

**The life and death of King Richard the Second from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies. Published according to the true originall copies. — Mr. VWilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies — Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7**

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**The life and death of King Richard  
the Second.**

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**Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.**

*[Act 1, Scene 1]*

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

**King Richard.**

OLD *Iohn of Gaunt*, time-honoured Lancaster,  
Hast thou according to thy oath and band  
Brought hither *Henry* Herford thy bold son:  
Heere to make good y<sup>e</sup> boistrous late appeale,  
Which then our leysure would not let vs heare,  
Against the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*?

**Gaunt.**

I haue my Liege.

**King.**

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

**Gaunt.**

As neere as I could sift him on that argument,  
On some apparant danger seene in him,  
Aym[]d at your Highnesse, no inueterate malice.

**Kin.**

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; hastie as fire.

*Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.*

**Bul.**

Many yeares of happy dayes befall  
My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege.

**Mow.**

Each day still better others happinesse,  
Vntill the heauens 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.  
Coosin of Hereford, what dost thou obiect  
Against the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*?

**Bul.**

First, heauen be the record to my speech,  
In the deuotion of a subiects loue,  
Tendering the precious safetie of my Prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appealant to this Princely presence.  
Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turne to thee,  
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,  
My body shall make good vpon this earth,  
Or my diuine soule answer it in heauen.  
Thou art a Traitor, and a Miscreant;  
Too good to be so, and too bad to liue,  
Since the more faire and christall is the skie,  
The vglie seeme the cloudes that in it flye:  
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,  
With a foule Traitors name stuffe I thy throte,  
And wish (so please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,  
What my tong speaks, my right drawn sword may proue

**Mow.**

Let not my cold words heere accuse my zeale:  
'Tis not the triall of a Womans warre,  
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs 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 reuerence of your Highnesse curbes mee,

From giuing reines and spurres to my free speech,  
Which else would post, vntill it had return'd  
These tearmes of treason, doubly downe his throat.  
Setting aside his high bloods royalty,  
And let him be no Kinsman to my Liege,  
I do defie him, and I spit at him,  
Call him a slanderous Coward, and a Villaine:  
Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,  
And meete him, were I tide to runne afoote,  
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,  
Or any other ground inhabitable,  
Where euer Englishman durst set his foote.  
Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,  
By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie.

**Bul.**

Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,  
Disclaiming heere the kindred of a King,  
And lay aside my high bloods Royalty,  
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.  
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,  
As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then stoope.  
By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood else,  
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,  
What I haue spoken, or thou canst deuise.

**Mow.**

I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare,  
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my shoulder,  
Ile answer thee in any faire degree,  
Or Chiualrous designe of knightly triall:  
And when I mount, aliue may I not light,  
If I be Traitor, or vniustly fight.

**King.**

What doth our Cosin lay to *Mowbraies* charge?  
It must be great that can inherite vs,  
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

**Bul.**

Looke what I said, my life shall proue it true,  
That *Mowbray* hath receiu'd eight thousand Nobles,  
In [\[Page 24\]](#) The life and death of Richard the Second.  
In name of lendings for your Highnesse Soldiers,  
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,  
Like a false Traitor, and iniurious Villaine.  
Besides I say, and will in battaile proue,  
Or heere, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge  
That euer was suruey'd by English eye,  
That all the Treasons for these eighteene yeeres  
Complotted, and contriued in this Land,  
Fetch'd 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 Glousters death,

Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,  
And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,  
Sluc'd out his innocent soule through streames of blood:  
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels* cries,  
(Euen from the toonglesse cauernes of the earth)  
To me for iustice, and rough chasticement:  
And by the glorious worth of my discent,  
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.

**King.**

How high a pitch his resolution soares:  
*Thomas* of *Norfolke*, what sayest thou to this?

**Mow.**

Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,  
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,  
Till I haue told this slander of his blood,  
How God, and good men, hate so foule a lyar.

**King.**

*Mowbray*, impartiall are our eyes and eares,  
Were he my brother, nay our kingdomes heyre,  
As he is but my fathers brothers sonne;  
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,  
Such neighbour-neerenesse to our sacred blood,  
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize  
The vn-stooping firmenesse of my vpright 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 lyst:  
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,  
Disburst I to his Highnesse souldiers;  
The other part reseru'd I by consent,  
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,  
Vpon remainder of a deere Accompt,  
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:  
Now swallow downe that Lye. For *Glousters* 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 greeued soule:  
But ere I last receiu'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 Traitor,  
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,  
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage  
Vpon this ouer-weening Traitors foote,

*Note:* An ink mark follows the end of this line.

To proue my selfe a loyall Gentleman,  
Euen in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome.

*Note:* An ink mark follows the end of this line.

In hast whereof, most heartily I pray  
Your Highnesse to assigne our Triall 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, forgiue, conclude, and be agreed,  
Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.  
Good Vnckle, let this end where it begun,  
Wee'l calme the Duke of Norfolke; you, your son.

**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 *Harrie* when? Obedience bids,  
Obedience bids I should not bid agen.

**King.**

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

**Mow.**

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  
Despight of death, that liues vpon my graue  
To darke dishonours vse, thou shalt not haue.  
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd heere,  
Pierc'd to the soule with slanders venom'd speare:  
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood  
Which breath'd this poyson.

**King.**

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

**Mo.**

Yea but not change his spots: take but my shame,  
And I resigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,  
The purest treasure mortall times afford  
Is spotlesse reputation: that away,  
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.  
A Iewell in a ten times barr'd vp Chest,  
Is a bold spirit, in a loyall brest.  
Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one:  
Take Honor from me, and my life is done.  
Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trie,  
In that I liue; and for that will I die.

**King.**

Coosin, throw downe your gage,  
Do you begin.

**Bul.**

Oh heauen defend my soule from such foule sin.  
Shall I seeme Crest-falne in my fathers sight,  
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my hight  
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my toong,  
Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong;  
Or sound so base a parle: my teeth shall teare  
The slauish motiue of recanting feare,  
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,  
Where shame doth harbour, euen in *Mowbrayes* face.

*Exit Gaunt.*

**King.**

We were not borne to sue, but to command,  
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
Be readie, (as your liues shall answer it)  
At Couentree, vpon (S.)Saint *Lamberts* day:  
There shall your swords and Lances arbitrate  
The swelling difference of your settled hate:  
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see  
Iustice designe the Victors Chiualrie.  
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,  
Be readie to direct these home Alarmes.

*Exeunt.*

**Scæna Secunda.**

[*Act 1, Scene 2*]

*Enter Gaunt, and Dutchesse of Gloucester.*

**Gaunt.**

Alas, the part I had in Glousters blood,  
Doth more solícite me then your exclames,  
To stirre against the Butchers of his life.  
But [\[Page 25\]](#) The life and death of Richard the second.  
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.**

Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?  
Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?  
*Edwards* seuen sonnes (whereof thy selfe art one)  
Were as seuen violles of his Sacred blood,  
Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote:  
Some of those seuen are dride by natures course,  
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:  
But *Thomas*, my deere Lord, my life, my Glouster,  
One Violl 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 leafes all vaded  
By Enuiés hand, and Murde [...]s bloody Axe.  
Ah *Gaunt!* His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,  
That mettle, 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 dye,  
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.  
Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is dispaire,  
In suff ring thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,  
Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
Teaching sterne murther how to butcher thee:  
That which in meane men we intitle patience  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble brests:  
What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,  
The best way is to venge my Glousters death.

**Gaunt.**

Heauens is the quarrel: for heauens substitute  
His Deputy annointed in his sight,  
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully  
Let heauen reuenge: for I may neuer lift  
An angry arme against his Minister.

**Dut.**

Where then (alas may I) complaint my selfe?

**Gau.**

To heauen, the widdowes Champion to defence

**Dut.**

Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.  
Thou go'st to Couentrie, there to behold  
Our Cosine Herford, and fell Mowbray fight:  
O sit my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,  
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes brest:  
Or if misfortune misse the first carreere,  
Be Mowbrayes sinnes so heauy in his bosome,  
That they may breake his foaming Coursers backe,  
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,  
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cosine Herford:  
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy sometimes brothers wife  
With her companion Greefe, must end her life.

**Gau.**

Sister farewell: I must to Couentree,  
As much good stay with thee, as go with mee.

**Dut.**

Yet one [word] more: Greefe boundeth where it  
(falls,  
Not with the emptie hollownes, but weight:  
I take my leaue, before I haue begun,  
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.  
Commend me to my brother *Edmund Yorke*.

Loe, this is all: nay, yet depart not so,  
Though this be all, do not so quickly go,  
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?  
With all good speed at Plashie visit mee.  
Alacke, and what shall good old Yorke there see  
But empty lodgings, and vnfurnish'd walles,  
Vn-peopel'd Offices, vntroden stones?  
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?  
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,  
To seeke out sorrow, that dwels euery where:  
Desolate, desolate will I hence, and dye,  
The last leaue of thee, takes my weeping eye.  
*Exeunt*

**Scena Tertia.**

[*Act 1, Scene 3*]

*Enter Marshall, and Aumerle.*

**Mar.**

My (L.) Lord *Aumerle*, is *Harry Herford* arm'd.

**Aum.**

Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

**Mar.**

The Duke of *Norfolke*, sprightfully and bold,  
Stayes but the summons of the Appealants Trumpet.

**Au.**

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

*Flourish.*

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

**Rich.**

Marshall, demand of yonder Champion  
The cause of his arriuall heere in Armes,  
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed  
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.

**Mar.**

In Gods name, and the Kings say who yu 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 so defend thee heauen, and thy valour.

**Mow.**

My name is (*Tbo.*) *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,  
Who hither comes engaged by my oath  
(Which heauen defend a knight should violate)  
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,

Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.

To God, my King, and his succeeding issue,  
Against the Duke of *Herford*, that appeales me:  
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,



To proue 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 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 formerly according to our Law  
Depose him in the iustice of his cause.

**Mar.**

What is thy name? and wherfore comst yu hither  
Before King *Richard* in his Royall Lists?  
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell?  
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heauen.

**Bul.**

*Harry* of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
Am I: who ready heere do stand in Armes,  
To proue by heauens grace, and my bodies valour,  
In Lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,  
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 be so bold,  
Or daring hardie as to touch the Listes,  
Except the Marshall, and such Officers  
Appointed to direct these faire designes.

**Bul.**

Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Soueraigns hand,  
And bow my knee before his Maiestie:  
For *Mowbray* and my selfe are like two men,  
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,  
cThen [\[Page 26\]](#)The life and death of Richard the second.  
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue  
And louing farwell of our seuerall friends.

**Mar.**

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

**Rich.**

We will descend, and fold him in our armes.  
Cosin of Herford, as they cause is iust,  
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:  
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shead,  
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

**Bull.**

Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare  
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbrayes* speare:  
As confident, as is the Falcons flight  
Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.  
My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you,

Of you (my Noble Cosin) Lord *Aumerle*;  
Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,  
But lustie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.  
Loe, as at English Feasts, so I regreete  
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 rigor lift mee vp  
To reach at victory aboue my head,  
Adde prooffe vnto mine Armour with thy prayres,  
And with thy blessings steele my Lances point,  
That it may enter *Mowbrayes* waxen Coate,  
And furnish new the name of *Iohn a Gaunt*,  
Euen in the lusty hauiour of his sonne.

**Gaunt.**

Heauen 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 vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue.

**Bul.**

Mine innocence, and (S.)Saint *George* to thriue.

**Mow.**

How euer heauen or fortune cast my lot,  
Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.

There liues, or dies, tgrue to Kings *Richards* Throne,  
A loyall, iust, and vpright Gentleman:  
Neuer did Captiue with a freer heart,  
Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace  
His golden vncontroul'd enfranchisement,  
More then my dancing soule doth celebrate  
This Feast of Battell, with mine Aduersarie.  
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,  
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,  
As gentle, and as iocond, as to iest,  
Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet brest.

**Rich.**

Farewell, my Lord, securely I espy  
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:  
Order the trial Marshall, and begin.

**Mar.**

*Harrie* of *Herford*, *Lancaster*, and *Derby*,  
Receiue thy Launce, and heauen defend thy right.

**Bul.**

Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.

**Mar.**

Go beare this Lance to *Thomas* (D.)Duke of Norfolke.

**1. Har.**

*Harry* of *Herford*, *Lancaster*, and *Derbie*,  
Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,

On paine to be found false, and recreant,  
To proue the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*,  
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,  
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

**2. Har.**

Here standeth (*Tho:*)*Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk  
On paine to be found false and recreant,  
Both to defend himselfe, and to approue  
*Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby*,  
To God, his Soueraigne, 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 & their Speares,  
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:  
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets sound,  
While we returne these Dukes what we decree.

*A long Flourish.*

Draw neere and lift  
What with our Councell we haue done.  
For that our kingdomes earth should not be soyld  
With that deere blood which it hath fostered,  
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect  
Of ciuill wounds plowgh'd vp with neighbors swords,  
Which so rouz'd up with boystrous vntun'd drummes,  
With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,  
And grating shocke of wrathfull yron Armes,  
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,  
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:  
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.  
You Cosin Herford, vpon paine of death,  
Till twice liue Summers haue enrich'd our fields,  
Shall not regret our faire dominions,  
But treade the stranger pathes of banishment.

**Bul.**

Your will be done: This must my comfort be,  
That Sun that warmes you heere, shall shine on me:  
And those his golden beames to you heere lent,  
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

**Rich.**

Norfolke: for thee remains a heauier dombe,  
Which I with some vnwillingnesse pronounce,  
The slye slow houres shall not determinate  
The datelesse limit of thy deere exile:  
The hopelesse word, of Neuer to returne,  
Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life.

**Mow.**

A heauy sentence, my most Soueraigne Liege,  
And all vnlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth:  
A deerer merit, not so deepe a maime,  
As to be cast forth in the common ayre  
Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands.  
The Language I haue learn'd these forty yeares  
(My natiue English) now I must forgo,  
And now my tongues use is to me no more,  
Then an vnstringed Vvall, or a Harpe,  
Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd vp,  
Or being open, put into his hands  
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.  
Within my mouth you haue engaol'd my tongue,  
Doubly percullist with my teeth and lippes,  
And dull, vnfeeling, barren ignorance,  
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:  
I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurse,  
Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now:  
What is thy sentence then, but speechlesse death,  
Which robs my tongue from breathing natiue breath?

**Rich.**

It boots thee not to be compassionate,  
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

**Mow.**

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

**Ric.**

Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,  
Lay on our Royall sword, your banisht hands;  
Sweare by the duty that you owe to heauen  
(Our part therein we banish with your selues)  
To keepe the Oath that we administer:  
You neuer shall (so helpe you Truth, and Heauen)  
Embrace each others loue in banishment,  
Nor euer looke vpon each others face,  
Nor [\[Page 27\]](#) The life and death of Richard the second.  
Nor euer write, regreete, or reconcile  
This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,  
Nor euer by aduised purpose meete,  
To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,  
'Gainst Vs, our State, our Subiects, or our Land.

**Bull.**

I sweare.

**Mow.**

And I, to keepe all this.

**Bul.**

Norfolke, so fare, as to mine enemye,  
By this time (had the King permitted vs)  
One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,  
Banish'd this fraile sepulchre of our flesh,  
As now our flesh is banish'd from this Land.

Confesse thy Treasons, ere thou flye this Realme,  
Since thou hast farre to go, beare not along  
The clogging burthen of a guilty soule.

**Mow.**

No *Bullingbroke*: If euer I were Traitor,  
My name be blotted from the booke of Life,  
And I from heauen banish'd, as from hence:  
But what thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,  
And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rue.  
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,  
Saue backe to England, all the worlds my way.

*Exit.*

**Rich.**

Vncle, euen in the glasses of thine eyes  
I see thy greued heart: thy sad aspect,  
Hath from the number of his banish'd yeares  
Pluck'd foure away: Six 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 the sixe yeares that he hath to spend  
Can change their 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 yeeres to liue.

**Gaunt.**

But not a minute (King) that thou canst giue;  
Shorten my dayes thou canst with sudden sorow,  
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.

**Ric.**

Thy sonne is banish'd vpon good aduice,  
Where to thy tongue a party-verdict gaue,  
Why at our Iustice seem'st thou then to lowre?

**Gau.**

Things sweet to tast, proue in digestion sowre:  
You vrg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather  
you would haue bid me argue like a Father.  
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,

I was too strict to make mine owne away:  
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tong,  
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.

**Rich.**

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

*Exit.*

*Flourish.*

**Au.**

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

**Mar.**

My Lord, no leaue 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 returnst no greeting to thy friends?

**Bull.**

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

**Gau.**

Thy greefe is but thy absence for a time.

**Bull.**

Ioy absent, greefe is present for that time.

**Gan.**

What is sixe Winters, they are quickly gone?

**Bul.**

To men in ioy, but greefe makes one houre ten.

**Gau.**

Call it a trauell that thou tak'st for pleasure.

**Bul.**

My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,  
Which findes it an inforced Pilgrimage.

**Gau.**

The sullen passage of thy weary steppes  
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 froste *Caucasus*?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
by bare imagination of a Feast?  
Or Wallow naked in December snow  
by thinking on fantasticke summers heate?  
Oh no, the apprehension of the good  
Giues but the greater feeling to the worse:  
Fell sorrowes tooth, doth euer ranckle more  
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

**Gau.**

Come, come (my son) Ile bring thee on thy way

Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

**Bul.**

Then Englands ground farewell: sweet soil 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.

**Scœna Quarta.**

[*Act 1, Scene 4*]

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

**Rich.**

We did obserue. Cosine *Aumerle*,  
How far brought you high Herford on his way?

**Aum.**

I brought high Herford (if you call him so)  
but to the next high way, and there I left him.

**Rich.**

And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

**Aum.**

Faith none for me: except the Northeast wind  
Which then grew bitterly against our face,  
Awak'd the sleepe rhowme, and so by chance  
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

**Rich.**

What said our Cosin when you parted with him?

**Au.**

Farewell: and for my hart disdain'd yt my tongue  
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft  
To counterfeit oppression of such greefe,  
That word seem'd buried in my sorrowes graue.  
Marry, would the word Farwell, haue lengthen'd houres,  
And added yeeres to his short banishment,  
He should haue had a volume of Farwels,  
but since it would not, he had none of me.

**Rich.**

He is our Cosin (Cosin) but 'tis doubt,  
When time shall call him home from banishment,  
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,  
Our selfe, and *Bushy*, heere *Bagot* and *Greene*  
Obserr'd his Courtship to the common people:  
How he did seeme to diue into their hearts,  
With humble, and familiar courtesie,  
What reuerence he did throw away on slaues;  
Wooing poore Craftes-men, with the craft of soules,  
And patient vnder-bearing of his Fortune,  
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.  
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyster-wench,  
c2A [Page 28] The life and death of Richard the second.  
A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With thanks my Countrimen, my louing friends,

As were our England in reuersion his,  
And he our subiects next degree in hope.

**Gr.**

Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts:  
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,  
Expedient manage must be made my Liege  
Ere further leysure, yeeld them further meanes  
For their aduantage, and your Highnesse losse.

**Ric.**

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 inforc'd to farme our royall Realme,  
The Reuennue whereof shall furnish vs  
For our affayres in hand: if that come short  
Our Substitutes at home shall haue Blanke-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 of Gaunt* is verie sicke my Lord,  
Sodainly taken, and hath sent post haste  
To entreat your Maiesty to visit him:

**Ric.**

Where lyes he?

**Bu.**

At Ely house.

**Ric.**

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

### **Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.**

*[Act 2, Scene 1]*

*Enter Gaunt, sicke with Yorke.*

**Gau.**

Will the King come, that I may breath my last  
In wholsome counsell to his vnstaid youth?

**Yor.**

Vex not your selfe, nor striue not with your breth,  
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 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 haue taught to glose,  
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before,  
The setting Sun, 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 liues counsell would not heare,  
My deaths sad tale, may yet vndeafe his eare.

**Yor.**

No, it is stopt with other flatt'ring sounds  
As praises of his state: then there are sound  
Lasciuious Meeters, to whose venom sound  
The open eare of youth doth alwayes listen.  
Report of fashions in proud Italy,  
Whose manners still our tardie 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 buz'd into his eares?  
That all too late comes counsell to be heard,  
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:  
Direct not him, whose way himselfe will choose,  
Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose.

**Gaunt.**

Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inspir'd,  
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,  
His rash fierce blaze of Ryot cannot last,  
For violent fires soone burne out themselues,  
Small showres 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 preyes vpon it selfe.  
This royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Isle,  
This earth of Maiesty, this seate 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 siluer sea,  
Which serues it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a Moate defensiuie 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 seruice, and true Chiualrie,  
As is the sepulcher in stubborne *Iury*

Of the Worlds ransome, blessed *Maries* Sonne.  
This Land of such deere soules, this deere-deere Land,  
Deere 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 enuious siedge  
Of watery 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, Aumerle, Bushy, Greene,  
Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby.*

**Yor.**

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

**Qu.**

How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?

**Ri.**

What comfort man? How ist with aged *Gaunt*?

**Ga.**

Oh how that name befits my composition:  
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:  
Within me greefe hath kept a tedious fast,  
And who abstaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?  
For sleeping England long time haue I watcht,  
Watching breeds leannesse, leannesse is all gaunt.  
The pleasure that some Fathers feede vpon,  
Is strict fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,  
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:  
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,  
Whose hollow wombe inherits naught but bones.

**Ric.**

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 mee,  
[I\[Page 29\]](#)The life and death of Richard the second.  
I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

**Ric.**

Should dying men flatter those that liue?

**Gau.**

No, no, men liuing flatter those that dye.

**Rich.**

Thou now a dying, sayst thou flatter'st me.

**Gau.**

Oh no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be.

**Rich.**

I am in health, I breath, 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 lyeest in reputation sicke,  
And thou too care-lesse patient as thou art,  
Commit'st thy'anoointed body to the cure  
Of those Physitians, that first wounded thee.  
A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,  
Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head,  
And yet incaged in so small a Verge,  
The waste is no whit lesser then thy Land:  
Oh had thy Grandsire with a Prophets eye,  
Seene how his sonnes sonne, should destroy his sonnes,  
From forth thy reach he would haue laid thy shame,  
Deposing thee before thou wert possest,  
Which art possest now to depose thy selfe.  
Why (Cosine) were thou Regent of the world,  
It were a shame to let his 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 bondsclaue to the law,  
And□

**Rich.**

And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole,  
Presuming on an Agues priuiledge,  
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
Make pale our cheeke, chafing the Royall blood  
With fury, from his natiue residence?  
Now by my Seates right Royall Maiestie,  
Wer't thou not Brother to great *Edwards* sonne,  
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,  
Should run thy had from thy vnreuerent shoulders.

**Gau.**

Oh spare me not, my brothers *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 Gloucester, plaine well meaning soule  
(Whom faire befall in heauen 'mongst happy soules)  
May be a president, and witness good,  
That thou respect'st not spilling *Edwards* blood:  
Ioyne with the present sicknesse that I haue,  
And thy vnkindnesse be like crooked age,  
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre.  
Liue in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee,  
These words heereafter, thy tormentors bee.  
Conuey me to my bed, then to my graue,  
Loue they to liue, that loue and honor haue.

*Exit*

**Rich.**

And let them dye, that age and sullens haue,  
For both hast thou, and both become the graue.

**Yor.**

I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words  
To wayward sicklinesse, and age in him:  
He loues you on my life, and holds you deere  
As *Harry Duke of Herford*, were he heere.

**Rich.**

Right, you say true: as *Herfords* loue, so his;  
As theirs, so mine: and all be as it is.

*Enter Northumberland.*

**Nor.**

My Liege, olde *Gaunt* commends him to your  
Maiestie.

**Rich.**

What sayes he?

**Nor.**

Nay nothing, all is said:  
His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,  
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

**Yor.**

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

**Rich.**

The ripest fruit first fals, 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 liue like venom, where no venom else  
But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.  
And for these great affayres do aske some charge  
Towards our assistance, we do seize to vs  
The plate, coine, reuennewes, and moueables,  
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did stand possest.

**Yor.**

How long shall I be patient? Oh how long  
Shall tender dutie make me suffer wrong?  
Not *Glousters* death, nor *Herfords* banishment,  
Nor *Gaunts* rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,  
Nor the preuention of poore *Bullingbrooke*,  
About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace  
Haue euer made me sowre may patient cheeke,  
Or bend one wrinckle on my Soueraignes face:  
I am the last of noble *Edwards* sonnes,  
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was first,  
In warre was neuer Lyon rag'd more fierce:  
In peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde,  
Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman,  
His face thou hast, for euen so look'd he  
Accomplish'd with the number of thy how [...]:

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 greefe,  
Or else he neuer 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 Rights of banish'd Herford?  
Is not *Gaunt* dead? And doth not Herford liue?  
Was not *Gaunt* iust? and is not *Harry* true?  
Did not the one deserue [...]o haue an heyre?  
Is not his heyre a well-deseruing sonne?  
Take Herfords rights away, and take from time  
His Charters, and his customarie rights:  
Let not to morrow then insue to day,  
Be not thy selfe. For how art thou a King  
But by faire sequence and succession?  
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,  
If you do wrongfully seize Herfords right,  
Call in his Letters Parents that he hath  
By his Atturneyes generall, to sue  
His Liuerie, and denie his offer'd homage,  
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,  
You loose a thousand well-disposed hearts,  
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts  
Which honor and allegeance 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 Liege farewell,  
c3What[[Page 30](#)]The life and death of Richard the second.  
What will ensue heereof, there's none can tell.  
But by bad cou [...]ses may be vnderstood,  
That their euent can neuer fall out good.

*Exit.*

**Rich.**

Go *Bushie* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* streight,  
Bid him repaire to vs to *Ely* house,  
To see this businesse: to morrow next  
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:  
And we create in absence of our selfe  
Our Vncle Yorke, Lord Gouvernor of England:

For he is iust, and alwayes lou'd vs well.  
Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,  
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

*Flourish.*

*Manet North. Willughby, & Ross.*

**Nor.**

Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

**Ross.**

And liuing too, for now his sonne is Duke.

**Wil.**

Barely in title, not in reuennew.

**Nor.**

Richly in both, if iustice had her right.

**Ross.**

My heart is great: but it must break with silence,  
Er't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.

**Nor.**

Nay speake thy mind: & let him ne'r speak more  
That speakes thy words againe to do thee harme.

**Wil.**

Tends that thou'dst speake to th' (Du.)Duke 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 do for him,  
Vnlesse you call it good to pitie him,  
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.

**Nor.**

Now afore heauen, 'tis 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 vs all,  
That will the King seuerely prosecute  
'Gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

*Note:* An ink mark follows the end of this line.

**Ros.**

The Commons hath he pil'd with greeuous taxes  
And quite lost their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde  
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

**Wil.**

And daily new exactions are deu's'd,  
As blankes, beneuolences, and I wo [...] not what:  
But what o'Gods name doth become of this?

**Nor.**

Wars hath not wasted it, for war'd he hath not.  
But basely yielded vpon comprimise,  
That which his Ancestors atchieu'd with blowes:  
More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.

**Ros.**

The Earle of Wiltshire hath the realme in Farme.

**Wil.**

The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.

**Nor.**

Reproach and dissolution hangeth ouer him.

**Ros.**

He hath not monie for these Irish warres:  
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)  
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

**Nor.**

His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King:  
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,  
Yet seeke no shelter to auoid the storme:  
We see the winde sit sore vpon our sailes,  
And yet we strike not, but securely perish

**Ros.**

We see the very wracke that we must suffer,  
And vnauoyded is the danger now  
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

**Nor.**

Not so: euen 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 vs 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 haue from Port *le Blan*

Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.

A Bay in *Britaine*, receiu'd intelligence,  
That *Harry Duke of Herford*, *Rainald Lord Cobham*,  
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,  
His brother Archbishop, late of *Canterbury*,  
*Sir Thomas Erpingham*, *Sir Iohn Rainston*,  
*Sir Iohn Norberie*, *Sir Robert Waterton*, & *Francis Quoint*,  
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Britaine*,  
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 slauish yoake,  
Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing,  
Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemish'd Crowne,  
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gilt,  
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,  
Away with me in poste to *Rauenspurgh*,

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.

**Ros.**

To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them yt feare.

**Wil.**

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

*Exeunt.*

**Scena Secunda.**

*[Act 2, Scene 2]*

*Enter Queene, Bushy, and Bagot.*

**Bush.**

Madam, your Maiesty is too much sad,  
You promis'd when you parted with the King,  
To lay aside selfe-harming heauinesse,  
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

**Qu.**

To please the King, I did: to please my selfe  
I cannot do it: yet I know no cause  
Why I should welcome such a guest as greefe,  
Saue bidding farewell to so sweet a guest  
As my sweet *Richard*; yet againe me thinkes,  
Some vnborne sorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe  
Is comming towards me, and my inward soule  
With nothing trembles, at something it greeues,  
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

**Bush.**

Each substance of a greefe hath twenty shadows  
Which shewes like greefe it selfe, but is not so:  
For sorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,  
Diuides one thing intire, to many obiects,  
Like perspectiues, which rightly gaz'd vpon  
Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry,  
Distinguish forme: so your sweet Maestie  
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,  
Finde shapes of greefe, more then himselfe to waile,  
Which look'd on as it is, is naught [but] shadowes  
Of what it is not: then thrice-gracious Queene,  
More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not  
(seene;  
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrowes eie,  
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 heauy sad,  
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,  
Makes me with heauy nothing faint and shrinke.

**Bush.**

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



The life and death of Richard the second.

**Qu.**

'Tis nothing lesse: conceit is still deriu'd  
From some fore-father greefe, mine is not so,  
For nothing hath begot my something greefe,  
Or something, hath the nothing that I greeue,  
'Tis in reuersion that I do possesse,  
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what  
I cannot name, 'tis namelesse woe I wot.

*Enter Greene.*

**Gree.**

Heauen saue your Maiesty, and wel met Gentle  
(men:  
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.

**Qu.**

Why hop'st thou so? 'Tis better hope he is:  
For his designes craue hast, his hast good hope,  
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

**Gre.**

That he our hope, might haue retyr'd his power,  
and driuen into dispaire an enemies hope,  
Who strongly hath set footing in this Land.  
The banish'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himselfe,  
And with vp-lifted Armes is safe arriu'd  
At *Rauenspurg*.

**Qu.**

Now God in heauen forbid.

**Gr.**

O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worse,  
The (L.)Lord Northumberland, his yong sonne *Henrie Percie*,  
The Lords of *Rosse*, *Beaumo* [...], and *Willoughby*,  
With all their powrefull friends are fled to him.

**Bush.**

Why haue you [...]not proclaim'd Northumberland  
And the rest of the reuolted faction, Traitors?

**Gre.**

We haue: whereupon the Earle of Worcester  
Hath broke his staffe, resign'd his Stewardship,  
And al the houshold seruants fled with him to *Bullinbrook*

**Qu.**

So *Greene*, thou art the midwife of my woe,  
And *Bullinbrooke* my sorrowes dismall heyre:  
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodegie,  
And I a gasping new deliuered mother,  
Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioyn'd.

**Bush.**

Dispaire not Madam.

**Qu.**

Who shall hinder me?  
I will dispaire, and be at enmitie

With couzening hope; he is a Flatterer,  
A Parasite, a keeper backe of death,  
Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,  
Which false hopes linger in extremity.

*Enter Yorke*

**Gre.**

Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

**Qu.**

With signes of warre about his aged necke,  
Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes:  
Vncle, for heauens sake speake comfortable words:

**Yor.**

Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,  
Where nothing liues but crosses, care and greefe:  
Your husband he is gone to saue farre off,  
Whilst others come to make him loose at home:  
Heere am I left to vnder-prop his Land,  
Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe:  
Now comes the sicke houre that his surfet made,  
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

*Enter a seruant.*

**Ser.**

My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.

**Yor.**

He was: why so: go all which way it will:  
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,  
And will I feare reuolt on Herfords side.  
Sirra, get thee to Plashie 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 greeue you to report the rest.

**Yor.**

What is't knaue?

**Ser.**

An houre before I came, the Dutchesse di'de.

**Yor.**

Heau'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes  
Come rushing on this wofull Land at once?  
I know not what to do: I would to heauen  
(So my vntruth had not prouok'd him to it)  
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.  
What, are there postes dispatcht for Ireland?  
How shall we do for money for these warres?  
Come sister (Cozen I would say) pray pardon me.  
Go fellow, get thee home, pouuide 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,  
Neuer belecue me. Both are my kinsmen,  
Th'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath  
And dutie bids defend: th'other againe  
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,  
Whom conscience, and my kindred bids to right:  
Well, somewhat we must do: Come Cozen,  
Ile dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster vp your men,  
And meet me presently at Barkley Castle:  
I [...]should to Plashy too: but time will not permit,  
All is vneuen, and euey thing is left at six and seuen.

*Exit*

**Bush.**

The winde sits faire for newes to go to Ireland,  
But none returnes: For vs to leuy power  
Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impossible.

**Gr.**

Besides our neerenesse to the King in loue,  
Is neere the hate of those loue not the King.

**Ba.**

And that's the wauering Commons, for their loue  
Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

**Bush.**

Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd

**Bag.**

If iudgement lye in them, then so do we,  
Because we haue beene euer neere the King.

**Gr.**

Well: I will for refuge straight to Bristoll Castle,  
The Earle of Wiltshire is alreadie there.

**Bush.**

Thither will I with you, for little office  
Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,  
Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces:  
Will you go along with vs?

**Bag.**

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

**Bu.**

That's as Yorke thriues to beate back *Bullinbroke*

**Gr.**

Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes  
Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans drie,  
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flye.

**Bush.**

Farewell a [...] once, for once, for all, and euer.  
Well, we may meete againe.

**Bag.**

I feare me neuer.

*Exit.*

**Scæna Tertia.**

[*Act 2, Scene 3*]

*Enter the Duke of Herford, and Northumberland.*

**Bul.**

How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now?

**Nor.**

Beleeue me noble Lord,

I am a stranger heere in Gloustershire,

These high wilde hilles, and rough vneeven waies,

Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome:

And yet our faire discourse hath beene as sugar,

Mak in [\[Page 32\]](#) The life and death of Richard the second.

Making the hard way sweet and delectable:

But I bethinke me, what a wearie way

From Rauenspurch to Cottshold will be found,

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

Which I protest hath very much beguild

The tediousnesse, and processe of my trauell:

But theirs is sweetned with the hope to haue

The present benefit that I possesse:

And hope to ioy, is little lesse in ioy,

Then hope enioy'd: By this, the wearie Lords

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

By sight of what I haue, your Noble Companie.

**Bull.**

Of much lesse value is my Companie,

Then your good words: but who comes here?

*Enter H. Percie.*

**North.**

It is my Sonne, young *Harry Percie*,

Sent from my Brother *Worcester*: Whence soeuer.

*Harry*, how fares your Vnckle?

**Percie.**

I had thought, my Lord, to haue learn'd his health of you.

**North.**

Why, is he not with the Queene?

**Percie.**

No, my good Lord, he hath forsook the Court,

Broken his Staffe of Office, and disperst

The Household of the King.

**North.**

What was his reason?

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

**Percie.**

Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor.

But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurch,

To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford,

And sent me ouer by Barkely, to discover  
What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,  
Then with direction to repaire to Rauenspurgh.

**North.**

Haue you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)

**Percie.**

No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot  
Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,  
I neuer in my life did looke on him.

**North.**

Then learne to know him now: this is the  
Duke.

**Percie.**

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

**Bull.**

I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, 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 thy Loue,  
It shall be still thy true Loues recompence,  
My Heart this Couenant makes, my Hand thus seales it.

**North.**

How farre is it to Barkely? and what stirre  
Keepes good old *Yorke* there, with his Men of Warre?

**Percie.**

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

*Enter Rosse and Willoughby.*

**North.**

Here come the Lords of *Rosse* and *Willoughby*,  
Bloody with spurring, fierie red with haste.

**Bull.**

Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues  
A banisht Traytor; all my Treasurie  
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enrich'd,  
Shall be your loue, and labours recompence.

**Ross.**

Your presence makes vs rich, most Noble Lord.

**Willo.**

And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.

**Bull.**

Euermore thanks, th'Exchequer of the poore,  
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres,  
Stands for my Bountie: but who comes here?

*Enter Barkeley.*

**North.**

It is my Lord of Barkely, as I ghesse.

**Bark.**

My Lord of Hereford, my Message is to you.

**Bull.**

My Lord, my Answer is to *Lancaster*,  
And I am come to seeke that Name in England,  
And I must finde that Title in your Tongue,  
Before I make reply to aught you say.

**Bark.**

Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis 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 Yorke, to know what pricks you on  
To take aduantage of the absent time,  
And fright our Natiue Peace with selfe-borne Armes.

*Enter Yorke.*

**Bull.**

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

**York.**

Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,  
Whose dutie is deceiuable, and false.

**Bull.**

My gracious Vnckle.

**York.**

Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me,  
I am no Traytors Vnckle, and that word Grace,  
In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane.  
Why haue these banish'd, and forbidden Legges,  
Dar'd once to touch a Dust of Englands Ground?  
But more then why, why haue they dar'd to march  
So many miles vpon 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 my selfe  
Rescued the *Black Prince*, that yong *Mars* of men,  
From forth the Rankes of many thousand French:  
Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,  
Now Prisoner to the Palsie, chastise thee,  
And minister correction to thy Fault.

**Bull.**

My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault,  
On what Condition stands it, and wherein?

**York.**

Euen in Condition of the worst degree,  
In grosse Rebellion, and detested Treason:

Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come  
Before th'expiration of thy time,  
In brauing [Armes] against thy Soueraigne.

**Bull.**

As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford*,  
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.  
And Noble Vnckle, 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* aliue. 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 giuen away  
To vpstart Vnthrifths? Wherefore was I borne?  
If that my Cousin King, be King of England,  
It must be graunted, I am Duke of Lancaster.  
You haue a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinsman,  
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,  
He should haue found his Vnckle *Gaunt* a Father,  
To rowze his Wrongs, and chase them to the bay.  
I am denyde to sue my Liuerie here,  
And yet my Letters Patents giue me leaue:  
My Fathers goods are all distraynd, and sold,  
And these, and all, are all amisse imployd.  
What [\[Page 33\]](#) The life and death of Richard the second.  
What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,  
And challenge Law: Attorneys are deny'd me:  
And therefore personally I lay my claime  
To my Inheritance of free Discent.

**North.**

The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

**Ross.**

It stands your Grace vpon, to doe him right.

**Willo.**

Base men by his endowments are made great.

**York.**

My Lords of England, let me tell you this,  
I haue had feeling of my Cosens Wrongs,  
And labour'd all I could to doe him right:  
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,  
Be his owne Caruer, and cut out his way,  
To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be;  
And you that doe abett him in this kind,  
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

**North.**

The Noble Duke hath sworne his comming is  
But for his owne: and for the right of that,  
Wee all haue strongly sworne to giue him ayd,  
And let him neu'r see Ioy, that breakes that Oath.

**York.**

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 gaue me life,  
I would attach you all, and make you stoope  
Vnto the Soueraigne 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.

**Bull.**

An offer Vnckle, that wee will accept:  
But wee must winne your Grace to goe with vs  
To Bristow Castle, which they say is held  
By *Bushie, Bagot*, and ther Complices,  
The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,  
Which I haue sworne to weed, and plucke away.

**York.**

It may be I will go with you: but yet Ile pawse,  
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:  
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,  
Things past redresse, are now with me past care.  
*Exeunt.*

**Scœna Quarta.**

*[Act 2, Scene 4]*

*Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.*

**Capt.**

My Lord of Salisbury, we haue stayd ten dayes,  
And hardly kept our Countreymen together,  
And yet we heare no tidings from the King;  
Therefore we will disperse our selues: farewell.

**Sal.**

Stay yet another day, thou trustie Welchman,  
The King repositeth all his confidence in thee.

**Capt.**

'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay;  
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heauen;  
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,  
And leane-look'd Prophets whisper fearefull change;  
Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leape,  
The one in feare, to loose what they enioy,  
The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre:  
These signes fore-run the death of Kings.  
Farewell, our Countreymen are gone and fled,  
As well assur'd *Richard* their King is dead.

*Exit.*

**Sal.**

Ah *Richard*, with eyes of heauie 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 Vnrest:  
Thy Friends are fled, to wait vpon thy Foes,  
And crossely to thy good, all fortune goes.  
*Exit.*

**Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.**

[*Act 3, Scene 1*]

*Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland,  
Rosse, Percie, Willoughby, with Bushie  
and Greene Prisoners.*

**Bull.**

Bring forth these men:

*Bushie* and *Greene*, I will not vex your soules,  
(Since presently your soules must part your bodies)  
With too much vrging your pernicious liues,  
For 'twere no charitie: yet to wash your blood  
From off my hands, here in the view of men,  
I will vnfold some causes of your deaths.  
You haue mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,  
A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,  
By you vnghappied, and disfigur'd cleane:  
You haue in manner with your sinfull houres  
Made a Diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,  
Broke the possession of a Royall Bed,  
And stayn'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes,  
With teares drawn (frō) from her eyes, with your foule wrongs.  
My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,  
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,  
Till you did make him mis-interpret me,  
Haue stoopt my neck vnder your iniuries,  
And sigh'd my English breath in forraine Clouds,  
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:  
While you haue fed vpon my Seignories,  
Dis-park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my forrest Woods;  
From mine owne Windowes torne my Household Coat,  
Raz'd out my Impresse, leauing me no signe,  
Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,  
To shew the World I am a Gentleman.  
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,  
Condemnes you to the death: see them deliuered ouer  
To execution, and the hand of death.

**Bushie.**

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

**Greene.**

My comfort is, that Heauen will take our soules,  
And plague Iniustice with the paines of Hell.

**Bull.**

My Lord *Northumberland* see them dispatch'd:  
Vnckle, you say the Queene is at your House,  
For Heuens sake fairely let her be entreated,

Tell her I send to her my kind commends;  
Take special care my Greetings be deliuer'd.

**York.**

A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatch'd  
With Letters of your loue, to her at large.

**Bull.**

Thankes gentle Vnckle: come Lords away,  
To fight with *Glendoure*, and his Complices;  
A while to worke, and after holliday.

*Exeunt.*

Scœna

[\[Page 34\]](#)

The life and death of Richard the second.

**Scena Secunda.**

*[Act 3, Scene 2]*

*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 vpon my Kingdome once againe.  
Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,  
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hoofes:  
As a long parted Mother with her Child,  
Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting;  
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my Earth,  
and doe thee fauor with my Royall hands.  
Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,  
Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his rauinous sence:  
But let thy Spiders, that suck vp thy Venome,  
And heauie-gated Toades lye in their way,  
Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,  
Which with vsurping steps doe trample thee.  
Yeeld stinging Nettles to mine Enemies;  
And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower,  
Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,  
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch  
Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes Enemies.  
Mock not my sencelesse Coniuration, Lords;  
This Earth shall haue a feeling, and these Stones  
Proue armed Souldiers, ere her Natiue King  
Shall falter vnder foule Rebellious Armes.

**Car.**

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

**Aum.**

He meanes, my Lord, tht we are too remisse,  
Whilest *Bullingbrooke* through our securitie,  
Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.

**Rich.**

Discomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not,  
That which the searching Eye of Heauen is hid  
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,  
Then Theeues and Robbers raunge abroad vnscene,  
In murthers and in Out-rage bloody here:  
But when from vnder this Terrestriall Ball  
He fires the prowde tops of the Easterne Pines,  
And darts his Lightning through eu'ry guiltie hole,  
The Murthers, Treasons, and detested sinnes  
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)  
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselues.  
So when this Theefe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,  
Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night,  
Shall see vs 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  
The Deputie elected by the Lord:  
For euery man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest,  
To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,  
Heauen for his *Richard* hath in heauenly pay  
A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,  
Weake men must fall, for Heauen 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 too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)  
Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth:  
Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne,  
And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men:  
To day, to day, vnhappie day too late  
Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State;  
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,  
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, disperst, and fled.

**Aum.**

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,

Haue I not reason to looke pale, and dead?  
All Soules that will be safe, flye from my side,  
For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride.

**Aum.**

Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

**Rich.**

I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King?  
Awake thou sluggard Maiestie, thou sleepest:  
Is not the Kings Name fortie thousand Names?  
Arme, arme my Name: a punie subiect strikes  
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,  
Ye Fauorites of a King: are wee not high?  
High be our thoughts: I know my Vnckle *Yorke*  
Hath Power enough to serue our turne.  
But who comes here?

*Enter Scroope.*

**Scroope.**

More health and happinesse betide my Liege,  
Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliuer him.

**Rich.**

Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd:  
The worst is worldly losse, thou canst vnfold:  
Say, Is my Kingdome lost? Why 'twas my Care:  
And what losse is it to be rid of Care?  
Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as Great as wee?  
Greater he shall not be: If hee serue God,  
Wee'l serue him too, and be his Fellow so.  
Reuolt our Subiects? That we cannot mend,  
They breake their Faith to God, as well as vs:  
Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,  
The worst is Death, and Death will haue his day.

**Scroope.**

Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd  
To beare the tidings of Calamitie.  
Like an vnseasonable stormie day,  
Which make the Siluer Riuer drowne their Shores,  
As if the World were all dissolu'd to teares:  
So *Bullingbrooke*, couering your fearefull Land  
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:  
White Beares haue arm'd their thin and haireslesse Scalps  
Against thy Maiestie and Boyes with Womens Voyces,  
Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioints  
In stiffe unwieldie Armes: against thy Crowne  
They very Beads-men learne to bend their Bowes  
Of double fatall Eugh: against thy State  
Yea Distaffe-Women manage rustie Bills:  
Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,  
And all goes worse then I haue 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 *Bushie*? where is *Greene*?  
That [\[Page 35\]](#) The life and death of Richard the second.  
That they haue let the dangerous Enemy  
Measure our Confines with such peacefull steps?  
If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it.  
I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.

**Scroope.**

Peace haue they made with him indeede (my  
Lord.)

**Rich.**

Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,  
Doggers, easily woo'd to fawne on any man,  
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart,  
Three Iudasses, each one thrice worse then *Iudas*,  
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre  
Vpon their spotted Soules for this Offence.

**Scroope.**

Sweet Loue (I see) changing his propertie,  
Turnes to the sowrest, and most deadly hate:  
Againe vncurse their Soules; their peace is made  
With Heads, and not with Hands: those whom you curse  
Haue felt the worst of Deaths destroying hand,  
And lye full low, grau'd in the hollow ground.

**Aum.**

Is *Bushie*, *Greene*, and the Earle of Wiltshire  
dead?

**Scroope.**

Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

**Aum.**

Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?

**Rich.**

No matter where; of comfort no man speake:  
Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,  
Make Dust our Paper, and with Raynie eyes  
Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth.  
Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills:  
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,  
Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?  
Our Lands, our Liues, 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 Couer to our Bones:  
For Heauens sake let vs sit vpon the ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:  
How some haue been depos'd, some slaine in warre,  
Some haunted by the Ghosts they haue depos'd,  
Some poyson'd by their Wiues, 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 looks,  
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,  
As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,  
Were Brasse impregnable: and humor'd thus,  
Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne  
Bores though his Castle Walls, and farwell King.  
Couer your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
With solemne Reuerence: throw away Respect,  
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,  
For you haue but mistooke me all this while:  
I liue with Bread like you, feele Want,  
Taste Griefe, need Friends: subiected thus,  
How can you say to me, I am a King?

**Carl.**

My Lord, wise men ne're waile their present woes,  
But presently preuent the wayes to waile:  
to feare the Foe, since feare oppresseth strength,  
Giues in your weakenesse, strength vnto your Foe;  
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight;  
And fight and die, is death destroying death,  
Where fearing, dying, payes death seruile breath.

**Aum.**

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

**Rich.**

Thou chid'st me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come  
To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:  
This ague fit of feare is ouer-blowne,  
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.  
Say *Scroope*, where lyes our Vnckle 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 heauie Eye:  
My Tongue hath but a heauier Tale to say:  
I play the Torturer, by small and small  
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.  
Your Vnckle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,  
And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,  
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes  
Vpon his Faction.

**Rich.**

Thou hast said enough.  
Beshrew thee Cousin, which didst lead me forth  
Of that sweet way I was in, to despaire:  
What say you now? What comfort haue we now?  
By Heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,  
That bids me be of comfort any more.  
Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,

A King, Woes slaue, shall Kingly Woe obey:  
That Power I haue, discharge, and let 'em goe  
To eare the Land, that hath some hope to grow,  
For I haue 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.  
*Exeunt.*

**Scæna Tertia.**

[*Act 3, Scene 3*]

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

**Bull.**

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

**North.**

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

**Yorke.**

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

**North.**

Your Grace mistakes: onely to be briefe,  
Left I this Title out.

**Yorke.**

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

**Bull.**

Mistake not (Vnckle) farther then you should.

**Yorke.**

Take not (good Cousin) farther then you should.  
Least you mistake the Heauens are ore your head.

**Bull.**

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

*Enter Percie.*

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

**Per.**

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

*Bull.* Roy

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**Bull.**

Royally? Why, it containes no King?

**Per.**

Yes (my good Lord)

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

**North.**

Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlile.

**Bull.**

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 deliuer:  
*Henry Bullingbrooke* vpon his knees doth kisse  
King *Richards* hand, and sends allegeance  
And true faith of heart to his Royall Person: hither come  
Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,  
Prouided, that my Banishment repeal'd,  
And Lands restor'd againe, be freely graunted:  
If not, Ile vse th'aduantage 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 dutie 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 Castles tatter'd Battlements  
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.  
Me thinkes King *Richard* and my selfe should meet  
With no lesse terror then the Elements  
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake  
At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heauen:  
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding 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 answere within: then a Flourish.*  
*Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop,*  
*Salisbury.*  
See, see, King *Richard* doth himselfe appeare  
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,  
From out the fierie Portall of the East,



When he perceiues the enuious Clouds are bent  
To dimme his glory, and to staine the tract  
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

**York.**

Yet lookes 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 staine so faire a shew.

**Rich.**

Wee are amaz'd, and thus long haue 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 ioynts forget  
To pay their awfull dutie to our presence?  
If we be not, shew vs the Hand of God,  
That hath dismiss'd vs from our Stewardship,  
For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone  
Can gripe the sacred Handle of our Scepter,  
Vnlesse he doe prophane, steale, or vsurpe.  
And though you thinke, that all, as you haue done,  
Haue torne their Soules, by turning them from vs,  
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:  
Yet know, my Master, God Omnipotent,  
Is mustring in his Clouds, on our behalfe,  
Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike  
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,  
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 euery stride he makes vpon my Land,  
Is dangerous Treason: He is come to ope  
The purple Testament of bleeding Warre;  
But ere the Crowne he looks for, liue in peace,  
Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes  
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,  
Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace  
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew  
Her Pastors Grasse with faithfull English Blood.

**North.**

The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King  
Should so with ciuill and vnciuill Armes  
Be rush'd vpon: Thy thrice-noble Cousin,  
*Harry Bullingbrooke*, doth humbly kisse thy hand,  
And by the Honorable Tombe he swears,  
That stands vpon your Royall Grandsires 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 Honor of himselfe,  
Comprising all that may be sworne, or said,  
His comming hither hath no further scope,

Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge  
Infranchisement immediate on his knees:  
Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,  
His glittering Armes he will commend to'Rust,  
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart  
To faithfull seruice of your Maiestie:  
This swears he, as he is a Prince, is iust,  
And as I am Gentleman, I credit him.

**Rich.**

*Northumberland*, say thus: The King returnes,  
His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,  
And all the number of his faire demands  
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:  
With all the gracious vtterance thou hast,  
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.  
We doe debase our selfe (Cousin) doe we not,  
To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?  
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and send  
Defiance to the Traytor, and so die?

**Aum.**

No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,  
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful 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 off againe  
With words of sooth: Oh that I were as great  
As is my Griefe, or lesser then my Name,  
Or that I could forget what I haue beene,  
Or not remember what I must be now:  
Swell'st thou proud heart? Ile giue thee scope to beat,  
Since Foes haue scope to beat both thee and me.

**Aum.**

*Northumberland* comes backe from *Bulling  
brooke*.

**Rich.**

What 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 loose  
The Name of King? o' Gods Name let it goe.  
Ile giue my Iewels for a sett 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 [\[Page 37\]](#) The Life and Death of Richard the Second.  
My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints,  
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,  
A little little Graue, an obscure Graue.  
Or Ile be buryed in the Kings high-way,  
Some way of common Trade, where Subiects feet

May howrely trample on their Soueraignes Head:  
For on my heart they tread now, whilst I liue;  
And buryed once, why not vpon my Head?  
*Aumerle*, thou weep'st (my tender-hearted Cousin)  
Wee'le make foule Weather with despised Teares:  
Our sighes, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corne,  
And make a Dearth in this reuolting Land.  
Or shall we play the Wantons with our Woes,  
And make some prettie Match, with shedding Teares?  
As thus: to drop them still vpon one place,  
Till they haue fretted vs a payre of Graues,  
Within the Earth: and therein lay'd, there lyes  
Two Kinsmen, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes?  
Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I see  
I talke but idly, and you mock at mee.  
Most mightie Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,  
What sayes King *Bullingbrooke*? Will his Maiestie  
Giue *Richard* leaue to liue, till *Richard* die?  
You make a Legge, and *Bullingbrooke* sayes I.

**North.**

My Lord, in the base Court he doth attend  
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.

**Rich.**

Downe, downe I come, like glist'ring *Phaeton*,  
Wanting the manage of vnruely Iades.  
In the base Court? base Court, where Kings grow base,  
To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.  
In the base Court come down: down Court, down King,  
For night-Owls shrike, where (mouūting)mounting Larks should sing.

**Bull.**

What says his Maiestie?

**North.**

Sorrow, and grieffe of heart  
Makes him speake fondly, like a frantick man:  
Yet he is come.

**Bull.**

Stand all apart,  
And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie.  
My gracious Lord.

**Rich.**

Faire Cousin,  
You debase your Princely Knee,  
To make the base Earth prouwd with kissing it.  
Me rather had, my Heart might feele your Loue,  
Then my vnpleas'd Eye see your Courtesie.  
Vp Cousin, vp, your Heart is vp, I know,  
Thus high at least, although your Knee be low.

**Bull.**

My gracious Lord, I come but for mine  
owne.

**Rich.**

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

**Bull.**

So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,  
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.

**Rich.**

Well you deseru'd:  
They well deserue to haue,  
That know the strong'st, and surest way to get.  
Vnckle giue me your Hand: nay, drie your Eyes,  
Teares shew their Loue, but want their Remedies.  
Cousin, I am too young to be your Father,  
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.  
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,  
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe.  
Set on towards London:  
Cousin, is it so?

**Bull.**

Yea, my good Lord.

**Rich.**

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

**Scene Quarta.**

*[Act 3, Scene 4]*

*Enter the Queene, and two Ladies.*

**Qu.**

What sport shall we devise here in this Garden,  
To driue away the heauie thought of Care?

**La.**

Madame, wee'le play at Bowles.

**Qu.**

'Twill make me thinke 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 measure in Delight,  
When my poore Heart no measure keepes in Griefe.  
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) some other sport.

**La.**

Madame, wee'le tell Tales.

**Qu.**

Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?

**La.**

Of eyther, Madame.

**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 Ioy:  
For what I haue, I need not to repeat;  
And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.

**La.**

Madame, Ile sing.

**Qu.**

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

**La.**

I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good.

**Qu.**

And I could sing, would weeping doe me good,  
And neuer borrow any Teare of thee.

*Enter a Gardiner, and two Seruants.*

But stay, here comes the Gardiners,  
Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.  
My wretchednesse, vnto a Rowe of Pinnes,  
They'le talke of State: for euery one doth so,  
Against a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.

**Gard.**

Goe binde thou vp yond dangling Apricocks,  
Which like vnruely Children, make their Syre  
Stoupe with oppression of their prodigall weight:  
Giue some supportance to the bending twigges.  
Goe thou, and like an Executioner  
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprayes,  
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:  
All must be euen, in our Gouernment.  
You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away  
The noysome Weedes, that without profit sucke  
The Soyles fertilitie 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 Estate?  
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,  
Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers choakt vp,  
Her Fruit-trees all vnpruin'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 Weeds that his broad-spreading Leaues did shelter,  
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him vp,  
Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:  
I meane, the Earle of Wiltshire, *Bushie, Greene*.

dSer. What.

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**Ser.**

What are they dead?

**Gard.**

They are,  
And *Bullingbrooke* hath seiz'd the wastefull King.  
Oh, what pitty is it, that he had not so trim'd  
And drest his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,  
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,  
Least being ouer-proud with Sap and Blood,  
With too much riches it confound it selfe?  
Had he done so, to great and growing men,  
They might haue liu'd to beare, and he to taste  
Their fruites of dutie. Superfluous branches  
We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:  
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,  
Which waste and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe.

**Ser.**

What thinke you the King shall be depos'd?

**Gar.**

Deprest he is already, and depos'd  
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night  
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,  
That tell blacke tydings.

**Qu.**

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

**Gard.**

Pardon me Madam. Little ioy haue 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.  
Poste you to London, and you'll finde it so,  
I speake no more, then euery one doth know.

**Qu.**

Nimble mischance, that art so light of foote,  
Doth not thy Embassage belong to me?  
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou think'st  
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe

Thy sorrow in my breast. Come Ladies goe,  
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.  
What was I borne to this: that my sad looke,  
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*.  
Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe,  
I would the Plants thou graff't, may neuer grow.

*Exit.*

**G**

Poore Queen, so that thy State might be no worse,  
I would my skill were subiect to thy curse:  
Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place  
Ile set a Banke of Rew, sowre Herbe of Grace:  
Rue, eu'n for ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,  
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene.

*Exit.*

**Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.**

[*Act 4, Scene 1*]

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

**Bullingbrooke.**

Call forth *Bagot*.

Now *Bagot*, freely speake thy minde,  
What thou do'st know of Noble Glousters death:  
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd  
The bloody Office of his Timelesse end.

**Bag.**

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

**Bul.**

Cosin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man.

**Bag.**

My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue  
Scornes to vnsay, what it hath once deliuer'd.  
In that dead time, when Glousters 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 Vnkles 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 dishonor my faire Starres,  
On equall termes to giue him chasticement?  
Either I must, or haue mine honor soyl'd  
With th'Attaindor of his sland'rous Lippes.  
There is my Gage, the manuell Seale of death

That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyeſt,  
And will maintaine what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,  
In thy heart blood, though being all too baſe  
To ſtaine the temper of my Knightly ſword.

**Bul.**

*Bagot* forbear, thou ſhalt not take it vp.

**Aum.**

Excepting one, I would he were the beſt  
In all this preſence, that hath mou'd me ſo.

**Fitz.**

If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathize:  
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 vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it)  
That thou wer't cauſe of Noble Glouſters death.  
If thou denieſt it, twenty times thou lyeſt,  
And I will turne thy falſhood to thy hart,  
Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.

**Aum.**

Thou dar'ſt not (Coward) liue to ſee the day.

**Fitz.**

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

**Aum.**

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

**Per.**

*Aumerle*, thou lye'ſt: his Honor is as true  
In this Appeale, as thou art all vniuſt:  
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my Gage  
To proue it on thee, to th'extreamſt point  
Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'ſt.

**Aum.**

And if I do not, may my hands rot off,  
And neuer brandiſh more reuengefull Steele,  
Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.

**Surrey.**

My Lord *Fitz water*:

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 witneſſe with me, this is true.

**Surrey.**

As falſe, by heauen,  
As Heauen it ſelfe is true.

**Fitz.**

Surrey, thou Lyeſt.

**Surrey.**

Dishonourable Boy;  
That Lye, ſhall lie ſo heauy on my Sword,  
That it ſhall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,



Till thou the Lye-giuer, and that Lye, doe lye  
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.  
In prooffe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,  
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st.

*Note:* An ink mark follows the end of this line. Fitz.

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**Fitzw.**

How fondly do'st thou spurre a forward Horse?  
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,  
I dare meete *Surrey* in a Wildernesse,  
And spit vpon him, whilst I say he Lyes,  
And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith,  
To tye thee to my strong Correction.  
As I intend to thriue in this new World,  
*Aumerle* is guiltie 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* lyes: here doe I throw downe this,  
If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor.

**Bull.**

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

**Carl.**

That honorable 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 black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:  
And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retyr'd himselfe  
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue  
His Body to that pleasant Countries Earth,  
And his pure Soule vnto his Captaine Christ,  
Vnder whose Colours he had fought so long.

**Bull.**

Why Bishop, is *Norfolke* dead?

**Carl.**

As sure as I liue, my Lord.

**Bull.**

Sweet peace conduct his sweet Soule  
To the Bosome of good old *Abraham*.  
Lords Appealants, your (differēces) differences shal all rest vnder gage,  
Till we assigne you to your dayes of Tryall.

*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 liue *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.

**Bull.**

In Gods Name, Ile ascend the Regall Throne.

**Carl.**

Mary, Heauen forbid.

Worst in this Royall Presence may I speake,  
Yet best beseeming me to speake the truth.  
Would God, that any in this Noble Presence  
Were enough Noble, to be vpriight Iudge  
Of Noble *Richard*: then true Noblenesse would  
Learne him forbearance from so foule a Wrong.  
What Subiect can giue Sentence on his King?  
And who sits here, that is not *Richards* Subiect?  
Theeues are not iudg'd, but they are by to heare,  
Although apparant guilt be seene in them:  
And shall the figure of Gods Maiestie,  
His Captaine, Steward, Deputie elect,  
Anoynted, Crown'd, planted many yeeres,  
Be iudg'd by subiect, and inferior breathe,  
And he himselfe not present? Oh, forbid it, God,  
That in a Christian Climate, Soules refin'de  
Should shew so heynous, black, obscene a deed.  
I speake to Subiects, and a Subiect speakes,  
Stirr'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King.  
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,  
Is a foule Traytor to prowde *Herefords* King.  
And if you Crowne him, let me prophecie,  
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 Mutinie  
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 Diuision proue,  
That euer fell vpon this cursed Earth.  
Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so,  
Least Child, Childs Children cry against you, Woe.

**North.**

Well haue you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,  
Of Capitall Treason we arrest you here.  
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,  
To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall.  
May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?

**Bull.**

Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view  
He may surrender: so we shall proceede  
Without suspition.

**Yorke.**

I will be his Conduct.

*Exit.*

**Bull.**

Lords, you that here are vnder our Arrest,  
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Answer:  
Little are we beholding to your Loue,  
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 haue shooke off the Regall thoughts  
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet haue learn'd  
To insinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee.  
Giue Sorrow leaue a while, to tuture me  
To this submission. Yet I well remember  
The fauors of these men: were they not mine?  
Did they not sometime cry, All hayle to me?  
So *Iudas* did to Christ: but he in twelue,  
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelue thousand, none.  
God saue the King: will no man say, Amen?  
Am I both Priest, and Clarke? well then, Amen.  
God saue the King, although I be not hee:  
And yet Amen, if Heauen doe thinke him mee.  
To doe what seruice, am I sent for hither?

**Yorke.**

To doe that office of thine owne good will,  
Which tyred Maiestie did make thee offer:  
The Resignation of thy State and Crowne  
To *Henry Bullingbrooke*.

**Rich.**

Giue me the Crown. Here Cousin, seize y<sup>e</sup> Crown:  
Here Cousin, 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 euer dancing in the ayre,  
The other downe, vnseene, and full of Water:  
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,  
Drinking my Griefes, whil'st you mount vp on high.

**Bull.**

I thought you had been 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.

**Bull.**

Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne.

**Rich.**

Your Cares set vp, do not pluck my Cares downe.  
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 haue, though giuen away,  
They 'tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay:

**Bull.**

Are you contented to resigne the Crowne?

d2*Rich.* I,

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**Rich.**

I, no; no, I: for I must nothing bee:  
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.  
Now, marke me how I will vndoe my selfe.  
I giue this heauie Weight from off my Head,  
And this vnwieldie Scepter from my Hand,  
The pride of Kingly sway from out my Heart.  
With mine owne Teares I wash away my Balme,  
With mine owne Hands I giue away my Crowne,  
With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,  
With mine owne Breath release all dutious Oathes;  
All Pompe and Maiestie I doe forswear:  
My Manors, Rents, Reuenues, I forgoe;  
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:  
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee,  
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke are made to thee.  
Make me, that nothing haue, with nothing grieu'd,  
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchieu'd.  
Long may'st thou liue in *Richards* Seat to sit,  
And soone lye *Richard* in an Earthie Pit.  
God saue King *Henry*, vn-King'd *Richard* sayes,  
And send him many yeeres of Sunne-shine dayes.  
What more remaines?

**North.**

No more: but that you reade  
These Accusations, and these grieuous 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 rauell out  
My weau'd-vp follies? Gentle *Northumberland*,  
If thy Offences were vpon 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 finde one heynous Article,  
Contayning the deposing of a King,  
And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath,  
Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the Booke of Heauen.

Nay, all of you, that stand and looke vpon 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*  
Haue here deliuer'd me to my sowre Crosse,  
And Water cannot wash away your sinne.

**North.**

My Lord dispatch, reade 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 vpon my selfe,  
I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest:  
For I haue giuen here my Soules consent,  
T'vndeck the pompous Body of a King;  
Made Glory base; a Soueraigntie, a Slaue;  
Prowd Maiestie, a Subiect; State, a Pesant.

**North.**

My Lord.

**Rich.**

No Lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man;  
No, nor no mans Lord: I haue no Name, no Title;  
No, not that Name was giuen me at the Font,  
But 'tis vsurpt: alack the heauie day,  
That I haue worne so many Winters out,  
And know not now, what Name to call my selfe.  
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, 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 haue,  
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maiestie.

**Bull.**

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

**North.**

Read o're this Paper, while y<sup>e</sup> Glasse doth come.

**Rich.**

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

**Bull.**

Vrge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland*.

**North.**

The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.

**Rich.**

They shall be satisfy'd: Ile reade enough,  
When I doe see the very Booke indeede,  
Where all my sinnes are writ, and that's my selfe.

*Enter one with a Glasse.*

Giue me that Glasse, and therein will I reade.

No deeper wrinckles yet? hath Sorrow strucke  
So may Blowes vpon this Face of mine,  
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatt'ring Glasse,  
Like to my followers in prosperitie,  
Thou do'st beguile me. Was this Face, the Face  
That euery day, vnder his House-hold 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 shiuers.  
Marke silent King, the Morall of this sport,  
How soone my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face.

**Bull.**

The shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd  
The shadow of your Face.

**Rich.**

Say that againe.

The shadow of my Sorrow: ha, let's see,  
'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within,  
And these externall manner of Laments,  
Are meerely shadowes, to the vnseen Griefe,  
That swells with silence in the tortur'd Soule.  
There lyes the substance: and I thanke thee King  
For thy great bountie, that not onely giu'st  
Me cause to wayle, 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?

**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 subiect,  
I haue a King here to my flatterer:  
Being so great, I haue no neede to begge.

**Bull.**

Yet aske.

**Rich.**

And shall I haue?

**Bull.**

You shall.

**Rich.**

Then giue me leaue to goe.

**Bull.**

Whither?

**Rich.**

Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

**Bull.**

Goe some of you, conuey him to the Tower.

**Rich.**

Oh good: conuey: Conueyers are you all,  
That rise thus nimble by a true Kings fall.

**Bull.**

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

*Exeunt.*

**Abbot.**

A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.

**Carl.**

The Woes to come, the Children yet vnborne,  
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as Thorne.

**Aum.**

You holy Clergie-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 [\[Page 41\]](#) The Life and Death of Richard the Second.  
What euer I shall happen to deuse.

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 vs all a merry day.

*Exeunt.*

**Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.**

*[Act 5, Scene 1]*

*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 vs rest, if this rebellious Earth  
Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene.

*Enter Richard, and Guard.*

But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,  
My faire Rose wither: yet looke vp; behold,  
That you in pittie may dissolue to dew,  
And wash him fresh againe with true-loue Teares.  
Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did stand,  
Thou Mapped of Honor, thou King *Richards* Tombe,  
And not King *Richard*: thou most beauteous Inne,  
When Triumph is become an Ale-house Guest.

**Rich.**

Ioyne not with grieffe, faire Woman, do not so,  
To make my end too sudden: learne good Soule,

To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,  
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,  
Shewes vs but this. I am sworne Brother (Sweet)  
To grim Necessitie; and hee and I  
Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,  
And Cloyster thee in some Religious House:  
Our holy liues must winne a new Worlds Crowne,  
Which our prophane houres here haue stricken downe.

**Qu.**

What, is my *Richard* both in shape and minde  
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, Pupill-like,  
Take thy Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde,  
And fawne on Rage with base Humilitie,  
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?

**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 euen here thou tak'st,  
As from my Death-bed, my last liuing leaue.  
In Winters tedious Nights sit by the fire  
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales  
Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide:  
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their grieffe,  
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,  
And send the hearers weeping to their Beds:  
For why? the sencelesse Brands will sympathize  
The heauie accent of thy mouing Tongue,  
And in compassion, weepe the fire out:  
And some will mourne in ashes, some coale-black,  
For the deposing of a rightfull King.

*Enter Northumberland.*

**North.**

My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.  
You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.  
And Madame, there is order ta'ne for you:  
With 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 then it is, ere foule sinne, gathering head,  
Shall breake into corruption: thou shalt thinke,  
Though he diuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,  
It is too little, helping him to all:  
He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way  
To plant vnrightfully Kings, wilt know againe,



Being ne're so little vrg'd another way,  
To pluck him headlong from the vsurped Throne.  
The Loue of wicked friends conuert to Feare;  
That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turnes one, or both,  
To worthie Danger, and deserued Death.

**North.**

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

**Rich.**

Doubly diuorc'd? (bad men) ye violate  
A two-fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crowne, and me,  
And then betwixt me, and my marryed Wife.  
Let me vn-kisse the Oath 'twixt thee, and me;  
And yet not so, for with a Kisse 'twas made.  
Part vs, *Northumberland*: I, towards the North,  
Where shiuering Cold and Sicknesse pines the Clyme:  
My Queene to France: from whence, set forth in pompe,  
She came adorned hither like sweet May;  
Sent back like Hollowmas, or short'st of day.

**Qu.**

And must we be diuided? must we part?

**Rich.**

I, hand from hand (my Loue) and heart (frō) from heart.

**Qu.**

Banish vs both, and send the King with me.

**North.**

That were some Loue, but little Pollicy.

**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 heere:  
Better farre off, then neere, be ne're the neere.  
Goe, count thy Way with Sighes; I, mine with Groanes.

**Qu.**

So longest Way shall haue the longest Moanes.

**Rich.**

Twice for one step Ile groane, y<sup>e</sup> Way being short,  
And peece the Way out with a heauie heart.  
Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be briefe,  
Since wedding it, there is such length in Griefe:  
One Kisse shall stop our mouthes, and dumbely part;  
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

**Qu.**

Giue me mine owne againe: 'twere no good part,  
To take on me to keep [...], and kill thy heart.  
So, now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,  
That I may striue to kill it with a groane.

**Rich.**

We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:  
Once more adieu; the rest, let Sorrow say.

*Exeunt.*

**Scœna Secunda.**

[*Act 5, Scene 2*]

*Enter Yorke, and his Duchesse.*

**Duch.**

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

**Yorke.**

Where did I leaue?

**Duch.**

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

*Yorke.* Then

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**Yorke.**

Then, as I said, the Duke, great *Bullingbrooke*,  
Mounted vpon a hot and fierie Steed,  
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,  
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course:  
While all tongues cride, God saue thee *Bullingbrooke*.  
You would haue thought the very windowes spake,  
So many greedy lookes of yong and old,  
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes  
Vpon his visage: and that all the walles,  
With painted Imagery had said at once,  
Iesu preserue thee, welcom *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 Countrimen:  
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 leaues the Stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:  
Euen so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes  
Did scowle on *Richard*: no man cride, God saue him:  
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,  
But dust was throwne vpon 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 haue melted,  
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him.

But heauen hath a hand in these euent,  
To whose high will we bound our calme contents.  
To *Bullingbrooke*, are we sworne Subiects now,  
Whose State, and Honor, 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 fealtie 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 knowes, I had as lief be none, as one.

**Yorke.**

Well, beare you well in this new-spring of time  
Least you be cropt before you come to prime.  
What newes from Oxford? Hold those Iusts & Triumphs?

**Aum.**

For ought I know my Lord, they do.

**Yorks.**

You will be there I know.

**Aum.**

If God preuent not, I purpose so.

**Yor.**

What Seale is that that hangs without thy bosom?  
Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the Writing.

**Aum.**

My Lord, 'tis nothing.

**Yorke.**

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

**Aum.**

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

**Yorke.**

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

**Dut.**

What should you feare?  
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into  
For gay apparrell, against the Triumph.

**Yorke.**

Bound to himselfe? What doth he with a Bond  
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole.

Boy, let me see the Writing.

**Aum.**

I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

**Yor.**

I will be satisfied: let me see it I say.

*Snatches it*

Treason, foule Treason, Villaine, Traitor, Slaue.

**Dut.**

What's the matter, my Lord?

**Yorke.**

Ho, who's within there? Saddle my horse.

Heauen for his mercy: what treachery is heere?

**Dut.**

Why, what is't my Lord?

**Yorke.**

Giue me my boots, I say: Saddle my horse:

Now by my Honor, my life, my troth,

I will appeach the Villaine.

**Dut.**

What is the matter?

**Yorke.**

Peace foolish Woman.

**Dut.**

I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?

**Aum.**

Good Mother be content, it is no more

Then my poore life must answer.

**Dut.**

Thy life answer?

*Enter Seruant with Boots.*

**Yor.**

Bring me my Boots, I will vnto the King.

**Dutt.**

Strike him *Aumerle*. Poore boy, yu rt aamaz'd,

Hence Villaine, neuer more come in my sight.

**Yor.**

Giue me my Boots, I say.

**Dut.**

Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the Trespasse of thine owne?

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

Is not my teeming date drunke vp 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 mad woman:

Wilt thou conceale this darke Conspiracy?

A dozen of them heere haue tane the Sacrament,

And interchangeably set downe their hands

To kill the King at Oxford.

**Dut.**

He shall be none:

Wee'l keepe him heere: then what is that to him?

**Yor.**

Away fond woman: were hee twenty times my  
Son, I would appeach him.

**Dut.**

Hadst thou groan'd for him as I haue done,  
Thou wouldest be more pittifull:  
But now I know thy minde; thou do'st suspect  
That I haue bene disloyall to thy bed,  
And that he is a Bastard, not thy Sonne:  
Sweet Yorke, sweet husband, 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.

**Yorke.**

Make way, vnruely Woman.

*Exit*

**Dut.**

After *Aumerle*. Mount thee vpon his horse,  
Spurre post, and get before him to the King,  
And begge thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee,  
Ile not be long behind: though I be old,  
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke:  
And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,  
Till *Bullingbrooke* haue pardon'd thee: Away be gone.

*Exit*

**Scœna Tertia.**

[*Act 5, Scene 3*]

*Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie, and other Lords.*

**Bul.**

Can no man tell of my vnthriftie Sonne?  
'Tis full three monthes since I did see him last.  
If any plague hang ouer vs, 'tis he,  
I would to heauen (my Lords) he might be found:  
Enquire at London, 'mongst the Tauernes there:  
For [\[Page 43\]](#)The Life and Death of Richard the Second.  
For there (they say) he dayly doth frequent,  
With vnrestrained loose Companions,  
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,  
And rob our Watch, and beate our passengers,  
Which he, yong wanton, and effeminate Boy  
Takes on the point of Honor, 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 said the Gallant?

**Per.**

His answer was: he would vnto the Stewes,  
And from the common'st creature plucke a Gloue  
And weare it as a fauour, and with that  
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.

**Bul.**

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

*Enter Aumerle.*

**Aum.**

Where is the King?

**Bul.**

What meanes our Cosin, that hee stares  
And lookes so wildely?

**Aum.**

God saue your Grace. I do beseech your Maiesty  
To haue some conference with your Grace alone.

**Bul.**

Withdraw your selues, and leaue vs here alone:  
What is the matter with our Cosin now?

**Aum.**

For euer may my knees grow to the earth,  
My tongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth,  
Vnlesse a Pardon, ere I rise, or speake.

**Bul.**

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

**Aum.**

Then giue me leaue, that I may turne the key,  
That no man enter, till my tale me done.

**Bul.**

Haue thy desire.

*Yorke within.*

**Yor.**

My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,  
Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.

**Bul.**

Villaine, Ile make thee safe.

**Aum.**

Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause  
to feare.

**Yorke.**

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

*Enter Yorke.*

**Bul.**

What is the matter (Vnkle) speak, recouer breath,  
Tell vs how neere is danger,

That we many arme vs to encounter it.

**Yor.**

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

**Aum.**

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

**Yor.**

It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe.  
I tore it from the Traitors bosome, King.  
Feare, and not Loue, begets his penitence;  
Forget to pittie him, least thy pittie proue  
A Serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.

**Bul.**

Oh heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,  
O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne:  
Thou sheere, immaculate, and siluer fountaine,  
From whence this streame, through muddy passages  
Hath had his current, and defil'd himselfe.  
Thy ouerflow of good, conuertes to bad,  
And thy abundant goodnesse shall excuse  
This deadly blot, in thy digressing sonne.

**Yorke.**

So shall my Vertue be his Vices bawd,  
And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame;  
As thriftlesse Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold.  
Mine honor liues, when his dishonor dies,  
Or my sham'd life, in his dishonor lies:  
Thou kill'st me in his life, giuing him breath,  
The Traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

*Dutchesse within.*

**Dut.**

What hoa (my Liege) for heauens 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 dore,  
A Begger begs, that neuer 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 Cosin, let your Mother in,  
I know she's come, to pray for your foule sin.

**Yorke.**

If thou do pardon, whosoeuer pray,  
More sinnes for this forgiuenesse, prosper may.  
This fester'd ioynt cut off, the rest rests sound,  
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

*Enter Dutchesse.*

**Dut.**

O King, beleue not this hard-hearted man,  
Loue, louing not it selfe, none other can.

**Yor.**

Thou franticke woman, what dost yu make here,  
Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?

**Dut.**

Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

**Bul.**

Rise vp good Aunt.

**Dut.**

Not yet, I thee beseech.  
For euer will I kneele vpon my knees,  
And neuer see day, that the happy sees,  
Till thou giue ioy: vntill thou bid me ioy.  
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing Boy.

**Aum.**

Vnto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee.

**Yorke.**

Against them both, my true ioynts bended be.

**Dut.**

Pleades he in earnest? Looke vpon his Face,  
His eyes do drop no teares: his prayres are in iest:  
His words come from his mouth, ours from our brest.  
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,  
We pray with heart, and soule, and all beside:  
His weary ioynts would gladly rise, I know,  
Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:  
His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,  
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie:  
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue  
That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue.

**Bul.**

Good Aunt stand vp.

**Dut.**

Nay, do not say stand vp.  
But Pardon first, and afterwards stand vp.  
And if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach,  
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach.  
I neuer 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.

**Yorke.**

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's the word it selfe, against the word.  
Speake Pardon, as 'tis currant in our Land,  
The chopping French we do not vnderstand.



Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there,  
Or in thy pitteous heart, plant thou thine eare,  
That hearing how our plaints and prayres do pearce,  
Pitty may moue thee, Pardon to rehearse.

**Bul.**

Good Aunt, stand vp.

**Dut.**

I do not sue to stand,  
Pardon is all the suite I haue in hand.

**Bul.**

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The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

**Bul.**

I pardon him, as heauen shall pardon mee.

**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 hart.

**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 Vnckle helpe order seuerall powres  
To Oxford, or where ere these Traitors are:  
They shall not liue within this world I sweare,  
But I will haue them, if I once know where.  
Vnckle farewell, and Cosin adieu:  
Your mother well hath praid, and proue you true.

**Dut.**

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

*Exeunt.*

*[Act 5, Scene 4]*

*Enter Exton and Seruants.*

**Ext.**

Didst thou not marke the King what words hee  
spake?

Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare:  
Was it not so?

**Ser.**

Those were his very words.

**Ex.**

Haue I no Friend? (quoth he:) he spake it twice,  
And vrg'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 diuorce 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.*

**Scæna Quarta.**

[*Act 5, Scene 4*]

*Enter Richard.*

**Rich.**

I haue bin studying, how to compare  
This Prison where I liue, vnto the World:  
And for because the world is populous,  
And heere is not a Creature, but my selfe,  
I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer't out.  
My Braine, Ile proue 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 Diuine, are intermixt  
With scruples, and do set the Faith it selfe  
Against the Faith: as thus: Come litle ones: & then again,  
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 Flinty ribbes  
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles:  
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.  
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselues,  
That they are not the first of Fortunes slaues,  
Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars,  
Who sitting in the Stockes, refuge their shame  
That many haue, 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 haue before indur'd the like.  
Thus play I in one Prison, many people,  
And none contented. Sometimes am I King;  
Then Treason makes me wish my selfe a Beggar,  
And so I am. Then crushing penurie,  
Perswades me, I was better when a King:  
Then am I king'd againe: and by and by,  
Thinke that I am vn-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,  
And straight am nothing. But what ere I am,  
*Musick*  
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,

With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd  
With being nothing. Musicke do 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 liues:  
And heere haue 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 Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they iarre,  
Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch,  
Whereto my finger, like a Dialls point,  
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.  
Now sir, the sound that tels what houre it is,  
Are clamorous groanes, that strike vpon my heart,  
Which is the bell: so Sighes, and Teares, and Grones,  
Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times: but my Time  
Runs poasting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,  
While I stand fooling heere, his iacke o'th'Clocke.  
This Musicke mads me, let it sound no more,  
For though it haue holpe madmen to their wits,  
In me it seemes, it will make wise-men mad:  
Yet blessing on his heart that giues it me;  
For 'tis a signe of loue, and loue to *Richard*,  
Is a strange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

*Enter Groome.*

**Groo.**

Haile Royall Prince.

**Rich.**

Thankes Noble Peere,  
The cheapest of vs, is ten groates too deere.  
What are thou? And how com'st thou hither?  
Where no man euer comes, but that sad dogge  
That brings me food, to make misfortune liue?

**Groo.**

I was poore Groome of thy Stable (King)  
When thou wer't King: who traueiling towards Yorke,  
With much adoo, at length haue gotten leaue  
To looke vpon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.  
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld  
In London streets, that Coronation day,  
When *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 vnder him?

**Groo.**

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

**Rich.**

So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;  
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.  
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.  
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall downe  
(Since Pride must haue a fall) and breake the necke  
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?  
Forgiuenesse 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 [\[Page 45\]](#)The Life and Death of Richard the Second.  
And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,  
Spur-gall'd, and tyrd by iauncing *Bullingbrooke*.

*Enter Keeper with a Dish.*

**Keep.**

Fellow, giue place, heere is no longer stay.

**Rich.**

If thou loue 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 *Pierce* of Exton,  
Who lately came from th'King, commands the contrary.

**Rich.**

The diuell take *Henrie* of Lancaster, and thee;  
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

**Keep.**

Helpe, helpe, helpe.

*Enter Exton and Seruants.*

**Ri.**

How now? what meanes Death in this rude assalt?  
Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument,  
Go thou and fill another roome in hell.

*Exton strikes him downe.*

That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,  
That staggers thus my person. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,  
Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings own land.  
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on high,  
Whil'st my grosse flesh sinkes downward, heere to dye.

**Exton.**

As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,  
Both haue I spilt: Oh would the deed were good.  
For now the diuell, that told me I did well,  
Sayes, that this deede is chronicled in hell.  
This dead King to the liuing King Ile beare,

Take hence the rest, and giue them buriall heere.

*Exit.*

**Scœna Quinta.**

[*Act 5, Scene 6*]

*Flourish. Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with  
other Lords & attendants.*

**Bul.**

Kinde Vnkle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,  
Is that the Rebels haue consum'd with fire  
Our Towne of Ciceter in Gloucestershire,  
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not.

*Enter Northumberland.*

Welcome my Lord: What is the newes?

**Nor.**

First to thy Sacred State, wish I all happinesse:  
The next newes is, I haue to London sent  
The heads of *Salsbury, Spencer, Blunt,* and *Kent*:  
The manner of their taking may appeare  
At large discoursed in this paper heere.

**Bul.**

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

*Enter Fitzwaters.*

**Fitz.**

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

**Bul.**

Thy paines *Fitzwaters* shall not be forgot,  
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter Percy and Carlile.*

**Per.**

The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,  
With clog of Conscience, and sowre Melancholly,  
Hath yeilded vp his body to the graue:  
But heere is *Carlile,* liuing to abide  
Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

**Bul.**

*Carlile,* this is your doome:  
Choose out some secret place, some reuerend roome  
More then thou hast, and with it ioy thy life:  
So as thou liu'st in peace, dye free from strife:  
For though mine enemy thou hast euer beene,  
High sparkes of Honor in thee haue I seene.

*Enter Exton with a Coffin.*

**Exton.**

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

*Richard* of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

**Bul.**

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

**Ex.**

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

**Bul.**

They loue not poyson, that do poyson neede,  
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,  
I hate the Murtherer, loue him murdered.  
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,  
But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour.  
With *Caine* go wander through the shade of night,  
And neuer shew thy head by day, nor light.  
Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,  
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.  
Come mourne with me, for that I do lament,  
And put on sullen Blacke incontinent:  
Ile make a voyage to the Holy-land,  
to wash this blood off from my guilty hand.  
March sadly after, grace my mourning heere,  
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

*Exeunt*

FINIS.