

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!

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull:
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest. 70

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say 80
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his lands and signories: when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial. 90

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And toil'd with works of war, retired himself
To Italy; and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long. 100

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As surely as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul

Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand: 110
Ascend his throne, descending now from him;
And long live Henry, fourth of that name!

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

Car. Marry, God forbid!

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong. 120

What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy-elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, defend it, God,
That in a Christian climate souls refined 130
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy:
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars 140
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.

O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you 'woe!'

North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here. 151
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.

May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.
Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
 He may surrender; so we shall proceed
 Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [Exit.
Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
 Procure your sureties for your days of answer.
 Little are we beholding to your love, 160
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, with RICHARD, and Officers bearing the regalia.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:
 Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
 To this submission. Yet I will remember
 The favours of these men: were they not mine?
 Did they not sometime cry, 'all hail!' to me?
 So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve, 170
 Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
 God save the king! Will no man say amen?
 Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
 God save the king! although I be not he;
 And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
 To do what service am I sent for hither?
York. To do that office of thine own good will
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
 The resignation of thy state and crown
 To Henry Bolingbroke. 180

K. Rich. Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown;
 Here cousin;
 On this side my hand, and on that side yours.
 Now is this golden crown like a deep well
 That owes two buckets, filling one another,
 The emptier ever dancing in the air,
 The other down, unseen and full of water:
 That bucket down and full of tears am I,
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign. 190
K. Rich. My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine:
 You may my glories and my state depose,
 But not my griefs, still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
 My care is loss of care, by old care done;
 Your care is gain of care, by new care won:
 The cares I give I have, though given away;
 They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown? 200
K. Rich. Ay, no; no, ay; for I must nothing be;
 Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me, how I will undo myself:
 I give this heavy weight from off my head
 And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
 With mine own breath release all duty's rites: 210

All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
 My manors, rents, revenues I forego;
 My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
 God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
 God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee.
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,
 And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved!
 Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
 And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit! 220
 God save King Harry, unking'd Richard says,
 And send him many years of sunshine days!
 What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read
 These accusations and these grievous crimes
 Committed by your person and your followers
 Against the state and profit of this land;
 That, by confessing them, the souls of men
 May deem that you are worthily deposed.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
 My weaved-up folly? gentle Northumberland,
 If thy offences were upon record, 230
 Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
 To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
 There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
 Containing the deposing of a king
 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
 Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:
 Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,

Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
 Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands
 Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
 Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
 And water cannot wash away your sin. 240

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
 And yet salt water blinds them not so much
 But they can see a sort of traitors here.
 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
 I find myself a traitor with the rest;
 For I have given here my soul's consent
 To undeck the pompous body of a king;
 Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
 Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant. 250

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
 Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,
 No, not that name was given me at the font,
 But 't is usurp'd: alack the heavy day,
 That I have worn so many winters out,
 And know not now what name to call myself!
 O that I were a mockery king of snow,
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
 To melt myself away in water-drops!
 Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,
 An if my word be sterling yet in England,
 Let it command a mirror hither straight,
 That it may show me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty. 260

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an attendant.*]

North. Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell!

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied. 272

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
 When I do see the very book indeed
 Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.
 No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
 So many blows upon this face of mine,

And made no deeper wounds? O flattering glass,
 Like to my followers in prosperity, 280
 Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
 That every day under his household roof
 Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face
 That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
 Was this the face that faced so many follies,
 And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?
 A brittle glory shineth in this face:
 As brittle as the glory is the face;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*]

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
 Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport, 290
 How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

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

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow! ha! let's see:
 'T is very true, my grief lies all within;
 And these external manners of laments
 Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
 That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
 There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
 For thy great bounty, that not only givest 300
 Me cause to wail but teachest me the way
 How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
 And then be gone and trouble you no more.
 Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. 'Fair cousin'? I am greater than a king:
 For when I was a king, my flatterers
 Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
 I have a king here to my flatterer.
 Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

310

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

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

Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! convey? conveyers are you all,
 That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt King Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.*]

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves. 320

[*Exeunt all except the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot
of Westminster, and Aumerle.*

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe 's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. My lord,
Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise. 330

I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to supper; and I'll lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A street leading to the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter RICHARD and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears. 10
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awaked, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet, 20
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd? hath Bolingbroke deposed
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage 30
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead and that even here thou takest,
As from my death-bed, thy last living leave. 40
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king. 50

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND and others.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is ere foul sin gathering head