The life and death of King Richard
the Second.

Actus Primus, Scoena Prima.

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

King Richard
Old *John of Gaunt,* time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou according to thy oath and band
Brought hither *Henry* Herford thy bold son :
Heere to make good y[e] boistrous late appeale,
Which then our leysure would not let us heare,
Against the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray?*
Gaunt. I have my Liege.
King. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good subject should
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him.
Gaunt. As neere as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparant danger seene in him,
Aym'd at your Highnesse, no inveterate malice.
Kin. Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our selves will heare
Th'accuser, and the accused, freely speake;
High stomack d are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the sea; hastie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.
Bul. Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gracious Soveraigne, my most loving Liege.
Mow. Each day still better others happinesse,
Untill the heavens envying earths good hap,
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.
King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come,
Namely, to appeale each other of high treason.
Coosen of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray?*
Bul. First, heaven be the record to my speech,
In the devotion of a subjects love,
Tendering the precious safetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appealant to this Princely presence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well : for what I speake,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soule answer it in heaven.
Thou art a Traitor, and a Miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
Since the more faire and christall is the skie,

The uglier seeme the cloudes that in it flye :
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foule Traitors name stuffe I thy throte,
And wish (so please my Soveraigne) ere I move,
What my tong speaks, my right drawn sword may prove
Mow. Let not my cold words heere accuse my zeale:
'Tis not the triall of a Womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twaine:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be husht, and nought at all to say.
First the faire reverence of your Highnesse curbes mee,
From giving reines and spurres to my free speech,
Which else would post, untill 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,
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Englishman durst set his foote.
Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie.
Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming heere the kindred of a King,
And lay aside my high bloods Royalty,
Which feare, not reverence makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine Honors pawne, then stoope.
By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood else,
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.
Mow. I take it up, and by that sword I sweare,
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my shoulder,
Ile answer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chivalrous designe of knightly triall:
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or unjustly fight.
King. What doth our Cosin lay to *Mowbraies* charge?
It must be great that can inherite us,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
*Bul.*Looke what I said,my life shall prove it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thousand Nobles,

In

In name of lendings for your Highnesse Soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false Traitor, and injurious Villaine.
Besides I say, and will in battaile prove,
Or heere, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the Treasons for these eighteene yeeres
Complotted, and contrived in this Land,
Fetch'd from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring,
Further I say, and further will maintaine
Upon his bad life, to make all this good.
That he did plot the Duke of Glousters death,
Suggest his soone beleeving adversaries,
And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent soule through streames of blood :
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels* cries,
(Even from the toonglesse cavernes of the earth)
To me for justice, and rough chasticement :
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This arme shall do it or this life be spent.
King. How high a pitch his resolution soares :
Thomas of Norfolke, what sayest thou to this ?
Mow. Oh let my Soveraigne turne away his face,
And bit his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foule a lyar.
King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares,
Were he my brother, nay our kingdomes heyre,
As he is but my fathers brothers sonne ;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbor-neerenesse to our sacred blood,
Should nothing priviledge him, nor partialize
The un-stooping firmenesse of my upright soule.
He is our subject (*Mowbray)* so art thou,
Free speech, and fearelesse, I to thee allow.
Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke,* as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat; thou lyest:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his Highnesse souldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my Soveraigne Liege was in my debt,
Upon 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 own disgrace)
Neglected my sworne duty in that case :
For you my noble Lord of *Lancaster,*
The honourable Father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trespasse that doth vex my greeved soule:
But ere I last receiv'd the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault : as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant, and most degenerate Traitor,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
Upon this over-weening Traitors foote,
To prove my selfe a loyall Gentleman,
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome.
In hast whereof, most heartily I pray
Your Highnesse to assigne our Triall day.
King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me :
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no Physition,

Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.
Good Uncle, let this end where it begun,
Wee'l calme the Duke of Norfolke; you, your son.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age.
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.
King. And Norfolke, throw downe his.
Gaunt. When *Harrie* when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid agen.
King. Norfolke, throw downe, we bidde ; there is
no boote.
Mow. My selfe I throw(dread Soveraigne)at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
The one my dutie owes, but my faire name
Despight of death, that lives upon my grave
To darke dishonours use, thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd heere,
Pierc'd to the soule with slanders venom'd speare :
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyson.
King. Rage must be withstood :
Give me his gage : Lyons make Leopards tame.
Mo. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,
The purest treasure mortall times afford
Is spotlesse reputation : that away,
Men are but guilded loame, or painted clay.
A Jewell in a ten times barr'd up Chest,
Is a bold spirit, in a loyall brest.
Mine Honor is my life ; both grow in one.
Take Honor from me, and my life is done.
Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trie,
In that I live ; and for that will I die.
King. Coosin, throw downe your gage.
Do you begin.
Bul. O heaven defend my soule from such foule sin.
Shall I seeme Crest-falne in my fathers sight,
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my hight
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my toong
Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong;
Or sound so base a parle : my teeth shall teare
The slavish motive of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in *Mowbrayes* face.
Exit Gaunt.
King. We were not borne to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be readie, (as your lives shall answer it)
At Coventree, upon S. *Lamberts* day :
There shall your swords and Lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your setled hate :
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Justice designe the Victors Chivalrie.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct these home Alarmes. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutchesse of Gloucester.
Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Glousters blood,
Doth more solicite me then your exclaimes,
To stirre against the Butchers of his life.
But

But since correction lyeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heaven,
Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.
Dut. Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edwards seven sonnes (whereof thy selfe art one)
Were as seven violles of his Sacred blood,
Or seven faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of those seven are dride by natures course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut :
But *Thomas,* my deere Lord, my life, my Glouster,
One Violl full of *Edwards* Sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most Royall roote
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ;
Is hackt downe, and his summer leafes all vaded
By Envies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.
Ah *Gaunt!* His blood was thine, that bed that wombe,
That mettle, that selfe-mould that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man : and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou slaine in him : thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother dye,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.
Call it not patience (*Gaunt)* it is dispaire,
In suff ring thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teahing sterne murther how to butcher thee :
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble brests:
What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,
The best way is to venge my Glousters death.
Gaunt. Heavens is the quarrell : for heavens substitute
His Deputy annointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heaven revenge : for I may never lift
An angry arme against his Minister.
Dut. Where then (alas may I) compaint my selfe?
Gau. To heaven, the widdowes Champion to defence
Dut. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt.*
Thou go'st to Coventrie, there to behold
Our Cosine Herford, and fell Mowbray fight:
O sit my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes brest :
Or if misfortune misse the first carreere,
Be Mowbrayes sinnes so heavy in his bosome,
That they may breake his foaming Coursers backe.
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cosine Herford:
Farewell old *Gaunt,* thy sometimes brothers wife
With her companion Greefe must end her life.
Gau. Sister farewell : I must to Coventree,
As much good stay with thee, as go with mee.
Dut. Yet one word more: Greefe boundeth where it
Not with the emptie hollownes, but weight: (fals,
I take my leave, before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother *Edmund Yorke.*
Loe, this is all : nay, yet depart not so,
Though this be all , do not so quickly go,
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh what?
With all good speed at Plashie visit mee.
Alacke, and what shall good old Yorke there see
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walles,
Un-peopel'd Offices, untroden stones?

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

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marshall, and Aumerle.

Mar. My L. *Aumerle,* is *Harry Herford* arm'd.
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolke, sprightfully and bold,
Stayes but the summons of the Appealants Trumpes.
Au. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Majesties approach. *Flourish.*

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

Rich. Marshall, demand of yonder Champion
The cause of his arrivall heere in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To sweare him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. In Gods name, and the Kings say who y[u] art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in Armes?
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrell.
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour.
Mow. My name is *Tho. Mobray,* Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither comes engaged by my oath
(Which heaven defend a knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Herford, that appeales me:
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To prove him (in defending of my selfe)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.

Rich. Marshall : Aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre :
And formerly according to our Law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore comst y[u] hither
Before King *Richard* in his Royall Lifts?
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heaven.
Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derbie,
Am I : who ready heere do stand in Armes,
To prove by heavens grace, and my bodies valour,
In Lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King *Richard,* and to me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.
Mar. On paine of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardie as to touch the Listes,
Except the Marshall, and such Officers
Appointed to direct these faire designes.
Bul. Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Soveraigns hand,
And bow my knee before his Majestie:
For *Mowbray* and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,

Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farwell of our severall friends.
Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craves to kisse your hand, and take his leave.
Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our armes.
Cosin of Herford, as thy cause is just,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shead,
Lament we may, but not revenge 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 loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you (my Noble Cosin) Lord *Aumerle ;*
Not sicke, although I have to do with death,
But lustie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at English Feasts, so I regreete
The daintiest last, to meke 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 up
To reach at victory above my head,
Adde proofe unto 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 *John a Gaunt,*
Even in the lusty haviour of his sonne.
*Gaunt.*Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosp'rous
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd mernicious enemy.
Rouze up thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and live.
Bul. Mine innocence, and S.*George* to thrive.
Mow. How ever heaven or fortune cast my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to Kings *Richards* Throne,
A loyall, just, and upright Gentleman:
Never did Captive with a freer heart,
Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrac
His golden uncontroul'd enfranchisement,
More then my dancing soule doth celebrate
This Feast of Battell, with mine Adversarie.
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,
As gentle, ans as jocond, as to jest,
Go I to fight : Truth, hath a quiet brest.
Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I espy
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye :
Order the triall Marshall, and begin.
Mar. Harrie of *Herford, Lancaster,* and *Derby,*
Receive thy Launce, and heaven defind thy right.
Bul. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.
Mar. Go beare this Lance to *Thomas* D. of Norfolke.
1.Har. Harry of *Herford, Lancaster,* and *Derbie,*
Stands heere for God, his Soveraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false, and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.
2.Har. Here standeth *Tho. Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk
On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approve
Henry of *Herford, Lancaster,* and *Derby,*
To God,his Soveraigne, and to him disloyall:
Couragiously, and with a free desire

Attending but the signall to begin. *A charge sounded*
Mar. Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants[.]
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.
Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets & their Speares
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe :
Withdraw with us, and let the Trumpets sound,
Whie we returne these Dukes what we decree.
A long Flourish.
Draw neere and list
What with our Councell we have done.
For that our kingdomes earth should not be soyld
With that deere blood which it hath fostered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civill wounds plowgh'd up with neighbors swords,
Which so rouz'd up with boystrous untun'd drummes,
With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,
And make us wade even in our kindreds blood :
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You CosinHerford, upon paine of death,
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger pathes of banishment.
Bul. Your will be done: This must my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, shall shine on me:
And those his golden beames to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.
Rich. Norfolke : for thee remaines a heavier dombe,
Which I with some unwillingnesse pronounce,
The sly slow houres shall not determinate
The datelesse limit of thy deere exile :
The hopelesse word, of Never to returne,
Breath I against thee, upon paine of life.
Mow. A heavy sentence, my most Soveraigne Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth :
A deerer merit, not so deepe a maime,
As to be cast forth in the common ayre
Have I deserved at your Highnesse hands.
The Language I have learn'd these forty yeares
(My native English) now I must forgo,
And now my tongues use is to me no more,
Then an unstringed Vyall, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd up,
Or being open, put into his hands
that knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly percullist with my teeth and lippes,
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me :
I am too old to fawne upon 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 native breath?
Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate,
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.
Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light
To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.
Ric. Returne again, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall sword, your banisht hands;
Sweare by the duty that you owe to heaven
(Our part therein we banish with your selves)
To keepe the Oath that we administer:
You never shall (so helpe youTruth, and Heaven)
Embrace each others love in banishment,
Nor ever looke upon each others face,
Nor

Nor ever write, regreete, or reconcile
This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor ever by advised purpose meete,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
Gainst Us, our State, our Subjects, or our Land.
Bull. I sweare.
Mow. And I, to keepe all this.
*Bul.*Norfolke, so fare, as to mine enemie,
By this time (had the King permitted us)
One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,
Banish'd this fraile sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this Land.
Confesse thy Treasons, ere thou fly this Realme.
Since thou hast farre to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soule.
Mow. No *Bullingbroke* : If ever I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the booke of Life,
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence:
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know,
And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,
Save backe to England, all the worlds my way. *Exit.*
Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy greeved heart : thy sad aspect,
Hath from the number of his banish'd yeares
Plucked foure away : Six frozen Winters spent,
Returne with welcome home, from banishment.
Bull. How long a time lyes in one little word :
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton springs
End in a word, such is the breath of Kings.
Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me
He shortens foure yeares of my sonnes exile :
But little vantage shall I reape thereby.
For ere the sixe yeares that he hath to spend
Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age, and endlesse night:
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me see my sonne.
Rich. Why Uncle, thou hast many yeeres to live.
Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canst give;
Shorten my days thou canst with sudden sorow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow :
Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage :
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
Ric. Thy sonne is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave,
Why at our Justice seem'st thou then to lowre?
Gau. Things sweet to tast, prove in digestion sowre:
You urg'd me as a Judge, but I had rather
you would have bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine owne away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling tong,
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.
Rich. Cosine farewell: and Uncle bid him so:
Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go. *Exit.*
Flourish.
Au. Cosine farewell : what presence must not know
From where you do remaine, let paper show.
Mar. My Lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your side.
Gaunt. Oh to what pirpose dost thou hord thy words,
That thou returnst no greeting to thy friends?

Bull. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.
Gau. Thy greefe is but thy absence for a time.
Bull. Joy absent, greefe is present for that time.
Gau. What is sixe Winters, they are quickely gone?
Bul. To men in joy, but greefe makes one houre ten.
Gau. Call it a travell that thou tak'st for pleasure.
Bul. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which findes it an inforced Pilgrimage.
Gau. The sullen passage of thy weary steppes
Esteeme a soyle, wherein thou art to set
The precious Jewell of thy home returne.
Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frostie *Caucasus*?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
by bare imagination of a Feast?
Or Wallow naked in December snow
by thinking on fantasticke summers heate?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrowes tooth, doth ever ranckle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.
Gau. Come, come (my son) Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.
Bul. Then Englands ground farewell: sweet soil adieu,
My Mother, and my Nurse, which beares me yet:
Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd yet a true-borne Englishman.

Scoena Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle,Greene,and Bagot.
Rich. We did observe, Cosine *Anmerle,*
How far brought you high Herford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Herford (if you call him so)
but to the next high way, and there I left him.
Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?
Aum. Faith none for me: except the Northeast wind
Which then grew bitterly against our face,
Awak'd the sleepie rhewme, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.
Rich. What said our Cosin when you parted with him?
Au. Farewell: and for my hart disained y[t] my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft
to counterfeit oppression of such greefe,
That word seem'd buried in my sorrowes grave.
Marry, would the word Farwell, have lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of Farwels,
but since it would not he had none of me.
Rich. He is our Cosin (Cosin) but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,
Our selfe, and *Bushy* heere *Bagot* and *Greene*
Observ'd his Courtship to the common people:
How he did seeme to dive into their hearts,
With humble,and familiar courtesie,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
wooing poore Craftes-men, with the craft of soules,
And patient under-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyster-wench,

A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thankes my Countrimen, my loving friends,
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects next degree in hope.
Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts :
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made my Liege
Ere further leysure, yeeld them further meanes
For their advantage, and your Highnesse losse.
Ric We will our selfe in person to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largesse, are growne somewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farme our royall Realme,
The Revennew whereof shall furnish us
For our affayres in hand : it that come short
Our Substitutes at home shall have Blanke-charters :
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,
And send them after to supply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland presently.
Enter Busby.
Busby, what newes ?
Bu. Old *John of Gaunt* is verie sicke my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath sent post haste
To entreat your Majesty to visit him.
Ric. Where lyes he?
Bu. At Ely house.
Ric. Now put it (heaven) in his Physitians minde,
To helpe him to his grave immediately :
The lining of his coffers shall make Coates
To decke our souldiers for these Irish warres.
Come Gentlemen, lets all go visit him:
Pray heaven we may make hast, and come too late. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, sicke with Yorke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my last
In wholsome counsell to his unstaid youth?
Yor. Vex not your selfe, nor strive not with your breth,
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.
Gau. Oh but (they say) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deepe harmony ;
Where words are scarse, they are seldome spent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more must say, is listen'd more,
Then they whom youth and ease have taught to glose,
More are mens ends markt, then their lives before,
The setting Sun, and Musicke is the close
As the last taste of sweetes, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long past;
Though *Richard* my lives counsell would not heare,
My deaths sad tale may yet undeafe his eare.
Yor. No, it is stopt with other flatt'ring sounds
As praises of his state : then there are found
Lascivious Meeters, to whose venom sound
The open eare of youth doth alwayes listen.
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardie apish Nation
Limpes after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into his eares ?
That all too late comes counsell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direct not him, whose way himselfe will choose,
Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose.
Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inspir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His rash fierce blaze of Ryot cannot last,
For violent fires soone burne out themselves,
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 upon it selfe.
This royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Isle,
This earth of Majesty, this feate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradise,
This Fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,
Against infection, and the hand of warre :
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone, set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defensive to a house,
Against the envy of lesse happier Lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurse, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Christian service, and true Chivalrie,
As is the sepulcher in stubborne *Jury*
Of the worlds ransome, blessed *Maries* Sonne.
This Land of such deere soules, this deere-deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beates backe the envious siedge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.
Ah! would the scandall vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death?

Enter King, Queene, Aumerle,Bushy,Greene,
Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby.

Yor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
Qu. How fares our noble Uncle Lancaster?
Ri. What comfort man? How ist with aged *Gaunt?*
Ga. Oh how that name befits my composition :
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me greefe hath kept a tedious fast,
And who abstaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watcht,
Watching breeds leannesse, leannesse is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some Fathers feede upon,
Is my strict fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow wombe inherits naught but bones.
Ric. Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?
Gau. No, misery makes sport to mocke it selfe :
Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in mee,

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.
Ric. Should dying men flatter those that live?
Gau. No, no, men living flatter those that dye.
Rich. Thou now a dying, sayst thou flatter'st me.
Gau. Oh no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be.
Rich. I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.
Gau. Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill :
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesser then the Land,
Wherein thou lyest in reputation sicke,
And thou too care-lesse patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy'anointed body to the cure
Of those Physitians,that first wounded thee.
A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head,
And yet incaged in so small a Verge,
The waste is no whit lesser then thy Land :
O had thy Grandsire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his sonnes sonne,should destroy his sonnes,
From forth thy reach he would have 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 bondslave to the law,
And—
Rich. And thou a lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Presuming on an Agues priviledge,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chafing the Royall blood
With fury, from his native residence?
Now by my Seates right Royall Majistie,
Wer't thou not Brother to great *Edwards* sonne,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.
Gau. Oh spare me not, my brothers *Edwards* sonne,
For that I was his Father *Edwards* sonne:
That blood already (like the Pellican)
Thou hast tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother Gloucester, plaine well meaning soule
(Whom faire befall in heaven 'mongst happy soules)
May be a president, and withesse good,
That thou respect'st not spilling *Edwards* blood :
Joyne with the present sicknesse that I have,
And thy unkindnesse be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre.
Live in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee,
These words heereafter, thy tormentors bee.
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave,
Love they to live, that love and honor have. *Exit.*
Rich. And let them dye, that age and sullens have,
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.
Yor. I do beseech your Majestie impute his words
To wayward sicklinesse, and age in him:
He loves you on my life, and holds you deere
As *Harry* Duke of *Herford,* were he heere.
Rich. Right, you say true : as *Herfords* love, so his;
As theirs, so mine : and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, olde *Gaunt* commends him to your Majistie.

Rich. What sayes he?
Nor. Nay nothing, all is said:
His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,
Words, life, and all , old Lancaster hath spent.
Yor. Be Yorke the next, that must be bankrupt so,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.
Rich. The ripest fruit first fals, and so doth he,
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be :
So much for that. Now for our Irish warres,
We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kernes,
Which live like venom, where no venom else
But onely they, have priviledge to live.
And for these great affayres do aske some charge
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coine, revennewes, and moveables,
Whereof our Uncle *Gaunt* did stand possest.
Yor. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender dutie make me suffer wrong?
Not *Glousters* death, nor *Herfords* banishment,
Nor *Gauntes* rebukes, nor Englands private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poore *Bullingbrooke,*
About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace
Have ever made me sowre my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinkle on my Soveraignes face:
I am the last of noble *Edwards* sonnes,
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was first,
In warre was never Lyon rag'd more fierce:
In peace, was never gentle Lambe more milde,
Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman,
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he
Accomplish'd with the number of thy howers:
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend : and spent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,
But bloody with the enemies of this kinne:
Oh *Richard, Yorke* is too farre gone with greefe,
Or else he never would compare betweene.
Rich. Why Uncle,
What's the matter?
Yor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you please, if not
I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seeke you to seize, and gripe into your hands
the Royalties and Rights of banish'd Herford ?
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not Herford live?
Was not *Gaunt* just? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deserving 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 Patents that he hath
By his Atturneyes generall, so sue
His Liverie, and denie his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You loose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honor and allegeance cannot thinke.
Ric. Thinke what you will[ ]we seize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
Yor. Ile not be by the while: My Liege farewell,

What will ensue heereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad cou[]ses may be understood,
That their event can never fall out good. *Exit.*
Rich. Go *Bushie* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* streight,
Bid him repaire to us 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 Uncle Yorke, Lord Governor of England:
For he is just, and alwayes lov'd us well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. *Flourish.*
Manet North, Willoughby, & Ross.
Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.
Ross. And living too, for now his sonne is Duke.
Wil. Barely in title, not in revennew.
Nor. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Ross. My heart is great : but it must break with silence,
Er't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.
Nor. Nay speake thy mind : & let him ne'r speake more
That speakes thy words againe to do thee harme.
Wil. Tends that thou'dst speake to th'Du.of Hereford,
If it be so, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.
Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unlesse you call it good to pitie him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.
Nor. Now afore heaven, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himselfe, but basely led
By Flatterers, and what they will informe
Meerely in hate 'gainst any of us all,
That will the King severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heires.
Ros. The Commons hath he pil'd with greevous taxes
And quite lost their hearts : the Nobles hath he finde
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Wil. And daily new exactions are devis'd,
As blankes, benevolences, and I wot not what :
But what o'Gods name doth become of this?
Nor. Wars hath not wasted it, for war'd he hath not.
But basely yeelded upon comprimize,
That which his Ancestors atchiev'd with blowes :
More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.
Ros. The Earle of Wiltshire hath the realme in Farme.
Wil. The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.
Nor. Reproach, and dissolution hangeth over him.
Ros. He hath not monie for these Irish warres:
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.
Nor. His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to avoid the storme:
We see the winde sit fore upon our sailes,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Ros. We see the very wracke that we must suffer,
And unavoyded is the danger now
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.
Nor. Not so : even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spie life peering : but I dare not say
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours
Ros. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy selfe, and speaking so,

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
Nor. Then thus : I have from Port *Le Blan*
A Bay in *Britaine,* receiv'd intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Herford, Rainald* Lord *Cobham,*
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter,*
His brother Archbishop, late of *Canturbury,*
Sir *Thomas Erpingham,* Sir *John Rainston,*
Sir *John Norberie,* Sir *Robert Waterton, & Francis Quoint,*
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Britaine,*
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore :
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoake,
Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemish'd Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gilt,
And make high Majestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in poste to *Ravenspurgh,*
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.
Ros. To horse, to horse, urge doubts to them y[t] feare.
Wil. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queene, Bushy, and Bagot.
Bush. Madam, your Majesty is too much sad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aside selfe-harming heavinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.
Qu. To please the King, I did : to please my selfe
I cannot do it : yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as greefe,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet *Richard;* yet again me thinkes,
Some unborne sorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe
Is coming towards me, and my inward soule
With nothing trembles, at something it greeves,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.
Bush. Each substance of a greefe hath twenty shadows
Which shewes like greefe it selfe, but is not so :
For sorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,
Divides one thing intire, to many objects,
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry,
Distinguish forme : so your sweet Majistie
Looking awry upon your Lords departure,
Finde shapes of greefe, more then himselfe to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not : then thrice-gracious Queene,
More then your Lords departure wep not, more's not
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrowes eie, (seene;
Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.
Qu. It may be so : but yet my inward soule
Perswades me it is otherwise : how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad : so heavy sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.
Bush. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)
Queene.

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

Enter Greene.

Gree. Heaven save your Majesty, and wel met Gentle-
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland. (men:

Qu. Why hop’st thou so? ‘Tis better hope he is :
For his designes crave hast, his hast good hope,
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Gre. That he is our hope, might have retyr’d his power,
and driven into dispaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this Land.
The banish’d *Bullingbrooke* repeales himselfe,
And with up-lifted Armes is safe arriv’d
At *Ravenspurg.*

Qu. Now God in heaven forbid.

Gr. O Madam, ‘tis too true : and that is worse,
The L.Northumberland,his yong sonne *Henry Percie,*
The Lords of *Rosse, Beaumond,* and *Willoughby,*
With all their powrefull friends are fled to him.

Bush. Why have you not proclaim;d Northumberland
And the rest of the revolted faction, Traitors?

Gre. We have : whereupon the Earle of Worcester
Hath broke his staffe, resign’d his Stewardship,
And al the houshold servants fled with him to *Bullinbrook*

Qu. So *Greene,* thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bullinbrooke* my sorrowes dismall heyre :
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodegie,
And I a gasping new delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow joyn’d.

Bush. Dispaire not Madam.

Qu. Who shall hinder me?
I will dispaire, and be at enmitie
With couzening hope ; he is a Flatterer,
A Parasite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger in extremity.

Enter Yorke

Gre. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

Qu. With signes of warre about his aged necke,
Of full of carefull businesse are his lookes :
Uncle, for heavens sake speake comfortable words :

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

Enter a servant.

Ser. My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.

Yor. He was : why so : go all which way it will :
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I feare revolt on Herfords side.
Sirra,get thee to Pashie to my sister Gloster,
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,
Hold, take my Ring.

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordship, to day I came by, and call’d there,
But I shall greeve you to report the rest.

Yor. What is’t knave?

Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutchesse di'de.
Yor. Heav'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come rushing on this wofull Land at once?
I know not what to do : I would to heaven
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What, are there postes dispatcht for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these warres ?
Come sister (Cozen I would say) pray pardon me.
Go fellow, get thee home, [poovide] some Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you muster men?
If I know how, or which way to order these affaires
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never beleeve me. Both are my kinsmen,
Th'one is my Soveraigne, whom both my oath
And dutie bids defend : th'other againe
Is my kinsman,whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience, and my kindred bids to right:
Well, somewhat we must do : Come Cozen,
Ile dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Barkley Castle:
I should to Plashy too : but time will not permit,
All is uneven, and every thing is left at six and seven. *Exit*
Bush. The winde sits faire for newes to go to Ireland,
But none returnes : For us to levy power
Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impossible.
Gr. Besides our neerenesse to the King in love,
Is neere the hate of those love not the King.
Ba. And that's the wavering Commons, for their love
Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,
By so much fils their hearts with deadly hate.
Bush. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd
Bag. If judgement lye in them, then so do we,
Because we have beene ever neere the King.
Gr. Well: I will for refuge straight to Brist*[oll]* Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is alreadie there.
Bush. Thither will I with you, for little o*[ffi]*ce
Will the hatefull Commons performe for us,
Except like Curres, to teare us all in peeces :
Will you go along with us?
Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Majestie:
Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three here part, that ne'r shall meete againe.
Bu. That's as Yorke thrives to beate back *Bullinbroke*
Gr. Alas poore Duke, the taske he undertakes
Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans drie,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flye.
Bush. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.
Well, we may meete againe.
Bag. I feare me never. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.

Bul. How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now?
Nor. Beleeve me noble Lord,
I am a stranger heere in Gloustershire,
These high wilde hilles and rough uneeven waies,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome:
And yet our faire discourse hath beene as sugar,
Mak in

Making the hard way sweet and delectable :
But I bethinke me, what a wearie way
From Ravenspurgh to Cottshold will be found,
In *Rosse* and *Willoughby*, wanting your companie,
Which I protest hath very much beguild
The tediousnesse, and processe of my travell:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have
The present benefit that I possesse;
And hope to joy, is little lesse in joy,
Then hope enjoy'd : By this, the wearie Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I have, your Noble Companie.
Bull. Of much lesse value is my Companie,
Then your good words : but who comes here?
Enter H. Percie.
North. It is my Sonne, young *Harry Percie,*
Sent from my Brother *Worcester :* Whence soever.
Harry, how fares your Unckle?
Percie. I had thought my Lord, to have learn'd his
health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the Queene?
Percie. No, my good Lord,he hath fosook the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and disperst
The Household of the King.
North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when we last spake together.
Percie. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Trator.
But hee, my Lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Barkely, to discover
What power the Duke of Yorke had levied there,
Then with direction to repaire to Ravenspurgh.
North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)
Percie. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember : to my knowledge,
I never in my life did looke on him.
North. Then learne to know him now : this is the
Duke.
Percie. My gracious Lord,I tender you my service,
Such as it is,being tender,raw,and young,
Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme
To more approved service, and desert.
Bull. I thanke thee gentle *Percie,* and be sure
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a Soule remembring my good Friends :
And as my Fortune ripens with thy Love,
It shall be still thy true Loves recompence.
My Heart this Covenant makes, my Hand thus seales it.
North. How farre is it to Barkely? and what stirre
Keepes good old *Yorke* there, with his Men of Warre?
Percie. There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,
And in it are the Lords of *Yorke, Barkely,* and *Seymor,*
None else of Name, and noble estimate.
Enter Rosse and Willoughby.
North. Here comes the Lords of *Rosse* and *Willoughby,*
Bloody with spurring, fierie red with haste.
Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your love pursues
A banisht Traytor ; all my Treasurie
Is yet but unfelt thankes, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your love, and labours recompence.
Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most Noble Lord.
Willo. And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.
Bull. Evermore thankes, th'Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres,
Stands for my Bountie : but who comes here?

Enter Barkely.

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

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

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

Bark. Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one Title of your Honor out.
To you,my Lord,I come (what Lord you will)
From the most glorious of this Land,
The Duke of Yorke,to know ehat pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our Native Peace with selfe-borne Armes.

Enter Yorke.

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

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

Bull. My gracious Unckle.

York. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Unckle me,
I am no Traytors Unckle ; and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have these banish'd, and forbidden Legges,
Dar'd once to touch a Dust of Englands Ground?
But more then why, why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peacefull Bosome,
Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,
And ostentation of despised Armes?
Com'st thou because th'anoynted King is hence?
Why foolish Boy,the King is left behind,
And in my loyall Bosome lyes his power.
Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,
As when brave *Gaunt,* thy father, and my selfe
Rescued the *Black Prince,*that yong *Mars* of men,
From forth the Rankes of many thousand French :
Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,
Now Prisoner to the Palsie, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy Fault.

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

York. Even in Condition of the worst degree,
In grosse Rebellion,and detested Treason :
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before th'expiration of thy time,
In braving A[t]mes against thy Soveraigne.

Bull. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford,*
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster.*
And Noble Unckle, I beseech your Grace
Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinks in you
I see old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit,that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and given away
To upstart Unthrifts? Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cousin King, be King of England,
It must be graunted, I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a Sonne,*Aumerle*, my Noble Kinsman.
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should have found his Unckle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rowze his Wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denyde to sue my Liverie here,
And yet my Letters Patents give me leave:
My Fathers goods are all distraynd,and sold,
And these, and all, are all amisse imployd.

What

What would you have me doe? I am a Subject,
And challenge Law : Attorneyes are deny'd me ;
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my Inheritance of free Discent.
North. The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.
Ross. It stands your Grace upon, to doe him right,
Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.
York. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my Cosens Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to doe him right :
But in this kind, to come in braving Armes,
Be his owne Carver ,and cut out his way,
To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be ;
And you that doe abett him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion,and are Rebels all.
North. The Noble Duke hath sworne his coming is
But for his owne ; and for the right of that,
Wee all have strongly sworne to give him ayd,
And let him nev'r see Joy,that breakes that Oath.
York. Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes,
I cannot mend it,I must needes confesse,
Because my power is weake, and all ill left :
But if I could,by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all,and make you stoope
Unto the Soveraigne Mercy of the King.
But since I cannot,be it knowne to you,
I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,
Unlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this Night.
Bull. An offer Unckle, that wee will accept :
But wee must winne your Grace to goe with us
To Bristow Castle, which they say is held
By *Bushie, Bagot* ,and their Complices,
The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,
Which I have sworne to weed, and plucke away.
York. It may be I will go with you: but yet Ile pawse,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes :
Nor Friends, ot Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse,are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury,we have stayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countreymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King ;
Therefore we will disperse our selves : farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trustie Welchman,
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.
Capt. 'Tis thought the Kig is dead,we will not stay;
The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are wither'd,
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heaven ;
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And leane-look'd Prophets whisper fearefull change;
Rich men looke sad,and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare,to loose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by Rage, and Warre:
These signes fore- run the death of Kings.
Farewell,our Countreymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*

Sal. Ah *Richard,* with eyes of heavie mind,
I see thy Glory,like a shooting Starre,
Fall to the base Earth,from the Firmament :
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly West,
Withessing Stormes to come,Woe,and Unrest:
Thy Friends are fled,to wait upon thy Foes,
And crossely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

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

Bull. Bring forth these men:
Bushie and *Greene,* I will not vex your soules,
(Since presently your soules must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernitious lives,
For 'twere no Charitie : yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have mis-led a Prince,a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in Blood,and Lineaments,
By you unhappied,and disfigur'd cleane:
You have in manner with your sinfull houres
Made a Divorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a Royall Bed,
And stayn'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
With teares drawn frõ her eyes, with your foule wrongs.
My selfe a Prince,by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood,and neere in love,
Till you did make him mis-interprete me,
Have stoopt my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in forraine Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment ;
While you have fed upon my Seignories,
Dis-park'd my Parkes,and fell'd mu Forrest Woods ;
From mine owne Windowes torne my Household Coat,
Raz'd out my Impresse,leaving me no signe,
Save mens opinions,and my living blood,
To shew the World I am a Gentleman.
This,and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemnes you to the death : see them delivered over
To execution, and the hand of death.
Bushie. More welcome is the stroake of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.
Greene. My comfort is, that Heaven will take our soules,
And plague Injustice with the paines of Hell.
Bull. My Lord *Northumberland,*see them dispatch'd:
Unckle,you say the Queene is at your House,
For Heavens sake fairely let her be entreated,
Tell her I send to her my kind commends ;
Take speciall care my Greetings be deliver'd.
York. A Gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With Letters of your love,to her at large.
Bull. Thankes gentle Unckle : com Lords away,
To fight with *Glendoure*, and his Complices;
A while to worke,and after holliday.
Exeunt.

Scoena

Scena Secunda.

Drums : Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle,Carlisle,and Souldiers

Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?
Au. Yes, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?
Rich. Needs must I like it well : I weepe for joy
To stand upon my Kingdome once againe.
Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hoofes :
As a long parted Mother with her Chld,
Playes fondly with her teares,and smiles in meeting ;
So weeping,smiling,greet I thee my Earth,
And doe thee favor with my Royall hands.
Feed not thy Soveraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his ravenous sence:
But let thy Spiders, that suck up thy Venome,
And heavie-gated Toades lye in their way,
Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with usurping steps doe trample thee.
Yeeld stinging Nettles to mine Enemies ;
And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower,
Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch
Throw death upon thy Soveraignes Enemies.
Mock not my sencelesse Conjuration, Lords;
This Earth shall have a feeling, and these Stones
Prove armed Souldiers, ere her Native King
Shall falter under foule Rebellious Armes.
Car. Feare not my Lord,that Power that made you King
Hath power to keepe you King,in spight of all.
Aum. He meanes,my Lord, that we are too remisse,
Whilest *Bullingbrooke* through our securitie,
Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends,
Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not,
That when the searching Eye of Heaven is hid
Behind the Globe,that lights the lower World,
Then Theeves and Robbers raunge abroad unseene,
In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here :
But when from under this Terrestriall Ball
He fires the prowd tops of the Easterne Pines,
And darts his Lightning through ev'ry guiltie hole,
Then Murthers, Treasons, and detested sinnes
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)
Stand bare and naked,trembling at themselves.
So when this Theefe,this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the Night,
Shall see us rising in our Throne,the East,
Hos Treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of Day ;
But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his sinne.
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea
Can wash the Balme from an anoynted King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The Deputie elected by the Lord:
For every man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest,
To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,
Heaven for his *Richard* hat in heavenly pay

A glorious Angell : then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fall,for Heaven still guards the right.
Enter Salisbury.
Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power?
Salisb. Nor neere,nor father 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 Loble Lord)
Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth :
Oh call backe Yesterday,bid Time returne,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:
To day,to day,unhappie day too late
Orethrowes thy Joyes,Friends,Fortune,and thy State;
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*,disperst,and fled.
Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so pale?
Rich. But now the blood of twentie thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till so much blood thither come againe,
Have I not reason to looke pale,and dead?
All Soules that will be safe,flye from my side,
For Time hath set a blot upon my pride.
Aum. Comfort my Liege,remember who you are.
Rich. I had forgot myselfe. Am I not King?
Awake thou sluggard Majestie,thou sleepest :
Is not the Kings Name fortie thousand Names?
Arme,arme my Name : a punie subject strikes
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,
Ye Favorites of a King: are wee not high?
High be our thoughts : I know my Unckle *Yorke*
Hath Power enough to serve our turne.
But who comes here? *Enter Scroope.*
Scroope. More health and happinesse betide my Liege,
Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.
Rich. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd :
The worst is worldly losse,thou canst unfold:
Say,Is my Kingdome lost? why 'twas my Care:
And what losse is it to be rid of Care?
Strives *Bullingbrooke* to be as Great as wee ?
Greater he shall not be : If hee serve God,
Wee'l serve him too, and be his Fellow so.
Revolt our Subjects? That we cannot mend,
They breake their Faith to God, as well as us:
Cry Woe,Destruction,Ruine,Losse,Decay,
The wort is Death, and Death will have his day.
Scroope. Glad am I ,that your Highnesse is so arm'd
To beare the tidings of Calamitie.
Like an unseasonable stormie day,
Which make the Silver Rivers deowne their Shores,
As if the World were all dissolv'd to teares :
So high, above his Limits,swells the Rage
Of *Bullingbrooke*, covering your fearefull Land
With hard bright Steele,and hearts harder then Steele:
White Beares have arm'd their thin and hairelesse Scalps
Against thy Majestie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,
Strive to speake bigge, and clap their female joints
In stiffe unwieldie Armes : against thy Crowne
Thy very Beads-men learne to bend their Bowes
Of double fatall Eugh : against thy State
Yea Distaffe-Women manage rustie Bills:
Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,
And all goes worse then I have power to tell.
Rich. Too well,too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill.
Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is *Bagot*?
What is become of *Bushie?*where is *Greene?*
That

That they have let the dangerous Enemie
Measure our Confines with such peacefull steps?
If we prevaile,their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with *Bullingbrooke.*
Scroope. Peace have they made with him indeed (my Lord.)
Rich. Oh Villains,Vipers,damn'd without redemption,
Dogges, easily woon to fawne on any man,
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart,
Three Judasses,each one thrice worse then *Judas,*
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre
Upon their spotted Soules for this Offence.
Scroope. Sweet Love(I see) changing his propertie,
Turnes to the sowrest,and most deadly hate:
Again uncurse their Soules ; their peace is made
With Heads,and not with Hands: those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of Deaths destroying hand,
And lye full low,grav'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is *Bushie, Greene,* and the Earle of Wiltshire dead?
Scroope. Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?
Rich. No matter where ; of comfort no man speake :
Lets talke of Graves, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make Dust our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth.
Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills :
And yet not so ; for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our Lands, our Lives, and all are *Bullingbrookes,*
And nothing can we call our owne,but Death,
And that small Modell of the barren Earth,
Which serves as Paste, and Cover to our Bones :
For Heavens sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings :
How some have been depos'd, some slaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poyson'd by their Wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,
Allowing him a breath,a little Scene,
To Monarchize,be fear'd,and kill with lookes,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,
As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,
Were Brasse impregnable : and humor'd thus,
Comes at the last,and with a little Pinne
Bores through his Castle Walls,and farwell King.
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemne Reverence : throw away Respect,
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,
For you have but mistooke me all this while:
I live with Bread like you, feele Want,
Taste Griefe,need Friends : subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King?
*Carl.*My Lord, wise men ne're waile their present woes,
But presently prevent the wayes to waile :
To feare the Foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakenesse, strength unto your Foe ;
Feare,and be slaine,no worse can come to fight,
And fight and die,is death destroying death,
Where fearing,dying,payes death servile breath.
Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.
Rich. Thou chid'st me well:proud *Bullingbrooke* I come

To change Blowes with thee,for our day of Doome:
This ague fit of feare is over-blowne,
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say *Scroope,* where lyes our Unckle with his Power?
Speake sweetly man,although thy lookes be sowre.
Scroope. Men judge by the complexion of the Skie
The state and inclination of the day ;
So may you by my dull and heavie Eye:
My Tongue hath but a heavier Tale to say :
I play the Torturer ,by small and small
To lengthen out the worst,that must be spoken.
Your Unckle *Yorke* is joyn'd with *Bullingbrooke,*
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes
Upon his Faction.
Rich. Thou hast said enough.
Beshrew thee Cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in,to despaire :
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By Heaven Ile hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Goe to Flint Castle,there Ile pine away,
A King, [Woes] slave, shall Kingly Woe obey :
That Power I have, discharge, and let 'em goe
To eare the Land, that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none. Let no man speake againe
To alter this,for couunsaile is but vaine.
Aum. My Liege, one word.
Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers : let them hence away,
From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire Day.
Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

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

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends, upon this Coast.
North. The newes is very faire and good,my Lord,
*Richard,*not farre from hence,hath hid his head.
York. It would beseeme the Lord Northumberland,
To say King *Richard*: alack the heavie day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head.
North. Your Grace mistakes : onely to be briefe,
Left I his Title out.
York. The time hath beene,
Would you have beene so briefe with him,he would
Have beene so briefe with you,to shorten you,
For taking so the Head,your whole heads length.
Bull. Mistake not (Unckle) farther then you should.
York. Take not (good Cousin) farther then you should.
Least you mistake the Heavens are ore your head.
Bull. I know it(Unckle)and oppose not my selfe
Against their will. But who comes here?
Enter Percie.
Welcome *Harry*: what,will not this Castle yeeld?
Per. The Castle royally is mann'd,my Lord,
Against thy entrance.
Bull. Roy-

Bull. Royally? Why,it containes no King?
Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King : King *Richard* lyes
Within the limit of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord *Aumerle,* Lord *Salisbury,*
Sir *Stephen Scroope,* besides a Clergie man
Of holy reverence ; who, I cannot learne.
North. Oh,belike it is the Bishop of Carlile.
Bull. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,
Through Brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliver :
Henry Bullingbrooke upon his knees doth kisse
King *Richards* hand, and sends allegeance
And true faith of heart to his Royall Person : hither come
Even at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,
Provided, that my Banishment repeal'd,
And Lands restor'd againe,be freely graunted:
If not,Ile use th'advantage of my Power,
And lay the Summer dust with showers of blood,
Rayn'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen ;
The which,how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, such Crimson Tempest should bedrench
The fresh greene Lap of faire King *Richards* Land,
My stooping dutie tenderly shall shew.
Goe signifie as much, while here we march
Upon the Grassie Carpet of this Plaine:
Let's march without the noyse of threatning Drum,
That from this Castles tatter'd Battlements
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.
Me thinkes King *Richard* and my selfe should meet
With no less terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water,when their thundring smoake
At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heaven:
Be he the fire,Ile be the yeelding Water;
The Rage be his,while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on,and marke King *Richard* how he lookes.

Parle without, and answere within : then a Flourish.
Enter on the Walls, Richard,Carlile,Aumerle,Scroop, Salisbury.

See, see, King *Richard* doth himselfe appeare
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the fierie Portall of the East,
When he perceives the envious Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory,and to staine the tract
Of his bright passage to the Occident.
York. Yet lookes he like a King : behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Majestie : alack, alack, for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.
Rich. Wee are amaz'd,and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King :
And if we be, how dare thy joynts forget
To pay their awfull dutie to our presence?
If we be not,shew us the Hand of God,
That hath dismis'd us from our Stewardship,
For well wee know,no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the sacred Handle of our Scepter,
Unlesse he doe prophane, steale, or usurpe.
And though you thinke,that all,as you have done,
Have torne their Soules,by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends :
Yet know,my Master,God Omnipotent,
Is mustring in his Clouds, on our behalfe,

Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
Your Children yet unborne, and unbegot,
That lift your Vassall Hands against my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell *Bullingbrooke,* for yond me thinkes he is,
That every stride he makes upon my Land,
Is dangerous Treason : He is come to ope
The purple Testament of bleeding Warre ;
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, live in peace,
Then thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew
Her Pastors Grasse with faithfull English Blood.
North. The King of Heaven forbid our Lord the King
Should so with civill and uncivill Armes
Be rush'd upon : Thy thrice-noble Cousin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kisse thy hand,
And by the Honorable Tombe he sweares,
That stands upon your Royall Grandsires Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
(Currents that spring from one most gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the Worth and Honor of himselfe,
Comprising all that may be sworne, or said,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchisement immediate on his knees :
Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to 'Rust,
His barbed Steedes to Stables,and his heart
To faithfull service of your Majestie :
This sweares he,as he is a Prince, is just,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.
Rich.Northumberland, say thus : The King returnes,
His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends,
We doe debase our selfe(Cousin)do we not,
To looke so poorely,and to speake so faire ?
Shall we call back *Northumberland,* and send
Defiance to the Traytor, and so die?
Aum. No,good my Lord,let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpeful Swords.
Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the Sentence of dread Banishment
On yond prowd man, should take it off againe.
With words of sooth : Oh that I were as great
As is my Griefe,or Lesser then my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have beene,
Or not remember what I must be now :
Swell'st thou prowd heart? Ile give thee scope to bear.
Since Foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes backe from *Bulling-brooke.*
Rich. What must the King doe now: 'must he submit?
The King shall doe it : Must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented : Must he loose
The Name of King ? o'Gods Name let it goe.
Ile give my Jewels for a sett of Beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
My figur'd Goblets,for a Dish of Wood,
My Scepter,for a Palmers walking Staffe,

My

My Subjects,for a payre of carved Saints,
And my large Kingdome, for a little Grave,
A little little Grave,an obscure Grave.
Or Ile be buryed in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subjects feet
May howrely trample on their Soveraignes Head:
For on my heart they tread now, whilest I live;
And buryed once, why not upon my Head?
*Aumerle,*thou weep'st (my tender-hearted Cousin)
Wee'le make foule Weather with despised Teares :
Our sighes,and they, shall lodge the Summer Corne,
And make a Dearth in this revolting Land.
Or shall we play the Wontons with our Woes,
And make some prettie Match, with shedding Teares?
As thus: to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a payre of Graves,
Within the Earth, : and therein lay'd there lyes
Two Kinsmen,digg'd their Graves with weeping Eyes?
Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I see
I talke but idly, and you mock at mee.
Most mightie Prince, my Lord *Northumberland,*
What sayes King *Bullingbrooke?* Will his Majestie
Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die ?
You make a Legge, and *Bullingbrooke* sayes I.
North. My Lord, in the base Court he doth attend
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.
Rich. Downe, downe I come, like glist'ring *Phaeton,*
Wanting the manage of unruly Jades.
In the base Court? base Court, where Kings grow base,
To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.
In the base Court come down: down Court, down King,
For night-Owls shrike, where moũting Larks should sing.
Bul. What sayes his Majestie?
North. Sorrow, and griefe of heart
Makes him speake fondly,like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.
Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire dutie to his Majestie.
My gracious Lord.
Rich. Faire Cousin,
You debase your Princely Knee,
To make the base Earth prowd with kissing it.
Me rather had,my Heart might feele your Love,
Then my unpleas'd Eye see your Courtesie.
Up Cousin, up, your Heart is up I know,
Thus high at least,although your Knee below.
Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine
owne.
Rich. Your owne is yours , and I am yours, and
all.
Bull. So farre be mine,my most redoubted Lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.
Rich. Well you deserv'd :
They well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st, and surest way to get.
Unckle give me your Hand : nay,drie your Eyes,
Teares shew their Love,but want their Remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will have, Ile give, and willing to,
For doe we must,what force will have us doe.
Set on towards London :
Cousin, is it so?
Bull. Yea,my good Lord.
Rich. Then I must not say , no.
Flourish. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shall we devise here in thie Garden,
To drive away the heavie thought of Care?
La. Madame, wee'le play at Bowles.
Qu. 'Twill make me thinke the World is full of Rubs.
And that my fortune runnes against the Byas.
La. Madame, wee'le Dance.
Qu. My Legges can keepe no measure in Delight,
When my poore Heart no measure keepes in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) some other sport.
La. Madame, wee'le tell Tales.
Qu. Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?
La. Of eyther, Madame.
Qu. Of neyther, Girle.
For if of Joy,being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow :
Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more Sorrow to my want of Joy :
For what I have,I need not to repeat ;
And what I want,it bootes not to complaine.
La. Madame, Ile sing.
Qu. 'Tis well that thou hast cause:
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weepe.
La. I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good.
Qu. And I could sing,would weeping doe me good,
And never borrow any Teare of thee.
Enter a Gardiner ,and two Servants.
But stay, here comes the Gardiners,
Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.
My wretchednesse, unto a Rowe of Pinnes,
They'le talke of State: for every one doth so,
Against a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.
Gard. Goe binde thou up yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like unruly Children,make their Syre
Stoupe with oppression of their prodigall weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigges.
Goe thou,and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprayes,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:
All must be even,in our Government.
You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away
The noysome Weedes,that without profit sucke
The Soyles fertilitie from wholesome flowers.
Ser. Why should we, in the compasse of a Pale,
Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our firme Estate?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weedes,her fairest Flowers choakt up,
Her Fruit-trees all unpruin'd,her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots disorder'd,and her wholesome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.
Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the Fall of Leafe.
The Weeds that his broad-spreading Leaves did shelter,
That seem'd, in eating him,to hold him up,
Are pull'd up,Root and all,by *Bullingbrooke:*
I meane,the Earle of Wiltshire, *Bushie,Greene.*

Ser. What are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* hath seiz'd the wastefull King.
Oh, what pitty is it, that he had not so trim'd
And drest his Land,as we this Garden,at time of yeare,
And wound the Barke,the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Least being over-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe?
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to beare, and he to taste
Their fruites of dutie. Superfulous branches
We lop away ,that bearing boughes may live:
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste and idle houres,hath quite thrown downe.
Ser. What thinke you the King shall be depos'd?
Gar. Deprest he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,
That tell blacke tydings.
Qu. Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking:
Thou old *Adams* likenesse, set to dresse this Garden :
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing
What Eve? what Serpent hath suggested thee, (newes
To make a second Fall of cursed man?
Why do'st thou say, King *Richard* is depos'd,
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing then earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when and how
Cam'st thou by this ill-tydings? Speake thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little joy have I
To breath these newes; yet what I say, is true ;
King *Richard,* he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke,* their Fortunes both are weigh'd :
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himselfe,
And some few Vanities, that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke,*
Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,
And with that oddes he weighes King *Richard* downe.
Poste you to London, and you'l finde it so,
I speake no more, then every one doth know.
Qu. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy Embassage belong to me?
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come Ladies goe,
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.
What was I borne to this : that my sad looke,
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke.*
Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe,
I would the Plants thou graft'st may never grow. *Exit.*
G Poore Queen, so that thy State might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse:
Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place
Ile set a Banke of Rew, sowre Herbe of Grace:
Rue, ev'n for ruth,heere shortly shall be seene,
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

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

Bullingbrooke. Call forth *Bagot.*

Now *Bagot,* freely speake thy minde,
What thou do'st know of Noble Glousters death :
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his Timelesse end.
Bag. Then set before my face, the Lord *Aumerle.*
Bul. Cosin,stand forth,and looke upon that man.
Bag. My Lord *Aumerle,* I know your daring tongue
Scornes to unsay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time, when Glousters death was plotted,
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English Court
As farre as Callis, to my Unkles head.
Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,
How blest this Land would be,in this your Cosins death.
Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords :
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonor my faire Starres,
On equall termes to give him chasticement?
Either I must,or have mine honor soyl'd
With th'Attaindor of his sland'rous Lippes.
There is my Gage, the manuall Seale of death
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyest,
And will maintaine what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart blood, though being all too base
To staine the temper of my Knightly sword.
Bul. Bagot forbeare, thou shalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.
Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathize :
There is my Gage, *Aumerle,* in Gage to thine :
By that faire Sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say (and vauntingly thou spak'st it)
That thou wer't cause of Noble Glousters death.
If thou deniest it, twenty times thou lyest.
And I will turne thy falshood to thy hart,
Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.
Aum. Thou dar'st not (Coward) live to see the day.
Fitz. Now by y Soule, I would it were this houre.
Aum. Fitzwater thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Per. Aumerle, thou lye'st :his Honor is as true
In this Appeale, as thou art all unjust :
And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th'extreamest point
Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengefull Steele,
Over the glittering Helmet of my Foe.
Surrey. My Lord *Fitz-water:*
I do remember well, the very time
Aumerle, and you did talke.
Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true : You were in presence then,
And you can witnesse with me, this is true.
Surrey. As false, by heaven,
As Heaven it selfe is true.
Fitz. Surrey, thou Lyest.
Surrey. Dishonourable Boy ;
That Lye, shall lie so heavy on my Sword,
That it shall render Vengeance, and Revenge,
Till thou the Lye-giver, and that Lye, doe lye
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.
In proofe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st.

Fitz.

Fitzw. How fondly do'st thou spurre a forward Horse?
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or live,
I dare meete *Surrey* in a Wildernesse,
And spit upon him whilest I say he Lyes,
And Lyes, and Lyes : there is my Bond of Faith,
To tye thee to my strong Correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new World,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true Appeale.
Besides, I heard the banish'd *Norfolke* say,
That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a Gage,
That *Norfolke* lyes : here doe I throw downe this,
If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor.
Bull. These differences shall all rest under Gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be ;
And (though mine Enemie)restor'd againe
To all his Lands and Seignories : when hee's return'd,
Against *Aumerle* we will enforce his Tryall
Carl. That honorable day shall ne're be seene.
Many a time hath banish'd *Norfolke* fought
For Jesu Christ, in glorious Christian field
Streaming the Ensigne of the Christian Crosse,
Against black Pagans,Turkes, and Saracens :
And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retyr'd himselfe
To Italy,and there at Venice gave
His Body to that pleasant Countries Earth,
And his pure Soule unto his Captaine Christ,
Under whos Colours he had fought so long.
Bull. Why Bishop, is *Norfolke* dead?
Carl. As sure as I live,my Lord.
Bull. Sweet peace conduct his sweet Soule
To the Bosom of good old *Abraham.*
Lords Appealants,your differẽces shall all rest under gage,
Till we assigne you to your dayes of Tryall.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard,* who with willing Soule
Adopts thee Heire,and his high Scepter yeelds
To the possession of thy Royall Hand.
Ascend his Throne,descending now from him,
And long live *Henry,* of that Name the Fourth.
Bull. In Gods Name, Ile ascend the Regall Throne.
Carl. Mary,Heaven forbid.
Worst in this Royall Presence may I speake,
Yet best beseeming me to speake the truth.
Would God,that any in this Noble Presence
Were enought Noble, to be upright Judge
Of Noble *Richard :* then true Noblenesse would
Learne him forbearance from so foule a Wrong.
What Subject can give Sentence on his King?
And who sits here,that is not *Richards* Subject?
Theeves are not judg'd,but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be seene in them:
And shall the figure of Gods Majistie,
His Captaine,Steward,Deputie elect,
Anoynted,Crown'd,planted many yeeres,
Be judg'd by subject,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 Subjects,and a Subject speakes,
Stirr'd up by Heaven,thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
Is a foule Traytor to prowd *Herefords* King.
And if you Crowne him, let me prophecie,

The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future Ages groane for his foule Act.
Peace shall goe sleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace,tumultuous Warres
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound.
Disorder,Horror,Feare,and Mutinie
Shall here inhabite,and this Land be call'd
The field of Golgotha,and dead mens Sculls.
Oh,if you reare this House, against this House
It will the wofullest Division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed Earth.
Prevent it,resist it, and let it not be so,
Least Child, Childs Children cry against you, Woe.
North. Well have you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Capitall Treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall.
May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?
Bull. Fetch hither *Richard,* that in common view
He may surrender : so we shall proceede
Without suspition.
Yorke. I will be his Conduct. *Exit.*
Bull. Lords, you that here are under our Arrest,
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Answer:
Little are we beholding to your Love,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter Richard and Yorke.

Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
Before I have shooke off the Regall thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate,flatter,bowe,and bend my Knee.
Give Sorrow leave a while, to tuture me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favors of these men : were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry,All hayle to me?
So *Judas* did to Christ : but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one ; I, in twelve thousand,none.
God save the King: will no man say,Amen?
Am I both Priest,and Clarke? well then, Amen.
God save the King, although I be not hee :
And yet Amen,if Heaven doe thinke him mee.
To doe what service, am I sent for hither?
Yorke. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
Which tyred Majestie did make thee offer:
The Resignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Henry Bullingbrooke.*
Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Cousin, seize y[e] Crown :
Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets,filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the ayre,
The other downe, unseene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe,and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefs; whil'st you mount up on high.
Bull. I thought you had been willing to resigne.
Rich. My Crowne I am, but still my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depose,
But not my Griefes; still am I King of those.
Bull. Part of your Cares you give me with your Crowne.
Rich. Your Cares set up, do not pluck my Cares downe.
My Care,is losse of Care,by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
The Cares I give, I have, though given away,
They 'tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay:
Bull. Are you contented to resigne the Crowne?

Rich. I,no ; no, I : for I must nothing bee :
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.
Now, marke me how I will undoe my selfe.
I give this heavie Weight from off my Head,
And this unwieldie Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly sway from out my Heart.
With mine owne Teares I wash away my Balme,
With mine owne Hands I give away my Crowne,
With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,
With mine owne Breath release all dutious Oathes ;
All Pompe and Majistie I do forsweare :
My Manors, Rents,Revenues,I forgoe ;
My Acts,Decrees,and Statutes I denie :
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee,
God keepe all Vowes unbroke are made to thee.
Make me,that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd,that hast all atchiev'd.
Long may'st thou live in *Richards* Seat to sit,
And soone lye *Richard* in an Earthie Pit.
God save King *Henry,* un-King'd *Richard* sayes,
And send him many yeeres of Sunne-shine dayes.
What more remaines?
North. No more : but that you reade
These Accusations, and these grevous Crymes,
Committed by your Person, and your followers,
Against the State,and Profit of this Land :
That by confessing them, the Soules of men
May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd.
Rich. Must I doe so? and must I ravell out
My weav'd-up follyes? Gentle *Northumberland,*
If thy Offences were upon Record,
Would it not shame thee, in so faire a troupe,
To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou finde one heynous Article,
Contayning the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong Warrant of and Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot,damn'd in the Booke of Heaven.
Nay,all of you, that stand and looke upon me,
Whil'st that my wretchednesse doth bait my selfe,
Though some of you, with *Pilate,* wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie : yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my sowre-Crosse,
And Water cannot wash away your sinne.
North. My Lord dispatch,reade o're these Articles.
Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares, I cannot see:
And yet salt-Water blindes them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traytors here.
Nay,if I turne mine Eyes upon my selfe,
I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest :
For I have given here my Soules consent,
T'undeck the pompous Body of a King;
Made Glory base ; a Soveraigntie, a Slave ;
Prowd Majistie, a Subject ; State a Pesant.
North. My Lord.
Rich. No Lord of thine, though haught-insulting man;
No,nor no man's Lord : I have no Name,no Title ;
No, not that Name was given me at the Font,
But 'tis usurpt : alack the heavie day,
That I have worne so many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my selfe.
Oh,that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sunne of *Bullingbrooke,*
To melt my selfe away in Water-drops.
Good K ing, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
Let it command a Mirror hither straight,

That it may shew me what a Face I have,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Majestie.
Bull. Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse.
*North.*Read o're this Paper, while y[e] Glasse doth come.
Rich. Fiend,thou torments me, ere I come to Hell.
Bull. Urge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland.*
North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.
Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: Ile reade enough,
When I doe see the very Booke indeede,
Where all my sinnes are writ,and that's my selfe.
Enter one with a Glasse.
Give me that Glasse, and therein will I reade.
No deeper wrinckles yet? hath Sorrow strucke
So many Blowes upon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatt'ring Glasse,
Like to my followers in prosperitie,
Thou do'st beguile me. Was this Face,the Face
That every day, under his House-hold Roofe,
Did keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?
Is this the Face, which fac'd so many follyes,
That was at last out-fac'd by *Bullingbrooke?*
A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred shivers,
Marke silent King,the Morall of this sport,
How soone my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face.
Bull. The shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your Face.
Rich. Say that againe,
The shadow of my Sorrow : ha, let's see,
'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within,
And these externall manner of Laments,
Are meerely shadowes,to the unseene Griefe,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd Soule.
There lyes the substance: and I thanke thee King
For thy great bountie, that not onely giv'st
Me cause to wayle, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. Ile begge one Boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtaine it?
Bull. Name it, faire Cousin.
Rich. Fair Cousin ? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but subjects ; being now a subject,
I have a King here to my flatterer:
Being so great,I have no neede to begge.
Bull. Yet aske.
Rich. And shall I have?
Bull. You shall.
Rich. Then give me leave to goe.
Bull. Whither?
Rich. Whither you will,so I were from your sights.
Bull. Goe some of you, convey him to the Tower.
Rich. Oh good: convey: Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.
*Bull.*On Wednesday next, we solemnly set downe
Our Coronation: Lords, prepare yourselves. *Exeunt.*
Abbot. A wofull Pageant have we here beheld.
Carl. The Woes to come,the Children yet unborne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne,
Aum. You holy Clergie-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot.
Abbot. Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You shall not onely take the Sacriment,
To bury mine intents, but also to effect

What

What ever I shall happen to devise.
I see your Browes are full of Discontent,
Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares.
Come home with me to Supper,Ile lay a Plot
Shall shew us all a mery day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To *Julius Caesars* ill-erected Tower :
To whose flint Bosome, my condemed Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by prowd *Bullingbrooke.*
Here let us rest, if this rebellious Earth
Have 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 up ; behold,
That you in pittie may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love Teares.
Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did stand,
Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King *Richards* Tombe,
And not King *Richard:* thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard-favor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-house Guest.

Rich. Joyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden : learne good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes us 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 lives must winne a new Worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here have stricken downe.

Qu. What, is my *Richard* both in shape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he beene in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying,thrusteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth,if nothing else, with rage
To be o're-powr'd: and wilt thou,Pupill-like,
Take thy Correction mildly,kisse the Rodde,
And fawne on Rage with base Humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?

Rich. A King of Beasts indeed: if aught but Beasts,
I had beene still a happy King of Men.
Good (sometime Queene)prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead,and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my Death-bed,my last living leave.
In Winters tedious Nights sit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
Of wofull Ages,long agoe betide:
And ere thou bid good-night,to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their Beds:
For why? the sencelesse Brands will sympathize
The heavie accent of thy moving Tongue,
And in compassion, weepe the fire out :
And some will mourne in ashes, some coale-black,
For the deposing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.

You must to Pomfret,not unto the Tower.
And Madame,there is order ta'ne for you:
With all swift speed, you must away to France.
*Rich. Northumberland,*thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullengbrooke* ascends my Throne,
The time shall not be many houres of age,
More then it is,ere foule sinne, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: thou shalt thinke,
Though he divide the Realme,and give thee halfe,
It is too little,helping him to all:
He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way
To plant unrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,
Being ne're so little urg'd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the usurped Throne.
The Love of wicked friends converts to Feare ;
That Feare,to Hate ; and Hate turnes one,or both,
To worthie Danger, and deserved Death.
North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:
Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.
Rich. Doubly divorc'd?(bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage ; 'twixt my Crowne and me,
And then betwixt me, and my marryed Wife.
Let me un-kisse the Oath 'twixt thee, and me ;
And yet not so,for with a Kisse 'twas made.
Part us, *Northumberland :* I, towards the North,
Where shivering Cold and Sicknesse pines the Clyme:
My Queene to France : from whence, set forth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like sweet May ;
Sent back like Hollowmas, or short'st of day.
Qu. And must we be divided? must we part?
Rich. I,hand from hand(my Love) and heart frō heart.
Qu. Banish us both,and send the King with me.
North. That were some Love,but little Pollicy.
Qu. Then whither he goes,thither let me goe.
Rich. So two together weeping, make one Woe.
Weepe thou for me in France; I,for thee heere:
Better farre off, then neere, be ne're the neere.
Goe,count thy Way with Sighes; I, mine with Groanes.
Qu. So longest Way shall have the longest Moanes.
Rich. Twice for one step Ile groane, y[e] Way being short,
And peece the Way out with a heavie heart.
Come, come, in wooing Sorrow het's be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is such length in Griefe :
One Kisse shall stop our mouthes, and dumbely part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
Qu. Give me mine owne againe: 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe,and kill thy heart.
So now I have mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groane.
Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the rest,let Sorrow say. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Yorke,and his Duchesse.

Duch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you breake the story off,
Of our two Cousins comming into London.
Yorke. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that sad stoppe, my Lord,
Where rude mis-govern'd hands, from Windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King *Richards* head.

Yorke. Then, as I said, the Duke, great *Bullingbrooke,*
Mounted upon a hot and fierie Steed,
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course:
While all tongues cride, God save thee *Bullingbrooke.*
You would have thought the very windowes spake,
So many greedy lookes of yong and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage : and that all the walles,
With painted Imagery had said at once,
Jesu preserve thee, welcom *Bullingbrooke..*
Whil'st he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,
Bespake them thus : I thanke you Countrimen :
And thus still doing, thus he past along.
Dutch. Alas poore *Richard,* where rides he the whilst?
Yorke. As in a Theater, the eyes of men
After a well grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idlely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did scowle on *Richard* : no man cride, God save him :
No joyfull tongue gave him his welcome home,
But dust was throwne upon his Sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles
(The badges of his greefe and patience)
That had not God(for some strong purpose) steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe have pittied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calme contents.
To *Bullingbrooke,* are we sworne Subjects now,
Whose State,and Honor, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my sonne *Aumerle.*
Yor. Aumerle that was,
But that is lost, for being *Richards* Friend.
And Madam, you must call him *Rutland* now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealtie to the new-made King.
Dut. Welcome my sonne : who are the Violets now,
That strew the greene lap of the new-come Spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knowes, I had as liefe be none, as one.
Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new-sprine of time
Least you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from Oxford?Hold those Justs & Triumphs?
Aum. For ought I know my Lord, they do.
Yorke. You will be there I know.
Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.
Yor. What Seale is that that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the Writing.
Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.
Yorke. No matter then who sees it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the Writing.
Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seene.
Yorke. Which for some reasons sir, I meane to see:
I feare, I feare.
Dut. What should you feare?
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparrell, against the Triumph.
Yorke. Bound to himselfe? What doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole.

Boy, let me see the Writing.
Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.
Yor. I will be satisfied: let me see it I say. *Snatches it*
Treason, foule Treason, Villaine, Traitor,Slave.
Dut. What's the matter, my Lord?
Yorke. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horse.
Heaven for his mercy : what treachery is heere?
Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?
Yorke. Give me my boots, I say : Saddle my horse :
Now by my Honor, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the Villaine.
Dut. What is the matter?
Yorke. Peace foolish Woman.
Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?
Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answer.
Dut. Thy life answer?
Enter Servant with Boots.
Yor. Bring me my Boots, I will unto the King.
Dut. Strike him *Aumerle.* Poore boy, y[u] art amaz'd,
Hence Villaine, never more come in my sight.
Yor. Give me my Boots, I say.
Dut. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the Trespasse of thine owne?
Have we more Sonnes? Or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunke up with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy Mothers name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?
Yor. Thou fond mad woman :
Wilt thou conceale this darke Conspiracy?
A dozen of them heere have tane the Sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.
Dut. He shall be none:
Wee'l keepe him heere : then what is that to him?
Yor. Away fond woman : were hee twenty times my
Son, I would appeach him.
Dut. Hadst thou groan'd for him as I have done,
Thou wouldest be more pittifull :
But now I know thy minde ; thou do'st suspect
That I have bene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a Bastard, not thy Sonne :
Sweet Yorke, sweet husband, be not of that minde :
He is as like thee,as a man may bee,
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I love him.
Yorke. Make way, unruly Woman. *Exit*
Dut. After *Aumerle.* Mount thee upon his horse,
Spurre post, and get before him to the King,
And begge thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee,
Ile not be long behind : though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till *Bullingbrooke* have pardon'd thee: A way be gone. *Exit*

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie,and other Lords.
Bul. Can no man tell of my unthriftie Sonne?
'Tis full three monthes since I did see him last.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he,
I would to heaven(my Lords) he might be found:
Enquire at London, 'mongst the Tavernes there:
For

For there (they say) he dayly doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose Companions,
Even such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beate our passengers,
Which he, yong wanton, and effeminate Boy
Takes on the point of Honor, to support
So dissolute a crew.
Per. My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the Prince,
And told him of these Triumphes held at Oxford.
Bul. And what said the Gallant?
Per. His answer was : he would unto the Stewes,
And from the common'st creature plucke a Glove
And weare it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest Challenger.
Bul. As dissolute as desp'rate, yet through both,
I see some sparkes of better hope : which elder dayes
May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?
Enter Aumerle.
Aum. Where is the King?
Bul. What meanes our Cosin, that hee stares
And lookes so wildely ?
Aum. God save your Grace. I do beseech your Majesty
To have some conference with your Grace alone.
Bul. Withdraw your selves, and leave us here alone:
What is the matter with our Cosin now?
Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roofe within my mouth,
Unless a Pardon, ere I rise, or speake.
Bul. Intended, or committed was this fault?
If on the first,how heynous ere it bee,
To win thy after love, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave,that I may turne the key,
That no man enter, till my tale me done.
Bul. Have thy desire. *Yorke within.*
Yor. My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.
Bul. Villaine, Ile make thee safe.
Aum. Stay thy revengefull hand, thou hast no cause
to feare.
Yorke. Open the doore, secure foole-hardy King:
Shall I for love speake treason to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.
Enter Yorke.
Bul. What is the matter (Unkle)speak ,recover breath,
Tell us how neere is danger,
That we may arme us to encounter it.
Yor. Peruse this writing heere, and thou shalt know
The reason that my haste so bids me show.
Aum. Remember as thou read'st,thy promise past :
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
Yor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe.
I tore it from the Traytors bosome, King.
Feare, and not Love, begets his penitence ;
Forget to pitty him, least thy pitty prove
A Serpent,that will sting thee to the heart.
Bul. Oh heinous,strong, and bold Conspiracie,
O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne :
Thou sheere,immaculate,and silver fountaine,
From whence this streame, through muddy passages
Hath had his current, and defil'd himselfe.
Thy overflow of good, converts to bad,
And thy abundant goodnesse shall excuse
This deadly blot, in thy digressing sonne.
Yorke. So shall my Vertue by his Vices bawd,
And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame;

As thriftlesse Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold.
Mine honor lives, when his dishonor dies,
Or my sham'd life, in his dishonor lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breat,
The Traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Dutchesse within.

Dut. What hoa(my Liege)for heavens sake let me in.
Bul. What shrill-voic'd Suppliant,makes this eager cry?
Dut. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.
Speake with me, pitty me, open the dore,
A Begger begs, that never begg'd before.
Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And not chang'd to the Begger, and the King.
My dangerous Cosin, let your Mother in,
I know she's come, to pray for your foule sin.
Yorke. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sinnes for this fogivenesse, prosper may.
This fester'd joynt cut off, the rest rests sound,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dutchesse.

Dut. O King, beleeve not this hard-hearted man,
Love, loving not it selfe, none other can.
Yor, Thou franticke woman, what dost y[u] make here,
Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?
Dut. Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.
Bul. Rise up good Aunt.
Dut. Not yet, I thee beseech.
For ever will I kneele upon my knees,
And never see day, that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy : untill thou bid me joy,
Bu pardoning Rutland, my trasgressing Boy.
Aum. Unto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee.
Yorke. Against them both, my true joynts bended be.
Dut. Pleades he in earnest? Looke upon his Face,
His eyes do drop no teares: his prayres are in jest:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our brest.
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart, and soule, and all beside :
His weary joynts would gladly rise, I know,
Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie :
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.
Bul. Good Aunt stand up.
Dut. Nay, do not say stand up.
But Pardon first, and afterwards stand up.
And if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to heare a word till now:
Say Pardon (King,)let pitty teach thee how.
The word is short: but not so short as sweet,
No word like Pardon,for Kings mouth so meet.
Yorke. Speake it in French (King)say *Pardon'ne moy.*
Dut. Dost thou teach pardon, Pardon to destroy?
Ah my sowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That set's the word it selfe, against the word.
Speake Pardon,as 'tis currant in our Land,
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy pitteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayres do pearce,
Pitty may move thee, Pardon to rehearse.
Bul. Good Aunt, stand up.
Dut. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suite I have in hand.

Bul.

Bul. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon mee.
Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet I am sicke for feare : Speake it againe,
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong.
Bul. I pardon him with all my hart.
Dut. A God on earth thou art.
Bul. But for our trusty brother-in-Law, the Abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dogge them at the heeles :
Good Unckle helpe to order severall powres
To Oxford, or where ere these Traitors are :
They shall not live within this world I sweare,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Unckle farewell, and Cosin adieu:
Your mother well hath praid,and prove you true.
Dut. Come my old son, I pray heaven make thee new.
Exeunt.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Ext. Didst thou not marke the King what words hee spake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this living feare :
Was it not so?
Ser. Those were his very words.
Ex. Have I no Friend?(quoth he:)he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together, did he not?
Ser. He did.
Ex. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,
As who should say,I would thou wer't the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart,
Meaninng the King at Pomfret : Come, let's goe ;
I am the Kings Friend,and will rid his Foe. *Exit.*

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I have bin studying, how to compare
This Prison where I live, unto 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 prove the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father : and these two beget
A generation of still breeding Thoughts;
And these same Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things Divine, are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the Faith it selfe
Against the Faith : as thus: Come little ones:& 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
Unlikely 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 themselves,
That they are not the first of Fortunes slaves,
Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stockes, refuge their shame
That many have, and others must sit there ;
And in this Thought, they finde a kind of ease,

Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of such as have before indur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Prison,many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King ;
Then Treason makes me with my selfe a 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 un-king'd by *Bullingbrooke,*
And straight am nothing. But what ere I am, *Musick*
Nor I,nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Musicke do I heare?
Ha, ha? keepe time: How sowre sweet Musicke is,
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Musicke of mens lives:
And heere have I the daintinesse of eare,
To heare time broke in a disorder'd string :
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.
I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me :
For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke ;
My Thoughts, are minutes ; and with Sighes they jarre,
Their watches on unto 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 upon my heart,
Which is the bell : so Sighes, and Teares and Grones,
Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times : but my Time
Runs poasting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his jacke o'th'Clocke.
This Musicke mads me, let it sound no more,
For though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
In me it seemes, it will make wise-men mad:
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me;
For 'tis a signe of love, and love to *Richard,*
Is a strange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groome.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.
Rich. Thankes Noble Peere,
The cheapest of us, is ten groates too deere.
What art thou? And how com'st thou hither?
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?
Groo. I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)
When thou wer't King, who travelling towards Yorke,
With much adoo, at length have gotten leave
to looke upon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse, that I so carefully have drest.
Rich. Rode on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he under him?
Groo. So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground.
Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;
That Jade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride must have a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did usurpe his backe?
Forgivenesse horse : Why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horse,

And

And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,
Spur-gall'd, and tyrd by jauncing *Bullingbrooke.*

Enter Keeper with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place, heere is no longer stay.
Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wer't away.
Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. *Exit.*
Keep. My Lord, wilt please you to fall too?
Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wer't wont to doo.
Keep. My Lord I dare not : Sir *Pierce* of Exton,
Who lately came from th'King, commands the contrary.
Rich. The divell take *Henrie* of Lancaster, and thee ;
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
Keep. Helpe,helpe,helpe.

Enter Exton and Servants.

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

Exton strikes him downe.

That hand shall burne in never-quenching fire.
That staggers thus my person. *Exton,* thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings own land.
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is up on high,
Whil'st my grosse flesh sinkes downward, heere to dye.
Exton. As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,
Both have I spilt : Oh would the deed were good.
For now the divell, that told me I did well,
Sayes, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King Ile beare,
Take hence the rest, and give them buriall heere. *Exit.*

Scoena Quinta.

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

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

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord : What is the newes?
Nor. First to thy Sacred State, wish I all happinesse :

The next newes is, I have to London sent
The heads of *Salsbury, Spencer, Blunt,* and *Kent* :
The manner of their taking may appeare
As large discoursed in this paper heere.

Enter Fitz-waters.

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

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

Enter Percy and Carlile.

Per. The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of Conscience, and sowre Melancholly,
Hath yeelded up his body to the grave :
But heere is *Carlile,* living to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

Bul. Carlile, this is your doome :
Choose out ome secret place, some reverend roome
More then thou hast, and with it joy thy life :
So as thou liv'st in peace, dye free from strife :
For though mine enemy, thou hast ever beene,
High sparkes of Honor in thee have I seene.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy buried feare. Heerein all breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

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

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

Bul. They love not poyson, that do poyson neede,
Nor do I thee : though I did wish him dead,
I hate the Murtherer, love him murthered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor Princely favour.
With *Caine* go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day, nor light.
Lords, I protest my sould 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 frome my guilty hand.
March sadly after, grace my mourning heere,
In weeping after this untimely Beere. *Exeunt.*

F I N I S.