

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:

This earth shall have a feeling and these stones  
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king  
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

*Car.* Fear not, my lord: that Power that made you king  
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.  
The means that heaven yields must be embraced,  
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,  
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse, 30  
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

*Aum.* He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;  
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,  
Grows strong and great in substance and in power.

*K. Rich.* Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not  
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid,  
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen  
In murders and in outrage, boldly here; 40  
But when from under this terrestrial ball  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,  
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?  
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,  
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night  
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,  
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east, 50  
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of day,  
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.  
Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord:  
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd  
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,  
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay 60  
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,  
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power?  
*Sal.* Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,  
Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my tongue  
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.

One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,  
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:  
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,  
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men! 70  
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,  
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune and thy state:  
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,  
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and fled.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale?

*K. Rich.* But now the blood of twenty thousand men  
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;  
And, till so much blood thither come again,  
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?  
All souls that will be safe fly from my side, 80  
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

*K. Rich.* I had forgot myself: am I not king?  
Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.  
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?  
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes  
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,  
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?  
High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York 89  
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

*Enter SCROOP.*

*Scroop.* More health and happiness betide my liege  
Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him!

*K. Rich.* Mine ear is open and my heart prepared:  
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.  
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 't was my care;  
And what loss is it to be rid of care?  
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?  
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,  
We'll serve Him too and be his fellow so:  
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend; 100  
They break their faith to God as well as us:  
Cry woe, destruction, ruin and decay;  
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

*Scroop.* Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd  
To bear the tidings of calamity,  
Like an unseasonable stormy day,  
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,  
As if the world were all dissolved to tears,  
So high above his limits swells the rage

Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land  
 With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel. 110  
 White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps  
 Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,  
 Strive to speak big and clap their female joints  
 In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:  
 Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows  
 Of double-fatal yew against thy state;  
 Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills  
 Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,  
 And all goes worse than I have power to tell. 120  
*K. Rich.* Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.  
 Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?  
 What is become of Bushy? where is Green?  
 That they have let the dangerous enemy  
 Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?  
 If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it:  
 I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.  
*Scroop.* Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.  
*K. Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!  
 Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man! 130  
 Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!  
 Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!  
 Would they make peace? terrible hell make war  
 Upon their spotted souls for this offence!  
*Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his property,  
 Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:  
 Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made  
 With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse  
 Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound  
 And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground. 140  
*Aum.* Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?  
*Scroop.* Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.  
*Aum.* Where is the duke my father with his power?  
*K. Rich.* No matter where; of comfort no man speak:  
 Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs;  
 Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes  
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.  
 Let's choose executors and talk of wills:  
 And yet not so, for what can we bequeath  
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground? 150  
 Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,  
 And nothing can we call our own but death  
 And that small model of the barren earth  
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground  
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings:  
 How some have been deposed; some slain in war;  
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;  
 Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;  
 All murder'd: for within the hollow crown 160  
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
 Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,  
 Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,  
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
 To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks,  
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,  
 As if this flesh which walls about our life  
 Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus  
 Comes at the last and with a little pin  
 Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king! 170  
 Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood  
 With solemn reverence: throw away respect,  
 Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,  
 For you have but mistook me all this while:  
 † I live with bread like you, feel want,  
 Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,  
 How can you say to me, I am a king?  
*Car.* My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,  
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.  
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength, 180  
 Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,  
 And so your follies fight against yourself.  
 Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:  
 And fight and die is death destroying death;  
 Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.  
*Aum.* My father hath a power; inquire of him,  
 And learn to make a body of a limb.  
*K. Rich.* Thou chidest me well: proud Bolingbroke, I come  
 To change blows with thee for our day of doom.  
 This ague fit of fear is over-blown; 190  
 An easy task it is to win our own.  
 Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?  
 Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.  
*Scroop.* Men judge by the complexion of the sky  
 The state and inclination of the day:  
 So may you by my dull and heavy eye,  
 My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.  
 I play the torturer, by small and small  
 To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:

Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,  
And all your northern castles yielded up,  
And all your southern gentlemen in arms  
Upon his party.

*K. Rich.* Thou hast said enough.  
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth

[*To Aumerle.*]

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!  
What say you now? what comfort have we now?  
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly  
That bids me be of comfort any more.  
Go to Flint castle: there I'll pine away;  
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey. 210  
That power I have, discharge; and let them go  
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,  
For I have none: let no man speak again  
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

*Aum.* My liege, one word.

*K. Rich.* He does me double wrong  
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.  
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,  
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Wales. Before Flint castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE, YORK,  
NORTHUMBERLAND, Attendants, and forces.*

*Boling.* So that by this intelligence we learn  
The Welshmen are dispersed, and Salisbury  
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed  
With some few private friends upon this coast.

*North.* The news is very fair and good, my lord:  
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

*York.* It would beseem the Lord Northumberland  
To say 'King Richard': alack the heavy day  
When such a sacred king should hide his head.

*North.* Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,  
Left I his title out.

*York.* The time hath been, 10  
Would you have been so brief with him, he would  
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,  
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

*Boling.* Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

*York.* Take not, good cousin, further than you should,

Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.  
*Boling.* I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself  
Against their will. But who comes here?

*Enter PERCY.*

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield? 20

*Percy.* The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,  
Against thy entrance.

*Boling.* Royally!  
Why, it contains no king?

*Percy.* Yes, my good lord,  
It doth contain a king; King Richard lies  
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:  
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,  
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman  
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

*North.* O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle. 30

*Boling.* Noble lords,  
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;  
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley  
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:  
Henry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand  
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart  
To his most royal person, hither come  
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,  
Provided that my banishment repeal'd 40

And lands restored again be freely granted:  
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power  
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood  
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:  
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke  
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench  
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,  
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.  
Go, signify as much, while here we march  
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain. 50

Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,  
That from this castle's tatter'd battlements  
Our fair appointments may be well perused.  
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet  
With no less terror than the elements  
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock  
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.  
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water;

The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain  
My waters; on the earth, and not on him. 60  
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

*Parle without, and answer within. Then a flourish. Enter  
on the walls, KING RICHARD, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE,  
AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.*

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,  
As doth the blushing discontented sun  
From out the fiery portal of the east,  
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent  
To dim his glory and to stain the track  
Of his bright passage to the occident.

*York.* Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,  
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
Controlling majesty: alack, alack, for woe, 70  
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

*K. Rich.* We are amazed; and thus long have we stood  
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [To North.

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:  
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget  
To pay their awful duty to our presence?  
If we be not, show us the hand of God  
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;  
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone  
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre, 80  
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.

And though you think that all, as you have done,  
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,  
And we are barren and bereft of friends;  
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,  
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf  
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike  
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,  
That lift your vassal hands against my head  
And threaten the glory of my precious crown. 90  
Tell Bolingbroke—for yond methinks he stands—

That every stride he makes upon my land  
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open  
The purple testament of bleeding war;  
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,  
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons  
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,  
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace

To scarlet indignation and bedew  
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood. 100

*North.* The king of heaven forbid our lord the king  
Should so with civil and uncivil arms  
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice noble cousin  
Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand;  
And by the honourable tomb he swears,  
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,  
And by the royalties of both your bloods,  
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,

And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,  
And by the worth and honour of himself, 110  
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,  
His coming hither hath no further scope  
Than for his lineal royalties and to beg  
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:  
Which on thy royal party granted once,  
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,  
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart  
To faithful service of your majesty.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;  
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him. 120

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, say thus the king returns:  
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;  
And all the number of his fair demands  
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:  
With all the gracious utterance thou hast  
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.  
We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not, [To Aumerle.  
To look so poorly and to speak so fair?  
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send  
Defiance to the traitor, and so die? 130

*Aum.* No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words  
Till time lend friends and friends their helpful swords.

*K. Rich.* O God, O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,  
That laid the sentence of dread banishment  
On yon proud man, should take it off again  
With words of sooth! O that I were as great  
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!  
Or that I could forget what I have been,  
Or not remember what I must be now!  
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat, 140  
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

*Aum.* Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

*K. Rich.* What must the king do now? must he submit?

The king shall do it: must he be deposed?  
 The king shall be contented: must he lose  
 The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:  
 I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,  
 My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,  
 My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,  
 My figured goblets for a dish of wood,  
 My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,  
 My subjects for a pair of carved saints  
 And my large kingdom for a little grave,  
 A little little grave, an obscure grave;  
 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet  
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;  
 For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;  
 And buried once, why not upon my head?  
 Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin! 150  
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears;  
 Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,  
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.  
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,  
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears?  
 As thus, to drop them still upon one place,  
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves  
 Within the earth; and, therein laid,—there lies  
 Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.  
 Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see 170  
 I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.  
 Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,  
 What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty  
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?  
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

*North.* My lord, in the base court he doth attend  
 To speak with you; may it please you to come down.  
*K. Rich.* Down, down I come; like glistening Phaethon,  
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades.  
 In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base, 180  
 To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.  
 In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!  
 For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.

[*Exeunt from above.*]

*Boling.* What says his majesty?  
*North.* Sorrow and grief of heart  
 Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:  
 Yet he is come.

*Enter KING RICHARD and his attendants below.*

*Boling.* Stand all apart,  
 And show fair duty to his majesty. [*He kneels down.*]  
 My gracious lord,—

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee 190  
 To make the base earth proud with kissing it:  
 Me rather had my heart might feel your love  
 Than my displeas'd eye see your courtesy.  
 Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,  
 Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

*Boling.* My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.  
*K. Rich.* Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.  
*Boling.* So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,  
 As my true service shall deserve your love.

*K. Rich.* Well you deserve: they well deserve to have,  
 That know the strong'st and surest way to get. 201  
 Uncle, give me your hands: nay, dry your eyes;  
 Tears show their love, but want their remedies.  
 Cousin, I am too young to be your father,  
 Though you are old enough to be my heir.  
 What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;  
 For do we must what force will have us do.  
 Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?

*Boling.* Yea, my good lord.

*K. Rich.* Then I must not say no.  
 [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Langley. The DUKE OF YORK'S garden.*

*Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.*

*Queen.* What sport shall we devise here in this garden,  
 To drive away the heavy thought of care?

*Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.

*Queen.* 'T will make me think the world is full of rubs,  
 And that my fortune runs against the bias.

*Lady.* Madam, we'll dance.

*Queen.* My legs can keep no measure in delight,  
 When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:  
 Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

*Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.

*Queen.* Of sorrow or of joy? 10

*Lady.* Of either, madam.

*Queen.* Of neither, girl:  
 For if of joy, being altogether wanting,

It doth remember me the more of sorrow;  
Or if of grief, being altogether had,  
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:  
For what I have I need not to repeat;  
And what I want it boots not to complain.

*Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.

*Queen.*

'Tis well that thou hast cause;  
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep. 20

*Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

*Queen.* And I could sing, would weeping do me good,  
And never borrow any tear of thee.

*Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.*

But stay, here come the gardeners:  
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.  
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,  
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so  
Against a change; woe is forerun with woe.

*[Queen and Ladies retire.]*

*Gard.* Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,  
Which, like unruly children, make their sire 30  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:  
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.  
Go thou, and like an executioner,  
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,  
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:  
All must be even in our government.  
You thus employ'd, I will go root away  
The noisome weeds, which without profit suck  
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

*Serv.* Why should we in the compass of a pale 40  
Keep law and form and due proportion,  
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,  
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,  
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,  
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd,  
Her knots disorder'd and her wholesome herbs  
Swarming with caterpillars?

*Gard.*

Hold thy peace:  
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring  
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:  
The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves did shelter, 50  
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,  
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke,  
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

*Serv.* What, are they dead?

*Gard.* They are; and Bolingbroke  
Hath seized the wasteful king. O, what pity is it  
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land  
As we this garden! We at time of year  
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,  
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,  
With too much riches it confound itself: 60  
Had he done so to great and growing men,  
They might have lived to bear and he to taste  
Their fruits of duty: superfluous branches  
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:  
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,  
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

*Serv.* What, think you then the king shall be deposed?

*Gard.* Depress'd he is already, and deposed  
'Tis doubt he will be: letters came last night  
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's, 70  
That tell black tidings.

*Queen.* O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking!

*[Coming forward.]*

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,  
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this displeasing news?  
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee  
To make a second fall of cursed man?  
Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?  
Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,  
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,  
Camest thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch. 80

*Gard.* Pardon me, madam: little joy have I  
To breathe this news; yet what I say is true.  
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold  
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:  
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,  
And some few vanities that make him light;  
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,  
Besides himself, are all the English peers,  
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.  
Post you to London, and you will find it so;  
I speak no more than every one doth know. 90

*Queen.* Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,  
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,  
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st  
To serve me last, that I may longest keep  
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,

To meet at London London's king in woe.  
 What, was I born to this, that my sad look  
 Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?  
 Gardener, for telling me these news of woe, 100  
 Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

*Gard.* Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,  
 I would my skill were subject to thy curse.  
 Here did she fall a tear; here in this place  
 I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:  
 Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,  
 In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Westminster Hall.*

*Enter, as to the Parliament, BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, SURREY, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, the ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, and another Lord, Herald, Officers, and BAGOT.*

*Boling.* Call forth Bagot.  
 Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;  
 What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,  
 Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd  
 The bloody office of his timeless end.

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

*Boling.* Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

*Bagot.* My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue  
 Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.  
 In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted, 10  
 I heard you say, 'Is not my arm of length,  
 That reacheth from the restful English court  
 As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?'  
 Amongst much other talk, that very time,  
 I heard you say that you hath rather refuse  
 The offer of an hundred thousand crowns  
 Than Bolingbroke's return to England;  
 Adding withal, how blest this land would be  
 In this your cousin's death.

*Aum.* Princes and noble lords,  
 What answer shall I make to this base man? 20  
 Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,

On equal terms to give him chastisement?  
 Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd  
 With the attainder of his slanderous lips.  
 There is my gage, the manual seal of death,  
 That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,  
 And will maintain what thou hast said is false  
 In thy heart-blood, though being all too base  
 To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

*Boling.* Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up. 30

*Aum.* Excepting one, I would he were the best  
 In all this presence that hath moved me so.

*Fitz.* If that thy valour stand on sympathy,  
 There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:  
 By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,  
 I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakest it,  
 That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.  
 If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;  
 And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,  
 Where it was forged, with my rapier's point. 40

*Aum.* Thou darest not, coward, live to see that day.

*Fitz.* Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

*Aum.* Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

*Percy.* Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true  
 In this appeal as thou art all unjust;  
 And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,  
 To prove it on thee to the extremest point  
 Of mortal breathing: seize it, if thou darest.  
*Aum.* An if I do not, may my hands rot off  
 And never brandish more revengeful steel 50  
 Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

*Another Lord.* I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;  
 And spur thee on with full as many lies  
 As may be holloa'd in thy treacherous ear  
 From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;  
 Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

*Aum.* Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:  
 I have a thousand spirits in one breast,  
 To answer twenty thousand such as you.

*Surrey.* My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well 60  
 The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

*Fitz.* 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;  
 And you can witness with me this is true.

*Surrey.* As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

*Fitz.* Surrey, thou liest.

*Surrey.* Dishonourable boy!