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 <resp>project management</resp>
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 <resp>encoding</resp>
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 Crowdfunding</funder>
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Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
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<note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. **& West, A.J.** "The Shakespeare First Folios a descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.**</note>**
<note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30**</note>**
<note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare First Folios, With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1 (March 1999), p.1-19**</note>**

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<titlePage>

<docTitle>

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<hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES**</hi>**

<lb/>COMEDIES, **<lb/>**HISTORIES, **&**

<lb/>TRAGEDIES. **</titlePart>**

<titlePart>Published according to the True Originall

Copies.**</titlePart>**

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the charges

of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley].,

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</titlePage>

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 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.;
 fol.</p>
 <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58;
 p.59
 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered
 151; p.161
 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165
 misnumbered 163; p.
 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250
 misnumbered 252; p.
 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in
 some copies;
 p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count:
 p.165-166
 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 --
 5th count:
 p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308
 misnumbered 38;
 p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
 </foliation>
 <collation>
 <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most
 commonly
 cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1)$
 $[\pi B^2], {}^2A-2B^6$
 $2C^2 a-g^6 \chi gg^8 h-v^6 x^4 \chi 1.2$ [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para.]¹ aa-ff⁶
 $gg^2 Gg^6$
 $hh^6 kk-bbb^6$; 2. West: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)^2 A-2B^6 2C^2 a-$
 $g^6 {}^2g^8 h-v^6 x^4$
 $'gg3.4' (\pm'gg3')$ [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para.]¹ 2a-2f⁶ 2g² 2G⁶ 2h⁶
 $2k-2v^6$
 $x^6 2y-3b^6$.</p>
 <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed
 Gg; nn1-nn2
 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
 <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination
 on leaf a1
 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on
 leaf aa1
 recto.</p>
 </collation>
 <condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the

reader".

mount

some the

and the

Rare

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the
towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of
Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait
central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,
including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact
Books.</condition>

</supportDesc>

<layoutDesc>

<layout>

<p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>

<p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>

<p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.

Blount, I.

Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623."</p>

<p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry

Condell.</p>

</layout>

</layoutDesc>

</objectDesc>

<decoDesc>

<decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>

<decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author

signed: "Martin-

earlier

shading,

with the

have the plate

the earlier

Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The
state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier
especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly
jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies
in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that
state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

</decoNote>

</decoDesc>

<additions>

<p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an
unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap

was seen".

2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on

t.p.

(mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor

annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p></additions><bindingDesc><p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p></bindingDesc></physDesc><history><origin><p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p></origin><acquisition><p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the newer <bibl><title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of

"superfluous library books" to `<persName>`Richard Davis`</persName>`, a bookseller in Oxford, in `<date when="1664">`1664`</date>` for the sum of `<num value="24">`£24`</num>`.
`<p>`After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of `<persName>`Richard Turbutt`</persName>` of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family's possession until `<date when="1906">`1906`</date>`, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of `<num value="3000">`£3000`</num>`, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)
`<p>`For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see <http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/> and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.
`</p>`

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        <lb/>the Second.</head>
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Prima.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King Richard,
John of Gaunt, with other Nobles
          <lb/>and Attendants.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
          <speaker rend="italic">King Richard.</speaker>
          <l><c rend="decoratedCapital">O</c>Ld <hi rend="italic">Iohn
of Gaunt</hi>, time&#x2011;honoured Lancaster,</l>
          <l>Hast thou according to thy oath and band</l>
          <l>Brought hither <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> Herford thy bold
son:</l>
          <l>Heere to make good y&#x0364; boistrous late appeale,</l>
          <l>Which then our leysure would not let vs heare,</l>
          <l>Against the Duke of Norfolke, <hi rend="italic">Thomas
Mowbray</hi>?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r2-gau">
          <speaker rend="italic">Gaunt.</speaker>

```

<l>I haue my Liege.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Tell me moreouer, hast thou sounded him,</l>
 <l>If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,</l>
 <l>Or worthily as a good subiect should</l>
 <l>On some knowne ground of treacherie in him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gaunt.</speaker>
 <l>As neere as I could sift him on that argument,</l>
 <l>On some apparant danger seene in him,</l>
 <l>Aym<choice><orig><c
 rend="inverted">,</c></orig><corr>'</corr></choice>d at your Highnesse, no
 inueterate malice.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>Then call them to our presence face to face,</l>
 <l>And frowning brow to brow, our selues will heare</l>
 <l>Th'accuser, and the accused, freely speake;</l>
 <l>High stomack d are they both, and full of ire,</l>
 <l>In rage, deafe as the sea; hastie as fire.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bullingbrooke
 and Mowbray.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Many yeares of happy dayes befall</l>
 <l>My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-mow">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
 <l>Each day still better others happinesse,</l>
 <l>Vntill the heauens enuying earths good hap,</l>
 <l>Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,</l>
 <l>As well appeareth by the cause you come,</l>
 <l>Namely, to appeale each other of high treason.</l>
 <l>Coosin of Hereford, what dost thou obiect</l>
 <l>Against the Duke of Norfolk, <hi rend="italic">Thomas
 Mowbray</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>First, heauen be the record to my speech,</l>

<|>In the deuotion of a subjects loue,</|>
<|>Tendering the precious safetie of my Prince,</|>
<|>And free from other misbegotten hate,</|>
<|>Come I appealant to this Princely presence.</|>
<|>Now <hi rend="italic">Thomas Mowbray</hi> 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,</|>
<cb n="2"/>
<|>The vglie seeme the cloudes that in it flye:</|>
<|>Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,</|>
<|>With a foule Traitors name stuffe I thy throte,</|>
<|>And wish (so please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,</|>
<|>What my tong speaks, my right drawn sword may proue</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-mow">

<speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>

<|>Let not my cold words heere accuse my zeale:</|>
<|>'Tis not the triall of a Womans warre,</|>
<|>The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,</|>
<|>Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine:</|>
<|>The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.</|>
<|>Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,</|>
<|>As to be husht, and nought at all to say.</|>
<|>First the faire reuerence of your Highnesse curbes mee,</|>
<|>From giuing reines and spurres to my free speech,</|>
<|>Which else would post, vntill it had return'd</|>
<|>These tearmes of treason, doubly downe his throat.</|>
<|>Setting aside his high bloods royalty,</|>
<|>And let him be no Kinsman to my Liege,</|>
<|>I do defie him, and I spit at him,</|>
<|>Call him a slanderous Coward, and a Villaine:</|>
<|>Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,</|>
<|>And meete him, were I tide to runne afoote,</|>
<|>Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,</|>
<|>Or any other ground inhabitable,</|>
<|>Where euer Englishman durst set his foote.</|>
<|>Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,</|>
<|>By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bol">

<speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>

<|>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.</|>

<l>If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,</l>
 <l>As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then stoope.</l>
 <l>By that, and all the rites of Knight‑hood else,</l>
 <l>Will I make good against thee arme to arme,</l>
 <l>What I haue spoken, or thou canst deuise.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-mow">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
 <l>I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare,</l>
 <l>Which gently laid my Knight‑hood on my
 shoulder,</l>
 <l>Ile answer thee in any faire degree,</l>
 <l>Or Chiualrous designe of knightly triall:</l>
 <l>And when I mount, alieue may I not light,</l>
 <l>If I be Traitor, or vniustly fight.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>What doth our Cosin lay to <hi rend="italic">Mowbraies</hi>
 charge<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
 <l>It must be great that can inherite vs,</l>
 <l>So much as of a thought of ill in him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Looke what I said, my life shall proue it true,</l>
 <l>That <hi rend="italic">Mowbray</hi> hath receiu'd eight
 thousand Nobles,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">In</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0348-0.jpg" n="24"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of Richard the Second.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>In name of lendings for your Highnesse Soldiers,</l>
 <l>The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,</l>
 <l>Like a false Traitor, and iniurious Villaine.</l>
 <l>Besides I say, and will in battaile proue,</l>
 <l>Or heere, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge</l>
 <l>That euer was suruey'd by English eye,</l>
 <l>That all the Treasons for these eighteene yeeres</l>
 <l>Complotted, and contriued in this Land,</l>
 <l>Fetch'd from false <hi rend="italic">Mowbray</hi> their first
 head and spring.</l>
 <l>Further I say, and further will maintaine</l>
 <l>Vpon his bad life, to make all this good.</l>
 <l>That he did plot the Duke of Glousters death,</l>
 <l>Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,</l>
 <l>And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,</l>
 <l>Sluc'd out his innocent soule through streames of blood:</l>
 <l>Which blood, like sacrificing <hi rend="italic">Abels</hi>
 cries,</l>

<|>(Euen from the toonglesse cauernes of the earth)</|>
 <|>To me for iustice, and rough chasticement:</|>
 <|>And by the glorious worth of my discent,</|>
 <|>This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <|>How high a pitch his resolution soares:</|>
 <|><hi rend="italic">Thomas</hi> of Norfolke, what sayest thou
 to this?</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-mow">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
 <|>Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,</|>
 <|>And bid his eares a little while be deafe,</|>
 <|>Till I haue told this slander of his blood,</|>
 <|>How God, and good men, hate so foule a lyar.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <|><hi rend="italic">Mowbray</hi>, 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‑neerensse to our sacred blood,</|>
 <|>Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize</|>
 <|>The vn‑stooping firmenesse of my vpriight soule.</|>
 <|>He is our subiect (<hi rend="italic">Mowbray</hi>) so art
 thou,</|>
 <|>Free speech, and fearelesse, I to thee allow.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-mow">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
 <|>Then <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>, as low as to thy
 heart,</|>
 <|>Through the false passage of thy throat; thou lyst:</|>
 <|>Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,</|>
 <|>Disburst I to his Highnesse souldiers;</|>
 <|>The other part reseru'd I by consent,</|>
 <|>For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,</|>
 <|>Vpon remainder of a deere Accompt,</|>
 <|>Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:</|>
 <|>Now swallow downe that Lye. For Glousters death,</|>
 <|>I slew him not; but (to mine owne disgrace)</|>
 <|>Neglected my sworne duty in that case:</|>
 <|>For you my noble Lord of <hi
 rend="italic">Lancaster</hi>,</|>
 <|>The honourable Father to my foe,</|>
 <|>Once I did lay an ambush for your life,</|>

<|>A trespasse 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,</|><note
 type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
 <|>To proue my selfe a loyall Gentleman,</|>
 <|>Euen in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome.</|><note
 type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
 <|>In hast whereof, most heartily I pray</|>
 <|>Your Highnesse to assigne our Triall day.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <|>Wrath‑kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:</|>
 <|>Let's purge this choller without letting blood:</|>
 <|>This we prescribe, though no Physition,</|>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <|>Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.</|>
 <|>Forget, forgiue, conclude, and be agreed,</|>
 <|>Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.</|>
 <|>Good Vnckle, let this end where it begun,</|>
 <|>Wee'l calme the Duke of Norfolke; you, your son.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gaunt.</speaker>
 <|>To be a make‑peace shall become my age,</|>
 <|>Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <|>And Norfolke, throw downe his.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gaunt.</speaker>
 <|>When <hi rend="italic">Harrie</hi> when? Obedience
 bids,</|>
 <|>Obedience bids I should not bid agen.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <|>Norfolke, throw downe, we bidde; there is
 <lb/>no boote.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-mow">

<speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
 <l>My selfe I throw (dread Soueraigne) at thy foot.</l>
 <l>My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,</l>
 <l>The one my dutie owes, but my faire name</l>
 <l>Despight of death, that liues vpon my graue</l>
 <l>To darke dishonours vse, thou shalt not haue.</l>
 <l>I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd heere,</l>
 <l>Pierc'd to the soule with slanders venom'd speare:</l>
 <l>The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood</l>
 <l>Which breath'd this poyson.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Rage must be withstood:</l>
 <l>Giue me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-mow">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
 <l>Yea but not change his spots: take but my shame,</l>
 <l>And I resigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,</l>
 <l>The purest treasure mortall times afford</l>
 <l>Is spotlesse reputation: that away,</l>
 <l>Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.</l>
 <l>A Iewell in a ten times barr'd vp Chest,</l>
 <l>Is a bold spirit, in a loyall brest.</l>
 <l>Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one:</l>
 <l>Take Honor from me, and my life is done.</l>
 <l>Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trie,</l>
 <l>In that I liue; and for that will I die.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Coosin, throw downe your gage,</l>
 <l>Do you begin.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Oh heauen defend my soule from such foule sin.</l>
 <l>Shall I seeme Crest‑falne in my fathers sight,</l>
 <l>Or with pale beggar‑feare impeach my hight</l>
 <l>Before this out‑dar'd dastard? Ere my toong,</l>
 <l>Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong;</l>
 <l>Or sound so base a parle: my teeth shall teare</l>
 <l>The slauish motiue of recanting feare,</l>
 <l>And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,</l>
 <l>Where shame doth harbour, euen in <hi
 rend="italic">Mowbrayes</hi> face.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Gaunt.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>We were not borne to sue, but to command,</l>
 <l>Which since we cannot do to make you friends,</l>
 <l>Be readie, (as your liues shall answer it)</l>
 <l>At Couentree, vpon
 <choice><abbr>S.</abbr><expn>Saint</expn></choice> <hi
 rend="italic">Lamberts</hi> day:</l>
 <l>There shall your swords and Lances arbitrate</l>
 <l>The swelling difference of your settled hate:</l>
 <l>Since we cannot attone you, you shall see</l>
 <l>Iustice designe the Victors Chiualrie.</l>
 <l>Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,</l>
 <l>Be readie to direct these home Alarmes.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2">
 <head rend="italic center">Scæna Secunda.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gaunt, and
 Dutchesse of Gloucester.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gaunt.</speaker>
 <l>Alas, the part I had in Glousters blood,</l>
 <l>Doth more sollicite me then your exclames,</l>
 <l>To stirre against the Butchers of his life.</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">But</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0349-0.jpg" n="25"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of Richard the second.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>But since correction lyeth in those hands</l>
 <l>Which made the fault that we cannot correct,</l>
 <l>Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,</l>
 <l>Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,</l>
 <l>Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-dgl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
 <l>Finde brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?</l>
 <l>Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> seuen sonnes (whereof thy
 selfe art one)</l>
 <l>Were as seuen violles of his Sacred blood,</l>
 <l>Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote:</l>
 <l>Some of those seuen are dride by natures course,</l>
 <l>Some of those branches by the destinies cut:</l>
 <l>But <hi rend="italic">Thomas</hi>, my deere Lord, my life,
 my Glouster,</l>
 <l>One Violl full of <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> Sacred
 blood,</l>

<l>One flourishing branch of his most Royall roote</l>
 <l>Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;</l>
 <l>Is hackt downe, and his summer leafes all vaded</l>
 <l>By Enuies hand, and Murde<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="partiallyInkedType" resp="#ES"/>s bloody Axe.</l>
 <l>Ah <hi rend="italic">Gaunt</hi>! His blood was thine, that
 bed, that wombe,</l>
 <l>That mettle, that selfe‑mould that fashion'd thee,</l>
 <l>Made him a man: and though thou liu'st, and breath'st,</l>
 <l>Yet art thou slaine in him: thou dost consent</l>
 <l>In some large measure to thy Fathers death,</l>
 <l>In that thou seest thy wretched brother dye,</l>
 <l>Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.</l>
 <l>Call it not patience (<hi rend="italic">Gaunt</hi>) it is
 dispaire,</l>
 <l>In suff ring thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,</l>
 <l>Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,</l>
 <l>Teaching sterne murther how to butcher thee:</l>
 <l>That which in meane men we intitule patience</l>
 <l>Is pale cold cowardice in noble brests:</l>
 <l>What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,</l>
 <l>The best way is to venge my Glousters death.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gaunt.</speaker>
 <l>Heauens is the quarrel: for heauens substitute</l>
 <l>His Deputy annointed in his sight,</l>
 <l>Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully</l>
 <l>Let heauen reuenge: for I may neuer lift</l>
 <l>An angry arme against his Minister.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-dgl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
 <l>Where then (alas may I) complaint my selfe?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gau.</speaker>
 <l>To heauen, the widdowes Champion to defence</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-dgl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
 <l>Why then I will: farewell old <hi
 rend="italic">Gaunt</hi>.</l>
 <l>Thou go'st to Couentrie, there to behold</l>
 <l>Our Cosine Herford, and fell Mowbray fight:</l>
 <l>O sit my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,</l>
 <l>That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes brest:</l>
 <l>Or if misfortune misse the first carreere,</l>
 <l>Be Mowbrayes sinnes so heauy in his bosome,</l>
 <l>That they may breake his foaming Coursers backe,</l>

<l>And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,</l>
 <l>A Caytiffe recreant to my Cosine Herford:</l>
 <l>Farewell old <hi rend="italic">Gaunt</hi>, thy sometimes
 brothers wife</l>
 <l>With her companion Greefe, must end her life.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gau.</speaker>
 <l>Sister farewell: I must to Couentree,</l>
 <l>As much good stay with thee, as go with mee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-dgl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
 <l>Yet one
 <choice><orig>wotd</orig><corr>word</corr></choice> more: Greefe boundeth
 where it
 <lb rend="turnunder"/><pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>falls,</l>
 <l>Not with the emptie hollownes, but weight:</l>
 <l>I take my leaue, before I haue begun,</l>
 <l>For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.</l>
 <l>Commend me to my brother <hi rend="italic">Edmund
 Yorke</hi>.</l>
 <l>Loe, this is all: nay, yet depart not so,</l>
 <l>Though this be all, do not so quickly go,</l>
 <l>I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what<c
 rend="italic">?</c></l>
 <l>With all good speed at Plashie visit mee.</l>
 <l>Alacke, and what shall good old Yorke there see</l>
 <l>But empty lodgings, and vnfurnish'd walles,</l>
 <l>Vn‑peopel'd Offices, vntroden stones?</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?</l>
 <l>Therefore commend me, let him not come there,</l>
 <l>To seeke out sorrow, that dwels euery where:</l>
 <l>Desolate, desolate will I hence, and dye,</l>
 <l>The last leaue of thee, takes my weeping eye.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3">
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Marshall, and
 Aumerle.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>My
 <choice><abbr>L.</abbr><expan>Lord</expan></choice> <hi
 rend="italic">Aumerle</hi>, is <hi rend="italic">Harry Herford</hi> arm'd.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l>Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,</l>
 <l>Stays but the summons of the Appealants Trumpet.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Au.</speaker>
 <l>Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and stay</l>
 <l>For nothing but his Maiesties approach.</l>
 </sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Flourish.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King, Gaunt,
 Bushy, Bagot, Greene, &
 <lb/>others: Then Mowbray in Ar­
 <lb/>mor, and Harrold.</stage>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Marshall, demand of yonder Champion</l>
 <l>The cause of his arriuell heere in Armes,</l>
 <l>Aske him his name, and orderly proceed</l>
 <l>To swear him in the iustice of his cause.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>In Gods name, and the Kings say who y<c
 rend="superscript">u</c> art,</l>
 <l>And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in Armes?</l>
 <l>Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrell,</l>
 <l>Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,</l>
 <l>As so defend thee heauen, and thy valour.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-mow">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
 <l>My name is <hi
 rend="italic"><choice><abbr>Tho.</abbr><expn>Thomas</expn></choice>
 Mowbray</hi>, Duke of Norfolk,</l>
 <l>Who hither comes engaged by my oath</l>
 <l>(Which heauen defend a knight should violate)</l>
 <l>Both to defend my loyalty and truth,</l><note
 type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
 <l>To God, my King, and his succeeding issue,</l>
 <l>Against the Duke of Herford, that appeales me:</l>
 <l>And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,</l>
 <l>To proue him (in defending of my selfe)</l>
 <l>A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,</l>

<l>And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Tucket. Enter Hereford,
 and Harold.</stage>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Marshall: Aske yonder Knight in Armes,</l>
 <l>Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,</l>
 <l>Thus placed in habiliments of warre:</l>
 <l>And formerly according to our Law</l>
 <l>Depose him in the iustice of his cause.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>What is thy name? and wherfore comst y<c
 rend="superscript">u</c> hither</l>
 <l>Before King <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> in his Royall
 Lists?</l>
 <l>Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell?</l>
 <l>Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heauen.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> of Herford, Lancaster, and
 Derby,</l>
 <l>Am I: who ready heere do stand in Armes,</l>
 <l>To proue by heauens grace, and my bodies valour,</l>
 <l>In Lists, on <hi rend="italic">Thomas Mowbray</hi> Duke of
 Norfolke,</l>
 <l>That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous,</l>
 <l>To God of heauen, King <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, and
 to me,</l>
 <l>And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>On paine of death, no person be so bold,</l>
 <l>Or daring hardie as to touch the Listes,</l>
 <l>Except the Marshall, and such Officers</l>
 <l>Appointed to direct these faire designes.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Soueraigns hand,</l>
 <l>And bow my knee before his Maiestie:</l>
 <l>For <hi rend="italic">Mowbray</hi> and my selfe are like
 two men,</l>
 <l>That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,</l>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">c</fw>

Then
26
The life and death of Richard the second.
1
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue
And louing farwell of our seuerall friends.

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

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

Bull.
Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbrayes*

speare:
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray*

fight.
My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you,
Of you (my Noble Cosin) Lord *Aumerle*;
Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,
But lustie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at English Feasts, so I regreete
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two‑fold rigor lift mee vp
To reach at victory aboute my head,
Adde proffe vnto mine Armour with thy prayres,
And with thy blessings steele my Lances point,
That it may enter *Mowbrayes* waxen

Coate,
And furnish new the name of *Iohn a*
Gaunt*,*
Euen in the lusty hauiour of his sonne.

Gaunt.
Heauen in thy good cause make thee prosp'rous

<l>Be swift like lightning in the execution,</l>
 <l>And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,</l>
 <l>Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske</l>
 <l>Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.</l>
 <l>Rouze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Mine innocence, and

<choice><abbr>S.</abbr><expan>Saint</expan></choice> <hi
 rend="italic">George</hi> to thriue.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-mow">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
 <l>How euer heauen or fortune cast my lot,</l><note
 type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
 <l>There liues, or dies, tgrue to Kings <hi
 rend="italic">Richards</hi> Throne,</l>

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

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Farewell, my Lord, securely I espy</l>
 <l>Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:</l>
 <l>Order the trial Marshall, and begin.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Harrie</hi> of <hi rend="italic">Herford,
 Lancaster</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Derby</hi>,</l>
 <l>Receiue thy Launce, and heauen defend thy right.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Go beare this Lance to <hi rend="italic">Thomas</hi>

<choice><abbr>D.</abbr><expan>Duke</expan></choice> of Norfolke.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-her.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Har.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> of <hi
 rend="italic">Herford</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Lancaster</hi>, and <hi
 rend="italic">Derbie</hi>,</l>
 <l>Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,</l>
 <l>On paine to be found false, and recreant,</l>
 <l>To proue the Duke of Norfolk, <hi rend="italic">Thomas
 Mowbray</hi>,</l>
 <l>A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,</l>
 <l>And dares him to set forwards to the fight.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-her.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">2. Har.</speaker>
 <l>Here standeth <hi
 rend="italic"><choice><abbr>Tho:</abbr><expan>Thomas</expan></choice>
 Mowbray</hi> Duke of Norfolk</l>
 <l>On paine to be found false and recreant,</l>
 <l>Both to defend himselfe, and to approue</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> of <hi rend="italic">Herford,
 Lancaster</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Derby</hi>,</l>
 <l>To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall:</l>
 <l>Couragiously, and with a free desire</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Attending but the signall to begin.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">A charge
 sounded</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants:</l>
 <l>Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Let them lay by their Helmets & their Speares,</l>
 <l>And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:</l>
 <l>Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets sound,</l>
 <l>While we returne these Dukes what we decree.</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">A long
 Flourish.</stage>
 <l>Draw neere and lift</l>
 <l>What with our Councell we haue done.</l>
 <l>For that our kingdomes earth should not be soyl</l>
 <l>With that deere blood which it hath fostered,</l>
 <l>And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect</l>
 <l>Of ciuill wounds plowgh'd vp with neighbors swords,</l>
 <l>Which so rouz'd up with boystrous vntun'd drummes,</l>
 <l>With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,</l>
 <l>And grating shocke of wrathfull yron Armes,</l>

<|>Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,</|>
<|>And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:</|>
<|>Therefore, we banish you our Territories.</|>
<|>You Cosin Herford, vpon paine of death,</|>
<|>Till twice liue Summers haue enrich'd our fields,</|>
<|>Shall not regret our faire dominions,</|>
<|>But treade the stranger pathes of banishment.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bol">

<speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>

<|>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.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

<|>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.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-mow">

<speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>

<|>A heuy sentence, my most Soueraigne Liege,</|>
<|>And all vnlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth:</|>
<|>A deerer merit, not so deepe a maime,</|>
<|>As to be cast forth in the common ayre</|>
<|>Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands.</|>
<|>The Language I haue learn'd these forty yeares</|>
<|>(My natiue English) now I must forgo,</|>
<|>And now my tongues use is to me no more,</|>
<|>Then an vnstringed 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 natiue breath?</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

<|>It boots thee not to be compassionate,</|>

<l>After our sentence, plaining comes too late.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-mow">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
 <l>Then thus I turne me from my countries light</l>
 <l>To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ric.</speaker>
 <l>Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,</l>
 <l>Lay on our Royall sword, your banisht hands;</l>
 <l>Swear by the duty that you owe to heauen</l>
 <l>(Our part therein we banish with your selues)</l>
 <l>To keepe the Oath that we administer:</l>
 <l>You <c rend="inverted">n</c>euer shall (so helpe you Truth,
 and Heauen)</l>
 <l>Embrace each others loue in banishment,</l>
 <l>Nor euer looke vpon each others face,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Nor</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0351-0.jpg" n="27"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of Richard the second.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Nor euer write, regreete, or reconcile</l>
 <l>This lowring tempest of your home‑bred hate,</l>
 <l>Nor euer by aduised purpose meete,</l>
 <l>To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,</l>
 <l>'Gainst Vs, our State, our Subiects, or our Land.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
 <l>I sweare.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-mow">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
 <l>And I, to keepe all this.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Norfolke, so fare, as to mine enemye,</l>
 <l>By this time (had the King permitted vs)</l>
 <l>One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,</l>
 <l>Banish'd this fraile sepulchre of our flesh,</l>
 <l>As now our flesh is banish'd from this Land.</l>
 <l>Confesse thy Treasons, ere thou flye this Realme,</l>
 <l>Since thou hast farre to go, beare not along</l>
 <l>The clogging burthen of a guilty soule.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-mow">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mow.</speaker>
 <l>No <hi rend="italic">Bullingbroke:</hi> If euer I were

Traitor,</l>

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

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

<l>Vncle, euen in the glasses of thine eyes</l>
<l>I see thy greued heart: thy sad aspect,</l>
<l>Hath from the number of his banish'd yeares</l>
<l>Pluck'd foure away: Six frozen Winters spent,</l>
<l>Returne with welcome home, from banishment.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bol">

<speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>

<l>How long a time lyes in one little word:</l>
<l>Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton springs</l>
<l>End in a word, such is the breath of Kings.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-gau">

<speaker rend="italic">Gaunt.</speaker>

<l>I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me</l>
<l>He shortens foure yeares of my sonnes exile:</l>
<l>But little vantage shall I reape thereby.</l>
<l>For ere the sixe yeares that he hath to spend</l>
<l>Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,</l>
<l>My oyle‑dride Lampe, and time‑bewasted

light</l>

<l>Shall be extinct with age, and endlesse night:</l>
<l>My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,</l>
<l>And blindfold death, not let me see my sonne.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

<l>Why Vncle, thou hast many yeeres to liue.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-gau">

<speaker rend="italic">Gaunt.</speaker>

<l>But not a minute (King) that thou canst giue;</l>
<l>Shorten my dayes thou canst with sudden sorow,</l>
<l>And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:</l>
<l>Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,</l>
<l>But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:</l>
<l>Thy word is currant with him, for my death,</l>
<l>But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Ric.</speaker>
<l>Thy sonne is banish'd vpon good aduice,</l>
<l>Where to thy tongue a party‑verdict gaue,</l>
<l>Why at our Iustice seem'st thou then to lowre?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-gau">
<speaker rend="italic">Gau.</speaker>
<l>Things sweet to tast, proue in digestion sowre:</l>
<l>You vrg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather</l>
<l>you would haue bid me argue like a Father.</l>
<l>Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,</l>
<l>I was too strict to make mine owne away:</l>
<l>But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tong,</l>
<l>Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Cosine farewell: and Vncle bid him so:</l>
<l>Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r2-aum">
<speaker rend="italic">Au.</speaker>
<l>Confine farewell what presence must not know</l>
<l>From where you do remaine, let paper show.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<l>My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride</l>
<l>As farre as land will let me, by your side.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-gau">
<speaker rend="italic">Gaunt.</speaker>
<l>Oh to what purpose dost thou hord thy words,</l>
<l>That thou returnst no greeting to thy friends?</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
<l>I haue too few to take my leaue of you,</l>
<l>When the tongues office should be prodigall,</l>
<l>To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-gau">
<speaker rend="italic">Gau.</speaker>
<l>Thy greefe is but thy absence for a time.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">

<speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Ioy absent, greefe is present for that time.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gan.</speaker>
 <l>What is sixe Winters, they are quickly gone?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>To men in ioy, but greefe makes one houre ten.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gau.</speaker>
 <l>Call it a trauell that thou tak'st for pleasure.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,</l>
 <l>Which findes it an inforced Pilgrimage.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gau.</speaker>
 <l>The sullen passage of thy weary steppes</l>
 <l>Esteeme a soyle, wherein thou art to set</l>
 <l>The precious Iewell of thy home returne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Oh who can hold a fire in his hand</l>
 <l>By thinking on the froste <hi
 rend="italic">Caucasus</hi>?</l>
 <l>Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,</l>
 <l>by bare imagination of a Feast?</l>
 <l>Or Wallow naked in December snow</l>
 <l>by thinking on fantasticke summers heate?</l>
 <l>Oh no, the apprehension of the good</l>
 <l>Giues but the greater feeling to the worse:</l>
 <l>Fell sorrowes tooth, doth euer ranckle more</l>
 <l>Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gau.</speaker>
 <l>Come, come (my son) Ile bring thee on thy way</l>
 <l>Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Then Englands ground farewell: sweet soil adieu,</l>
 <l>My Mother, and my Nurse, which beares me yet:</l>
 <l>Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,</l>

```

    <l>Though banish'd, yet a true&#x2011;borne Englishman.</l>
  </sp>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="4">
  <head rend="italic center">Sc&#x0153;na Quarta.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 4]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King, Aumerle,
Greene, and Bagot.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>We did obserue. Cosine <hi rend="italic">Aumerle</hi>,</l>
    <l>How far brought you high Herford on his way?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r2-aum">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
    <l>I brought high Herford (if you call him so)</l>
    <l>but to the next high way, and there I left him.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>And say, what store of parting tears were shed?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r2-aum">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
    <l>Faith none for me: except the Northeast wind</l>
    <l>Which then grew bitterly against our face,</l>
    <l>Awak'd the sleepe rhewme, and so by chance</l>
    <l>Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>What said our Cosin when you parted with him?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r2-aum">
    <speaker rend="italic">Au.</speaker>
    <l>Farewell: and for my hart disdained y<c
rend="superscript">t</c> my tongue</l>
    <l>Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft</l>
    <l>To counterfeit oppression of such greefe,</l>
    <l>That word seem'd buried in my sorrowes graue.</l>
    <l>Marry, would the word Farwell, haue lengthen'd houres,</l>
    <l>And added yeeres to his short banishment,</l>
    <l>He should haue had a volume of Farwels,</l>
    <l>but since it would not, he had none of me.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>He is our Cosin (Cosin) but 'tis doubt,</l>
    <l>When time shall call him home from banishment,</l>
    <l>Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,</l>

```

<l>Our selfe, and <hi rend="italic">Bushy</hi>, heere <hi
 rend="italic">Bagot</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Greene</hi></l>

<l>Obseru'd his Courtship to the common people:</l>
 <l>How he did seeme to diue into their hearts,</l>
 <l>With humble, and familiar courtesie,</l>
 <l>What reuerence he did throw away on slaues;</l>
 <l>Wooing poore Craftes‑men, with the craft of
 soules,</l>

<l>And patient vnder‑bearing of his Fortune,</l>
 <l>As 'twere to banish their affects with him.</l>
 <l>Off goes his bonnet to an Oyster‑wench,</l>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">c2</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">A</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0352-0.jpg" n="28"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of Richard the second.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>A brace of Dray‑men bid God speed him well,</l>
 <l>And had the tribute of his supple knee,</l>
 <l>With thanks my Countrimen, my louing friends,</l>
 <l>As were our England in reuersion his,</l>
 <l>And he our subiects next degree in hope.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-gre">

<speaker rend="italic">Gr.</speaker>

<l>Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts:</l>
 <l>Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">E</hi>xpedient manage must be made my
 Liege</l>

<l>Ere further leysure, yeeld them further meanes</l>
 <l>For their aduantage, and your Highnesse losse.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Ric.</speaker>

<l>We will our selfe in person to this warre,</l>
 <l>And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,</l>
 <l>And liberall Largesse, are growne somewhat light,</l>
 <l>We are inforc'd to farme our royall Realme,</l>
 <l>The Reuennue whereof shall furnish vs</l>
 <l>For our affayres in hand: if that come short</l>
 <l>Our Substitutes at home shall haue
 Blanke‑charters:</l>

<l>Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,</l>
 <l>They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,</l>
 <l>And send them after to supply our wants:</l>
 <l>For we will make for Ireland presently.</l>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bushy.</stage>

<l><hi rend="italic">Bushy</hi>, what newes?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bus">

<speaker rend="italic">Bu.</speaker>

Lord,</l>

<l>Old <hi rend="italic">Iohn of Gaunt</hi> is verie sicke my

<l>Sodainly taken, and hath sent post haste</l>

<l>To entreat your Maiesty to visit him:</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Ric.</speaker>

<l>Where lyes he<c rend="italic">?</c></l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bus">

<speaker rend="italic">Bu.</speaker>

<l>At Ely house.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Ric.</speaker>

<l>Now put it (heauen) in his Physitians minde,</l>

<l>To helpe him to his graue immediatly:</l>

<l>The lining of his coffers shall make Coates</l>

<l>To decke our souldiers for these Irish warres.</l>

<l>Come Gentlemen, let's all go visit him:</l>

<l>Pray heauen we may make hast, and come too late.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

</div>

</div>

<div type="act" n="2">

<div type="scene" n="1">

<head rend="italic center">Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.</head>

<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gaunt, sicke

with Yorke.</stage>

<sp who="#F-r2-gau">

<speaker rend="italic">Gau.</speaker>

<l>Will the King come, that I may breath my last</l>

<l>In wholsome counsell to his vnstaid youth?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-yor">

<speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>

<l>Vex not your selfe, nor striue not with your breth,</l>

<l>For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-gau">

<speaker rend="italic">Gau.</speaker>

<l>Oh but (they say) the tongues of dying men</l>

<l>Inforce attention like deepe harmony;</l>

<l>Where words are scarce, they are seldome spent in vaine,</l>

<l>For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.</l>

<l>He that no more must say, is listen'd more,</l>

<l>Then they whom youth and ease haue taught to glose,</l>

<l>More are mens ends markt, then their liues before,</l>

<|>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 <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> my liues counsell
would not heare,</|>

<|>My deaths sad tale, may yet vndeafe his eare.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-yor">

<speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>

<|>No, it is stopt with other flatt'ring sounds</|>

<|>As praises of his state: then there are sound</|>

<|>Lasciuious Meeters, to whose venom sound</|>

<|>The open eare of youth doth alwayes listen.</|>

<|>Report of fashions in proud Italy,</|>

<|>Whose manners still our tardie apish Nation</|>

<|>Limpes after in base imitation.</|>

<cb n="2"/>

<|>Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,</|>

<|>So it be new, there's no respect how vile,</|>

<|>That is not quickly buz'd into his eares?</|>

<|>That all too late comes counsell to be heard,</|>

<|>Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:</|>

<|>Direct not him, whose way himselfe will choose,</|>

<|>Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-gau">

<speaker rend="italic">Gaunt.</speaker>

<|>Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inspir'd,</|>

<|>And thus expiring, do foretell of him,</|>

<|>His rash fierce blaze of Ryot cannot last,</|>

<|>For violent fires soone burne out themselues,</|>

<|>Small showres last long, but sodaine stormes are short,</|>

<|>He tyres betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;</|>

<|>With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:</|>

<|>Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,</|>

<|>Consuming meanes soone preyes vpon it selfe.</|>

<|>This royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Isle,</|>

<|>This earth of Maiesty, this seate of Mars,</|>

<|>This other Eden, demy paradise,</|>

<|>This Fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,</|>

<|>Against infection, and the hand of warre:</|>

<|>This happy breed of men, this little world,</|>

<|>This precious stone, set in the siluer sea,</|>

<|>Which serues it in the office of a wall,</|>

<|>Or as a Moate defensiuie to a house,</|>

<|>Against the enuy of lesse happier Lands,</|>

<|>This blessed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,</|>

<|>This Nurse, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,</|>

<|>Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,</|>

<|>Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,</|>

<|>For Christian seruice, and true Chiualrie,</|>
 <|>As is the sepulcher in stubborne <hi
*Iury</hi></i>
 <|>Of the Worlds ransome, blessed <hi
*Maries</hi> Sonne.</i>
 <|>This Land of such deere soules, this deere‑deere
 Land,</|>
 <|>Deere for her reputation through the world,</|>
 <|>Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)</|>
 <|>Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.</|>
 <|>England bound in with the triumphant sea,</|>
 <|>Whose rocky shore beates backe the enuious siedge</|>
 <|>Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,</|>
 <|>With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.</|>
 <|>That England, that was wont to conquer others,</|>
 <|>Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.</|>
 <|>Ah! would the scandall vanish with my life,</|>
 <|>How happy then were my ensuing death?</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King, Queene,
 Aumerle, Bushy, Greene,
 <lb/>Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
 <|>The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,</|>
 <|>For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-que">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <|>How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ri.</speaker>
 <|>What comfort man? How ist with aged <hi
*Gaunt</hi>?</i>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ga.</speaker>
 <|>Oh how that name befits my composition:</|>
 <|>Old <hi rend="italic">Gaunt</hi> indeed, and gaunt in being
 old:</|>
 <|>Within me greefe hath kept a tedious fast,</|>
 <|>And who abstaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?</|>
 <|>For sleeping England long time haue I watcht,</|>
 <|>Watching breeds leannesse, leannesse is all gaunt.</|>
 <|>The pleasure that some Fathers feede vpon,</|>
 <|>Is strict fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,</|>
 <|>And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:</|>
 <|>Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,</|>
 <|>Whose hollow wombe inherits naught but bones.</|>***

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ric.</speaker>
 <l>Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-gau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gau.</speaker>
 <l>No, misery makes sport to mocke it selfe:</l>
 <l>Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in mee,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">I</fw>
 <pb facs="Ffimg:axc0353-0.jpg" n="29"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of Richard the second.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ric.</speaker>
 <l>Should dying men flatter those that liue?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-gau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gau.</speaker>
 <l>No, no, men liuing flatter those that dye.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Thou now a dying, sayst thou flatter'st me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-gau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gau.</speaker>
 <l>Oh no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-gau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gau.</speaker>
 <l>Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill:</l>
 <l>Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,</l>
 <l>Thy death‑bed is no lesser then the Land,</l>
 <l>Wherein thou lyst in reputation sicke,</l>
 <l>And thou too care‑lesse patient as thou art,</l>
 <l>Commit'st thy'anoointed body to the cure</l>
 <l>Of those Physitians, that first wounded thee.</l>
 <l>A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,</l>
 <l>Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head,</l>
 <l>And yet incaged in so small a Verge,</l>
 <l>The waste is no whit lesser then thy Land:</l>
 <l>Oh had thy Grandsire with a Prophets eye,</l>
 <l>Seene how his sonnes sonne, should destroy his sonnes,</l>

<|>From forth thy reach he would haue laid thy shame,</|>
<|>Deposing thee before thou wert possest,</|>
<|>Which art possest now to depose thy selfe.</|>
<|>Why (Cosine) were thou Regent of the world,</|>
<|>It were a shame to let his Land by lease:</|>
<|>But for thy world enjoying 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⸺</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

<|>And thou, a lunaticke leane‑witted foole,</|>

<|>Presuming on an Agues priuiledge,</|>

<|>Dar'st with thy frozen admonition</|>

<|>Make pale our cheeke, chafing the Royall blood</|>

<|>With fury, from his natiue residence?</|>

<|>Now by my Seates right Royall Maiestie,</|>

<|>Wer't thou not Brother to great <hi

rend="italic">Edwards</hi> sonne,</|>

<|>This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,</|>

<|>Should run thy had from thy vnreuerent shoulders.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-gau">

<speaker rend="italic">Gau.</speaker>

<|>Oh spare me not, my brothers <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi>

sonne,</|>

<|>For that I was his Father <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi>

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 <hi

rend="italic">Edwards</hi> 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.</|>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

<|>And let them dye, that age and sullens haue,</|>

<|>For both hast thou, and both become the graue.</|>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
 <l>I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words</l>
 <l>To wayward sicklinese, and age in him:</l>
 <l>He loues you on my life, and holds you deere</l>
 <l>As <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> Duke of <hi
 rend="italic">Herford</hi>, were he heere.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Right, you say true: as <hi rend="italic">Herfords</hi> loue,
 so his;</l>
 <l>As theirs, so mine: and all be as it is.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Northumberland.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
 <l>My Liege, olde <hi rend="italic">Gaunt</hi> commends him
 to your
 <lb/>Maiestie.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>What sayes he<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
 <l>Nay nothing, all is said:</l>
 <l>His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,</l>
 <l>Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
 <l>Be Yorke the next, that must be bankrupt so,</l>
 <l>Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>The ripest fruit first fals, and so doth he,</l>
 <l>His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:</l>
 <l>So much for that. Now for our Irish warres,</l>
 <l>We must supplant those rough rug‑headed
 Kernes,</l>
 <l>Which liue like venom, where no venom else</l>
 <l>But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.</l>
 <l>And for these great affayres do aske some charge</l>
 <l>Towards our assistance, we do seize to vs</l>

<|>The plate, coine, reuennewes, and moueables,</|>
<|>Whereof our Vncle <hi rend="italic">Gaunt</hi> did stand
possest.</|>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
<speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
<|>How long shall I be patient? Oh how long</|>
<|>Shall tender dutie make me suffer wrong?</|>
<|>Not <hi rend="italic">Glousters</hi> death, nor <hi
rend="italic">Herfords</hi> banishment,</|>
<|>Nor <hi rend="italic">Gautes</hi> rebukes, nor Englands
priuate wrongs,</|>
<|>Nor the preuention of poore <hi
rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>,</|>
<|>About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace</|>
<|>Haue euer made me sowre may patient cheeke,</|>
<|>Or bend one wrinkle on my Soueraignes face:</|>
<|>I am the last of noble <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi>

sonnes,</|>
<|>Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was first,</|>
<|>In warre was neuer Lyon rag'd more fierce:</|>
<|>In peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde,</|>
<|>Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman,</|>
<|>His face thou hast, for euen so look'd he</|>
<|>Accomplish'd with the number of thy how<gap extent="1"
unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="partiallyInkedType" resp="#ES"/>rs:</|>
<|>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 <hi rend="italic">Richard, Yorke</hi> is too farre gone
with greefe,</|>

<|>Or else he neuer would compare betweene.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<|>Why Vncle,</|>
<|>What's the matter?</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
<speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
<|>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 <hi rend="italic">Gaunt</hi> dead? And doth not
Herford liue?</|>
<|>Was not <hi rend="italic">Gaunt</hi> iust? and is not <hi

Harry true?

Did not the one deserue *o* haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well*;*deseruing sonne?
Take Herfords rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his customarie rights:
Let not to morrow then insue to day,
Be not thy selfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire sequence and succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you do wrongfully seize Herfords right,
Call in his Letters Parents that he hath
By his Atturneyes generall, to sue
His Liuerie, and denie his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You loose a thousand well*;*disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honor and 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,
c3
What
 n="30"/>
The life and death of Richard the second.
cb n="1"/>
What will ensue heereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad cou*ses* may be vnderstood,
That their euent can neuer fall out good.

Exit.

Rich.
Go *Bushie* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* streight,
Bid him repaire to vs to *Ely* house,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I
trow:
And we create in absence of our selfe
Our Vncle Yorke, Lord Gouvernor of England:
For he is iust, and alwayes lou'd vs well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,

<l>Be merry, for our time of stay is short.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Flourish.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Manet North.
 Willughby, & Ross.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
 <l>Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ross.</speaker>
 <l>And liuing too, for now his sonne is Duke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-wil">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wil.</speaker>
 <l>Barely in title, not in reuennew.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
 <l>Richly in both, if iustice had her right.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ross.</speaker>
 <l>My heart is great: but it must break with silence,</l>
 <l>Er't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
 <l>Nay speake thy mind: & let him ne'r speak more</l>
 <l>That speakes thy words againe to do thee harme.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-wil">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wil.</speaker>
 <l>Tends that thou'dst speake to
 th'<choice><abbr>Du.</abbr><expan>Duke</expan></choice> of Hereford,</l>
 <l>If it be so, out with it boldly man,</l>
 <l>Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ross.</speaker>
 <l>No good at all that I can do for him,</l>
 <l>Vnlesse you call it good to pitie him,</l>
 <l>Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
 <l>Now afore heauen, 'tis shame such wrongs are
 <lb/>borne,</l>
 <l>In him a royall Prince, and many moe</l>

<l>Of noble blood in this declining Land;</l>
 <l>The King is not himselfe, but basely led</l>
 <l>By Flatterers, and what they will informe</l>
 <l>Meerely in hate 'gainst any of vs all,</l>
 <l>That will the King seuerely prosecute</l>
 <l>'Gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.</l><note
 type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
 <l>The Commons hath he pil'd with greeuous taxes</l>
 <l>And quite lost their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde</l>
 <l>For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-wil">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wil.</speaker>
 <l>And daily new exactions are deuis'd,</l>
 <l>As blankes, beneuolences, and I wo<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="partiallyInkedType" resp="#ES"/> not
 what:</l>
 <l>But what o'Gods name doth become of this?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
 <l>Wars hath not wasted it, for war'd he hath not.</l>
 <l>But basely yielded vpon comprimize,</l>
 <l>That which his Ancestors atchieu'd with blowes:</l>
 <l>More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
 <l>The Earle of Wiltshire hath the realme in Farme.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-wil">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wil.</speaker>
 <l>The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
 <l>Reproach and dissolution hangeth ouer him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
 <l>He hath not monie for these Irish warres:</l>
 <l>(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)</l>
 <l>But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
 <l>His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King:</l>

<l>But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,</l>
<l>Yet seeke no shelter to auoid the storme:</l>
<l>We see the winde sit sore vpon our sailes,</l>
<l>And yet we strike not, but securely perish</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ros">

<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>

<l>We see the very wracke that we must suffer,</l>

<l>And vnauoyded is the danger now</l>

<l>For suffering so the causes of our wracke.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-nor">

<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>

<l>Not so: euen through the hollow eyes of death,</l>

<l>I spie life peering: but I dare not say</l>

<l>How neere the tidings of our comfort is.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-wil">

<speaker rend="italic">Wil.</speaker>

<l>Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ros">

<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>

<l>Be confident to speake Northumberland,</l>

<l>We three, are but thy selfe, and speaking so,</l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l>Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-nor">

<speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>

<l>Then thus: I haue from Port <hi rend="italic">le

Blan</hi></l><note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>

<l>A Bay in <hi rend="italic">Britaine</hi>, receiu'd
intelligence,</l>

<l>That <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> Duke of <hi
rend="italic">Herford, Rainald</hi> Lord <hi rend="italic">Cobham</hi>,</l>

<l>That late broke from the Duke of <hi
rend="italic">Exeter</hi>,</l>

<l>His brother Archbishop, late of <hi
rend="italic">Canterbury</hi>,</l>

<l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Thomas Erpingham</hi>, Sir <hi
rend="italic">Iohn Rainston</hi>,</l>

<l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn Norberie</hi>, Sir <hi
rend="italic">Robert Waterton</hi>, & <hi rend="italic">Francis
Quoint</hi>,</l>

<l>All these well furnish'd by the Duke of <hi
rend="italic">Britaine</hi>,</l>

<l>With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre</l>

<l>Are making hither with all due expedience,</l>

<l>And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore:</l>
 <l>Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay</l>
 <l>The first departing of the King for Ireland.</l>
 <l>If then we shall shake off our slauish yoake,</l>
 <l>Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing,</l>
 <l>Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemish'd Crowne,</l>
 <l>Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gilt,</l>
 <l>And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,</l>
 <l>Away with me in poste to <hi
 rend="italic">Rauenspurgh</hi>,</l>
 <l>But if you faint, as fearing to do so,</l>
 <l>Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
 <l>To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them y<c
 rend="superscript">t</c> feare.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-wil">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wil.</speaker>
 <l>Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2">
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Queene, Bushy,
 and Bagot.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bus">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bush.</speaker>
 <l>Madam, your Maiesty is too much sad,</l>
 <l>You promis'd when you parted with the King,</l>
 <l>To lay aside selfe‑harming heauinesse,</l>
 <l>And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-que">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>To please the King, I did: to please my selfe</l>
 <l>I cannot do it: yet I know no cause</l>
 <l>Why I should welcome such a guest as greefe,</l>
 <l>Saue bidding farewell to so sweet a guest</l>
 <l>As my sweet <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>; yet againe me
 thinks,</l>
 <l>Some vnborne sorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe</l>
 <l>Is comming towards me, and my inward soule</l>
 <l>With nothing trembles, at something it greeues,</l>
 <l>More then with parting from my Lord the King.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bus">

<speaker rend="italic">Bush.</speaker>
 <l>Each substance of a greefe hath twenty shadows</l>
 <l>Which shewes like greefe it selfe, but is not so:</l>
 <l>For sorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,</l>
 <l>Diuides one thing intire, to many obiects,</l>
 <l>Like perspectiues, which rightly gaz'd vpon</l>
 <l>Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry,</l>
 <l>Distinguish forme: so your sweet Maiestie</l>
 <l>Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,</l>
 <l>Finde shapes of greefe, more then himselfe to waile,</l>
 <l>Which look'd on as it is, is naught
 <choice><orig>bur</orig><corr>but</corr></choice> shadowes</l>
 <l>Of what it is not: then thricegracious Queene,</l>
 <l>More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not
 <b rend="turnunder"/><pc
 rend="turnunder">(</pc>seene;</l>
 <l>Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrowes eie,</l>
 <l>Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-que">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>It may be so: but yet my inward soule</l>
 <l>Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,</l>
 <l>I cannot but be sad: so heauy sad,</l>
 <l>As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,</l>
 <l>Makes me with heauy nothing faint and shrinke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bus">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bush.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic"
 place="footRight">Queene.</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0355-0.jpg" n="31"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of Richard the second.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-r2-que">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis nothing lesse: conceit is still deriu'd</l>
 <l>From some forefather greefe, mine is not so,</l>
 <l>For nothing hath begot my something greefe,</l>
 <l>Or something, hath the nothing that I greeue,</l>
 <l>'Tis in reuersion that I do possesse,</l>
 <l>But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what</l>
 <l>I cannot name, 'tis namelesse woe I wot.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Greene.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gre">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gree.</speaker>
 <l>Heauen saue your Maiesty, and wel met Gentle

men:

 I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.

 Qu.

 Why hop'st thou so? Tis better hope he is:

 For his designs craue hast, his hast good hope,

 Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

 Gre.

 That he our hope, might haue retyr'd his power,

 and driuen into dispaire an enemies hope,

 Who strongly hath set footing in this Land.

 The banish'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales

 himselfe,

 And with vp‑lifted Armes is safe arriu'd

 At *Rauenspurg*.

 Qu.

 Now God in heauen forbid.

 Gr.

 O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worse,

 The

 <choice><abbr>L.</abbr><expan>Lord</expan></choice> Northumberland, his

 yong sonne *Henrie Percie*,

 The Lords of *Rosse*, Beaumo

 extent="3" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="stain" resp="#ES"/></i>, and *Willoughby*,

 With all their powrefull friends are fled to him.

 Bush.

 Why haue you <gap extent="1" unit="chars"

 reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemarker" resp="#ES"/>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.

woe,</l>

<l>And <hi rend="italic">Bullinbrooke</hi> my sorrowes
dismall heyre:</l>

<l>Now hath my soule brought forth her prodegie,</l>

<l>And I a gasping new deliuered mother,</l>

<l>Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioy'n'd.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bus">

<speaker rend="italic">Bush.</speaker>

<l>Dispaire not Madam.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-que">

<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>

<l>Who shall hinder me?</l>

<l>I will dispaire, and be at enmitie</l>

<l>With couzening hope; he is a Flatterer,</l>

<l>A Parasite, a keeper backe of death,</l>

<l>Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,</l>

<l>Which false hopes linger in extremity.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Yorke</stage>

<sp who="#F-r2-gre">

<speaker rend="italic">Gre.</speaker>

<l>Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-que">

<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>

<l>With signes of warre about his aged necke,</l>

<l>Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes:</l>

<l>Vncle, for heauens sake speake comfortable words:</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-yor">

<speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>

<l>Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,</l>

<l>Where nothing liues but crosses, care and greefe:</l>

<l>Your husband he is gone to saue farre off,</l>

<l>Whilst others come to make him loose at home:</l>

<l>Heere am I left to vnder‑prop his Land,</l>

<l>Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe:</l>

<l>Now comes the sicke houre that his surfet made,</l>

<l>Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
seruant.</stage>

<sp who="#F-r2-ser">

<speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>

<l>My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-yor">

<speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
 <l>He was: why so: go all which way it will:</l>
 <l>The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,</l>
 <l>And will I feare reuolt on Herfords side.</l>
 <l>Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sister Gloster,</l>
 <l>Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,</l>
 <l>Hold, take my Ring.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, I had forgot</l>
 <l>To tell your Lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there,</l>
 <l>But I shall greeue you to report the rest.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
 <l>What is't knaue?</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <l>An houre before I came, the Dutchesse di'de.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
 <l>Heau'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes</l>
 <l>Come rushing on this wofull Land at once?</l>
 <l>I know not what to do: I would to heauen</l>
 <l>(So my vntruth had not prouok'd him to it)</l>
 <l>The King had cut off my head with my brothers.</l>
 <l>What, are there postes dispatcht for Ireland?</l>
 <l>How shall we do for money for these warres?</l>
 <l>Come sister (Cozen I would say) pray pardon me.</l>
 <l>Go fellow, get thee home, p<c rend="italic">o</c>ouide some
 Carts,</l>
 <l>And bring away the Armour that is there.</l>
 <l>Gentlemen, will you muster men?</l>
 <l>If I know how, or which way <c rend="inverted">t</c>o order
 these affaires</l>
 <l>Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,</l>
 <l>Neuer beleue me. Both are my kinsmen,</l>
 <l>Th'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath</l>
 <l>And dutie bids defend: th'other againe</l>
 <l>Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,</l>
 <l>Whom conscience, and my kindred bids to right:</l>
 <l>Well, somewhat we must do: Come Cozen,</l>
 <l>Ile dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster vp your men,</l>
 <l>And meet me presently at Barkley Castle:</l>
 <l>I <gap extent="1" unit="chars"
 reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemaker" resp="#ES"/>should to

Plashy too: but time will not permit,</l>

<l>All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at six and seuen.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>

<sp who="#F-r2-bus">

<speaker rend="italic">Bush.</speaker>

<l>The winde sits faire for newes to go to Ireland,</l>

<l>But none returns: For vs to leuy power</l>

<l>Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impossible.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-gre">

<speaker rend="italic">Gr.</speaker>

<l>Besides our nee<c rend="inverted">r</c>enesse to the King in

loue,</l>

<l>Is neere the hate of those loue not the King.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bag">

<speaker rend="italic">Ba.</speaker>

<l>And that's the wauering Commons, for their loue</l>

<l>Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,</l>

<l>By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bus">

<speaker rend="italic">Bush.</speaker>

<l>Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bag">

<speaker rend="italic">Bag.</speaker>

<l>If iudgement lye in them, then so do we,</l>

<l>Because we haue beene euer neere the King.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-gre">

<speaker rend="italic">Gr.</speaker>

<l>Well: I will for refuge straight to Bristoll Castle,</l>

<l>The Earle of Wiltshire is alreadie there.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bus">

<speaker rend="italic">Bush.</speaker>

<l>Thither will I with you, for little office</l>

<l>Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,</l>

<l>Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces:</l>

<l>Will you go along with vs?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bag">

<speaker rend="italic">Bag.</speaker>

<l>No, I will to Ireland to his Maistie:</l>

<l>Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,</l>

<l>We three here part, that neu'r shall meete againe.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bus">

<speaker rend="italic">Bu.</speaker>
 <l>That's as Yorke thriues to beate back <hi
 rend="italic">Bullinbroke</hi></l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gre">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gr.</speaker>
 <l>Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes</l>
 <l>Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans drie,</l>
 <l>Where one on his side fights, thousands will flye.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bus">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bush.</speaker>
 <l>Farewell a<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible"
 agent="inkBlot" resp="#ES"/> once, for once, for all, and euer.</l>
 <l>Well, we may meete againe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bag">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bag.</speaker>
 <l>I feare me neuer.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3">
 <head rend="italic center">Scæna Tertia.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Duke of
 Herford, and Northum­
 <lb/>berland.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
 <l>Beleue me noble Lord,</l>
 <l>I am a stranger heere in Gloustershire,</l>
 <l>These high wilde hilles, and rough vneeuuen waies,</l>
 <l>Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome:</l>
 <l>And yet our faire discourse hath beene as sugar,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Mak in</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0356-0.jpg" n="32"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of Richard the second.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Making the hard way sweet and delectable:</l>
 <l>But I bethinke me, what a wearie way</l>
 <l>From Rauenspurgh to Cottshold will be found,</l>
 <l>In <hi rend="italic">Rosse</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Willoughby</hi>, wanting your companie,</l>
 <l>Which I protest hath very much beguild</l>
 <l>The tediousnesse, and processe of my trauell:</l>

<l>But theirs is sweetned with the hope to haue</l>
<l>The present benefit that I possesse:</l>
<l>And hope to ioy, is little lesse in ioy,</l>
<l>Then hope enioy'd: By this, the wearie Lords</l>
<l>Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,</l>
<l>By sight of what I haue, your Noble Companie.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bol">

<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>

<l>Of much lesse value is my Companie,</l>

<l>Then your good words: but who comes here?</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter H.

Percie.</stage>

<sp who="#F-r2-nor">

<speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>

<l>It is my Sonne, young <hi rend="italic">Harry

Percie</hi>,</l>

<l>Sent from my Brother <hi rend="italic">Worcester:</hi>

Whence soeuer.</l>

<l><hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>, how fares your Vnckle?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-per">

<speaker rend="italic">Percie.</speaker>

<l>I had thought, my Lord, to haue learn'd his
<lb/>health of you.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-nor">

<speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>

<l>Why, is he not with the Queene?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-per">

<speaker rend="italic">Percie.</speaker>

<l>No, my good Lord, he hath forsook the Court,</l>

<l>Broken his Staffe of Office, and disperst</l>

<l>The Household of the King.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-nor">

<speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>

<l>What was his reason?</l>

<l>He was not so resolu'd, when we last spake together.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-per">

<speaker rend="italic">Percie.</speaker>

<l>Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor.</l>

<l>But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurch,</l>

<l>To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford,</l>

<l>And sent me ouer by Barkely, to discouer</l>

<l>What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,</l>

<l>Then with direction to repaire to Rauenspurch.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
 <l>Haue you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-per">
 <speaker rend="italic">Percie.</speaker>
 <l>No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot</l>
 <l>Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,</l>
 <l>I neuer in my life did looke on him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
 <l>Then learne to know him now: this is the
 <lb/>Duke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-per">
 <speaker rend="italic">Percie.</speaker>
 <l>My gracious Lord, I tender you my seruice,</l>
 <l>Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,</l>
 <l>Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme</l>
 <l>To more approued seruice, and desert.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
 <l>I thanke thee gentle <hi rend="italic">Percie</hi>, and be
sure</l>
 <l>I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,</l>
 <l>As in a Soule remembring my good Friends:</l>
 <l>And as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue,</l>
 <l>It shall be still thy true Loues recompence,</l>
 <l>My Heart this Couenant makes, my Hand thus seales it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
 <l>How farre is it to Barkely? and what stirre</l>
 <l>Keepes good old <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> there, with his
Men of Warre?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-per">
 <speaker rend="italic">Percie.</speaker>
 <l>There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees,</l>
 <l>Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard,</l>
 <l>And in it are the Lords of <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>,
Barkely</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Seymor</hi>,</l>
 <l>None else of Name, and noble estimate.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Rosse and
Willoughby.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r2-nor">

<speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
 <l>Here come the Lords of <hi rend="italic">Rosse</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Willoughby</hi>,</l>
 <l>Bloody with spurring, fierie red with haste.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
 <l>Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues</l>
 <l>A banisht Traytor; all my Treasurie</l>
 <l>Is yet but vnfelt thankes, which more enrich'd,</l>
 <l>Shall be your loue, and labours recompence.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ross.</speaker>
 <l>Your presence makes vs rich, most Noble Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-wil">
 <speaker rend="italic">Willo.</speaker>
 <l>And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
 <l>Euermore thankes, th'Exchequer of the poore,</l>
 <l>Which till my infant‑fortune comes to yeeres,</l>
 <l>Stands for my Bountie: but who comes here<c
 rend="italic">?</c></l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Barkely.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
 <l>It is my Lord of Barkely, as I ghesse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ber">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bark.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord of Hereford, my Message is to you.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, my Answere is to <hi
 rend="italic">Lancaster</hi>,</l>
 <l>And I am come to seeke that Name in England,</l>
 <l>And I must finde that Title in your Tongue,</l>
 <l>Before I make reply to aught you say.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ber">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bark.</speaker>
 <l>Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning</l>
 <l>To raze one Title of your Honor out.</l>
 <l>To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)</l>

<l>From the most glorious of this Land,</l>
<l>The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on</l>
<l>To take aduantage of the absent time,</l>
<l>And fright our Natiue Peace with selfe‑borne

Armes.</l>

</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Yorke.</stage>

<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
<l>I shall not need transport my words by you,</l>
<l>Here comes his Grace in Person. My Noble Vnckle.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
<speaker rend="italic">York.</speaker>
<l>Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,</l>
<l>Whose dutie is deceiuable, and false.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
<l>My gracious Vnckle.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
<speaker rend="italic">York.</speaker>
<l> Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me,</l>
<l>I am no Traytors Vnckle, and that word Grace,</l>
<l>In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane.</l>
<l>Why haue these banish'd, and forbidden Legges,</l>
<l>Dar'd once to touch a Dust of Englands Ground?</l>
<l>But more then why, why haue they dar'd to march</l>
<l>So many miles vpon her peacefull Bosome,</l>
<l>Fighting her pale‑fac'd Villages with Warre,</l>
<l>And ostentation of despised Armes?</l>
<l>Com'st thou because th'anoynted King is hence?</l>
<l>Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,</l>
<l>And in my loyall Bosome lyes his power.</l>
<l>Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,</l>
<l>As when braue <hi rend="italic">Gaunt</hi>, thy Father, and

my selfe</l>

<l>Rescued the <hi rend="italic">Black Prince</hi>, that yong
<hi rend="italic">Mars</hi> of men,</l>
<l>From forth the Rankes of many thousand French:</l>
<l>Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,</l>
<l>Now Prisoner to the Palsie, chastise thee,</l>
<l>And minister correction to thy Fault.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
<l>My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault,</l>
<l>On what Condition stands it, and wherein?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">York.</speaker>
 <l>Euen in Condition of the worst degree,</l>
 <l>In grosse Rebellion, and detested Treason:</l>
 <l>Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come</l>
 <l>Before th'expiration of thy time,</l>
 <l>In brauing
 <choice><orig>Atmes</orig><corr>Armes</corr></choice> against thy
 Soueraigne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
 <l>As I was banish'd, I was banish'd <hi
 rend="italic">Hereford</hi>,</l>
 <l>But as I come, I come for <hi
 rend="italic">Lancaster</hi>.</l>
 <l>And Noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace</l>
 <l>Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye:</l>
 <l>You are my Father, for me thinkes in you</l>
 <l>I see old <hi rend="italic">Gaunt</hi> aliue. Oh then my
 Father,</l>
 <l>Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd</l>
 <l>A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties</l>
 <l>Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away</l>
 <l>To vpstart Vnthrifts? Wherefore was I borne?</l>
 <l>If that my Cousin King, be King of England,</l>
 <l>It must be graunted, I am Duke of Lancaster.</l>
 <l>You haue a Sonne, <hi rend="italic">Aumerle</hi>, my
 Noble Kinsman,</l>
 <l>Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,</l>
 <l>He should haue found his Vnckle <hi
 rend="italic">Gaunt</hi> a Father,</l>
 <l>To rowze his Wrongs, and chase them to the bay.</l>
 <l>I am denyde to sue my Liuerie here,</l>
 <l>And yet my Letters Patents giue me leaue:</l>
 <l>My Fathers goods are all distraynd, and sold,</l>
 <l>And these, and all, are all amisse employd.</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">What</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0357-0.jpg" n="33"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of Richard the second.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,</l>
 <l>And challenge Law: Attorneys are deny'd me:</l>
 <l>And therefore personally I lay my claime</l>
 <l>To my Inheritance of free Discent.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
 <l>The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ross.</speaker>
<l>It stands your Grace vpon, to doe him right.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-wil">
<speaker rend="italic">Willo.</speaker>
<l>Base men by his endowments are made great.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
<speaker rend="italic">York.</speaker>
<l>My Lords of England, let me tell you this,</l>
<l>I haue had feeling of my Cosens Wrongs,</l>
<l>And labour'd all I could to doe him right:</l>
<l>But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,</l>
<l>Be his owne Caruer, and cut out his way,</l>
<l>To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be;</l>
<l>And you that doe abett him in this kind,</l>
<l>Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-nor">
<speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
<l>The Noble Duke hath sworne his comming is</l>
<l>But for his owne: and for the right of that,</l>
<l>Wee all haue strongly sworne to giue him ayd,</l>
<l>And let him neu'r see Ioy, that breakes that Oath.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
<speaker rend="italic">York.</speaker>
<l>Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes,</l>
<l>I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,</l>
<l>Because my power is weake, and all ill left:</l>
<l>But if I could, by him that gaue me life,</l>
<l>I would attach you all, and make you stoope</l>
<l>Vnto the Soueraigne Mercy of the King.</l>
<l>But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,</l>
<l>I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,</l>
<l>Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,</l>
<l>And there repose you for this Night.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
<l>An offer Vnckle, that wee will accept:</l>
<l>But wee must winne your Grace to goe with vs</l>
<l>To Bristow Castle, which they say is held</l>
<l>By <hi rend="italic">Bushie, Bagot</hi>, and ther
Complices,</l>
<l>The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,</l>
<l>Which I haue sworne to weed, and plucke away.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">

<speaker rend="italic">York.</speaker>
 <l>It may be I will go with you: but yet Ile pawse,</l>
 <l>For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:</l>
 <l>Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,</l>
 <l>Things past redresse, are now with me past care.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="4">
 <head rend="italic center">Scœna Quarta.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Salisbury, and a
 Capitaine.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Capt.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord of Salisbury, we haue stayd ten dayes,</l>
 <l>And hardly kept our Countrey men together,</l>
 <l>And yet we heare no tidings from the King;</l>
 <l>Therefore we will disperse our selues: farewell.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>Stay yet another day, thou trustie Welchman,</l>
 <l>The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Capt.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay;</l>
 <l>And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heauen;</l>
 <l>The pale‑fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the
 Earth,</l>
 <l>And leane‑look'd Prophets whisper fearefull
 change;</l>
 <l>Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leape,</l>
 <l>The one in feare, to loose what they enioy,</l>
 <l>The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre:</l>
 <l>These signes fore‑run the death of Kings.</l>
 <l>Farewell, our Countrey men are gone and fled,</l>
 <l>As well assur'd <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> their King is
 dead.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-r2-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>Ah <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, with eyes of heaueie
 mind,</l>
 <l>I see thy Glory, like a shooting Starre,</l>
 <l>Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:</l>
 <l>Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly West,</l>

<l>Witnessing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnrrest:</l>
 <l>Thy Friends are fled, to wait vpon thy Foes,</l>
 <l>And crossely to thy good, all fortune goes.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="3">
 <div type="scene" n="1">
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bullingbrooke,
 Yorke, Northumberland,
 <lb/>Rosse, Percie, Willoughby, with Bushie
 <lb/>and Greene Prisoners.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
 <l>Bring forth these men:</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Bushie</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Greene</hi>, I will not vex your soules,</l>
 <l>(Since presently your soules must part your bodies)</l>
 <l>With too much vrging your pernicious liues,</l>
 <l>For 'twere no charitie: yet to wash your blood</l>
 <l>From off my hands, here in the view of men,</l>
 <l>I will vnfold some causes of your deaths.</l>
 <l>You haue mis‑led a Prince, a Royall King,</l>
 <l>A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,</l>
 <l>By you vnhappyed, and disfigur'd cleane:</l>
 <l>You haue in manner with your sinfull houres</l>
 <l>Made a Diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,</l>
 <l>Broke the possession of a Royall Bed,</l>
 <l>And stayn'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes,</l>
 <l>With teares drawn
 <choice><abbr>frō</abbr><expan>from</expan></choice> her eyes, with
 your foule wrongs.</l>
 <l>My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,</l>
 <l>Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,</l>
 <l>Till you did make him mis‑interprete me,</l>
 <l>Haue stoopt my neck vnder your iniuries,</l>
 <l>And sigh'd my English breath in forraine Clouds,</l>
 <l>Eating the bitter bread of banishment:</l>
 <l>While you haue fed vpon my Seignories,</l>
 <l>Dis‑park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my Forrest
 Woods;</l>
 <l>From mine owne Windowes torne my Household Coat,</l>
 <l>Raz'd out my Impresse, leauing me no signe,</l>
 <l>Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,</l>
 <l>To shew the World I am a Gentleman.</l>
 <l>This, and much more, much more then twice all this,</l>
 <l>Condemnes you to the death: see them deliuered ouer</l>

<l>To execution, and the hand of death.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bus">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bushie.</speaker>
 <l>More welcome is the stroake of death to me,</l>
 <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi> to England.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gre">
 <speaker rend="italic">Greene.</speaker>
 <l>My comfort is, that Heauen will take our soules,</l>
 <l>And plague Iniustice with the paines of Hell.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord <hi rend="italic">Northemberland</hi> see them
 dispatch'd:</l>
 <l>Vnckle, you say the Queene is at your House,</l>
 <l>For Heauens sake fairely let her be entreated,</l>
 <l>Tell her I send to her my kind commends;</l>
 <l>Take speciall care my Greetings be deliuer'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">York.</speaker>
 <l>A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatch'd</l>
 <l>With Letters of your loue, to her at large.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
 <l>Thankes gentle Vnckle: come Lords away,</l>
 <l>To fight with <hi rend="italic">Glendoure</hi>, and his
 Complices;</l>
 <l>A while to worke, and after holliday.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic"
 place="footRight">Scœna</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0358-0.jpg" n="34"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of Richard the second.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2">
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Drums: Flourish, and
 Colours.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Richard,
 Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-aum">

<speaker rend="italic">Au.</speaker>

<l>Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,</l>

<l>After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

<l>Needs must I like it well: I weepe for ioy</l>

<l>To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe.</l>

<l>Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,</l>

<l>Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hooves:</l>

<l>As a long parted Mother with her Child,</l>

<l>Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting;</l>

<l>So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my Earth,</l>

<l>and doe thee fauor with my Royall hands.</l>

<l>Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,</l>

<l>Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his rauenuous sence:</l>

<l>But let thy Spiders, that suck vp thy Venome,</l>

<l>And heaue‑gated Toades lye in their way,</l>

<l>Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,</l>

<l>Which with vsurping steps doe trample thee.</l>

<l>Yeeld stinging Nettles to mine Enemies;</l>

<l>And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower,</l>

<l>Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,</l>

<l>Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch</l>

<l>Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes Enemies.</l>

<l>Mock not my sencelesse Coniuration, Lords;</l>

<l>This Earth shall haue a feeling, and these Stones</l>

<l>Proue armed Souldiers, ere her Natiue King</l>

<l>Shall falter vnder foule Rebellious Armes.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-car">

<speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>

<l>Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you King</l>

<l>Hath power to keepe you King, in spite of all.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-aum">

<speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>

<l>He meanes, my Lord, tht we are too remisse,</l>

<l>Whilest <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi> through our

securitie,</l>

<l>Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

<l>Discomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not,</l>

<l>That which the searching Eye of Heauen is hid</l>

<l>Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,</l>

<l>Then Theeues and Robbers raunge abroad vnseene,</l>

<\/>In murders and in Outrage bloody here:<\/>
 <\/>But when from vnder this Terrestrial Ball<\/>
 <\/>He fires the proud tops of the Easterne Pines,<\/>
 <\/>And darts his Lightning through eu'ry guiltie hole,<\/>
 <\/>The Murthers, Treasons, and detested sinnes<\/>
 <\/>(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)<\/>
 <\/>Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselues.<\/>
 <\/>So when this Theefe, this Traytor <hi
 rend="italic">Bullingbrooke<\/hi>,<\/>
 <\/>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 anyoynted King;<\/>
 <\/>The breath of worldly men cannot depose<\/>
 <\/>The Deputie elected by the Lord:<\/>
 <\/>For euery man that <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke<\/hi> hath
 prest,<\/>
 <\/>To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,<\/>
 <\/>Heauen for his <hi rend="italic">Richard<\/hi> hath in
 heauenly pay<\/>
 <cb n="2"\/>
 <\/>A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,<\/>
 <\/>Weake men must fall, for Heauen still guards the right.<\/>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Salisbury.<\/stage>
 <\/>Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power?<\/>
 <\/sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Salisb.<\/speaker>
 <\/>Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,<\/>
 <\/>Then this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue,<\/>
 <\/>And bids me speake of nothing but despaire:<\/>
 <\/>One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)<\/>
 <\/>Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth:<\/>
 <\/>Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne,<\/>
 <\/>And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men:<\/>
 <\/>To day, to day, vnhappie day too late<\/>
 <\/>Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State;<\/>
 <\/>For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,<\/>
 <\/>Are gone to <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke<\/hi>, disperst,
 and fled.<\/>
 <\/sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.<\/speaker>
 <\/>Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so
 <\/>pale?<\/>
 <\/sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>But now the blood of twentie thousand men</l>
 <l>Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,</l>
 <l>And till so much blood thither come againe,</l>
 <l>Haue I not reason to looke pale, and dead?</l>
 <l>All Soules that will be safe, flye from my side,</l>
 <l>For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l>Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King?</l>
 <l>Awake thou sluggard Maiestie, thou sleepest:</l>
 <l>Is not the Kings Name fortie thousand Names?</l>
 <l>Arme, arme my Name: a punie subiect strikes</l>
 <l>At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,</l>
 <l>Ye Fauorites of a King: are wee not high?</l>
 <l>High be our thoughts: I know my Vnckle <hi
 rend="italic">Yorke</hi></l>
 <l>Hath Power enough to serue our turne.</l>
 <l>But who comes here?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter
 Scroope.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-scr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Scroope.</speaker>
 <l>More health and happinesse betide my Liege,</l>
 <l>Then can my care‑tun'd tongue deliuer him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd:</l>
 <l>The worst is worldly losse, thou canst vnfold:</l>
 <l>Say, Is my Kingdome lost? Why 'twas my Care:</l>
 <l>And what losse is it to be rid of Care?</l>
 <l>Striues <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi> to be as Great as
 wee?</l>
 <l>Greater he shall not be: If hee serue God,</l>
 <l>Wee'l serue him too, and be his Fellow so.</l>
 <l>Reuolt our Subiects? That we cannot mend,</l>
 <l>They breake their Faith to God, as well as vs:</l>
 <l>Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,</l>
 <l>The worst is Death, and Death will haue his day.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-scr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Scroope.</speaker>

<l> Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd</l>
 <l>To beare the tidings of Calamitie.</l>
 <l>Like an vnseasonable stormie day,</l>
 <l>Which make the Siluer Riuers drowne their Shores,</l>
 <l>As if the World were all dissolu'd to teares:</l>
 <l>So <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>, covering your
 fearefull Land</l>
 <l>With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:</l>
 <l>White Beares haue arm'd their thin and hairelesse Scalps</l>
 <l>Against thy Maiestie and Boyes with Womens Voyces,</l>
 <l>Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioints</l>
 <l>In stiffe unwieldie Armes: against thy Crowne</l>
 <l>They very Beads‑men learne to bend their
 Bowes</l>
 <l>Of double fatall Eugh: against thy State</l>
 <l>Yea Distaffe‑Women manage rustie Bills:</l>
 <l>Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,</l>
 <l>And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Too well, too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill.</l>
 <l>Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is <hi
 rend="italic">Bagot</hi>?</l>
 <l>What is become of <hi rend="italic">Bushie</hi>? where is
 <hi rend="italic">Greene</hi>?</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">That</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0359-0.jpg" n="35"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of Richard the second.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>That they haue let the dangerous Enemie</l>
 <l>Measure our Confines with such peacefull steps?</l>
 <l>If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it.</l>
 <l>I warrant they haue made peace with <hi
 rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-scr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Scroope.</speaker>
 <l>Peace haue they made with him indeede (my
 <lb/>Lord.)</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,</l>
 <l>Doggers, easily wooon to fawne on any man,</l>
 <l>Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart,</l>
 <l>Three Iudasses, each one thrice worse then <hi
 rend="italic">Iudas</hi>,</l>
 <l>Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre</l>
 <l>Vpon their spotted Soules for this Offence.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-scr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Scroope.</speaker>
 <l>Sweet Loue (I see) changing his propertie,</l>
 <l>Turnes to the sowrest, and most deadly hate:</l>
 <l>Againe vncurse their Soules; their peace is made</l>
 <l>With Heads, and not with Hands: those whom you curse</l>
 <l>Haue felt the worst of Deaths destroying hand,</l>
 <l>And lye full low, grau'd in the hollow ground.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l>Is <hi rend="italic">Bushie, Greene</hi>, and the Earle of

Wiltshire

<lb/>dead?</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-scr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Scroope.</speaker>
 <l>Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l>Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>No matter where; of comfort no man speake:</l>
 <l>Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,</l>
 <l>Make Dust our Paper, and with Raynie eyes</l>
 <l>Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth.</l>
 <l>Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills:</l>
 <l>And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,</l>
 <l>Saue our deposed bodies to the ground<c

rend="italic">?</c></l>

<l>Our Lands, our Liues, and all are <hi
rend="italic">Bullingbrookes</hi>,</l>

<l>And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,</l>
<l>And that small Modell of the barren Earth,</l>
<l>Which serves as Paste, and Couer to our Bones:</l>
<l>For Heauens sake let vs sit vpon the ground,</l>
<l>And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:</l>
<l>How some haue been depos'd, some slaine in warre,</l>
<l>Some haunted by the Ghosts they haue depos'd,</l>
<l>Some poyson'd by their Wiues, some sleeping kill'd,</l>
<l>All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne</l>
<l>That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,</l>
<l>Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits</l>
<l>Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,</l>
<l>Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,</l>
<l>To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,</l>

<l>Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,</l>
<l>As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,</l>
<l>Were Brasse impregnable: and humor'd thus,</l>
<l>Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne</l>
<l>Bores though his Castle Walls, and farwell King.</l>
<l>Couer your heads, and mock not flesh and blood</l>
<l>With solemne Reuerence: throw away Respect,</l>
<l>Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,</l>
<l>For you haue but mistooke me all this while:</l>
<l>I liue with Bread like you, feele Want,</l>
<l>Taste Griefe, need Friends: subiected thus,</l>
<l>How can you say to me, I am a King?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-car">

<speaker rend="italic">Carl.</speaker>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-aum">

<speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

<l>Thou chid'st me well: proud <hi

rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi> I come</l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l>To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:</l>
<l>This ague fit of feare is ouer‑blowne,</l>
<l>An easie taske it is to winne our owne.</l>
<l>Say <hi rend="italic">Scroope</hi>, where lyes our Vnckle

with his Power?</l>

<l>Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be sowre.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-scr">

<speaker rend="italic">Scroope.</speaker>

<l>Men iudge by the complexion of the Skie</l>
<l>The state and inclination of the day;</l>
<l>So may you by my dull and heauie Eye:</l>
<l>My Tongue hath but a heauier Tale to say:</l>
<l>I play the Torturer, by small and small</l>
<l>To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.</l>
<l>Your Vnckle <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> is ioyn'd with <hi

rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>,</l>

<l>And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,</l>
 <l>And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes</l>
 <l>Vpon his Faction.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Thou hast said enough.</l>
 <l>Beshrew thee Cousin, which didst lead me forth</l>
 <l>Of that sweet way I was in, to despaire:</l>
 <l>What say you now? What comfort haue we now?</l>
 <l>By Heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,</l>
 <l>That bids me be of comfort any more.</l>
 <l>Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,</l>
 <l>A King, Woes slaue, shall Kingly Woe obey:</l>
 <l>That Power I haue, discharge, and let 'em goe</l>
 <l>To eare the Land, that hath some hope to grow,</l>
 <l>For I haue none. Let no man speake againe</l>
 <l>To alter this, for counsaile is but vaine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l>My Liege, one word.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>He does me double wrong,</l>
 <l>That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.</l>
 <l>Discharge my followers: let them hence away,</l>
 <l>From <hi rend="italic">Richards</hi> Night, to <hi
 rend="italic">Bullingbrookes</hi> faire Day.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3">
 <head rend="italic center">Scæna Tertia.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter with Drum and
 Colours, Bullingbrooke,
 <lb/>Yorke, Northumberland, Attendants.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
 <l>So that by this intelligence we learne</l>
 <l>The Welchmen are dispers'd, and <hi
 rend="italic">Salisbury</hi></l>
 <l>Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed</l>
 <l>With some few priuate friends, vpon this Coast.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
 <l>The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,</l>

his head. </l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
<speaker rend="italic">York.</speaker>
<l>It would beseeme the Lord Northumberland,</l>
<l>To say King <hi rend="italic">Richard:</hi> alack the heauie
day,</l>

<l>When such a sacred King should hide his head.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-nor">
<speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
<l>Your Grace mistakes: onely to be briefe,</l>
<l>Left I this Title out.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
<speaker rend="italic">York.</speaker>
<l>The time hath beene,</l>
<l>Would you haue beene so briefe with him, he would</l>
<l>Haue beene so briefe with you, to shorten you,</l>
<l>For taking so the Head, your whole heads length.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
<l>Mistake not (Vnckle) farther then you should.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
<speaker rend="italic">York.</speaker>
<l>Take not (good Cousin) farther then you should.</l>
<l>Least you mistake the Heauens are ore your head.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
<l>I know it (Vnckle) and oppose not my selfe</l>
<l>Against their will. But who comes here?</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Percie.</stage>
<l>Welcome <hi rend="italic">Harry:</hi> what, will not this
Castle yeeld<c rend="italic">?</c></l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-per">
<speaker rend="italic">Per.</speaker>
<l>The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,</l>
<l>Against thy entrance.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi
rend="italic">Bull.</hi> Roy­</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0360-0.jpg" n="36"/>
<fw type="rh">The life and death of Richard the second.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">

Bull.
<|>Royally? Why, it contains no King?</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-per">
<speaker rend="italic">Per.</speaker>
<|>Yes (my good Lord)</|>
<|>It doth containe a King: King *Richard*</hi>
lyes</|>
<|>Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,</|>
<|>And with him, the Lord *Aumerle*</hi>, Lord
Salisbury</hi>,</|>
<|>Sir *Stephen Scroope*</hi>, besides a Clergie
man</|>
<|>Of holy reuerence; who, I cannot learne.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-nor">
<speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
<|>Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlile.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
<|>Noble Lord,</|>
<|>Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,</|>
<|>Through Brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle</|>
<|>Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliuer:</|>
<|><i>Henry Bullingbrooke</hi> vpon his knees
doth kisse</|>
allegeance</|>
<|>King *Richards*</hi> hand, and sends
<|>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*</hi></|>
<|>It is, such Crimson Tempest should bedrench</|>
<|>The fresh greene Lap of faire King *Richards*</hi> Land,</|>
<|>My stooping dutie tenderly shall shew.</|>
<|>Goe signifie as much, while here we march</|>
<|>Vpon the Grassie Carpet of this Plaine:</|>
<|>Let's march without the noyse of threatning Drum,</|>
<|>That from this Castles tatter'd Battlements</|>
<|>Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.</|>
<|>Me thinkes King *Richard*</hi> and my selfe
should meet</|>
<|>With no lesse terror then the Elements</|>

<l>Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake</l>
<l>At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heauen:</l>
<l>Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;</l>
<l>The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine</l>
<l>My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.</l>
<l>March on, and marke King <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>

how he looks.</l>

<stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Parle without, and answere within: then a Flourish.

<lb/>Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop,
<lb/>Salisbury.</stage>

<l>See, see, King <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> doth himselve appeare</l>

<l>As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,</l>
<l>From out the fierie Portall of the East,</l>
<l>When he perceiues the enuious Clouds are bent</l>
<l>To dimme his glory, and to staine the tract</l>
<l>Of his bright passage to the Occident.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-yor">

<speaker rend="italic">York.</speaker>

<l>Yet looks he like a King: behold his Eye</l>
<l>(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth</l>
<l>Controlling Maiestie: alack, alack, for woe,</l>
<l>That any harme should staine so faire a shew.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

<l>Wee are amaz'd, and thus long haue we stood</l>
<l>To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,</l>
<l>Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King:</l>
<l>And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget</l>
<l>To pay their awfull dutie to our presence?</l>
<l>If we be not, shew vs the Hand of God,</l>
<l>That hath dismiss'd vs from our Stewardship,</l>
<l>For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone</l>
<l>Can gripe the sacred Handle of our Scepter,</l>
<l>Vnlesse he doe prophane, steale, or vsurpe.</l>
<l>And though you thinke, that all, as you haue done,</l>
<l>Haue torne their Soules, by turning them from vs,</l>
<l>And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:</l>
<l>Yet know, my Master, God Omnipotent,</l>
<l>Is mustring in his Clouds, on our behalfe,</l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l>Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike</l>
<l>Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,</l>
<l>That lift your Vassall Hands against my Head,</l>
<l>And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.</l>
<l>Tell <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>, for yond me

thinks he is,</l>

<|>That euery stride he makes vpon my Land,</|>
<|>Is dangerous Treason: He is come to ope</|>
<|>The purple Testament of bleeding Warre;</|>
<|>But ere the Crowne he looks for, liue in peace,</|>
<|>Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes</|>
<|>Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,</|>
<|>Change the complexion of her Maid‑pale Peace</|>
<|>To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew</|>
<|>Her Pastors Grasse with faithfull English Blood.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-nor">

<speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>

<|>The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King</|>

<|>Should so with ciuill and vnciuill Armes</|>

<|>Be rush'd vpon: Thy thrice‑noble Cousin,</|>

<|><hi rend="italic">Harry Bullingbrooke</hi>, doth humbly

kisse thy hand,</|>

<|>And by the Honorable Tombe he sweares,</|>

<|>That stands vpon your Royall Grandsires Bones,</|>

<|>And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,</|>

<|>(Currents that spring from one most gracious Head)</|>

<|>And by the buried Hand of Warlike <hi

rend="italic">Gaunt</hi>,</|>

<|>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 Gentleman, I credit him.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

<|><hi rend="italic">Northumberland</hi>, say thus: The King

returns,</|>

<|>His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,</|>

<|>And all the number of his faire demands</|>

<|>Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:</|>

<|>With all the gracious vtterance thou hast,</|>

<|>Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.</|>

<|>We doe debase our selfe (Cousin) doe we not,</|>

<|>To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?</|>

<|>Shall we call back <hi rend="italic">Northumberland</hi>,</|>

and send</|>

<|>Defiance to the Traytor, and so die?</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l>No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,</l>
 <l>Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful Swords.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,</l>
 <l>That layd the Sentence of dread Banishment</l>
 <l>On yond proud man, should take it off againe</l>
 <l>With words of sooth: Oh that I were as great</l>
 <l>As is my Griefe, or lesser then my Name,</l>
 <l>Or that I could forget what I haue beene,</l>
 <l>Or not remember what I must be now:</l>
 <l>Swell'st thou proud heart? Ile giue thee scope to beat,</l>
 <l>Since Foes haue scope to beat both thee and me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Northumberland</hi> comes backe from
 <hi rend="italic">Bulling­
 <lb/>brooke</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>What must the King doe now? must he submit?</l>
 <l>The King shall doe it: Must he be depos'd?</l>
 <l>The King shall be contented: Must he loose</l>
 <l>The Name of King<c rend="italic">?</c> o' Gods Name let it
 goe.</l>
 <l>Ile giue my Jewels for a sett of Beades,</l>
 <l>My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,</l>
 <l>My gay Apparrell, for an Almes‑mans Gowne,</l>
 <l>My figur'd Goblets, for a Dish of Wood,</l>
 <l>My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">My</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0361-0.jpg" n="37"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Life and Death of Richard the Second.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints,</l>
 <l>And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,</l>
 <l>A little little Graue, an obscure Graue.</l>
 <l>Or Ile be buried in the Kings high‑way,</l>
 <l>Some way of common Trade, where Subiects feet</l>
 <l>May howrely trample on their Soueraignes Head:</l>
 <l>For on my heart they tread now, whilst I liue;</l>
 <l>And buried once, why not vpon my Head<c
 rend="italic">?</c></l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Aumerle</hi>, thou weep'st (my
 tender‑hearted Cousin)</l>

<l>Wee'le make foule Weather with despised Teares:</l>
<l>Our sighes, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corne,</l>
<l>And make a Dearth in this reuolting Land.</l>
<l>Or shall we play the Wantons with our Woes,</l>
<l>And make some prettie Match, with shedding Teares?</l>
<l>As thus: to drop them still vpon one place,</l>
<l>Till they haue fretted vs a payre of Graues,</l>
<l>Within the Earth: and therein lay'd, there lyes</l>
<l>Two Kinsmen, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes?</l>
<l>Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I see</l>
<l>I talke but idly, and you mock at mee.</l>
<l>Most mightie Prince, my Lord <hi

rend="italic">Northumberland</hi>,</l>

<l>What sayes King <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>? Will
his Maiestie</l>

<l>Giue <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> leaue to liue, till <hi
rend="italic">Richard</hi> die?</l>

<l>You make a Legge, and <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>
sayes I.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-nor">

<speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>

<l>My Lord, in the base Court he doth attend</l>

<l>To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

<l>Downe, downe I come, like glist'ring <hi
rend="italic">Phaeton</hi>,</l>

<l>Wanting the manage of vnruely Iades.</l>

<l>In the base Court? base Court, where Kings grow base,</l>

<l>To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.</l>

<l>In the base Court come down: down Court, down King,</l>

<l>For night‑Owls shrike, where

<choice><abbr>moūting</abbr><expan>mounting</expan></choice> Larks
should sing.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bol">

<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>

<l>What sayes his Maiestie?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-nor">

<speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>

<l>Sorrow, and grieffe of heart</l>

<l>Makes him speake fondly, like a frantick man:</l>

<l>Yet he is come.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bol">

<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>

<l>Stand all apart,</l>

<l>And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie.</l>
<l>My gracious Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Faire Cousin,</l>
<l>You debase your Princely Knee,</l>
<l>To make the base Earth proud with kissing it.</l>
<l>Me rather had, my Heart might feele your Loue,</l>
<l>Then my vnpleas'd Eye see your Courtesie.</l>
<l>Vp Cousin, vp, your Heart is vp, I know,</l>
<l>Thus high at least, although your Knee be low.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
<l>My gracious Lord, I come but for mine
<lb/>owne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and
<lb/>all.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
<l>So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,</l>
<l>As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Well you deseru'd:</l>
<l>They well deserue to haue,</l>
<l>That know the strong'st, and surest way to get.</l>
<l>Vnckle giue me your Hand: nay, drie your Eyes,</l>
<l>Teares shew their Loue, but want their Remedies.</l>
<l>Cousin, I am too young to be your Father,</l>
<l>Though you are old enough to be my Heire.</l>
<l>What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,</l>
<l>For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe.</l>
<l>Set on towards London:</l>
<l>Cousin, is it so?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
<l>Yea, my good Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Then I must not say, no.</l>
</sp>

```

                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="mixed">Flourish.
Exeunt.</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="4">
        <head rend="italic center">Scene Quarta.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 4]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Queene, and
two Ladies.</stage>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <sp who="#F-r2-que">
            <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
            <l>What sport shall we devise here in this Garden,</l>
            <l>To driue away the heauie thought of Care?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r2-lad">
            <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
            <l>Madame, wee'le play at Bowles.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r2-que">
            <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
            <l>'Twill make me thinke the World is full of Rubs,</l>
            <l>And that my fortune runnes against the Byas.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r2-lad">
            <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
            <l>Madame, wee'le Dance.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r2-que">
            <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
            <l>My Legges can keepe no measure in Delight,</l>
            <l>When my poore Heart no measure keeps in Griefe.</l>
            <l>Therefore no Dancing (Girle) some other sport.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r2-lad">
            <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
            <l>Madame, wee'le tell Tales.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r2-que">
            <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
            <l>Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r2-lad">
            <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
            <l>Of eyther, Madame.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-r2-que">
            <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
            <l>Of neyther, Girle.</l>
            <l>For if of Ioy, being altogether wanting,</l>
            <l>It doth remember me the more of Sorrow;</l>

```

<l>Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,</l>
 <l>It addes more Sorrow to my want of Ioy:</l>
 <l>For what I haue, I need not to repeat;</l>
 <l>And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-lad">
 <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
 <l>Madame, Ile sing.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-que">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis well that thou hast cause:</l>
 <l>But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weepe.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-lad">
 <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
 <l>I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-que">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>And I could sing, would weeping doe me good,</l>
 <l>And neuer borrow any Teare of thee.</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Gardiner,
 and two Seruants.</stage>
 <l>But stay, here comes the Gardiners,</l>
 <l>Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.</l>
 <l>My wretchednesse, vnto a Rowe of Pinnes,</l>
 <l>They'le talke of State: for euery one doth so,</l>
 <l>Against a Change; Woe is fore‑runne with Woe.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>
 <l>Goe binde thou vp yond dangling Apricocks,</l>
 <l>Which like vnruely Children, make their Syre</l>
 <l>Stoupe with oppression of their prodigall weight:</l>
 <l>Giue some supportance to the bending twigges.</l>
 <l>Goe thou, and like an Executioner</l>
 <l>Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,</l>
 <l>That looke too loftie in our Common‑wealth:</l>
 <l>All must be euen, in our Gouernment.</l>
 <l>You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away</l>
 <l>The noysome Weedes, that without profit sucke</l>
 <l>The Soyles fertilitie from wholesome flowers.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <l>Why should we, in the compasse of a Pale,</l>
 <l>Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,</l>
 <l>Shewing as in a Modell our firme Estate?</l>
 <l>When our Sea‑walled Garden, the whole Land,</l>

<l>Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers choakt vp,</l>
 <l>Her Fruit‑trees all vnpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,</l>
 <l>Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholesome Hearbes</l>
 <l>Swarming with Caterpillers.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>
 <l>Hold thy peace.</l>
 <l>He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,</l>
 <l>Hath now himselfe met with the Fall of Leafe.</l>
 <l>The Weeds that his broad‑spreading Leaues did
 shelter,</l>
 <l>That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him vp,</l>
 <l>Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by <hi
 rend="italic">Bullingbrooke:</hi></l>
 <l>I meane, the Earle of Wiltshire, <hi rend="italic">Bushie,
 Greene</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">d</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi
 rend="italic">Ser.</hi> What.</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0362-0.jpg" n="38"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Life and Death of Richard the Second.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <l>What are they dead?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>
 <l>They are,</l>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi> hath seiz'd the
 wastefull King.</l>
 <l>Oh, what pitty is it, that he had not so trim'd</l>
 <l>And drest his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,</l>
 <l>And wound the Barke, the skin of our
 Fruit‑trees,</l>
 <l>Least being ouer‑proud with Sap and Blood,</l>
 <l>With too much riches it confound it selfe?</l>
 <l>Had he done so, to great and growing men,</l>
 <l>They might haue liu'd to beare, and he to taste</l>
 <l>Their fruites of dutie. Superfluous branches</l>
 <l>We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:</l>
 <l>Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,</l>
 <l>Which waste and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <l>What thinke you the King shall be depos'd?</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-gar">
<speaker rend="italic">Gar.</speaker>
<l>Deprest he is already, and depos'd</l>
<l>'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night</l>
<l>To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorokes,</l>
<l>That tell blacke tydings.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-que">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<l>Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking:</l>
<l>Thou old <hi rend="italic">Adams</hi> likenesse, set to

dresse this Garden:</l>

<l>How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this vnpleasing
<b rend="turnunder"/><pc

rend="turnunder"></pc>newes</l>

<l>What Eue? what Serpent hath suggested thee,</l>

<l>To make a second fall of cursed man?</l>

<l>Why do'st thou say, King <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> is
depos'd,</l>

<l>Dar'st thou, thou little better thing then earth,</l>

<l>Diuine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how</l>

<l>Cam'st thou by this ill‑tydings? Speake thou
wretch.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-gar">
<speaker rend="italic">Gard.</speaker>
<l>Pardon me Madam. Little ioy haue I</l>
<l>To breath these newes; yet what I say, is true;</l>
<l>King <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, he is in the mighty

hold</l>

<l>Of <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>, their Fortunes both

are weigh'd:</l>

<l>In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himselfe,</l>

<l>And some few Vanities, that make him light:</l>

<l>But in the Ballance of great <hi

rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>,</l>

<l>Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,</l>

<l>And with that oddes he weighes King <hi

rend="italic">Richard</hi> downe.</l>

<l>Poste you to London, and you'l finde it so,</l>

<l>I speake no more, then euely one doth know.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-que">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<l>Nimble mischance, that art so light of foote,</l>
<l>Doth not thy Embassage belong to me?</l>
<l>And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou think'st</l>
<l>To serue me last, that I may longest keepe</l>
<l>Thy sorrow in my breast. Come Ladies goe,</l>
<l>To meet at London, Londons King in woe.</l>

<l>What was I borne to this: that my sad looke,</l>
 <l>Should grace the Triumph of great <hi

 <l>Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe,</l>
 <l>I would the Plants thou graft'st, may neuer grow.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gar">
 <speaker rend="italic">G</speaker>
 <l>Poore Queen, so that thy State might be no worse,</l>
 <l>I would my skill were subiect to thy curse:</l>
 <l>Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place</l>
 <l>Ile set a Banke of Rew, sowre Herbe of Grace:</l>
 <l>Rue, eu'n for ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,</l>
 <l>In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="4">
 <div type="scene" n="1">
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus. Scœna
 Prima.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter as to the
 Parliament, Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Nor‑
 <lb/>thumberland, Percie, Fitz‑Water, Surrey, Carlile,
 Abbot
 <lb/>of Westminster. Herauld, Officers and Bagot.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bullingbrooke.</speaker>
 <l>Call forth <hi rend="italic">Bagot</hi>.</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Bagot</hi>, freely speake thy
 minde,</l>
 <l>What thou do'st know of Noble Glousters death:</l>
 <l>Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd</l>
 <l>The bloody Office of his Timelesse end.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bag">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bag.</speaker>
 <l>Then set before my face, the Lord <hi

 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Cosin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bag">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bag.</speaker>

tongue</l>

<l>My Lord <hi rend="italic">Aumerle</hi>, I know your daring

<l>Scornes to vnsay, what it hath once deliuer'd.</l>

<l>In that dead time, when Glousters death was plotted,</l>

<l>I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,</l>

<l>That reacheth from the restfull English Court</l>

<l>As farre as Callis, to my Vnkles head.</l>

<l>Amongst much other talke, that very time,</l>

<l>I heard you say, that you had rather refuse</l>

<l>The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,</l>

<l>Then <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrookes</hi> returne to

England; adding withall,</l>

<l>How blest this Land would be, in this your Cosins death.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-aum">

<speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>

<l>Princes, and Noble Lords:</l>

<l>What answer shall I make to this base man?</l>

<l>Shall I so much dishonor my faire Starres,</l>

<l>On equall termes to giue him chasticement?</l>

<l>Either I must, or haue mine honor soyl'd</l>

<l>With th'Attaindor of his sland'rous Lippes.</l>

<l>There is my Gage, the manuall Seale of death</l>

<l>That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyst,</l>

<l>And will maintaine what thou hast said, is false,</l>

<l>In thy heart blood, though being all too base</l>

<l>To staine the temper of my Knightly sword.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bol">

<speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>

<l><hi rend="italic">Bagot</hi> forbear, thou shalt not take it

vp.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-aum">

<speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>

<l>Excepting one, I would he were the best</l>

<l>In all this presence, that hath mou'd me so.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-fit">

<speaker rend="italic">Fitz.</speaker>

<l>If that thy valour stand on sympathize:</l>

<l>There is my Gage, <hi rend="italic">Aumerle</hi>, in Gage

to thine:</l>

<l>By that faire Sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,</l>

<l>I heard thee say (and vauntingly thou spak'st it)</l>

<l>That thou wer't cause of Noble Glousters death.</l>

<l>If thou deniest it, twenty times thou lyst,</l>

<l>And I will turne thy falshood to thy hart,</l>

<l>Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l>Thou dar'st not (Coward) liue to see the day.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-fit">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fitz.</speaker>
 <l>Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Fitzwater</hi> thou art damn'd to hell for
 this.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-per">
 <speaker rend="italic">Per.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Aumerle</hi>, thou lye'st: his Honor is as
 true</l>
 <l>In this Appeale, as thou art all vniust:</l>
 <l>And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage</l>
 <l>To proue it on thee, to th'extreamest point</l>
 <l>Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l>And if I do not, may my hands rot off,</l>
 <l>And neuer brandish more reuengefull Steele,</l>
 <l>Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-sur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Surrey.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord <hi rend="italic">Fitz water</hi>:</l>
 <l>I do remember well, the very time</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Aumerle</hi>, and you did talke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-fit">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fitz.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord,</l>
 <l>'Tis very true: You were in presence then,</l>
 <l>And you can wisse with me, this is true.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-sur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Surrey.</speaker>
 <l>As false, by heauen,</l>
 <l>As Heauen it selfe is true.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-fit">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fitz.</speaker>
 <l>Surrey, thou Lye'st.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-sur">

<speaker rend="italic">Surrey.</speaker>
 <l>Dishonourable Boy;</l>
 <l>That Lye, shall lie so heauy on my Sword,</l>
 <l>That it shall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,</l>
 <l>Till thou the Lye‑giuer, and that Lye, doe lye</l>
 <l>In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.</l>
 <l>In prooffe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,</l>
 <l>Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st.</l><note
 type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Fitz.</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0363-0.jpg" n="39"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Life and Death of Richard the Second.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-r2-fit">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fitzw.</speaker>
 <l>How fondly do'st thou spurre a forward Horse?</l>
 <l>If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,</l>
 <l>I dare meete <hi rend="italic">Surrey</hi> in a
 Wildernesse,</l>
 <l>And spit vpon him, whilest I say he Lyes,</l>
 <l>And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith,</l>
 <l>To tye thee to my strong Correction.</l>
 <l>As I intend to thriue in this new World,</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Aumerle</hi> is guiltie of my true
 Appeale.</l>
 <l>Besides, I heard the banish'd <hi rend="italic">Norfolke</hi>
 say,</l>
 <l>That thou <hi rend="italic">Aumerle</hi> didst send two of
 thy men,</l>
 <l>To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l>Some honest Christian trust me with a Gage,</l>
 <l>That <hi rend="italic">Norfolke</hi> lyes: here doe I throw
 downe this,</l>
 <l>If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
 <l>These differences shall all rest vnder Gage,</l>
 <l>Till <hi rend="italic">Norfolke</hi> be repeal'd: repeal'd he
 shall be;</l>
 <l>And (though mine Enemie) restor'd againe</l>
 <l>To all his Lands and Seignories: when hee's return'd,</l>
 <l>Against <hi rend="italic">Aumerle</hi> we will enforce his
 Tryall.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-car">

<speaker rend="italic">Carl.</speaker>
 <l>That honorable day shall ne're be seene.</l>
 <l>Many a time hath banish'd <hi rend="italic">Norfolke</hi>
 fought</l>
 <l>For Iesu Christ, in glorious Christian field</l>
 <l>Streaming the Ensigne of the Christian Crosse,</l>
 <l>Against black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:</l>
 <l>And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retyr'd himselfe</l>
 <l>To Italy, and there at Venice gaue</l>
 <l>His Body to that pleasant Countries Earth,</l>
 <l>And his pure Soule vnto his Captaine Christ,</l>
 <l>Vnder whose Colours he had fought so long.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
 <l>Why Bishop, is <hi rend="italic">Norfolke</hi> dead?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-car">
 <speaker rend="italic">Carl.</speaker>
 <l>As sure as I liue, my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
 <l>Sweet peace conduct his sweet Soule</l>
 <l>To the Bosome of good old <hi
 rend="italic">Abraham</hi>.</l>
 <l>Lords Appealants, your
 <choice><abbr>differēces</abbr><expn>differences</expn></choice>
 shal all rest vnder gage,</l>
 <l>Till we assigne you to your dayes of Tryall.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Yorke.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee</l>
 <l>From plume‑pluckt <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>,
 who with willing Soule</l>
 <l>Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds</l>
 <l>To the possession of thy Royall Hand.</l>
 <l>Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,</l>
 <l>And long liue <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, of that Name the
 Fourth.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
 <l>In Gods Name, Ile ascend the Regall Throne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-car">
 <speaker rend="italic">Carl.</speaker>
 <l>Mary, Heauen forbid.</l>

<|>Worst in this Royall Presence may I speake,</|>
 <|>Yet best beseeming me to speake the truth.</|>
 <|>Would God, that any in this Noble Presence</|>
 <|>Were enough Noble, to be vpright Iudge</|>
 <|>Of Noble <hi rend="italic">Richard:</hi> 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 <hi rend="italic">Richards</hi>
 Subiect?</|>
 <|>Theeues are not iudg'd, but they are by to heare,</|>
 <|>Although apparant guilt be seene in them:</|>
 <|>And shall the figure of Gods Maiestie,</|>
 <|>His Captaine, Steward, Deputie elect,</|>
 <|>Anoynted, Crown'd, planted many yeeres,</|>
 <|>Be iudg'd by subiect, and inferior breathe,</|>
 <|>And he himselfe not present? Oh, forbid it, God,</|>
 <|>That in a Christian Climate, Soules refin'de</|>
 <|>Should shew so heynous, black, obscene a deed.</|>
 <|>I speake to Subiects, and a Subiect speakes,</|>
 <|>Stirr'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King.</|>
 <|>My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,</|>
 <|>Is a foule Traytor to prowde <hi rend="italic">Herefords</hi>
 King.</|>
 <|>And if you Crowne him, let me prophecie,</|>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <|>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.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
 <|>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?</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>

view</l>

<l>Fetch hither <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, that in common

<l>He may surrender: so we shall proceede</l>

<l>Without suspicion.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-yor">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<l>I will be his Conduct.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-r2-bol">

<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>

<l>Lords, you that here are vnder our Arrest,</l>

<l>Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Answer:</l>

<l>Little are we beholding to your Loue,</l>

<l>And little look'd for at your helping Hands.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Richard and

Yorke.</stage>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

<l>Alack, why am I sent for to a King,</l>

<l>Before I haue shooke off the Regall thoughts</l>

<l>Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet haue learn'd</l>

<l>To insinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee.</l>

<l>Giue Sorrow leaue a while, to tuture me</l>

<l>To this submission. Yet I well remember</l>

<l>The fauors of these men: were they not mine?</l>

<l>Did they not sometime cry, All hayle to me?</l>

<l>So <hi rend="italic">Iudas</hi> did to Christ: but he in

twelue,</l>

<l>Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelue thousand, none.</l>

<l>God saue the King: will no man say, Amen?</l>

<l>Am I both Priest, and Clarke? well then, Amen.</l>

<l>God saue the King, although I be not hee:</l>

<l>And yet Amen, if Heauen doe thinke him mee.</l>

<l>To doe what seruice, am I sent for hither?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-yor">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<l>To doe that office of thine owne good will,</l>

<l>Which tyred Maiestie did make thee offer:</l>

<l>The Resignation of thy State and Crowne</l>

<l>To <hi rend="italic">Henry Bullingbrooke</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

<l>Giue me the Crown. Here Cousin, seize yͤ

Crown:</l>

<l>Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.</l>

<l>Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,</l>
 <l>That owes two Buckets, filling one another,</l>
 <l>The emptier euer dancing in the ayre,</l>
 <l>The other downe, vnseene, and full of Water:</l>
 <l>That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,</l>
 <l>Drinking my Griefes, whil'st you mount vp on high.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
 <l>I thought you had been willing to resigne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>My Crowne I am, but still my Griefes are mine:</l>
 <l>You may my Glories and my State depose,</l>
 <l>But not my Griefes; still am I King of those.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
 <l>Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Your Cares set vp, do not pluck my Cares downe.</l>
 <l>My Care, is losse of Care, by old Care done,</l>
 <l>Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:</l>
 <l>The Cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,</l>
 <l>They 'tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay:</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
 <l>Are you contented to resigne the Crowne?</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">d2</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi
 rend="italic">Rich.</hi> I,</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0364-0.jpg" n="40"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Life and Death of Richard the Second.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>I, no; no, I: for I must nothing bee:</l>
 <l>Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.</l>
 <l>Now, marke me how I will vndoe my selfe.</l>
 <l>I giue this heauie Weight from off my Head,</l>
 <l>And this vnwieldie Scepter from my Hand,</l>
 <l>The pride of Kingly sway from out my Heart.</l>
 <l>With mine owne Teares I wash away my Balme,</l>
 <l>With mine owne Hands I giue away my Crowne,</l>
 <l>With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,</l>

<|>With mine owne Breath release all dutious Oathes;</|>
 <|>All Pompe and Maiestie I doe forswear:</|>
 <|>My Manors, Rents, Reuenues, I forgoe;</|>
 <|>My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:</|>
 <|>God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee,</|>
 <|>God keepe all Vowes vnbroke are made to thee.</|>
 <|>Make me, that nothing haue, with nothing grieu'd,</|>
 <|>And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchieu'd.</|>
 <|>Long may'st thou liue in <hi rend="italic">Richards</hi> Seat
 to sit,</|>
 <|>And soone lye <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> in an Earthie
 Pit.</|>
 <|>God saue King <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>,
 vn‑King'd <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> sayes,</|>
 <|>And send him many yeeres of Sunne‑shine
 dayes.</|>
 <|>What more remaines?</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
 <|>No more: but that you reade</|>
 <|>These Accusations, and these grieuous Crymes,</|>
 <|>Committed by your Person, and your followers,</|>
 <|>Against the State, and Profit of this Land:</|>
 <|>That by confessing them, the Soules of men</|>
 <|>May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <|>Must I doe so<c rend="italic">?</c> and must I rauell out</|>
 <|>My weau'd‑vp follies? Gentle <hi
 rend="italic">Northumberland</hi>,</|>
 <|>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 <hi rend="italic">Pilate</hi>, wash
 your hands,</|>
 <|>Shewing an outward pittie: yet you <hi
 rend="italic">Pilates</hi></|>
 <|>Haue here deliuer'd me to my sowre Crosse,</|>
 <|>And Water cannot wash away your sinne.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>

<l>My Lord dispatch, reade o're these Articles.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Mine Eyes are full of Teares, I cannot see:</l>
<l>And yet salt‑Water blindes them not so much,</l>
<l>But they can see a sort of Traytors here.</l>
<l>Nay, if I turne mine Eyes vpon my selfe,</l>
<l>I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest:</l>
<l>For I haue giuen here my Soules consent,</l>
<l>T'vndeck the pompous Body of a King;</l>
<l>Made Glory base; a Soueraigntie, a Slaue;</l>
<l>Prowd Maiestie, a Subiect; State, a Pesant.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-nor">
<speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
<l>My Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>No Lord of thine, thou haught‑insulting man;</l>
<l>No, nor no mans Lord: I haue no Name, no Title;</l>
<l>No, not that Name was giuen me at the Font,</l>
<l>But 'tis vsurpt: alack the heaue day,</l>
<l>That I haue worne so many Winters out,</l>
<l>And know not now, what Name to call my selfe.</l>
<l>Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,</l>
<l>Standing before the Sunne of <hi
rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>,</l>
<l>To melt my selfe away in Water‑drops.</l>
<l>Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,</l>
<l>And if my word be Sterling yet in England,</l>
<l>Let it command a Mirror hither straight,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>That it may shew me what a Face I haue,</l>
<l>Since it is Bankrupt of his Maiestie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
<l>Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking‑Glasse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-nor">
<speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
<l>Read o're this Paper, while yͤ Glasse doth come.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">

<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
 <l>Vrge it no more, my Lord <hi
 rend="italic">Northumberland</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
 <l>The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>They shall be satisfy'd: Ile reade enough,</l>
 <l>When I doe see the very Booke indeede,</l>
 <l>Where all my sinnes are writ, and that's my selfe.</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter one with a
 Glasse.</stage>
 <l>Giue me that Glasse, and therein will I reade.</l>
 <l>No deeper wrinckles yet? hath Sorrow strucke</l>
 <l>So may Blowes vpon this Face of mine,</l>
 <l>And made no deeper Wounds<c rend="italic">?</c> Oh
 flatt'ring Glasse,</l>
 <l>Like to my followers in prosperitie,</l>
 <l>Thou do'st beguile me. Was this Face, the Face</l>
 <l>That euery day, vnder his House‑hold Roofe,</l>
 <l>Did keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Face,</l>
 <l>That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?</l>
 <l>Is this the Face, which fac'd so many follyes,</l>
 <l>That was at last out‑fac'd by <hi
 rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>?</l>
 <l>A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,</l>
 <l>As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,</l>
 <l>For there it is, crackt in an hundred shiuers.</l>
 <l>Marke silent King, the Morall of this sport,</l>
 <l>How soone my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
 <l>The shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd</l>
 <l>The shadow of your Face.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Say that againe.</l>
 <l>The shadow of my Sorrow: ha, let's see,</l>
 <l>'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within,</l>
 <l>And these externall manner of Laments,</l>
 <l>Are meerely shadowes, to the vnseen Griefe,</l>
 <l>That swells with silence in the tortur'd Soule.</l>
 <l>There lyes the substance: and I thanke thee King</l>
 <l>For thy great bountie, that not onely giu'st</l>
 <l>Me cause to wayle, but teachest me the way</l>

<l>How to lament the cause. Ile begge one Boone,</l>
<l>And then be gone, and trouble you no more.</l>
<l>Shall I obtaine it?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
<l>Name it, faire Cousin.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Faire Cousin? I am greater then a King:</l>
<l>For when I was a King, my flatterers</l>
<l>Were then but subiects; being now a subiect,</l>
<l>I haue a King here to my flatterer:</l>
<l>Being so great, I haue no neede to begge.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
<l>Yet aske.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>And shall I haue?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
<l>You shall.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Then giue me leaue to goe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
<l>Whither?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Whither you will, so I were from your sights.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
<speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
<l>Goe some of you, conuey him to the Tower.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Oh good: conuey: Conueyers are you all,</l>
<l>That rise thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">

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    <speaker rend="italic">Bull.</speaker>
    <l>On Wednesday next, we solemnly set downe</l>
    <l>Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your selues.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r2-abb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Abbot.</speaker>
    <l>A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-car">
    <speaker rend="italic">Carl.</speaker>
    <l>The Woes to come, the Children yet vnborne,</l>
    <l>Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as Thorne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-aum">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
    <l>You holy Clergie&#x2011;men, is there no Plot</l>
    <l>To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-abb">
    <speaker rend="italic">Abbot.</speaker>
    <l>Before I freely speake my minde herein,</l>
    <l>You shall not onely take the Sacrament,</l>
    <l>To bury mine intents, but also to effect</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">What</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0365-0.jpg" n="41"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Life and Death of Richard the Second.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>What euer I shall happen to deuise.</l>
    <l>I see your Browes are full of Discontent,</l>
    <l>Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares.</l>
    <l>Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a Plot</l>
    <l>Shall shew vs all a merry day.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="5">
<div type="scene" n="1">
    <head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Queene, and
Ladies.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-r2-que">
        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
        <l>This way the King will come: this is the way</l>
        <l>To <hi rend="italic">Iulius C&#x00E6;sars</hi>
ill&#x2011;erected Tower:</l>
        <l>To whose flint Bosome, my condemned Lord</l>
        <l>Is doom'd a Prisoner, by prowde <hi

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Bullingbrooke.
 Here let vs rest, if this rebellious Earth
 Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene.
 Enter Richard, and
 Guard.
 But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
 My faire Rose wither: yet looke vp; behold,
 That you in pittie may dissolue to dew,
 And wash him fresh againe with true; loue
 Teares.
 Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did stand,
 Thou Mapped of Honor, thou King
Richards Tombe,
 And not King *Richard*: thou most
 beauteous Inne,
 When Triumph is become an Alehouse Guest.
 Rich.
 Ioyne not with grieffe, faire Woman, do not so,
 To make my end too sudden: learne good Soule,
 To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,
 From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
 Shewes vs but this. I am sworne Brother (Sweet)
 To grim Necessitie; and hee and I
 Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,
 And Cloyster thee in some Religious House:
 Our holy liues must winne a new Worlds Crowne,
 Which our prophane houres here haue stricken downe.
 Qu.
 What, is my *Richard* both in shape and
 minde
 Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Richard*
Bullingbrooke
 Depos'd thine Intellect? hath hee beene in thy Heart?
 The Lyon dying, thrusteth forth his Paw,
 And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage
 To be o'repowr'd: and wilt thou,
 Pupilllike,
 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:

<l>Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou tak'st,</l>
 <l>As from my Death‑bed, my last liuing leaue.</l>
 <l>In Winters tedious Nights sit by the fire</l>
 <l>With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales</l>
 <l>Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide:</l>
 <l>And ere thou bid good‑night, to quit their grieffe,</l>
 <l>Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,</l>
 <l>And send the hearers weeping to their Beds:</l>
 <l>For why? the sencelesse Brands will sympathize</l>
 <l>The heauie accent of thy mouing Tongue,</l>
 <l>And in compassion, weepe the fire out:</l>
 <l>And some will mourne in ashes, some
 coale‑black,</l>
 <l>For the deposing of a rightfull King.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Northumberland.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, the mind of <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi> is
 chang'd.</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.</l>
 <l>And Madame, there is order ta'ne for you:</l>
 <l>With all swift speed, you must away to France.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Northumberland</hi>, thou Ladder
 wherewithall</l>
 <l>The mounting <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi> ascends
 my Throne,</l>
 <l>The time shall not be many houres of age,</l>
 <l>More then it is, ere foule sinne, gathering head,</l>
 <l>Shall breake into corruption: thou shalt thinke,</l>
 <l>Though he diuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,</l>
 <l>It is too little, helping him to all:</l>
 <l>He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way</l>
 <l>To plant vnrightfully Kings, wilt know againe,</l>
 <l>Being ne're so little vrg'd another way,</l>
 <l>To pluck him headlong from the vsurped Throne.</l>
 <l>The Loue of wicked friends conuertes to Feare;</l>
 <l>That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turnes one, or both,</l>
 <l>To worthie Danger, and deserued Death.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
 <l>My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:</l>
 <l>Take leaue, and part, for you must part forthwith.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Doubly diuorc'd? (bad men) ye violate</l>
 <l>A two‑fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crowne, and me,</l>
 <l>And then betwixt me, and my married Wife.</l>
 <l>Let me vn‑kisse the Oath 'twixt thee, and me;</l>
 <l>And yet not so, for with a Kisse 'twas made.</l>
 <l>Part vs, <hi rend="italic">Northumerland:</hi> I, towards the
 North,</l>
 <l>Where shiuering Cold and Sicknesse pines the Clyme:</l>
 <l>My Queene to France: from whence, set forth in pompe,</l>
 <l>She came adorned hither like sweet May;</l>
 <l>Sent back like Hollowmas, or short'st of day.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-que">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>And must we be diuided? must we part?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>I, hand from hand (my Loue) and heart
 <choice><abbr>frō</abbr><expn>from</expn></choice> heart.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-que">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Banish vs both, and send the King with me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
 <l>That were some Loue, but little Pollicy.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-que">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>So two together weeping, make one Woe.</l>
 <l>Weepe thou for me in France; I, for thee heere:</l>
 <l>Better farre off, then neere, be ne're the neere.</l>
 <l>Goe, count thy Way with Sighes; I, mine with Groanes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-que">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>So longest Way shall haue the longest Moanes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Twice for one step Ile groane, yͤ Way being
 short,</l>

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        <l>And peece the Way out with a heauie heart.</l>
        <l>Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be briefe,</l>
        <l>Since wedding it, there is such length in Griefe:</l>
        <l>One Kisse shall stop our mouthes, and dumbely part;</l>
        <l>Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r2-que">
        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
        <l>Giue me mine owne againe: 'twere no good part,</l>
        <l>To take on me to keep<gap extent="1" unit="chars"
reason="illegible" agent="inkBlot" resp="#ES"/>, and kill thy heart.</l>
        <l>So, now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,</l>
        <l>That I may striue to kill it with a groane.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
        <l>We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:</l>
        <l>Once more adieu; the rest, let Sorrow say.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2">
    <head rend="italic center">Sc&#x0153;na Secunda.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Yorke, and his
Duchesse.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Duch.</speaker>
        <l>My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,</l>
        <l>When weeping made you breake the story off,</l>
        <l>Of our two Cousins comming into London.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
        <l>Where did I leaue?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Duch.</speaker>
        <l>At that sad stoppe, my Lord,</l>
        <l>Where rude mis&#x2011;gouern'd hands, from Windowes
tops,</l>
        <l>Threw dust and rubbish on King <hi
rend="italic">Richards</hi> head.</l>
    </sp>
    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">d3</fw>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi
rend="italic">Yorke.</hi> Then</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0366-0.jpg" n="42"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Life and Death of Richard the Second.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>

```

<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>Then, as I said, the Duke, great <hi
 rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>,</l>
 <l>Mounted vpon a hot and fierie Steed,</l>
 <l>Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,</l>
 <l>With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course:</l>
 <l>While all tongues cride, God saue thee <hi
 rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>.</l>
 <l>You would haue thought the very windowes spake,</l>
 <l>So many greedy lookes of yong and old,</l>
 <l>Through Casements darted their desiring eyes</l>
 <l>Vpon his visage: and that all the walles,</l>
 <l>With painted Imagery had said at once,</l>
 <l>Iesu preserue thee, welcom <hi
 rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>.</l>
 <l>Whil'st he, from one side to the other turning,</l>
 <l>Bare‑headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,</l>
 <l>Bespake them thus: I thanke you Countrimen:</l>
 <l>And thus still doing, thus he past along.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dutch.</speaker>
 <l>Alas poore <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, where rides he the
 whilst?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>As in a Theater, the eyes of men</l>
 <l>After a well grac'd actor leaues the Stage,</l>
 <l>Are idly bent on him that enters next,</l>
 <l>Thinking his prattle to be tedious:</l>
 <l>Euen so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes</l>
 <l>Did scowle on <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>: no man cride,
 God saue him:</l>
 <l>No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,</l>
 <l>But dust was throwne vpon his Sacred head,</l>
 <l>Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,</l>
 <l>His face still combating with teares and smiles</l>
 <l>(The badges of his greefe and patience)</l>
 <l>That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd</l>
 <l>The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,</l>
 <l>And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him.</l>
 <l>But heauen hath a hand in these euent,</l>
 <l>To whose high will we bound our calme contents.</l>
 <l>To <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>, are we sworne
 Subjects now,</l>
 <l>Whose State, and Honor, I for aye allow.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter

Aumerle.</stage>

<sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
<l>Heere comes my sonne <hi rend="italic">Aumerle</hi>.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
<speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
<l><hi rend="italic">Aumerle</hi> that was,</l>
<l>But that is lost, for being <hi rend="italic">Richards</hi>

Friend.</l>

<l>And Madam, you must call him <hi rend="italic">Rutland</hi> now:</l>
<l>I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,</l>
<l>And lasting fealtie to the new‑made King.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
<l>Welcome my sonne: who are the Violets now,</l>
<l>That strew the greene lap of the new‑come

Spring?</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-aum">
<speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
<l>Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,</l>
<l>God knowes, I had as lief be none, as one.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
<l>Well, beare you well in this new‑spring of time</l>
<l>Least you be cropt before you come to prime.</l>
<l>What newes from Oxford? Hold those Iusts &

Triumphs?</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-aum">
<speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
<l>For ought I know my Lord, they do.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
<speaker rend="italic">Yorks.</speaker>
<l>You will be there I know.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-aum">
<speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
<l>If God preuent not, I purpose so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
<speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
<l>What Seale is that that hangs without thy bosom?</l>
<l>Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the Writing.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, 'tis nothing.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>No matter then who sees it,</l>
 <l>I will be satisfied, let me see the Writing.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l>I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,</l>
 <l>It is a matter of small consequence,</l>
 <l>Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>Which for some reasons sir, I meane to see:</l>
 <l>I feare, I feare.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
 <l>What should you feare?</l>
 <l>'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into</l>
 <l>For gay apparrell, against the Triumph.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>Bound to himselfe? What doth he with a Bond</l>
 <l>That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole.</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Boy, let me see the Writing.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l>I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
 <l>I will be satisfied: let me see it I say.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Snatches
 it</stage>
 <l>Treason, foule Treason, Villaine, Traitor, Slaue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
 <l>What's the matter, my Lord?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<l>Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horse.</l>
 <l>Heauen for his mercy: what treachery is heere?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
 <l>Why, what is't my Lord?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>Giue me my boots, I say: Saddle my horse:</l>
 <l>Now by my Honor, my life, my troth,</l>
 <l>I will appeach the Villaine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
 <l>What is the matter?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>Peace foolish Woman.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
 <l>I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l>Good Mother be content, it is no more</l>
 <l>Then my poore life must answer.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
 <l>Thy life answer?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Seruant with
 Boots.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
 <l>Bring me my Boots, I will vnto the King.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dutt.</speaker>
 <l>Strike him <hi rend="italic">Aumerle</hi>. Poore boy, y<c
 rend="superscript">u</c> rt aamaz'd,</l>
 <l>Hence Villaine, neuer more come in my sight.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
 <l>Giue me my Boots, I say.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
<l>Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?</l>
<l>Wilt thou not hide the Trespasse of thine owne?</l>
<l>Hauē we more Sonnes? Or are we like to hauē?</l>
<l>Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?</l>
<l>And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,</l>
<l>And rob me of a happy Mothers name?</l>
<l>Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
<speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
<l>Thou fond mad woman:</l>
<l>Wilt thou conceale this darke Conspiracy?</l>
<l>A dozen of them heere hauē tane the Sacrament,</l>
<l>And interchangeably set downe their hands</l>
<l>To kill the King at Oxford.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
<l>He shall be none:</l>
<l>Wee'l keepe him heere: then what is that to him?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
<speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
<l>Away fond woman: were hee twenty times my</l>
<l>Son, I would appeach him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
<l>Hadst thou groan'd for him as I hauē done,</l>
<l>Thou wouldest be more pittifull:</l>
<l>But now I know thy minde; thou do'st suspect</l>
<l>That I hauē bene disloyall to thy bed,</l>
<l>And that he is a Bastard, not thy Sonne:</l>
<l>Sweet Yorke, sweet husband, be not of that minde:</l>
<l>He is as like thee, as a man may bee,</l>
<l>Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,</l>
<l>And yet I loue him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
<l>Make way, vnruely Woman.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
<sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
<l>After <hi rend="italic">Aumerle</hi>. Mount thee vpon his
horse,</l>
<l>Spurre post, and get before him to the King,</l>

<l>And begge thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee,</l>
 <l>Ile not be long behind: though I be old,</l>
 <l>I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke:</l>
 <l>And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,</l>
 <l>Till <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi> haue pardon'd thee:
 Away be gone.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3">
 <head rend="italic center">Scœna Tertia.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bullingbrooke,
 Percie, and other Lords.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Can no man tell of my vnthriftie Sonne?</l>
 <l>'Tis full three monthes since I did see him last.</l>
 <l>If any plague hang ouer vs, 'tis he,</l>
 <l>I would to heauen (my Lords) he might be found:</l>
 <l>Enquire at London, 'mongst the Tauernes there:</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">For</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0367-0.jpg" n="43"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Life and Death of Richard the Second.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>For there (they say) he dayly doth frequent,</l>
 <l>With vnrestrained loose Companions,</l>
 <l>Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,</l>
 <l>And rob our Watch, and beate our passengers,</l>
 <l>Which he, yong wanton, and effeminate Boy</l>
 <l>Takes on the point of Honor, to support</l>
 <l>So dissolute a crew.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-per">
 <speaker rend="italic">Per.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the Prince,</l>
 <l>And told him of these Triumphes held at Oxford.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>And what said the Gallant?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-per">
 <speaker rend="italic">Per.</speaker>
 <l>His answer was: he would vnto the Stewes,</l>
 <l>And from the common'st creature plucke a Gloue</l>
 <l>And weare it as a fauour, and with that</l>
 <l>He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">

<speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>As dissolute as desp'rate, yet through both,</l>
 <l>I see some sparkes of better hope<hi rend="italic">:</hi>
 which elder dayes</l>
 <l>May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Aumerle.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l>Where is the King?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>What meanes our Cosin, that hee stares</l>
 <l>And lookes so wildely?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l>God saue your Grace. I do beseech your Maiesty</l>
 <l>To haue some conference with your Grace alone.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Withdraw your selues, and leaue vs here alone:</l>
 <l>What is the matter with our Cosin now?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l>For euer may my knees grow to the earth,</l>
 <l>My tongue cleaue to my roofoe within my mouth,</l>
 <l>Vnlesse a Pardon, ere I rise, or speake.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Intended, or committed was this fault?</l>
 <l>If on the first, how heynous ere it bee,</l>
 <l>To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l>Then giue me leaue, that I may turne the key,</l>
 <l>That no man enter, till my tale me done.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Haue thy desire.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Yorke
 within.</stage>

<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
 <l>My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,</l>
 <l>Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Villaine, Ile make thee safe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l>Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause
 <lb/>to feare.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>Open the doore, secure foole‑hardy King:</l>
 <l>Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?</l>
 <l>Open the doore, or I will breake it open.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Yorke.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>What is the matter (Vnkle) speak, recouer breath,</l>
 <l>Tell vs how neere is danger,</l>
 <l>That we many arme vs to encounter it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
 <l>Peruse this writing heere, and thou shalt know</l>
 <l>The reason that my haste forbids me show.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-aum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>
 <l>Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past:</l>
 <l>I do repent me, reade not my name there,</l>
 <l>My heart is not confederate with my hand.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
 <l>It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe.</l>
 <l>I tore it from the Traitors bosome, King.</l>
 <l>Feare, and not Loue, begets his penitence;</l>
 <l>Forget to pittie him, least thy pittie proue</l>
 <l>A Serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Oh heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,</l>
 <l>O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne:</l>

<l>Thou sheere, immaculate, and siluer fountaine,</l>
 <l>From whence this streame, through muddy passages</l>
 <l>Hath had his current, and defil'd himselfe.</l>
 <l>Thy ouerflow of good, conuertes to bad,</l>
 <l>And thy abundant goodnesse shall excuse</l>
 <l>This deadly blot, in thy digressing sonne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>So shall my Vertue be his Vices bawd,</l>
 <l>And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame;</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>As thriftlesse Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold.</l>
 <l>Mine honor liues, when his dishonor dies,</l>
 <l>Or my sham'd life, in his dishonor lies:</l>
 <l>Thou kill'st me in his life, giuing him breath,</l>
 <l>The Traitor liues, the true man's put to death.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Dutchesse
 within.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
 <l>What hoa (my Liege) for heauens sake let me in.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>What shrill‑voic'd Suppliant, makes this eager
 cry?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
 <l>A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.</l>
 <l>Speake with me, pittie me, open the dore,</l>
 <l>A Begger begs, that neuer begg'd before.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,</l>
 <l>And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King.</l>
 <l>My dangerous Cosin, let your Mother in,</l>
 <l>I know she's come, to pray for your foule sin.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>If thou do pardon, whosoouer pray,</l>
 <l>More sinnes for this forgiuenesse, prosper may.</l>
 <l>This fester'd ioynt cut off, the rest rests sound,</l>
 <l>This let alone, will all the rest confound.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter

Dutchesse.</stage>

<sp who="#F-r2-dyo">

<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>

<l>O King, beleue not this hard‑hearted man,</l>

<l>Loue, louing not it selfe, none other can.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-yor">

<speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>

<l>Thou franticke woman, what dost y<c

rend="superscript">u</c> make here,</l>

<l>Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-dyo">

<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>

<l>Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bol">

<speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>

<l>Rise vp good Aunt.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-dyo">

<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>

<l>Not yet, I thee beseech.</l>

<l>For euer will I kneele vpon my knees,</l>

<l>And neuer see day, that the happy sees,</l>

<l>Till thou giue ioy: vntill thou bid me ioy.</l>

<l>By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing Boy.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-aum">

<speaker rend="italic">Aum.</speaker>

<l>Vnto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-yor">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<l>Against them both, my true ioynts bended be.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-dyo">

<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>

<l>Pleades he in earnest? Looke vpon his Face,</l>

<l>His eyes do drop no teares: his prayres are in iest:</l>

<l>His words come from his mouth, ours from our brest.</l>

<l>He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,</l>

<l>We pray with heart, and soule, and all beside:</l>

<l>His weary ioynts would gladly rise, I know,</l>

<l>Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:</l>

<l>His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,</l>

<l>Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie:</l>

<l>Our prayers do out‑pray his, then let them haue</l>

<l>That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Good Aunt stand vp.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
 <l>Nay, do not say stand vp.</l>
 <l>But Pardon first, and afterwards stand vp.</l>
 <l>And if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach,</l>
 <l>Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.</l>
 <l>I neuer long'd to heare a word till now:</l>
 <l>Say Pardon (King,) let pitty teach thee how.</l>
 <l>The word is short: but not so short as sweet,</l>
 <l>No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's so meet.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-yor">
 <speaker rend="italic">York.</speaker>
 <l>Speake it in French (King) say <hi rend="italic">Pardon'ne
 moy</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
 <l>Dost thou teach pardon, Pardon to destroy?</l>
 <l>Ah my sowre husband, my hard‑hearted Lord,</l>
 <l>That set's the word it selfe, against the word.</l>
 <l>Speake Pardon, as 'tis currant in our Land,</l>
 <l>The chopping French we do not vnderstand.</l>
 <l>Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there,</l>
 <l>Or in thy pitteous heart, plant thou thine eare,</l>
 <l>That hearing how our complaints and prayres do pearce,</l>
 <l>Pitty may moue thee, Pardon to rehearse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Good Aunt, stand vp.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
 <l>I do not sue to stand,</l>
 <l>Pardon is all the suite I haue in hand.</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Bul.</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0368-0.jpg" n="44"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Life and Death of Richard the Second.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>I pardon him, as heauen shall pardon mee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-dyo">

<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
 <l>O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:</l>
 <l>Yet am I sicke for feare: Speake it againe,</l>
 <l>Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,</l>
 <l>But makes one pardon strong.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>I pardon him with all my hart.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
 <l>A God on earth thou art.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>But for our trusty brother‑in‑Law, the
 Abbot,</l>
 <l>With all the rest of that consorted crew,</l>
 <l>Destruction straight shall dogge them at the heeles:</l>
 <l>Good Vnckle helpe order seuerall powres</l>
 <l>To Oxford, or where ere these Traitors are:</l>
 <l>They shall not liue within this world I sweare,</l>
 <l>But I will haue them, if I once know where.</l>
 <l>Vnckle farewell, and Cosin adieu:</l>
 <l>Your mother well hath praid, and proue you true.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-dyo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
 <l>Come my old son, I pray heauen make thee new.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 4]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Exton and
 Seruants.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ext">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ext.</speaker>
 <l>Didst thou not marke the King what words hee
 <lb/>spake?</l>
 <l>Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare:</l>
 <l>Was it not so?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <l>Those were his very words.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ext">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ex.</speaker>

<|>Haue I no Friend? (quoth he:) he spake it twice,</|>
 <|>And vrg'd it twice together, did he not?</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <|>He did.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ext">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ex.</speaker>
 <|>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.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
 <head rend="italic center">Scæna Quarta.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 4]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Richard.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <|>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,</|>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <|>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 <hi
 rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>,</|>
 <|>And straight am nothing. But what ere I am,</|>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified"
 type="business">Musick</stage>
 <|>Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,</|>
 <|>With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd</|>
 <|>With being nothing. Musicke do I heare?</|>
 <|>Ha, ha? keepe time: How sowre sweet Musicke is,</|>
 <|>When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?</|>
 <|>So is it in the Musicke of mens liues:</|>
 <|>And heere haue I the daintinesse of eare,</|>
 <|>To heare time broke in a disorder'd string:</|>
 <|>But for the Concord of my State and Time,</|>
 <|>Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.</|>
 <|>I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me:</|>
 <|>For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;</|>
 <|>My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they iarre,</|>
 <|>Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch,</|>
 <|>Whereto my finger, like a Dialls point,</|>
 <|>Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.</|>
 <|>Now sir, the sound that tels what houre it is,</|>
 <|>Are clamorous groanes, that strike vpon my heart,</|>
 <|>Which is the bell: so Sighes, and Teares, and Grones,</|>
 <|>Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times: but my Time</|>
 <|>Runs poasting on, in <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrookes</hi>
 proud ioy,</|>
 <|>While I stand fooling heere, his iacke o'th'Clocke.</|>
 <|>This Musicke mads me, let it sound no more,</|>
 <|>For though it haue holpe madmen to their wits,</|>
 <|>In me it seemes, it will make wise‑men mad:</|>
 <|>Yet blessing on his heart that giues it me;</|>
 <|>For 'tis a signe of loue, and loue to <hi
 rend="italic">Richard</hi>,</|>
 <|>Is a strange Brooch, in this all‑hating world.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Groome.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gro">
 <speaker rend="italic">Groo.</speaker>
 <|>Haile Royall Prince.</|>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Thankes Noble Peere,</l>
<l>The cheapest of vs, is ten groates too deere.</l>
<l>What are thou? And how com'st thou hither?</l>
<l>Where no man euer comes, but that sad dogge</l>
<l>That brings me food, to make misfortune liue?</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-gro">
<speaker rend="italic">Groo.</speaker>
<l>I was poore Groome of thy Stable (King)</l>
<l>When thou wer't King: who traueiling towards Yorke,</l>
<l>With much adoo, at length haue gotten leaue</l>
<l>To looke vpon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.</l>
<l>O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld</l>
<l>In London streets, that Coronation day,</l>
<l>When <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi> rode on Roane

Barbary,</l>

<l>that horse, that thou so often hast bestrid,</l>
<l>That horse, that I so carefully haue drest.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,</l>
<l>How went he vnder him?</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-gro">
<speaker rend="italic">Groo.</speaker>
<l>So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ric">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>So proud, that <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi> was on

his backe;</l>

<l>That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.</l>
<l>This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.</l>
<l>Would he not stumble? Would he not fall downe</l>
<l>(Since Pride must haue a fall) and breake the necke</l>
<l>Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?</l>
<l>Forgiuenesse horse: Why do I raile on thee,</l>
<l>Since thou created to be aw'd by man</l>
<l>Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horse,</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0369-0.jpg" n="45"/>
<fw type="rh">The Life and Death of Richard the Second.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>

<l>And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,</l>
<l>Spur‑gall'd, and tyrd by iauncing <hi
rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>.</l>

Dish.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Keeper with a
 <sp who="#F-r2-kee">
 <speaker rend="italic">Keep.</speaker>
 <l>Fellow, giue place, heere is no longer stay.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>If thou loue me, 'tis time thou wer't away.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-gro">
 <speaker rend="italic">Groo.</speaker>
 <l>What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall
 <lb/>say.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-kee">
 <speaker rend="italic">Keep.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, wilt please you to fall too?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Taste of it first, as thou wer't wont to doo.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-kee">
 <speaker rend="italic">Keep.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord I dare not: Sir <hi rend="italic">Pierce</hi> of
 Exton,</l>
 <l>Who lately came from th'King, commands the contrary.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>The diuell take <hi rend="italic">Henrie</hi> of Lancaster,
 and thee;</l>
 <l>Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-kee">
 <speaker rend="italic">Keep.</speaker>
 <p>Helpe, helpe, helpe.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Exton and
 Seruants.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ric">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ri.</speaker>
 <l>How now? what meanes Death in this rude assalt?</l>
 <l>Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument,</l>
 <l>Go thou and fill another roome in hell.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exton strikes him
 downe.</stage>

<l>That hand shall burne in neuer‑quenching fire,</l>
 <l>That staggers thus my person. <hi rend="italic">Exton</hi>,
 thy fierce hand,</l>
 <l>Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings own land.</l>
 <l>Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on high,</l>
 <l>Whil'st my grosse flesh sinkes downward, heere to dye.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ext">
 <speaker rend="italic">Exton.</speaker>
 <l>As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,</l>
 <l>Both haue I spilt: Oh would the deed were good.</l>
 <l>For now the diuell, that told me I did well,</l>
 <l>Sayes, that this deede is chronicled in hell.</l>
 <l>This dead King to the liuing King Ile beare,</l>
 <l>Take hence the rest, and giue them buriall heere.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="6">
 <head rend="italic center">Scœna Quinta.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 6]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish. Enter
 Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with
 <lb/>other Lords & attendants.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Kinde Vnkle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,</l>
 <l>Is that the Rebels haue consum'd with fire</l>
 <l>Our Towne of Ciceter in Gloucestershire,</l>
 <l>But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not.</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Northumberland.</stage>
 <l>Welcome my Lord: What is the newes?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
 <l>First to thy Sacred State, wish I all happinesse:</l>
 <l>The next newes is, I haue to London sent</l>
 <l>The heads of <hi rend="italic">Salsbury, Spencer, Blunt</hi>,
 and <hi rend="italic">Kent</hi>:</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>The manner of their taking may appeare</l>
 <l>At large discoursed in this paper heere.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>We thank thee gentle <hi rend="italic">Percy</hi> for thy
 paines,</l>
 <l>And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.</l>
 </sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Fitzwaters.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-fit">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fitz.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,</l>
 <l>The heads of <hi rend="italic">Broccas</hi>, and Sir <hi
 rend="italic">Bennet Seely</hi>,</l>
 <l>Two of the dangerous consorted Traitors,</l>
 <l>That sought at Oxford, thy dire ouerthrow.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l>Thy paines <hi rend="italic">Fitzwaters</hi> shall not be
 forgot,</l>
 <l>Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Percy and
 Carlile.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-per">
 <speaker rend="italic">Per.</speaker>
 <l>The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,</l>
 <l>With clog of Conscience, and sowre Melancholly,</l>
 <l>Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue:</l>
 <l>But heere is <hi rend="italic">Carlile</hi>, liuing to
 abide</l>
 <l>Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Carlile</hi>, this is your doome:</l>
 <l>Choose out some secret place, some reuerend roome</l>
 <l>More then thou hast, and with it ioy thy life:</l>
 <l>So as thou liu'st in peace, dye free from strife:</l>
 <l>For though mine enemy thou hast euer beene,</l>
 <l>High sparkes of Honor in thee haue I seene.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Exton with a
 Coffin.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-r2-ext">
 <speaker rend="italic">Exton.</speaker>
 <l>Great King, within this Coffin I present</l>
 <l>Thy buried feare. Heerein all breathlesse lies</l>
 <l>The mightiest of thy greatest enemies</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> of Burdeaux, by me hither
 brought.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-r2-bol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Exton</hi>, I thanke thee not, for thou hast
 wrought</l>

<|>A deede of Slaughte, with thy fatall hand,</|>
<|>Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-ext">
<speaker rend="italic">Ex.</speaker>
<|>From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-r2-bol">
<speaker rend="italic">Bul.</speaker>
<|>They loue not poyson, that do poyson neede,</|>
<|>Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,</|>
<|>I hate the Murtherer, loue him murdered.</|>
<|>The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,</|>
<|>But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour.</|>
<|>With <hi rend="italic">Caine</hi> 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.</|>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
</div>
<trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
</div>
</body>
</text>
</TEI>