



The life and death of King Richard the Second.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

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

King Richard.

Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou according to thy oath and band
Brought hither Henry Herford thy bold son:
Heere to make good ſyboiftrous late appeale,
Which then our leysure would not let vs heare,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Gaunt. I haue my Liege.

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

Gaunt. As neere as I could liſt him on that argument,
On ſome apparant danger ſcene in him,
Aym'd at your Highneſſe, no inueterate malice.

King. Then call them to our preſence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our ſelues will heare
Th'accuſer, and the accuſed, freely ſpeake;
High ſtomack'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the ſea; haſtic 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 immortal 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.
Coofin of Hereford, what doſt thou obieſt
Against the Duke of Norfolk, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Bul. Firſt, heauen be the record to my ſpeech,
In the deuotion of a ſubieſts 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 aggravate 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 ſpurs 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 deſie 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 nopes 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 deuife.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that ſword I ſweare,
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my ſhoulder,
He answer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chiuallrous deſigne of knightly triall:
And when I mount, aliuie 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 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 eightene 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 tooonglesse cauernes of the earth)
To me for iustice, and rough chastisement:
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 liar.

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-slooping 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 lyest;
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 trespassse that doth vex my greued 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,
To proue my selfe a loyall Gentleman,
Euen in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome.
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, forgine, 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 Jewell 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. Cousin, 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 fight,
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my hight
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tooong,
Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong;
Or sound so base a parle: my teeth shall teare
The flauish 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. Lamberts* day:
There shall your swords and Lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your setled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Iustice designe the Victors Chivalrie.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes;
Be readie to direct these home Alarmes.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dauschesse of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Glousters blood,
Doth more solcite me then your exclames,
To stirre against the Butchers of his life.

But

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 not 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 leaues all vaded
By Enuies hand, and Murders 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 suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching sterne murder how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts:
What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,
The best way is to venge my Glousters death.

Gaunt. Heauens is the quarrell: for heauens substitute
His Deputy annointed in his fight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heauen reuenge: for I may neuer list
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 carriere,
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
Not with the emptie hollownes, but weight: (falls,
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 vn furnisht walles,
Vn-peopel'd Offices, vntroden stones?

And what heere there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seeke out sorrow, that dwels euery where:
Desolace, desolate will I hence, and dye,
The last leaue of thee, takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marshall, and Aumerle.

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

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

Mar. The Duke of *Norfolke*, sprightly 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 arriual 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 y' 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 *Tho. 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,
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 Harrold.

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 com'st y' 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 *Derbie*,
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 Lists,
Except the Marshall, and such Officers
Appointed to direct these faire designses.

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,

Then

Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue
And louing farwell of our feuerall 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.
Cofin of Herford, as thy 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 Cofin) Lord *Anmerle*;
Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,
But lustie, yong, and cheerefully 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 steale my Lances point,
That it may enter *Mowbrayes* waxen Coate,
And furnish new the name of *John 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. George* to thrue.

Mow. How euer heauen or fortune cast my lot,
There liues, or dies, true to Kings *Richards* Throne,
A loyall, iust, and vpriight 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 iocund, 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 triall 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.* 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: 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 vp with boystrous vntun'd drummes,
With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shooke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confinnes fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You Cofin Herford, vpon paine of death,
Till twice fise 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 vnllook'd for from your Highnesse mouth:
A deerer merit, not so deepe a maim,
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 natie English) now I must forgo,
And now my tongues vse is to me no more,
Then an vnstringed Vyall, 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 perculist 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 natie 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;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heauen
(Our part therein we banish with your selues)
To keepe the Oath that we administer:
You ueuer shall (so helpe you Truth, and Heauen)
Embrace each others loue in banishment,
Nor euer looke vpon each others face,

Nor euer write, regreete, or reconcile
This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor euer by aduised purpose meete,
To plot, contriue, or complote any ill,
Gainst Vs, our State, our Subiects, or our Land.

Bull. I sweare.

Mow. And I, to keepe all this.

Bul. Norfolk, so fare, as to mine enemie,
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 stay,
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 fixe 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, nor 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.

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

Gaunt. 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.

An. Cosine farewell: what presence must not know
From where you do remaine, let paper shew.

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?

Bul. 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.

Gaunt. Thy greefe is but thy absence for a time:

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

Gaunt. What is fixe Winters, they are quickly gone?

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

Gaunt. Call it a travell that thou tak'st for pleasure.

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

Gaunt. 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 frostie *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
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:

Fell sorrowes tooth, doth euer ranckle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. 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.

Scena Quarta.

Enter King, Annerle, Greene, and Bagot.

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

Anm. 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?

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

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

An. Farewell: and for my hart disdain'd y^e 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 Farewell, haue lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his short banishment,

He should haue had a volume of Farwells,
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*

Obscured 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 slaves,

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,

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 Coſſers, 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 *John 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 coſſers 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.

Enter Gaunt, ſicke with Yorke.

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

Yor. Vex not your ſelfe, nor ſtrive not with your breth,
For all in vaine comes counſell to his care.

Gau. Oh but (they ſay) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deepe harmony;
Where words are ſcarſe, 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 praifes of his ſtate: then there are found
Laciuious Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open eare of youth doth alwayes liſten.
Report of faſhions in proud Italy,
Whoſe manners ſtill our rardie 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 wiſs 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 ſeat 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 deſenſiue 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 ſeruiſe, and true Chiuallrie,
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,
Whole 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 beſits 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 my ſtriſt faſt, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein faſting, haſt thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a gauey,
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 ſeek to kill my name in mee,

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'it 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 lyest in reputation sicke,
And thou too care-lesse patient as thou art,
Commit't thy anointed 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 Grandfire 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 posselt,
Which art posselt now to depose thy selfe.
Why (Cofine) 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 bondslaue 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 cheek, chasing the Royall blood
With fury, from his native 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 head 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 fullens 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 falls, and so doth he,
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that. Now for our Irish warres,
We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kernes,
Which 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 posselt.

Yor. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender dutie make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloucesters 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 sowe my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle 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 howers:
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend: and spent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne:
Oh Richard, Yorke is too farre gone with 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 to 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 allegiance cannot thinke.

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

Yor. Ile not be by the while: My Liege farewell,

What will ensue heereof, there's none can tell.

But by bad courses 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 busynesse: 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 leu'd vs well.

Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,

Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Flourish.

Manet North. Willoughby, & 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 reuennue.

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. 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.

Ross. The Commons hath he pil'd with greuous 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 deuiz'd,

As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot 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 yeelded vpon comprimize,

That which his Ancestors atchieu'd with blowes:

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

Ross. The Earle of *Wiltshire* hath the realme in Farme.

Wil. The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.

Nor. Reproach, and dissolution hangeth ouer him.

Ross. 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

Ross. 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

Ross. 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 Blanc*

A Bay in *Britaine*, receiu'd intelligence,

That *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, *Raimald* Lord *Cobham*,

That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,

His brother Archbishop, late of *Canterbury*,

Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *Iohn Rainston*,

Sir *Iohn Nerberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, & *Francis Quaint*,

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 flauish yoke,

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.

Ross. To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them y feare.

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

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

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 Maiestie

Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,

Finde shapes of greefe, more then himselfe to waille,

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

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrowes eie,

(scene;

Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.

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

Perfwades 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.

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.

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

Qu. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'Tis better hope he is:
For his 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-liſted 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. Northumberland, his yong ſonne *Henrie Percie*,
The Lords of *Roffe*, *Beaumont*, 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 ſervant.

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 Plathie 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 woſull 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, prouide ſome Carres,

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 beleue me. Both are my kiſmen,

Th'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath

And dutie bids defend: th'other againe

Is my kiſman, 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 euery thing is left at fix and ſeuene. *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 neceſſeſſe 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,

Beauſe 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 Maieſtie:

Farewell, if hearts preſages be not vaine,

We three here part, that neu'r ſhall meete againe.

Bu. That's as Yorke thrives to beate back *Bullinbrooke*

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 & once, for once, for all, and euer.

Well, we may meete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.

Bul. How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now?

Nor. Beleue me noble Lord,

I am a ſtranger heere in Glouſterſhire,

Theſe high wilde hilles, and rough vneuen waies,

Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearifome;

And yet our faire diſcourſe hath beene as ſugar,

Mak in

Making the hard way sweet and delectable:

But I bethinke me, what a wearie way
From Rauenspurgh 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 Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me ouer by *Barkely*, to discouer
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 approoued 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*, *Barkely*, 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 preience makes vs rich, most Noble Lord.

Will. 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 Barkely.

North. It is my Lord of *Barkely*, as I ghesse.

Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Messlage 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 Native 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.

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

Bull. My gracious Vnckle.

Yorke. 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?

Yorke. 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* alieue. 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 Vnthrifts? 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, *Annerle*, 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

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.

Will. 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 needes 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 their 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.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we haue stayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrey men 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 reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay;
The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are wither'd,
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 Countrey men 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 comê, 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.

*Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland,
Ross, 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 unfold some causes of your deaths.
You haue mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you vnhappyed, 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 frô 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 Windows 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 Heauens sake fairely let her be entreated,
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take speciall 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.

Scena

Scena Secunda.

Drums: Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlisle, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?

Au. Yea, my Lord: how brookes 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 hooves:
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 rauenous sence:
But let thy Spiders, that suck vp thy Venome,
And heauie-gated Toades lye in their way,
Doing annoyanc to the trecherous seete,
Which with vsurping steps doe trample thee.
Yield 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
Prooue armed Souldiers, ere her Native 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 spite of all.

Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that 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 when the searching Eye of Heauen is hid
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,
Then Theeues and Robbers raunge abroad vnseene,
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,
Then Murthers, Treasons, and detested sinnes
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
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, blou and W
Weake men must fall, for Heauen still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power?

Salib. 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, vnhappy 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 Favorites 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 Silver Riuers drowne their Shores,
As if the World were all dissol'd to teares:
So high, above his Limits, swells the Rage
Of Bullingbrooke, couering your fearefull Land
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:
White Beares haue arm'd their thin and hairelesse Scalps
Against thy Maiestie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,
Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioints
In stiffe vnwieldie Armes: against thy Crowne
Thy very Beards-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

That they haue let the dangerous Enemie
Measure our Confinnes 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,
Dogges, easily woo'd to fawne on any man,
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart,
Three Iudas'es, each one thrice worse then *Iudas*,
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre
Vpon their spotted Soules for this Offence.

Scroope. Sweet 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, graud in the hollow ground.

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

Scroope. Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

Ann. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?

Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speake:

Let's talke of 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 depos'd 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 serues 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 murder'd. For within the hollow Crowne

That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,

Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits

Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,

Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,

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

Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,

As 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 through 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, feeble 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.

Ann. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,

And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.

Rich. Thou chid'st me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come

To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:

This ague fit of feare is 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 *Torke* 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.

Ann. 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.

Scena Tertia.

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

Torke. 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 brieve,
Left I his Title out.

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

Bull. Mistake not (Vnckle) farther then you should.

Torke. 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-

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 *Annerle*, 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 Trumper 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 allegiance
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 durie 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 ratter'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, Annerle, 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 harne 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 bareft of Friends:
Yet know, my Master, God Omnipotent,
Is mustering 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 lookes 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 sweares,
That stands vpon your Royall Grandfires Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
(Currents that spring from one most gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the Worth and 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 sweares he, as he is a Prince, is iust,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

Rich. Northumberland, say thus: The King returnes,
His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious vtterance thou hast,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We doe debate 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?

Ann. 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 prowd 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't thou prowd heart? Ile giue thee scope to bear,
Since Foes haue scope to beat both thee and me.

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

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 Jewels 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 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 buried 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, whilest I liue;
And buried 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 glitt'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 shriek, where mourning Larks should sing.
Bull. What sayes his Maiestie?
North. Sorrow, and griefe 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 proud 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.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shall we deuise 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 keeps 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 twiggess.
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 Gouvernment.
You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away
The noysome Weedess, 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 Weedess, 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 Lease.
The Weedess 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, *Busbie*, *Greene*.

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Ser. What.

Ser. What are they dead?

Gard. They are,

And *Bullingbrooke* hath seiz'd the wastefull King.
Oh, what pity is it, that he had not so trim'd
And dress'd 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 throwne downe.

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

Gard. Deprest he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night
To a 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
What Eue? what Serpent hath suggested thee, (newes
To make a second fall of curs'd 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,
Dost 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 graft'st, may neuer grow. *Exit.*

O 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
He 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. Scena Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, *Bullingbrooke*, *Aumerle*, *Nor-*
thumberland, *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. Cofin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man.

Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vsay, 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 Cofins 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 chastisement?
Either I must, or haue mine honor soyl'd
With th'Attaindor of his stand'rous Lippes.
There is my Gage, the manuell Seale of death
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lye'st,
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 lye'st,
And I will turne thy falshood to thy harr,
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 a 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'extreamest 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 witness with me, this is true.

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

Fitz. *Surrey*, thou lye'st.

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.

Fitz.

Fitzw. How fondly do'st thou spur 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 thrise in this new World,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true Appeal.
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 scene.
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 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 befeeming me to speake the truth.
Would God, that any in this Noble Presence
Were enough Noble, to be vpright 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 scene 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 propheticke,

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 suspicion.

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 *Indus* 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 Crowne. Here Cousin, seize & Crowne:
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, ynscene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whilst 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?

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Rich. I,

Rich. I, no; no, I: for I must nothing beere boord
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.

Now, marke me how I will yndoe my selfe.

I giue this heauie Weight from off my Head,

And this vnwielde Scepter from my Hand,

The pride of Kingly sway from out my Heart.

With mine owne Teares I wath 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 durious 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 archieu'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 grienous 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 Pefant.

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 Glass 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 finnes are writ, and that's my selfe.

Enter one with a Glasse.

Giue me that Glasse, and therein will I reade.

No deeper wrinkles yet? hath Sorrow strucke

So many 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 follies,

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 meere shadowes, to the vnseene 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.*

Abbat. 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.

Abbat. Before I freely speake my minde herein,

You shall not onely take the Sacrament,

To bury mine intents, but also to effect

What

What euer I shall happen to deuise.
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.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To *Iulius Casars* 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 Mappe of Honor, thou King *Richards* Tombe,
And not King *Richard*: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard-fauor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-house Guest.

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, 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 griefe,
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 vnrightfull 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 conuerts 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 married 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 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 Way being short,
And peece the Way out with a heauie heart.

Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be brieft,
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 keepe, and kill thy heart.
So, now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may strue 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.

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.

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Yorke. Then

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 flow, 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 preferue 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 griefe and patience)
That had not God (for some strong purpose) steeld
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him.
But heauen hath a hand in these events,
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 lusts & Triumphs?

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

Yorke. 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. Hoa, 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.

Dut. Strike him *Aumerle*. Poore boy, 'y art amaz'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.

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,
He 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.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie, and other Lords.

Bul. Can no man tell of my vnchristie 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

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 Cofin, that hee flares
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 Cofin now?

Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roofo 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 may 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 siuer fountaine,
From whence this streame, through muddy passages
Hath had his current, and defil'd himselfe.
Thy ouerflow of good, conuerts 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.

Dutcheffe 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 Cofin, let your Mother in,
I know she's come, to pray for your foule sin.

Yorke. If thou do pardon, whosoever 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 Dutcheffe.

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

Yor. Thou franticke woman, what dost thou 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.
Bypardoning Rutland, my transgressing Boy.

Aum. Vnto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee.

Yorke. Against them both, my true ioynts bended be.

Dut. Pleadeth 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,
Pittie 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.

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 comforted crew,
Destruction straight shall dogge them at the heeles :
Good Vnckle helpe to order feuerall 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.

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.

Scena Quarta.

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 Dials 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 Groanes,
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 gives 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 art 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 a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)
When thou wer't King: who traueilling 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

And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,
Spur-gall'd, and tyed by launcing Bullingbrooke.

Enter Keeper with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, giue place, heere is no longer stay.

Rich. If thou loue me, tis time thou wert 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 wert 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 assault?
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 sinks 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.

Scena Quinta.

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 Salisbury, 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 fought at Oxford, thy dire ouerthrow.

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

Enter Percy and Carlile.

Per. The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of Conscience, and fowre 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:

Chooose 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 seare. 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 Slaughter, with thy fatall hand,

Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.

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

Bul. They loue not poyson, that do poyson neede,

Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,

I hate the Murderer, 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.