so:
For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,
Diuides one thing entire to many obiects,
Like perspectiues, which rightly gazde vpon,
Shew nothing but confusion, eyde awry,
Distinguish forme: so your sweete maiestie,
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Find shapes of griefe more then himselfe to waile,
Which lookt on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not, then thrice (gracious Queene)
More then your lords departure weep not, more is not seen
Or if it be, tis with false sorrowes eyes,
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.

Queene. It may be so, but yet my inward soule
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heauie sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauie nothing faint and shrinke.

The Tragedie of

Bushie Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Ladie.)

Queene. Tis nothing lesse, conceit is still deriude
From some forefather Griefe, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something griefe,
Or something hath the nothing that I grieue,
Tis in reuerfion that I do possesse,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, tis namelesse woe I wot.

Greene God saue your maiestie, and wel met Gentlemen,
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.

Queene. Why hopest thou so? tis better hope he is,
For his designes craue haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Greene That he our hope might haue retirde his power,
And driuen into despaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath sette footing in this land,
The banisht Bullingbrooke repeales himselfe,
And with vplifted armes is safe ariude at Rauenspurgh.

Queene. Now God in heauen forbid.

Greene Ah Madam tis too true, and that is worse:
The Lord Northumberland, his yong sonne H. Percie,
The Lords of Rosse, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
V Vith all their powerfull friends are fled to him.

Bushie V Why haue you not proclaimd Northumberland
And the rest of the reuolted faction, traitours?

Greene V Ve haue, whereupon the earle of Worcester
Hath broke his staffe, resignd his Stewardship,
And al the household seruants fled with him to Bullingbrook

Queene So Greene, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bullingbrooke, my sorrowes distinnall heire,
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodigie,
And I a gasping new deliuerd mother,
Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioynd.

Bushie Dispaire not Madam.

Queene Who shall hinder me?
I will dispaire and be at enmity,
With coufening Hope, he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper backe of death,

Who

King Richard the second.

Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,
V Which false Hope lingers in extremitie.

Greene Here comes the Duke of Yorke,

Queene. With signes of war about his aged necke,
Oh full of careful businesse are his lookes,

Vncle for Gods sake speake comfortable words.

Torke Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts,
Comfort's in heauen, and wee are on the earth,

V Where nothing liues but crosses, care, and griefe.

Your husband he is gone to saue far off,

V Whilst others come to make him loose at home,

Here am I left to vnderprop his land,

Who weake with age cannot support my selfe,

Now comes the sicke houre that his turfet made,

Now shall hee trie his friends that flatterd him.

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

Torke He was, why so go all which way it will:

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,

And will (I feare) reuolt on Herefords side.

Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sister Gloucester,

Bid her send mee presently a thousand pound,

Hold take my ring.

Seruingman. My Lord, I had forgot to tel your Lordship,

To day I came by and called there,

But I shall grieue you to report the rest.

Torke What ist knaue?

Seruingman An houre before I came the Duchesse died.

Torke God for his mercie! what a tide of woe

Comes rushing on this wofull land at once?

I know not what to do: I would to God

(So my vntruth had not prouokt him to it)

The King had cutte off my head with my brothers.

What are there two posts dispatcht for Ireland?

How shall we do for money for these wars?

Come sister, coosin I would say, pray pardon mee,

Go fellow get thee home, prouide some Carts,

And bring away the armour that is there,

Gentlemen, will you go muster men?

The Tragedie of

If I know how or which way to order these affaires
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Neuer belecue me: both are my kinsmen,
Tone is my soueraigne, whom both my oath
And dutie bids defend, tother againe
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrongd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Wel, somewhat wee must doo: come Coosin
Ile dispose of you: Gentlemen, go muster vp your men,
And meete me presently at Barkiy:
I should to Plashie too, but time will not permit:
All is vneuen, and euerie thing is left at fixe and seauen.

Exeunt Duke Qu. man. Bush. Green.

Bush. The wind sits faire for newes to go for Ireland,
But none returns. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemye is all vnpossible.

Greene Besides our neerenesse to the King in loue,
Is neare the hate of those loue not the King.

Bag. And that is the wauering commons, for their loue
Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,
By so much fillles their hearts with deadly hate.

Bush. Wherein the King stands generally condemnd.

Bag. If iudgement lie in them, then so do wee,
Because we euer haue beene neere the King.

Greene Well I will for refuge straight to Brist. Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull commons performe for vs,
Except like curs to teare vs all in pieces:
Wil you go along with vs?

Bag. No, I wil to Ireland to his Maiestie:

Farewel if hearts presages bee not vaine,
We three here part that nere shal meete againe.

Bush. Thats as Yorke thriues to beat back Bullingbrook.

Gree. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie,
Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.

Bush.

King Richard the second.

Bashie Well, we may meeete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer.

Enter Hereford, Northumberland.

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

North. Beleeue mee noble Lord,

I am a straunger in Gloucestershire,

These high wild hills and rough vneuen wayes

Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome,

And yet your faire discourse hath beehe as sugar,

Making the hard way sweete and delectable.

But I bethinke me what a weary way,

From Rauenspurgh to Cotshall wil be found,

In Rosse and Willoughby wanting your companie,

Which I protest hath verie much beguild

The tediousnesse and proceffe of my trauaile:

But theirs is sweetened with the hope to haue

The present benefit that I possesse,

And hope to ioy is little lesse in ioy,

Then hope inioyed: by this the weary Lords

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

By sight of what I haue, your noble companie.

Bull. Of much lesse value is my companie,

Then your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Perfy.

North. It is my sonne yong Harry Perfy,

Sent from my Brother Worcester whence soeuer.

Harry how fares your Vnckle? (of you.

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

North. Why is he not with the Queene?

H.Per. No my good Lord, he hath forsooke the Court,

Broken his staffe of office, and disperst

The household of the King.

North. What was his reason? he was not so resolute

When last we spake together.

H.Per. Because your Lordship was proclaimed traitour,

But he my Lord is gone to Rauenspurgh,

To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford,

And sent me ouer by Barckly to discouer,

What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with direations to repaire to Rauenspurgh:

North. Haue you forgot the Duke of Herefords boy?

H. Per. No my good Lo: for that is not forgot,
Which nere I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.

H. Per. My gracious Lo: I tender you my seruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder daies shal ripen and confirme
To more approued seruice and desert.

Bull. I thanke thee gentle Perfy, and be sure,
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a soule remembering my good friends,
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It shalbe stil thy true loues recompence,
My heart thus couenant makes, my hand thus seales it,

North. How far is it to Barkly, and what stur
Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of war?

H. Per. There stands the Castle by yon tuft of trees,
Mand with 300. men as I haue heard,
And in it are the Lords of Yorke, Barkly and Seymor,
None else of name and noble estimate.

North. Here come the Lords of Rosse and V Villoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste.

Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues
A banisht traitour: at my treasury
Is yet but ynfeilt thanks; which more inricht,
Shalbe your loue and labours recompence.

Rosse. Your presence makes vs rich, most noble Lord.

Wil. And far surmounts our labour to attaine it.

Bul. Euermore thanke's the exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes here?

North. It is my Lord of Barkly as I guesse:

Barkly. My Lord of Hereford my message is to you.

Bul. My Lord, my answere is to Lancaster,
And I am come to seeke that name in England,

And

And I must finde that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Bar. Mistake me not my Lord, tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out:
To you my Lo. I come, what Lo: you will,
From the most glorious of this land
The Duke of Yorke: to know what prickes you on,
To take aduantage of the absent time,
And fright our natie peace with selfe borne armes?

Bul. I shal not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his grace in person: my noble Vnckle.

Yorke Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose ductie is deceiueable and false.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle.

Yor. Tut tut, grace me no grace, nor vnckle me no vnckle,
I am no traitors Vnckle, and that word Grace

In an vngracious mouth is but prophane:

Why haue those banisht and forbidden legs,

Darde once to touch a dust of Englands ground?

But more than why? why haue they darde to march

So many miles vpon her peacefull bosome,

Friting her pale face villages with war,

And ostentation of despised armes?

Comst thou because the annointed king is hence?

Why foolish boy the King is left behinde,

And in my loial bosome lies his power,

Were I but now Lord of such hot youth,

As when braue Gaunt thy father and my selfe,

Rescued the blacke prince that young Mars of men.

From forth the ranckes of many thousands French,

O then how quickly should this arme of mine

Now prisoner to the Palsie chastise thee,

And minister correction to thy fault!

Bull. My gracious Vnckle let me know my fault,

On what condition stands it, and wherein?

Yorke Euen in condition of the worst degree,

In grosse rebellion and detested treason,

Thou art a banisht man and here art come,

In The Tragedie of

Before the expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes against my soueraigne,
Bul. As I was banisht, I was banisht Hereford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaster,
And noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, or me thinks in you
I see old Gaunt alue. Oh then father,
Wil you permit that I shal stand condemned
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpstart vnthrift; wherefore was I borne?
If that my Coosin King be King of England,
It must be graunted I am Duke of Lancaster:
You haue a sonne, Aumeric, my noble Coosin,
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should haue found his vnckle Gaunt a father,
To rowze his wrongs, and chase them to the Bay:
I am denied to sue my liuerie here,
And yet my letters pattents giue me leaue!
My fathers goods are all distaind and sold,
And these, and al, are al amisse employed:
What would you haue me do? I am a subiect,
And I challenge law, Atturnies are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath beene too much abused.

Rosse It stands your grace vpon to doo him right.

Willo. Bate men by his endowments are made great.

Torke My Lords of England, let me tell you this:

I haue had feeling of my Coosins wrongs,
And labored al I could to do him right,
But in this kind, to come in brauing armes
Be his owne caruer, and cutte out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be:
And you that do abette him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels al.

North. The noble Duke hath sworne, his comming is

But

But for his owne, and for the right of that
We al haue strongly sworne to giue him ayde:
And let him neuer see ioy that breakes that oath.

Yorke Wel, wel, I see the issue of these armes,
I cannot mend it: I must needes confesse,
Because my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you al, and make you stoope
Vnto the soueraigne mercy of the King;
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I do remaine as newter, so fare you well,
Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Bul. An offer vnckle that we wil accept,
But wee must winne your Grace to go with vs
To Bristow Castle, which they say is held
By Bushie, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillers of the common-wealth,
Which I haue sworne to weede and plucke away.

Yorke It may be I will go with you, but yet Ile pawse,
For I am loath to breake our Countries lawes,
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

Enter Earle of Salisbury, and a Welch Capitaine.

Welch. My Lord of Salisburie we haue staied ten daies,
And hardly kept our countrey men together,
And yet we heare no tydings from the King,
Therefore wee wil disperse our selues, fare well.

Salis. Stay yet another day thou trustie Welchman,
The King reposes al his confidence in thee.

Welch. Tis thought the king is dead, we will not stay,
The bay trees in our countrey all are witherd,
And Meteors fright the fixed stars of heauen,
The pale-facde moone lookes bloudie on the earth,
And leane-lookt prophets whisper feareful change,
Rich men looke sadde, and ruffians daunce and leape,
The one in feare to loofe what they enioy,

The other to enioy by rage and war,
These signes forerunne the death of Kings,
Farewel, our couatrymen are gone and fled,
As wel assured Richard theyr King is dead,

Salis. Ah Richard! with eyes of heauie mind,
I see thy glory like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament,
Thy sunne sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing stormes to come, woe, and vnrest,
Thy friendes are fled to waite vpon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good al fortune goes.

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

Bull. Bring forth these men.

Bushie and Greene I will not vexe your soules:
Since presently your soules must part your bodies,
With too much vrging your pernicious liues,
For twere no charity, yet to wash your bloud
From off my hands; here in the view of men
I will vnfold some causes of your death;
You haue misse a Prince, a royall King,
A happie Gentleman in bloud and lineaments,
By you vnhappyed and disfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your sinful houres,
Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a royall bed,
And staine the beautie of a faire Queenes cheekes
With teares drawne from her eies with your foule wrongs,
My selfe a Prince by fortune of my birth,
Neare to the King in bloud, and neare in loue,
Til they did make him misinterpret me,
Haue stoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
And figh't my English breath in torren cloudes,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
While you haue fed vpon my seignories,
Disparkt my parks, and felld my forrest woods,
From my owne windowes torne my household coate,
Rac't out my impreece, leauing me no signe,

King Richard the second.

Sauē mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
To shew the world I am a Gentleman.

This and much more, much more then twice all this
Condemns you to the death: see them deliuered ouer
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushie More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then Bullingbrooke to England, Lords farewell.

Greene My comfort is, that heauen wil take our soules,
And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.

Bull. My Lord Northumberland see them dispatch:
Vnckle you say the Queene is at your house,
For Gods sake fairely let her be intreated,
Tel her I send to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my greetings be deliuered.

Yorke A gentleman of mine I haue dispatch,
With letters of your loue to her at large.

Bull. Thanks (gentle Vnckle:) come Lords away,
To fight with Glendor and his complices,
A while to worke, and after holiday. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Aumerle, Carleil, &c.

King Barkloughly Cattle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea my Lord, How brookes your Grace the ayre,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

King Needes must I like it well, I weepe for ioy,
To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe,
Deare earth I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their hories hooves:

As a long parted mother with her child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting;

So weeping, smiling, greete I thee my earth,
And do thee fauour with my royal hands;

Feede not thy foueraignes foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweetes comfort his rauenous sence,

But let thy Spiders that sucke vp thy venome,
And heauy-gated toades lie in their way,

Doing annoyance to the trecherous fette,
Which with vsurping steps do trample thee:

Yeelde

Yeeelde stinging nettles to mine enemies:
 And when they from thy bosome pluck a flower,
 Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch,
 Throw death vpon thy soueraignes enemies:
 Mock not my fenceles coniuuration Lords,
 This earth shal haue a feeling and these stones
 Prooue armed souldiers ere her natiue King,
 Shall faulter vnder foule rebellions armes.

Carl. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you king
 Hath power to keepe you king in spight of al,
 The meanes that heauens yeeld must be imbrac't
 And not neglected. Else heauen would,
 And we wil not, heauens offer, we refuse
 The profered meanes of succors and redresse.

Aum He meanes my Lo: that we are too remisse
 Whilst Bullingbrooke through our securitie,
 Growes strong and great in substance and in power.

King Discomfortable Coosen, knowst thou not,
 That when the searching eie of heauen is hid
 Behind the globe that lights the lower world
 Then theeues and robbers range abroad vnscene,
 In murders and in outrage bloody here,
 But when from vnder his terrestriall ball,
 He fires the proude tops of the easterne pines,
 And dartes his light through euery guilty hole
 Then murders, treasons, and detested sinnes,
 The cloak of night being pluckt from off their backs,
 Stand bare and naked trembling at themselues?
 So when this thiefe, this traitour Bullingbrooke
 Who all this while hath reuel'd in the night
 Whilst we were wandring with the Antipodes,
 Shall see vs rising in our throne the east
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
 Not able to endure the sight of day,
 But selfe affrighted, trembled at his sinne,
 Not al the water in the rough rude sea,
 Can wash the balme off from an annointed King,

King Richard the second.

The breath of worldly men cannot depose,
The deputy elected by the Lord,
For euery man that Bullingbrooke hath prest,
To lift shrewd steele against our golden crowne,
God for his Ric: hath in heavenly pay,
A glorious Angel: then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fal, for heauen stil gardes the right.

Enter Salisb.

King Welcome my Lo: how far off lies your power?

Salis. Nor nere nor farther off my gracious Lo.

Than this weake arme; Discomforte guides my tongue,
And bids me speake of nothing but Despaire,
One day too late I feare me noble Lo:
Hath clouded al thy happy daies on earth,
O call backe yesterday, bid time returne,
Aud thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men,
To day, to day, vnhappie day, too late,
Ouerthrowes thy ioyes frindes, fortune and thy state,
For al the Welshmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bullingbrooke, disperst and fled.

Aum Comfort my liege, why lookes your grace so pale.

King But now the bloud of 20000. men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:
And til so much bloud thither come againe,
Haue I not reason to looke pale and dead?
All soules that wilbe safe, flie from my side,
For time hath set a blot vpon my pride.

Aum Comfort my liege remember who you are.

King I had forgot my selfe, am I not King?
Awake thou coward, Maiesty thou sleepest,
Is not the Kings name twenty thousand names?
Arme arme, my name a puny subiect strikes
At thy great glorie, looke not to the ground,
Ye fauourites of a King, are we not high?
High be our thoughts, I know my Vnckle Yorke
Hath power enough to serue our turne: but who coms here?

Enter Scroope.

Scr. More health and happines betide my liege,

F

Then

Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him.

King Mine care is open, and my heart prepard,

The worst is worldly losse thou canst vnfold,

Say, is my Kingdome lost? why twas my care,

And what losse is it to be rid of care?

Striues Bullingbrooke to be as great as wee;

Greater he shal not be, if he serue God,

Weele serue him too, and be his fellow so:

Reuolt our subiects, that we cannot mend,

They breake their fayth to God as wel as vs:

Cry woe, destruction, ruine, and decay,

The worst is death, and death wil haue his day.

Scroo. Glad am I, that your highnesse is so armde,

To beare the tydings of calamitic,

Like an vnseasonable stormie day,

Which makes the siluer Riuers drowne their shores.

As if the world were al dissolude to teares,

So high aboue his limits swels the rage

Of Bullingbrooke, covering your fearefull land.

With haie bright steele, and hearts harder then steele,

White beards haue armd their thinne and hairelesse scalps

Against thy maiestie: and boyes with womens voyces

Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioynts

In stiffe vnwildie armes against thy Crowne,

Thy very beardsmen learne to bend theyr bowes,

Of double fatal ewe against thy state,

Yea distaffe women mannage rustie billes,

Against thy seate both yong and old rebel,

And al goes worse then I haue power to tell.

King Too wel, too wel thou telst a tale so ill.

Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?

What is become of Bushie? where is Greene?

That they haue let the dangerous enemy

Meature our confines with such peaceful steps,

If we preuaile, their heades shal pay for it:

I warrant they haue made peace with Bullingbrooke.

Scroo. Peace haue they made with him indeed my Lord,

King Oh villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,

Dogs

Dogs easily wooonne to fawne on any man.
Snakes in my heart bloud warmd, that sting my heart;
Three Iudasses, each one thrice worse then Iudas,
Would they make peace, terrible hell,
Make war vpon their spotted soules for this.

Scro. Sweete loue I see changing, his property
Turnes to the sowrest and most deadly hate,
Againe vncurse their soules, their peace is made
With head, and not with hands, those whom you curse
Haue felt the worst of deaths destroying wound,
And lie ful low grau'd in the hollow ground.

Ann. Is Bushie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead?

Scro. Ye al of them at Bristow lost their heades,

Ann. Where is the Duke my father with his power?

King No matter where, of comfort no man speakes:

Lets talke of graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,

Make dust our paper, and with rainie eyes

Write sorow on the bosome of the earth.

Lets choose executors and talke of wils:

And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,

Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our liues, and al are Bullingbrookes,

And nothing can we cal our owne, but death,

And that small model of the barren earth,

Which serues as paste and couer to our bones,

For Gods sake lette vs sit vpon the ground,

And tel sadde stories of the death of Kings,

How some haue beene deposde, some slaine in war,

Some haunted by the ghosts they haue deposde,

Some poysoned by their wiues, some sleeping kild,

Al murdered, for within the hollow Crowne

That rounds the mortal temples of a King

Keepes death his court, and there the antique sits,

Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pompe,

Allowing him a breath, a little sceane,

To monarchise, be feard, and kil with lookes,

Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,

As if this flesh which walles about our life,

Were brasse impregnable: and humord thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin,
Boares through his Castle walls, and farewell King,
Couer your heades, and mocke not flesh and blood,
With solemne reuerence throw away respect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but mistooke me at this while,
I liue with bread like you, feele want,
Taste grieue, neede friendes, subiected thus,
How can you say to me I am a King?

Carleil. My Lord, wisemen nere fit and waile their woes
But presently preuent the wayes to waile,
To feare the foe, since feare oppresth strength,
Giues in your weakenesse strength vnto your foe,
And so your follies fight against your selfe:
Feare and bee slaine, no worse can come to fight,
And fight and dye, is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying, paies death seruile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.

King Thou chidst me wel, proude Bullingbrook, I come
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This agew fitte of feare is ouerblowne,
An easie taske it is to winne our owne:
Say Scroope, where lies our Vnckle with his power?
Speake sweetely man, although thy lookes be sower,

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the skie
The state, and inclination of the day,
So may you by my dul and heauie eye:
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to say,
I play the torturer by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your Vnckle, Yorke, is ioynd with Bullingbrooke,
And all your Northerne Castles yeilded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie.

King. Thou hast said inough:
Beshrew thee coosin which didst leade me forth

King Richard the second.

Of that sweete way I was in to dispaire,
What say you now? what comfort haue we nowe?
By heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more:
Go to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
A King Woes slaue thal kingly Wo obey:
That power I haue, discharge, and let them goe
To eare the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I haue none, let no man speake againe
To alter this, for counsel is but vaine.

Ann. My Leige, one word.

King He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tong,
Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
From Richards night, to Bullingbrookes faire day.

Enter Bull, Yorke, North.

Bul. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are disperst, and Salisbury
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With some few priuate friends vpon this coast.

North. The newes is very faire and good my Lord,
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

Yorke It would beseeme the Lord Northumberland
To say King Richard; alacke the heauie day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes, onely to be brieffe
Left I his title out.

Yorke The time hath bin, would you haue bin so brieffe
He would haue beene so brieffe to shorten you, (with him,
For taking so the head, your whole heades length.

Bull. Mistake not (Vnckle) further then you should.

Yorke Take not (good Cousin) further then you should,
Least you mistake the heauens are ouer our heads,

Bul. I know it Vnckle, and oppose not my selfe
Against their wil. But, who comes here? *Enter Percie.*

Welcome Harry: what, wil not this Castle yeeld?

H. Percie The Castle is royally mand my Lord
Against thy entrance.

The Tragedie of

Bull. Royally, why it containes no King.

H. Per. Yes (my good Lord)

It doth containe a King, King Richard lies

Within the limits of yon lime and stone,

And with him the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisburie,

Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a clergie man,

Of holy Reuerence, who I cannot learne.

North. Oh belike it is the Bishop of Carleil.

Bull. Noble Lords,

Go to the rude ribbes of that auncient Castle,

Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parlee

Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer,

H. Eull on both his knees doth kisse king Richards hand,

And sends alleageance and true faith of heart

To his most royal person: hither come

Euen at his feete to lay my armes and power:

Provided, that my banishment repeald,

And lands restored againe be freely graunted,

If not, Ile vse the aduantage of my power,

And lay the summers dust with showers of bloud,

Rainde from the woundes of slaughtered Englishmen,

The which, how far off from the mind of Bullingbrooke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench

The fresh Greene lap of faire King Richards land,

My stooping dutie tenderly shall shew:

Go signifie as much while here wee march

Vpon the grasie carpet of this plaine;

Lets march without the noyse of threating drumme,

That from this Castles tottered battlements,

Our faire appoyntments may be wel perulse.

Me thinks King Richard and my selfe should meete

With no lesse terror then the elements

Of fire and water when their thundering smoke,

At meeting teares the cloudie cheekes of heauen:

Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding water,

The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigne.

My waters on the earth, and not on him,

March on, and marke king Richard how he lookes.

King Richard the second.

The trumpets sound; Richard appeareth on the walls.

Bull. See see, King Richard doth himselfe appeare,
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the fierie portal of the East,
When he perceiues the eniuous cloudes are bent
To dimme his glorie, and to staine the tracke
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

Yorke Yet lookes he like a King, beholde his eye,
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens for h
Controlling maiestie; alacke alacke for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.

King We are amazde, and thus long haue we floodde,
To watch the feareful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawful King:
And if we be, howe date thy ioynts forget
To pay their aweful duetic to our presence:

If we be not, shew vs the hand of God
That hath dismiss vs from our Stewardship,
For wel we know no hand of bloud and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or vsurpe:

And though you thinke that alas you haue done
Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren and bereft of friends:

Yet know, my maister God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his cloudes on our behalfe,
Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike
Your children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your vassaile hands against my head,
And threat the glorie of my precious crowne.

Tell Bullingbrooke, for you me thinkes he standes,
That euery stride he makes vpon my land,
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war:
But ere the crowne he looks for liue in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of mothers sonnes
Shal ill become the flower of Englands face,

Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace,

To

To scarlet indignation and bedew,
Her pastors grasse with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heauen forbid: our Lo: the king,
Should so with ciuill and vnciuil armes
Be rusht vpon. Thy thrise noble Coosin,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kisse thy hand,
And by the honourable tombe he sweares,
That stands vpon your royal grandsires bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honor of himselfe,
Comprising al that may be sworne or sayd,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his lineall royalties, and to begge
Infranchisement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy royal partie graunted once,
His glittering armes hee will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful seruice of your Maiesty.

This sweares hee, as hee is princeesse iust,
And as I am a Gentleman I credit him.

King Northumberland, say thus the King returnes,
His noble Coosin is right welcome hither,
And al the number of his faire demaundes
Shal be accomplisht without contradiction,
With all the gracious vtterance thou hast,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.

King We do debase our selues Coosin, do we not?
To looke so peorely and to speake so faire?
Shal we cal backe Northumberland and send
Defiance to the traitor and so die.

Ann. No good my Lord, lets fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords,

King Oh God, oh God that ere this tong of mine,
That laide the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man should take it off againe,
With words of sooth! Oh that I were as great,

King Richard the second,

As is my griece, Or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I haue beene!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swellst thou (proud heart) Ile giue thee scope to beate,
Since foes haue scope to beate both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bullingbrooke.

King What must the King do now? must he submit?
The King shal do it: must he be deposde?
The king shal be contented: must he loose
The name of a King? a Gods name let it go:
Ile giue my iewels for a set of Beades:
My gorgeous pallas for a hermitage:
My gay apparel for an almesmans gowne:
My figurde goblets for a dish of wood:
My scepter for a Palmers walking staffe:
My subiects for a paire of carued Saintes,
And my large kingdome for a litle graue,
A little little graue, an obscure graue,
Or Ile be buried in the Kingshie way,
Some way of common trade, where subiects feete
May houely trample on their soueraignes head;
For on my heart they treade now whilst I liue:
And buried once, why not vpon my head?
Aumerle thou weepst (my tender-hearted coosin)
Weele make foule weather with despised teares;
Our sighs and they shal lodge the summer corne,
And make a dearth in this reuolting land:
Or shal we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some prety match with sheading teares,
And thus to drop them still vpon one place,
Til they haue fretted vs a paire of graues
Within the earth, and therein laide; there lies
Two kinsmen digd their graues with weeping eies:
Would not this ill do wel? wel well I see,
I talke but idley, and you laugh at me.
Most mightie Prince my Lord Northumberland,
What saies king Bullingbrooke, wil his maiestie
Giue Richard leaue to liue till Richard dye,

You make a leg and Bullingbrooke saies I, *North.* My Lord, in the base court he doth attend,
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.

King. Downe, downe I come, like glistering Phaeton:
Wanting the manage of vnrulie lades,
In the base court, base court where Kings growe base,
To come at traitors calls, and do them grace,
In the base court come downe: downe court, downe King,
For nightowles shriek where mounting larkes should sing.

Bull. What saies his maiestie?

North. Sorrowe and grieue of hart,
Makes him speake fondly like a frantike man,
Yet he is come,

Bull. Stand al apart,
And shew faire duety to his Maiestie: *(he kneeles downe.)*
My gracious Lord,

King. faire coosen, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it,
Me rather had my hart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleas'd eie see your curtesie:
Vp coosen vp, your hart is vp I knowe,
Thus high at least, although your knee be lowe.

Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and al.

Bull. So far be mine my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.

King. Wel you deserue: they well deserue to haue
That know the strongest and surest way to get
Vnde giue me your handes, may drie your eies,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies,
Coosen I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be heyre,
What you will haue, he giue, and willing to,
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe,
Set on towards London, Cosen is it so?

Bull. Yea my good Lord

King. Then I must not say no.

Quee. What sport shall we deuise here in this garden,

Enter the
Queene with
her atten-
dants

King Richard the second.

To driue away the heauie thought of care?

Lady Madam weele play at bowles.

Queene T wil make me thinke the world is full of rubs
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady Madam weele daunce.

Queene My legs can keepe no measure in delight,
V When my poore heart no measure keepes in quiete
Therefore no dauncing gile, some other sport,

Lady Madam weele tel tales,

Quee. Of sorrow or of grieffe?

Lady Of either Madame,

Quee. Of neither gile,

For if of ioy, being alto gither wanting,

It doth remember me the more of sorrow,

Or if of grieffe, being altogether had,

It addes more sorrow to my want of ioy:

For what I haue I neede not to repeate,

And what I want it bootes not to complaine,

Lady Madam ile sing.

Que. Tis well that thou hast cause,

But thou shouldst please mee better wouldst thou weepe

Lady I could weepe Madame, would it do you good.

Que. And I could sing would weeping do me good.

And neuer borrow any teare of thee.

Enter Gardiners.

But stay, here commeth the gardiners,

Lets step into the shadow of these trees,

My wretchednesse vnto a row of pines,

They wil take of state for euerie one doth so,

Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe.

Gard. Go bind thou vp yon dangling Aphricocks,

V Which like vnruilie children make their fire

Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight,

Giue some supportance to the bending twigs,

Go thou, and like an executioner

Cut off the heades of two fast growing sprays,

That looke too loftie in our common wealth.

All must be euen in our gouernement

You thus imployd, I will go roote away!

The noysome weedes that without profit sucke
The soiles fertilitie from wholsome flowers.

Man. Why should wee in the compasse of a pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing in a modle our firme estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land
Is full of weedes, her fairest flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprunde, her hedges ruind,
Her knots disordered, and her holosome hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that hath suffered this disordered spring,
Hath now himselve met with the fal of lease:
The weedes that his broad spreading leaues did shelter,
That seemde in eating him to hold him vp,
Are pluckt vp roote and all by Bullingbrooke,
I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, Bushie, Greene.

Man. What are they dead?

Gard. They are,
And Bullingbrooke hath ceasde the wastefull King,
Oh what pittie it is that he had not so trimde
And drest his land as wee this garden at time of yeare
Do wound the bakke, the skinne of our fruit trees,
Lest being ouer-proud with sappe and blood,
With too much riches it confound it selve:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might haue hude to beare, and he to taste
Their fruits of dutie: superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done so, him selve had borne the Crowne,
Which waste of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.

Man. What, thinke you the king shall be deposed?

Gard. Deprest he is already, and deposde
Tis doubt he will be. Letters came last night
To a deare friend of the good Duke of Yorks
That tell black tydings.

Qucc. Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking:
Thou old Adams likenesse set to dresse this garden,

King Richard the second.

How dares thy harsh rude tong found this vnpleasing newes?
What Eue? what serpent hath suggested thee,
To make a second fal of cursed man?
Why dost thou say king Richard is deposde?
Darst thou thou little better thing then earth
Diuine his downefall: say, where, when and how
Camst thou by this il tidings: (speak thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me Madam, little ioy haue I
To breathe these newes, yet what I say is true:
King Richard he is in the mightie holde
Of Bullingbrooke: their fortunes both are weyde
In your Lo. scale is nothing but himsele,
And some few vanities that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great Bullingbrooke,
Besides himsele, are al the English peeres,
And with that oddes he weighes King Richard downe;
Post you to London, and you wil find it so,
I speake no more then euery one doth know.

Queene Nimble Mischance that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou thinkest
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my brest: come Ladies, go
To meete at London Londons king in wo.
What, was I borne to this, that my sadde looke,
Should grace the triumph of great Bullingbrooke?
Gardner for telling mee these newes of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graftst may neuer grow. *Exit.*

Gard. Poore Queen so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skil were subiect to thy curse:
Here did she drop a teare, here in this place
Ile set a banke of Rew sowre hearbe of grace,
Rew euen for ruth here shortly shal be scene,
In remembrance of a weeping Queene. *Exeunt*

Bull. Call forth Bagot,
Now Bagot, freely speake thy mind,
What thou doest know of noble Glocesters death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who performde

Enter Bagot. *Enter Bull.*
with the
Lords to
Parliament.

The bloody office of his timelesse end.

Bagot Then let before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Bull. Cousin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man.

Bagot My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vsay what once it hath deliuered,

In that dead time when Gloucesters death was plotted

I heard you say, is not my arme of length,

That reacheth from the restfull English court

As far as Callice toaine Vnckles head?

Amongst much other talke that very time

I heard you say, that you had rather refuse

The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,

Then Bullingbrookes returne to England, adding withall,

How blest this land would be in this your Cousins death.

Aum. Princes and noble Lords,

What answere shall I make to this base man?

Shall I so much dishonour my faire stars

On equall termes to giue my chasticement?

Either I must, or haue mine honour sold

With the attainder of his slaunderous lippes,

There is my gage, the manual seale of death,

That markes thee out for hell, thou liest,

And will maintaine what thou hast sayde is false

In thy heart bloud, though being al too base

To staine the temper of my knightly sword.

Bull. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it vp.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best

In al this presence that hath mooude me so.

Fitz. If that thy valure stand on simpatic,

There is my gage Aumerle, in gage to thine;

By that faire Sunne that shewes me where thou standst,

I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakst it,

That thou wert cause of noble Gloucesters death,

If thou deniest it twentie times, thou liest,

And I wil turne thy falshood to thy heart,

Where it was forged with my rapiers poynt.

Aum. Thou darst not (coward) liue I to see the day.

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

Aum.

King Richard the second.

Aum. Fitzwaters thou art damned to hel for this.

L.Per. Aumerle, thou liest, his honour is as true

In this appeale, as thou art all vniust,

And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,

To prooue it on thee to the extreamest poynt

Of mortall breathing, ceaze it if thou darst.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,

And neuer brandish more reuerige full Steele

Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.

Another L. I take the earth to the like (forsworn Aumerle)

And sput thee on with ful as many lies,

As it may be hollowed in thy trecherous eare

From sinne to sinne: there is my honors pawne

Ingage it to the trial if thou darst.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heauen Ile throw at all,

I haue a thousand spirits in one breast,

To answere twentie thousand such as you are.

Sur. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well

The very time Aumerle and you did talke

Fitz. Tis very true, you were in presence then,

And you can witnesse with me this is true.

Sur. As false by heauen, as heauen it selfe is true.

Fitz. Surrie thou liest

Sur. Dishonorable boy, that lie shall lie so heavy on my

That it shall render vengeance and reuenge,

Till thou the lie-giuer, and that lie do lie

In earth as quiet as thy fathers scull.

In professe, whereof there is mine honours pawne,

Ingage it to the tryal if thou darst.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spura forward horse,

If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,

I dare meete Surry in a wildernesse,

And spitte vpon him whilst I say he lies,

And lies, and lies: there is the bond of fayth,

To tie thee to my strong correction:

As I intend to thrive in this new world,

Aumerle is guiltie of my true appeale.

Besides, I heard the banished Norfolkke say,

That

That thou Aumerle didst send two of thy men,
To execute the noble Duke of Callice.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norffolke lies, heere do I throwe downe this,
If he may be repeald to trie his honour.

Bull. these differences shal al rest vnder gage,
Til Norffolke be repeald, repeald he shalbe,
And though mine enemy, restord againe:
To al his landes and signiories: when he is returnd,
Against Aumerle we will inforce his trial.

Carl. That honourable day shal neuer be scene,
Many a time hath banisht Norffolke fought,
For Iesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensigne of the Christian Crosse,
Against blacke Pagans, Turkes and Saracens,
And toild with workes of war, retir'd himselte
To Italie, and there at Venice gaue
His bodie to a pleasant Countries earth,
And his pure soule vnto his Captaine Christ,
Vnder whose coulours he had fought so long.

Bull. Why B. is Norffolke dead?

Carl. As sure as I liue my Lord.

Bull. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soule to the bosome
Of good olde Abraham: Lords Appellants,
Your differences shal al rest vnder gage,
Til we asigne you to your daies of trial.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke Great Duke of Lancaster I come to thee,
From plume-pluckt Richard, who with willing soule,
Adopts thee heire, and his high scepter yeeldes,
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long liue Henry fourth of that name.

Bull. In Gods name Ile ascend the regall throne,

Car. Mary God forbid.
Worst in this royal presence I may speake,
Yet best besecming me to speake the truth,
Would God any in this noble presence,
Were enough noble to be vpright iudge

King Richard the second.

Of noble Richard. Then true noblenesse would
Learne him forbearance from so foule a wrong,
What subiect can giue sentence on his King?
And who sits not here that is not Richards subiect?
Theeues are not iudgd but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be scene in them,
And shall the figure of Gods Maiesty,
His Captaine, steward, deputy, elect,
Annointed, crowned, planted many yeares
Be iudgd by subiect and inferiour breath,
And he himselve not present? Oh forfend it God,
That in a Christian climate soules refine,
Should shew so heinous blacke obscene a deed,
I speake to subiects, and a subiect speakes,
Sturd vp by God thus boldly for his King,
My Lord of Hereford here whom you call King,
Is a foule traitour to proud Herefords King,
And if you crowne him, let me prophesie,
The bloud of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for his foule act,
Peace shall go sleepe with turkes and infidels,
And in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars,
Shal kin with kin, and kinde with kinde confound:
Disorder, horror, feare, and mutiny,
Shal heere inhabit, and this land be cald,
The field of Golgotha and dead mens sculs.
Oh if you raise this house against this house,
It wil the wofallest diuision proue,
That euer fel vpon this cursed earth:
Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
Lest child, childs children crie against you wo,

North. Wel haue you argued sir, and for your paines,
Of Capital treason, we arrest you here:
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely til his day of triall.

Bull. Let it be so, and loe on wednesday next,
We solemnly proclaime our Coronation,
Lords be ready all.

Exeunt.
Abbot.

The Tragedie of

Manet West
Carleil, Au-
merle.

Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we heere beheld!

Car. The woe's to come, the children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.

Aum. You holy Clergy men, is there no plot,
To ridde the realme of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. My Lo. before I freely speake my mind herein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,

To burie mine intents, but also to effect,

What euer I shall happen to deuise:

I see your browes are ful of discontent,

Your hart of sorrow, and your eyes of teares:

Come home with me to supper, Ile lay a plot,

Shall shew vs all a merrie day.

Exeunt.

Enter the
Queene
with her at-
endants.

Quee. This way the King wil come, this is the way,

To Iulius Casars ill erected Tower,

To whose flint bosome, my condemned Lord,

Is doomde a prisoner by proud Bullingbrooke,

Heere let vs rest, if this rebellious earth

Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene.

(Enter Ric.

But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,

My faire Rose wither, yet looke vp, behold,

That you in pittie may disolue to draw,

And wash him fresh againe with true loue teares,

Ah thou the modle where olde Troy did stand!

Thou mappe of honour, thou King Richards tombe,

And not King Richard: thou most beateous Inne,

Why should hard fauour'd grieffe be lodged in thee,

When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

Rich. ioyne not with grieffe, faire woman, doe not so,

To make my end too sudden, learne good soule,

To thinke our former state a happie dreame,

From which awakt, the truth of what we are

Shews vs but this: I am tworne (brother sweet)

To grim necessitie, and he and I

Will keepe a league til death. Hie thee to Fraunce,

And clouster thee in some religious house,

Our holy liues must win a new worlds crowne,

Which our prophane houres heere haue throwne downe.

Quee.

King Richard the second.

Queene What is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transformd and weakened? hath Bullingbrooke
Deposde thine intellect? hath hee beene in thy heart?
The Lyon dying thrusteth forth his pawe,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage,
To bee ore-power'd, and wilt thou pupill-like
Take thy correction, mildly kisse the rod,
And fawne on Rage with base humilitie,
Which art a Lion and a King of beasts.

King A King of beasts indeede, if aught but beasts
I had beene still a happie King of men,
Good (sometimes *Queene*) prepare thee hence for France,
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou takelt
As from my death-bed my last liuing leaue,
In winters tedious nights sitte by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tel thee tales
Of woefull ages long agoe betide,
And ere thou bid good night to quite their grieffe,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the senslesse brands will sympathie
The heauie accent of thy moouing tong,
And in compassion weepe the fire out,
And some will mourne in ashes, some cole blacke,
For the deposing of a rightfull king. *Enter Northum.*

North. My Lord the mind of Bullingbrooke is changde,
You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower,
And Madam, there is order tane for you,
With all swift speede you must away to France.

King Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithall
The mounting Bullingbrooke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many houres of age
More then it is, ere foule sinne gathering head
Shall breake into corruption, thou shalt thinke
Though hee diuide the Realme and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all.
He shall thinke that thou which knowst the way
To plant ynrightfull kings, wilt know againe,

The Tragedie of

Being nere so little vrgd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the vsurped throne;
The loue of wicked men conuerts to feare,
That feare to hate, and hate turnes one or both
To worthy daunger and deserued death.
My guilt be on my head, and there an end:
Take leaue and part, for you must part forthwith.

King Doubly diuorst; (badde men) you violate
A twofold marriage, betwixt my Crowne and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.

Let me vnkisse the oath betwixt thee and mee:
And yet not so, for with a kisse twas made.

Part vs Northumberland, I towards the north,
Where shiuering cold and sicknesse pines the clime:

My wife to France, from whence set foorth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like sweete May,
Sent backe like Hollowmas, or shortst of day.

Queene And must we be diuided? must we part?

King I hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart.

Queene Banish vs both, and send the king with mee.

King That were some loue, but little pollicie.

Queene Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

King So two together weeping make one woe,
Weepe for me in France, I for thee heere,
Better far off then neere be nere the neere,
Go count thy way with sighes, I mine with groanes.

Queene So longest way shall haue the longest moanes.

King I wise for one step ile groane, the way being short,
And peece the way out with a heauie heart.

Come come in wooing sorow lets be brieft,
Since wedding it, there is such length in grieft,

One kisse shall stoppe our mouthes, and doubly part,
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart:

Queene Giue me mine owne againe, twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart:

So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may striue to kill it with a groane,

King We make woe wanton with this fond delay,

Once

King Richard the second.

Once more adew, the rest let sorrow say. *excunt.*

Du. My Lord you told me you would tell the rest, *Enter duke*
When weeping made you breake the story *of Torke*
Of our two Coosins comming into London: *and the*
duchesse.

Du. At that sad stop my Lord,
Where rude misgouerned hands from windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head.

Torke Then (as I sayd) the Duke great Bullingbrooke,
Mounted vpon a hotte and fierie steede,
Which his aspiring rider seemde to know,
With slow, but stately pace kept on his courle,
While all tongues cride, God saue the Bullingbrooke,
You would haue thought the verie windowes spake:
So many greedie lookes of yong and old,
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage, and that al the wals

With painted imagery had sayd at once,
Iesu preferue the welcome Bullingbrooke,
Whilst he from the one side to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower then his proude steedes necke
Bespake them thus, I thanke you countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he passit along.

Du. Alacke poore Richard, where rides he the whilst?

Torke As in a Theater the eyes of men,
After a wel graced Actor leaues the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen so, or with much more contempt mens eyes
Did scoule on gentle Richard, no man cried, God saue him,
No ioyful tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But dust was throwne vpon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face stil combating with teares and smiles,
The badges of his griefe and patience,
That had not God for some strong purpose steeld
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
And Barbanisme it selfe haue pittied him,

But heauen hath a hand in these euents,

To whose hie will wee bound our calme contents,

To Bullingbrooke are we sworne subiects now,

Whose state and honour I for ay allow.

Du. Here comes my sonne Aumerle.

Yorke Aumerle that was,

But that is lost, for being Richards friend:

And Madam you must call him Rutland now:

I am in parliament p'edge for his truth

And lasting fealtie to the newe made King.

Du. Welcome my sonne, who are the violets now

That strew the greene lappe of the newe come spring!

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

God knowes I had as lief be none as one.

Yorke Wel, beare you wel in this new spring of time,

Least you be cropt before you come to prime.

What newes from Oxford, do these iusts & triumphs hold?

Aum. For aught I know (my Lord) they do.

Yorke You will be there I know.

Aum. If God preuent not, I purpose so.

Yorke What seale is that that hangs without thy bosom?

Yea, lookst thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My Lord, tis nothing.

Yorke No matter then who see it,

I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me,

It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not haue scene.

Yorke Which for some reasons, sir I meane to see.

I teare, I feare.

Du. What should you feare?

Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into

For gay apparrell against the triumph.

Yorke Bound to himselfe, what doth hee with a bond

That he is bound to. Wife, thou art a foole,

Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

Yorke I will be satisfied, let me see it I say:

Yorke

King Richard the second.

Yorke Treason, foule treason, villaine, traitor, flaye.

Du. What is the matter my Lord?

Yorke. Ho, who is within there? saddle my horse,
God for his mercy! what trechery is here?

Du. Why, what is it my Lord?

Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say, saddle my horse,
Now, by mine honour, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villaine.

Du. What is the matter?

Yorke Peace foolish woman.

Du. I will not peace, what is the matter Aumerle?

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

Du. Thy life answer?

Yorke Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King.

Du. Strike him Aumerle, poore boy thou art amazd,
Hence villaine, neuer more come in my sight.

Yorke Giue me my bootes I say.

Du. Why Yorke what wilt thou do?

Wilt not thou hide the trespasse of thine owne?

Haue we more sons? or are we like to haue?

Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?

And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age?

And robbe mee of a happie mothers name,

Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?

Yorke Thou fond madde woman,

Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?

A doozen of them here haue tane the sacrament,

And interchangeably set downe their hands,

To kill the King at Oxford.

Du. He shall be none, weele keepe him here,

Then what is that to him?

Yorke Away fond woman, were he twentie times my son,
I would appeach him.

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

Thou wouldst be more pittifull,

But now I know thy minde, thou dost suspect

That I haue beene disloyal to thy bed,

He pluckes
it out of his
bosome and
reades it.

His man cut-
ters with
his bootes.

And

And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:
 Sweete Yorke, sweete husband be not of that minde,
 He is as like thee as a man may be,
 Not like mee or any of my kinne,
 And yet I loue him.

Yorke Make way vnruely woman. *Exit*

Du. After Aumerle; mount thee vpon his horse,
 Spur, post, and get before him to the King,
 And beg thy pardon, ere hee do accuse thee.
 Ile not be long behind, though I be old,
 I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke,
 And neuer wil I rise vp from the ground,
 Till Bullingbrooke haue pardoned thee, away, be gone.

*Enter the
 King with
 his nobles.*

King H. Can no man tel me of my ynthrifstie sonne?
 Tis tul three moneths since I did see him last,
 If any plague hang ouer vs tis hee,
 I would to God my Lords, he might be found:
 Inquire at London, mongst the Tauernes there,
 For there they say, he daily doth frequent,
 With vnrestrained loose companions,
 Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,
 And beate our watch, and robbe our passengers,
 Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
 Takes on the point of honor to support so dissolute a crew.

H. Percie My Lord, some two daies since I saw the prince,
 And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

King And what saide the gallant?

Percie His answere was, he would to the stewes,
 And from the commonest creature plucke a gloue,
 And weare it as a fauour, and with that
 He would vnhorse the lustrest Challenger.

King H. As dissolute as desperate, yet through both,
 I see some sparkles of better hope, which elder yeares
 May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

*Enter Au-
 merle ama-
 zed.*

Aum. Where is the King? (so wildly.

King H. What meanes our coosin that he stares and looks

Aum. God saue your grace, I do beseech your maiestie,
 To haue some conference with your grace alone.

King

King Richard the second.

King. Withdrawe your selues, and leaue vs here alone.
What is the matter with our coosen nowe?

Aum. For euer may my knees growe to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my rooffe within my mouth,
Vnlesse a pardon ere I rise or speake,

King. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how heynous ere it be
To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.

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

King. Haue thy desire.

Yor. My leige beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.

King. Vilain Ile make thee safe,

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

York. Open the dore, secure foole, hardie King,
Shal I for loue speake treason to thy face?

Open the dore, or I wil breake it open.

King. What is the matter vncke, speake, recouer breath,
Tel vs, how neare is daunger,
That wee may arme vs to encounter it?

Yor. Peruse this writing heere, and thou shalt know,
The treason that my haste forbids me shew.

Aum. remember as thou readst, thy promise past,
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My hart is not confederate with my hand.

Yor. It was (vilaine) ere thy hand did set it downe.
I tore from the traitors bosome (King,)

Feare, and not loue, begets his penitence:
Forget to pittie him, lest thy pittie proue
A Serpent that wil sting thee to the hart.

King. O heynous, strong, and bolde conspiracy;
O loyal Father, of a treacherous Sonne,
Thou sheere immaculate and siluer Fountaine,
From whence this streame through muddy passages,
Hath held his current, and defilde himselfe,
Thy overflow of good conuertes to bad:
And thy aboundant goodnes shall excuse

The duke of
Torke knocks
at the doore
and cryeth.

This deadly blot in thy digressing sonne.

Yor. So shal my vertue, be his vices baude,
And he shal spend mine honour, with his shame,
As thriftles sonnes, their scraping Fathers gold:
Mine honour liues when his dishonour dies.
Or my shame life in his dishonour lies,
Thou kilst me in his life giuing him breath,
The traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Du. What ho, my Liege, for Gods sake let me in.

King H. What shril voice suppliant makes this eger crie?

Du. A woman, and thy aunt (great king) tis I,
Speake with me, pitie me, open the doore,
A beggar begs that neuer begd before.

King Our scene is altdred from a serious thing,
And now change to the Beggar and the King:
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in,
I know she is come to pray for your foule sinne,

Yorke If thou do pardon whosoeuer pray,
More sinnes for this forgiuenes prosper may:
This festred ioynt cut off, the rest rest sound,
This let alone will al the rest confound.

Du. Oh king, beleeue not this hard-hearted man,
Loue louing not it selfe, none other can.

Yorke Thou frantike woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor reare?

Du. Sweete Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

King H. Rise vp good aunt.

Du. Not yet I thee beseech.
For euer wil I walke vpon my knees,
And neuer see day that the happy sees,
Till thou giue ioy, vntil thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning Rutland my transgressing boy.

Aunt. Vnto my mothers prayers I bend my knee.

Yorke Against them both my true ioynts bended be,
Il maist thou thriue if thou graunt any grace.

Du. Pledes he in earnest? looke vpon his face.
His eies do drop no teares, his prayers are in iest,
His words do come from his mouth, ours from our breast.

King Richard the second.

He prays but faintly, and would be denied,
We pray with heart and soule, and all beside,
His weary ioynts would gladly rise I know,
Our knees still kneele til to the ground they grow.
His prayers are ful of false hipocrisie,
Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie,
Our prayers do outpray his, then let them haue
That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.

King. Good aunt stand vp.

Du. Nay, do not say, stand vp;
Say pardon first, and afterwards, stand vp,
And if I were thy nurse thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the firstword of thy speech,
I neuer longd to heare a word til now,
Say pardon King, let pitie teach thee how,
The word is short, but not so short as sweete,
No word like pardon for Kings mouthes so meete.

Yorke. Speake it in French, King say, Pardonne moy.

Du. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah my sowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord
That sets the word it selfe against the word:
Speake pardon as tis currant in our land,
The chopping French we do not vnderstand,
Thine eie begins to speake, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pitie may mooue thee pardon to rehearse.

King H. Good aunt stand vp.

Du. I do not sue to stand.
Pardon is al the sute I haue in hand.

King. I pardon him as God shall pardon me.

Du. Oh happy vantage of sa kneeling knee,
Yet am I sicke for feare. speake it againe,
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong.

King H. I pardon him with al my heart.

Du. A god on earth thou art.

King H. But for our trusty brother in law and the Abbot,

With all the rest of that conformed crew,
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heeles,
 Good vnckle, helpe to order feuerall powers
 To Oxford, or where ere these traitours are,
 They shal not liue within this world I sweare,
 But I wil haue them if I once know where.
 Vnckle farewell, and Cousins adew,
 Your mother well hath prayed, and prouee you true.
 Du. Come my old sonne, I pray God make thee new.

*Exeunt.
 Manet sir
 Pierce Ex-
 ton, &c.*

Exton Didst thou not marke the K. what words he spake?
 Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?
 Was it not se?

Man These were his very words.

Exton Haue I no friends quoth he like spake it twice
 And vrgd it twice together, did he not?

Man He did.

Exton And speaking it, he wishly lookt on mee,
 As who should say, I would thou wert the man
 That would diuorce this terror from my heart,
 Meaning the King at Pomfret. Come lets go,
 I am the Kings friend, and will rid his foe.

*Enter Ri-
 chard alone.*

Rich. I haue beene studying how to compare
 This prison where I liue, vnto the world:
 And for because the world is populous,
 And here is not a creature but my selfe,
 I cannot do it: yet he hammer it out,
 My braine Ile prooue, the female to my soule,
 My soule the father, and these two beget
 A generation of still-breeding thoughts:
 And these same thoughts people this little world,
 In humours like the people of this world:
 For no thought is contented: the better sort,
 As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
 With scruples, and do set the word it selfe
 Against thy word, as thus: Come little ones, & then againe,
 It is as hard to come as for a Cammell
 To threed the posterne of a smal needles eye:
 Thoughts tending to ambition they do plot

King Richard the second.

Vnlikely wonders: how these vaine weake nailes
May teare a passage thorow the flinty ribs
Of this hard world my ragged prison walles:
And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselues,
That they are not the first of fortunes slaues,
Nor shall not be the last like seely beggars.
Who sitting in the stockes refuge their shame,
That haue many, and others must set there.
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the backe
Of such as haue before indurde the like.
Thus play I in one prison many people,
And none contented; sometimes am I a King,
Then treasons make me with my selfe a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penurie
Perswades me I was better when a king,
Then am I king againe, and by and by,
Thinke that I am vnkinged by Bullingbrooke,
And strait am nothing. But what ere I be,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shal be pleasse, till he be easde,
With being nothing. Musicke do I heare,
Ha ha keepe time, how sowe sweete Musicke is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept,
So is it in the musike of mens liues:
And here haue I the daintinesse of care
To checke time broke in disordered string:
But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an care to heare my true time broke,
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me:
For now hath time made his numbring clocke,
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eies the outward watch
Whereto my finger like a dialles poynt
Is pointing stil, in cleansing them from teares.
Now sir, the sound that telles what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes which strike vpon my heart,
Which is the bell, so sighs, and teares, and groanes,

Which is the bell, so sighs, and teares, and grones,
 Shew minutes, times, and houres: but my time,
 Runnes posting on in Bullingbrookes proud ioye,
 While I stand fooling heere his iacke, of the clocke.
 This musicke maddes me, let it sound no more,
 For though it haue holp' mad men to their witts,
 In me it seemes it wil make wise men mad:
 Yet blessing on his hart that giues it me,
 For tis a signe of loue: and loue to Richard,
 Is a strange brooch in this al-hating world.

Groome. Haile royal Prince.

Rich. Thankes noble peare:

*Enter a
 groom of the
 stable*

The cheapest of vs is ten gortes too deare.
 What art thou, and how comest thou hither,
 Where no man neuer comes but that sad dog,
 That brings me foode to make misfortuneliue.

Groome. I was a poore groom of thy stable Kings,
 When thou wert King: who traouling towards Yorke,
 With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue,
 To looke vpon my sometimes roial masters face:
 Oh how it ernd my keart when I beheld,
 In London streetes that Coronation day,
 When Bullingbrooke rode on Roane Barbarie,
 That horse, that thou so often hast bestride,
 That horse, that I so carefully haue drest.

Rich. Rode he on Barbarie, tel me gentle friend,
 How went he vnder him?

Groom. So proudly as if he disdaind the ground:

Rich. So proud that Bullingbrooke was on his backe:
 That Iade hath eate bread from my roial hand,
 This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:
 Would he not stumble, would he not fal downe,
 Since pride must haue a fall, and breake the necke,
 Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?
 Forgiuenes horse why do I raile on thee?
 Since thou created to be awed by man,
 Wast borne to beare; I was not made a horse,
 And yet I beare a burthen like an asse,
 Spurrde, galld, and tirde by iauncing Bullingbrooke.

Keeper.

King Richard the second.

Keeper Fellow, giue place, here is no longer stay.

Rich. If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.

Groome What my tong dares not, that my heart shal say

Keeper My Lord, wilt please you to fall to?

Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keeper My Lord I dare not, sir Piercie of Exton,

Who lately came from the King commands the contrary. *Exit Groom*

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

Keeper Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Rich. How now, what meanes Death in this rude assault? *The murderers rush in.*
Villaine thy owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument,
Go thou and fill another roome in hel.

Rich. That hand shal burne in neuerquenching fire,
That staggers thus my person : Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the kings, bloud stained the kings owne land,
Mount mount my soule, thy seate is vp on hie,
Whilst my grosse flesh siokes downward here to die.

*Here Exton
strikes him
down.*

Exton As ful of valure, as of royall bloud:

Both haue I spild, Oh would the deede were good,

For now the diuell that told me I did well,

Saies that this deede is chronicled in hell:

This dead King to the liuing king Ile beare,

Take hence the rest and giue them buria! here.

King Kind vnckle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,

Is, that the rebels haue consumed with fire

Our towne of Ciceter in Gloucestershire,

But whether they be tane or slaine we heare not,

Welcome my Lord, what is the newes?

*Enter Bull.
brooke with
the duke of
Yorke.*

North. First to thy sacred state with Ial happinesse,

The next newes is, I haue to London sent,

The heades of Oxford, Salisbury, and Kent,

The manner of their taking may appeare

At large discoursed in this paper here.

*Enter Nor-
thumber-
land.*

King We thanke thee gentle Percie for thy paines,

And to thy woorth wil adde right worthie games.

*Enter Lord
Fitzwaters.*

Fitz. My Lord I haue from Oxford sent to London,

The heades of Broccas, and sir Benet Seely,

Two of the dangerous consorted traitours,

That sought at Oxford thy dire ouerthrow.

King

The Tragedie of

King Thy paines Fitz. shal not be forgot.

Right noble is thy merit well I wot.

*Enter H.
Percie.*

Percie The graund conspirator Abbot of Westminster,
With clogge of conscience and sowre melancholic,
Hath yeilded vp his body to the graue:

But here is Carleil liuing, to abide

Thy kingly doome, and sentence of his pride,

King Carleil, this is your doome.

Chooſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reuerent roome

More then thou haſt, and with it ioy thy life:

So as thou liu'ſt in peace, die free from ſtrife,

For though mine enemy thou haſt euer beene,

High ſparks of honour in thee haue I ſeene!

*Enter Exton
with the
Coffin.*

Exton Great King, within this coffin I preſent

Thy buried feare: herein al breathleſſe lies

The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,

Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

King Exton I thanke thee not, for thou haſt wrought

A deede of ſlaughter with thy fatal hand,

Vpon my head and al this famous land.

Exton From your owne mouth my Lord did I this deed.

king They loue not poiſon, that do poiſon neede,

Nor do I thee, though I did wiſh him dead,

I hate the murtherer, loue him murthered:

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,

But neither my good word, nor princely fauour,

With Caine go wander through the ſhade of night,

And neuer ſhew thy head by day nor light,

Lords I proteſt my ſoule is full of woe,

That blood ſhould ſprinckle me to make mee growe,

Come mourne with mee, for what I do lament;

And put on ſullein blacke incontinent,

Ile make a voyage, to the holy land,

To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand,

March ſadly after, grace my mourning heere,

In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

F I N I S.

