



House of Falkland.

King Richard the second.

There is an Edition 1634.

It is not the same as this.

The letter O in the first word Old is not
ornamented but quite plain.

This wants the last leaf, and title.

The poem by Browne should preface 1639 Quarto of
Monsieur Thomas by Fletcher.

In prayse of the Authour, and his following Poeme.

TIs both the life of Action and of wit,
 When Actors so the fanci'd humours hit,
 As if twixt them and th' Authour there were strife
 How each to other should give mutuall life.
 The last this wanted not. Invention strays
 Here in full many pleasant turning wayes,
 That like Meanders their curld circles bend,
 Yet in a smooth streame runne to crowne the end.
 Then 'tis authoriz'd by the Authors name;
 Who neuer writ but with such sprightly flame,
 As if the Muses jointly did inspire,
 His raptures only with their sacred fire.
 And yet perhaps it did participate
 At first presenting but of common fate;
 When ignorance was judge, and but a few
 What was legitimate, what bastard, knew.
 The world's growne wiser now: each man can say
 If Fletcher made it 'tis an excellent play.
 Thus Poemes like their Authours may be sed,
 Never to live 'till they have first beene dead.

Rich: Brome.

The Life and Death of
King Richard the second.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

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

King Richard



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 Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I haue my Liege.

King. Tell me moreover, hast thou founded 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 fitt him on that argument,
On some apparant danger scene in him,
Aym'd at your highnesse, no inueterate 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; halty as fire.

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 obiect
Against the Duke of *Norfolke*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Bul. First, (heaven be the record of my speech,)
Inthe devotion of a subjects love,
Tendring 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, stusse I thy throat,
And wish (so please my Sovereigne) ere I move,
What my tongue speakes, my right drawne sword may prove.

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 swear,
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 beleewing aduersaries,
 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 lyer.

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-neerenesse 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 lyest:
 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 trespasse 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 enterchangeably 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 flanders venom'd speare:
The which no Balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyson.

King. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.

Mow. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resigne my gage. My deare, deare Lord,
The purest treasure 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 sight,
Or with pale beggar-seare 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 seare,
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 atone 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 sollicite 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 sonnes (whereof thy selfe art one)
Where are seven vialles of his sacred blood.

Or seven faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of those seven are dryed 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 slaine in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou seest 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

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?

Gan. 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 fit my husbands wrongs on *Hereford*s speare,
That it may enter butcher *Mowbray*s breast:
Or if misfortune misse the first carreere,
Be *Mowbray*s sinnes so heavy in his bosome,
That they may breake his foaming courfers 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.

Gan. Sister fare well; I must to *Coventry*,
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. *I 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,

Vn-peopl'd Offices, untroden stones?
And what heare there for welcome, but my groanes?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seeke out sorrow, that dwels every where:
Desolate, desolate will I hence and dye,
The last leaue of thee, takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt*.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marshall, and Aumerle.

Mar. My L. *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all poynts, and longs to enter in,

Mar. The Duke of *Norfolke*, sprightly and bold,
Stayes but the summons of the Appellants Trumpet.

Au. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Maiesties approach.

Flourish.

Enter King, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Greene,
and others: Then Mowbray in Ar-
mor, and Harrold.

Rich. Marshall, demand of yonder Champion
The cause of his arrivall here in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To sweare him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In Gods Name, and the Kings, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st, thus Knightly clad in Armes?
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truely, on thy Knighthood, and thine oath,
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour.

Mow. My name is *Tho. Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolke*,
Who hither come engaged by my oath
(Which heaven defend a Knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of *Hereford*, that appeales me.

And by the grace of God and this mine arme,
To proue him (in defending of my selfe)
A traytor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.

Rich. Marshall: aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And formally according to our Law
Depose him in the iustice of his cause. (ther

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'st thou hi-
Before King *Richard* in his Royall Lists?
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, to defend thee Heaven.

Bul. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I: who ready here doe stand in Armes,
To prove by heavens grace, and my bodies valour,
In Lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he's a Traytor foule and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King *Richard*, and to me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.

Mar. On paine of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardy as to touch the Lists,
Except the Marshall, and such Officers
Appoynted to direct these faire designs.

Bul. Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Soueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiesty:
For *Mowbray* and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue
And loving farewell of our severall friends.

Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craves to kisse your hand, and take his leaue.

Rich. We will defend, and fold him in our armes,
Cousin of *Hereford* as thy cause is iust,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shed,

Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

Bul. Oh let no Noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be goar'd with *Mowbrayes* speare:
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Against a Bird, doe I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you (my Noble Cousin) Lord *Aumerle*;
Not sicke, although I have to doe with death,
But lusty, young, and chearely drawing breath.
Loe, as at English Feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigor lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Adde prooffe unto mine Armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steele my Lances-poynt,
That it may enter *Mowbrayes* waxen Coate,
And furbish new the name of *John a Gaunt*,
Even in the lusty haviour of his sonne.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosp'rous,
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.

Rouze up thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and live.

Bul. Mine innocence, and *S. George* to thrive.

Mow. How ever Heaven or fortune cast my lot,
There lives, or dyes, true to King *Richards* Throne,
A loyall, iust, and upright Gentleman:
Never did Captiue with a freer heart,
Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soule doth celebrate
This Feast of Battle, with mine adversary.
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as jocond, as to jest,

Goe I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breast.

Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I espie
Vertue with valour, couched in thine eye:

Order the tryall Marshall, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby
Receive thy Lance, and heaven defend thy right.

Bul. Strong as a Towre in hope, I cry, Amen.

Mar. Goe beare this Lance to *Thomas D.* of Norfolk,

1 Har. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his Sovereigne, and himsele,
On paine to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traytor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

2. Har. Here standeth *Tho. Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk
On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himsele, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his Sovereigne, and to him disloyall:
Couragiously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signall to begin. *A charge sounded.*

Mar. Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants.
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.

Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets and their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with us, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we returne these Dukes, what we decree.

A long flourish.

Draw neere and list

What with our councell we have done.

For that our Kingdomes earth should not be soyl'd

With that deare blood which it hath fostered,

And for our eyes doe hate the dire aspect

Of civill wounds plough'd up with neyghbours swords,

Which so rouz'd up with boystrous untun'd drummes,

With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,

And grating shooke of wrathfull yron Armes,

Might from our quiet Confines fright faire Peace,

And

And make us wade even in our kindreds blood:

Therefore, we banish you our Territories.

You *Cosin* 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 remains a heavier doome.

Which I with some unwillingnesse pronounce,

The flye 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 Sovereigne 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

(Mynative 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 engao'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, plaining comes too late.

Mow.

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,
Sweare 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 flie this Realme,
Since thou hast farre to goe, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soule.

Mow. No Bullingbrooke: 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:

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 have 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.

Flourish.

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

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

Bul. Ioy absent, griefe is present for that time.

Gau. What is fixe 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 inforced 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 phantasticke Summers heate?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good
Giues 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) He 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, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.

Rich. We did observe. Cofin *Aumerle*,
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 rhewme, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

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

An. Farewell: & for my heart disdain'd 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 kin man 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 Countrimen, my Loving friends,
As were our England in reuersion 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 leysure, yeeld the further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highnesse losse.

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 reueneue 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 Iohn 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 visite 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 himselfe 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 *Iury*
Of the worlds ransome, blessed *Maries* 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 Sedge
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,
Bago, 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 ist 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 abitaimes from meate, that is not gaunt:
For sleeping England long time have I watcht
VVatching breeds leanness, leanness 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,
Whose 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,

Wherein thou lyest in reputation sicke,

And thou too carelesse patient as thou art.

Commit't thy annoynted body to the cure
Of those Physitions, that first wounded thee:

A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
Whose 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,

Which 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 priviledge,

Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheekes, 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 sicklinesse, 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 *Herefords* 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 reuenues, and moveables,
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did stand possist,

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 slowre my patient cheekes,
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 heire?
 Is not his heire a well-deserving sonne?
 Take *Hereford's* rights away, and take from time
 His Charters, and his customrie rights:
 Let not to morrow then in sue 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 Patentes 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 prick 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* Houle,
 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,
 Vntesse 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 pill'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 watted it, for warr'd he hath not,
 But basely yeelded upon comprimize,
 That which his Ancestors atchieu'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.

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 heavinesse,
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 himselfe 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, (scene)
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.

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 Blanc
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 Quoin,
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 yoke,
Jumpe 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 them that feare.

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

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

Bush. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)

Qu. 'Tis nothing lesse: conceit is still deriu'd
From some fore father greefe, 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 doist 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 arriv'd

At *Rauensturg*.

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.

Bush. 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 ioyn'd.

Bush. Despaire not Madam.

Qu. Who shall hinder me?

I will

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 lookes:

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 loose 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 Servant.

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 I 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'de.

To. 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 (Cofin 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 Cofin,
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 so 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 Curres, to teare us all in pieces:
Will you goe along with us?

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Majesty:
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 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.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northum-
berland.

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 *Wiltoughby*, wanting your company
Which I protest hath very much beguild
The teadiousnesse, 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?

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 resoly'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 Keeps good old *Yorke* 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 *Yorke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymour*, 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 thankes, 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 thankes, 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 *Yorke*, to know what pricks you on To take advantage of the absent time, And fright our native peace with selfe-borne Armes.

Enter Yorke.

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

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

Bul. My gracious Vncle.

Yor. 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?

Tor. 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 these, and all amille imployd.

What

What would you have me doe? I am a subject,
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.

Tor. 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 abeit him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

Tor. 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.

Tor. 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 stoop
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.

Tor. 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.*

Scena 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 heavy 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

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

*Enter Bullingbrooke, Torke, Northumberland,
Rosse, Percy, Willoughby, with Busby
and Greene, prisoners.*

Bul. Bring forth these men:

Busby and Greene, I will not vex your soules,
(Since presently your soules must part your bodies)
VVith two much urging your pernicious lines,
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 Lincaments,
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 injuries,
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 sell'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.

Bash. 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 *Worshumberland*, 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,

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

Bul. Thanks gentle Vncle: come Lords away,
To fight with *Gendoure*, and his Complices;

A while to worke, and after Holliday. *Exm.*

Scena 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 fencé:

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 Rebellionous Armes.

Car. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you King
Hath power to keepe you King, in spite 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 unscene,

In Murders and in out-rage bloody here:
But when from under this Terrestrial 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)
Hathck uded 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 VVelch-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 *Torke*
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 Engh: 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 Iudas'es, 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.

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

Ann. 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 payson'd by their Wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murther'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 lookes,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,

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 wo'es,
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.
VWhere fearing dying, payes death servile breath.

Ann. 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 *Torke* 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.
Beswore thee Cofin, which didst 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.*

Scæna Tertia.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke, Torke,
 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.

Tor. 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.

Tor. 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.

Tor. Take not (good *Cofin*) 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 contaynes 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 *Aumerle*, 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 threatning 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, Sraop,
Salisbury.*

See, see, King Richard doth himselfe appeare
As doth the blushing discontented Suane,
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.

Nor. 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 bending of thy Knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy ioyns 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 mustering 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 Grassle with faythfull English blood.

Nor. The King of Heaven forbid our Lord the King
Should so with civill and uncivill Armes
Be rusht upon: Thy thrice-noble Cofin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kisse thy hand,
And by the honourable Tombe he sweares,
That stands upon your Royall Grandfires 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 Cofin 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 (Cousin) 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?

Anm. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their hopesfull 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' st thou proud heart? Ile gine thee scope to beate,
Since foes have scope to beate both thee and me.

An. *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 Jewels 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 buri'd once, why not upon my Head?

Anmerle, thou weep' st (my tender-hearted Cousin)
VVee' le make foule Weather with de pised Teares:
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corne,
And make a Dearth in this revolting Land.

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
I talke 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 Phacton,
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 strike, where mounting Larks should
Bul. What sayes his Majesty? (sing.

Nor. Sorrow and grieve of heart
Makes him speake fondly, like a frantiecke man:
Yet he is come.

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

Rich. Faire Cousin,
You debase your Princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feele your love,
Than my unpleas'd Eye see your courtesie.
Vp Cousin, 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, Exit.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Queene, and two Ladies.

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

La. Madam, we'll play at Bowles.

Qu. I will 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 keepe 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 come the Gardiners.

Let'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 twigges.

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, *Bushy, 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 dress'd 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 *York*,
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 displeasing
What *Eve*, what serpent hath suggested thee, (newes?)
To make a second fall of curst 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 weighes King *Richard* downe.

Post

Post you to London, and you'll 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 wee.
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, Scena Prima.

Enter into the Parliament, *Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitz-Water, Surrey, Carlile, Abbot of Westminster. Herault, 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. Cousin, 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 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 Cosins 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 manuell seale of death
That markes thee out for hell. Thou lyeest,
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 forbeare, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this prefence, that hath moovd 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 vantly thou spak'st it)
That thou wer't cause of Noble *Glosters* death.
If thou deniest it, twenty times thou lyeest,
And I will turne thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my Rapiers poyn.

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 lyeest: his honour is as true
In this appeale, as thou art all uniuert:
And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th' extreamest poyn
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 prefence then;
And you can witnesse with me, this is true.

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

Fitz. *Surry*, thou lyeest,
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 Seigniories: 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 *Norforke* 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?

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

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

Bul. 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 hayle 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 *Cosin*. seize the Crown:
Here *Cosin*, 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, unseene, 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-shine dayes.
What more remaines?

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 follies? 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, damn'd in the booke of Heaven.
Nay, all of you, that stand and looke upon me,
Whil'st that my wretchednesse doth bait my selfe,
Though some of you, with *Pilate* wash your hands,

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 Pesant,

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. Vrge it no more my Lord *Northumberland*.

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

Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: ile reade 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.

Give 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 griefe lyes all within,
And these externall manners of laments,
Are meerely shadows to the unseene griefe,
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 nimble 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 griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an Ale-house guest?

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, 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 Beast?

Rich. A King of beasts indeed, if aught but beasts,
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 tedious 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 griefe,
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 Sicknesse 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'ft of day.

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

Rich. I, hand from hand (my Love) and heart fro 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 woing 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 Torke, 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 Cosins comming into London.

Tor. 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.

Tor. 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 whilst?

Yorke. 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*.

Yor. *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.

Yor. 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 Iusts and Tri-

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

Yor. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

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

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

Yor. 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,
VWhich for some reasons I would not have seene.

Yor. VWhich for some reasons sir, I meane to see:
I feare, I feare.

Dut. VWhat should you feare?

'Tis nothing but some Bond, that he is entred into
For gay apparrell against the Triumph.

Yor. 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.

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

Dut. VWhat's the matter, my Lord?

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

Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?

Yor. 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?

Yor. 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.

Dur. Thy life answer?

Enter Servant with Boots.

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

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

Yor. Give me my Boots I say.

Dur. Why *Yorke*, what wilt thou doe?
Wilt thou not hide the trespasse 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.

Dur. 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.

Dur. Hadst thou groan'd for him, as I have done,
Thou wouldest be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde; thou dost suspect
That I have beene dislovall 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.*

Dur. 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,
Ile 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

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 Cofin, that he stares
And looks so wildely? (iesty

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 Cofin now?

Aum.

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roose 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 bolome, (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 thriflesse 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.

Dutchesse within.

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 Cofin, 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 sound,

This let alone, will all the rest confound. *Enter Dutchesse.*

Dut. O King, beleeeve not 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, heare me gentle King.

Dut. 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 joy,

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? Looké upon his Face,

His eyes do drop no teares: his prayers are in jest:

His words come from his mouth, but from our brest

He prayes but faintly, and would be deny'd,

VVe pray with heart, and soule, and all beside:

K

His

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.

Yor. 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 Kings friend, and will rid his Foe.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I have beene studying, how to compare
This Prison where I live, 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 Come little ones; and then
 It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
 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 Elinty 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 with 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 clesing 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 jacke o'th' Clooke.
 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.* Thanks 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.
 Oh how 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 haue 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 eate 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.

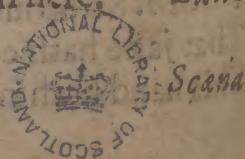
Rich. How now? what meanes death in this rude assault?
Villaine, thine owne hand yeilds thy deaths instrument,
Goe thou and fill another roome in hell.

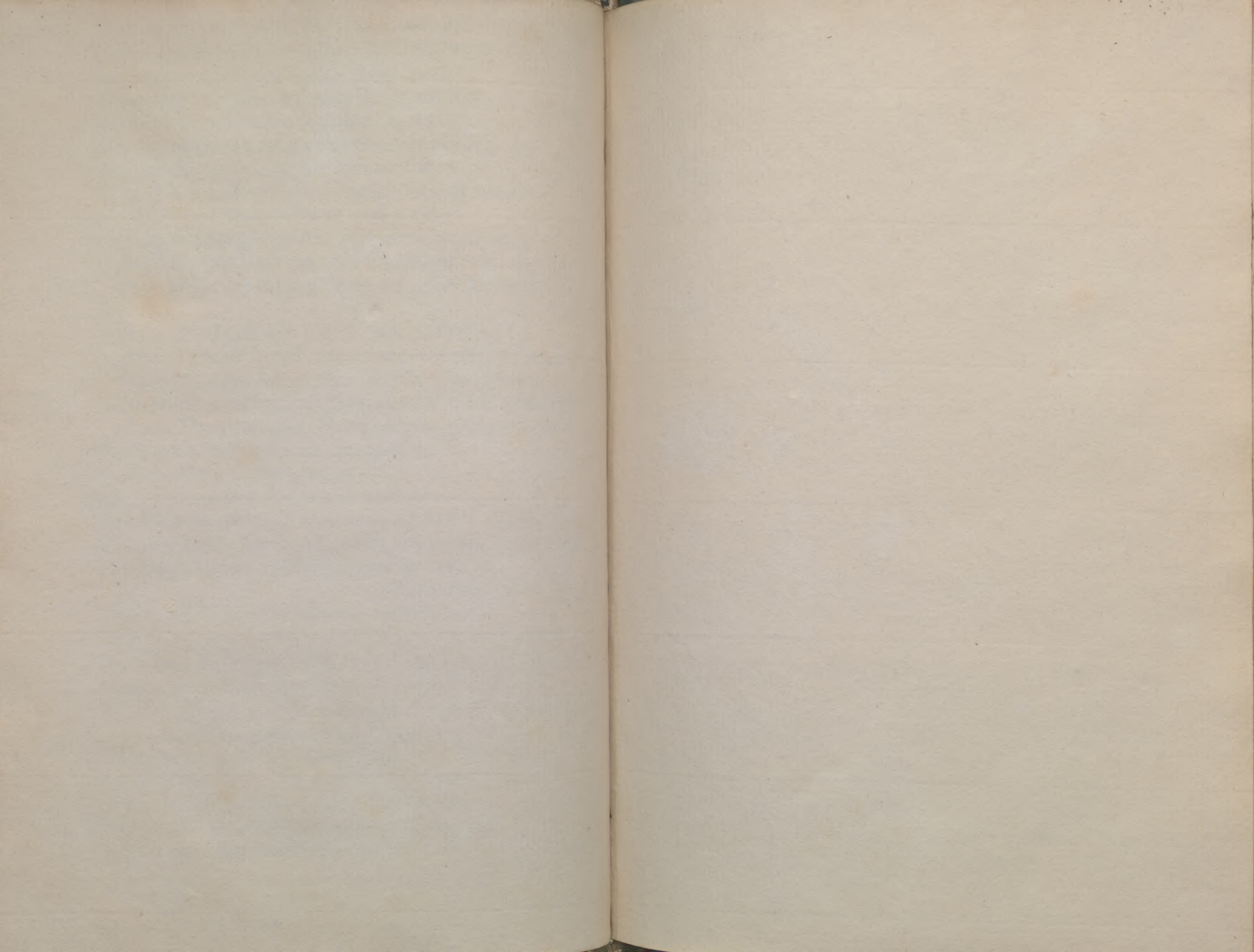
Exton strikes him downe.

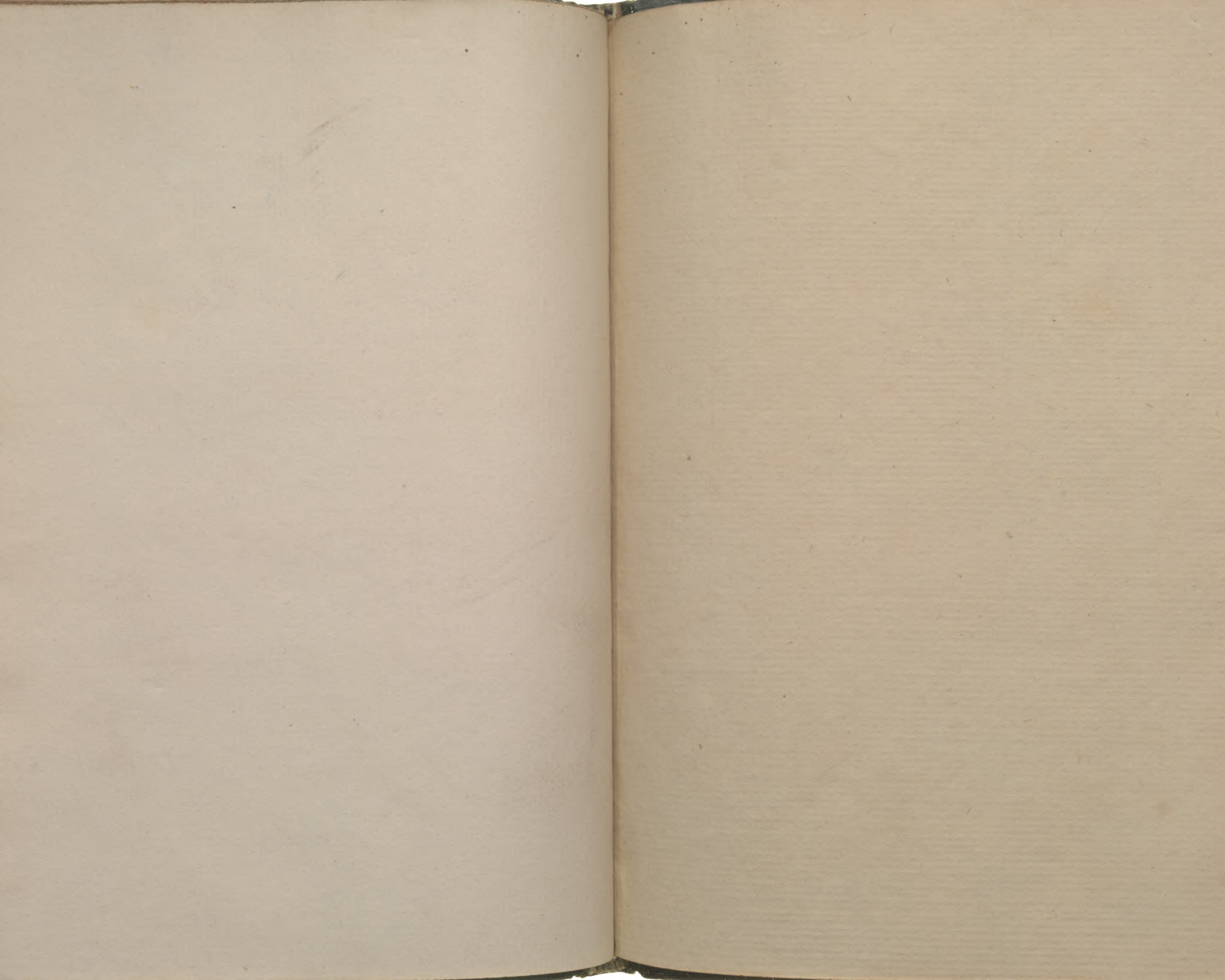
That hand shall burne in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings owne land.
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is up on high,
Whil' st my grosse flesh sinkes downward here to dye.

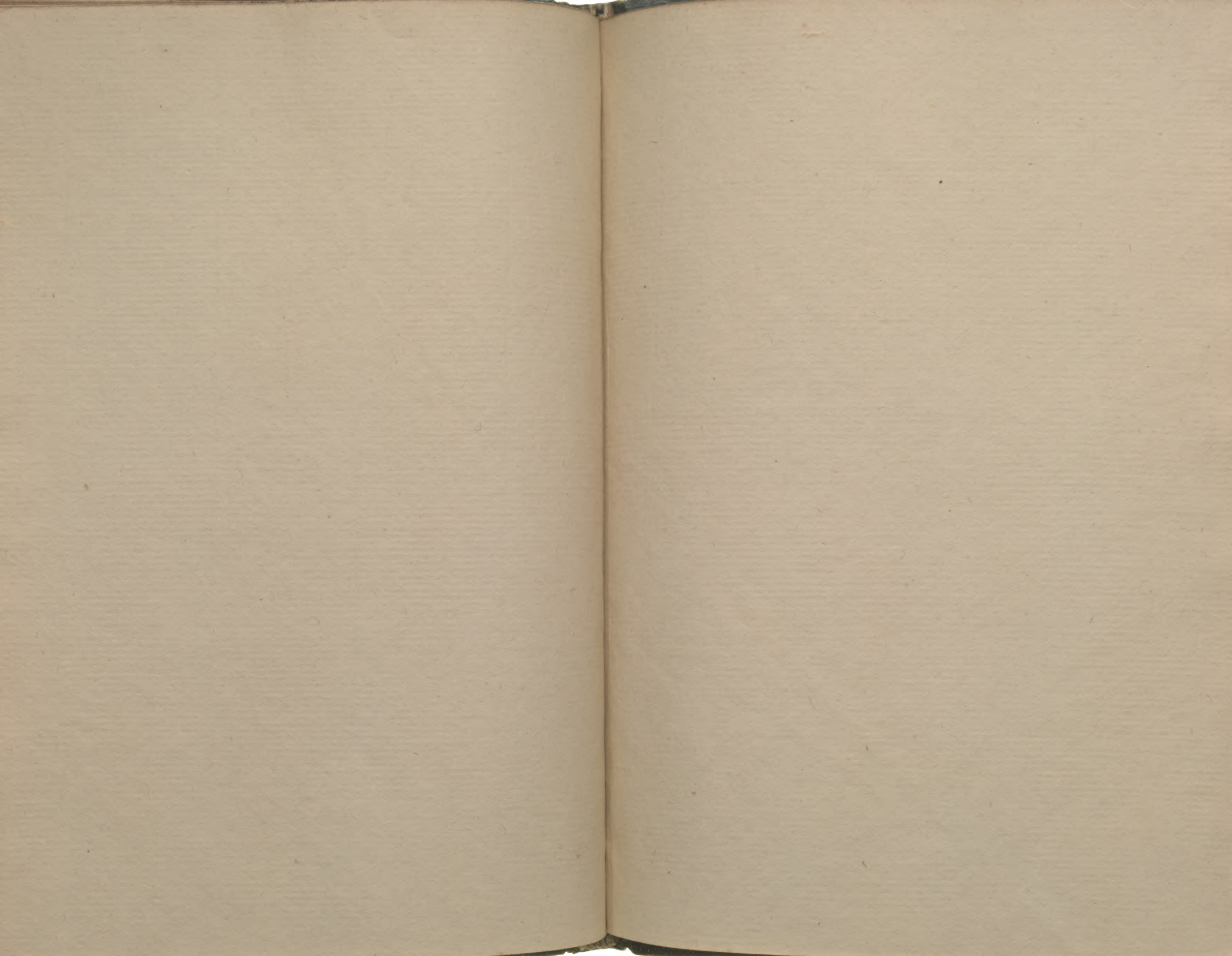
Ex. As full of valour as of Royall blood,
Both have I spilt: Oh would the deed were good,
For now the divell, that told me I did well,
Sayes that this deed is Chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King ile beare,
Take hence the rest; and give them buriall here.

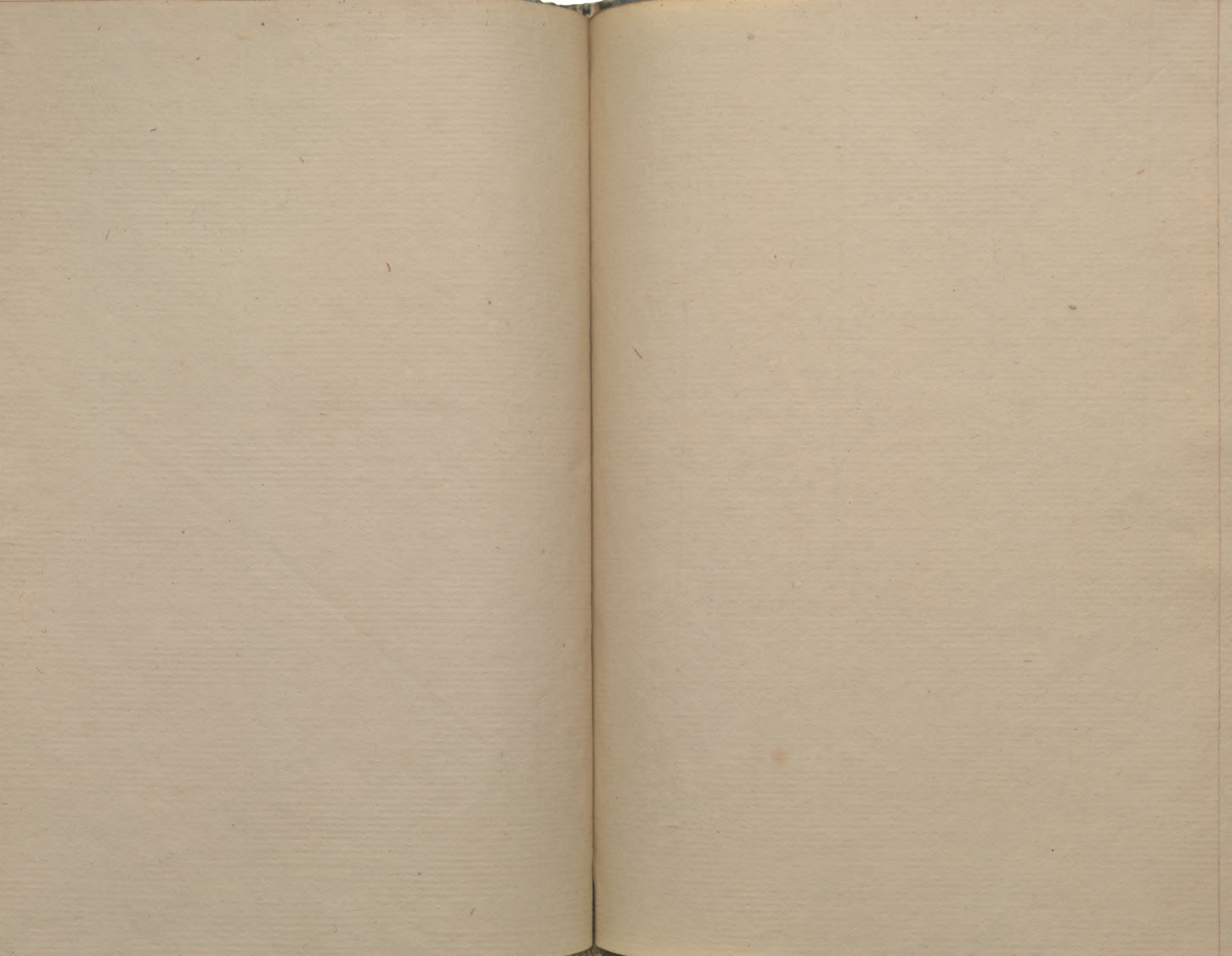
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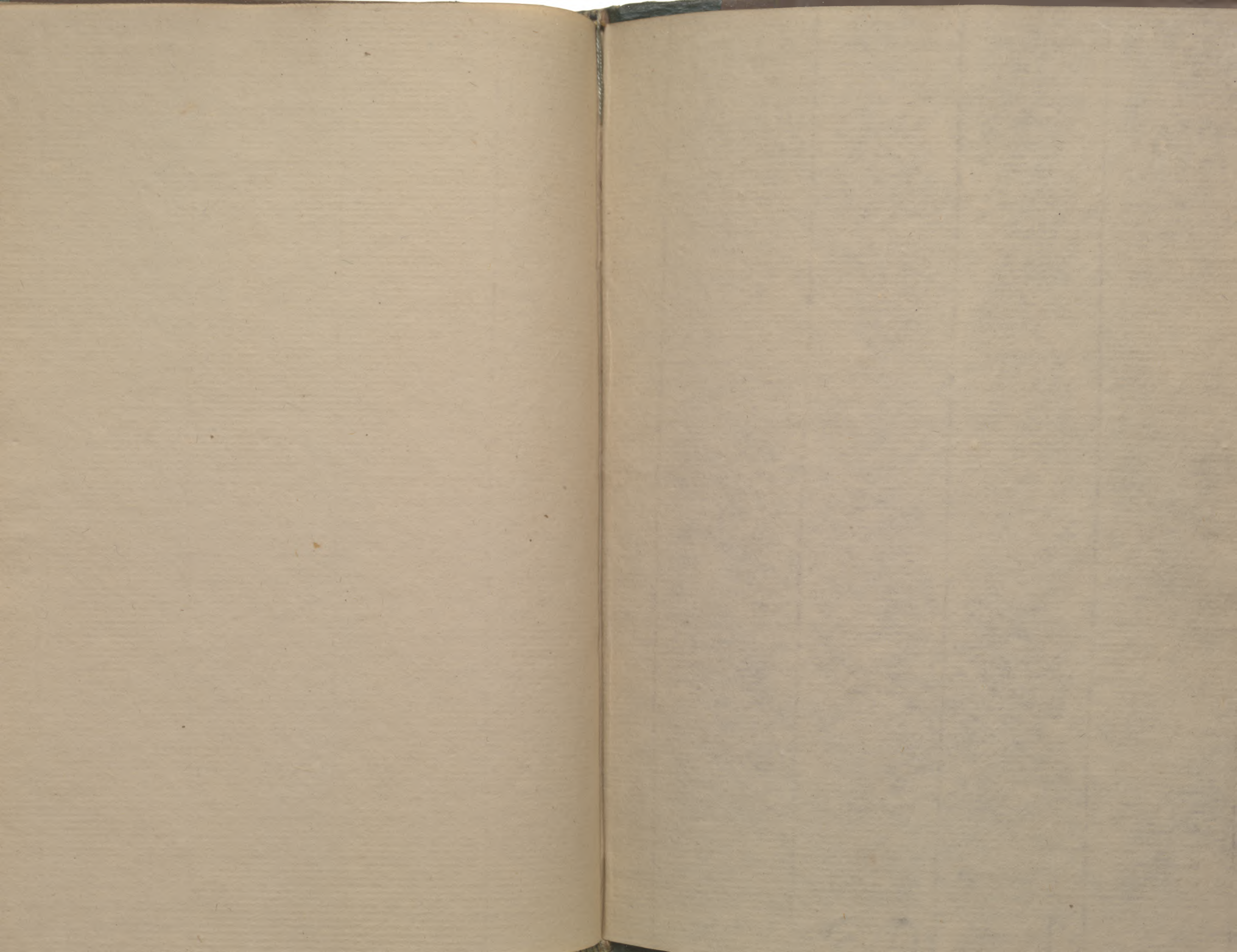












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