





House of Falkland.





6.

THE  
LIFE AND  
DEATH OF KING  
RICHARD THE  
SECOND.

With new Additions of the  
*Parliament, Scene,* and the  
Deposing of King *Richard.*

---

As it hath beene acted by the Kings Majesties  
Servants, at the *Globe.*

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By *William Shakespeare.*

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LONDON,  
Printed by IOHN NORTON.

1634.



# The Life and Death of King Richard the second.

## *Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.*

*Enter King Richard, Iohn a Gaunt, with other  
Nobles, and Attendants.*

*King Richard*

**O**ld Iohn of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,  
Hast thou according to thy oath and band,  
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son:  
Here to make good, the boysterous late appeale

Which then our leasure would not let vs heare,  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Gaunt.* I haue my Liege.

*King.* Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,  
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,  
Or worthily as a good subiect should,  
On some knowne ground of treachery in him.

*Gaunt.* As neere as I could sift him on that argument,  
On some apparant danger scene in him,  
Aym'd at your highnesse; no inveterate malice.

*King.* Then call them to our presence face to face,  
And frowning brow to brow, our selues will heare,  
Th' accuser, and the accused, freely speake;  
High stomack'd are they both, and full of ire,  
In rage, deafe as the sea; hasty as fire.

A 2

*Enter*

With new Additions of the  
Purliament Scene, and the  
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As it hath bene acted by the Kings Maiesties  
Seruants at the Globe.

By William Shakespeare.



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Enter Bullingbrooke, and Mowbray.

*Bul.* Many yeeres of happy dayes befall  
My gracious Sovereigne, my loving Liege.

*Mow.* Each day still better others happinesse,  
Vntill the heavens enuying earths good hap,  
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.

*King.* We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,  
As well appeareth by the cause you come,  
Namely to appeale each other of high treason.  
Cofin of *Hereford*, what dost thou obiekt  
Against the Duke of *Norfolke*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

*Bul.* First, (heaven be the record of my speech,)  
In the devotion of a subjects love,

Tending the precious safety of my Prince,  
And free from other mis-begotten hate,  
Come I appellant to his Princely presence.

Now *Thomas Mowbray*, doe I turne to thee,  
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine Soule answer it in Heaven.

Thou art a Traytor, and a miscreant;  
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;  
Since the more faire and Christall is the Skie,  
The uglier seemes the Clouds, that in it flye:  
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,  
With a foule traitors name, stufte I thy throat,  
And wish (so please my Sovereigne) ere I move, (prove.  
What my tongue speakes, my right drawne sword may

*Mow.* Let not my coole words here accuse my zeale:  
'Tis not the tryall of a womans warre,  
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twaine:  
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this,  
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,  
As to be husht, and nought at all to say.  
First, the faire reverence of your Highnesse curbes me,  
From giving reines and spurres to my free speech,  
Which once would post, untill it had return'd.

These

These termes of treason, doubly downe his throat;  
Setting aside his high bloods royalty,  
And let him be no kinsman to my Liege;  
I doe defie him, and I spit at him,  
Call him a slanderous Coward, and a Villaine:  
Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,  
And meet him, were I tide to runne a foote,  
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,  
Or any other ground inhabitable,  
Where ever English man durst set his foote,  
Meane time, let this defend my royalty,  
By all my hopes most falsely doth he lye.

*Bul.* Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,  
Disclaiming here the kindred of the King,  
And lay aside my high bloods royalty,  
Which feare, not reverence makes me to except;  
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength,  
As to take up mine honours pawne, then stoope,  
By that, and all the rights of Knighthood else,  
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,  
What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.

*Mow.* I take it up, and by that sword I sweare,  
Which gently layd my Knighthood on my shoulder,  
Ile answer thee in any faire degree,  
Or Chivalrous designe of Knightly tryall:  
And when I mount, alive may I not light,  
If I be traytor, or unjustly fight.

*King.* What doth our Cofin lay to *Mowbrayes* charge?  
It must be great that can inherite us,  
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

*Bul.* Looke what I sayd my life shall prove it true,  
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thousand Nobles,  
In name of lendings for your highnesse Souldiers,  
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,  
Like a false Traytor, and iniurious Villaine,  
Besides I say, and will in battell prove,  
Or here or elsewhere to the furthest Verge  
That ever was survey'd by English eye,

That all the treasons of these eightene yeares  
Complotted and contrived in this Land,  
Fetcht from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.  
Further I say and further will maintaine  
Vpon his bad life, to make all this good,  
That he did plot the Duke of *Glosters* death,  
Suggest his soone beleevving adversaries,  
And consequently like a Traytor Coward,  
Sluc'd out his innocent soule through streames of blood;  
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels* cryes,  
(Even from the tonguelesse cavernes of the earth)  
To me for Iustice; and rough chasticement:  
And by the glorious worth of my descent,  
This arme shall doe it, or this life be spent.

*King*. How high a pitch his resolution soares,  
*Thomas of Norfolk*, what sayest thou to this?

*Mow*. Oh let my soveraigne turne away his face,  
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,  
Till I have told this slander of his blood,  
How God and good men hate so fowle a lye.

*King*. *Mowbray*, impartiall are our eyes and eares,  
Were he our brother, nay, our Kingdomes heire,  
As he is but our fathers brothers sonne;  
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,  
Such neighbour-neereneesse to our sacred blood,  
Should nothing priviledge him, nor partialize  
The unstooping firmenesse of our upright soule.  
He is our subiect (*Mowbray*) so art thou,  
Free speech and fearelesse, I to thee allow.

*Mow*. Then *Bullingbrooke* as low as to thy heart,  
Through the false passage of thy throat; thou yest:  
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,  
Disburst I to his Highnesse souldiers;  
The other part reserv'd I by consent,  
For that my soveraigne Liege was in my debt,  
Vpon remainder of a deare account,  
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queene:  
Now swallow downe that lye. For *Glosters* death,

I slew him not; but (to mine owne disgrace)  
Neglected my sworne duty in that case:  
For you my Noble Lord of Lancaster,  
The honourable father to my foe,  
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,  
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soule:  
But ere I last receiv'd the Sacrament,  
I did confesse it, and exactly begg'd  
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.  
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,  
It issues from the rancour of a villaine,  
A recreant, and most degenerate Traytor,  
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,  
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage,  
Vpon this overweening Traitors foot,  
To prove my selfe a loyall Gentleman,  
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome:  
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray  
Your Highnesse to assigne our tryall day.

*King*. Wrath kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:  
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:  
This we prescribe, though no Physition.  
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.  
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed,  
Our Doctors say, this is no time to bleed.  
Good Vncle, let this end where it begun,  
Wee'l calme the Duke of *Norfolke*, you your sonne.

*Gaunt*. To be a make peace shall become my age;  
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of *Norfolkes* gage.

*King*. And *Norfolke*, throw downe his.

*Gaunt*. When *Harry* when? Obedience bids,  
Obedience bids, I should not bid agen.

*King*. *Norfolke*, throw downe, we bid; there is no boote.

*Mow*. My selfe I throw (dread Sovraigne) at thy foot.  
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,  
The one my duty owes, but my faire name  
Despight of death that lives upon my grave  
To darke dishonours use, thou shalt not have.

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd here,  
Pierc'd to the soule with slanders venom'd speare:  
The which no Balme can cure, but his heart blood  
Which breath'd this poyson.

*King.* Rage must he withstood:  
Give me his gage: Lyons make Leopard tame.

*Mow.* Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,  
And I resigne my gage. My deare, deare Lord,  
The purest treaure mortall times afford,  
Is spotlesse reputation: that away,  
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.

A jewell in a ten-times barr'd up Chest,  
Is a bold spirit in a loyall brest.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:  
Take honour from me, and my life is done.

Then (deare my Liege) mine honour let me try,  
In that I live, and for that will I dye.

*King.* Cofin throw downe your gage,  
Doe you begin.

*Bul.* Oh heaven defend my soule from such foule sinne.  
Shall I seeme Crest-falne in my fathers fight,  
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my height  
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue,  
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong;  
Or sound so base a parle: my teeth shall teare  
The slavish motive of recanting feare,  
And spit it bleeding in this high disgrace,  
Where shame doth harbour, even in *Mowbrayes* face.

*Exit Gaunt.*

*King.* We were not borne to sue, but to command,  
Which since we cannot doe to make you friends,  
Be ready, (as your lives shall answer it)  
At *Coventree*, upon *Saint Lamberts* day:  
There shall your Swords and Lances arbitrate  
The swelling difference of your setled hate:  
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see  
Iustice designe the Victors Chivalry.  
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,

Be

Be ready to direct these home, Alarmes:

*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Gaunt, and Dutchesse of Glocester.*

*Gaunt.* Alas, the part I had in *Glosters* blood,  
Doth more solícite me than your exclames,  
To stirre against the butchers of his life.  
But since correction lyeth in those hands  
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,  
Put we our quarrell to the will of Heauen,  
Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,  
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.

*Dut.* Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?  
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?

*Edwards* seven tonnes (whereof thy selfe art one)  
Where are seven vialles of his sacred blood.

Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote:  
Some of those seuen are dyed by natures course,  
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:

But *Thomas*, my deare Lord, my life, my *Gloster*,  
One Viall full of *Edwards* sacred blood,

One flourishing branch of his most Royall roote  
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;

Is hackt downe, and his summer leaves all vaded  
By Envies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.

Ah *Gaunt*? His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,  
That mettall, that selfe-mould that fashion'd thee,  
Made him a man: and though thou liu'st and breath'st;  
Yet art thou flaine in him: thou dost consent

In some large measure to thy Fathers death,  
In that thou see'st thy wretched brother dy,

Who was the modell of thy Fathers life,  
Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is despaire,

In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd

B

Thou

Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
Teaching sterne murder how to butcher thee:  
That which in meane men we intitle patience  
Is pale cold cowardise in noble breasts:  
What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,  
The best way is to venge my *Glosters* death.

*Gaunt.* Heavens is the quarrell: for Heavens substitute  
His Deputy annoynted in his sight,  
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully  
Let heaven revenge: for I may neuer lift  
An angry arme against his Minister.

*Dut.* Where then (alas) may I complaine my selfe?

*Gaunt.* To heaven, the widdowes Champion to defence.

*Dut.* Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold  
Our Cofin *Hereford*, and fell *Mowbray* fight:  
O sit my husbands wrongs on *Herefords* speare,  
That it may enter butcher *Mowbrayes* breast:  
Or if misfortune misse the first carreere,  
Be *Mowbrayes* sinnes so heavy in his bosome,  
That they may breake his foaming coursers backe,  
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,  
A Caytiff recreant to my Cofin *Hereford*.  
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy sometimes brothers wife  
With her companion Greefe, must end her life.

*Gaunt.* Sister fare well; I must to Couentry,  
As much good stay with thee, as go with me.

*Dut.* Yet one word more Greefe boundeth where it  
Not with the empty hollownesse, but weight. (falls,  
I take my leaue before I haue begun,  
For sorrow ends not: when it seemeth done.  
Commend me to my brother *Edward Yorke*.  
Loe, this is all: nay yet depart not so,  
Though this be all, do nor so quickly goe,  
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?  
With all good speed at *Pleshie* visite me.  
Alacke, and what shall good old *Yorke* there see  
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walles,

And make us wade even in our kindreds blood:  
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.  
You Cofin *Hereford*, upon paine of death,  
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields,  
Shall not regret our faire Dominions,  
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

*Bul.* Your will be done: this must my comfort be,  
That Sunne that warmes you here shall shine on me:  
And those his golden beames to you here lent,  
Shall poynt on me, and gilde my banishment.

*Rich.* Norfolk: for thee remaines a heavier doome:  
Which I with some unwillingnesse pronounce,  
The slye slow houres shall not determinate  
The datelesse limit of thy deare exile:  
The hopelesse word, of never to returne,  
Breathe against thee, upon paine of life.

*Mow.* A heavy sentence my most Soveraigne Liege,  
And all unlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth:  
A deerer merit, not so deepe a maim,  
As to be cast forth in the common ayre  
Have I deserved at your Highnesse hands.  
The Language I have learn'd these forty yeares  
(My native English) now I must forgoe,  
And now my tongues use is to me no more,  
Then an unstringed Vyoll, or a Harpe,  
Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd up,  
Or being open, put into his hands  
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.  
Within my mouth you have engaul'd my tongue  
Doubly purcullist with my teeth and lips,  
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance,  
Is made my 'gaoler to attend on me:  
I am too old to fawne upon a Nurse,  
To farre in yeares to be a pupill now:  
What is thy sentence then, but speechlesse death,  
Which robs my tongue from breatheing native breath?  
*Rich.* It boots thee not to be compassionate,  
After our sentence, paining comes too late-

*Mow.* Then thus I turne me from my Countries light  
To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.

*Rich.* Returne againe and take an oath with thee,  
Lay on our royall Sword, your banisht hands,  
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven  
(Our part therein we banish with your selves)  
To kepe the Oath that we administer:  
You never shall (so helpe you Truth and Heaven)  
Embrace each others loue in banishment,  
Nor ever looke upon each others face,  
Nor ever writ, regreete, or reconcile  
This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,  
Nor ever by aduised purpose meet,  
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,  
Gainst Vs our State, our Subjects, or our Land,  
*Bul.* I sweare.

*Mow.* And I to keepe all this.

*Bul.* Norfolke, so farre, as to mine enemy,  
By this time (had the King permitted us),  
One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,  
Banish'd this frayle sepulcher of our flesh,  
As now our flesh is banish'd from this Land.  
Confesse thy Treasons ere thou flest this Realme,  
Since thou hast farre to goe, beare not along  
The clogging burthen of a guilty soule.

*Mow.* No *Bullingbrook*: If ever I were Traitor,  
My name be blotted from the Booke of Life,  
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence:  
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I doe know,  
And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rue.  
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,  
Save backe to England, all the worlds my way.

*Rich.* Vncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes  
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect,  
Hath from the number of his banish'd yeares  
Pluck'd foure away: fixe frozen Winters spent,  
Returne with welcome home from banishment.

*Bul.* How long a time lyes in one little word:

Four

Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton Springs  
End in a word, such is the breath of Kings.

*Gaunt.* I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me  
He shortens foure yeares of my sonnes exile:  
But little vantage shall I reape thereby.  
For ere these fixe yeares that he hath to spend  
Can change the Moones, and bring their times about,  
My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewasted light  
Shall be extinct with age, and endlesse night:  
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,  
And blindfold death, not let me see my sonne.

*Rich.* Why Vncle, thou hast many yeares to live.

*Gaunt.* But not a minute (King) that thou canst give:  
Shorten my dayes thou canst with sudden sorrow,  
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:  
Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,

But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:  
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,  
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.  
*Rich.* Thy sonne is banish'd upon good aduice  
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave,  
Why at our Iustice seem'st thou then to lowre?

*Gau.* Things sweet to tast, prove in digestion sowre:  
You urg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather  
You would haue bid me argue like a Father.  
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,  
I was too strict to make mine owne away:  
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,  
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.

*Rich.* Cofin farewell: and Vncle bid him so:  
Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go.

*Exit.*

*Fleurish.*

*An.* Cofin farewell, what presence must not know  
From where you do remaine, let paper show.

*Mar.* My Lord, no leave take I, for I will ride  
As farre as land will let me, by your side.

*Gaunt.* Oh to what purpose dost thou hord thy words,  
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

*Bul.*

*Bul.* I have too few to take my leave of you,  
When the tongues office should be prodigally,  
To breath th' abundant dolour of the heart.

*Gau.* Thy griefe is but thy absence for a time.

*Bul.* Joy absent, griefe is present for that time.

*Gau.* What is sixe Winters, they are quickly gone?

*Bul.* To men in joy, but griefe makes one houre ten.

*Gau.* Call it a travell, that thou takest for pleasure.

*Bul.* My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,  
Which finds it an enforced Pilgrimage.

*Gau.* The sullen passage of thy weary steps  
Esteeme a soyle, wherein thou art to set  
The precious Jewell of thy home returne.

*Bul.* Oh who can hold a fire in his hand  
By thinking on the frosty *Caucasus*?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
By bare imagination of a feast?  
Or wallow naked in December snow  
By thinking on phantastike Summers heate?  
Oh no, the apprehension of the good  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:  
Fell sorrowes tooth, doth ever rankle more  
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

*Gau.* Come, come (my sonne) Ile bring thee on thy way  
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

*Bul.* Then Englands ground farewell; sweet soyle adieu,  
My Mother, and my Nurse, which beares me yet:  
Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,  
Though banish'd, yet a true borne Englishman.

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter King, Anmerle, Greene, and Bagot.*

*Rich.* We did observe Cofin *Anmerle*,  
How farre brought you high *Hereford* on his way.

*Aum.*

*Aum.* I brought high *Hereford* (if you call him so)  
But to the next high way, and there I left him.

*Rich.* And say, what store of parting teares were shed?

*Aum.* Faith none by me: except the Northeast wind  
Which then blew bitterly against our face,  
Awak'd the sleepy riewme, and so by chance  
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

*Rich.* What said our Cofin when you parted with him?

*Au.* Farewell; & for my heart disdained that my tongue  
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft  
To counterfeit oppression of such griefe,  
That word seem'd buried in my sorrowes grave.

Marry, would the word farewell, had lengthen'd houres,  
And added yeeres to his short banishment,  
He should have had a volume of Farewells,  
But since it would not, he had none of me.

*Rich.* He is our Cofin (Cofin) but tis doubt,  
When time shall call him home from banishment,  
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,  
Our selfe, and *Busby*, *Bagot* here and *Greene*  
Obseru'd his Courtship to the common people:  
How he did seeme to dive into their hearts,  
With humble, and familiar courtesie,  
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;  
Wooing poore Craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,  
And patient under-bearing of his Fortune,  
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.

Off goes his bonnet to an Oyfter-wench,  
A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With thanks my COUNTRYMEN my Loving friends,  
As were our England in reuerfion his,  
And he our subjects next degree in hope.

*Gr.* VVell, he is gone, and with him goe these thoughts  
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in *Ireland*,  
Expedient mannage must be made my Liege  
Ere further tye sure, yeeld the further means  
For their aduantage, and your highnesse losse.

*Where*

C 2

*Rich.*

*Rich.* We will our selfe in person to this warre,  
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,  
And liberall Largesse, are growne somewhat light,  
We are enforc'd to farme our royall Realme,  
The reuenew whereof shall furnish us  
For our affaires in hand: If they come short.  
Our substitutes at home shall have Blancke charters:  
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,  
They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,  
And send them after to supply our wants:  
For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter Bushy.*

*Bushy,* what newes?

*Bu.* Old *John a Gaunt* is very sicke my Lord,  
Sodainely taken, and hath sent post haste  
To entreat your Maiesty to visite him.

*Rich.* Where lyes he?

*Bu.* At Ely-house.

*Rich.* Now put it (heaven) in his Physitians mind,  
To helpe him to his grave immediately:  
The lining of his coffers shall make Coates  
To decke our Souldiers for these Irish warres.  
Come Gentlemen, let's all go visit him:  
Pray heaven we may make haste, and come too late, *Exit.*

## Actus Secundus, Scena Prima.

*Enter Gaunt sicke, with the Duke of Yorke.*

*Gau.* Will the King come, that I may breath my last  
In wholsome counsell to his unstayd youth?

*Yor.* Vex not your selfe; nor strive not with your breath  
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.

*Gau.* Oh but (they say) the tongues of dying men  
Inforce attention, like deepe harmony;

Where

Where words are scarce, they are seldome spent in vaine;  
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine:  
He that no more must say, is listen'd more  
Then they whom youth and ease have taught to glose,  
More are mens ends mark'd, then their lives before,  
The setting Sunne, and musicke is the close  
As the last taste of sweetes, is sweetest last,  
Writ in remembrance, more then things long past:  
Though *Richard* my lives counsell would not heare,  
My deaths sad tale, may yet un-deafe his eare.

*Yor.* No, it is stopt with other flatt'ring sounds  
As prayes of his state: then there are found  
Lacivious Meeters, to whose venome sound  
The open eares of youth doth alwaies listen.  
Report of fashions in proud Italy,  
Whose manners still our tardy apish Nation  
Limpes after in base imitation.  
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,  
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,  
That is not quickly buzz'd into their eares?  
That all too late comes counsell to be heard,  
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:  
Direct not him, whose way him selfe will chose,  
Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose:

*Gaunt.* Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inspir'd,  
And thus expiring, doe foretell of him,  
His rash fierce blaze of Ryot cannot last,  
For violent fires soone burne out themselves;  
Small shoures last long, but sodaine stormes are short,  
He tyres betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;  
With eager feeding food doth choake the feeder;  
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
Consuming meanes soone preys upon it selfe.  
This royall Throne of Kings, this Sceptred Isle,  
This earth of Majesty, this seate of Mars,  
This other Eden, demy Paradise,  
This Fortres built by nature for her selfe;  
Against infection, and the hand of warre:

This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver Sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a Moate defensue to a house,  
Against the enuy of lesse happier Lands,  
This blessed plot, this Earth, this Realme, this England,  
This Nurse, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,  
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,  
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,  
For Christian service and true Chivalry,  
As is the sepulcher in stubborn Turky,  
Of the worlds ransom, blessed Marias sonne,  
This Land of such deare soules, this deare deare Land,  
Deare for her reputation through the world,  
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)  
Like to a Tenement, or pelting Farme,  
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,  
Whose rocky shore beates backe the envious Gedge  
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.  
That England that was wont to conquer others,  
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.  
Ah, would the scandall vanish with my life,  
How happy then were my ensuing death?

Enter King, Queene, Armerle, Bushy, Greene,

Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby.

For. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,  
For young hot Coalts, being rag'd, doe rage the more.

Qu. How fares our noble Vncle, Lancaster?

Ri. VVhat comfort man? How list with aged Gaunt?

Ga. Oh how that name befits my composition:  
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:

VVithin me griefe hath kept a tedious fast,  
And who abtaines from meate, that is not gaunt:

For sleeping England long time have I watcht.

VVatching breeds leannesse, leannesse is all gaunt:  
The pleasure that some Fathers feed upon,

Is my strict fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,  
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:  
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
VVhose hollow wombe inherits nought but bones.

Rich. Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?

Gau. No, misery makes sport to mocke it selfe:

Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

Ric. Should dying men flatter those that live?

Gau. No, no, man living flatter those that dye.

Ric. Thou now a dying, sayst thou flatterst me.

Gau. O no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be.

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

Gau. Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill:

Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,

Thy death-bed is no lesser then the Land,

VVherein thou lyest in reputation sicke,

And thou too carelesse patient as thou art.

Commitst thy annoynted body to the cure

Of those Physitions, that first wounded thee:

A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,

VVhose compasse is no bigger then thy hand,

And yet encaged in so small a Verge,

The waste is no whit lesser then thy Land,

Oh had thy Grandfir with a Prophets eye,

Seene how his sonnes sonne, should destroy his sonnes,

From forth thy reach he would have layd thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert posselt,

VVhich art posselt now to depose thy selfe,

Why (Cofin) were thou Regent of the world,

It were a shame to let this Land by lease:

But for thy world enioying but this Land,

Is it not more then shame, to shame it so?

Landlord of England art thou, and not King:

Thy state of Law, is bondslave to the Law,

And ———

Rich. And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole,  
Presuming on an Agues privelledge,

Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
Make pale our cheek, chasing the Royall blood  
With fury, from his native residence?  
Now by my Seates right Royall Maiesty,  
Wert thou not brother to great *Edwards* sonne,  
This tongue that runnes so roundly in thy head,  
Should runne thy head from thy unreuerent shoulders.

*Gau.* Oh spare me not, my brother *Edwards* sonne,  
For that I was his father *Edwards* sonne:  
That blood already (like the Pellican)  
Thou hast tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.  
My brother *Glocester*, plaine well meaning soule,  
(Whom faire befall in heaven 'mongst happy soules)  
May be a president, and witnesse good,  
That thou respect'st not spilling *Edwards* blood:  
Ioyne with the present sicknesse that I haue,  
And thy unkindnesse be like crooked age,  
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre.  
Live in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee,  
These words hereafter, thy tormentors be.  
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave.  
Love they to live, that love and honour have. *Exit.*

*Rich.* And let them dye, that age and fullens haue,  
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

*Yor.* I doe beseech your Maiesty impute his words  
To wayward sicknesse, and age in him:  
He loues you on my life, and holds you deare  
As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.

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

*Enter Northumberland.*

*Nor.* My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your  
Maiesty.

*Rich.* What sayes he?

*Nor.* Nay nothing, all is sayd:

His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument:  
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.

*Yor.*

*Yor.* Be *Yorke* the next, that must be bankrupt-so,  
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

*Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he,  
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:  
So much for that. Now for our Irish warres,  
We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kernes,  
Which live like venom, where no venom else  
But onely they have priuelledge to live.

And for these great affaires do aske some charge  
Towards our assistance, we doe seize to us  
The plate, coyne, and reuennews, and moveables,  
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did stand posselt,

*Yor.* How long shall I be patient? Oh how long  
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?  
Not *Glosters* death, nor *Herefords* banishment,  
Nor *Gaunts* rebukes, nor Englands private wrongs,  
Nor the prevention of poore *Bullingbrooke*,  
About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace  
Have ever made me sowre my patient cheek,  
Or bend one wrinkle on my soveraignes face:  
I am the last of noble *Edwards* sonnes,

Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was first:  
In warres was never Lyon rag'd more fierce:  
In peace, was never gentle Lambe more mild,  
Then was that young and Princely Gentleman:  
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he  
Accomplish'd with the number of thy howers:  
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,  
And not against his friends: his noble hand  
Did win what he did spend: and spent not that  
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:  
His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,  
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne:  
Oh *Richard*, *Yorke* is too farre gone with griefe,  
Or else he never would compare betweene.

*Rich.* Why Vncle,  
What's the matter?

*Yor.* Oh my Liege, pardon me if you please, if not

I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:  
 Seeke you to seize, and gripe into your hands  
 The Royalties and Rightes of banish'd *Hereford*?  
 Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Hereford* live?  
 Was not *Gaunt* just? and is not *Harry* true?  
 Did not the one deserve to have an heyre?  
 Is not his heyre a well-deserving sonne?  
 Take *Hereford's* rights away, and take from time  
 His Charters, and his customrie rights:  
 Let not to morrow then insue to day,  
 Be not thy selfe. For how art thou a King  
 But by faire sequence and succession?  
 Now afore God, God forbid I say true,  
 If you doe wrongfully seize *Hereford's* right,  
 Call in his Letters Patents that he hath  
 By his Atturneyes generall, to sue  
 His Livery, and deny his offer'd homage,  
 You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,  
 You loose a thousand well-disposed hearts,  
 And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts  
 Which honor and allegiance cannot thinke.

*Ric.* Thinke what you will: we seise into our hands,  
 His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

*Yor.* Ile not be by the while: My Leige farewell,  
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell,  
 But by bad courses may be understood.  
 That their events can never fall out good. *Exit.*

*Rich.* Goe *Bushie* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* streight,  
 Bid him repaire to us to *Ely* House,  
 To see this businesse: to morrow next  
 We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:  
 And we create in absence of our selfe  
 Our Vnckle *Yorke*, Lord Governor of England:  
 For he is just, and alwayes lov'd us well.  
 Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,  
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short. *Flourish.*

*Manet North Willoughby, and Ross.*  
*Nor.* Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

*Ross.*

*Ross.* And living too, for now his sonne is Duke.

*Will.* Barely in title, not in revennew.

*Nor.* Richly in both, if justice had her right.

*Ross.* My heart is great: but it must breake with silence  
 Eer't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.

*Nor.* Nay speake thy mind & let him ne'r speake more  
 That speakes thy words againe to doe thee harme.

*Wil.* Tends that thou'dst speake to th' D. of *Hereford*?  
 If it be so, out with it boldly man:

Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

*Ross.* No good at all that I can doe for him,

Vnlesse you call it good to pity him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

*Nor.* Now afore heaven, 'ts shame such wrongs are  
 borne,

In him a royall Prince, and many moe

Of noble blood in this declining Land;

The King is not himselfe, but basely led

By flatterers, and what they will informe

Meerely in hate 'gainst any of us all:

That will the King severely prosecute

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

*Ross.* The Commons hath he pili'd with grievous taxes

And quite lost their hearts: the Nobles hath he fin'd

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

*Wil.* And daily new exactions are devis'd,

As blankes, benevolences, and I wot not what:

But what o' Gods name doth become of this?

*Nor.* Warres hath not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,

But basely yeelded upon comprimize,

That which his Ancestors archieu'd with blowes:

More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.

*Ross.* The Earle of *Wiltshire* hath the Realme in farme.

*Wil.* The King's growne bankrupt like a broken man.

*Nor.* Reproach, and desolation hangeth over him.

*Ross.* He hath not money for these Irish warres;

(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)

But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

Nor. His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King:  
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing.

Yet seeke no shelter to avoyd the storme:

We see the winde sit sore upon our sailes,

And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ros. We see the very wracke that we must suffer,

And unavoyded is the danger now

For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

Nor. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death,

I spie life peering; but I dare not say,

How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

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

Ros. Be confident to speake Northumberland,

We three, are but thy selfe, and speaking so,

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

Nor. Then thus: I have from Port le Blan

A Bay in Britaine, receiv'd intelligence,

That Harry Duke of Hereford, Raynald Lord Cobham,

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,

His brother Archbishop, late of Canterbury,

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Rainston,

Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint;

All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Brittain,

With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre

Are making hither with all due expedience,

And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore:

Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay

The first departing of the King for Ireland.

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoake,

Iumpe out our drooping Countries broken wing,

Redeeme from broken pawne, the blemish'd Crowne;

Wipe off the dust that hides the Scepters gilt,

And make high Majesty looke like it selfe,

Away with me in poste to Ravenspurgh,

But if you faint, as fearing to doe so,

Stay and be secret and my selfe will goe.

Ros. To horse, to horse, urge doubts to the m that feare:

Wil. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. Exen.

Scena

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queene, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bush. Madam, your Majesty is too much sad,

You promis'd when you parted with the King,

To lay aside selfe-harming heaviness,

And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

Qu. To please the King, I did: to please my selfe

I cannot doe it: yet I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as griefe,

Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

As my sweet Richard, yet againe me thinkes

Some unborne sorrow ripe in fortunes wombe

Is comming towards me, and my inward soule

With nothing trembles, at something it grieves,

More than with parting from my Lord the King.

Bush. Each substance of a griefe had twenty shadows

Which shewes like griefe it selfe, but is not so:

For sorrowes eye glazed with blinding teares,

Divides one thing intire, to many objects

Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon

Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry,

Distinguisht forme: so your sweet Maiesty

Looking awry upon your Lords departure,

Find shapes of griefe, more then him selfe to waile,

Which look'd on as it is, is nought but shadowes

Of what it is not, then thrice-gracious Queene,

More then your Lords departure weepe not, more's not

Or if it be, tis with false sorrowes eye, (seeke;

Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.

Qu. It may be so, but yet my inward soule

Perswades me it is otherwise how ere it be,

I cannot but be sad: so heavy sad.

*The Life and Death*

As though on thinking on, no thought I thinke,  
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrinke.

*Busb.* 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)

*Qu.* 'Tis nothing lesse: conceit is still deriu'd  
From some fore-father grieffe, mine is not so,  
For nothing hath begot my something grieffe,  
Or something, hath the nothing that I grieve,  
'Tis in reversion that I doe possesse,

But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what  
I cannot name, 'tis namelesse woe I wot. *Enter Green.*

*Gree.* Heaven save your Majesty, and well met Gentle.  
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland. (men;

*Qu.* Why hop'st thou so? 'Tis better hope he is:  
For his designs crave haste, good hope,  
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

*Gree.* That he our hope, might have retyr'd his power,  
And driven into despaire an enemies hope,  
Who strongly hath set footing in this Land,  
The banish'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himselfe,  
And with up-lifted Armes is safe arm'd  
At *Ramensburg*.

*Qu.* Now God in heaven forbid.

*Gree.* O Maddam 'tis too true: and that is worse,  
The L. Northumberland, his young sonne, *Henry Percy*,  
The Lords of *Rosse*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughby*,  
With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.

*Busb.* Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland;  
And the rest of the revolted faction Traytors?

*Gree.* We have: whereupon the Earle of Worcester  
Hath broke his staffe, resign'd his Stewardship, (brook  
And all the household seruants fled with him to *Bullen*.

*Qu.* So *Greene*, thou art the Midwife of my woe,  
And *Bullingbrooke* my sorrowes dismall heyre:  
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodigy,  
And I a gasping new delivered mother,  
Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioynd.

*Busb.* Despaire not Madam.

*Qu.* Who shall hinder me?

I will

*of Richard the second.*

I will despaire, and be at enmity  
With couzening hope; he is a flatterer,  
A Parasite, a keeper backe of death;  
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
Which false hopes linger in extremity.

*Enter Yorke.*

*Gree.* Here comes the Duke of Yorke.

*Qu.* With signes of warre about his aged necke,  
Oh full of carefull businesse are his looks:  
Vncle, for heavens sake speake comfortable words.

*Yor.* Comfort's in Heaven, and we are on the earth,  
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grieffe:  
Your husband he is gone to save farre off,  
Whilst others come to make his looke at home:  
Here am I left to underprop his Land,  
Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe:  
Now comes his sicke houre that his surfeit made,  
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

*Enter a Seruant.*

*Ser.* My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.

*Yor.* He was: why so, goe all which way it will:  
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,  
And will I feare revolt on *Herefords* side.  
Sirra, get thee to *Plashy* to my sister *Gloster*,  
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,  
Hold, take my Ring.

*Ser.* My Lord, I had forgot  
To tell your Lordship, to day came by, and call'd there,  
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

*Yor.* What is't knave?

*Ser.* An houre before I came, the Dutchesse di'd.

*Yo.* Heaven for his mercy, what a tide of woes  
Come rushing on this wofull Land at once?  
I know not what to doe: I would to heaven  
(So my vntruth hath not provok'd him to it)  
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.  
What, are there postes dispatcht for Ireland?  
How shall we doe for money for these warres?

Come

Come sister (Cousin I would say) pray pardon me  
Goe fellow, get thee home, provide some Carts,  
And bring away the Armour that is there.  
Gentlemen, will you muster men?  
If I know how, or which way to order these affaires  
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands.  
Never beleve me. Both are my kinsmen,  
Th'one is my Sovereigne, whom both my oath  
And duty bids defend: the other againe  
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,  
Whom conscience, and my kindred bids to right,  
Well, somewhat we must doe: Come Cousin,  
Ile dispose of you. Gentlemen goe muster up your men,  
And meet me presently at Barkley Castle:  
I should to Plashy too, but time will not permit,  
All is uneven, and every thing is left at six and seven. *Ex.*

*Bush.* The wind sits faire for newes to goe to Ireland,  
But none returnes: for us to levy power  
Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impossible.

*Gree.* Besides our neerenesse to the King in love,  
Is neere the hate of those love not the King.

*Bag.* And that's the wavering Commons, for their love  
Lies in their purses, and who lo empties them,  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

*Bush.* Therein the King stands generally condemn'd.

*Bag.* If judgement lye in them, then so doe we,  
Because we have beene ever neere the King.

*Gree.* Well: I will for refuge streight to Bristol Castle,  
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

*Bush.* Thither will I with you, for little office  
Will the hatefull Commons performe for us,  
Except like Curses, to teare us all in pieces:  
Will you goe along with us?

*Bag.* No, I will to Ireland to his Maiesty:  
Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,  
We three here part, that nev'r shall meete againe.

*Bu.* That's as *Torke* thrives to beate backe *Bullinbrooke*.

*Gr.* Alas poore Duke, the taske he undertakes

Is

Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans dry,  
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flye.

*Bush.* Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.

Well, we may meet againe.

*Bag.* I feare me never.

*Exit.*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.*

*Bul.* How farre is it my Lord to Barkley now?

*Nor.* Beleve me noble Lord,

I am a stranger here in *Glostershire*.

These high wide hils, and rough uneven wayes;  
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearysome:

And yet our faire discourse hath beene as Sugar,  
Making the hard way sweet and delectable:

But I bethinke me, what a weary way  
From Ravenspurgh to Cottshold will be found,

In *Rosse* and *Willoughby*, wanting your company

Which I protest hath very much beguild

The tediousnesse, and processe of my travell:

But theirs is sweetned with the hope to have

The present benefit that I possesse:

And hope to joy, is little lesse in joy,

Then hope enjoy'd: By this, the weary Lords

Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,

By sight of what I have, your Noble company,

*Bul.* Of much lesse valew is my company

Then your good words: but who comes here?

*Enter H. Percy.*

*Nor.* It is my sonne, young *Harry Percy*,  
Sent from my brother *Worcester*: whence soever,  
*Harry* how fares your Vncle?

E

*Percy*

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

*Nor.* Why is he not with the Queene?

*Percy.* No, my good Lord, he hath forsooke the Court, Broken his Staffe of Office, and disperst The Household of the King.

*Nor.* What was his reason?

He was not so resolv'd, when we last spake together.

*Percy.* Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traytor. But he, my Lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh, To offer service to the Duke of Hereford, And sent me over by Barkely, to discover What power the Duke of Yorke had levied there, Then with direction to repaire to Ravenspurgh.

*Nor.* Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy?)

*Percy.* No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge, I never in my life did looke on him.

*Nor.* Then learne to know him now: this is the Duke.

*Percy.* My gracious Lord, I tender you my service, Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young, Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme To more approved service and desert.

*Bul.* I thanke thee gentle *Percy*, and be sure, I count my selfe in nothing else so happy, As in a soule remembring my good friends: And as my fortune ripens with my love, It shall be still thy true loves recompence, My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seales it.

*Nor.* How farre is it to Barkley? and what stirre Keepes good old *Torke* there, with his men of warre?

*Percy.* There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees, Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard, And in it are the Lords of *Torke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymor*, None else of Name, and noble estimate.

*Enter Rosse, and Willoughby.*

*Nor.* Here comes the Lords of *Rosse*, and *Willoughby*,  
Bloody

Bloody with spurring, fiery red with hast.

*Bul.* Welcome my Lords, I wot your love pursues A banisht Traytor; all my Treasury Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd, Shall be your love, and labours recompence.

*Ros.* Your presence makes vs rich, most Noble Lord.

*Wil.* And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it,

*Bul.* Evermore thanks, th' Exchequer of the poore, Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeares, Stands for my bounty: but who comes here?

*Enter Barkely.*

*Nor.* It is my Lord of *Barkely* as I guesse.

*Bark.* My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

*Bul.* My Lord, my answer is to *Lancaster*, And I am come to seeke that name in England, And I must find that Title in your Towne, Before I make reply to ought you say.

*Bark.* Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning To raze one title of your honour out. To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will) From the most glorious of this Land, The Duke of *Torke*, to know what pricks you on To take advantage of the absent time, And fright our native peace with selfe-borne Armes.

*Enter Torke.*

*Bul.* I shall not need transport my words by you, Here comes his Grace in person. My Noble Vncle.

*Tor.* Shew me thy humble Heart, and not thy Knee, Whose duty is deceivable and false,

*Bul.* My gracious Vncle.

*Tor.* Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vncle me, I am no Traytors Vncle; and that word Grace, In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.

Why have these banish'd, and forbidden Legges, Dar'd once to touch the dust of Englands Ground?

But more then why, why have they dar'd to march So many miles upon her peacefull Bosome, Frighting her pale fac'd Villages with Warre,

And ostentation of despised Armes?  
Com'st thou because th' anoynted King is hence?  
Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,  
And in my loyall Bosome lyes his power.  
Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,  
As when braue Gaunt thy Father, and thy selfe,  
Rescued the *blacke Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,  
From forth the Rankes of many thousand French:  
Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,  
Now prisoner to the Plashy, chastise thee,  
And minister correction to thy fault.

*Bul.* My gracious Vncle, let me know my fault,  
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

*Yor.* Even in condition of the worst degree,  
Ingrosse Rebellion, and detested Treason:  
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come  
Before th' expiration of thy time,  
In braving Armes against thy Sovereigne.

*Bul.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford*,  
But as a I come, I come for *Lancaster*.  
And noble Vncle, I beseech your Grace  
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:  
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you  
I see old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then my Father,  
Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd  
A wandring Vagabond, my Rights and Royalties  
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and given away  
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I borne?  
If that my Cousin King, be King of England,  
It must be granted, I am Duke of *Lancaster*.  
You have a sonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinsman,  
Had you first died, and he bin thus trod downe,  
He should have found his Vncle *Gaunt* a father,  
To rowze his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.  
I am denyde to sue my Livery here,  
And yet my Letters Pattens give me leave;  
My fathers goods are all distraynd, and sold,  
And thine, and all amisse imployd,

What

What would you have me doe? I am a subiect,  
And challenge Law, Attorneys are denyd me,  
And therefore personally I lay my claime  
To mine inheritance of free Descent.

*Nor.* The Noble Duke hath beene too much abus'd.

*Ros.* It stands your Grace upon to doe him right,

*Wil.* Base men by his endowments are made great.

*Yor.* My Lords of England, let me tell you this,

I have had feeling of my Cosins wrongs,  
And labour'd all I could to doe him right:

But in this kind, to come in braving Armes,

Be his owne Carver, and cut out his way,

To find out Right with wrongs, it may not be;

And you that doe abett him in this kind,

Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

*Yor.* The Noble Duke hath sworne his comming is

But for his owne, and for the right of that,

We all have strongly sworne to give him ayd,

And let him nev'r see joy, that breaks that oath.

*Yor.* Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes,

I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,

Because my power is weake, and all ill left:

But if I could, by him that gave me life,

I would attach you all, and make you stoope

Vnto the Sovereigne mercy of the King.

But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,

I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,

Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,

And there repose you for this Night.

*Bul.* An offer Vncle, that we will accept:

But we must winne your Grace to goe with us

To *Bristol* Castle, which they say is held

By *Bushie*, *Bagot*, and their Complices,

The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,

Which I have sworne to weede, and pluke away.

*Yor.* It may be I will goe with you, but yet ile pawse,

For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:

Not Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,

Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

*Scæna Quarta.*

*Enter Salisbury and a Captaine.*

*Capt.* My Lord of Salisbury, we have stayd ten dayes,  
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,  
And yet we heare no tidings from the King:  
Therefore we will disperse our selves: farewell.

*Sal.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welchman,  
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

*Capt.* Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay;  
The Bay-trees in our Country all are wither'd,  
The Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heaven;  
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,  
And leane-lookt Prophets whisper fearefull change;  
Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leape,  
The one in feare, to lose what they enioy,  
The other to enjoy by Rage, and Warre:  
These signes fore-run the death of Kings.

Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,  
As well assur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*

*Sal.* Ah *Richard*, with eyes of heauy mind,  
I see thy Glory, like a shooting Starre,  
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:  
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly West.  
Witnessing stormes to come, woe, and unrest:  
Thy friends are fled, to waite upon thy foes,  
And crossely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

*Actus Tertius, Scæna Prima.*

*Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland,  
Rosse, Percy, Wiltoughby; with Bushy  
and Greene, prisoners.*

*Bul.* Bring forth these men:

*Bushy and Greene,* I will not vex your soules,  
(Since presently your soules must part your bodies)  
VVith two much urging your pernitiuous liues,  
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 royall King,  
A happy Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,  
By you unhappied, and disfigur'd cleane:  
You have in manner with your sinfull houres  
Made a Divorce betwixt his Queene and him,  
Broke the Possession of a Royall Bed,  
And stayn'd the beauty of a faire Queenes Cheekes,  
VVith teares drawne from her eyes, with your foule  
My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth, (wrongs.  
Neere to the King in Blood, and neere in love,  
Till you did make him mis-interpret me,  
Have stoopt my necke under your iniuries,  
And sigh'd my English breath in forraigne Clouds,  
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;  
VVhile you have fed upon my Seigniories,  
Dis-park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my Forrest woods;  
From mine owne windowes torne my Household Coat,  
Raz'd out my Imprese, leaving me no signe,  
Save mens opinions, and my living blood,  
To shew the world I am a Gentleman.  
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,

Con-

Condemnes you to the death: see them delivered over  
To execution, and the hand of death.

*Bush.* More welcome is the stroke of death to me,  
Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.

*Gree.* My comfort is, that Heaven will take our soules,  
And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.

*Bul.* My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch'd:  
Vncle, you say the Queene is at your House,  
For Heavens sake, fairely let her be intreated,  
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;

Take speciall care my greetings be deliver'd,

*For.* A Gentleman of mine, I have dispatch'd  
VVith Letters of your loue, to her at large.

*Bul.* Thankes gentle Vncle: come Lords away,  
To fight with *Gendoure*, and his Complices;  
A while to worke, and after holliday. *Exunt.*

## Scæna Secunda.

*Drums, Flourish, and Colours.*

*Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.*

*Rich.* Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?

*Au.* Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,  
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?

*Rich.* Needs must I like it well, I weepe for ioy  
To stand upon my Kingdome once againe.  
Deare Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,  
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hooves:  
As a long parted Mother with her Child,  
Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting,  
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee the Earth,  
And doe thee favour with my Royall hands,  
Feed not thy Soveraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,  
Nor with thy sweetes comfort his ravenous sence:

But

But let thy Spiders that sucke up thy venome,  
And heavy-gated Toade lye in their way;  
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feete,  
Which with usurping steps doe trample thee:

Yeild stinging Nettles to mine Enemies;  
And when they from thy bosome plucke a Flower,  
Guard it I prethee with a lurking adder,

Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch  
Throw death upon thy Soveraignes Enemies.

Mocke not my sencelesse Conjurat[i]on: Lords;  
This earth shall have a feeling, and these Stones

Prove armed Souldiers, ere her native King  
Shall falter under fowle Rebellious Armes.

*Car.* Feare not my Lord, that power that made you King  
Hath power to keepe you King, in spight of all.

*Aum.* He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,  
Whilest *Bullingbrooke* through their security,  
Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.

*Rich.* Discomfortable Cofin, knowest thou not,  
That when the searching Eye of Heaven is hid

Behinde the Globe, that lights the lower world,  
Then theeves and Robbers raunge abroad unseene,

In Murders and in out-rage bloody here:

But when from under this Terrestriall Ball

He fires the proud tops of the Easterne Pines,

And darts his Lightning through ev'ry guilty hole,

Then Murders, Treasons, and detested sinnes

(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backes)

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.

So when this Thiefe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,

Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night,

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;

But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his sinne.

Not all the water in the rough rude Sea

Can wash the Balme from an anoynted King;

The breath of worldly men cannot depose

F

The

The Deputy elected by the Lord :  
For every man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest,  
To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,  
Heaven for his *Richard* hath in heavenly pay  
A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,  
Weake men must fall, for Heaven still guards the right.

*Enter Salisbury.*

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your power?

*Salisb.* Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,  
Then this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue,  
And bids me speake of nothing but despaire:  
One day to late, I feare ( my Noble Lord )  
Hath clouded all my happy dayes on Earth:  
Oh call backe Yester day, bid time returne,  
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:  
To day, to day, unhappie day too late  
Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State.  
For all the VV Welch-men hearing thou wert dead,  
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, disperst, and fled.

*Ann.* Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so pale?

*Rich.* But now the blood of twentie thousand Men,  
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,  
And till so much blood thither come againe,  
Have I not reason to looke pale, and dead?  
All soules that will be safe, flye from my side,  
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

*Ann.* Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

*Rich.* I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King?  
Awake thou sluggard Majesty, thou sleepest:  
Is not the Kings Name forty thousand Names?  
Arme, arme my Name: a puny subiect strikes  
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,  
Ye Favorites of a King: are we not high?  
High be our thoughts: I know my Vncle *Yorke*  
Hath Power enough to serve our turne,  
But who comes here?

*Enter Scroope.*

*Scroope.* More health and happinesse betide my Liege,  
Then

Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

*Rich.* Mine care is open, and my heart prepar'd:  
The worst is worldly losse, thou canst unfold:  
Say, Is my Kingdome lost? why 'twas my Care:  
And what losse is it to be rid of Care?

Strives *Bullingbrooke* to be as great as we?  
Greater he shall not be: If he serve God,  
Wee'l serve him too; and be his Fellow so.

Revolt our subjects? That we cannot mend,  
They breake their Faith to God as well as us:  
Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,  
The worst is Death, and death will have his day.

*Scroope.* Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd  
To beare the tidings of Calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,  
Which make the silver Rivers drowne their Shores,  
As if the world were all dissolu'd to teares:  
So high, above his Limits, swells the Rage  
Of *Bullingbrooke*, covering your fearefull Land  
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:  
White Beares have arm'd their thin and hairelesse Scalps  
Against thy Majesty, and boyes with womens voyces,  
Strive to speake bigge, and clap their female joynts  
In stiffe unwieldy Armes: against thy Crowne  
Thy very Beadsmen learne to bend their bowes  
Of double fatall Eugh: against thy state  
Yea Distaffe-VVomen manage rusty Bills:  
Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,  
And all goes worse then I have power to tell.

*Rich.* Too well, too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill.  
VVhere is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is *Bagot*?  
VVhat is become of *Bushy*? where is *Greene*?  
That they have let the dangerous Enemy  
Measure our Confines with such peacefull steps?  
If we prevaile, their hands shall pay for it.  
I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.

*Scroope.* Peace have they made with him indeede (my  
Lord.)

*Rich.* Oh Villaines, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,  
Dogs, easily won to fawne on any man;  
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart,  
Three Iudasies, each one thrice worse then *Iudas*,  
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre;  
Vpon their spotted soules for this Offence.

*Scroope.* Sweet love (I see) changing his property,  
Turnes to the sowrest, and most deadly hate:  
Againe uncurse their soules: their peace is made  
With Heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse  
Have felt the worst of deaths destroying hand,  
And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

*Aum.* Is *Bushy*, *Greene*, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead  
*Scroope.* Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

*Aum.* Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?

*Rich.* No matter where, of comfort no man speake:

Let's talke of Graves, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,

Make dust our Paper, and with Rainy Eyes

Write sorrow in the bosome of the Earth.

Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills:

And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,

Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our Lands, our lives, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,

And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,

And that small modell of the barren Earth,

Which serves as paste, and cover to our bones:

For Heavens sake let us sit upon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:

How some have beene depos'd, some slaine in warre,

Some haunted by the Ghosts they have depos'd,

Some poyson'd by their Wives, some sleeping kill'd,

All murder'd. For within the hollow Crowne

That rounds the mortall temples of a King,

Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits

Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pompe,

Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,

To Monarchize, be fear'd; and kill with looks,

Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,

As

As if this Flesh; which walls about our Life,  
Vvere Brasse impregnable: and humor'd thus,  
Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne  
Boares through his Castle VValls, and farewell King:  
Cover your heads; and mocke not flesh and blood  
VVith solemne Reverence: throw away Respect,  
Tradition, forme, and Ceremonious duty,  
For you have but mistooke me all this while:  
I live with bread like you, feeble VVant,  
Taste Griefe, need Friends: subjected thus,  
How can you say to me, I am a King?

*Carl.* My Lord; wise men ne're waile their present woes,  
But presently prevent the wayes to waile:  
To feare the Foe, since feare oppresseth strength,  
Gives in your weakenesse, strength unto your Foe;  
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight,  
And fight and die, is death destroying death.

VVhere fearing dying, payes death servile breath.

*Aum.* My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,  
And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.

*Rich.* Thou chid'st me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come:  
To change blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:

This Ague-fit of feare is over-blowne,

An easie taske it is to win our owne:

Say *Scroope*, where lies our Vncle with his Power?

Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be sowre.

*Scroope.* Men iudge by the complexion of the skie

The state and inclination of the day,

So may you by my dull and heavy Eye:

My tongue hath but a heavier Tale to say:

I play the torturer, by small and small

To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken,

Your Vncle *York* is joyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,

And all your Northerne Castles yeilded up,

And all your southerne Gentlemen in Armes

Vpon his Faction.

*Rich.* Thou hast sayd enough, have I not?  
Beslew thee Cofin, which did lead me forth

Of that sweet way I was in, to dispaire :  
 What say you now? what comfort have we now?  
 By heaven Ile hate him everlastingly,  
 That bids me be of comfort any more.  
 Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,  
 A King, Woes slave, shall Kingly Woe obey:  
 That power I have, discharge, and let 'em goe  
 To care the Land, that hath some hope to grow  
 For I have none. Let no man speake againe  
 To alter this, for counsaile is but vaine.

*Aum.* My Liege, one word.

*Rich.* He does me double wrong,  
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue,  
 Discharge my followers: let them hence away,  
 From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire Day. *Exen.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke, Forke,  
 Northumberland, Attendants.*

*Bul.* So that by this intelligence we learne  
 The Welchmen are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*  
 Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed  
 With some few private friends, upon this Coast.

*Nor.* The news is very faire and good my Lord,  
*Richard* not farre from hence, hath hid his head.

*For.* It would beseeme the Lord Northumberland,  
 To say King *Richard*: a lacke the heavy day,  
 When such a sacred King should hide his head.

*Nor.* Your Grace mistakes: onely to be brieft,  
 Left I this Title out.

*For.* The time hath beene,  
 Would you have beene so brieft with him, he would  
 Have beene so brieft with you, to shorten you,  
 For taking so the head; your whole heads length.

*Bul.*

*Bul.* Mistake not (Vncle) farther than you should.

*For.* Take not (good Cousin) farther than you should,  
 Least you mistake, the heavens are ore your head.

*Bul.* I know it (Vncle) and oppose not my selfe  
 Against their will. But who comes here?

*Enter Percy.*

Welcome *Harry*: what, will not this Castle yeeld?

*Per.* The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,  
 Against thy entrance.

*Bul.* Royally? Why, it containes no King?

*Per.* Yes (my good Lord)

It doth containe a King: King *Richard* lyes  
 Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,  
 And with him the Lord *Annerle*, Lord *Salisbury*  
 Sir *Stephen Scroope*, besides a Cleargy man  
 Of holy reverence: who, I cannot learne.

*Nor.* Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlile.

*Bul.* Noble Lord,

Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,  
 Through Brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle  
 Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliver:  
*Henry Bullingbrooke* upon his knees doth kisse  
 King *Richards* hand, and sends allegiance  
 And true fayth of heart to his royall Person: hither come  
 Even at his feete, to lay my armes and power  
 Provided, that my Banishment repeal'd,  
 And Lands restor'd againe, be freely granted:  
 If not, ile use th'advantage of my power,  
 And lay the summers dust with showers of blood  
 Rayn'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen;  
 The which, how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*  
 It is, such Crimson Tempest should bedrench  
 The fresh Greene Lap of faire King *Richards* Land  
 My stooping duty tenderly shall shew:  
 Goe signifie as much, while here we march  
 Vpon the Grassie Carpet of this plaine  
 Let's march without the noyse of threatening Drum,  
 That from this Castels tatter'd Battlements

Our

Our faire Appoyntments may be well perus'd  
Me thinkes King Richard and my selfe should meete  
With no lesse terror then the Elements  
Of Fire and Water, when their thundering smoake  
At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of Heaven:  
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeilding Water;  
The rage be his, while on the Earth I raine  
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.  
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

*Parle without, and answer within: then a Flourish.  
Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop,  
Salisbury.*

See, see, King Richard doth himselfe appeare  
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,  
From out the fiery Portall of the East.  
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent  
To dimme his glory, and to staine the tract  
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

*For.* Yet lookes he like a King: behold his Eye  
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth  
Controlling Majesty: alacke, alacke, for woe,  
That any harme should staine so faire a show.

*Rich.* We are amaz'd, and thus long have we stood  
To watch the fearefull hending of thy Knee,  
Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King:  
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget  
To pay the awfull duty of our presence?  
If we be not, shew us the hand of God,  
That hath dismis'd us from our Stewardship,  
For well we know no hand of blood and bone  
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,  
Vnlesse he doe, prophane, steale or usurpe.  
And though you thinke, that all as you have done,  
Have torne their soules, by turning them from us,  
And we are barren, and bereft of friends:  
Yet know, my master, God Omnipotent,  
Is mustring in his Clouds, in our behalfe,  
Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike

Your

Your Children yet unborne, and unbegot,  
That lift your Vassall hands against my head,  
And threat the glory of my precious Crowne.  
Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinkes he is,  
That every stride he makes upon my Land,  
Is dangerous Treason: he is come to ope  
The purple Testament of bleeding Warre;  
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, live in peace,  
Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes  
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,  
Change the complexion of her Maide-pale Peace  
To Scarlet indignation, and bedew  
Her pastors Grasse with faythfull English blood.

*Nor.* The King of Heaven forbid our Lord the King  
Should so with civill and uncivill Armes  
Be rush'd upon: Thy thrice-noble Cousin,  
*Harry Bullingbrooke*, doth humbly kisse thy hand,  
And by the honourable Tombe he sweares,  
That stands upon your Royall Grandfathers Bones,  
And by the royalties of both your bloods.  
(Currents that spring from one most gracious head)  
And by the buried hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,  
And by the worth and honour of himselfe,  
Comprizing all that may be sworne, or sayd,  
His comming hither hath no farther scope,  
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge  
Infranchisement-immediate on his knees:  
Which on thy Royall party granted once,  
His glittering Armes he will commend to rust,  
His barbed Steeds to stables, and his heart  
To faythfull service of your Maiesty:  
This sweares he as he is a Prince, is just,  
And as I am a Gentleman I credit him.

*Rich.* *Northumberland*, say thus: The King returnes,  
His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,  
And all the number of his faire demands  
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:  
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,

G

Speake

Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.  
 VVe doe debase our selfe ( Cofin ) doe we not;  
 To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?  
 Shall we call backe *Northumberland* and send  
 Defiance to the Traytor and so die?

*Ann.* No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,  
 Till time lend friends, and friends their hopefull Swords.

*Rich.* Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,  
 That layd the sentence of dread Banishment  
 On yond proud man, should take it of againe.  
 VVith words of sooth: O that I were as great  
 As is my Griefe, or lesser than my Name,  
 Or that I could forget what I have beene,  
 Or not remember what I must be now:

Swell'ft thou proud heart? Ile giue thee scope to beate,  
 Since foes have scope to beate both thee and me.

*Ann.* *Northumberland* comes backe from *Bullingbrooke*.

*Rich.* VVhat must the King doe now? must he submit?  
 The King shall doe it: Must he be depos'd?  
 The King shall be contented: Must he lose  
 The Name of King? o' Gods Name let it goe.  
 Ile give my Iewels for a set of beades,  
 My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,  
 My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,  
 My figur'd Goblets, for a Dish of Wood,  
 My Scepter for a Palmers walking Staffe,  
 My Subjects, for a payre of carved Saints,  
 And my large Kingdome, for a little Grave,  
 A little little Grave, an obscure Grave.

Or Ile be buried in the Kings high-way,  
 Some way of common Trade, where Subjects feete  
 May howrely trample on their Soveraignes Head:  
 For on my heart they tread now, whilst I live;  
 And buried once, why not upon my Head?

*Anmerle*, thou weep'ft ( my tender-hearted Cofin )  
 VVe'e le make foule Weather with despised Teares:  
 Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corne,  
 And make a Dearth in this revolting Land,

Or

Or shall we play the wantons, with our woes,  
 And make some pretty match with shedding teares?  
 As thus: to drop them still upon one place,  
 Till they have fretted us a paire of Graves,  
 VVithin the Earth: and therein layd, there lies  
 Two Kinsmen digg'd their Graves with weeping Eyes?  
 VVould not this ill, doe well? well, well, I see  
 Italke but idly, and you mocke at me.

Most mighty Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,  
 VVhat sayes King *Bullingbrooke*? will his Majesty  
 Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die?

You make a legge and *Bullingbrooke* sayes I,

*Nor.* My Lord, in the base Court he doth attend  
 To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.

*Rich.* Downe, downe I come, like glist'ring *Phaeton*,  
 Wanting the manage of unruly Iades.

In the base Court? base Court where Kings grow base,  
 To come at Traytors calls, and doe them grace. (King,  
 In the base Court come downe: downe Court, downe  
 For Night-Owles shriek, where mounting Larks should

*Bul.* What sayes his Majesty?

(sing.

*Nor.* Sorrow and griefe of heart  
 Makes him speake fondly, like a franticke man:  
 Yet he is come.

*Bul.* Stand all apart,  
 And shew faire duty to his Majesty.  
 My gracious Lord.

*Rich.* Faire Cofin,  
 You debase your Princely knee,  
 To make the base earth proud with kissing it.  
 Merather had, my heart might feele your love,  
 Than my unpleas'd Eye see your courtesie.  
 Vp Cofin, up, your Heart is up, I know,  
 Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

*Bul.* My gracious Lord, I come bur for mine owne.

*Rich.* Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and all.

*Bul.* So farre be mine, (my most redoubted Lord,)  
 As my true service shall deserue your love.

*Rich.* Well you deserv'd:  
They well deserue to have,  
That know the strong'st, and surest way to get,  
Vncle give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes,  
Teares shew their love, but want their remedies.  
Cofin I am too young to be your Father,  
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.  
What you will have, Ile give, and willing too,  
For doe we must, what force will have us doe.  
Set on towards London:  
Cofin, is it so?

*Bul.* Yea, my good Lord.

*Rich.* Then I must not say, no. *Flourish, Exeunt.*

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter Queene, and two Ladies.*

*Qu.* What sport shall we devile here in this Garden,  
To drive away the heavy thought of Care?

*La.* Madam, we'll play at Bowles.

*Qu.* 'Twill make me thinke the world is full of Rubs,  
And that my fortune runnes against the Byas.

*La.* Madam, we'll Dance.

*Qu.* My legges can keepe no measure in Delight,  
When my poore heart no measure keepes in Griefe.  
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) some other sport.

*La.* Madam, we'll tell Tales.

*Qu.* Of sorrow, or of griefe?

*La.* Of eyther Madam.

*Qu.* Of neyther Girle.

For if of ioy, being altogether wanting,  
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:  
Or if of griefe, being altogether had,  
It addes more sorrow to my want of joy:  
For what I have, I need not to repeat;

And

And what I want, it bootes not to complaine:

*La.* Madam, Ile sing.

*Qu.* 'Tis well that thou hast cause;  
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weepe.

*La.* I could weepe, Madam, would it doe you good.

*Qu.* And I could sing, would weeping doe me good,  
And never borrow any Teare of thee.

*Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.*

But stay, heere comes the Gardiners.

Iet's step into the shadow of these Trees.

My wretchednesse, unto a Row of Pinnes,

They'll talke of state: for every one doth so,

Against a change; Woe is fore-runne with woe.

*Gard.* Goe binde thou up yond dangling Apricocks.

Which like unruly Children, make their Syre

Stoupe with oppression of their prodigall weight;

Give some supportance to the bending twiggies.

Goe thou, and like an Executioner

Cut off the heads of, too fast growing sprayes.

That looke too lofty in our Common-wealth:

All must be even, in our Governement.

You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away

The noysome weedes, that without profit sucke

The Soyles fertility from wholesome flowers.

*Ser.* Why should we, in the compasse of a Pale,

Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,

Shewing as in a Modell our firme state?

When our Sea-walled Garden, (the whole Land)

Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers choakt up,

Her Fruit-trees all unpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,

Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholesome Hearbes

Swarming with Caterpillers.

*Gard.* Hold thy peace.

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,

Hath now himselfe met with the Fall of Leafe.

The Weedes that his broad-spreading Leaves did shelter,

That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,

Are pull'd up, Root, and all, by Bullingbrooke;

I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, *Busby, Greene,*

*Ser.* What are they dead?

*Gard.* They are,  
And *Bullingbrooke* hath seiz'd the wastefull King.  
What pittie is it, that he hath not trim'd  
And drest his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,  
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruite-trees,  
Least being over-proud with Sap and Blood,  
With too much riches it confound it selfe?  
Had he done so, to great and growing men,  
They might have liv'd to beare, and he to taste  
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches  
We lop away, that bearing boughes may live:  
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,  
Which waste and idle houres, hath quite throwne downe.

*Ser.* VVhat thinke you the King shall be depos'd?

*Gard.* Deprest he is already, and depos'd  
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night  
To a deare friend of the Duke of *Torke*,  
That tell blacke tidings.

*Qu.* Oh I am prest to death, through want of speaking:  
Thou old *Adams* likenesse, set to dresse this Garden:  
How dares thy harsh tongue sound this unpleasing  
What *Eve*, what serpent hath suggested thee, (newes?)  
To make a second fall of cursed man?  
Why do'st thou say King *Richard* is depos'd?  
Dar'st thou, (thou little better thing then earth)  
Divine his downefall? Say where, when, and how  
Cam'st thou by this ill tydings? Speake thou wretch.

*Gard.* Pardon me Madam. Little joy have I  
To breath these newes; yet what I say, is true;  
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold  
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their fortunes both are weigh'd:  
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himselfe,  
And some few vanities, that make him light:  
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,  
Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,  
And with that oddes he weighs King *Richard* downe.

Post

Post you to London, and you'l finde it so,  
I speake no more, then every one doth know.

*Qu.* Nimble mischance, that art so light of foote,  
Doth not thy Embassage belong to me?  
And am I last that know it? Oh thou think'st  
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe  
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come Ladies goe,  
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.  
What, was I borne to this? that my sad looke  
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*?  
*Gard'ner*, for telling me this newes of woe.  
I would the Plants thou graft'st may never grow. *Exit.*

*Gard.* Poore Queene, so that thy state might be no  
I would my skill were subiect to thy curse: (worse,  
Here did she drop a teare, here in this place  
He set a Banke of Rew, (sowre Herbe of Grace:)  
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here shortly shall be seene,  
In the remembrance of a weeping Queene. *Exit.*

## Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, *Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitz-Water, Surrey, Carlile, Abbot of Westminster, Herauld, Officers, and Bagot.*

*Bul.* Call forth *Bagot*.

Now *Bagot*, freely speake thy mind,  
VVhat thou dost know of Noble *Glosters* death,  
VVho wrought it with the King, and who perform'd  
The bloody Office of his timelesse end,

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

*Bul.* Cosin, stand forth and looke upon that man.

*Bag.* My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue  
Scornes to unsay what it hath once deliver'd.  
In that dead time, when *Glosters* death was plotted,

I

I heard you say, Is not my arme of length;  
That reacheth from the restfull English Court  
As farre as Callis, to my Vncles head?  
Amongst much other talke, that very time,  
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse  
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes.  
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,  
How blest this Land would be, in this your Cofins death.

*Aum.* Princes and Noble Lords:

What answer shall I make to this base man:  
Shall I so much dishonour my faire starres,  
On equall termes to give him chasticement?  
Eyther I must, or have mine honour spoyl'd  
With th' Atteindor of his stand'rous lips,  
There is my Gage, the manuall seale of death  
That markes thee out for hell. Thou lye'st,  
And will maintaine what thou hast sayd, is false,  
In thy hearts blood, though being all too base,  
To staine the temper of my Knightly sword.

*Bul.* Bagot forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

*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 sympathies:  
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:  
By that faire sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,  
I heard thee say, (and vantlyngly thou spak'st it)  
That thou wer't cause of Noble *Glosters* death.  
If thou deniest it, twenty times thou lye'st,  
And I will turne thy falsehood to thy heart,  
Where it was forged with my Rapiers poynt.

*Aum.* Thou dar'st not (Coward) live to see the day.

*Fitz.* Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.

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

*Per.* *Aumerle*, thou lye'st: his honour is as true  
In this appeale, as thou art all uniu'st:  
And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage  
To prove it on thee, to th' extreamest poynt  
Of mortall breathing. Seize it if thou dar'st.

*Aum.*

*Aum.* And if I doe not, may my hands rot off,  
And never brandish more revengefull Steele,  
Over the glittering Helmet of my Foe.

*Sur.* My Lord *Fitzwater*:

I doe remember well, the very time  
*Aumerle*, and you did talke.

*Fitz.* My Lord,

'Tis very true: You were in presence then;  
And you can witnesse with me, this is true.

*Sur.* As false, by heaven,  
As heaven it selfe is true.

*Fitz.* *Surry*, thou lye'st,

*Sur.* Dishonourable Boy;  
That lye shall lye so heauy on my sword,  
That it shall render Vengeance and Revenge,  
Till thou the Lye-giver, and that lye, doe lye  
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.

In prooffe whereof, there is mine Honours pawne,  
Engage it to the Tryall, if thou dar'st.

*Fitz.* How fondly dost thou spur a forward Horse?  
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breath, or live,  
I dare meete *Surry* in a Wildernesse,  
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 intended to thrive in this new world,  
*Aumerle* is guilty of my true appeale.

Besides, I heard the banish'd *Norfolke* say,  
That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men,  
To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.

*Aum.* Some honest Christian trust me with a Gage,  
That *Norfolke* lies, here doe I throw downe this,  
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

*Bul.* These differences shall all rest under Gage,  
Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be;  
(And though mine Enemy) restor'd againe  
To all his Lands and Seignories: when hee's return'd,  
Against *Aumerle* we will inforce his Tryall.

*Car.* That honourable day shall ne're be seene.  
Many a time hath banish'd *Norfolke* fought  
For Iesu Christ, in glorious Christian field  
Streaming the Ensigne of the Christian Crosse  
Against blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:  
And toyl'd with workes of warre, retyr'd himselfe  
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave  
His Body to that pleasant Countries Earth,  
And his pure soule unto his Captaine Christ,  
Vnder whose Colours he had fought so long.

*Bul.* Why Bishop, is *Norfolke* dead?

*Carl.* As sure as I live my Lord.

*Bul.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet soule  
To the Bosome of good old *Abraham*.  
Lords Appealants, your differences shall all rest under  
Till we assigne you to your dayes of Tryall. (gage,

*Enter Yorke.*

*Yorke.* Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee  
From Plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing soule  
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds  
To the possession of thy Royall Hand.  
Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,  
And long live *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.

*Bul.* In Gods Name, Ile ascend the Regall throne,

*Carl.* Mary, Heaven forbid.

VVorst in this Royall Presence may I speake,  
Yet best befeeming me to speake the truth.  
Would God, that any in this Noble Presence  
Were enough Noble to be upright Iudge  
Of Noble *Richard*; then true Noblenesse would  
Learne him forbearance from so foule a Wrong.  
What subject can give sentence on his King?  
And who sits here, that is not *Richards* subject?  
Theeves are not judg'd, but they are by to heare  
Although apparant guilt be seene in them:  
And shall the figure of Gods Majesty,  
His Captaine, steward, Deputy elect,  
Anoynted, Crown'd and planted many yeares.

Be judg'd by subjects, and inferior breath,  
And he himselfe not present? Oh, forbid, it God,  
That in a Christian Climate; soules refine  
Should shew so heynous, blacke, obscene a deed.  
I speake to subjects, and a subject speakes,  
Stirr'd up by Heaven, thus boldly for his King.  
My Lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,  
Is a foule Traytor to prowd *Herefords* King.  
And if you Crowne him, let me prophecy,  
The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
And future ages groane for his foule Act.  
Peace shall goe sleepe with *Turkes* and Infidels,  
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres  
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound,  
Disorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutiny  
Shall here inhabite and this Land be call'd  
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens sculls.

Oh, if you reare this House against this House  
It will the wofullest Division prove,  
That ever fell upon this cursed Earth.  
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,  
Least Child, Childs Children cry against you, VVoe.

*North.* Well have you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,  
Of Capitall Treason we arrest you here.

My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,  
To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall.

May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?

*Bull.* Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view  
He may surrender: so we shall proceede  
VWithout suspicion.

*Yor.* I will be his Conduct. *Exit.*

*Bull.* Lords, you that here are under our Arrest,  
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Answer:  
Little are we beholding to your Love,  
And little look'd for at your helping Hands:

*Enter Richard and Yorke.*  
*Rich.* Alack, why am I sent for to a King,  
Before I have shooke off the Regall thoughts

Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd  
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my Knee.  
Give Sorrow leave a while, to returne me  
To this submission. Yet I will remember  
The favors of these men: were they not mine?  
Did they not sometime cry, All hayie to me?  
So *Indas* 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?  
Am I both Priest and Clarke? well then, Amen.  
God save the King, although I be not he:  
And yet Amen, if Heaven doe thinke him me.  
To doe what service, am I sent for hither?

*Nor.* To doe that office of thine owne good will,  
VVhich tyred Majesty did make thee offer:  
The Resignation of thy State and Crowne  
To *Henry Bullingbrooke*.

*Rich.* Give me the Crown. Here Cofin, seize the Crown:  
Here Cofin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.  
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,  
That owes two Buckets, filling one another.  
The emptier ever dancing in the ayre,  
The other downe, unscene, and full of Water:  
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,  
Drinking my Griefes, whilst you mount up on high.

*Bul.* I thought you had beene willing to resigne.

*Rich.* My Crowne I am, but still my Griefes are mine:  
You may my Glories and my State depose,  
But not my Griefes; still am I King of those.

*Bul.* Part of your Cares you give me with your Crown.

*Rich.* Your Cares set up, doe not pluck my Cares down.  
My Care, is losse of Care, by old Care done,  
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:  
The Cares I giue, I have, though given away,  
They tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay.

*Bul.* Are you contented to resigne the Crowne?

*Rich.* I, no; no, I: for I must nothing be:  
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.

Now.

Now, marke me how I will undoe my selfe.  
I give this heauy weight from off my Head,  
And this unwieldy Scepter from my hand,  
The pride of Kingly sway from out my heart.  
With mine owne Teares I wash away my blame,  
With mine owne hands I give away my Crowne.  
With mine owne Tongue deny my sacred State,  
With mine owne breath release all dutious Oathes:  
All pompe and Maiesty I doe forswear:  
My Mannors, Rents, Reuenews, I forgoe;  
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I deny:  
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me,  
God keepe all vowes unbroke are made to thee.  
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,  
And thou withall pleas'd, that hast all atchiev'd,  
Long mayst thou live in *Richards* Seate to sit,  
And soone lie *Richard* in an earthy pit.

God save King *Henry*, un-king'd *Richard* sayes,  
And send him many yeares of sunne-flaine dayes.  
What more remains?

*Nor.* No more: but that you read  
These Accusations, and these grievous Crymes,  
Committed by your person, and your followers  
Against the state, and profit of this Land:  
That by confessing them, the soules of men  
May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd.

*Rich.* Must I doe so? and must I ravell out  
My weav'd up follyes? Gentle *Northumberland*,  
If thy Offences were upon Record,  
Would it not shame thee in so faire a troupe,  
To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'st,  
There should'st thou find one haynous Article  
Containing the deposing of a King,  
And cracking the strong warrant of an Oath,  
Mark'd with a Blot, damp'd in the booke of Heaven.  
Nay, all of you, that stand and looke upon me,  
Whilst that my wretchednesse doth bait my selfe,  
Though some of you, with *Pilate* wash your hands,

H. 3

Shewing

Shewing an outward pittie: yet you *Pilates*  
Have here deliver'd me to my sowre Crosse,  
And Water cannot wash away your sinne.

*Nor.* My Lord dispatch, read o're these Articles.

*Rich.* Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot see:  
And yet salt-water blindes them not so much,  
But they can see a sort of Traytors here,  
Nay, if I turne mine eyes upon my selfe,  
I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest  
For I have given here my soules consent,  
T' undecke the pompous body of a King;  
Made glory base, a soveraigne, a slave;  
Proud Maiesty, a subiect; State, a Pefant,

*Nor.* My Lord.

*Rich.* No Lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man;  
No, nor no mans Lord: I have no Name, no Title:  
No, not that Name was given me at the Font,  
But 'tis usurpt: alacke the heavy day,  
That I have worne so many Winters out,  
And know not now, what Name to call my selfe.  
Oh, that I were a mockery, King of Snow,  
Standing before the sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,  
To melt my selfe away in Water-drops:  
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,  
And if my word be sterling yet in England,  
Let it command a mirror hither straight,  
That it may shew me what a face I have,  
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maiesty.

*Bul.* Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse.

*Nor.* Read o're this Paper, while the Glasse doth come.

*Rich.* Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell.

*Bul.* Vrgē it no more my Lord *Northumberland*.

*Nor.* The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.

*Rich.* They shall be satisfy'd: ile read enough,

When I doe see the very Booke indeed,

Where all my sinnes are writ, and that's my selfe.

*Enter one with a Glasse.*

Giye me that Glasse, and therein will I reade.

No

No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow stricke  
So many blowes upon this face of mine,  
And made no deeper wounds? Oh flattering Glasse,  
Like to my followers in prosperity,  
Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face  
That every day, under his household Roofe,  
Did keepe ten thousand men? was this the face,  
That like the sunne did make beholders winke?  
Is this the face, which fac'd so many follyes,  
That was at last out-fac'd by *Bullingbrooke*?  
A brittle glory shineth in this face,  
As brittle as the Glory, is the face,  
For there it is, crackt in an hundred shivers,  
Marke silent King, the Morall of this sport,  
How soone my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.  
*Bul.* The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd  
The shadow of your face.

*Rich.* Say that againe.

The shadow of my sorrow: ha, lets see,  
'Tis very true, my grieffe lyes all within,  
And these externall manners of laments,  
Are meerely shadows to the unseene grieffe,  
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soule.  
There lies the substance: and I thanke thee King  
For thy great bounty, that not onely giv'st  
Me cause to waile, but teachest me the way  
How to lament the cause. Ile begge one boone,  
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.  
Shall I obtaine it?

*Bul.* Name it, faire Cofin.

*Rich.* Faire Cofin? I am greater than a King:  
For when I was a King, my flatterers  
Were then my subiects; being now a subiect,  
I have a King here to my flatterer:  
Being so great, I have no need to begge.

*Bul.* Yet aske.

*Rich.* And shall I have?

*Bul.* You shall.

*Rich.*

*Rich.* Then give me leave to goe.

*Bul.* Whither?

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

*Bul.* Goe some of you convey him to the Tower.

*Rich.* Oh good: convey: Conveyers are you all,  
That rise thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.

*Bul.* On wednesday next, we solemnly set downe  
Our Coronation; Lords prepare your selves. *Exeunt.*

*Abbot.* A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.

*Carl.* The woe's to come, the children yet un-borne,  
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.

*Aum.* You holy clergy-men, is there no plot,  
To rid the Realme of this pernicious blot?

*Abbot.* Before I freely speake my minde herein,  
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,  
To bury mine intents, but also to effect  
What ever I shall happen to devise.  
I see your browes are full of discontent,  
Your heart of sorrow, and your eyes of teares,  
Come home with me to supper, ile lay a plot  
Shall shew us all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

*Enter Queene, and Ladies.*

*Qu.* This way the King will come: this is the way  
To *Iulius Cæsars* ill-erected Tower:  
To whose flint bosome, my condemned Lord  
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud *Bullingbrooke*.  
Here let us rest, if this rebellious Earth  
Have any resting for her true Kings Queene.

*Enter Richard and Gard.*

But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,  
My faire Rose wither: yet looke up; behold.  
That you in pittie may dissolve to dew,

And

And wash him fresh againe with true-love teares.  
Ah thou the modell where old Troy did stand,  
Thou map of honour, thou King *Richards* Tombe,  
And not King *Richard*: thou most beauteous Inne,  
Why should hard-favor'd grieffe be lodg'd in thee,  
When triumph is become an Ale-house guest?

*Rich.* Ioyne not with grieffe, faire Woman, doe not so,  
To make my end too sudden; learne good soule,  
To thinke our former State a happy dreame,  
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,  
Shewes us but this. I am sworne Brother (sweet)  
To grim necessity; and he and I  
Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,  
And Cloyster thee in some Religious house:  
Our holy lives must win a new worlds Crowne,  
Which our prophane houres here have throwne downe.

*Qu.* What, is my *Richard* both in shape and mind  
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*  
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he beene in thy heart?  
The Lyon dying thrusteth forth his paw,  
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage  
To be o're-powr'd: and wilt thou, Pupil-like,  
Take thy Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde,  
And fawne on rage with base humility,  
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?

*Rich.* A King of beasts indeed, if aught but beast,  
I had beene still a happy King of Men.  
Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:  
Thinke I am dead, and that even heare thou tak'st,  
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.  
In winters teadious night sit by the fire  
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales  
Of woefull ages, long agoe betide:  
And ere thou bid goodnight, to quit their grieffe,  
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,  
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:  
For why? the sencelesse Brands will sympathize  
The heavy accent of my mooving tongue,

I

And

And in compassion, weepe the fire out :  
And some will mourne in Ashes, some coale-blacke,  
For the deposing of a rightfull King.

*Enter Northumberland.*

*North.* My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.  
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.  
And Madam, there is order ta'ne for you :  
VVith all swift speed, you must away to *France*.

*Rich.* *Northumberland*, thou Ladder wherewithall  
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne,  
The time shall not be many houres of age,  
More than it is, ere foule sinne, gathering head,  
Shall breake into corruption : thou shalt thinke,  
Though he deuide the Realme, and give thee halfe,  
It is too little, helping him to all :  
He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way  
To plant unrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,  
Being ne're so little urg'd, another way,  
To plucke him headlong from th' usurped Throne.  
The Love of wicked friends converts to Feare ;  
That Feare, to Hate ; and Hate turnes one or both,  
To worthy Danger, and deserved Death.

*North.* My guilt be on my Head, and there an end :  
Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.

*Rich.* Doubly divorc'd? (bad men) ye violate  
A two-fold Marriage ; 'twixt my Crowne, and me,  
And then betwixt me, and my married VVife.  
Let me un-kisse the Oath 'twixt thee and me ;  
And yet not so, for with a kisse 'twas made  
Part us *Northumberland* : I, towards the North,  
Where shivering Cold and Sickness pines the Clyme :  
My Queene to *France* : from whence, set forth in pompe,  
She came adorned hither like sweet may ;  
Sent backe Hollowmas, or short'st of day.

*Qu.* And must we be divided? must we part?

*Rich.* I, hand from hand (my Love) and heart from heart.

*Qu.* Banish us both, and send the King with me.

*North.* That were some Love, but little Pollicy.

*Qu.*

*Qu.* Then whither he goes thither let me goe.

*Rich.* So two together weeping, make one Woe,  
Weepe thou for me in *France* ; I, for thee here :  
Better farre off, than nere, be ne're the neere.  
Goe, count thy way with sighes, I, mine with Groanes.

*Qu.* So longest way shall have the longest moanes.

*Rich.* Twice for one step ile groane, the way being short,  
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.  
Come, come, in woeing sorrow let's be brieft,  
Since wedding it, there is such length in griefe :  
One kisse shall stop our mouthes, and doubly part ;  
Thus give I mine, and thus thus take I thy heart.

*Qu.* Give me mine owne againe: 'twere no good part,  
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.  
So, now I have mine owne againe, be gone,  
That I may strive to kill it with a groane.

*Rich.* We make woe wanton with this fond delay :  
Once more adieu; the rest let sorrow say. *Exeunt.*

## Scæna Secunda.

*Enter Yorke, and his Dutchesse.*

*Dut.* My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,  
When weeping made you breake the story off,  
Of our two Cousins comming into London.

*Yor.* Where did I leave?

*Dut.* At that sad stoppe, my Lord.  
Where rude mis-govern'd hands, from windowes tops,  
Threw dust and rubbish on King *Richards* head.

*Yor.* Then, as I sayd, the Duke (great *Bullingbrooke*,)  
Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed,  
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,  
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course :  
While all tongues cri'd, God save thee *Bullingbrooke*,  
You would have thought the very windowes spake,

So many greedy lookes of young and old,  
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes  
Vpon his visage; and that all the walles  
With painted Imagery had sayd at once;  
Iesu preserve thee, welcome *Bullingbrooke*.  
Whil'st he, from one side to the other turning,  
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,  
Bespake them thus: I thanke you Countri-men;  
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

*Dutch*. Alas poore *Richard*, where rides he the whil'st?

*Torke*. As in a Theater, the eyes of men  
After a well grac'd Actor leaves the stage;  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.  
Even so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes  
Did scowle on *Richard*; no man cride, God save him;  
No joyfull tongue gave him his welcome home,  
But dust was throwne upon his sacred head,  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,  
His face still combating with teares and smiles  
(The badges of his greefe and patience)  
That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd  
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
And Barbarisme it selfe have pittied him.  
But Heaven hath a hand in these events,  
To whose high will we bound our calme contents,  
To *Bullingbrooke*, are we sworne Subjects now,  
Whose State, and Honour, I for aye allow.

*Enter Aumerle.*

*Dut*. Heere comes my sonne *Aumerle*.

*Tor*. *Aumerle* that was,  
But that is lost, for being *Richards* Friend.  
And Madam, you must call him *Rutland* now;  
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,  
And lasting fealty to the new-made King.

*Dut*. Welcome my sonne; who are the Violets now,  
That strew the greene lap of the new-come Spring?

*Aum*. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,

God

God knowes, I had as lief be none as one.

*Tor*. Well beare you well in this new-spring of time,  
Least you be cropt before you come to prime (umphs?)  
What news from Oxford? Hold those lusts and Tri-

*Aum*. For ought I know my Lord, they doe.

*Tor*. You will be there I know.

*Aum*. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

*Tor*. What seale is that that hangs without thy besome  
Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the writing.

*Aum*. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

*Tor*. No matter then who sees it,  
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

*Aum*. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,  
It is a matter of small consequence,  
Which for some reasons I would not have seene.

*Tor*. Which for some reasons sir, I meane to see:  
I feare, I feare.

*Dut*. What should you feare?  
'Tis nothing but some Bond, that he is entred into.  
For gay apparrell against the Triumph.

*Tor*. Bound to himselfe? what doth he with a bond  
That he is bound to? wife, you are a foole.  
Boy, let me see the writing.

*Aum*. I doe beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

*Tor*. I will be satisfied, let me see't I say. *Snatches it.*  
Treason, foule treason, villaine, traytor, slave.

*Dut*. What's the matter, my Lord?

*Tor*. Hoa, who's within there; saddle my horse,  
Heaven for his mercy what treachery is here?

*Dut*. Why, what is't my Lord?

*Tor*. Give me my boots, I say; Saddle my horse:  
Now by my honour, my life, my troth.  
I will appeach the villaine.

*Dut*. What is the matter?

*Tor*. Peace foolish woman.

*Dut*. I will not peace, what is the matter sonne?

*Aum*. Good mother be content, it is no more  
Then my poore life must answer.

*Dut.* Thy life answer?

*Enter Servant with Boots.*

*Yor.* Bring my Boots, I will unto the King.

*Dut.* Strike him *Aumerle*. Poore boy, thou art amaz'd,  
Hence Villaine, never more come in my sight.

*Yor.* Give me my Boots I say.

*Dut.* Why *Yorke*, what wilt thou doe?

Wilt thou not hide the trespassse of thine owne?  
Have we more sonnes? Or are we like to have?  
Is not my teeming date drunke up with time?  
And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine Age,  
And rob me of a happy mothers name?  
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?

*Yor.* Thou fond and mad woman,  
Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracy?  
A dozen of them here have tane the Sacrament,  
And enterchangeably set downe their hands  
To kill the King at Oxford.

*Dut.* He shall be none:

Wee'l keepe him here: then what is that to him:

*Yor.* Away fond woman: were he twenty times my  
sonne, I would appeach him.

*Dut.* Hadst thou groan'd. for him, as I have done,  
Thou wouldest be more pittifull:  
But now I know thy minde; thou do'st suspect  
That I have beene disloval to thy bed,  
And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:  
Sweet *Yorke*, sweet husband, be not of that mind:  
He is as like thee, as a man may be,  
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,  
And yet I love him.

*Yor.* Make way, unruly woman. *Exit.*

*Dut.* After *Aumerle*. Mount thee upon his Horse,  
Spurre post, and get before him to the King,  
And beg thy pardon, ere he doe accuse thee,  
He not be long behinde: though I be old,  
I doubt not but to ride as fast as *Yorke*:  
And never will I rise up from the ground,

Till *Bullingbrooke* have pardon'd thee: Away, be gone, *Ex.*

*Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Bullingbrooke, Percy, and other Lords.*

*Bul.* Can no man tell of my unthrifty sonne?

'Tis full three monthes since I did see him last.

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:  
I would to heaven (my Lords) he might be found,  
Enquire at London, 'mongst the Tavernes there:  
For there (they say) he daily doth frequent,  
With un-restrained loose Companions,  
Even such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,  
And rob our watch, and beate our passengers,  
Which he (young wanton, and effeminate Boy)  
Takes on the poynt of honour, to support  
So dissolute a crew.

*Per.* My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the Prince,  
And told him of these triumphes held at Oxford.

*Bul.* And what sayd the Gallant?

*Per.* His answer was, he would unto the stewes,  
And from the common'st creature plucke a glove  
And weare it as a favour, and with that  
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

*Bul.* As dissolute as desp'rate, yet through both,  
I see some sparks of better hope: which elder dayes  
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

*Enter Aumerle.*

*Aum.* Where is the King?

*Bul.* What meanes my Cosin, that he stares  
And looks so wildely? *(Siesty)*

*Aum.* God save your Grace, I doe beseech your Ma-  
To have some conference with your Grace alone.

*Bul.* Withdraw your selves, and leave us here alone,  
What is the the matter with our Cosin now?

*Aum.*

*Aum.* For ever may my knees grow to the earth,  
My tongue cleave to my rooffe within my mouth,  
Vnlesse a pardon, ere I rise or speake.

*Bul.* Intended or committed was this fault?  
If on the first, how hainous ere it be,  
To winne thy after-love I pardon thee.

*Aum.* Then give me leave, that I may turne the key,  
That no man enter till the tale be done.

*Bul.* Have thy desire. *Torke within.*

*Tor.* My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,  
Thou hast a Traytor in thy presence there.

*Bul.* Villaine, ile make thee safe. *feare.*

*Aum.* Stay thy revengefull hand, thou hast no cause to

*Tor.* Open the doore, secure foole-hardy King:  
Shall I for love speake treason to thy face?  
Open the doore, or I will breake it open. *Enter Torke.*

*Bul.* What is the matter (Vncle) speake, recover breath,  
Tell us how neere is danger,  
That we may arme us to encounter it.

*Tor.* Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know  
The reason that my haste forbids me show.

*Aum.* Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past:  
I doe repent me reade not my name there,  
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

*Tor.* It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe.  
I tore it from the traytors botome, (King.)  
Feare and not loue, begets his penitence;  
Forget to pittie him, least thy pittie prove  
A serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.

*Bul.* Oh heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy,  
O loyall Father of a trecherous Sonne:  
Thou sheere, immaculate, and silver fountaine,  
From whence this streame, through muddy passages  
Hath had his current, and defil'd himselfe.

Thy overflow of good, converts to bad,  
And thine abundant goodnesse shall excuse  
This deadly plot, in thy digressing sonne.

*Tor.* So shall my vertue be his vices bawd,  
And

And he shall spend mine Honour, with his shame:  
As thriftlesse Sonnes their scraping Fathers Gold.  
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dyes,  
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:  
Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath,  
The Traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

*Dutcheffewithin.*

*Dut.* What hoa (my Liege) for Heavens sake let me in.

*Bul.* What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

*Dut.* A Woman and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.  
Speake with me; pittie me, open the doore,  
A begger begs, that never begg'd before.

*Bul.* Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,  
And now chang'd to the begger, and the King:  
My dangerous Cousin, let your Mother in,  
I know she's come to pray for your foule sin.

*Tor.* If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,  
More sinnes for this forgivenesse, prosper may.  
This fester'd joynt cut off, the rest rests found,  
This let alone, will all the rest confound. *Enter Dutcheffe.*

*Dut.* O King, beleevenot this hard-hearted man,  
Love, loving not it selfe, none other can.

*Tor.* Thou franticke woman, what dost thou make here,  
Shall thy old dugges once more a Traitor reare?

*Dut.* Sweet Torke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

*Bul.* Rise up good Aunt.

*Du.* Not yet, I thee beseech.  
For ever will I kneele upon my knees,  
And never see day that the happy sees,  
Till thou give joy: vntill thou bid me ioy,  
By pardoning *Rurand*, my transgressing Boy.

*Aum.* Vnto my Mothers prayers, I bend my knee.

*Torke.* Against them both, my true joynts bended be.

*Dut.* Pleades he in earnest? Looke upon his Face,  
His eyes do drop no teares: his prayers are in jest:  
His words come from his mouth, ours from our brest  
He prayes but faintly, and would be deny'd,  
VVe pray with heart, and soule, and all beside:

His weary joynts would gladly rise, I know,  
Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow;  
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy,  
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integrity:  
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let him have  
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.

*Bul.* Good Aunt stand up.

*Dut.* Nay, doe not say stand up.  
But pardon first, and afterwards stand up.  
And if I were thy Nurse thy tongue to teach,  
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.  
I never long'd to heare a word till now:  
Say Pardon (King,) let pittie teach thee how.  
The word is short, but not so short as sweet,  
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's so meet.

*For.* Speake it in French, (King) say, *Pardon ne moy.*

*Dut.* Dost thou teach pardon, Pardon to destroy?  
Ah my sowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,  
That set'st the word it selfe, against the word.  
Speake pardon as 'tis currant in our Land;  
The chopping French we doe not understand.  
Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there;  
Or in thy pittious heart, plant thou thine eare.  
That hearing how your plaints and prayers doe pearce,  
Pittie may move thee, pardon to rehearse.

*Bul.* Good Aunt stand up.

*Dut.* I doe not sue to stand,  
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

*Bul.* I pardon him as heaven shall pardon me;

*Dut.* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:  
Yet am I sicke for feare, speake it againe,  
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twaine;  
But makes one pardon strong.

*Bul.* I pardon him with all my heart.

*Dut.* A God on earth thou art.

*Bul.* But for our trusty brother-in-law, the Abbot,  
With all the rest of that consorted crew,  
Destruction straight shall dogge them at the heeles.

Good

Good Vncle helpe to order severall powers  
To Oxford, or where ere these traytors are:  
They shall not live within this world I sweare,  
But I will have them if I once knew where.  
Vncle farewell, and Cosin too adieu:

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

*Dut.* Come my old son, I pray heaven make thee new.

*Enter Exton, and Servant.*

*Exit.*

*Ex.* Didst thou not marke the King what words he spake.  
Have I no friend will rid me of this living feare:  
Was it not so?

*Ser.* Those were his words.

*Ex.* Have I no friend (quoth he) he spake it twice,  
And urg'd it twice together did he not?

*Ser.* He did.

*Ex.* And speaking it he wistly look'd on me,  
As who should say, I would thou wer't the man,  
That would divorce this terror from my heart,  
Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe,  
I am the King's friend, and will rid his Foe.

*Exit.*

## Scæna Quarta.

*Enter Richard.*

*Rich.* I have beene studying how to compare  
This Prison where I liue, unto the world:  
And for because the world is populous,  
And here is not a creature, but my selfe,  
I cannot doe it: yet ile hammer't out.  
My braine, ile prove the female to my Soule  
My soule, the Father: and these two beget  
A generation of still breeding thoughts;  
And these same thoughts, people this little world  
In humors like the people of this world,  
For no thought is contented. The better sort,

As thoughts of things Divine, are intermixt  
 With scruples, and do set the Faith it selfe  
 Against the Faith; as thus Comelittle ones; and then  
 It is as hard to come, as for a Camell (againc,  
 To thred the posterne of a Needles eye.  
 Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot  
 Vnlikely wonders; how these vaine weake nailes  
 May teare a passage through the Flinty ribbes  
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles;  
 And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.  
 Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselves,  
 That they are not the first of Fortunes slaves,  
 Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars,  
 Who sitting in the Stockes, refuse that shame  
 That many have, and others must sit there;  
 And in this thought, they finde a kind of ease,  
 Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe  
 Of such as have before indur'd the like.  
 Thus play I in one Prison, many people,  
 And none contented. Sometimes am I King;  
 Then Treason makes me wish my selfe a Begger,  
 And so I am. Then crushing penury,  
 Perswades me, I was better when a King;  
 Then am I king'd againe; and by and by,  
 Thinke that I am un-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,  
 And straight am nothing. But what ere I am, *Musicke*,  
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,  
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd  
 With being nothing. Musicke doe I heare?  
 Ha, ha? keepe time; How sowre sweet Musicke is,  
 When time is broke, and no Proportion kept?  
 So is it in the Musicke of mens lives:  
 And here have I the daintinesse of eare,  
 To heare time broke in a disorder'd string:  
 But for the Concord of my State and time,  
 Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.  
 I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me:  
 For now hath time made me his numbring Clocke:

My

My thoughts, are minutes; and with sighes they iarre,  
 There watches to mine eyes the outward Watch,  
 Whereto my finger, like a Dialls point,  
 Is poynting still, in cleming them from teares.  
 Now sir, the sound that tels what houre it is,  
 Are clamorous grones, that strike upon my heart,  
 Which is the bell: so sighes and teares, and grones,  
 Shew minutes, houres, and times: O but my time,  
 Runs poasting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,  
 While I stand fooling here, his jacks o' th' Clocke.  
 This Musicke mads me, let it sound no more,  
 For though it have holpe mad men to their wits,  
 In me it seemes, it will make wise-men mad:  
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me;  
 For 'tis a signe of love, and love to *Richard*,  
 Is a strange brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groome.

*Groo.* Haile Royall Prince.

*Rich.* Thankes Noble Peere.

The cheapest of us, is ten grotes to deare.  
 What art thou? And how com'st thou hither?  
 Where no man ever comes, but that sad dogge  
 That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

*Groo.* I was a poore Groome of thy stable (King)  
 When thou wert King, who travelling towards Yorke,  
 VVith much adoo, at length have gotten leave  
 To looke upon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.  
 Ohow it yern'd my heart, when I beheld  
 In London streets, that Corronation day,  
 VVhen *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,  
 That Horse, that thou so often hast bestrid,  
 That Horse, that I so carefully have drest.

*Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? tell me gentle friend,  
 How went he under him?

*Groo.* So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground.

*Rich.* So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;  
 That jade hath cate bread from my Royall hand.  
 This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.

K. 3.

VVould

Would he not stumble? would he not fall downe  
(Since pride must have a fall) and breake the necke  
Of that proud man, that did usurpe his backe?  
Forgivenesse horse; why do I raile on thee,  
Since thou created to be aw'd by man  
Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horse  
And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,  
Spur-gall'd, and tyr'd by jauncing *Bullingbrooke*,

*Enter Keeper with a dish.*

*Keep.* Fellow, give place, here is no longer stay.

*Rich.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wer't away.

*Groo.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall  
say.

*Exit.*

*Keep.* My Lord wilt please you to fall too?

*Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou wer't wont to doo.

*Keep.* My Lord I dare not: Sir *Percy* of *Exton*,  
Who lately came from th King, commands the contrary.

*Rich.* The divell take *Henry* of *Lancaster*, and thee;  
Patience is stale and I am weary of it.

*Keep.* Helpe, helpe, helpe.

*Enter Exton and Servants.*

*Rich.* How now? what meanes death in this rude assault?  
Villaine, thine owne hand yeilds thy deaths instrument,  
Goe thou and fill another roome in hell.

*Exton strikes him downe.*

That hand shall burne in never-quenching fire,  
That staggers thus my person. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,  
Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings owne land.  
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is up on high,  
Whil'ft my grosse flesh, sinkes downward here to dye.

*Ex.* As full of valour as of Royall blood,  
Both have I spilt: Oh would the deed were good,  
For now the divell, that told me I did well,  
Sayes that this deed is Chronicled in hell.  
This dead King to the living King ile beare,  
Take hence the rest; and give them buriall here.

*Exit.*

*Scana*

*Scana Quinta.*

*Flourish, Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with  
other Lords, and Attendants.*

*Bul.* Vncle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,  
Is that the Rebels have consum'd with fire  
Our Towne of Ciceter in Gloucestershire,  
But whether they be tane or flaine, we heare not

*Enter Northumberland.*

Welcome my Lord, what is the newes?

*Nor.* First, to thy sacred state, with I all happinesse:  
The next newes is, I have to London sent  
The heads of *Salisbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt*, and *Kent*:  
The manner of their taking may appeare  
At large discoursed in this paper here.

*Bul.* We thanke thee gentle *Percy* for thy paines,  
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

*Enter Fitz-water.*

*Fitz.* My Lord, I have from Oxford sent to London,  
The heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*,  
Two of the dangerous consorted Traitors,  
That fought at Oxford, thy dire overthrow.

*Bul.* Thy paines *Fitz-water*, shall not be forgot,  
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter Percy, and Carlile.*

*Per.* The grand conspirator, *Abbot of Westminster*,  
With clog of conscience, and sowre melancholly,  
Hath yeilded up his body to the graue,  
But here is *Carlile*, living to abide  
Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

*Bul.* *Carlile*, this is your doome:  
Choose out some secret place, some reverend roome  
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy selfe:  
So as thou liv'st in peace, dye free from strife:

For

*The Life and Death*

For though mine enemy thou hast ever beene,  
High sparkes of honour in thee I have seene.

*Enter Exton with a Coffin.*

*Exton.* Great King, within this Coffin I present  
Thy buried feare. Herein all breathlesse lies  
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies

*Richard of Burdeaux*, by me hither brought.

*Bul. Exton*, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought  
A deed of slaughter, with thy fatall hand.  
Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.

*Ex.* From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.

*Bul.* They love not poyson, that doe poyson need,  
Nor doe I thee: though I did wish him dead,  
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,  
But neyther my good word, nor Princely favour

VVith *Caine* goe wander through the shade of night,  
And never shew thy head by day, nor light.

Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,  
That blood should sprinkle me, and make me grow.

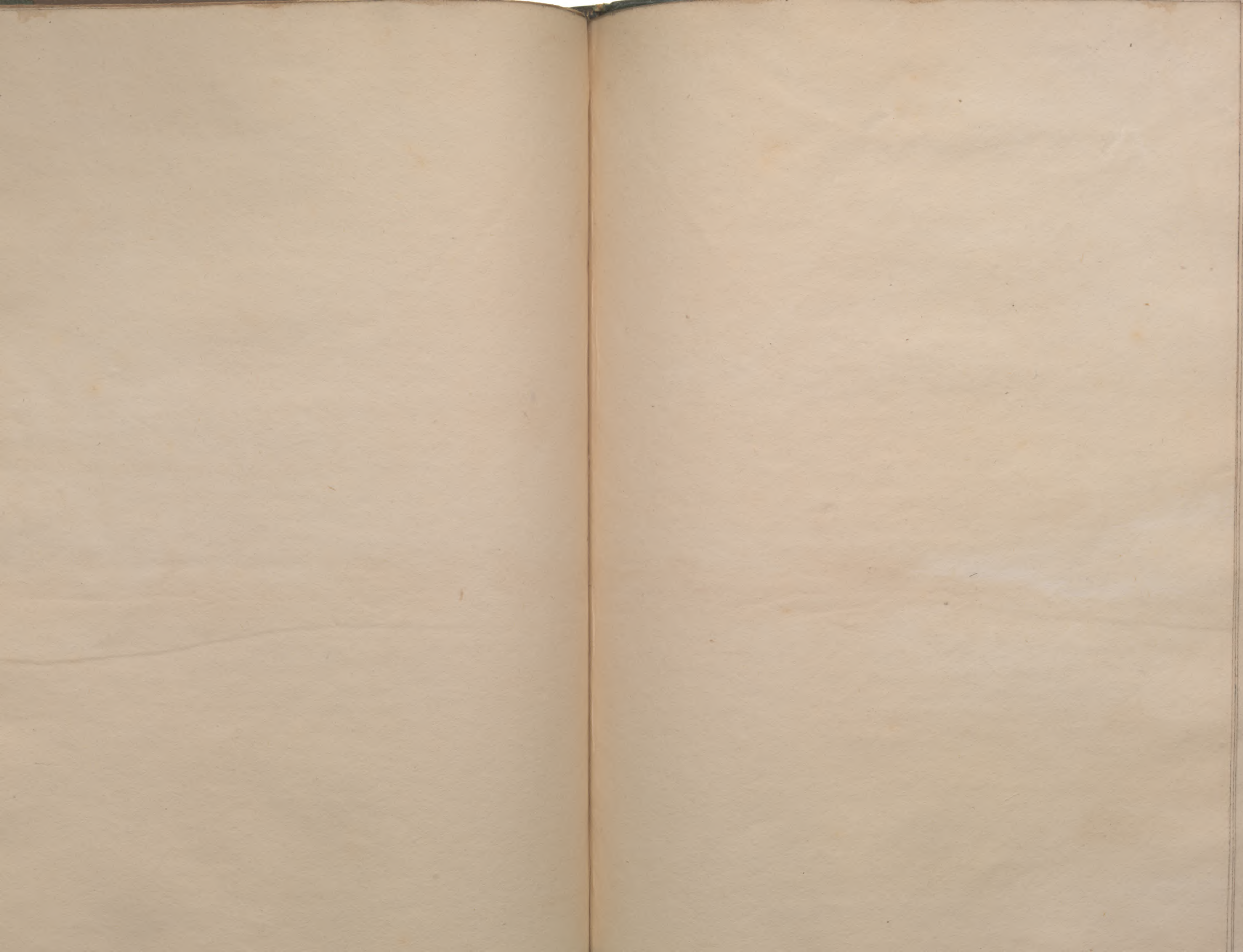
Come mourne with me, for that I doe lament,  
And put on sullen blacke incontinent.

Ile make a voyage to the Holy-land,  
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.

March sadly after, grace my mourning here,  
In weeping after this untimely beere.

**FINIS.**











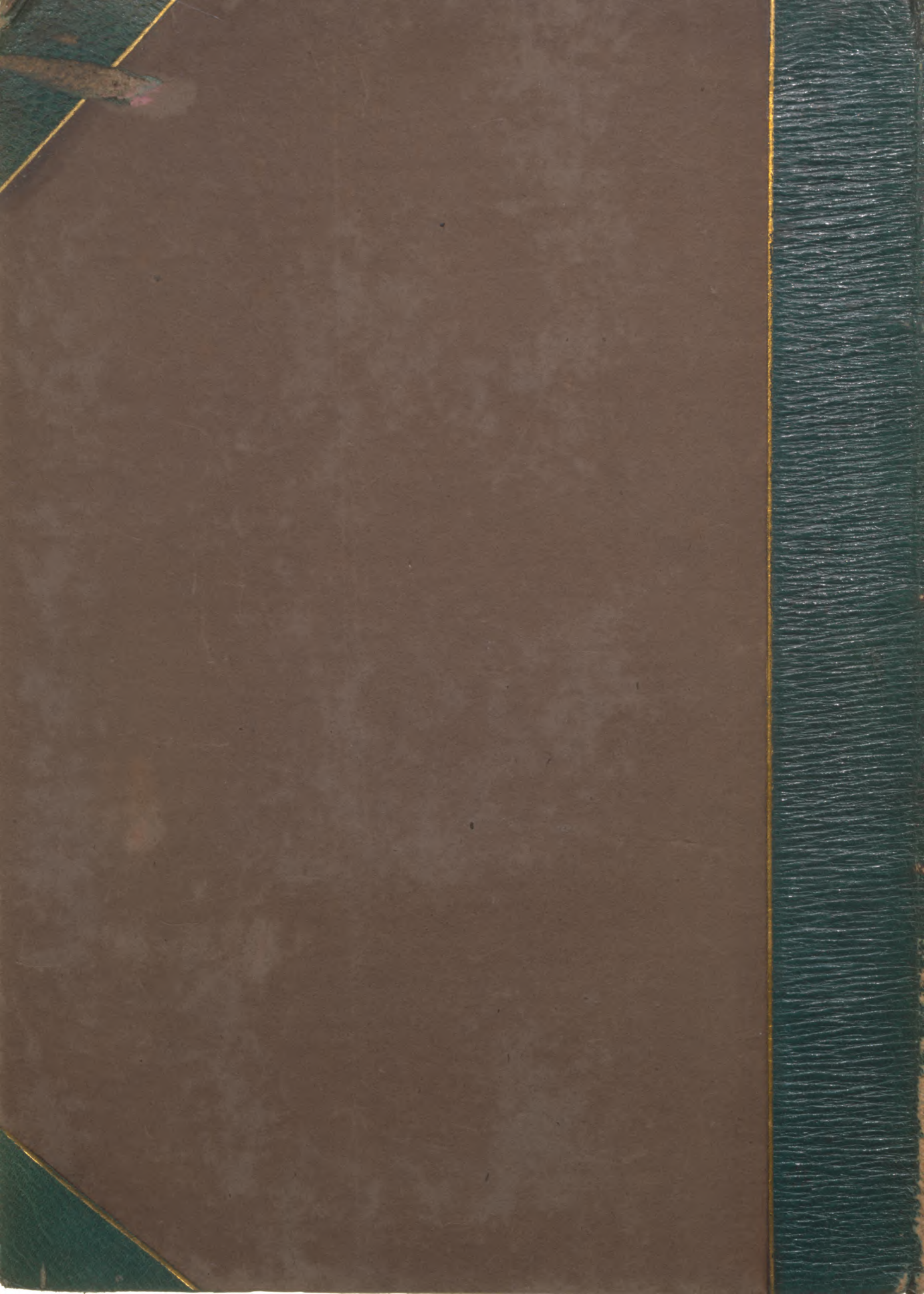
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THE KING

RICHARD

THE SECOND

BY WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARE

1634