

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol Castle;
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.
Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.
Will you go along with us?
Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain, 141
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 144
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. 148
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Wolds 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
Draw out our miles and make them wearisome;
But yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But I bethink me what a weary way 8
From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel: 12
But theirs is sweeten'd 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 16
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?

Enter HENRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy, 21
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.
Harry, how fares your uncle?
H. Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you. 24
North. Why, is he not with the queen?
H. Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.
North. What was his reason? 28
He was not so resolv'd when last we spake together.

H. Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford, 32
And sent me over by Berkeley to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurgh.
North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy? 36
H. 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
H. 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 44
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, 48
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.
North. How far is it to Berkeley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?
H. Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees, 53
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. 56

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.
Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it. 64
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. 69
Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue 72
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, 76
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-born arms.

Enter YORK, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you: 81
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. 84

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. 89
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then, more 'why?' why have they dar'd to march 92

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind, 97
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
Rescu'd 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 104
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: 109
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign. 112
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: 116
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
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce 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. 124
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
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, 129

And yet my letters-patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distraint'd and sold,
And these and all are all amiss employ'd. 132
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent. 136
North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

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 labour'd 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, 144
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 148
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!
York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms: 152

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 156
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 164
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; 168

For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Camp in Wales.*

Enter SALISBURY and a 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. 4
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The king reposes all his confidence in thee.
Cap. 'Tis thought the king is dead: we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd 8
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven,

The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth
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, 13
The other to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled, 16
As well assur'd 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. BOLINGBROKE'S Camp.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND,
HENRY PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS; Officers
behind, 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, 4
For 'twere 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, 8
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean:
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him, 12
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, 16
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,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment; 21
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks, and felled my forest woods,
From mine own windows torn my household
coat,
Raz'd out my impress, 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, 28
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd
over

To execution and the hand of death.
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 33
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.
Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them
dispatch'd.

[Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND and Others,
with BUSHY and GREEN.]
Uncle, you say the queen is at your house; 36
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
With letters of your love to her at large. 41

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords,
away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices:
Awhile to work, and after holiday. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Coast of Wales. A Castle
in view.

Flourish: drums and trumpets. 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 4

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 8
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth, 12
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 16
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 25
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. 28
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress. 32
Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too
remiss;

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in
friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st
thou not 36
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad un-
seen,

In murders and in outrage bloody 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, 44
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 48
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day, 52
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose 56
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 further off, my gracious
lord, 64
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. 68
O! call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting
men:

To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy
state; 72

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.
Aum. Comfort, my liege! why looks your
Grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thou-
sand men 76
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 sluggard majesty! thou sleepest. 84
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? 88

High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
comes here?

Enter SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide
my liege
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him! 92
K. Rich. Mine ear is open and my heart pre-
par'd:

The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care? 96
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, loss, decay:
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so
arm'd 104

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 dissolv'd to tears, 108
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than
steel.

White-beards have arm'd their thin and hair-
less scalps 112
Against thy majesty; and 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; 117
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 124
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant they have made peace with Boling-
broke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him,
indeed, my lord. 128

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without
redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
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 pro-
perty,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate. 136
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. Yea, 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: 144

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: 148

And yet not so—for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death, 152

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: 156

How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,

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 antick sits,

Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene, 164

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 169

Bore through his castle wall, and farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood

With solemn reverence: throw away respect, 172

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, 176

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 oppresses strength,

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; 184

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 chid'st me well. Proud Bolingbroke, I come 188

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;

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, 196
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, 200
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms

Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.
[To AUMERLE.] Beshrew thee, cousin, which

didst lead me forth 204

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. 208

Go to Flint Castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.

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 213

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 and Forces; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Others.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispers'd and Salisbury

Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast. 4

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 8
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,
Would you have been so brief with him, he

would 12

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, 16

Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.
Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not my-

self

Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter HENRY PERCY.

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle

yield? 20

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

Boling. Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

H. Percy. Yes, my good lord, 24
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 28
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

North. O! belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. [To NORTH.] Noble lord,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle, 32

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, 36

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 restor'd 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 Eng-

lishmen: 44

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. 48

Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,

That from the castle's totter'd battlements 52
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.

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, while on the earth I rain

My waters; on the earth, and not on him. 60

March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

A Parley sounded, and answered by a Trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the Walls KING

RICHARD, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.

H. Percy. See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,

As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east, 64

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, 68

As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: alack, alack, for woe,

That any harm should stain so fair a show!
K. Rich. [To NORTHUMBERLAND.] We are

amaz'd; and thus long have we stood 72
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:

And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence? 76

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; 84

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, 88

That lift your vassal hands against my head
And threat the glory of my precious crown.

Tell Bolingbroke,—for yond methinks he is,—
That every stride he makes upon my land 92

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' 96

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.
North. The king of heaven forbid our lord

the king 101

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, 105

That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,

Currents that spring from one most gracious head, 108

And by the buried hand of war-like Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,

Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope 112

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, 116

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 125

Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
[NORTHUMBERLAND retires to BOLINGBROKE.]

[To AUMERLE.] We do debase ourself, cousin,
do we not,

To look so poorly and to speak so fair? 128

Shall we call back Northumberland and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with
gentle words,

Till time lend friends and friends their helpful
swords. 132

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue
of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond 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, 137
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 depos'd? 144
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, 148
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints, 152
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? 159
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted
cousin!
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, 164
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, there inlaid: 'There lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping
eyes.' 169
Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
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 176
To speak with you; may't please you to come
down?
K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glister-
ing 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 184
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.
Enter KING RICHARD, and his Attendants.
Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty. [Kneeling.]
My gracious lord,— 189
K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your
princely knee
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my heart might feel your love 192
Than my unpleas'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. 196
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 200
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your father, 204
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? 208
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?
First Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is
full of rubs, 4
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
First Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in de-
light
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport. 9
First Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow or of joy?
First 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: 16
For what I have I need not to repeat,
And what I want it boots not to complain.
First Lady. Madam, I'll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst
thou weep. 20

First 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.
But stay, here come the gardeners: 24
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. 28
[QUEEN and Ladies retire.]
Enter a Gardener and two Servants.
Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apri-
cocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs. 32
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. 36
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
First 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 chok'd up, 44
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, 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 48
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf;
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did
shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke; 52
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.
First Serv. What! are they dead?
Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king. O! what pity
is it
That he hath not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden. We at time of year 57
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself: 60
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear and he to taste
Their fruits of duty: superfluous branches
We lop away that bearing boughs may live: 64
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown
down.
First Serv. What! think you then the king
shall be depos'd?
Gard. Depress'd he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubt he will be: letters came last night 69
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
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, 73
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this
unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man? 76
Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and
how
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou
wretch. 80
Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe these 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, 85
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers, 88
And with that odds he weighs King Richard
down.
Post you to London and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.
Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light
of foot, 92
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, 96
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 Boling-
broke?
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, 104
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.—London. Westminster Hall.

*The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne:
the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons
below. Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SUR-
REY, NORTHUMBERLAND, HENRY PERCY, FITZ-
WATER, another Lord, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE,
the ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, and Attendants.
Officers behind with 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 per-
form'd 4
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 darling tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd. In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted,

I heard you say, 'Is not my arm of length, That reacheth from the restful English court 12 As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?'

Amongst much other talk, that very time, I heard you say that you had rather refuse

The offer of a hundred thousand crowns 16 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. 24

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 28 To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

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

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best

In all this presence that hath mov'd me so. 32 *Fitz.* If that thy valour stand on sympathies,

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 spak'st it, That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death. 37

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 dar'st 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.

H. Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true 44

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 dar'st. 48

Aum. And if I do not may my hands rot off And never brandish more revengeful steel

Over the glittering helmet of my foe! *Lord.* I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle; 52

And spur thee on with full as many lies As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear

From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn; Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st. 56

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. 64

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 68 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 dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse! 72

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 76

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, 84 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, restor'd again 88

To all his lands and signories; when he's return'd, Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen. Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought 92

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, retir'd himself 96

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, 104 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 will- 108 ing soul

Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields To the possession of thy royal hand.

Ascend his throne, descending now from him; And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne. 113

Car. Marry, God forbid! Worst in this royal presence may I speak,

Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth. 116 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 judg'd but they are by to hear,

Although apparent guilt be seen in them; 124 And shall the figure of God's majesty,

His captain, steward, deputy elect, Anointed, crowned, planted many years,

Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath, 128 And he himself not present? O! forfend it, God,

That in a Christian climate souls refin'd Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed.

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks, 132 Stir'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, 136 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. 144 O! if you rear this house against this house,

It will the woofullest division prove That ever fell upon this cursed earth.

Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so, 148 Lest child, child's children, cry against you 'woe!'

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your pains,

Of capital treason we arrest you here. My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge 152

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 156 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. [To CARLISLE.] Little are we beholding to your love, 160

And little look'd for at your helping hands. *Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Officers bearing the Crown, &c.*

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 well remember

The favours of these men: were they not mine? 168

Did they not sometime cry, 'All hail!' to me? So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,

Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.

God save the king! Will no man say, amen? 172 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? 176 *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 thine. Now is this golden crown like a deep well 184

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, 188

Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine.

You may my glories and my state depose, 192 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; 196 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, 204 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, 208 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,

With mine own breath release all duteous rites: All pomp and majesty I do forswear;

My manors, rents, revenues, I forego; 212 My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:

God pardon all oaths that are broke to me! God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd, 216

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!

Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days! 221
What more remains?

North. [Offering a paper.] 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; 225
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst, 232
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. 236

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

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

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot
see: 244

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; 248
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. 252

North. My lord,—
K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught in-
sulting man.

Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title
No, not that name was given me at the font, 256
But 'tis 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, 260
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, 264
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-
glass. [Exit an Attendant.]

North. Read o'er this paper while the glass
doth come. 269

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

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord North-
umberland.

North. The commons will not then be satis-
fied. 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. 276
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? 284
Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face; 288

[Dashes the glass against the ground.]
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath
destroy'd 292

The shadow of your face.
K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow! Ha! let's see:
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;

And these external manners of laments 296
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;

There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st 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. 304

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. 308

Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.
K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall. 312

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. 316

K. Rich. O, good! convey? conveyers are
you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.
[Exit KING RICHARD and Guard.]

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set
down

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves. 320
[Exit all except the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, the
ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, and AUMERLE.]

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here
beheld.

Bishop. 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? 325

Abbot. My lord,

Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament 328

To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.

I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:

Come home with me to supper; I will lay 333
A plot shall show us all a merry day. [Exeunt.]

ACT V

SCENE I.—London. A Street leading to the
Tower.

Enter the QUEEN and LADIES.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is
the way

To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord

Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke. 4
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter KING RICHARD and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold, 8

That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.

Ah! thou, the model where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's

tomb, 12
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous
inn,

Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in
thee,

When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do
not so, 16

To make my end too sudden; learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;

From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,

To grim Necessity, and he and I 21
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, 24
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
depos'd

Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart? 28
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage

To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod, 32

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. 36
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for
France,

Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.

In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire 40
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 grief,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me, 44

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; 48
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is
chang'd;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower. 52
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 57
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,

Though he divide the realm and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all; 61

And he shall think that thou, which know'st
the way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way 64
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;

That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death. 68

North. My guilt be on my head, and there
an end.

Take leave and part; for you must part forth-
with.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd! Bad men, ye
violate

A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
And then, betwixt me and my married wife. 73

Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.

Part us, Northumberland: I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the
clime; 77

My wife to France: from whence, set forth in
pomp,

She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day. 80

Queen. And must we be divided? must we
part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and
heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both and send the king
with me.