

Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
 Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
 Ere further leisure yield them further means
 For their advantage and your highness' loss. 40

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war:
 And, for our coffers, with too great a court
 And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
 We are enforced to farm our royal realm;
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 For our affairs in hand: if that come short,
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold 50
 And send them after to supply our wants;
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
 Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste
 To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely House.

K. Rich. Now put it, God, in the physician's mind
 To help him to his grave immediately! 60
 The lining of his coffers shall make coats
 To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
 Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
 Pray God we may make haste, and come too late!
All. Amen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Ely House.*

Enter JOHN OF GAUNT sick, with the DUKE OF YORK, &c.

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
 In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
 For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
 Enforce attention like deep harmony:
 Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
 For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

He that no more must say is listen'd more
 Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose; 10
 More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:

The setting sun, and music at the close,
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
 Writ in remembrance more than things long past:
 Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
 My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
 As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond,
 Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
 The open ear of youth doth always listen; 20
 Report of fashions in proud Italy,
 Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
 Limp after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—
 So it be new, there's no respect how vile—
 That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
 Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
 Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
 Direct not him whose way himself will choose:
 'T is breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose. 30

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired
 And thus expiring do foretell of him:
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
 He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
 With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle, 40
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,
 This fortress built by Nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war,
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands,
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England, 50
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home.

For Christian service and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm: 60
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds:
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter KING RICHARD and QUEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY,
 GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
 For young hot colts being rag'd do rage the more. 70

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? how is't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. Oh, how that name befits my composition!
 Old Gaunt indeed, and Gaunt in being old:
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
 And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
 For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
 The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
 Is my strict fast; I mean, my children's looks; 80
 And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
 Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
 Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
 I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

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

K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatterest me. 90

Gaunt. O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be.

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

Gaunt. Now He that made me knows I see thee ill;
 Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
 Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
 And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
 Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
 Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
 A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown, 100
 Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
 And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
 The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
 O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye
 Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
 From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
 Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
 Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
 Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
 It were a shame to let this land by lease; 110
 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 bondsman to the law;
 And thou—

K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool,
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,
 Darest with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
 With fury from his native residence. 120
 Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
 Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
 For that I was his father Edward's son;
 That blood already, like the pelican,
 Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly caroused:
 My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,
 Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!
 May be a precedent and witness good 130
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
 Join with the present sickness that I have;
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be!
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
 Love they to live that love and honour have.

[Exit, borne off by his Attendants.]

K. Rich. And let them die that age and sullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave. 140

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

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

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life and all, old Lancaster hath spent. 150

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:

We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us 160
The plate, coin, revenues and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face. 170

I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first:
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But when he frown'd, it was against the French
And not against his friends; his noble hand
Did win what he did spend and spent not that 180

Which his triumphant father's hand had won;
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York.

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford? 190

Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?

Take Hereford's rights away, and take from Time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession? 200

Now, afore God—God forbid I say true!—
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd 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 allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money and his lands. 210

York. I'll not be by the while: my liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.]

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely House
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 't is time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England; 220
For he is just and always loved us well.
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [Flourish.]

Exeunt King, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, and Bagot.

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

Ross. And living too: for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm! 231

Willo. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of
Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore God, 't is shame such wrongs are borne
In him, a royal prince, and many moe

Of noble blood in this declining land. 240

The king is not himself, but basely led

By flatterers; and what they will inform,

Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,

That will the king severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fined
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devised,
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what: 250
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his noble ancestors achieved with blows:

More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding, 260
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,

Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,

And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;

And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering-so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death 270
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

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

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:

We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,

Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus: I have from Port le Blanc, a bay

In Brittany, received intelligence

That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham,

† 280

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,

His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,

Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton and Francis Quoint,

All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne

With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,

Are making hither with all due expedience

And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:

Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay

The first departing of the king for Ireland. 290

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,

Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,

Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,

Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt

And make high majesty look like itself,

Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh;

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,

Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. 300

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Windsor Castle.

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:

You promised, when you parted with the king,

To lay aside life-harming heaviness

And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king I did; to please myself

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,

Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
 As my sweet Richard: yet again, methinks,
 Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
 Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
 With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves,
 More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
 Which shows like grief itself, but is not so;
 For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
 Divides one thing entire to many objects;
 Like perspectives, which rightly gazed upon
 Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry
 Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
 Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
 Find shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
 Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
 Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
 More than your lord's departure weep not: more's not seen;
 Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
 Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
 Persuades me it is otherwise: how'er it be,
 I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad
 As, though on thinking on no thought I think,
 Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still derived
 From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
 For nothing hath begot my something grief;
 Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
 'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
 But what it is, that is not yet known; what
 I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty! and well met, gentlemen:
 I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hopest thou so? 'tis better hope he is;
 For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:
 Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retired his power,
 And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
 Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
 The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
 And with uplifted arms is safe arrived.

At Ravenspurgh.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. Ah, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,
 The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
 The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
 With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
 And all the rest revolted faction traitors?

Green. We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcester
 Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
 And all the household servants fled with him
 To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
 And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
 Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
 And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
 Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?
 I will despair, and be at enmity
 With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
 A parasite, a keeper back of death,
 Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
 Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck:
 O, full of careful business are his looks!
 Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
 Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
 Where nothing lives but crosses, cares and grief.
 Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
 Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
 Here am I left to underprop his land,
 Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:
 Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
 Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was? Why, so! go all which way it will!
 The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
 And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.
 Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester;

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,
To-day, as I came by, I called there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is't, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to God, 100
So my untruth had not provoked him to it,
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon me.
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts
And bring away the armour that is there. [Exit Servant.
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how or which way to order these affairs
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands, 110
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:
Th' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; th' other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you.
Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkeley.
I should to Plashy too; 120
But time will not permit: all is uneven,
And everything is left at six and seven.

[Exit York and Queen.]

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them 130
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgement lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristol castle:
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.
Will you go along with us? 140

Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *Wilds in Gloucestershire.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now?
North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire:
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draws out our miles, and makes them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable,
But I bethink me what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found 10
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy is little less in joy
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here? 20

Enter HENRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.
Harry, how fares your uncle?

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

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good Lord; he hath forsook the court, Broken his staff of office and dispersed The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolved when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor. 30

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there;
Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord, for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke. 40

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw and young;
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it. 50

North. How far is it to Berkeley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour;
None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury 60
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKELEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkeley, as I guess.

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

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster; 70

And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out:

To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time

And fright our native peace with self-borne arms. 80

Enter YORK attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.

My noble uncle! [Kneels.]

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle—

York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace'
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.

Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs 90

Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more 'why?' why have they dared to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Fighting her pale-faced villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms?

Comest thou because the anointed king is hence?

Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,

And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth

As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself 100

Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,

From forth the ranks of many thousand French,

O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,

Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee

And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On what condition stands it and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come 110
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd 120
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms performe and given away
To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?

If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave: 130
My father's goods are all distraint'd and sold,
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.

What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And I challenge law: attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abused.

Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this: 140
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs
And laboured all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that

We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath! 150

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms:
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left:
But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle 160
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go with you: but yet I'll pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are: 170
Things past redress are now with me past care. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *A camp in Wales.*

Enter SALISBURY and a Welsh Captain.

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The king reposes all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'T is thought the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth 180
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard their king is dead. [Exit.]

Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind

I see thy glory like a shooting star
 Fall to the base earth from the firmament. 20
 Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
 Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest:
 Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
 And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Bristol. Before the castle.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, ROSS,
 PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, with BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.
 Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—
 Since presently your souls must part your bodies—
 With too much urging your pernicious lives,
 For 't were no charity; yet, to wash your blood
 From off my hands, here in the view of men
 I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
 You have misled a prince, a royal king,
 A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
 By you unhappied and disfigured clean: 10
 You have in manner with your sinful hours
 Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
 Broke the possession of a royal bed
 And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
 With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
 Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
 Near to the king in blood, and near in love
 Till you did make him misinterpret me,
 Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
 And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds, 20
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
 Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
 Dispark'd my parks and fell'd my forest woods,
 From my own windows torn my household coat,
 Razed out my imprese, leaving me no sign,
 Save men's opinions and my living blood,
 To show the world I am a gentleman.
 This and much more, much more than twice all this,
 Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd over

To execution and the hand of death. 30
Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me
 Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.
Green. My comfort is that heaven will take our souls
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.
Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.
 [Exit Northumberland and others, with the prisoners.
 Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
 For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
 Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.
York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd 40
 With letters of your love to her at large.
Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away,
 To fight with Glendower and his complices:
 Awhile to work, and after holiday. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The coast of Wales. A castle in view.*

*Drums: flourish and colours. Enter KING RICHARD, the
 BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call they this at hand?
Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
 After your late tossing on the breaking seas?
K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
 To stand upon my kingdom once again.
 Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
 Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
 As a long-parted mother with her child
 Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
 So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth, 10
 And do thee favours with my royal hands.
 Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
 But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
 And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee:
 Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
 And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder 20
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
 Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords: