

What! shall they seek the lion in his den
And fright him there? and make him tremble
there?

O! let it not be said. Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors, 60
And grapple with him ere he comes so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been
with me,

And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers 64
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley and base truce 68

To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a war-like soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread, 72
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said

They saw we had a purpose of defence. 76
K. John. Have thou the ordering of this
present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage! yet, I
know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Plain, near St. Edmundsbury.
The French Camp.*

*Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEM-
BROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance.
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down, 4
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken. 8
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, an unurg'd faith
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time 12
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O! it grieves my soul
That I must draw this metal from my side 16
To be a widow-maker! O! and there
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury.
But such is the infection of the time, 20
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends! 24
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up 28
Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,—

To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here? 32
What, here? O nation! that thou couldst re-
move;

That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore; 36
Where these two Christian armies might com-
bine

The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom 41
Do make an earthquake of nobility.

O! what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect. 44
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:

My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation; 48
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,

Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven 52
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.

Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes 56
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;

Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as
deep 60

Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself: so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake: 64
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France! 68
The next is this: King John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in
That so stood out against the holy church,

The great metropolis and see of Rome. 72
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,

It may lie gently at the foot of peace, 76
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me; I will not
back:

I am too high-born to be propertied, 80
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world.

Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself. 84
And brought in matter that should feed this
fire;

And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right, 88

Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come you now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to
me? 92

I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with
Rome? 96

Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome
borne,

What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I, 100
And such as to my claim are liable,

Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns? 104
Have I not here the best cards for the game
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?

And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said. 108
Pand. You look but on the outside of this
work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised 112
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death. 116

[*Trumpet sounds.*]
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the BASTARD, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:
My holy Lord of Milan, from the king 120
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;

And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties: 125
He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well. Now hear our English
king; 128

For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason too he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,

This harness'd masque and unadvised revel, 132
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,

From out the circle of his territories. 136
That hand which had the strength, even at
your door,

To cudgel you and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks; 140
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks;

To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow, 144
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman:

Shall that victorious hand be feeble here
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms, 148
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,

To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb 152
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:

For your own ladies and pale-visag'd maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change, 156
Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face
in peace;
We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee
well; 160

We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.
Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of
war 164

Plead for our interest and our being here.
Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will
cry out;

And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum, 168
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;

Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear 172
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at
hand,—

Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,—
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits 176
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger
out.
Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do
not doubt. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O! tell
me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?
K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me
so long,

Lies heavy on me: O! my heart is sick. 4
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faul-
conbridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.
K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the
abbey there. 8

Mess. Be of good comfort: for the great
supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwinsands.

This news was brought to Richard but even now.
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves. 13
K. John. Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. 17

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Another Part of the Same.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Others.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day. 5
Pem. They say King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy we had other names. 8

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English; you are bought and sold;

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith. 12
Seek out King John and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many moe with me, 17
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love. 20
Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?
Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,

Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax 24
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true 28
That I must die here and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east: 32
But even this night, whose black contagious breath

Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery 37
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert with your king; 40
The love of him, and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.

In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence 44
From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires. 48
Sal. We do believe thee: and beshrew my soul

But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight, 52
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-

look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience, 56
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New flight; 60
And happy newness, that intends old right.
[Exeunt, leading off MELUN.]

SCENE V.—*The Same. The French Camp.*

Enter LEWIS and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven methought was loath to set,
But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd backward their own ground
In faint retire. O! bravely came we off, 4
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night,
And wound our tottering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it! 8

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here: what news?

Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fall'n off;
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away and sunk, on Goodwin sands. 13
Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! Beshrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said 16
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night: 20

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*An open Place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter the BASTARD and HUBERT, severally.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs as well as thou of mine? 4
Bast. Hubert, I think?

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well. 8

Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me, 12

That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad? 16

Hub. Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O! my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,

Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible. 20

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:

I am no woman; I'll not swoond at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless; and broke out 24
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time

Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him? 28

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Whom didst thou leave to tend his majesty? 32

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,

And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty. 36

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,

And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide; 40

These Lincoln Washes have devour'd them:
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.

Away before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead ere I come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,—

Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,—

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes, 4
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief

That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality 8

Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.

Doth he still rage? [Exit BIGOT. *Pem.* He is more patient

Than when you left him: even now he sung. 12

P. Hen. O, vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.

Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible; and his siege is now 16

Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,

Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing. 20

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings

His soul and body to their lasting rest. 24

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants carrying KING JOHN in a chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room; 28

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom

That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen 32

Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd, ill-fare; dead, forsook, cast off;

And none of you will bid the winter come 36
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips 40
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much:

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
And so ingrateful you deny me that.

P. Hen. O! that there were some virtue in my tears, 44

That might relieve you.

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison

Is as a fiend confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood. 48

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. O! I am scalded with my violent motion
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin! thou art come to set mine
eye:

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd, 52
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should
sail

Are turned to one thread, one little hair;
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered; 56
And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven he knows how we shall answer
him: 60

For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood. 64

[*The KING dies.*]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead
an ear.

My liege! my lord! But now a king, now thus.
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so
stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay? 69

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,

And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still. 73
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right
spheres,

Where be your powers? Show now your mended
faiths,

And instantly return with me again, 76
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.

Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be
sought:

The Dauphin rages at our very heels. 80

Sal. It seems you know not then so much as
we.

The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace 84
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence. 88

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd

To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal: 92

With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post

To consummate this business happily.
Bast. Let it be so. And you, my noble prince,

With other princes that may best be spar'd, 97
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be in-
terr'd;

For so he will'd it.
Bast. Thither shall it then. 100

And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!

To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services 104

And true subjection everlastingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,

To rest without a spot for evermore.
P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give

you thanks, 108
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Bast. O! let us pay the time but needful woe
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.

This England never did, nor never shall, 112
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.

Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms, 116

And we shall shock them. Nought shall make
us rue,

If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*]

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

JOHN OF GAUNT, DUKE

of Lancaster,

EDMUND OF LANGLEY,

Duke of York,

HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford,

Son to John of Gaunt: afterwards King Henry IV.

DUKE OF AUMERLE, Son to the Duke of York.

THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.

DUKE OF SURREY.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

LORD BERKELEY.

BUSHY,

BAGOT,

GREEN,

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his Son.

} Uncles to the King.

LORD ROSS.

LORD WILLOUGHBY.

LORD FITZWATER.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.

LORD MARSHAL.

SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

Captain of a Band of Welshmen.

QUEEN TO KING RICHARD.

DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper,
Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—*Dispersedly in England and Wales.*

ACT I

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING RICHARD, attended; JOHN OF GAUNT,
and other Nobles.*

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd
Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,

Here to make good the boisterous late appeal, 4
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mow-
bray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou
sounded him, 8

If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,

On some known ground of treachery in him?
Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that

argument, 12
On some apparent danger seen in him
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence:
face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak: 17

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and
MOWBRAY.*

Boling. Many years of happy days befall 20
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Mow. Each day still better other's happiness;

Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown! 24

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but
flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.

Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object 28
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mow-
bray?

Boling. First,—heaven be the record to my
speech!—

In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince, 32

And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak 36

My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant;
Too good to be so and too bad to live, 40

Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat; 44

And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword

may prove.
Mow. Let not my cold words here accuse my
zeal:

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war, 48
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;

The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast 52

As to be hush'd and nought at all to say.