The life and death of Richard the Second.

In name of lendings for your Highnesse Soldiers,
The which he hath daintie for few employment,
Like to a false Traitor, and infinitious Villaine.
Besides I say, and will in instarable praise
Or here, or elsewhere to the utmost yeare
That ever was journeyed by English eye,
That all the Trefason for these eighteene yeares
Complotted, and contriven in this land,
Fetched from false Couizes in their first head and spring,
Further I say, and farther will mainaine
Upon his bad life, to make all this good
That he did plot the Duke of Goughiers death,
Suggest his loome beleauing aduersaries,
And consequently, like a Traitor Coward.
She dout his innocent soule through the flames of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificinge Abel's fires,
(Even from the toongeste caurnes of the earth)
To me for justice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my deffence,
This arm shall do it, or this life be gonne.

King. How high a pitch his resolution foares :s
Thomas of Norfoke, what sayest thou to this?

Now. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his cares a little while be deafe,
Till I have told this flander of his blood.
How God, and good men, hate to soule a lyer.

King. Mind the wing, impartial are our eyes and ears,
Were he my brother, say our king domes byrte,
As he is but my fathers brothers soune.
Now by my Scepers awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neerenee to our sacred blood,
Should nothing prunlich him, nor partialite.
The vn-flooring skirmichle of my viugts soule,
He is our lubiut (Mustered) to act thon,
Free speech, and peacecliffe, to thee allow.

Now. Then Bulkerbridge, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falsesse paliage of thy throat, thou yieldst
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calice,
Disurb to his Highness sons shoulders;
The other part refer'd by consent.
For that my Soueraigne Lige was in my debt,
Vpon reminder of a decere Accident.
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that Lye. For Glouchters death,
I flew him not; but (to mine owne disguis)
Neglect my owme duty in that case:
For you my noble Lord of Lancastor,
The honourable Father to my toe,
Once I did lay an ambusc for your life,
A treasue that death vex my greased soule;
But ere I sail receit the Sacrament,
I did confess 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 Traitor,
Whose life in my teale I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hittle downe my gage
Upon this over-sweeting Traitors foot.
To prove my self a loyal Gentleman,
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome.
In half wherefo, most heartily I pray
Your Highness to affigne our Triall day,

King. Wraht-kindled Gentlemen be rule'd by me;
Let's purge this cholater without letting blood:
This we prescrite, though no Phystitian,
Deepre malice makes too deepre incision.
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agree'd.
Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.
Good Vncker, let this end where it begin.
We'll calme the Duke of Norfolke you, your fon.

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

King. And Norfolke, throw downe his Gunne.
Ganne, When Harris when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid aye.

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

Now. My selfe I throw (dread Soueraigne) at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
The one my dutie owes, but my faire name
Dispiet of death, that slues upon my grave
To darke diffusions vfe, thou shall not haue.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffe'd heere,
Pierced to the foule with flanders vnom'd speare:
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this payson.

King. Rage must be with blood:
Give me his gage: Lyons make Leopards same.

Mo. Yes, but not change his post: take but my name,
And I resign my gage. My deere, deere Lord,
The purest creature mortal times afford
Is first-title reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loane, or painted clay.
A Jewell in a ten times bare'd up Chefe,
Is a bold spirit, in a lowly restraint.
Mine Honor is my life; both growe in one;
Take Honor from me, and my life is done.
Then (deere my Lige) mine Honor let me trie,
In that I live; and for that will I die.

King. Godin, throw downe your gage,
Do you begin.

Bul. Oh heauen defend my soule from such foule sin.
Shall I seeme Crueltie in my fathers fight,
Or with pale beggar-stre apeach my light
Before this our dar'd daftard? Ere my toong,
Shall wound mine honor with such feble wrong;
Or found to save a parte: my teeth shall seare
The flouthe mous of recanting feare,
And fris is bleeding in this high disguis,
Where shame doth harbore, even in Mowbrays face.

Exit Gunnant.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be readie, (as your lines shall answer it)
At Couentree, upon S. Lembrets day:
There shal your swords and Lances arbitrate
The dwelling difference of your feled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you shall fece
Jusfice defigne the Vchors Chinsulrie.

Lord Marshall, commannd our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct the same.

Exeunt.

Scena Seconda.

Enter Gunant, and Daccheffe of Gloucester.

Gunant. Alas, the part I had in Glouchters blood,
Doth more sollicit me than your exclamations,
To thrice against the Burcheters of his life.
The life and death of Richard the second.

But since correction lyeth in thole hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven,
Who when they see the hours ripe on earths
Will raise and hance vengeance on offenders heads.

But findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre.
Great lohe in thy old blood no living fire.
Edwards feuen sonnes (whereof thy felte are one)
Were as leuon violles of his Sacred blood,
Or feuen faire branches springing from one root.
Some of those sonnes are diade by naturis course,
Some of those branches by the deflautis cut.
But Thomas, my deere Lord, my life, my Glouffer,
One Violli full of Edwards sacred blood.
One flourishing branch of his most Royall sorte.
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hackt downe, and his summer leaves all vaded
By Ennis hand, and Murdo bloody Axe.

Ah Gaunt! His blood was thine, that bad, that wembre,
That memeler, that felce-mould that passion'd thee.
Made him a man; and though thou liest, and breath feb,
Yet are thou Caine in him: thou dost confit

In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou feelt thy wretched brother dye,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.

Call it not patience (Gaunt) it is dispaine,
In suffreing thus thy brother to be hang'd,
Thou flewst the nacked pathway to thy life,
Teaching thine mother how to butcher thee.

That which in meane men we mitile patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble brevis.
What shall I say to safegard thine owne life,
The best way is to venge thy Glouffer death.

Our Heauen is the quarell; for heauens subfitrate
His Deputy anointing in his fight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heauen requenye: for I may never lift

An angry ame against his Minifter.

But why then shall: farewell old Gaunt,
Thou goft to Countrey, there to be hang'd
Our Caine Herford, and fell Mowbray fight:
Of my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes bret:
Or if misfortune misste the first careere.

Be Mowbraynes finnes so heavy in his bosome,
That they may break his foaming Coniers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lifs,
A Cawiffis recreant to my Caine Herford.
Farewell old Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wife
With her companion Grefee, must end her life.

Gau. Sifter farewell: I must to Countrey,
As much good fray with thee, as go with mee.

Yet one word more: Grefee boundeth where it
Not with the empiact hollowers, but weight: (falls)
I take my lease, before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not, when it is memorer done.
Commend me to my brother Edmund's wife.

Loc, this is all: I say, yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly go,
I shall remember more. Bid him, O, what?
With all good speed at Pladie visti mee.

Alacke, and what shall good old Yorke ther see
But empty lodgings, and woundriff d walle,
Vp-peopled O'ffices, voided themes?

And what heare there for welcome, but my groanes?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seek out frowre, that dwells every where.

Do I take, deference will I hence, and dye,
The last leave of thee, takes my weeping eye.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marthall, and Aumerle.

Mar. My L. Aumerle, is Harry Herford arm'd.
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, withrightfully and bold,
Styes but the summons of the Apparells Trumpet,
Aum. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and lay
For nothing but his Majestie approach.

Enter King, Gaunt, Bathy, Bago, Greene, &
other: Then Mowbray in Ar-

Rich. Marthall, demand of yonder Champion

The cause of his arruall here in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
Toeware him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In Gods name, and the Kings stye who tells art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in Armes?
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrell.
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As to defend thee heauen, and thy valour.

Now. My name is Tho. Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither comes engaged by my oath
(Which heauen doth defend a knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Herford, that appeares me:
And by the grace of God, and this mine armes,
To prove him (in defending of my selfe),
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Tucket. Enter Herford, and Harald.

Rich. Marthall: Ask yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he committh bipher,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And formerly according to our Law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore commyst bipher
Before King Richard in his Royall Lifs?
Against whom commyst thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heauen.

Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Desbie,
Am I: who ready here do stand in Armes,
To prove by heauen's grace, and my bodies valour,
In Lifs, on Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King Richard, and to me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Mar. On paine of death, no person to be bold,
Or daring hardie as to touch the Lifs,
Except the Marshall, and such Officers
Appointed to direct thase faire designs.

Bul. Lord Marthall, let me kisse my Sourcraughts hand,
And bow my knee before his Majestie.

For Mowbray and my selfe are like to men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage.

Then
Then let vs take a ceremounious levee,  
And long farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The Appeallant in all due respect your Highness, 
And craves to kisse your hand, and take his levee.

Rich. We will defend, and fold him in our arms.

Coffin of Herford, as thy cause is just, 
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight.

Farewell, my blood, which it to day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

But, Oh let no noble eye prophane a tear
For me, if he be got with Arewbury spaire:

As confid, as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with Arewbury fight.

My loyal Lord, I take my leve of you,
Of you (my Noble Coffin) Lord Arewreyes;
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But whole, strong, and utterly drawing breath.

Loo, as at English Feasts, so I rejoice
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.

Oth thou the earhy author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,

Doth with a two-fold rigor lift mee vp
To reach at victory above my head,

Adde proofe unto mine Armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings flece mee Lances point,
Thou mayst enter Arewreyes wares Coste,
And furnish new the name of John a Grant,

Euen in the lightest hour of his fortune.

Grant. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prop's

Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blows double redoubled,

Fall like amazing thunder on the Cask
Of thy armed perimous enemy,

Roast vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant and live.

But, Mine innocence, and S. George to thine.

Now how ever heaven or fortune cast my lot,

There lies, or dies, true to Kings Richard's Throne,
A loyall, just, and uprigh Gentlemen:

Neuer did Captivie with a free heart,
Catt off his chaine of bondage, and embrace
His golden vnocontroul'd embracements,
More then my dancing foule dote celebrate.

This Feat of Zaccell, with mine Adversarie.
Moit mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,

Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeres,
As gentle, and as loocond, as to left,

Go to fight: Truth, hath a quiet bref.

Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I ey
Vertrue with Valour, couched in thine eye:

Order the trall Marhall, and begin.

Mar. Harris of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy Lauree, and heaven defend thy right.

But. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.

Mar. Go beare this Lette to Thomas D. of Norfolk.

1. Harr. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,

stands her: for God, his Soueraine, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false, and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Arewrey.

A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dures him to let forwards to the fight.

2. Harr. Here flanched Thomas Arewrey Duke of Norfolk

On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approve
Harr. of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,

To God, his Soueraine, and to thine diffayall:
Couragiously, and with a free desire

Attending but the signall to begin.

Mar. Sound Trumpers, and let forward Combatants.

Stay, the King hast thrown me his Warden downe.

Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets & their Spears,
And both returne backe to his Chances againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we returne the Dukes what we decree.

A long Flourish.

Draw neere and lift

What with our Councell we have done.

For that our kingdome earth should not be forfayd
With that decyre blood which hath fostlered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire alpect
Of cistull wounds plough'd vp with neighbours swords,
Which to rouz'd vp with boyfulyrs vnsen'd drummes,
With harf refoundg Truaps dres'd full blay.

And grasing shocke of wrathfull yron Armes,

Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euyn in our kindred blood:

Therefore we banish you your Territories.

You Coffin Herford, ypon paine of death,
Till twice fine Summers have eurish'd our fieldes,

Shall not regret our faire dominions,

But tread the stranger pathes of banishment.

But, Your will be done: This mutt my comfort be,

That sun that warmes you here, shall shine on me:
And bless his golden beames to you here lent,

Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Rich. Norfolke: for thee remaines a heaunter dombe,

Which I wish some vvanilligene frappe.

The flye flow hours shall not determine

The datelesse limit of thy deere exile.

The hopelesse word, of Neuer to returne,

Breath I against thee, ypon paine of life.

Now. A heauen intercourse, my most Soueraine Liege,

And all vallouk'd for from your Highnesse mouth

A deerer men, not to deep a maine,
As to be cast forth in the common aye.

Hafe I defended, at your Highnesss hands.

The Language I have learnt those forty yeres
(My natlive English) now I must forget,

And now my tongues vse is to me no more,
Then an unpractised Ypall, or a Harpe,

Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd wp,

Or being open, put into his hands.

That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.

Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,

Doubt perculiss with my teeth and lipses,

And dull, ynteiling barren ignorance.

Is made my Goaler to att me on:

I am too old to fawne upon a Nurse.

Too fair in yeeres to be a pupill now:

What is thy imtention then, but speechlesse death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

Rich. It boos thee not to be compasionable.

After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Now. Then thus I turne me from my country light

to dwell in solennes shades of endleffe night.

Ric. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,

Lay on our Royall sword, your hand for hands;

Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven

(Our part therein we banish with your felows).

To kepe the Oath that we administr.

You sueuer shall (to helpe you Truth, and Heauen)

Embrace each others love in banishment,

Nor euer looke one on eche other face,
The life and death of Richard the second.

A brace of Drays—men bid God speed him well.
And had the tribute of his little knee.
With thanks to my Counsels, my loving friends.
As were our English in requital his,
And he our subject next degree in hope.

Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Extempore manage must be made by my Liege.
Else further leisure, yield them further means.
For their advantage, & your Highness' solace.
Ric. We will our force in person to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberal Large fees, are grown somewhat late.
We are forsooth to farme our royall Resigne,
The Revenue whereof shall furnish vs
For our nayfers in hand, if that come short.
Our Subsidies at home shall have Blanke-charters,
Whereas, 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 Boyles.

Boy. what newses?

Bu. Old John of Kent is very sick my Lord,
Solemnly taken, and hath sent post haste
To entreat your Maiestie to visit him.
Ric. Where layes he?
Bu. At Ely house.
Ric. Now put it (heauen) in his Physicians minde,
To help him to his grave immediately:
The lining of his coffers shall make Coares
To decke our lodgers for the Irish warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all goe with him.
Pray heavene we may make haft, and come too late, Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, flete with Turke.

Gaunt. Will the King come, that I may breathe my last
In whollesome counsell to his unhand yeud?

Tor. Vex not your felse, nor frithe not with your brest,
For all in vase comes counsell to his care.

Gaunt. Oh but (they say) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deeps harmony;
Where words are scarce, they are felonie spent in vase,
For they breathe truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more muse say, is liken'd more,
Then whom youth and eale haue taught to glory,
More are mens ends mark, then their lines before,
The setting Sun, and Mosteck is the cloke
As the last tale of sweetnes, is sweetest fall
With in remembrance, more then things long past.
Though Richard my lines counsell would not brace,
My deaths fad tale, may yet undece his care.

Tor. No, it doth with other flatting founds
As praiseth of his face: then there are found.
Lachinous Meeters, to whose venom found
The open ear of youth doth always listen.
Report of fashions in proud Iraly,
Whole manners still our tardice epithet Nation
Limpes after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thauft forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no reede how vyle,
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
That all too late comes counsell to be heardy.
Where will divinity with wis regard
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose,
Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inspir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His rafe fierce blaze of tryout cannot laft,
For violent fires soone burne out themselves,
Small howres laft long, but sodaine flames are short,
He tyres betimes, that fiuer too fast betimes;
With eaiser feeding, food doth choke the feeder.
Light vanity, infratude commont.
Confusing meanses soone preyes upon it selfe.
This royall Throne of Kings, this cempted life,
This earth of Malefity, this feate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradise,
This Fortresse 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 hinges it in the office of a wall,
Or a Moate defentive to a house,
Against the enmy of lefle happier Lands,
This blest plot, this earth, this Resigne, this England,
This wide boundless termine wome of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as faire from home,
For Christian service, and true Chivalrie,
As is the repulcher in stubborne fay
Of the Worlds raniome, blest Merised Some.
This Land of such deere soules, this deere-deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Lead out (I wepe pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or peling Farne.
England bound in with the triumphant fane,
Whole rocky shore beats backe the emulous fedge.
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with Surge,
With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
This England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shamefull confetti of it selfe.
Ahi why the scandal stain with my life,
How happy then were my ensigning death?

Enter King, Queen, Attorne, Boyly, Gaunt, Ragges, Ros, and Williaumes.

Tor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Cole, being zag'd, do rage the more.

Quo. Who fares our noble Uncle Lancaster?

Ric. What comfort now? How lift with aged Gaunt?

Quo. Oh how that name besits my composition
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt. In being euld:
Within me greefe hath kept a tedious fall,
And who alwaies from meate, that is not gaunt?
For fleeping England long time hace I watched,
Watching breeta lenffeke, lenffeke is all gaunt.
The pleasures that some fathers seede spon,
Is my rich fall, I meane me my Childrens lookes,
And therein falling, hath thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a gaunt,
Whole hollow wome inheritaught but bones.

Ric. Can fickes men play so mely with their names?

Gaunt. No, malyry makes sport to malkke it felle:
Since thou dost feke to kill my name in me.
The life and death of Richard the second.

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.
Rich. Do young men flatter those that lie?
Gen. No, no, men living flatter those that dye.
Rich. Thou now a dying, sayst thou flatterst me? I see thee not.
Gen. Oh no, thou dost, though I the tacker bee.
Rich. I am in health, I bristle, I see thee ill.
Gen. Now he that made me, know I see thee ill; ill in my body to see, and in thee, seeing ill.
Thy death-bed be no lesser then the Land,
Wherein thou sittest in reputation sickne,
And thou too care-lees patient as thou art,
Commit'th thy mounted body to the cure
Of those Physitians, that first wounded thee;
A thousand Bastardes fit within thy Crown,
Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head,
And yet incaged in (to invit a Verge),
The wheate is no white lesser then thy Land:
Had thy Grandfathers with a Prophets eye,
Seen how his fowmes fowne, should destroy his fowne,
From thence thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou were passeft,
Which art passeft now to depole thy selfe.
Why (Codine) yet thou King Regent of the world,
It was a shame to let his Land by leafe;
But for thy world enjoying but this Land,
Is it not more than shame, so shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou, and not King:
Thy flate of Law, is bandlaufe to the Law,
And
Rich. And thou, a unstickke leene-witted foole,
Prefuming on all priviledges gruunned,
Darst with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheekes, chafing the Royall Blood
With hury, from his native residence?
Now by my Seates right Royall Maiestie,
We'th not thou Brother to great Edwards fomne,
This tongue that runs toonoudly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy vncertne shoulers.
Gen. Oh spare me not, my brothers Edwards fomne,
For that was my Father Edwards fomne.
That blood already (like the Pelican)
Thou haft tapt ou, and drunkenk drowne.
My brother Gloucester, plane well meaning foole
(Whom faire befall in beauteonmongit happy fooules)
May be a presidant, and winnedle good.
That thou repesft'th not fulfilling Edwards blood:
Joyne with the presidant feiknit that I haue,
And thy unkindnesse be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flouere,
Line in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee.
These words heereafter, thy tormentors bee.
Conuey me to my bed, then to my grave,
Lone they to line, that make you and honor hau,
Exit Rich. And let them dye, that age and fullens hau,
For both hau thou, and both become the grave.
Gen. I do beseeche your Maiestie improue his words
To wayward sickinesse, and age in him:
He loves you on my life, and holds you deere
As Harry Duke of Herforde, were he here.
Rich. Right, you satt true: as Herfords love so, his;
As theirs, so mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, old Guast commends him to your Maiestie.

Rich. What sayes he?
Nor. Nay nothing, all is laid,
His tongue is now a stringele of instrument,
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

Tor. Be Yorke the next, that must be bankrupt so,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortal war.
Rich. The rife of first fift, and so doth he,
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that. Now for our Irish warres,
We must repulse those rough rug-headed Kernes,
Which live like venom, where no venom elie
But only they, have pruilligge to live.
And for these great affayres do ask some charge
Towards our dissiffance, we do feize to ye:
The plate, coines, resounsnesse, and meausables;
Whereof our Uncle Guast did stand poiffet.
Tor. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender dutie make me suffer wrong?
Not Glosstes death, nor Herfords banishment,
Not Guastes rebukes, nor Englands private wrongs,
Not the preuention of poore Bushingrookes,
Not his marriage, nor my owne disgrace
Haguer cauer made me favore my patient chekke,
Or bend one wrinkle on my Soveraignes face:
I am the left of noble Edwardes fomnes,
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was first,
In warre was never Lyon rag'd more fierce;
In peace, was never gentle Land be more milde,
Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman,
His face thouholde, for euer to look'd be
Accomplisht with the number of thy hewers;
But when he grow'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did iped: and spent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won;
His hands were guile of no kinds blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kynne:
Oh Richard, Tarde is too faire gone with greins,
Or else he never would compare betwixt.
Rich. Why Vincle,
What's the matter?

Tor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you plase, if not
I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all;
Seeketh you to seize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rights of banish'd Herford
Is not Guast dead? and doth not Herford live?
Was not Guast therf? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one defence Who haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deferuing fonne?
Take Herfords rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his culomanie rights
Let not to morrow them infuse to day,
Be not thy felle. For how art thou a King,
But by faire sequence and succession?
Now afoare God, God forbid I say true,
If you do wrongfully feize Herfords right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Attorneys general, to sue
His Lunicie, and denie his offer'd homage,
You plucke's thoudsand dangers on your head,
You looke a thousand well-deferuing hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honor and allegiance cannot think.

Re. Thinke what you will: we feite into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

Tor. Ille not by the whole; My Liege fareweil,
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell.
But by the course they may be understand.
That their events can never fill our good.
Exit.

Rich. Go Batterie to the Earl of Wiltshire's fireground,
Bid him repair to us to try our houfe.
To fee this busineffe: to morrow next.
We will for Ireland, and there's time, I trow:
And we create in absence of our felfe.
Our Uncle Yorke, Lord Gouvernor of England:
For he is fuit, and always fou'd vs well.
Come on our Queene, to meete us we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

M. of North. Williards & Raff.
Wor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.
Raff. And living too, for now his fonne is Duke.
Wor. Barely in title, not in reumewnew.
Raff. Richly in both, if fuitche had her right.
Raff. My heart is great: but it must break with silence,
E't be diſturb'd with a liberal tongue.
Wor. Nay speak thy mind: & let him not speak more
That speaks words against to do thee barne.
Wor. Tends that thou'lt speak to th'Du, of Hereford,
If he be, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine care to hear of good towards him.
Raff. No good at all that I can do for him,
Velle you call it good to pithe him,
Bereft and gilded of his patrimonie.

Nor. Now afore heauen, 'tis frame such wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many mee
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himfelfe, but badly led
By fatterers, and what they will informe
Merely in hate 'gainst any of vs all,
That will the King feuerely profecribe
Gainft vs, our lies, our children, and our heires.
Ref. The Commons hath he pild with greuous taxes
And quite loft their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde
For ancient quarrels, and quite loft their hearts.
Wor. And daily new exactions are deu'd,
As blanke, benevollences, and I wott not what:
But what in Gods name doth become of this?
Nor. Worse hath not wafted it, for war he hath not.
But fearely yeelded upon compromize,
That which his Ancellers atchieued with blowes:
More haft he fpent in peace, then they in warres.
Ref. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the reigne in Farnie,
Wor. The Kings grewe me bankrupt like a broken man.
Nor. Reproach, and defauion langheth over him.
Ref. He hath not monie for these ftreit warres:
(He incontinuus cavtions not with hauing)
But by the robbing of the banifhed Duke.
Nor. His noble Kinman, most degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearfull tempeft fing,
Yet feake no shelter to avoid the stormes:
We fee the winde fixe for upon our falles,
And yet we strike not, but fearely perih
Ref. We fee the very wracke that we must suffer,
And unproyed in the danger now.
For sufferings (to the cauces of our wracke.
Nor. Not to: even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spie life peering: but I dare not fay
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wor. Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou doft ours.
Ref. Be confident to feeke Northumberland,
We three, are but thy felle, and speaking so.
The life and death of Richard the second.

Ser. An hour before I came, the Dutcheffe di'd, 
Tor. Haun't for his mercy, what a side of woes
Come rufting on this wofull Land at once?
I know not what to do; I would to heaven
(So my vntruth had not provoked him to it).
The King had cut of my head with my brothers,
What, are these poftles dispatch for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these warres?
Come fifter (Cozen I would fay) pray pardon me.
Go fellow, get thee home, psuedi some Cats,
And bring away the Armour that is there,
Gentlemen, will you murther men?
If I know how, or which way to order these affaires
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Neuter beleue me. Both are my kinchen,
Thine is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath
And duele bids defend: th'o other a game
Is my kinchen, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conience, and my kindred bids to right:
Well, somewhat we must doe: Come Cozen,
Ile dispole of you. Gentlemen, go murther your men,
And meet me presently at Earl of Caffle.
I shold to Platfy too: but time will not perime,
All is venen, and every thing is left at fix and feuen. Exit.

Butl. The winde sits faire for newes to goe to Ireland,
But none returnes: For vs to levy power
Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impossible.
Gr. Besides our neazeenes to the King in love,
Is neere the hate of those lone not the King.
But. And that's the wauering Comonents, for their lofe
Lies in their purfues, and who fo empties them,
By to much fills their hearts with deadly hate.
Butl. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd
Bag. Ifudgeonment lyes in them, then do we,
Because we have beneuer neere the King.
Gr. Well: I will for freage thrall to Brifol Castle,
The Earl of Wiltfheere is there.
Butl. Thither will I with you, for little office.
Will the barefull Commons performe for vs,
Except like Curres, to teare vs all in pceces?
Will you go along with vs?
Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Malefte:
Farewell, it heares prefages be not vaine,
We three here part, that neut he shall meete againe.
But. That's as Yorke's triues to beare back Bullenbrooke.
Gr. alas poore Duke, the taskes he enderakes
In numberung fands, and drinking Oceans drue.
Where one on his fade fights, thousandds will flye.
Butl. Farewell & once, for once, for all, and ever.
But. We may meete againe.
Bag. I feare noneether. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northam-

But. How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now?
Nor. Beleue me noble Lord,
I am a stranger here in Glouftershife,
Thefe high wilder hills, and rough veeuen waies,
Draws our miles, and makes them wearieome;
And yet oure faire dioucroue hath bene as sugars,
The life and death of Richard the second.

Enter Barkley.  
**North.** It is my Lord of Barkley, as I sithell.

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

**Bull.** My Lord, my Answere is to Lancaster.

And I am come to leake that Name in England,  
And I must finde that Title in your Tongue,  
Before I make reply to ought you say.

**Bark.** Mistake me not, my Lord, kis not my meaning  
To raze one Title of your Honor out.  
To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)

From the most glorious of this Land,  
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on  
To take advantage of the abente time,  
And lift our Nation Peace with self-born Armes.

Enter York.  

**Bull.** I shall not need transport my words by you,  
Here comes his Grace in Person. My Noble Vinkle.

**York.** Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,  
Whole dutie is decencable, and false.

**Bull.** My gracious Vinkle.

**York.** Tuqu, grace me no grace, nor Vinkle me,  
I am a Traytors Vinkle; and that word Grace,  
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophanate.  
Why have these banish'd, and forbidden Legges,  
Dar'd once to touch a Duff of Englands Ground?  
But more then why, why have they dar'd to match  
So many miles upon her peaceful Bofome,  
Frighting her pale-faced Villages with Warre,  
And edification of defipted Armes?  
Come it thou because thy aneoyted King is hence?  
Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,  
And in my loyal Bofome lyes his power.  
Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,  
As when baume Gunner, thy Father, and my selfe  
Refued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,  
From forth the Ranks of many thousand French:  
Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,  
Now Prisone in the Puffe, chaffe thee,  
And minifter correction to thy Fault.

**Bull.** My gracious Vinkle, let me know thy Faults,  
On what Condition standas, and wherein?  
**York.** Even in Condition of the world degree,  
In groffe Rebellion, and destitute Trestion:  
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come  
Before the expiration of thy time,  
In bravine Armes against thy Soutaine.

**Bull.** Why was I banish'd? I was banish'd Hereford,  
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And Noble Vinkle, I beseech your Grace  
Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye:  
You are my Father, for me thinks in you  
I see old Gunner alive. Oh then my Father,  
Will you permit, that I shall stand condemned?  
A wandring Vagabond, my Rights and Royalties  
Pluckt from my Armes by force, and gwen away  
To vpstart Vurlsfares Wherefore was I borne?  
If that my Cousin King, be King of England,  
It must be grained, I am Duke of Lancaster.

You have a Sonne, Amnerle, my Noble Kimman,  
Had you fift died, and he bene thus trode downe,  
He should have found his Vinkle Gunner a Father,  
To rowne his Wrongs, and chase them to the bay.

I am denyde to see my Lituerie here,  
And yet my Letters Patents give me leasue:  
My Fathers goods are all disfraund, and fold,  
And chefe, and all, are all amisse imployde.
What would you have me doe? I am a Subject,
And challenge Law: Attorneys are deny'd me;
And therefore personly I lay my claim
To my Inheritance of free Discourse.

North. The Noble Duke hath been too much upon't.
Ruff. It stands your Grace upon, to doe him right.
North. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my Cofen Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to doe him right:
But in this kind, to come in braving Armes,
Be his owne Carter, and cut out his way,
To find out Rights with Wrongs, it may not be;
And you that doe abstain in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and areRebels all.

North. The Noble Duke hath sworn to comming
But for his own; and for the right of that,
Wee all have strongly sworn to gite him ayd,
And let him now see joy, that breaks that Oath.
York. Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes,
I cannot mend it, I must needs contest,
Because my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gav me life,
I would attach you all, and make you foote
Vnto the Soveraigne Mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,
While you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this Night.

Bull. An offer Vackle, that wee will accept:
But wee must winne your Grace to goe with vs
To Brigflow Castle, which they say is held
By Bufton, Roger, and their Complices,
The Carpentiers of the Commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weere, and plucke away.
York. It may be I will go with you: but yet I palette,
For I am loth to break our Countries Lawes:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have fasted ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Courteymen together,
And yet we bear no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will disperse our forces: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truflte Welchman,
The King reposeth with all his confidence in thee.
Capt. Tis thought the King is dead, we shall not play.
The Boy-trees in our Courteyny are wither'd,
And Mectors fright the fixed Stares of Heaven;
The pale-fac'd Moone looks bloody on the Earth,
And leanie-look'd Prophecty whisper fearfull change;
Rich men look sad, and Ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear, to looke what they enioy,
The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre:
These signes fore-tune the death of Kings,
Farewellour Courteymen are gone and fled,
As well allur'd Richard their King is dead—Exit.
The life and death of Richard the second.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carllile, and Soldiers.

Rich. Barklongely Catherine calle yee at this hand?

Aum. Yes, my Lord; how brooks your Grace at this

After your late content, in the breaking Seas?

Rich. Needs must I like it well: I wepe for joy

To hand upon my Kingdom once again.

Dearer Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,

Though Rebels wound thee with their Horse's hooves:

As a long parted Mother with her Child

Plays fondly with her teares, and流es in meeting;

So weeping, fingling, gree, I see thee my Earth,

And doe thee fatae with my Royall hands.

Feel not thy Soueraigne Foe, my gentle Earth,

Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort her ruinesous fence.

But let thy Spiders, that suck up thy Venom

And heaven-gated Teades Eye in their way,

Do inganno to the treacherous tree,

Which with usurping steps do transplant thee,

Yeilding Flinging Nettles to mine Enemies;

And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower,

Guard it I prechee with a lurking Adder,

Who doth tongue may with a morall touch

Throw death upon the Soueraigne Enemies.

Mock not my celestiall Curation, Lords;

This Earth full have a feeling, and their Stones

Prowe armed Soulsiers, ere her Nature King

Shall faller under fede Rebellions Army.

Car. Fear not my Lord, that Power that made you King

Hath power to keep you King, in sight of all.

Aum. Hemanee, my Lord, that we are too jeniffe,

Whilest Bullynbrook, thourough our faccinate,

Grows strong and great, in Galland and in friends,

Rich. Dificomfortable Conteiny, know well thou not,

That when the Sarching Eye of Heaven is hid

Behind the Globe, that fighs the lower World,

Then theues and Robbers ranging abroad venience,

In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here;

But when from under this Terrellhall Ball

He fires the proud tops of the Lafferne Pines,

And casts his Lightning through every gule hole,

Then Murthers, Treasons, and deted hines

(The Clooke of Night being pluckt frcm off their backs)

Stand bale and naked, trembling at themselves.

So when this Theele, this Tracyon Bullynbrook,

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

Shall be his stifing in our Throne, the East,

His Treason will for blushing in his face,

Not able to endure the sight of Day;

But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his fame.

Nor, if the Water in the rough ride Sea

Can wash the Balmain from an anointed King;

The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The Deputie elected by the Lord:

For every man that Bullyn bark hath preh,

To life thrice they streke against our Golden Crowne,

Heuen for his Richard hath in heavity pay

A glorious Angel; then if Angels fight,

Weake men most fall, for Heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farest you, your Powers?

Salisb. No noye, no further harm, my gracious Lord,

Then this time take me signifies comfort given to my tongue,

And bids me speake of nothing but defiance.

One day too late, I fear (my Noble Lord)

Hath clouded all thy happy days on Earth.

Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne,

And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:

To day, to day, unhappie day too late

Oth suppress thy Eyess, Friends, Fortune, and thy State;

For all the Welshmen hearing thou wert dead,

Are gone to Bullynbrook, dipt from, and fled.

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

Rich. But now the blood of twentieth thousand men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,

And till so much blood theither come againe,

Have I no reason to looke pale, and dead?

All Soules that will be safe, live from my side,

For Time hath fet a blot upon my pride.

Ann. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

Rich. I had forgot my felte. Am I not King?

Awake thou huggard Maitise, thou sleepeft;

Is not the Kings Name fortie thousand Names?

Assume my Name: a spue subiect strikes

At thy glory. Looke not to the ground,

Ye Favorites of a Kings: are we not hight?

Hight be our thoughts: I know thy Vuckle

Hath Power enough to serue our turne,

But who comes here?

Enter Scroope.

Scroope. More health and happiness beside my Liege,

Then in my care can doe tongue deliver him.

Rich. Mine eyes are open, and my heart prepar'd:

The worst is wonderfully leddie, thou earth unfold:

Say, Is my Kingdom lost? why twas my Care:

And what Loffe is it to bee of Care?

Stretches Bullynbrook to be as Great as wee?

Greater shall not be: if he be fere God,

We'll ferue him too, and be his Fellow to,

And of our Subects: That we cannot mend,

They be the Faith's God, as well as vs:

Cry Wee, Defulation, Ruine, Loffe, Decay,

The worlds Death, and Death shall have his day.

Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd

To bear the tidings of Calamitie.

Like an unfeasible storme day,

Which may the Silver Rivers drownie their Shores,

As at the World we call'd dishall'd to seares:

So high, about his Limbs, swell'd the Rage

Of Inrleybrook, correcting your fairtland

With hard steel and swords and hearts harder than steel

White Bears have arm'd their thin and hairiec Scaps

Against thy Maitise and Boyes with Womens Voyces,

Strue to speake bigge, and clap their female joints

In flite stvne in Anney a gainst thy Crowne

They very heads of men learn to bend their Bowses

Of double strount Lighs against thy State

Yes D.MSG women mane cuffie Bulles:

Against thy Seas 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.

Where is the Earle of Wiltshire where is Bagot?

What is become of Twife? where is Greenes?
The life and death of Richard the second.

That they have let the dangerous Enemy
Measure our Confines with such peaceful feet?
If we persuade, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bullingbrooke.

Scrape. Peace have they made with him indeed (my Lord)
Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, dam'd without redemption,
Dogs, easily fawn to save on any man,
Snakes in my heart, blood warm'd, that fling my heart,
Three Judases, each one thrice worse then Judas,
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre
Upon their sacred Souls for this Offence.

Scrape. Sweet Love (I fee) changing his properties,
Turns to the lowest, and most deadly hate:
Against their sacred Souls; their peace is made
With Heads, and not with Hands those whom you curfe
Have felt the worst of Deaths destroying hand,
And yee full low, grad'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Boyle, Greene, and the Earl of Wiltshire
dead

Scrape. Yes, all of them at Bristol fell their heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?
Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speake:
Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make Dust our Paper, and with Rayne eyes
Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth.
Let's chief Executers, and talke of Wills:
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoited bones to the ground.
Our Lands, our Liues, and all are Bullingbrooker,
And nothing can we own our owne, but Death,
And that small Modell of the barren Earth,
Which feares as Paffe, and Curre to our Bones:
For Heaunes take let vs fit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
Some have beene departed, some flaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghoses they have depo'd,
Some poyson'd by their Wines, some sleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,
Keeps Death his Court, and there the Antique sits
Scotling his State, and grinning at his Pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Space.
To Monarchize, he fear'd, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with false and vaine conceit,
As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,
Were Brasse impregnable: and humer'd thus,
Comes at the left, and with a little Pine
Bones through his Caffle Walls, and farwell King,
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn Reuerence: throw away Repeige,
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dues.
For you have but mistpoke me all this while:
I live with Bread like you, feele Want,
Taste Griefe, need Friends: subiected thus,
How can you faie to me, I am a King?
Car. My Lord, wise men ne'er wave their pretentious woes,
But presently present the wayes to waile.
To feare the Fee, fince fear oppreteth strength,
Guesses in your weakeless, strength into your Fee;
Fear, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight;
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing, dying, pays death with ripe breath.

Aum. My Father in his Power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a Body of a Limbe.
Rich. Thou shalt me well, proud Bullingbrooke I come.

To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome;
This ague fit of feare is ouer-blowne,
An easie task is it to winne our owne,
Say Scrape, what eyes your Vnkle with his Power?
Speak witty man, although thy looks be fowre.
Scrape. Men judge by the complexion of the Skie
The state and inclination of the Lord.
So may you by my dull and beastie Eye;
My Tongue hath but a beastie Tale to say:
I play the Torturer, by small and smail
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.
Your Vnkle Toric is soyn'd with Bullingbrooke,
And all your Northerner Caffle yeelded vp,
And all your Southerner Gentlemen in Armes
Upon his Passion.

Rich. Thou hast said enough,
Bethrew thee Cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in, to defaire:
What far thou now? What comfort haue we now?
By Heauen I hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of euer foir any more.
Goe to Flint Caffe, there I lie pined away,
A King, Woes flame, 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 consaile 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 Richard's Night, to Bullingbrooke faire Day.

Exit. 

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours; Bullingbrooke,
Turk, Northumberland, Attendents.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welchmen are dispers'd, and Sackuary
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With fewe some privy friends, upon this Coast.

North. The newses is very faire and good, my Lord,
Richard, not farre from hence, hath hid his head.

Turk. It would beforme the Lord Northumberland,
To say King Richard: alack the headie daye,
When such a farced King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistake: onely to be briefe,
Left I his Title out.

Turk. The time hath beene,
Would you have beene so briefe with him, he would
Have beene so briefe with you, to shorten you,
For taking to the Head, your whole heads length.

Bull. Mustake not (Vnkle) farther then you should,
Turk. Take not (good Cousin) farther then you should.
Leaff you mistake the Heaunts are ote your head.
Bull. I know it (Vnkle) and oppose not my selfe
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Peresce.

Welcome Harry: what, will not this Caffle yeld?
Per. The Caffe royally is nam'd my Lord,
Against thy entrance.
The life and death of Richard the second.

Bull. Royally! Why it contains no King?
Per. Yes (my good Lord);
It doth contain a King; King Richard lies
Within the limits of your Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord, Amner, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a Clergie man
Of holy reuerence; who, I cannot leare.
Northern. Oh, belle like it is the Bishop of Carlile.
Bull. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Bills of that ancient Caffie,
Through Brazen Trumpets sent the breath of Parel
Into his ruined Eares, and thus deliter:
Henry Bullingbrooke upon his knees doth kiss
King Richard's hand, and sends allegate
And true faith of heart to his Royal Person: hireth come
Even at his feet, to lay his Armes and Power,
Proud, that my Banishment repeal'd,
And Lands refor'd againe, he freely granted:
If not, Ille vef the advantage of my Power,
And lay the Summers dust with flowers of blood,
Rayned from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen;
The which, how farre off from the mind of Bullingbrookes
It is, such Cunnon Tempesst should bedrench;
The fresh green Lap of faire King Richard's Land,
My slopping doubt, tenderly shall fill.
Goe signifie as much, while here we march
Upon the Grasse Carpet, of this Plaine:
Let's march without the noyle of threatening Drum,
That from this Caffies stalk't Battlements
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd,
Me thinkes King Richard and my selfe should meet
With none exceptour then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundering smokie
At meeting tears the cloudie Cheekes of Heaven:
Be he the fire, Ille be the yealding 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 lookest,
Per. Partie without, and assays within: then a Flourish,
Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Amner, Scroope, Salisbury.
Northern. See, see, King Richard doth himselfe appear:
As doth the bloosing discontented Sunne,
From out the fleere Portall of the East,
When he perceives the envious Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to flaine the track
Of his bright passage to the Occident,
Yet looks he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth;
Controlling Maiestie: alack, alack, for woe;
That any harme should flaine so faire a shew.

Richard. Wee are amaz'd, and thus long have we flood
To watch the fearful bende of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy joynts forget
To pay their awful dutie to our presence?
If we be not, shew vs the Hand of God,
That hath dismiss'd vs from our Stewardship,
For well we know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the sacred Handle of our C scepter,
Vnlesse he doe prophanse, flae, or vilprae.
And though you thinke, chat all, as you have done,
Have torn their Souldier, by turning them from vs,
And were a barren, and benefic of Friends:
Yet know, my Master, God omnipotent,
Is muttering in his Clouds, on our behalfe,
Armines of Pettleigne, and they shall strike
Your Children yet vnborne, and unbegor,
That lift your Vassalls Hands against my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crown.
Tell Bullingbrooke, for yond me thinkes he is,
That every stride he makes upon my Land,
Is dangerous Treatise: He is come to ope
The purple Testament of bleeding Warres;
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, line in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall become the flower of Englands face,
Change the completion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet Indigimation, and bedew
Her Patrons Grasse with faithfull English Blood.
Northern. The King of Heaven forbid our Lord the King
Should go with ciuill and vsuall Armes
Be ruff'd upon: Thy thriest-noble Cousin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kiss thy hand,
And by the Honorable Tombbe he sweares,
That flainds upon your Royal Grandfathers Bones,
And by the Royalites of both your Bloods,
(Currants that spring from one most gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Warlike Ganna,
And by the Worth and Honour of himselfe,
Comprising all that may be sweare, or saide,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his Lineall Royalites, and to begie
Infranchisement immediate on his knees;
Which on the Royal partie granted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to Ruff,
His barbed Stredds to Sables, and his heart.
To faithfull servitu of your Maiestie:
This sweares he, as he is a Prince, is just,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.
Richard. Northernumberland, lay thus: The King returns,
His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious vterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We doe debate our selfe (Cousin) doe we not,
To looke so poorly, and to speak so faire?
Shall we call back, Northernumberland, and fend
Defiance to the Trarbor, and to die?

Attorn. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful Swords.
Richard. Ohi God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layed the Sentence of dread Banishment
On yond proue man, should take it off againe
With words of boast: Ohi that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or isfuer then my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have bence,
Or not remember what I must be now:
Swell't thou proud heart: Ille give thee scope to beat,
Since Foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Northernumberland comes backe from Bullington.

Richard. What must the King doe now:must he submit
The King shall doe it: Must he demand it
The King shall be contented: Must he looke
The Name of King O' Gods Name let it goe.
Ille give my Jewells for a feast of Beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hertagfage,
My gay Apparel, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
My figurd Gublets, for a Dift of Wood,
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,
Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shall we devise here in this Garden, To drive away the heaune thought of Care?
La. Madame, wee'le play at Bowles.
Qu. I will make you thinkke the World is full of Rubs, And that my fortune runnes against the Byas.
La. Madame, wee'le Dance.

Qu. My Legges can keepe no mesure in Delight, When my poor Heart no mesure keeps in Grieue. Therefore no Dancing (Girls) some other sport.
La. Madame, wee'le tell Tales.
Qu. Of Sorowe, or of Grieue?
La. Of eyther, Madame.
Qu. Of neyther, Girls.

For if of Joy, being altogether wanting, It doth remember me the more of Sorow; Or if of Grieue, being altogether had, It addes more Sorow to my want of Joy:
For what I haue, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.

Qu. 'Tis well that thou hast caufe;
But thou shouldst pleasse me better, would'st thou wepe.
La. I could wepe, Madame, would it doe you good.
Qu. And if I could sing, would weeping doe me good, And never borrow any care of thee.

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

But stay, here comes the Gardiner;
Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.
My wretched Henfe, into a Rowe of Pinnes,
They'd take of State: for every one doth fo,
Against a Change; Woe is for-runne with Woe.

Gard. Goe binde thou wp yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like varuly Children, make then Syre
Stoupe with appreihension of their prodigall weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twiggges.
Goe thoa, and like an Executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fust growing sprays,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:
All must be euon, in our Government.
You thus imployd, I will goe root away
The noyled Wexes, that without profit sucke
The Soyles fertillitie from wholefome flowers.

Ser. Why should we, in the compass of a Pale,
Keep Lawe and Forme, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our firmes Efface?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weedes, her faireft Flowers chosakt wp,
Her Fruit-trees all ympriued d, her Hedges ruind,
Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholefome Heartbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath fuffer'd this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now himefelf met with the Fall of Leaf.
The Weeds that his broad-spreading Leaues did shelter,
That feem'd in eating him, to hold him wp,
Are pull'd wp, Root and all, by Billingbrooke:
I means, the Earl of Wildife, Buffalo, Greene.

Ser. What.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Ser. What are they dead?
Card. They are.

And Bulingbrooke hath feit'd the wasteful King. Oh, what pity is it, that he had not so done'd And dre'd his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare, And wond the Backe, the skin of our Fruit-trees, Leat being oner-proud with Sap and Blood, With too much riches it confound'd it selfe? Had he done so, to great and growing men, They might have hede'd to beare, and he to raffe Their fruittes of dueit. Superfluous branches We lop away; that being boughes may live: Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne, Which waste and idle hours, hath quite thrown downe.

Ser. What think you the King shall be depos'd?
Card. Defrep he is already, and depos'd

In doub't he will he. Letters came last night To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorkes, That tell blacke tydings.

Q. Oh I am preit to death through want of speaking: Thou old Adam, lkenesse, set to drece this Garden; How dares thy harsh rude tongue found this vnaeping What Ere? what Serpent hast suggested thee, (newes To make a second fall of cursed man? Why do' ye thy say, King Richard is depos'd, Dar it thou, thou wilt write better thing then euer. Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how Can't thou by this ill-tydings? Speake thou wretch.

Card. 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 Bulingbrooke, their Forrines both are weigh'd: In your Lords Scal, is nothing but himselfe, And some few Vassals, that make him light: But in the Ballance of great Bulingbrooke, Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres, And with that oddes he weighs King Richard downe. Poste you to London, and ye'll find it for,

I speake no more, then every one doth know.

Q. Nimble mischiefe, that art so light of foots, Dost not thy Embassage belong to me? And am I left that knowes it? Oh thou thinkst To serue me last, that I may long'ly keepe Thy sorrow in my breast. Come Ladies goe, To meet at London, London King in woe. What was I borne to this: that my sad looke, Should grace the Triumph of great Bulingbrooke.

Gardner, for telling me this newes of woe, I would the Plants thou gart'th may never grow. Exit.

G Poor Queen, so that thy State might be no woor, I would my skill were subiect to thy curse: Here did the drop at ear, here in this place I set a Banke of Rew, fower Herbe of Grace: Rue, eu'n for ruth, here shortly shall be seen, in the remembrance of a Weeping Queene.

Now D'ager, freely speake thy minde, What thou do'lt know of Noble Glouffers death? Who brought it with the King, and who perform'd The bloody Office of his Timelese end.

Bag. Then see before my face, the Lord Amurere. Bul. Cofin stand forth, and look upon that man, Bag. My Lord Amurere, I know your daring tongue Scornes to vaunt, what it hath once deliver'd. In that deedtime, when Glouffers death was plotted, I heard you say, Is not my name of length, That reacheth from the refulgent English Court As faire as Callis, to my Vukles head. Amongst much other tales, that very time, I heard you say, that you had rather refuse The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes, Then Bulingbrooke returne to England; adding withall, How blest this Land would be, in this your Cofins death.

Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords:

What answer shall I make to this base man? Shall I so much dishonor my faire Storres, On equal ternes to give him chastisement? Either I must, or have mine honor for'y'd With th'Armistry of his flantous Lippes. There is my Gage, the manfull Seale of death That marks thee out for Hell. Thou lyest. And will maintaine what thou hast saide, in falle, In the heat of Bante, though being all too base To flame the temper of my Knightly sword.

But, Bagat forbesre, thou flake not take it up, Aum. Excepting one, I would be the best In all this presence, that hath moud me so.

Fitz. If thy valour stand on sympathize: There is my Gage, Aumerle, in Gage to thine: By that faire Sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'lt, I heard thee say (and vaunting thou flakest it) That thou wert 'cause of Noble Glouffers death. If thou deniest it, twenty times thou lyest, And I will turn thy falshood to thy hart, Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.

Aum. Thou darst not (Coward) live to see the day.

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

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

Fitz. Aumerle, thou lyke this Honor is a true In this Appellae, as thou art all woul'd: And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage To prove it on thee, to th'eextreamest point. Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou darst.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off, And never brandish more reวงegeful Steele, Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.

Fitz. My Lord Fitzwater: I do remember well, the very time Aumerle, and you did talke.

Fitz. My Lord, Tis very true; You were in presence then, And you can winneffe with me, this is true.

Fitz. So falle, by heauen,

As Heauen it selfe is true.

Fitz. So falle, thou Lyff.

Fitz. D Honournable Boy.

Fitz. That Lye, shall lie so heavy on my Sword, That it shall render Vengeance, and Revenge. Till thou the Lye-giver, and that Lye, doe lyce In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scoll, In proofe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne, Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

The blood of English shall overspread the ground,
And future Ages groan for his foule Act.
Peace shall goe sleep with Turkes and infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Wars
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound,
Diforder, Horror, Peare, and Mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this Land be call'd
The field of Goliath, and dead mens Skulls.
Oh, if you erase this Honie, against this Houre
It will the woufullest Diuision prove,
That euer fell upon this cursed Earth,
Prevent it, sett it, and let it not be fo,
Least Child, Childs Children ery against you, Woe.
North. Well have you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Captivall Treson we streff for you here.
My Lord of Wolmynfer, he is your charge,
To keep him safe, till his day of Tryall.
May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?
Ball. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender: so we shall proceed.
Without suspension.

Enter Richard and Turks.

Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
Before I have spoke off the Regall thoughts
Wherein I reigned? I hardly yet have learn'd
To inmiate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee,
Give Sorrow leave a while, to tature me
To this submissi, Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All hayle to me?
So Imaid did to Christ: but he in twelue,
Found truth in all, but in thousand, pion.
God save the King: who can no man say, Amen?
Am I both Priest, and Claske? well then, Amen.
God save the King; although I be not hee:
And yet Amen; if Heauen doe thank him mee.
To doe what Ieruice, am I sent for hither?

Turk. To doe that office of shine owne good will,
Which eyred Maleithe did make thee offer.
The Reigation of thy State and Crowne
To Henry Bunkingbreke.

Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Cousin, feaze 
Crowne: Here Cousin, on this Side my Hand, on this Side thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepy Welle,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the ayre,
The other downe, yfrance, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whilist you mount vp on high.

Ball. I thought you had been willing to resigne.

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

Ball. Part of your Care you give me with your Crowne.

Rich. Your Carese for vp, do not plac my Care downe,
My Care, is love of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
The Care I give, I have, though given away,
They tend the Crowne, yet still with me they flay:

Ball. Are you contented to resigne the Crowne?

Rich. 1,
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Rich. I say, no; I say, for I must nothing bee.
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee,
Now, marke me how I will yonder my felfe,
I gue this hauie Weight from off my Head,
And this wondrible Sceptre from my Hand,
The pride of Kingsly away from out my Heart,
With mine own Rolles I cast away my Balm,
With mine owne hand I lay away my Crown,
With mine owne Tongue I diente my Sacred State,
With mine owne Breath release allジュous Oathes;
All Pompe and Mafie do I doe forswear;
My Manors, Renys, Revenues, I forgoe;
My Acts, Deereces, and Statutes I desiere;
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee,
God keep all Vowes unbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing have, withl nothing greue d,
And thou with all peale, that hast all acheu'd,
Long may'the full in Richar'de Sect be fit,
And looke lyke Richar'd in an Earthie Pit.
God saue King Henry,yn; King'ryd Richard says,
And send him many yeeres of Sunne shine days.
What more remaines?
North. No more: but that you rade
These Accusat'ons, 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 degne, that you are worthy depos'd.
Rich. Muffe i do fo & I muff i rancel out
My weyurep follyes? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy Offences were upon thine Records,
Would it not blame thee, in to faire a troope.
To rade a Lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There should't thou finde one heynous Article,
Concerning the deposyng of a King,
And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot, dam'd in the Books of Heauen,
May all of you, that stand and looke on thee,
What'th that my miserable doth hab my felfe,
Though some of you, with Pilate, waile thy hands,
Shewing an outward pietie: yet you Pilates,
Have here deluer'd me to my towre Croffe,
And Water cannot waile away your fime.
North. My Lord dispatch, rade o're thes Articles.
Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Tearres, I cannot see:
And yet far. Water blinde them not so much,
But they can see a Fort of Traitors here.
Nay, if I turne mine Eyes upn my felfe,
I finde my felfe a Traitor with the rest:
For I have gueven here my Soules content,
T'wendeck the pomepon Body of a King;
Made Glory bafe, a Souer�tigna, a Slace;
Prowy Maffie, a Subject; State, a Pefant.
North. My Lord.
Rich. No Lord of thine whom thau hath-intufing-man;
No not my Lord: I haue no Name, no Title;
No not that Name was gueven me at the Font,
But 'tis wrapt: the heautie day,
That I have worn for many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my felfe.
Ohy, that I were a MOCKER, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sunne of Sterlingsiue,
To melt my felfe away in Water-drops.
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterlings yet in England,
Let it command a Mirr'or lither straignt.
That it may shew me what a Face I have,
Since it is Bankrupte of his Mafiee.
Bull. Go(e some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse.
North. Read o're this Paper, while y'Glasse doth come.
Rich. Friend, about tormentes me, ere I come to Hell.
Bull. Vege it no more, my Lord Northumberlant.
North. The Comonie will not then be satisfie'd.
Rich. They shall be satisfie'd. He rade enough,
When I doe the very Books indeede,
Where all my fimes are writ, and that's my felfe.

Enter one with a Glasse.

Give me that Glasse, and therein will I rade,
No deeper wrinkles yet? hazi Sorow Bracke.
So many Blowes upon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatting Glasse,
Like to my followers in prosperite,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this Face the Face
That every day, under his Houte; hold Rooke,
Did keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sunne, did make beholders wink?
Is this the Face, which fac'd so many folyes,
That was at last out-fac'd by Bullingbrook?
A brittle Glory shine in this Face,
And as a Gleze is the Face, and,
For there it is, cracks: in an hundred fioners.
Mark fient King, the Morall of this sport,
How fone my Sorow hath deffroy'd my Face.

Bull. The Shadow of your Sorow hath deffroy'd
The shadow of your face.

Rich. Say that again.
The Shadow of my Sorow: ha, let's see,
Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within,
And these externall manner of Lament:
Are meere shadowes, to the vnseene Griefe,
That dwells with silence in the tortur'd Soule.
There lyes the substance: and I thankke the King
For thy great bountie, that not onely gui't
Me caute to wayte, but teachest me the way
How to lamen the caute. He begge one Boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtaine it?

Bull. Name it, faire Cousin.

Rich. Faire Cousin? I am greater then a King.
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but subiects; being now a subject,
I haue a King here to my flatterer:
Being so great, I haue none neede to begge.

Bull. Yet tis not.

Rich. And shall I have:

Bull. You shal.

Rich. Then give me leave to goe.

Bull. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your fightes.
Bull. Go(e some of you, conuyt me to the Tower.
Rich. Oh good: conuyt: Conuytoure are you all,
That ride this shambly by a true Kings fall.

Bull. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set downe
Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your felours.

Exeunt. 

About: A woyful Pageant haue we here beheld,
Carl. The Woes to come, the Children yet vnborne,
Shall feel this day as sharpe to them as Thorne.

Ann. You holy Criegje-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realm of this pernicious Blas.

About. Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You shall not only take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but also to effect.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

What euer I shall happen to deuide.
I fee your Brewes are full of Difcontent,
Your Heart of Sorow, and your Eyes of Teares.
Come home with me to Supper, He lay a Plot
Shall flie vs all a merry day.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Qn. This way the King will come: this is the way
to Julius Caesar ill-crested Tower:
To whole flint Bofome, my condemned Lord
Is doon in a Prisoner, by proud Bellingbrooke.
Here let vs reft, if this rebellious Earth
Have any refting for her true Kings Queen.
Enter Richard, and Guard.

But let, but fee, or rather do not fee,
My faire Roce withier: yet looke vp: behold,
That you in pietie may disconde to dew,
And wash him fresh againe with true Loute Teares.
Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did stand,
Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King Richard, and
King Richard: thou dost beautifie humane,
Why doubtland-fauteour Griefe be lodg'd in thece,
When Triumph is become an Ale-houfe Guelt.

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not so,
To make my end too suddent: learne good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we see,
Shewes vs but this, I am your neere Brother (Sweet)
To grimm Necessitie; and hee and I
Will keep a League till Death. High thee to France,
And Cloyfetter thee in sacred Religious Houe:
Our holy lives must winne a new Worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane hours here have fricke downe.

Qn. What, is my Richard both in shape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath Bellingbrooke
Depo'd thine Intellec? hath he bee in thy Heart?
The Lyon dyng, thruetheth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'er-pow'd: and wilt thou, Puppil-like,
Take thy Correction middly, kisse the Rodde,
And fawe on Rage with base Humilitie,
Which are a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?

Rich. A King of Beasts indeed: it angrie but Beasts,
Had borne thine happie King of Men.
Good (sometime Queen) prepare thee hence for France:
Think am dead, and that euen now thou tak'ft,
As from my Death-bed, my falt liesing lease.
In Winters tedious Nightes fit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
Of wouful Ages, long agoe binte:
And ere thou big good-night, to owt ther griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the heares weeping to their Bed;
For why? the fenciffle Brothers will sympatheze
The heasse accent of thy mouing Tongue,
And in compassion, wepe the fire out:
And some will mourne in athes, some cosie-black.
For the depoing of a sightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of Bellingbrooke is chang'd.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Boy, let me see the Writing.

Ann. I do believe you pardon me, I may not fliew it.

Tor. I will be satisfied, if I see it I say.

Snatches it

Treston, soule Treston, Villaine, Traitor, Slane.

Ann. What's the matter, my Lord?

Tor. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horfe, Heauen for his mercy: what treachery is here?

Ann. Why, what is't my Lord?

Tor. Give me my boots, I say: Saddle my horse:

Now by my Honor, my life, my troth, I will apprehend the Villaine.

Ann. What is the matter?

Tor. Peace foolifh Woman.

Ann. I will not peace, What is the matter Sonne?

Ann. Good Mother be content, it is no more

Then my poor life must anfwer.

Ann. 'Tis life anfwer.

Enter Sermon with Boots.

Tor. Bring me my Boots, I will unto the King.

Ann. Strike him Anfwer. Peace boy, you are amaz'd,

Hence Villaine, never more come in my fight.

Tor. Give me my Boots, I fay.

Tor. Why Yorke, what wit thou doo?

Wilt thou not hide the Treafure of thine owne?

Haue we more Sonne? Or are we like to haue?

Is my teeming date drunke up with time?

And wilt thou plucke out my faire Sonne from mine Age,

And rob me of a happy Mothers name?

Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?

Tor. Thou fond mad woman:

Wilt thou conceal this darke Conspiration,

A dozen of them here. haue tane the Sacrament,

And interchangably fet downe their hands

To kill the King at Oxford.

Ann. He Shall be none.

We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?

Tor. Away fond woman: were he twentie times my Son, I would appeach him,

Ann. Hadst thou gread for him as I have done,

Thou wouldeft be more pittifull:

But now I know thy minde: thou dofl fuppref

That I have bene difloyall to thy bed,

And that he is a Roffall, not thy Sonne:

Sweet Yorke, sweet bufband, be not of that minde:

He is as like thee, as a man may bee,

Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,

And yet I loue him.

Torke. Make way, vnuely Woman.

Exit. After Anfwer. Mount thee upon his horfe,

Spurre poft, and get before him to the King,

And begge thy pardon ere he do accufe thee,

He not be long behind: though I be old,

I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke:

And never will I rife up from the ground,

Till Bullingbrooke have pardon'd thee. Away be gone. Exit

Scene Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Perciv, and other Lords.

Bull. Can no man tell of my vnbruife Sonne?

'Tis full three months since I did feem him laft.

If any plague hang over v's, 'tis he,

I would to heauen (my Lords) he might be found:

Enquire at London, mongt the Tauerne there:

For
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

For there (they say) he dayly doth frequent,
With vnretrained loose Companyes,
Even such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beare our passengers,
Which, yee know wanton, and effeminat Boy
Takes on the point of Honor, to support
So diluteth a crew.

Per. My Lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,
And told him of these Triumphantes held at Oxford.
But. And what said the Gallant?
Per. His answer was: he would vnto the Scenes,
And from the commones creature placate a Cloude
And weare it as a favour, and with that
He would voluntie the Leadt Challeguer.
But. As diluteth as delft raye, yet through both,
I see some sparkes of better hope; which elater days
May happily bring forth. But who comes hither?

Enter Annsela.

Anns. Where is the King?

But. What means our Cofin, that hee flares
And looks so wildly?

Anns. God save your Grace. I do befeech your Maiestie
To have some conference with your Grace alone.
But. Withdraw thy fellowes, and leane vs here alone:
What is the matter with our Cofin now?

Anns. For ever may my dayes grow to the earth,
My tongue cleane to thy soole, within my mouth,
Villefie a Pardon, ere I die, or speake.

But. Intended, or committed was this fault?
If on the firft, how heynous ere it bee,
To win thy after love, I pardon thee.

Anns. Then give me leaves, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter, till my tale me done.

But. Haue thy defires. Torke within.

Torke. My Liege beware, looke to thy selffe,
Thou haft a Traitor in thy presence there.

But. Villaine, Ile make thee safe.

Anns. Stay thy courageous hand, thou haft no caufe to feare.

Torke. Open the door, secure foole-hardy King:
Shall I for love speake treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

But. What is the matter (Vakle)peak, recover breath,
Tell vs how neere is danger,
That we may arm vs to encounter it.

Tor. Peruse this writing heere, and thou shalt know
The reason that my harte so bids me flow.

Anns. Remember at thou readst, thy promise past:
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Tor. It was (villaine) eer thy hand did fet it downe,
I torre it from the Traitors before, King.

Feste, and not Loue, begetts his content;
Forget to pity him, lest thy pitty prove
A Serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.

But. Oh heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,
O Loyal Father of a treacherous Sonne:
Thou freere, immaculate, and fouer fountain
From whence this freeme, through muddy passages
Hath his current, and defil'd himselfe.

Thy overflowe of good, conueres to bad,
And thy abundant goodnesse shall excute
This deadly blot, in thy digressing fonne.

Torke. So shall my Venne be his Vires bawed,
And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame.

As christieffe Sonnes, their faring Father Gold,
Mine honor lyes, when his dishonor dies,
Or my thrand life, in his dishonor lies:
Thou kill'd me in his life, giving him breath,
The Traitor lyes, the true man's put to death.

Dutchesse within.

But. What hoa! (my Liege) for heauen's sake let me in,
But. What shrill-voised Suppliant, makes this eager cry?

Dut. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) tis I.

Speake with me, pitty me, open the dore,
A Baggar begs, that neere beggar's before.

But. Our Scene is aler'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to the Beggar, and the King.
My dangerous Cofin, let your Mother in,
I know she's come, to pray for your foule fin.

Torke. If thou do pardon, whoouer pray,
More fumes for this forgivnesse prosper may.
This felter'd joyt untill cut off, the right reft found,
This let alone, will all the left confound.

Enter Dutchesse.

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

Tor. Thou trauickt woman, what doo'th make here,
Shall thy old dungs, once more a Traitor see?

Dut. Sweet Torke be patient, heere'm gentle Liege.

But. Rife vp good Aunt.

Dut. Not yet, I thee becheech.

For euer will I kneele upon my knees,
And never see day, that the happy fees,
Till thou gious too, untill thou bid me joy.
By pardoning Rutland, my tranguiffing Bay.

Anns. Vito my mothers prayers, I bend my knee,
Torke. Against them both, my true toyntes bended be,

Dut. Pleades he in carne? Looke upon his face,
His eyes do drop no traces his prayers are in lef:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our brent.
He prays but faintly, and would be dauned,
We pray with heart, and soule, and all before:
His weary toyntes would gladly rile, I know,
Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrify,
Ours of true zeal, and deep integratie.
Our prayers do pray, but his then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue.

But. Good Aunt stand vp.

Dut. Nay, do not stay stand vp.

But Pardon first, and afterwards stand vp,
And if we were thy Nurtures, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speache.
I neuer long'd to heare a word till now.

Sav Pardon (King,) in pity teach thee how,
The word is short; but not to short as sweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's to meet.

Torke. Speake it in French (King,) say Pardon ne may.

Dut. Doth thou teach pardon, Pardon to deftray?

At my foure husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That's the word it fel't, against the word.
Speake Pardon, as his curous to Land.
The chopping French we do not vnderstand.
Thry eye begins to speake, let thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou shine carre,
That heareing how our plaints and prayers do pearce,
Pitty may moue thee, Pardon to rehares.

But. Good Aunt, stand vp.

Dut. I do not fie to stand,
Pardon is all the sume I haue in hand.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

But, I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon thee.

Dut. O happy chance of a meeting knee! Yet am I fickle for see: Speake in againe, Twice sayling Pardon, doth not pardon swaine, But makes one pardon strong.

Bnl. I pardon him with all my hart.

Dut. A God on earth thou art.

Bnl. But for so truely brother-in-law, the Abbot, With all the rest of that comforted crew, Definition straight shall dogge them at the heels: Good Vnckle help me to order solemn powres To Oxford, or where ere these Treitore are; They shall not lye within this world I swear, But I will have them, if I once know where. Vnckle farewell, and Cofin adieu.

Your mother well hath pайд, and promise you true.

Durt. Come my old son, I pray heauen make thee new.

Enter ancient and Seruants.

Exeunt.

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

Ser. Tho' he was his very words. Ex. Have I no Friend(Quoth he) he spake it twice, And sreed it twice together, did he not so?

Ser. He did. Ex. And speaking it, he willy look'd on me, As who should say, I would thou wert the man That would disose this terror from my heart, Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe; I am the Kings friend, and will did his Foe.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Thee have bin studyng, how to compare This Prison where I live, vnto the World: And for because the world is populous, And heere is not a Creature, but my selfe, I cannot do it: yet Ie hammer's out. My Braine, Ie proue the Female to my Soule, My Soule, the Father: and these two beget A generation of hild breeding Thoughts; And these fame Thoughts, people this Little World. In humors, like the people of this world, For no thought is corrected. The better fort, As thoughts of things Diauie, are intermixt With scriples, and do for the Faith it selfe Against the Faith as thus: Come little ones: & then again, It was hard to come, as for a Camell To thred the poffeme of a Needles eye, Thoughts tending to Ambitio, they do plot. Vnlikely wonders how thefe vaine weakle nailies May rear a pallidge through the Flinty ribbes Of this hard world, my ragged prison wallis: And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride. Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselues, That they are not the fritt of Fortunes flues, Nor shall not be the Jaft. Like sly Beggars, Who sitting in the Stockes, refuge their thame That many sue, and others muft fit there; And in this Thought, they fine a kind of ease,

Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe Of such as haue before indu'd the like, Thus playl I in one Prison, many people, And none contented. Sometimes am I King; Then Treason makes me with my fide a Beggar, And do I am. Then crushing pence, Perfiwades me, I was better when a king: Then am I king'd againe: and by and by, Thinketh me that I am king'd by Bullyingbrookes, And straight am nothing. But what can I am, Nor I, nor any man, that but man is, With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd With being nothing. Mustke do I heare? Ha, ha, kepe thee time: How sawe sweet Mustke is, When time is broke, and no Proportion kept? So is it in the Mustke of men luses: And heere have I the dainteflie of care, To heare time broke in a disorder'd string: But for the Concord of my State and Time, Had not an care to heare my true Time broke, I wafted Time, and now doe I time waft me: For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke; My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they take, Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward Watch, Whereo my finger, like a Dallis point, Is pointing still, in cleaning them from teares, Now f'he, the found that tells what hour is it, Are clamorous groanes, that climbke upon my heart, Which is the bell: so Sighes, and Tears, and Grones, Shew Minutes, Hours, and Times: by my Time Runs posifon, in Bullyingbrookes proud joy, While I stand feeling heere, his lace oth Clocke. This Mustke makis me, let it find no more, For thouh it have holpe madmen to their wits, In me it seemes, it will make wise-men mad: Yet bleeding on his heart that gives it me; For 'tis a song of love, and love to Richard, Is a strange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groomes.

Gros. Haile Royal Prince.

Rich. Thanks Noble Peer, The cheerefnt of vs, is ten groates too deere, What is your Age? And how comt thou hither? Where no man ever come, but that i'd dogge That brings me food, to make misfortune live.

Gros. I was a poore Grooms of thy Stable (King) When thou wer'st King, who travailing towards Yorke, With much ado, at length have gotten lease To looke upon (my sometimes Royal) matters face. O how it yerd'my heart, when I beheld In London streets, that Coronation day, When Bullying brookes rode on Roane Barberry, That horfe, that thou so often had befrid, That horfe, that I so carefully haue dreft.

Rich. Rode he on Barberry? Tell me gentle Friend, How went he vnder him?

Gros. So proully, as if he had dalli'dt the ground.

Rich. So proully, that Bullyingbrooks was on his backe; That Labour hath eate bread from my Royall hand, This hand hath made him proud with clapping him. Would he be not humble? Would he be not fall downe (Since Pride muft have a fall) and breake the necke Of that proud man, that did vffe his backe? Forgivenesse horfe: Why do I rail on thee, Since thou crested to be sw'd by man Was borne to bear? I was not made a horfe,
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

The manner of their taking may appear
A large discourse in this paper here.
But, We thank thee gentle Percy for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains,
For Poyntz, &c.

The heads of 
Brocas, and Sir Benet Seely,
Two of the dangerous comforted Traitors,
That fought at Oxford, thy dire overthrow.

For, Thy pains are not to be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and Carlele.

Per. The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of Conscience, and lowe Melancholy,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the grave:
But here is Carlele, living to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

Carlele, this is your doome:
Chuse out some secret place, some rarèred roomes
More then thou haft, and with it buy thy life:
So as thou liest in peace, dye free from strife.
For though more ememy. thou haft ever bene,
High sparks of Honor, in thee haue I seen.

Enter Extrem with a Coffin.

Extrem. Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy buried face. Herein all breathlesse lies
The maghaziell of the great and good
Richard of Burdeaxe, by me foster brought.

Extrem. I thank thee not, for thou hast wrong'd
Adceede of Slaught're, with thy fallow hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous Land.

Ex. From your owne mouthes my Lord, didst this deed?

But. They lose not payson, that doe payson neede,
Nor doe I shee, though I did with him dead,
I hate the Murthers, lone him murdered
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor Princes favoure,
With Cynne go wander through the noise of night,
And never shew thy head by day, not light.

Lordes, I protest my foule is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come mournes, with this the soute shone that I do lament,
And put on fullness Blacke inconvenient,
Ile makea voyage to the Holy-Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand,
March sad and slow, grace my mourning heere,
In weeping after this virtuously Beere.

Scena Quinta.

Flourish. Enter Bolingbrooke, Turke, with other Lords & attendants.

But. Kinde Vnkle York, the laetest newes we heare,
Is that the Rebels haunt confirm'd with fire
Our Towne of Cester in Gloucestershire,
But whether they be same or flamme, we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord: What is the newes?

Nor. First to the Sacred State, with all happinesse,
The next newes, I haue to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blount, and Kent.

FINIS.