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*The Tragedy of*  
**RICHARD II**

*By* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Edited by* BARBARA A. MOWAT  
*and* PAUL WERSTINE

Folger Shakespeare Library

<http://www.folgerdigitaltexts.org>

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## From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their

composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theater.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exist to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

*Michael Witmore*  
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

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## Textual Introduction

### By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in

chains of magic were not bound,␣”), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: “With ␣blood␣ and sword and fire to win your right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest ␣soldier.␣ Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

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## Synopsis

In *Richard II*, anger at a king's arbitrary rule leads to his downfall—and sets in motion a decades-long struggle for the crown that continues in several more history plays.

Richard II begins as Richard's cousin, Henry Bolingbroke, charges Thomas Mowbray with serious crimes, including the murder of the Duke of Gloucester. Bolingbroke's father, John of Gaunt, privately blames the king for Gloucester's death. At Richard's command, Bolingbroke and Mowbray prepare for a trial by combat. The king halts the fight at the last minute, banishing both men from England.

When John of Gaunt dies, Richard seizes his possessions to help finance a war in Ireland, thus dispossessing Bolingbroke. Bolingbroke returns to England, quickly gathering support. By the time Richard returns from Ireland, many of his former allies have joined Bolingbroke. Richard abdicates, yielding the crown to Bolingbroke.

Richard is held at Pomfret Castle and Bolingbroke becomes King Henry IV. A murder plot against him is uncovered and stopped. Richard is murdered by a follower of Henry.

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# Characters in the Play

KING RICHARD II

Sir John BUSHY

Sir John BAGOT

Sir Henry GREEN

} *Richard's friends*

Richard's QUEEN

Queen's LADIES-IN-WAITING

JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster

HENRY BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt,  
and later King Henry IV

DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, widow to Thomas, Duke of Gloucester

Edmund, DUKE OF YORK

DUCHESS OF YORK

DUKE OF AUMERLE, Earl of Rutland, son to Duke and Duchess of York  
York's SERVINGMEN

Thomas MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk

LORD MARSHAL

FIRST HERALD

SECOND HERALD

} *officials in trial by combat*

EARL OF SALISBURY

BISHOP OF CARLISLE

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP

LORD BERKELEY

ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER

WELSH CAPTAIN

} *supporters of King Richard*

Henry Percy, EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

LORD ROSS

LORD WILLOUGHBY

HARRY PERCY, son of Northumberland,  
later known as "Hotspur"

} *supporters of  
Bolingbroke*

LORD FITZWATER

DUKE OF SURREY

ANOTHER LORD

GARDENER

Gardener's Servingmen

GROOM of Richard's stable

KEEPER of prison at Pomfret Castle

SIR PIERCE OF EXTON  
Servingmen to Exton

Lords, Attendants, Officers, Soldiers, Servingmen, Exton's Men

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# 「ACT I」

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## 「Scene 1」

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

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0001 Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster,  
FTLN 0002 Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,  
FTLN 0003 Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son,  
FTLN 0004 Here to make good the boist'rous late appeal,  
FTLN 0005 Which then our leisure would not let us hear, 5  
FTLN 0006 Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

FTLN 0007 GAUNT I have, my liege.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0008 Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him  
FTLN 0009 If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,  
FTLN 0010 Or worthily, as a good subject should, 10  
FTLN 0011 On some known ground of treachery in him?

GAUNT

FTLN 0012 As near as I could sift him on that argument,  
FTLN 0013 On some apparent danger seen in him  
FTLN 0014 Aimed at your Highness, no inveterate malice.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0015 Then call them to our presence. 15

*「An Attendant exits.」*

FTLN 0016 Face to face,  
FTLN 0017 And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear

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FTLN 0018      The accuser and the accused freely speak.  
 FTLN 0019      High stomached are they both and full of ire,  
 FTLN 0020      In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire. 20

*Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.*

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 0021      Many years of happy days befall  
 FTLN 0022      My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege.

MOWBRAY

FTLN 0023      Each day still better other's happiness,  
 FTLN 0024      Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,  
 FTLN 0025      Add an immortal title to your crown. 25

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0026      We thank you both. Yet one but flatters us,  
 FTLN 0027      As well appeareth by the cause you come:  
 FTLN 0028      Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.  
 FTLN 0029      Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object  
 FTLN 0030      Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray? 30

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 0031      First—heaven be the record to my speech!—  
 FTLN 0032      In the devotion of a subject's love,  
 FTLN 0033      Tend'ring the precious safety of my prince,  
 FTLN 0034      And free from other misbegotten hate,  
 FTLN 0035      Come I appellant to this princely presence.— 35  
 FTLN 0036      Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee;  
 FTLN 0037      And mark my greeting well, for what I speak  
 FTLN 0038      My body shall make good upon this earth  
 FTLN 0039      Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.  
 FTLN 0040      Thou art a traitor and a miscreant, 40  
 FTLN 0041      Too good to be so, and too bad to live,  
 FTLN 0042      Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
 FTLN 0043      The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.  
 FTLN 0044      Once more, the more to aggravate the note,  
 FTLN 0045      With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat, 45  
 FTLN 0046      And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,

FTLN 0047      What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may  
FTLN 0048      prove.

MOWBRAY

FTLN 0049	Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal.	
FTLN 0050	'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,	50
FTLN 0051	The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,	
FTLN 0052	Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain.	
FTLN 0053	The blood is hot that must be cooled for this.	
FTLN 0054	Yet can I not of such tame patience boast	
FTLN 0055	As to be hushed and naught at all to say.	55
FTLN 0056	First, the fair reverence of your Highness curbs me	
FTLN 0057	From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,	
FTLN 0058	Which else would post until it had returned	
FTLN 0059	These terms of treason doubled down his throat.	
FTLN 0060	Setting aside his high blood's royalty,	60
FTLN 0061	And let him be no kinsman to my liege,	
FTLN 0062	I do defy him, and I spit at him,	
FTLN 0063	Call him a slanderous coward and a villain,	
FTLN 0064	Which to maintain I would allow him odds	
FTLN 0065	And meet him, were I tied to run afoot	65
FTLN 0066	Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps	
FTLN 0067	Or any other ground inhabitable	
FTLN 0068	Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.	
FTLN 0069	Meantime, let this defend my loyalty:	
FTLN 0070	By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.	70

BOLINGBROKE, 'throwing down a gage'

FTLN 0071 Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,  
FTLN 0072 Disclaiming here the kindred of the King,  
FTLN 0073 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
FTLN 0074 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.  
FTLN 0075 If guilty dread have left thee so much strength  
FTLN 0076 As to take up mine honor's pawn, then stoop.  
FTLN 0077 By that and all the rites of knighthood else  
FTLN 0078 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,  
FTLN 0079 What I have spoke or thou canst worse devise.

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MOWBRAY, *['picking up the gage']*

FTLN 0080	I take it up, and by that sword I swear	80
FTLN 0081	Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,	
FTLN 0082	I'll answer thee in any fair degree	
FTLN 0083	Or chivalrous design of knightly trial;	
FTLN 0084	And when I mount, alive may I not light	
FTLN 0085	If I be traitor or unjustly fight.	85

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0086	What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
FTLN 0087	It must be great that can inherit us
FTLN 0088	So much as of a thought of ill in him.

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 0089	Look what I speak, my life shall prove it true:	
FTLN 0090	That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles	90
FTLN 0091	In name of lendings for your Highness' soldiers,	
FTLN 0092	The which he hath detained for lewd employments,	
FTLN 0093	Like a false traitor and injurious villain.	
FTLN 0094	Besides I say, and will in battle prove,	
FTLN 0095	Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge	95
FTLN 0096	That ever was surveyed by English eye,	
FTLN 0097	That all the treasons for these eighteen years	
FTLN 0098	Complotted and contrivèd in this land	
FTLN 0099	Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and	
FTLN 0100	spring.	100
FTLN 0101	Further I say, and further will maintain	
FTLN 0102	Upon his bad life to make all this good,	
FTLN 0103	That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,	
FTLN 0104	Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,	
FTLN 0105	And consequently, like a traitor coward,	105
FTLN 0106	Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of	
FTLN 0107	blood,	
FTLN 0108	Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries	
FTLN 0109	Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth	
FTLN 0110	To me for justice and rough chastisement.	110
FTLN 0111	And, by the glorious worth of my descent,	
FTLN 0112	This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.	

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0113      How high a pitch his resolution soars!—  
FTLN 0114      Thomas of Norfolk, what sayst thou to this?

MOWBRAY

FTLN 0115	O, let my sovereign turn away his face	115
FTLN 0116	And bid his ears a little while be deaf,	
FTLN 0117	Till I have told this slander of his blood	
FTLN 0118	How God and good men hate so foul a liar.	

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0119	Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears.	
FTLN 0120	Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,	120
FTLN 0121	As he is but my father's brother's son,	
FTLN 0122	Now by 'my' scepter's awe I make a vow:	
FTLN 0123	Such neighbor nearness to our sacred blood	
FTLN 0124	Should nothing privilege him nor partialize	
FTLN 0125	The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.	125
FTLN 0126	He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou.	
FTLN 0127	Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.	

MOWBRAY

FTLN 0128	Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,	
FTLN 0129	Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.	
FTLN 0130	Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais	130
FTLN 0131	Disbursed I duly to his Highness' soldiers;	
FTLN 0132	The other part reserved I by consent,	
FTLN 0133	For that my sovereign liege was in my debt	
FTLN 0134	Upon remainder of a dear account	
FTLN 0135	Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.	135
FTLN 0136	Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death,	
FTLN 0137	I slew him not, but to my own disgrace	
FTLN 0138	Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—	
FTLN 0139	For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,	
FTLN 0140	The honorable father to my foe,	140
FTLN 0141	Once did I lay an ambush for your life,	
FTLN 0142	A trespass that doth vex my grievèd soul.	
FTLN 0143	But ere I last received the sacrament,	
FTLN 0144	I did confess it, and exactly begged	

FTLN 0145 Your Grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.— 145  
 FTLN 0146 This is my fault. As for the rest appealed,  
 FTLN 0147 It issues from the rancor of a villain,  
 FTLN 0148 A recreant, and most degenerate traitor,  
 FTLN 0149 Which in myself I boldly will defend,  
 FTLN 0150 And interchangeably hurl down my gage 150  
 FTLN 0151 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,

*「He throws down a gage.」*

FTLN 0152 To prove myself a loyal gentleman,  
 FTLN 0153 Even in the best blood chambered in his bosom;  
 FTLN 0154 In haste whereof most heartily I pray  
 FTLN 0155 Your Highness to assign our trial day. 155

*「Bolingbroke picks up the gage.」*

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0156 Wrath-kindled *「gentlemen,」* be ruled by me.  
 FTLN 0157 Let's purge this choler without letting blood.  
 FTLN 0158 This we prescribe, though no physician.  
 FTLN 0159 Deep malice makes too deep incision.  
 FTLN 0160 Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed. 160  
 FTLN 0161 Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.—  
 FTLN 0162 Good uncle, let this end where it begun;  
 FTLN 0163 We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

GAUNT

FTLN 0164 To be a make-peace shall become my age.—  
 FTLN 0165 Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage. 165

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0166 And, Norfolk, throw down his.

FTLN 0167 GAUNT When, Harry, when?

FTLN 0168 Obedience bids I should not bid again.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0169 Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

MOWBRAY

FTLN 0170 Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot. 170  
*「Mowbray kneels.」*

FTLN 0171 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame.

FTLN 0172 The one my duty owes, but my fair name,

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FTLN 0173      Despite of death that lives upon my grave,  
 FTLN 0174      To dark dishonor's use thou shalt not have.  
 FTLN 0175      I am disgraced, impeached, and baffled here, 175  
 FTLN 0176      Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,  
 FTLN 0177      The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood  
 FTLN 0178      Which breathed this poison.  
 FTLN 0179      KING RICHARD                      Rage must be withstood.  
 FTLN 0180      Give me his gage. Lions make leopards tame. 180  
 MOWBRAY, *standing*  
 FTLN 0181      Yea, but not change his spots. Take but my shame  
 FTLN 0182      And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,  
 FTLN 0183      The purest treasure mortal times afford  
 FTLN 0184      Is spotless reputation; that away,  
 FTLN 0185      Men are but gilded loam or painted clay. 185  
 FTLN 0186      A jewel in a ten-times-barred-up chest  
 FTLN 0187      Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.  
 FTLN 0188      Mine honor is my life; both grow in one.  
 FTLN 0189      Take honor from me, and my life is done.  
 FTLN 0190      Then, dear my liege, mine honor let me try. 190  
 FTLN 0191      In that I live, and for that will I die.  
 KING RICHARD, *to Bolingbroke*  
 FTLN 0192      Cousin, throw up your gage. Do you begin.  
 BOLINGBROKE  
 FTLN 0193      O, God defend my soul from such deep sin!  
 FTLN 0194      Shall I seem crestfallen in my father's sight?  
 FTLN 0195      Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height 195  
 FTLN 0196      Before this out-dared dastard? Ere my tongue  
 FTLN 0197      Shall wound my honor with such feeble wrong,  
 FTLN 0198      Or sound so base a *parle,* my teeth shall tear  
 FTLN 0199      The slavish motive of recanting fear  
 FTLN 0200      And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace, 200  
 FTLN 0201      Where shame doth harbor, even in Mowbray's face.  
 KING RICHARD  
 FTLN 0202      We were not born to sue, but to command,  
 FTLN 0203      Which, since we cannot do, to make you friends,  
 FTLN 0204      Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,





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FTLN 0233	Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! That bed, that	
FTLN 0234	womb,	
FTLN 0235	That metal, that self mold that fashioned thee	
FTLN 0236	Made him a man; and though thou livest and	25
FTLN 0237	breathest,	
FTLN 0238	Yet art thou slain in him. Thou dost consent	
FTLN 0239	In some large measure to thy father's death	
FTLN 0240	In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,	
FTLN 0241	Who was the model of thy father's life.	30
FTLN 0242	Call it not patience, Gaunt. It is despair.	
FTLN 0243	In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtered,	
FTLN 0244	Thou showest the naked pathway to thy life,	
FTLN 0245	Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.	
FTLN 0246	That which in mean men we entitle patience	35
FTLN 0247	Is pale, cold cowardice in noble breasts.	
FTLN 0248	What shall I say? To safeguard thine own life,	
FTLN 0249	The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.	
	GAUNT	
FTLN 0250	God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,	
FTLN 0251	His deputy anointed in His sight,	40
FTLN 0252	Hath caused his death, the which if wrongfully	
FTLN 0253	Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift	
FTLN 0254	An angry arm against His minister.	
	DUCHESS	
FTLN 0255	Where, then, alas, may I complain myself?	
	GAUNT	
FTLN 0256	To God, the widow's champion and defense.	45
	DUCHESS	
FTLN 0257	Why then I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.	
FTLN 0258	Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold	
FTLN 0259	Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.	
FTLN 0260	O, 'sit' my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,	
FTLN 0261	That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!	50
FTLN 0262	Or if misfortune miss the first career,	
FTLN 0263	Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom	

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FTLN 0264 That they may break his foaming courser's back  
 FTLN 0265 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,  
 FTLN 0266 A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford! 55  
 FTLN 0267 Farewell, old Gaunt. Thy sometime brother's wife  
 FTLN 0268 With her companion, grief, must end her life.

GAUNT

FTLN 0269 Sister, farewell. I must to Coventry.  
 FTLN 0270 As much good stay with thee as go with me.

DUCHESS

FTLN 0271 Yet one word more. Grief boundeth where 'it' falls, 60  
 FTLN 0272 Not with the empty hollowness, but weight.  
 FTLN 0273 I take my leave before I have begun,  
 FTLN 0274 For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.  
 FTLN 0275 Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.  
 FTLN 0276 Lo, this is all. Nay, yet depart not so! 65  
 FTLN 0277 Though this be all, do not so quickly go;  
 FTLN 0278 I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what?—  
 FTLN 0279 With all good speed at Plashy visit me.  
 FTLN 0280 Alack, and what shall good old York there see  
 FTLN 0281 But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls, 70  
 FTLN 0282 Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?  
 FTLN 0283 And what hear there for welcome but my groans?  
 FTLN 0284 Therefore commend me; let him not come there  
 FTLN 0285 To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.  
 FTLN 0286 Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die. 75  
 FTLN 0287 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

*They exit.*

「Scene 3」

*Enter Lord Marshal and the Duke 「of」 Aumerle.*

MARSHAL

FTLN 0288 My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford armed?

AUMERLE

FTLN 0289 Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

MARSHAL

FTLN 0290 The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,  
 FTLN 0291 Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

AUMERLE

FTLN 0292 Why then, the champions are prepared, and stay 5  
 FTLN 0293 For nothing but his Majesty's approach.

*The trumpets sound and the King enters with his Nobles  
 'and Officers;' when they are set, enter 'Mowbray,' the  
 Duke of Norfolk in arms, defendant, 'with a Herald.'*

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0294 Marshal, demand of yonder champion  
 FTLN 0295 The cause of his arrival here in arms,  
 FTLN 0296 Ask him his name, and orderly proceed  
 FTLN 0297 To swear him in the justice of his cause. 10

MARSHAL, 'to Mowbray'

FTLN 0298 In God's name and the King's, say who thou art  
 FTLN 0299 And why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms,  
 FTLN 0300 Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.  
 FTLN 0301 Speak truly on thy knighthood and thy oath,  
 FTLN 0302 As so defend thee heaven and thy valor. 15

MOWBRAY

FTLN 0303 My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,  
 FTLN 0304 Who hither come engaged by my oath—  
 FTLN 0305 Which God defend a knight should violate!—  
 FTLN 0306 Both to defend my loyalty and truth  
 FTLN 0307 To God, my king, and my succeeding issue, 20  
 FTLN 0308 Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me,  
 FTLN 0309 And by the grace of God and this mine arm  
 FTLN 0310 To prove him, in defending of myself,  
 FTLN 0311 A traitor to my God, my king, and me;  
 FTLN 0312 And as I truly fight, defend me heaven. 25

*The trumpets sound. Enter 'Bolingbroke,' Duke of  
 Hereford, appellant, in armor, 'with a Herald.'*

FTLN 0313 KING RICHARD Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms

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FTLN 0314	Both who he is and why he cometh hither	
FTLN 0315	Thus plated in habiliments of war,	
FTLN 0316	And formally, according to our law,	
FTLN 0317	Depose him in the justice of his cause.	30
	MARSHAL, <i>['to Bolingbroke']</i>	
FTLN 0318	What is thy name? And wherefore com'st thou hither,	
FTLN 0319	Before King Richard in his royal lists?	
FTLN 0320	Against whom comest thou? And what's thy quarrel?	
FTLN 0321	Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven.	
	BOLINGBROKE	
FTLN 0322	Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby	35
FTLN 0323	Am I, who ready here do stand in arms	
FTLN 0324	To prove, by God's grace and my body's valor,	
FTLN 0325	In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,	
FTLN 0326	That he is a traitor foul and dangerous	
FTLN 0327	To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me.	40
FTLN 0328	And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.	
	MARSHAL	
FTLN 0329	On pain of death, no person be so bold	
FTLN 0330	Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,	
FTLN 0331	Except the Marshal and such officers	
FTLN 0332	Appointed to direct these fair designs.	45
	BOLINGBROKE	
FTLN 0333	Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand	
FTLN 0334	And bow my knee before his Majesty;	
FTLN 0335	For Mowbray and myself are like two men	
FTLN 0336	That vow a long and weary pilgrimage.	
FTLN 0337	Then let us take a ceremonious leave	50
FTLN 0338	And loving farewell of our several friends.	
	MARSHAL, <i>['to King Richard']</i>	
FTLN 0339	The appellant in all duty greets your Highness	
FTLN 0340	And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.	
	KING RICHARD, <i>['coming down']</i>	
FTLN 0341	We will descend and fold him in our arms.	
	<i>['He embraces Bolingbroke.']</i>	
FTLN 0342	Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,	55

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FTLN 0343	So be thy fortune in this royal fight.	
FTLN 0344	Farewell, my blood—which, if today thou shed,	
FTLN 0345	Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.	
BOLINGBROKE		
FTLN 0346	O, let no noble eye profane a tear	
FTLN 0347	For me if I be gored with Mowbray's spear.	60
FTLN 0348	As confident as is the falcon's flight	
FTLN 0349	Against a bird do I with Mowbray fight.	
FTLN 0350	My loving lord, I take my leave of you.—	
FTLN 0351	Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;	
FTLN 0352	Not sick, although I have to do with death,	65
FTLN 0353	But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—	
FTLN 0354	Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret	
FTLN 0355	The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.	
FTLN 0356	O, thou the earthly author of my blood,	
FTLN 0357	Whose youthful spirit in me regenerate	70
FTLN 0358	Doth with a twofold vigor lift me up	
FTLN 0359	To reach at victory above my head,	
FTLN 0360	Add proof unto mine armor with thy prayers,	
FTLN 0361	And with thy blessings steel my lance's point	
FTLN 0362	That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat	75
FTLN 0363	And furbish new the name of John o' Gaunt,	
FTLN 0364	Even in the lusty havior of his son.	
GAUNT		
FTLN 0365	God in thy good cause make thee prosperous.	
FTLN 0366	Be swift like lightning in the execution,	
FTLN 0367	And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,	80
FTLN 0368	Fall like amazing thunder on the casque	
FTLN 0369	Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.	
FTLN 0370	Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant, and live.	
BOLINGBROKE		
FTLN 0371	Mine innocence and Saint George to thrive!	
MOWBRAY		
FTLN 0372	However God or fortune cast my lot,	85
FTLN 0373	There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,	
FTLN 0374	A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.	

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FTLN 0375	Never did captive with a freer heart	
FTLN 0376	Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace	
FTLN 0377	His golden uncontrolled enfranchisement	90
FTLN 0378	More than my dancing soul doth celebrate	
FTLN 0379	This feast of battle with mine adversary.	
FTLN 0380	Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,	
FTLN 0381	Take from my mouth the wish of happy years.	
FTLN 0382	As gentle and as jocund as to jest	95
FTLN 0383	Go I to fight. Truth hath a quiet breast.	
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 0384	Farewell, my lord. Securely I espy	
FTLN 0385	Virtue with valor couchèd in thine eye.—	
FTLN 0386	Order the trial, marshal, and begin.	
	MARSHAL	
FTLN 0387	Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,	100
FTLN 0388	Receive thy lance; and God defend the right.	
	<i>「He presents a lance to Bolingbroke.」</i>	
	BOLINGBROKE	
FTLN 0389	Strong as a tower in hope, I cry “Amen!”	
	MARSHAL, <i>「to an Officer」</i>	
FTLN 0390	Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.	
	<i>「An Officer presents a lance to Mowbray.」</i>	
	<i>「FIRST」</i> HERALD	
FTLN 0391	Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby	
FTLN 0392	Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,	105
FTLN 0393	On pain to be found false and recreant,	
FTLN 0394	To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,	
FTLN 0395	A traitor to his God, his king, and him,	
FTLN 0396	And dares him to set forward to the fight.	
	SECOND HERALD	
FTLN 0397	Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,	110
FTLN 0398	On pain to be found false and recreant,	
FTLN 0399	Both to defend himself and to approve	
FTLN 0400	Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby	
FTLN 0401	To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal,	

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FTLN 0402	Courageously and with a free desire	115
FTLN 0403	Attending but the signal to begin.	
	MARSHAL	
FTLN 0404	Sound, trumpets, and set forward, combatants.	
	<i>「Trumpets sound. Richard throws down his warder.」</i>	
FTLN 0405	Stay! The King hath thrown his warder down.	
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 0406	Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,	
FTLN 0407	And both return back to their chairs again.	120
FTLN 0408	<i>「To his council.」</i> Withdraw with us, and let the	
FTLN 0409	trumpets sound	
FTLN 0410	While we return these dukes what we decree.	
	<i>「Trumpets sound while Richard consults with Gaunt and other Nobles.」</i>	
FTLN 0411	<i>「To Bolingbroke and Mowbray.」</i> Draw near,	
FTLN 0412	And list what with our council we have done.	125
FTLN 0413	For that our kingdom's earth should not be soiled	
FTLN 0414	With that dear blood which it hath fosterèd;	
FTLN 0415	And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect	
FTLN 0416	Of civil wounds plowed up with neighbor's sword;	
FTLN 0417	And for we think the eagle-wingèd pride	130
FTLN 0418	Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,	
FTLN 0419	With rival-hating envy, set on you	
FTLN 0420	To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle	
FTLN 0421	Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep,	
FTLN 0422	Which, so roused up with boist'rous untuned	135
FTLN 0423	drums,	
FTLN 0424	With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,	
FTLN 0425	And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,	
FTLN 0426	Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace	
FTLN 0427	And make us wade even in our kindred's blood:	140
FTLN 0428	Therefore we banish you our territories.	
FTLN 0429	You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,	
FTLN 0430	Till twice five summers have enriched our fields,	
FTLN 0431	Shall not regret our fair dominions,	
FTLN 0432	But tread the stranger paths of banishment.	145

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BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 0433 Your will be done. This must my comfort be:  
 FTLN 0434 That sun that warms you here shall shine on me,  
 FTLN 0435 And those his golden beams to you here lent  
 FTLN 0436 Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0437 Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom, 150  
 FTLN 0438 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:  
 FTLN 0439 The sly, slow hours shall not determinate  
 FTLN 0440 The dateless limit of thy dear exile.  
 FTLN 0441 The hopeless word of “never to return”  
 FTLN 0442 Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life. 155

MOWBRAY

FTLN 0443 A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,  
 FTLN 0444 And all unlooked-for from your Highness’ mouth.  
 FTLN 0445 A dearer merit, not so deep a maim  
 FTLN 0446 As to be cast forth in the common air,  
 FTLN 0447 Have I deserved at your Highness’ hands. 160  
 FTLN 0448 The language I have learnt these forty years,  
 FTLN 0449 My native English, now I must forgo;  
 FTLN 0450 And now my tongue’s use is to me no more  
 FTLN 0451 Than an unstringèd viol or a harp,  
 FTLN 0452 Or like a cunning instrument cased up, 165  
 FTLN 0453 Or, being open, put into his hands  
 FTLN 0454 That knows no touch to tune the harmony.  
 FTLN 0455 Within my mouth you have enjailed my tongue,  
 FTLN 0456 Doubly portcullised with my teeth and lips,  
 FTLN 0457 And dull unfeeling barren ignorance 170  
 FTLN 0458 Is made my jailor to attend on me.  
 FTLN 0459 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,  
 FTLN 0460 Too far in years to be a pupil now.  
 FTLN 0461 What is thy sentence ‘then’ but speechless death,  
 FTLN 0462 Which robs my tongue from breathing native 175  
 FTLN 0463 breath?

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0464 It boots thee not to be compassionate.  
 FTLN 0465 After our sentence plaining comes too late.



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MOWBRAY

FTLN 0466 Then thus I turn me from my country's light,  
 FTLN 0467 To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. 180  
*「He begins to exit.」*

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0468 Return again, and take an oath with thee.  
 FTLN 0469 *「To Mowbray and Bolingbroke.」* Lay on our royal  
 FTLN 0470 sword your banished hands.  
*「They place their right hands on the hilts of  
 Richard's sword.」*

FTLN 0471 Swear by the duty that you owe to God—  
 FTLN 0472 Our part therein we banish with yourselves— 185  
 FTLN 0473 To keep the oath that we administer:  
 FTLN 0474 You never shall, so help you truth and God,  
 FTLN 0475 Embrace each other's love in banishment,  
 FTLN 0476 Nor never look upon each other's face,  
 FTLN 0477 Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile 190  
 FTLN 0478 This luring tempest of your homebred hate,  
 FTLN 0479 Nor never by advised purpose meet  
 FTLN 0480 To plot, contrive, or complot any ill  
 FTLN 0481 'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

FTLN 0482 BOLINGBROKE I swear. 195

FTLN 0483 MOWBRAY And I, to keep all this.  
*「They step back.」*

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 0484 Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy:  
 FTLN 0485 By this time, had the King permitted us,  
 FTLN 0486 One of our souls had wandered in the air,  
 FTLN 0487 Banished this frail sepulcher of our flesh, 200  
 FTLN 0488 As now our flesh is banished from this land.  
 FTLN 0489 Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm.  
 FTLN 0490 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along  
 FTLN 0491 The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

MOWBRAY

FTLN 0492 No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor, 205  
 FTLN 0493 My name be blotted from the book of life,

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FTLN 0494 And I from heaven banished as from hence.  
 FTLN 0495 But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know,  
 FTLN 0496 And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue.—  
 FTLN 0497 Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray; 210  
 FTLN 0498 Save back to England, all the world's my way.

*He exits.*

KING RICHARD, 「to Gaunt」

FTLN 0499 Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes  
 FTLN 0500 I see thy grievèd heart. Thy sad aspect  
 FTLN 0501 Hath from the number of his banished years  
 FTLN 0502 Plucked four away. 「To Bolingbroke.」 Six frozen 215  
 FTLN 0503 winters spent,  
 FTLN 0504 Return with welcome home from banishment.

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 0505 How long a time lies in one little word!  
 FTLN 0506 Four lagging winters and four wanton springs  
 FTLN 0507 End in a word; such is the breath of kings. 220

GAUNT

FTLN 0508 I thank my liege that in regard of me  
 FTLN 0509 He shortens four years of my son's exile.  
 FTLN 0510 But little vantage shall I reap thereby;  
 FTLN 0511 For, ere the six years that he hath to spend  
 FTLN 0512 Can change their moons and bring their times 225  
 FTLN 0513 about,  
 FTLN 0514 My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light  
 FTLN 0515 Shall be extinct with age and endless 「night;」  
 FTLN 0516 My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
 FTLN 0517 And blindfold death not let me see my son. 230

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0518 Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

GAUNT

FTLN 0519 But not a minute, king, that thou canst give.  
 FTLN 0520 Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,  
 FTLN 0521 And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow.  
 FTLN 0522 Thou canst help time to furrow me with age, 235  
 FTLN 0523 But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage.

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FTLN 0524 Thy word is current with him for my death,  
 FTLN 0525 But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0526 Thy son is banished upon good advice,  
 FTLN 0527 Whereto thy tongue a party verdict gave. 240  
 FTLN 0528 Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?

GAUNT

FTLN 0529 Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.  
 FTLN 0530 You urged me as a judge, but I had rather  
 FTLN 0531 You would have bid me argue like a father.  
 FTLN 0532 O, had it been a stranger, not my child, 245  
 FTLN 0533 To smooth his fault I should have been more mild.  
 FTLN 0534 A partial slander sought I to avoid,  
 FTLN 0535 And in the sentence my own life destroyed.  
 FTLN 0536 Alas, I looked when some of you should say  
 FTLN 0537 I was too strict, to make mine own away. 250  
 FTLN 0538 But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue  
 FTLN 0539 Against my will to do myself this wrong.

KING RICHARD, *「to Bolingbroke」*

FTLN 0540 Cousin, farewell.—And, uncle, bid him so.  
 FTLN 0541 Six years we banish him, and he shall go.  
*「Flourish. King Richard」 exits 「with his Attendants.」*

AUMERLE, *「to Bolingbroke」*

FTLN 0542 Cousin, farewell. What presence must not know, 255  
 FTLN 0543 From where you do remain let paper show.

MARSHAL, *「to Bolingbroke」*

FTLN 0544 My lord, no leave take I, for I will ride,  
 FTLN 0545 As far as land will let me, by your side.

GAUNT, *「to Bolingbroke」*

FTLN 0546 O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,  
 FTLN 0547 That thou returnest no greeting to thy friends? 260

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 0548 I have too few to take my leave of you,  
 FTLN 0549 When the tongue's office should be prodigal  
 FTLN 0550 To breathe the abundant dolor of the heart.

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 GAUNT

FTLN 0551 Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 0552 Joy absent, grief is present for that time. 265

GAUNT

FTLN 0553 What is six winters? They are quickly gone.

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 0554 To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

GAUNT

FTLN 0555 Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 0556 My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,

FTLN 0557 Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage. 270

GAUNT

FTLN 0558 The sullen passage of thy weary steps

FTLN 0559 Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set

FTLN 0560 The precious jewel of thy home return.

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 0561 Nay, rather every tedious stride I make

FTLN 0562 Will but remember me what a deal of world 275

FTLN 0563 I wander from the jewels that I love.

FTLN 0564 Must I not serve a long apprenticeship

FTLN 0565 To foreign passages, and in the end,

FTLN 0566 Having my freedom, boast of nothing else

FTLN 0567 But that I was a journeyman to grief? 280

GAUNT

FTLN 0568 All places that the eye of heaven visits

FTLN 0569 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

FTLN 0570 Teach thy necessity to reason thus:

FTLN 0571 There is no virtue like necessity.

FTLN 0572 Think not the King did banish thee, 285

FTLN 0573 But thou the King. Woe doth the heavier sit

FTLN 0574 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

FTLN 0575 Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honor,

FTLN 0576 And not the King exiled thee; or suppose

FTLN 0577 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air 290

FTLN 0578 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.

FTLN 0579	Look what thy soul holds dear, imagine it	
FTLN 0580	To lie that way thou goest, not whence thou com'st.	
FTLN 0581	Suppose the singing birds musicians,	
FTLN 0582	The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence	295
FTLN 0583	strewed,	
FTLN 0584	The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more	
FTLN 0585	Than a delightful measure or a dance;	
FTLN 0586	For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite	
FTLN 0587	The man that mocks at it and sets it light.	300

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 0588	O, who can hold a fire in his hand	
FTLN 0589	By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?	
FTLN 0590	Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite	
FTLN 0591	By bare imagination of a feast?	
FTLN 0592	Or wallow naked in December snow	305
FTLN 0593	By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?	
FTLN 0594	O no, the apprehension of the good	
FTLN 0595	Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.	
FTLN 0596	Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more	
FTLN 0597	Than when he bites but lanceth not the sore.	310

GAUNT

FTLN 0598 Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way.  
FTLN 0599 Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 0600	Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu,	
FTLN 0601	My mother and my nurse that bears me yet.	
FTLN 0602	Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,	315
FTLN 0603	Though banished, yet a trueborn Englishman.	

*They exit.*

## 「Scene 4」

*Enter the King with 'Green and Bagot,' at one door,  
and the Lord Aumerle at another.*

FTLN 0604 KING RICHARD We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,  
FTLN 0605 How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

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AUMERLE

FTLN 0606 I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,  
 FTLN 0607 But to the next highway, and there I left him.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0608 And say, what store of parting tears were shed? 5

AUMERLE

FTLN 0609 Faith, none for me, except the northeast wind,  
 FTLN 0610 Which then blew bitterly against our faces,  
 FTLN 0611 Awaked the sleeping rheum and so by chance  
 FTLN 0612 Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0613 What said our cousin when you parted with him? 10

FTLN 0614 AUMERLE "Farewell."

FTLN 0615 And, for my heart disdained that my tongue  
 FTLN 0616 Should so profane the word, that taught me craft  
 FTLN 0617 To counterfeit oppression of such grief  
 FTLN 0618 That words seemed buried in my sorrow's grave. 15

FTLN 0619 Marry, would the word "farewell" have lengthened  
 FTLN 0620 hours

FTLN 0621 And added years to his short banishment,  
 FTLN 0622 He should have had a volume of farewells.  
 FTLN 0623 But since it would not, he had none of me. 20

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0624 He is our 'cousin,' cousin, but 'tis doubt,  
 FTLN 0625 When time shall call him home from banishment,  
 FTLN 0626 Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.  
 FTLN 0627 Ourself and Bushy, 'Bagot here, and Green,'  
 FTLN 0628 Observed his courtship to the common people, 25

FTLN 0629 How he did seem to dive into their hearts  
 FTLN 0630 With humble and familiar courtesy,  
 FTLN 0631 What reverence he did throw away on slaves,  
 FTLN 0632 Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles

FTLN 0633 And patient underbearing of his fortune, 30  
 FTLN 0634 As 'twere to banish their affects with him.  
 FTLN 0635 Off goes his bonnet to an oysterwench;  
 FTLN 0636 A brace of draymen bid God speed him well

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FTLN 0637 And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
 FTLN 0638 With “Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends,” 35  
 FTLN 0639 As were our England in reversion his,  
 FTLN 0640 And he our subjects’ next degree in hope.

GREEN

FTLN 0641 Well, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts.  
 FTLN 0642 Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,  
 FTLN 0643 Expedient manage must be made, my liege, 40  
 FTLN 0644 Ere further leisure yield them further means  
 FTLN 0645 For their advantage and your Highness’ loss.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0646 We will ourself in person to this war.  
 FTLN 0647 And, for our coffers, with too great a court  
 FTLN 0648 And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light, 45  
 FTLN 0649 We are enforced to farm our royal realm,  
 FTLN 0650 The revenue whereof shall furnish us  
 FTLN 0651 For our affairs in hand. If that come short,  
 FTLN 0652 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters,  
 FTLN 0653 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich, 50  
 FTLN 0654 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold  
 FTLN 0655 And send them after to supply our wants,  
 FTLN 0656 For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter Bushy.*

FTLN 0657 Bushy, what news?<sup>7</sup>

BUSHY

FTLN 0658 Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord, 55  
 FTLN 0659 Suddenly taken, and hath sent posthaste  
 FTLN 0660 To entreat your Majesty to visit him.

FTLN 0661 KING RICHARD Where lies he?

FTLN 0662 BUSHY At Ely House.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0663 Now put it, God, in the physician’s mind 60  
 FTLN 0664 To help him to his grave immediately!  
 FTLN 0665 The lining of his coffers shall make coats

FTLN 0666       To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.

FTLN 0667       Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him.

FTLN 0668       Pray God we may make haste and come too late.

65

FTLN 0669    [ALL]    Amen!

*They exit.*

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## 「ACT 2」

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### 「Scene 1」

*Enter John of Gaunt sick, with the Duke of York, 「and Attendants.」*

GAUNT

FTLN 0670 Will the King come, that I may breathe my last  
FTLN 0671 In wholesome counsel to his unstaïd youth?

YORK

FTLN 0672 Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath,  
FTLN 0673 For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

GAUNT

FTLN 0674	O, but they say the tongues of dying men	5
FTLN 0675	Enforce attention like deep harmony.	
FTLN 0676	Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in	
FTLN 0677	vain,	
FTLN 0678	For they breathe truth that breathe their words in	
FTLN 0679	pain.	10
FTLN 0680	He that no more must say is listened more	
FTLN 0681	Than they whom youth and ease have taught to	
FTLN 0682	gloze.	
FTLN 0683	More are men's ends marked than their lives before.	
FTLN 0684	The setting sun, and music at the close,	15
FTLN 0685	As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,	
FTLN 0686	Writ in remembrance more than things long past.	
FTLN 0687	Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,	
FTLN 0688	My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.	

## YORK

FTLN 0689	No, it is stopped with other flattering sounds,	20
FTLN 0690	As praises, of whose taste the wise are 'fond;'	
FTLN 0691	Lascivious meters, to whose venom sound	
FTLN 0692	The open ear of youth doth always listen;	
FTLN 0693	Report of fashions in proud Italy,	
FTLN 0694	Whose manners still our tardy-apish nation	25
FTLN 0695	Limps after in base imitation.	
FTLN 0696	Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—	
FTLN 0697	So it be new, there's no respect how vile—	
FTLN 0698	That is not quickly buzzed into his ears?	
FTLN 0699	Then all too late comes counsel to be heard	30
FTLN 0700	Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.	
FTLN 0701	Direct not him whose way himself will choose.	
FTLN 0702	'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou	
FTLN 0703	lose.	

## GAUNT

FTLN 0704	Methinks I am a prophet new inspired,	35
FTLN 0705	And thus expiring do foretell of him:	
FTLN 0706	His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,	
FTLN 0707	For violent fires soon burn out themselves;	
FTLN 0708	Small showers last long, but sudden storms are	
FTLN 0709	short;	40
FTLN 0710	He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;	
FTLN 0711	With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder;	
FTLN 0712	Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,	
FTLN 0713	Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.	
FTLN 0714	This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,	45
FTLN 0715	This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,	
FTLN 0716	This other Eden, demi-paradise,	
FTLN 0717	This fortress built by Nature for herself	
FTLN 0718	Against infection and the hand of war,	
FTLN 0719	This happy breed of men, this little world,	50
FTLN 0720	This precious stone set in the silver sea,	
FTLN 0721	Which serves it in the office of a wall,	
FTLN 0722	Or as 'a' moat defensive to a house,	

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FTLN 0723      Against the envy of less happier lands,  
 FTLN 0724      This blessèd plot, this earth, this realm, this      55  
 FTLN 0725          England,  
 FTLN 0726      This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
 FTLN 0727      Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,  
 FTLN 0728      Renownèd for their deeds as far from home  
 FTLN 0729      For Christian service and true chivalry      60  
 FTLN 0730      As is the sepulcher in stubborn Jewry  
 FTLN 0731      Of the world's ransom, blessèd Mary's son,  
 FTLN 0732      This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
 FTLN 0733      Dear for her reputation through the world,  
 FTLN 0734      Is now leased out—I die pronouncing it—      65  
 FTLN 0735      Like to a tenement or pelting farm.  
 FTLN 0736      England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 FTLN 0737      Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
 FTLN 0738      Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
 FTLN 0739      With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds.      70  
 FTLN 0740      That England that was wont to conquer others  
 FTLN 0741      Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.  
 FTLN 0742      Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,  
 FTLN 0743      How happy then were my ensuing death!

*Enter King and Queen, 'Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot,  
 Ross, Willoughby,' etc.*

YORK

FTLN 0744      The King is come. Deal mildly with his youth,      75  
 FTLN 0745      For young hot colts being 'reined' do rage the more.

QUEEN, 'to Gaunt'

FTLN 0746      How fares our noble uncle Lancaster?

KING RICHARD, 'to Gaunt'

FTLN 0747      What comfort, man? How is 't with agèd Gaunt?

GAUNT

FTLN 0748      O, how that name befits my composition!  
 FTLN 0749      Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old.      80  
 FTLN 0750      Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast,  
 FTLN 0751      And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?

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FTLN 0752	For sleeping England long time have I watched;	
FTLN 0753	Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.	
FTLN 0754	The pleasure that some fathers feed upon	85
FTLN 0755	Is my strict fast—I mean my children's looks—	
FTLN 0756	And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt.	
FTLN 0757	Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,	
FTLN 0758	Whose hollow womb inherits naught but bones.	
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 0759	Can sick men play so nicely with their names?	90
	GAUNT	
FTLN 0760	No, misery makes sport to mock itself.	
FTLN 0761	Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,	
FTLN 0762	I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.	
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 0763	Should dying men flatter with those that live?	
	GAUNT	
FTLN 0764	No, no, men living flatter those that die.	95
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 0765	Thou, now a-dying, sayest thou flatterest me.	
	GAUNT	
FTLN 0766	O, no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.	
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 0767	I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.	
	GAUNT	
FTLN 0768	Now He that made me knows I see thee ill,	
FTLN 0769	Ill in myself to see, and in thee, seeing ill.	100
FTLN 0770	Thy deathbed is no lesser than thy land,	
FTLN 0771	Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;	
FTLN 0772	And thou, too careless-patient as thou art,	
FTLN 0773	Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure	
FTLN 0774	Of those physicians that first wounded thee.	105
FTLN 0775	A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,	
FTLN 0776	Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,	
FTLN 0777	And yet 'encagèd' in so small a verge,	
FTLN 0778	The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.	

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FTLN 0779	O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye	110
FTLN 0780	Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,	
FTLN 0781	From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,	
FTLN 0782	Deposing thee before thou wert possessed,	
FTLN 0783	Which art possessed now to depose thyself.	
FTLN 0784	Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,	115
FTLN 0785	It were a shame to let this land by lease;	
FTLN 0786	But, for thy world enjoying but this land,	
FTLN 0787	Is it not more than shame to shame it so?	
FTLN 0788	Landlord of England art thou now, not king.	
FTLN 0789	Thy state of law is bonds slave to the law,	120
FTLN 0790	And thou—	
FTLN 0791	KING RICHARD     A lunatic lean-witted fool,	
FTLN 0792	Presuming on an ague's privilege,	
FTLN 0793	Darest with thy frozen admonition	
FTLN 0794	Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood	125
FTLN 0795	With fury from his native residence.	
FTLN 0796	Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,	
FTLN 0797	Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,	
FTLN 0798	This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head	
FTLN 0799	Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.	130
	GAUNT	
FTLN 0800	O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,	
FTLN 0801	For that I was his father Edward's son!	
FTLN 0802	That blood already, like the pelican,	
FTLN 0803	Hast thou tapped out and drunkenly caroused.	
FTLN 0804	My brother Gloucester—plain, well-meaning soul,	135
FTLN 0805	Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls—	
FTLN 0806	May be a precedent and witness good	
FTLN 0807	That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.	
FTLN 0808	Join with the present sickness that I have,	
FTLN 0809	And thy unkindness be like crooked age	140
FTLN 0810	To crop at once a too-long withered flower.	
FTLN 0811	Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!	
FTLN 0812	These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—	

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FTLN 0813      Convey me to my bed, then to my grave.  
 FTLN 0814      Love they to live that love and honor have. 145

*He exits, 「carried off by Attendants.」*

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0815      And let them die that age and sullens have,  
 FTLN 0816      For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

YORK

FTLN 0817      I do beseech your Majesty, impute his words  
 FTLN 0818      To wayward sickliness and age in him.  
 FTLN 0819      He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear 150  
 FTLN 0820      As Harry, Duke of Hereford, were he here.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0821      Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his;  
 FTLN 0822      As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

*「Enter Northumberland.」*

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0823      My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your Majesty.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0824      What says he? 155

FTLN 0825      NORTHUMBERLAND      Nay, nothing; all is said.  
 FTLN 0826      His tongue is now a stringless instrument;  
 FTLN 0827      Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

YORK

FTLN 0828      Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!  
 FTLN 0829      Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe. 160

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0830      The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;  
 FTLN 0831      His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.  
 FTLN 0832      So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:  
 FTLN 0833      We must supplant those rough rugheaded kern,  
 FTLN 0834      Which live like venom where no venom else 165  
 FTLN 0835      But only they have privilege to live.  
 FTLN 0836      And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,  
 FTLN 0837      Towards our assistance we do seize to us

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FTLN 0838	The plate, coin, revenues, and movables	
FTLN 0839	Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possessed.	170
	YORK	
FTLN 0840	How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long	
FTLN 0841	Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?	
FTLN 0842	Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment,	
FTLN 0843	Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,	
FTLN 0844	Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke	175
FTLN 0845	About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,	
FTLN 0846	Have ever made me sour my patient cheek	
FTLN 0847	Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.	
FTLN 0848	I am the last of noble Edward's sons,	
FTLN 0849	Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first.	180
FTLN 0850	In war was never lion raged more fierce,	
FTLN 0851	In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,	
FTLN 0852	Than was that young and princely gentleman.	
FTLN 0853	His face thou hast, for even so looked he,	
FTLN 0854	Accomplished with <sup>the</sup> number of thy hours;	185
FTLN 0855	But when he frowned, it was against the French	
FTLN 0856	And not against his friends. His noble hand	
FTLN 0857	Did win what he did spend, and spent not that	
FTLN 0858	Which his triumphant father's hand had won.	
FTLN 0859	His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,	190
FTLN 0860	But bloody with the enemies of his kin.	
FTLN 0861	O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,	
FTLN 0862	Or else he never would compare between.	
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 0863	Why, uncle, what's the matter?	
FTLN 0864	YORK O, my liege,	195
FTLN 0865	Pardon me if you please. If not, I, pleased	
FTLN 0866	Not to be pardoned, am content withal.	
FTLN 0867	Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands	
FTLN 0868	The royalties and rights of banished Hereford?	
FTLN 0869	Is not Gaunt dead? And doth not Hereford live?	200
FTLN 0870	Was not Gaunt just? And is not Harry true?	
FTLN 0871	Did not the one deserve to have an heir?	

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FTLN 0872 Is not his heir a well-deserving son?  
 FTLN 0873 Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time  
 FTLN 0874 His charters and his customary rights; 205  
 FTLN 0875 Let not tomorrow then ensue today;  
 FTLN 0876 Be not thyself; for how art thou a king  
 FTLN 0877 But by fair sequence and succession?  
 FTLN 0878 Now afore God—God forbid I say true!—  
 FTLN 0879 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights, 210  
 FTLN 0880 Call in the letters patents that he hath  
 FTLN 0881 By his attorneys general to sue  
 FTLN 0882 His livery, and deny his offered homage,  
 FTLN 0883 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
 FTLN 0884 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts, 215  
 FTLN 0885 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts  
 FTLN 0886 Which honor and allegiance cannot think.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0887 Think what you will, we seize into our hands  
 FTLN 0888 His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

YORK

FTLN 0889 I'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell. 220  
 FTLN 0890 What will ensue hereof there's none can tell;  
 FTLN 0891 But by bad courses may be understood  
 FTLN 0892 That their events can never fall out good. *He exits.*

KING RICHARD

FTLN 0893 Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight.  
 FTLN 0894 Bid him repair to us to Ely House 225  
 FTLN 0895 To see this business. Tomorrow next  
 FTLN 0896 We will for Ireland, and 'tis time, I trow.  
 FTLN 0897 And we create, in absence of ourself,  
 FTLN 0898 Our uncle York Lord Governor of England,  
 FTLN 0899 For he is just and always loved us well.— 230  
 FTLN 0900 Come on, our queen. Tomorrow must we part.  
 FTLN 0901 Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

*King and Queen exit 'with others;'  
 Northumberland, 'Willoughby, and Ross' remain.*



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NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0902 Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

ROSS

FTLN 0903 And living too, for now his son is duke.

WILLOUGHBY

FTLN 0904 Barely in title, not in revenues. 235

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0905 Richly in both, if justice had her right.

ROSS

FTLN 0906 My heart is great, but it must break with silence

FTLN 0907 Ere 't be disburdened with a liberal tongue.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0908 Nay, speak thy mind, and let him ne'er speak more

FTLN 0909 That speaks thy words again to do thee harm! 240

WILLOUGHBY, *['to Ross']*

FTLN 0910 Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of

FTLN 0911 Hereford?

FTLN 0912 If it be so, out with it boldly, man.

FTLN 0913 Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

ROSS

FTLN 0914 No good at all that I can do for him, 245

FTLN 0915 Unless you call it good to pity him,

FTLN 0916 Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0917 Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne

FTLN 0918 In him, a royal prince, and many more

FTLN 0919 Of noble blood in this declining land. 250

FTLN 0920 The King is not himself, but basely led

FTLN 0921 By flatterers; and what they will inform

FTLN 0922 Merely in hate 'gainst any of us all,

FTLN 0923 That will the King severely prosecute

FTLN 0924 'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs. 255

ROSS

FTLN 0925 The commons hath he pilled with grievous taxes,

FTLN 0926 And quite lost their hearts. The nobles hath he fined

FTLN 0927 For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

WILLOUGHBY

FTLN 0928 And daily new exactions are devised,  
FTLN 0929 As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what. 260  
FTLN 0930 But what i' God's name doth become of this?

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0931 Wars hath not wasted it, for warred he hath not,  
FTLN 0932 But basely yielded upon compromise  
FTLN 0933 That which his noble ancestors achieved with blows.  
FTLN 0934 More hath he spent in peace than they in wars. 265

ROSS

FTLN 0935 The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

WILLOUGHBY

FTLN 0936 The King grown bankrupt like a broken man.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0937 Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

ROSS

FTLN 0938 He hath not money for these Irish wars,  
FTLN 0939 His burdenous taxations notwithstanding, 270  
FTLN 0940 But by the robbing of the banished duke.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0941 His noble kinsman. Most degenerate king!  
FTLN 0942 But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,  
FTLN 0943 Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;  
FTLN 0944 We see the wind sit sore upon our sails, 275  
FTLN 0945 And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

ROSS

FTLN 0946 We see the very wrack that we must suffer,  
FTLN 0947 And unavowed is the danger now  
FTLN 0948 For suffering so the causes of our wrack.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0949 Not so. Even through the hollow eyes of death 280  
FTLN 0950 I spy life peering; but I dare not say  
FTLN 0951 How near the tidings of our comfort is.

WILLOUGHBY

FTLN 0952 Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

ROSS

FTLN 0953 Be confident to speak, Northumberland.  
 FTLN 0954 We three are but thyself, and speaking so 285  
 FTLN 0955 Thy words are but as thoughts. Therefore be bold.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0956 Then thus: I have from Le Port 「Blanc,」  
 FTLN 0957 A bay in Brittany, received intelligence  
 FTLN 0958 That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord  
 FTLN 0959 Cobham, 290  
 FTLN 0960 That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,  
 FTLN 0961 His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,  
 FTLN 0962 Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,  
 FTLN 0963 Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis  
 FTLN 0964 Coint— 295  
 FTLN 0965 All these well furnished by the Duke of Brittany  
 FTLN 0966 With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,  
 FTLN 0967 Are making hither with all due expedience  
 FTLN 0968 And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.  
 FTLN 0969 Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay 300  
 FTLN 0970 The first departing of the King for Ireland.  
 FTLN 0971 If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,  
 FTLN 0972 Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,  
 FTLN 0973 Redeem from broking pawn the blemished crown,  
 FTLN 0974 Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt, 305  
 FTLN 0975 And make high majesty look like itself,  
 FTLN 0976 Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh.  
 FTLN 0977 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
 FTLN 0978 Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

ROSS

FTLN 0979 To horse, to horse! Urge doubts to them that fear. 310

WILLOUGHBY

FTLN 0980 Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

*They exit.*

## [Scene 2]

*Enter the Queen, Bushy, [and] Bagot.*

BUSHY

FTLN 0981 Madam, your Majesty is too much sad.  
 FTLN 0982 You promised, when you parted with the King,  
 FTLN 0983 To lay aside life-harming heaviness  
 FTLN 0984 And entertain a cheerful disposition.

QUEEN

FTLN 0985 To please the King I did; to please myself 5  
 FTLN 0986 I cannot do it. Yet I know no cause  
 FTLN 0987 Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,  
 FTLN 0988 Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest  
 FTLN 0989 As my sweet Richard. Yet again methinks  
 FTLN 0990 Some unborn sorrow ripe in Fortune's womb 10  
 FTLN 0991 Is coming towards me, and my inward soul  
 FTLN 0992 With nothing trembles. At some thing it grieves  
 FTLN 0993 More than with parting from my lord the King.

BUSHY

FTLN 0994 Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows  
 FTLN 0995 Which shows like grief itself but is not so; 15  
 FTLN 0996 For sorrow's eyes, glazed with blinding tears,  
 FTLN 0997 Divides one thing entire to many objects,  
 FTLN 0998 Like perspectives, which rightly gazed upon  
 FTLN 0999 Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry  
 FTLN 1000 Distinguish form. So your sweet Majesty, 20  
 FTLN 1001 Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
 FTLN 1002 Find shapes of grief more than himself to wail,  
 FTLN 1003 Which, looked on as it is, is naught but shadows  
 FTLN 1004 Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,  
 FTLN 1005 More than your lord's departure weep not. More is 25  
 FTLN 1006 not seen,  
 FTLN 1007 Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,  
 FTLN 1008 Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

QUEEN

FTLN 1009 It may be so, but yet my inward soul  
 FTLN 1010 Persuades me it is otherwise. Howe'er it be, 30

FTLN 1011 I cannot but be sad—so heavy sad  
 FTLN 1012 As thought, on thinking on no thought I think,  
 FTLN 1013 Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

BUSHY

FTLN 1014 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

QUEEN

FTLN 1015 'Tis nothing less. Conceit is still derived 35  
 FTLN 1016 From some forefather grief. Mine is not so,  
 FTLN 1017 For nothing hath begot my something grief—  
 FTLN 1018 Or something hath the nothing that I grieve.  
 FTLN 1019 'Tis in reversion that I do possess,  
 FTLN 1020 But what it is that is not yet known what, 40  
 FTLN 1021 I cannot name. 'Tis nameless woe, I wot.

*Enter Green.*

GREEN

FTLN 1022 God save your Majesty!—And well met, gentlemen.  
 FTLN 1023 I hope the King is not yet shipped for Ireland.

QUEEN

FTLN 1024 Why hopest thou so? 'Tis better hope he is,  
 FTLN 1025 For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope. 45  
 FTLN 1026 Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipped?

GREEN

FTLN 1027 That he, our hope, might have retired his power  
 FTLN 1028 And driven into despair an enemy's hope,  
 FTLN 1029 Who strongly hath set footing in this land.  
 FTLN 1030 The banished Bolingbroke repeals himself 50  
 FTLN 1031 And with uplifted arms is safe arrived  
 FTLN 1032 At Ravenspurgh.

FTLN 1033 QUEEN Now God in heaven forbid!

GREEN

FTLN 1034 Ah, madam, 'tis too true. And that is worse,  
 FTLN 1035 The Lord Northumberland, his son young Harry 55  
 FTLN 1036 Percy,  
 FTLN 1037 The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,  
 FTLN 1038 With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

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 BUSHY

FTLN 1039     Why have you not proclaimed Northumberland  
 FTLN 1040     And all the rest revolted faction traitors? 60

GREEN

FTLN 1041     We have; whereupon the Earl of Worcester  
 FTLN 1042     Hath broken his staff, resigned his stewardship,  
 FTLN 1043     And all the Household servants fled with him  
 FTLN 1044     To Bolingbroke.

QUEEN

FTLN 1045     So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe, 65  
 FTLN 1046     And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir.  
 FTLN 1047     Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,  
 FTLN 1048     And I, a gasping new-delivered mother,  
 FTLN 1049     Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow joined.

BUSHY

FTLN 1050     Despair not, madam. 70

QUEEN                     Who shall hinder me?

FTLN 1051     I will despair, and be at enmity  
 FTLN 1052     With cozening hope. He is a flatterer,  
 FTLN 1053     A parasite, a keeper-back of death,  
 FTLN 1054     Who gently would dissolve the bands of life 75  
 FTLN 1055     Which false hope lingers in extremity.  
 FTLN 1056

[*Enter York.*]

FTLN 1057     GREEN     Here comes the Duke of York.

QUEEN

FTLN 1058     With signs of war about his aged neck.  
 FTLN 1059     O, full of careful business are his looks!—  
 FTLN 1060     Uncle, for God's sake speak comfortable words. 80

YORK

FTLN 1061     Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts.  
 FTLN 1062     Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the Earth,  
 FTLN 1063     Where nothing lives but crosses, cares, and grief.  
 FTLN 1064     Your husband, he is gone to save far off  
 FTLN 1065     Whilst others come to make him lose at home. 85  
 FTLN 1066     Here am I left to underprop his land,

FTLN 1067      Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.  
 FTLN 1068      Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;  
 FTLN 1069      Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

「Enter a Servingman.」

SERVINGMAN

FTLN 1070      My lord, your son was gone before I came. 90

YORK

FTLN 1071      He was? Why, so go all which way it will.  
 FTLN 1072      The nobles they are fled, the commons they are  
 FTLN 1073      cold,  
 FTLN 1074      And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.  
 FTLN 1075      Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester; 95  
 FTLN 1076      Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.  
 FTLN 1077      Hold, take my ring.

SERVINGMAN

FTLN 1078      My lord, I had forgot to tell your Lordship:  
 FTLN 1079      Today as I came by I callèd there—  
 FTLN 1080      But I shall grieve you to report the rest. 100  
 FTLN 1081      YORK    What is 't, knave?

SERVINGMAN

FTLN 1082      An hour before I came, the Duchess died.  
 YORK  
 FTLN 1083      God for His mercy, what a tide of woes  
 FTLN 1084      Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!  
 FTLN 1085      I know not what to do. I would to God, 105  
 FTLN 1086      So my untruth had not provoked him to it,  
 FTLN 1087      The King had cut off my head with my brother's!  
 FTLN 1088      What, are there no posts dispatched for Ireland?  
 FTLN 1089      How shall we do for money for these wars?—  
 FTLN 1090      Come, sister—cousin I would say, pray pardon 110  
 FTLN 1091      me.—  
 FTLN 1092      Go, fellow, get thee home. Provide some carts  
 FTLN 1093      And bring away the armor that is there.

「Servingman exits.」

FTLN 1094      Gentlemen, will you go muster men?

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FTLN 1095 If I know how or which way to order these affairs 115  
 FTLN 1096 Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,  
 FTLN 1097 Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen.  
 FTLN 1098 T' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath  
 FTLN 1099 And duty bids defend; t' other again  
 FTLN 1100 Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wronged, 120  
 FTLN 1101 Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.  
 FTLN 1102 Well, somewhat we must do. *「To Queen.」* Come,  
 FTLN 1103 cousin,  
 FTLN 1104 I'll dispose of you.—Gentlemen, go muster up your  
 FTLN 1105 men 125  
 FTLN 1106 And meet me presently at Berkeley.  
 FTLN 1107 I should to Plashy too,  
 FTLN 1108 But time will not permit. All is uneven,  
 FTLN 1109 And everything is left at six and seven.

*Duke 「of York and」 Queen exit.  
 Bushy, Green, 「and Bagot」 remain.*

BUSHY

FTLN 1110 The wind sits fair for news to go for Ireland, 130  
 FTLN 1111 But none returns. For us to levy power  
 FTLN 1112 Proportionable to the enemy  
 FTLN 1113 Is all impossible.

GREEN

FTLN 1114 Besides, our nearness to the King in love  
 FTLN 1115 Is near the hate of those love not the King. 135

BAGOT

FTLN 1116 And that is the wavering commons, for their love  
 FTLN 1117 Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them  
 FTLN 1118 By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

BUSHY

FTLN 1119 Wherein the King stands generally condemned.

BAGOT

FTLN 1120 If judgment lie in them, then so do we, 140  
 FTLN 1121 Because we ever have been near the King.

GREEN

FTLN 1122 Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristow Castle.  
 FTLN 1123 The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.



BUSHY

FTLN 1124 Thither will I with you, for little office  
 FTLN 1125 Will the hateful commons perform for us, 145  
 FTLN 1126 Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—  
 FTLN 1127 Will you go along with us?

BAGOT

FTLN 1128 No, I will to Ireland to his Majesty.  
 FTLN 1129 Farewell. If heart's presages be not vain,  
 FTLN 1130 We three here part that ne'er shall meet again. 150

BUSHY

FTLN 1131 That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

GREEN

FTLN 1132 Alas, poor duke, the task he undertakes  
 FTLN 1133 Is numb'ring sands and drinking oceans dry.  
 FTLN 1134 Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.  
 FTLN 1135 Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever. 155

BUSHY

FTLN 1136 Well, we may meet again.

FTLN 1137 BAGOT I fear me, never.

*They exit.*

Scene 3

*Enter Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.*

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 1138 How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now?

FTLN 1139 NORTHUMBERLAND Believe me, noble lord,

FTLN 1140 I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.

FTLN 1141 These high wild hills and rough uneven ways

FTLN 1142 Draws out our miles and makes them wearisome. 5

FTLN 1143 And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,

FTLN 1144 Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

FTLN 1145 But I bethink me what a weary way

FTLN 1146 From Ravenspurgh to Cotshall will be found

---

FTLN 1147 In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company, 10  
 FTLN 1148 Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled  
 FTLN 1149 The tediousness and process of my travel.  
 FTLN 1150 But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have  
 FTLN 1151 The present benefit which I possess,  
 FTLN 1152 And hope to joy is little less in joy 15  
 FTLN 1153 Than hope enjoyed. By this the weary lords  
 FTLN 1154 Shall make their way seem short as mine hath done  
 FTLN 1155 By sight of what I have, your noble company.

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 1156 Of much less value is my company  
 FTLN 1157 Than your good words. But who comes here? 20

*Enter Harry Percy.*

FTLN 1158 NORTHUMBERLAND It is my son, young Harry Percy,  
 FTLN 1159 Sent from my brother Worcester whencesoever.—  
 FTLN 1160 Harry, how fares your uncle?

PERCY

FTLN 1161 I had thought, my lord, to have learned his health of  
 FTLN 1162 you. 25

FTLN 1163 NORTHUMBERLAND Why, is he not with the Queen?

PERCY

FTLN 1164 No, my good lord, he hath forsook the court,  
 FTLN 1165 Broken his staff of office, and dispersed  
 FTLN 1166 The Household of the King.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 1167 What was his reason? He was not so resolved 30  
 FTLN 1168 When last we spake together.

PERCY

FTLN 1169 Because your Lordship was proclaimed traitor.  
 FTLN 1170 But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh  
 FTLN 1171 To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,  
 FTLN 1172 And sent me over by Berkeley to discover 35  
 FTLN 1173 What power the Duke of York had levied there,  
 FTLN 1174 Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 1175 Have you forgot the Duke of 'Hereford,' boy?

PERCY

FTLN 1176 No, my good lord, for that is not forgot

FTLN 1177 Which ne'er I did remember. To my knowledge 40

FTLN 1178 I never in my life did look on him.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 1179 Then learn to know him now. This is the Duke.

PERCY, 'to Bolingbroke'

FTLN 1180 My gracious lord, I tender you my service,

FTLN 1181 Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,

FTLN 1182 Which elder days shall ripen and confirm 45

FTLN 1183 To more approvèd service and desert.

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 1184 I thank thee, gentle Percy, and be sure

FTLN 1185 I count myself in nothing else so happy

FTLN 1186 As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;

FTLN 1187 And as my fortune ripens with thy love, 50

FTLN 1188 It shall be still thy true love's recompense.

FTLN 1189 My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

'Gives Percy his hand.'

NORTHUMBERLAND, 'to Percy'

FTLN 1190 How far is it to Berkeley, and what stir

FTLN 1191 Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

PERCY

FTLN 1192 There stands the castle by yon tuft of trees, 55

FTLN 1193 Manned with three hundred men, as I have heard,

FTLN 1194 And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and

FTLN 1195 Seymour,

FTLN 1196 None else of name and noble estimate.

'Enter Ross and Willoughby.'

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 1197 Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby, 60

FTLN 1198 Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste.

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BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 1199 Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues  
 FTLN 1200 A banished traitor. All my treasury  
 FTLN 1201 Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enriched,  
 FTLN 1202 Shall be your love and labor's recompense. 65

ROSS

FTLN 1203 Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

WILLOUGHBY

FTLN 1204 And far surmounts our labor to attain it.

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 1205 Evermore thank's the exchequer of the poor,  
 FTLN 1206 Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
 FTLN 1207 Stands for my bounty. But who comes here? 70

*Enter Berkeley.*

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 1208 It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.

BERKELEY, *to Bolingbroke*

FTLN 1209 My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 1210 My lord, my answer is—to "Lancaster";  
 FTLN 1211 And I am come to seek that name in England.  
 FTLN 1212 And I must find that title in your tongue 75  
 FTLN 1213 Before I make reply to aught you say.

BERKELEY

FTLN 1214 Mistake me not, my lord, 'tis not my meaning  
 FTLN 1215 To rase one title of your honor out.  
 FTLN 1216 To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,  
 FTLN 1217 From the most gracious regent of this land, 80  
 FTLN 1218 The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on  
 FTLN 1219 To take advantage of the absent time,  
 FTLN 1220 And fright our native peace with self-borne arms.

*Enter York.*

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 1221 I shall not need transport my words by you.

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FTLN 1222	Here comes his Grace in person.	「 <i>He kneels.</i> 」	85
FTLN 1223		My noble uncle.	
	YORK		
FTLN 1224	Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,		
FTLN 1225	Whose duty is deceivable and false.		
FTLN 1226	BOLINGBROKE, 「 <i>standing</i> 」	My gracious uncle—	
FTLN 1227	YORK	Tut, tut!	90
FTLN 1228	Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.		
FTLN 1229	I am no traitor's uncle, and that word "grace"		
FTLN 1230	In an ungracious mouth is but profane.		
FTLN 1231	Why have those banished and forbidden legs		
FTLN 1232	Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?		95
FTLN 1233	But then, more why: why have they dared to march		
FTLN 1234	So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,		
FTLN 1235	Frighting her pale-faced villages with war		
FTLN 1236	And ostentation of despised arms?		
FTLN 1237	Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?		100
FTLN 1238	Why, foolish boy, the King is left behind		
FTLN 1239	And in my loyal bosom lies his power.		
FTLN 1240	Were I but now lord of such hot youth		
FTLN 1241	As when brave Gaunt thy father and myself		
FTLN 1242	Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,		105
FTLN 1243	From forth the ranks of many thousand French,		
FTLN 1244	O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,		
FTLN 1245	Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee		
FTLN 1246	And minister correction to thy fault!		
	BOLINGBROKE		
FTLN 1247	My gracious uncle, let me know my fault.		110
FTLN 1248	On what condition stands it and wherein?		
	YORK		
FTLN 1249	Even in condition of the worst degree,		
FTLN 1250	In gross rebellion and detested treason.		
FTLN 1251	Thou art a banished man, and here art come,		
FTLN 1252	Before the expiration of thy time,		115
FTLN 1253	In braving arms against thy sovereign.		

## BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 1254 As I was banished, I was banished Hereford,  
 FTLN 1255 But as I come, I come for Lancaster.  
 FTLN 1256 And, noble uncle, I beseech your Grace  
 FTLN 1257 Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye. 120  
 FTLN 1258 You are my father, for methinks in you  
 FTLN 1259 I see old Gaunt alive. O, then, my father,  
 FTLN 1260 Will you permit that I shall stand condemned  
 FTLN 1261 A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties  
 FTLN 1262 Plucked from my arms perforce and given away 125  
 FTLN 1263 To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?  
 FTLN 1264 If that my cousin king be king in England,  
 FTLN 1265 It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.  
 FTLN 1266 You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin.  
 FTLN 1267 Had you first died and he been thus trod down, 130  
 FTLN 1268 He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father  
 FTLN 1269 To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.  
 FTLN 1270 I am denied to sue my livery here,  
 FTLN 1271 And yet my letters patents give me leave.  
 FTLN 1272 My father's goods are all distrained and sold, 135  
 FTLN 1273 And these, and all, are all amiss employed.  
 FTLN 1274 What would you have me do? I am a subject,  
 FTLN 1275 And I challenge law. Attorneys are denied me,  
 FTLN 1276 And therefore personally I lay my claim  
 FTLN 1277 To my inheritance of free descent. 140

NORTHUMBERLAND, *['to York']*

FTLN 1278 The noble duke hath been too much abused.

ROSS, *['to York']*

FTLN 1279 It stands your Grace upon to do him right.

WILLOUGHBY, *['to York']*

FTLN 1280 Base men by his endowments are made great.

YORK

FTLN 1281 My lords of England, let me tell you this:  
 FTLN 1282 I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs 145  
 FTLN 1283 And labored all I could to do him right.  
 FTLN 1284 But in this kind to come, in braving arms,

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FTLN 1285 Be his own carver, and cut out his way  
 FTLN 1286 To find out right with wrong, it may not be.  
 FTLN 1287 And you that do abet him in this kind 150  
 FTLN 1288 Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

## NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 1289 The noble duke hath sworn his coming is  
 FTLN 1290 But for his own, and for the right of that  
 FTLN 1291 We all have strongly sworn to give him aid.  
 FTLN 1292 And let him never see joy that breaks that oath. 155

## YORK

FTLN 1293 Well, well. I see the issue of these arms.  
 FTLN 1294 I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,  
 FTLN 1295 Because my power is weak and all ill-left.  
 FTLN 1296 But if I could, by Him that gave me life,  
 FTLN 1297 I would attach you all and make you stoop 160  
 FTLN 1298 Unto the sovereign mercy of the King.  
 FTLN 1299 But since I cannot, be it known unto you  
 FTLN 1300 I do remain as neuter. So fare you well—  
 FTLN 1301 Unless you please to enter in the castle  
 FTLN 1302 And there repose you for this night. 165

## BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 1303 An offer, uncle, that we will accept.  
 FTLN 1304 But we must win your Grace to go with us  
 FTLN 1305 To Bristow Castle, which they say is held  
 FTLN 1306 By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,  
 FTLN 1307 The caterpillars of the commonwealth, 170  
 FTLN 1308 Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

## YORK

FTLN 1309 It may be I will go with you; but yet I'll pause,  
 FTLN 1310 For I am loath to break our country's laws.  
 FTLN 1311 Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are.  
 FTLN 1312 Things past redress are now with me past care. 175

*They exit.*

## [Scene 4]

*Enter Earl of Salisbury and a Welsh Captain.*

WELSH CAPTAIN

FTLN 1313 My Lord of Salisbury, we have stayed ten days  
 FTLN 1314 And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
 FTLN 1315 And yet we hear no tidings from the King.  
 FTLN 1316 Therefore we will disperse ourselves. Farewell.

SALISBURY

FTLN 1317 Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman. 5  
 FTLN 1318 The King reposest all his confidence in thee.

WELSH CAPTAIN

FTLN 1319 'Tis thought the King is dead. We will not stay.  
 FTLN 1320 The bay trees in our country are all withered,  
 FTLN 1321 And meteors fright the fixèd stars of heaven;  
 FTLN 1322 The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the Earth, 10  
 FTLN 1323 And lean-looking prophets whisper fearful change;  
 FTLN 1324 Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,  
 FTLN 1325 The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,  
 FTLN 1326 The other to enjoy by rage and war.  
 FTLN 1327 These signs forerun the death or fall of kings. 15  
 FTLN 1328 Farewell. Our countrymen are gone and fled,  
 FTLN 1329 As well assured Richard their king is dead.

*[He exits.]*

SALISBURY

FTLN 1330 Ah, Richard! With the eyes of heavy mind  
 FTLN 1331 I see thy glory like a shooting star  
 FTLN 1332 Fall to the base earth from the firmament. 20  
 FTLN 1333 Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
 FTLN 1334 Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest.  
 FTLN 1335 Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,  
 FTLN 1336 And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

*[He exits.]*



## 「ACT 3」

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### 「Scene 1」

*Enter 「Bolingbroke,」 Duke of Hereford, York,  
Northumberland, 「with other Lords, and」 Bushy and  
Green prisoners.*

FTLN 1337	BOLINGBROKE	Bring forth these men.—	
FTLN 1338		Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls,	
FTLN 1339		Since presently your souls must part your bodies,	
FTLN 1340		With too much urging your pernicious lives,	
FTLN 1341		For 'twere no charity; yet to wash your blood	5
FTLN 1342		From off my hands, here in the view of men	
FTLN 1343		I will unfold some causes of your deaths:	
FTLN 1344		You have misled a prince, a royal king,	
FTLN 1345		A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments	
FTLN 1346		By you unhappied and disfigured clean.	10
FTLN 1347		You have in manner with your sinful hours	
FTLN 1348		Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,	
FTLN 1349		Broke the possession of a royal bed,	
FTLN 1350		And stained the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks	
FTLN 1351		With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.	15
FTLN 1352		Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,	
FTLN 1353		Near to the King in blood, and near in love	
FTLN 1354		Till you did make him misinterpret me,	
FTLN 1355		Have stooped my neck under your injuries	
FTLN 1356		And sighed my English breath in foreign clouds,	20
FTLN 1357		Eating the bitter bread of banishment,	

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FTLN 1358 Whilst you have fed upon my seigniories,  
 FTLN 1359 Disparked my parks and felled my forest woods,  
 FTLN 1360 From my own windows torn my household coat,  
 FTLN 1361 Rased out my imprese, leaving me no sign, 25  
 FTLN 1362 Save men's opinions and my living blood,  
 FTLN 1363 To show the world I am a gentleman.  
 FTLN 1364 This and much more, much more than twice all  
 FTLN 1365 this,  
 FTLN 1366 Condemns you to the death.—See them delivered 30  
 FTLN 1367 over  
 FTLN 1368 To execution and the hand of death.  
 BUSHY  
 FTLN 1369 More welcome is the stroke of death to me  
 FTLN 1370 Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.  
 GREEN  
 FTLN 1371 My comfort is that heaven will take our souls 35  
 FTLN 1372 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.  
 BOLINGBROKE  
 FTLN 1373 My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatched.  
                                 *「Northumberland exits with Bushy and Green.」*  
 FTLN 1374 *「To York.」* Uncle, you say the Queen is at your  
 FTLN 1375 house.  
 FTLN 1376 For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated. 40  
 FTLN 1377 Tell her I send to her my kind commends.  
 FTLN 1378 Take special care my greetings be delivered.  
 YORK  
 FTLN 1379 A gentleman of mine I have dispatched  
 FTLN 1380 With letters of your love to her at large.  
 BOLINGBROKE  
 FTLN 1381 Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away, 45  
 FTLN 1382 To fight with Glendower and his complices.  
 FTLN 1383 A while to work, and after holiday.

*They exit.*

## [Scene 2]

[Drums. Flourish and colors.] Enter the King, Aumerle,  
Carlisle, [and Soldiers.]

KING RICHARD

FTLN 1384 Barkloughly Castle call they this at hand?

AUMERLE

FTLN 1385 Yea, my lord. How brooks your Grace the air  
FTLN 1386 After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

KING RICHARD

FTLN 1387 Needs must I like it well. I weep for joy  
FTLN 1388 To stand upon my kingdom once again. [He kneels.] 5  
FTLN 1389 Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
FTLN 1390 Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs.  
FTLN 1391 As a long-parted mother with her child  
FTLN 1392 Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,  
FTLN 1393 So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth, 10  
FTLN 1394 And do thee favors with my royal hands.  
FTLN 1395 Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,  
FTLN 1396 Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense,  
FTLN 1397 But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,  
FTLN 1398 And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way, 15  
FTLN 1399 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet  
FTLN 1400 Which with usurping steps do trample thee.  
FTLN 1401 Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies,  
FTLN 1402 And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,  
FTLN 1403 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder, 20  
FTLN 1404 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch  
FTLN 1405 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.  
FTLN 1406 Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords.  
FTLN 1407 This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones  
FTLN 1408 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king 25  
FTLN 1409 Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

CARLISLE

FTLN 1410 Fear not, my lord. That power that made you king  
FTLN 1411 Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.

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FTLN 1412	The means that heavens yield must be embraced	
FTLN 1413	And not neglected. Else heaven would,	30
FTLN 1414	And we will not—heaven's offer we refuse,	
FTLN 1415	The proffered means of succor and redress.	
	AUMERLE	
FTLN 1416	He means, my lord, that we are too remiss,	
FTLN 1417	Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,	
FTLN 1418	Grows strong and great in substance and in power.	35
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 1419	Discomfortable cousin, know'st thou not	
FTLN 1420	That when the searching eye of heaven is hid	
FTLN 1421	Behind the globe that lights the lower world,	
FTLN 1422	Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen	
FTLN 1423	In murders and in outrage boldly here?	40
FTLN 1424	But when from under this terrestrial ball	
FTLN 1425	He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines	
FTLN 1426	And darts his light through every guilty hole,	
FTLN 1427	Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,	
FTLN 1428	The cloak of night being plucked from off their	45
FTLN 1429	backs,	
FTLN 1430	Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.	
FTLN 1431	So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,	
FTLN 1432	Who all this while hath reveled in the night	
FTLN 1433	Whilst we were wand'ring with the Antipodes,	50
FTLN 1434	Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,	
FTLN 1435	His treasons will sit blushing in his face,	
FTLN 1436	Not able to endure the sight of day,	
FTLN 1437	But self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.	
FTLN 1438	Not all the water in the rough rude sea	55
FTLN 1439	Can wash the balm off from an anointed king.	
FTLN 1440	The breath of worldly men cannot depose	
FTLN 1441	The deputy elected by the Lord.	
FTLN 1442	For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed	
FTLN 1443	To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,	60
FTLN 1444	God for His Richard hath in heavenly pay	

FTLN 1445 A glorious angel. Then, if angels fight,  
 FTLN 1446 Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

*Enter Salisbury.*

FTLN 1447 Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?  
 SALISBURY

FTLN 1448 Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord, 65  
 FTLN 1449 Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue  
 FTLN 1450 And bids me speak of nothing but despair.  
 FTLN 1451 One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,  
 FTLN 1452 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.  
 FTLN 1453 O, call back yesterday, bid time return, 70  
 FTLN 1454 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men.  
 FTLN 1455 Today, today, unhappy day too late,  
 FTLN 1456 Overthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;  
 FTLN 1457 For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,  
 FTLN 1458 Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed, and fled. 75

AUMERLE

FTLN 1459 Comfort, my liege. Why looks your Grace so pale?

KING RICHARD

FTLN 1460 But now the blood of twenty thousand men  
 FTLN 1461 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;  
 FTLN 1462 And till so much blood thither come again  
 FTLN 1463 Have I not reason to look pale and dead? 80  
 FTLN 1464 All souls that will be safe, fly from my side,  
 FTLN 1465 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

AUMERLE

FTLN 1466 Comfort, my liege. Remember who you are.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 1467 I had forgot myself. Am I not king?  
 FTLN 1468 Awake, thou coward majesty, thou sleepest! 85  
 FTLN 1469 Is not the King's name twenty thousand names?  
 FTLN 1470 Arm, arm, my name! A puny subject strikes  
 FTLN 1471 At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,  
 FTLN 1472 You favorites of a king. Are we not high?  
 FTLN 1473 High be our thoughts. I know my Uncle York 90

FTLN 1474 Hath power enough to serve our turn.—But who  
FTLN 1475 comes here?

*Enter Scroop.*

SCROOP

FTLN 1476 More health and happiness betide my liege  
FTLN 1477 Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 1478 Mine ear is open, and my heart prepared. 95  
FTLN 1479 The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.  
FTLN 1480 Say, is my kingdom lost? Why, 'twas my care,  
FTLN 1481 And what loss is it to be rid of care?  
FTLN 1482 Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?  
FTLN 1483 Greater he shall not be. If he serve God, 100  
FTLN 1484 We'll serve Him too, and be his fellow so.  
FTLN 1485 Revolt our subjects? That we cannot mend.  
FTLN 1486 They break their faith to God as well as us.  
FTLN 1487 Cry woe, destruction, ruin, and decay.  
FTLN 1488 The worst is death, and death will have his day. 105

SCROOP

FTLN 1489 Glad am I that your Highness is so armed  
FTLN 1490 To bear the tidings of calamity.  
FTLN 1491 Like an unseasonable stormy day  
FTLN 1492 Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores  
FTLN 1493 As if the world were all dissolved to tears, 110  
FTLN 1494 So high above his limits swells the rage  
FTLN 1495 Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land  
FTLN 1496 With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.  
FTLN 1497 Whitebeards have armed their thin and hairless  
FTLN 1498 scalps 115  
FTLN 1499 Against thy Majesty; boys with women's voices  
FTLN 1500 Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints  
FTLN 1501 In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown;  
FTLN 1502 Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows  
FTLN 1503 Of double-fatal yew against thy state. 120  
FTLN 1504 Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills

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FTLN 1505      Against thy seat. Both young and old rebel,  
 FTLN 1506      And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 1507      Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.  
 FTLN 1508      Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? Where is Bagot? 125  
 FTLN 1509      What is become of Bushy? Where is Green,  
 FTLN 1510      That they have let the dangerous enemy  
 FTLN 1511      Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?  
 FTLN 1512      If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it!  
 FTLN 1513      I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke. 130

SCROOP

FTLN 1514      Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 1515      O villains, vipers, damned without redemption!  
 FTLN 1516      Dogs easily won to fawn on any man!  
 FTLN 1517      Snakes in my heart blood warmed, that sting my  
 FTLN 1518      heart! 135  
 FTLN 1519      Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!  
 FTLN 1520      Would they make peace? Terrible hell  
 FTLN 1521      Make war upon their spotted souls for this!

SCROOP

FTLN 1522      Sweet love, I see, changing his property,  
 FTLN 1523      Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate. 140  
 FTLN 1524      Again uncurse their souls. Their peace is made  
 FTLN 1525      With heads and not with hands. Those whom you  
 FTLN 1526      curse  
 FTLN 1527      Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound  
 FTLN 1528      And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground. 145

AUMERLE

FTLN 1529      Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

SCROOP

FTLN 1530      Ay, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

AUMERLE

FTLN 1531      Where is the Duke my father with his power?

KING RICHARD

FTLN 1532      No matter where. Of comfort no man speak.

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FTLN 1533	Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,	150
FTLN 1534	Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes	
FTLN 1535	Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.	
FTLN 1536	Let's choose executors and talk of wills.	
FTLN 1537	And yet not so, for what can we bequeath	
FTLN 1538	Save our deposèd bodies to the ground?	155
FTLN 1539	Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,	
FTLN 1540	And nothing can we call our own but death	
FTLN 1541	And that small model of the barren earth	
FTLN 1542	Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.	
FTLN 1543	For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground	160
FTLN 1544	And tell sad stories of the death of kings—	
FTLN 1545	How some have been deposed, some slain in war,	
FTLN 1546	Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,	
FTLN 1547	Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed,	
FTLN 1548	All murdered. For within the hollow crown	165
FTLN 1549	That rounds the mortal temples of a king	
FTLN 1550	Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,	
FTLN 1551	Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,	
FTLN 1552	Allowing him a breath, a little scene,	
FTLN 1553	To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks,	170
FTLN 1554	Infusing him with self and vain conceit,	
FTLN 1555	As if this flesh which walls about our life	
FTLN 1556	Were brass impregnable; and humored thus,	
FTLN 1557	Comes at the last and with a little pin	
FTLN 1558	Bores through his castle wall, and farewell, king!	175
FTLN 1559	Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood	
FTLN 1560	With solemn reverence. Throw away respect,	
FTLN 1561	Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,	
FTLN 1562	For you have but mistook me all this while.	
FTLN 1563	I live with bread like you, feel want,	180
FTLN 1564	Taste grief, need friends. Subjected thus,	
FTLN 1565	How can you say to me I am a king?	
CARLISLE		
FTLN 1566	My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,	
FTLN 1567	But presently prevent the ways to wail.	



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FTLN 1568	To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,	185
FTLN 1569	Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,	
FTLN 1570	And so your follies fight against yourself.	
FTLN 1571	Fear, and be slain—no worse can come to fight;	
FTLN 1572	And fight and die is death destroying death,	
FTLN 1573	Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.	190
AUMERLE		
FTLN 1574	My father hath a power. Inquire of him,	
FTLN 1575	And learn to make a body of a limb.	
KING RICHARD		
FTLN 1576	Thou chid'st me well.—Proud Bolingbroke, I come	
FTLN 1577	To change blows with thee for our day of doom.—	
FTLN 1578	This ague fit of fear is overblown.	195
FTLN 1579	An easy task it is to win our own.—	
FTLN 1580	Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?	
FTLN 1581	Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.	
SCROOP		
FTLN 1582	Men judge by the complexion of the sky	
FTLN 1583	The state and inclination of the day;	200
FTLN 1584	So may you by my dull and heavy eye.	
FTLN 1585	My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.	
FTLN 1586	I play the torturer by small and small	
FTLN 1587	To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.	
FTLN 1588	Your uncle York is joined with Bolingbroke,	205
FTLN 1589	And all your northern castles yielded up,	
FTLN 1590	And all your southern gentlemen in arms	
FTLN 1591	Upon his party.	
FTLN 1592	KING RICHARD      Thou hast said enough.	
FTLN 1593	<i>['To Aumerle.']</i> Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst	210
FTLN 1594	lead me forth	
FTLN 1595	Of that sweet way I was in to despair.	
FTLN 1596	What say you now? What comfort have we now?	
FTLN 1597	By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly	
FTLN 1598	That bids me be of comfort anymore.	215
FTLN 1599	Go to Flint Castle. There I'll pine away;	
FTLN 1600	A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.	



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FTLN 1624      For taking so the head, your whole head's length.      15  
 BOLINGBROKE  
 FTLN 1625      Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.  
 YORK  
 FTLN 1626      Take not, good cousin, further than you should,  
 FTLN 1627      Lest you mistake. The heavens are over our heads.  
 BOLINGBROKE  
 FTLN 1628      I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself  
 FTLN 1629      Against their will. But who comes here?      20

*Enter Percy.*

FTLN 1630      Welcome, Harry. What, will not this castle yield?  
 PERCY  
 FTLN 1631      The castle royally is manned, my lord,  
 FTLN 1632      Against thy entrance.  
 BOLINGBROKE  
 FTLN 1633      Royally? Why, it contains no king.  
 FTLN 1634      PERCY    Yes, my good lord,      25  
 FTLN 1635      It doth contain a king. King Richard lies  
 FTLN 1636      Within the limits of yon lime and stone,  
 FTLN 1637      And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,  
 FTLN 1638      Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman  
 FTLN 1639      Of holy reverence—who, I cannot learn.      30  
 NORTHUMBERLAND  
 FTLN 1640      O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.  
 FTLN 1641      BOLINGBROKE, *['to Northumberland']* Noble *['lord,']*  
 FTLN 1642      Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,  
 FTLN 1643      Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley  
 FTLN 1644      Into his ruined ears, and thus deliver:      35  
 FTLN 1645      Henry Bolingbroke  
 FTLN 1646      On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,  
 FTLN 1647      And sends allegiance and true faith of heart  
 FTLN 1648      To his most royal person, hither come  
 FTLN 1649      Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,      40  
 FTLN 1650      Provided that my banishment repealed  
 FTLN 1651      And lands restored again be freely granted.

FTLN 1652	If not, I'll use the advantage of my power	
FTLN 1653	And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood	
FTLN 1654	Rained from the wounds of slaughtered	45
FTLN 1655	Englishmen—	
FTLN 1656	The which how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke	
FTLN 1657	It is such crimson tempest should bedrench	
FTLN 1658	The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,	
FTLN 1659	My stooping duty tenderly shall show.	50
FTLN 1660	Go signify as much while here we march	
FTLN 1661	Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.	
	<i>Northumberland and Trumpets approach the battlements.</i>	
FTLN 1662	Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,	
FTLN 1663	That from this castle's tottered battlements	
FTLN 1664	Our fair appointments may be well perused.	55
FTLN 1665	Methinks King Richard and myself should meet	
FTLN 1666	With no less terror than the elements	
FTLN 1667	Of fire and water when their thund'ring shock	
FTLN 1668	At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.	
FTLN 1669	Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water;	60
FTLN 1670	The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain	
FTLN 1671	My waters—on the earth, and not on him.	
FTLN 1672	March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.	
	<i>Bolingbroke's Soldiers march, the trumpets sound.</i>	
	<i>Richard appeareth on the walls with Aumerle.</i>	
FTLN 1673	See, see, King Richard doth himself appear	
FTLN 1674	As doth the blushing discontented sun	65
FTLN 1675	From out the fiery portal of the east	
FTLN 1676	When he perceives the envious clouds are bent	
FTLN 1677	To dim his glory and to stain the track	
FTLN 1678	Of his bright passage to the occident.	
	YORK	
FTLN 1679	Yet looks he like a king. Behold, his eye,	70
FTLN 1680	As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth	
FTLN 1681	Controlling majesty. Alack, alack for woe	
FTLN 1682	That any harm should stain so fair a show!	

KING RICHARD, *['to Northumberland, below']*

FTLN 1683	We are amazed, and thus long have we stood	
FTLN 1684	To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,	75
FTLN 1685	Because we thought ourself thy lawful king.	
FTLN 1686	An if we be, how dare thy joints forget	
FTLN 1687	To pay their awful duty to our presence?	
FTLN 1688	If we be not, show us the hand of God	
FTLN 1689	That hath dismissed us from our stewardship,	80
FTLN 1690	For well we know no hand of blood and bone	
FTLN 1691	Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,	
FTLN 1692	Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.	
FTLN 1693	And though you think that all, as you have done,	
FTLN 1694	Have torn their souls by turning them from us,	85
FTLN 1695	And we are barren and bereft of friends,	
FTLN 1696	Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,	
FTLN 1697	Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf	
FTLN 1698	Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike	
FTLN 1699	Your children yet unborn and unbegot,	90
FTLN 1700	That lift your vassal hands against my head	
FTLN 1701	And threat the glory of my precious crown.	
FTLN 1702	Tell Bolingbroke—for yon methinks he stands—	
FTLN 1703	That every stride he makes upon my land	
FTLN 1704	Is dangerous treason. He is come to open	95
FTLN 1705	The purple testament of bleeding war;	
FTLN 1706	But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,	
FTLN 1707	Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons	
FTLN 1708	Shall ill become the flower of England's face,	
FTLN 1709	Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace	100
FTLN 1710	To scarlet indignation, and bedew	
FTLN 1711	Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.	

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 1712	The King of heaven forbid our lord the King	
FTLN 1713	Should so with civil and uncivil arms	
FTLN 1714	Be rushed upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,	105
FTLN 1715	Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand,	
FTLN 1716	And by the honorable tomb he swears	

FTLN 1717 That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,  
 FTLN 1718 And by the royalties of both your bloods,  
 FTLN 1719 Currents that spring from one most gracious head, 110  
 FTLN 1720 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,  
 FTLN 1721 And by the worth and honor of himself,  
 FTLN 1722 Comprising all that may be sworn or said,  
 FTLN 1723 His coming hither hath no further scope  
 FTLN 1724 Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg 115  
 FTLN 1725 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees;  
 FTLN 1726 Which on thy royal party granted once,  
 FTLN 1727 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,  
 FTLN 1728 His barbèd steeds to stables, and his heart  
 FTLN 1729 To faithful service of your Majesty. 120  
 FTLN 1730 This swears he, as he is 'a prince and' just,  
 FTLN 1731 And as I am a gentleman I credit him.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 1732 Northumberland, say thus the King returns:  
 FTLN 1733 His noble cousin is right welcome hither,  
 FTLN 1734 And all the number of his fair demands 125  
 FTLN 1735 Shall be accomplished without contradiction.  
 FTLN 1736 With all the gracious utterance thou hast,  
 FTLN 1737 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.

*'Northumberland returns to Bolingbroke.'*

FTLN 1738 'To Aumerle.' We do debase ourselves, cousin, do  
 FTLN 1739 we not, 130  
 FTLN 1740 To look so poorly and to speak so fair?  
 FTLN 1741 Shall we call back Northumberland and send  
 FTLN 1742 Defiance to the traitor and so die?

AUMERLE

FTLN 1743 No, good my lord, let's fight with gentle words,  
 FTLN 1744 Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful 135  
 FTLN 1745 swords.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 1746 O God, O God, that e'er this tongue of mine  
 FTLN 1747 That laid the sentence of dread banishment  
 FTLN 1748 On yon proud man should take it off again

FTLN 1749	With words of sooth! O, that I were as great	140
FTLN 1750	As is my grief, or lesser than my name!	
FTLN 1751	Or that I could forget what I have been,	
FTLN 1752	Or not remember what I must be now.	
FTLN 1753	Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to	
FTLN 1754	beat,	145
FTLN 1755	Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.	
AUMERLE		
FTLN 1756	Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.	
KING RICHARD		
FTLN 1757	What must the King do now? Must he submit?	
FTLN 1758	The King shall do it. Must he be deposed?	
FTLN 1759	The King shall be contented. Must he lose	150
FTLN 1760	The name of king? I' God's name, let it go.	
FTLN 1761	I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,	
FTLN 1762	My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,	
FTLN 1763	My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,	
FTLN 1764	My figured goblets for a dish of wood,	155
FTLN 1765	My scepter for a palmer's walking-staff,	
FTLN 1766	My subjects for a pair of carved saints,	
FTLN 1767	And my large kingdom for a little grave,	
FTLN 1768	A little, little grave, an obscure grave;	
FTLN 1769	Or I'll be buried in the King's highway,	160
FTLN 1770	Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet	
FTLN 1771	May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;	
FTLN 1772	For on my heart they tread now whilst I live,	
FTLN 1773	And, buried once, why not upon my head?	
FTLN 1774	Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin.	165
FTLN 1775	We'll make foul weather with despised tears;	
FTLN 1776	Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn	
FTLN 1777	And make a dearth in this revolting land.	
FTLN 1778	Or shall we play the wantons with our woes	
FTLN 1779	And make some pretty match with shedding tears?	170
FTLN 1780	As thus, to drop them still upon one place	
FTLN 1781	Till they have fretted us a pair of graves	
FTLN 1782	Within the earth; and therein laid—there lies	

FTLN 1783	Two kinsmen digged their graves with weeping eyes.	
FTLN 1784	Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see	175
FTLN 1785	I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.	
	<i>「Northumberland approaches the battlements.」</i>	
FTLN 1786	Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,	
FTLN 1787	What says King Bolingbroke? Will his Majesty	
FTLN 1788	Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?	
FTLN 1789	You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.	180
	NORTHUMBERLAND	
FTLN 1790	My lord, in the base court he doth attend	
FTLN 1791	To speak with you, may it please you to come down.	
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 1792	Down, down I come, like glist'ring Phaëton,	
FTLN 1793	Wanting the manage of unruly jades.	
FTLN 1794	In the base court—base court, where kings grow	185
FTLN 1795	base,	
FTLN 1796	To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.	
FTLN 1797	In the base court come down—down court, down	
FTLN 1798	king,	
FTLN 1799	For nightowls shriek where mounting larks should	190
FTLN 1800	sing.	
	<i>「Richard exits above and Northumberland returns to Bolingbroke.」</i>	
FTLN 1801	BOLINGBROKE What says his Majesty?	
FTLN 1802	NORTHUMBERLAND Sorrow and grief of heart	
FTLN 1803	Makes him speak fondly like a frantic man,	
FTLN 1804	Yet he is come.	195
	<i>「Richard enters below.」</i>	
FTLN 1805	BOLINGBROKE Stand all apart,	
FTLN 1806	And show fair duty to his Majesty. <i>He kneels down.</i>	
FTLN 1807	My gracious lord.	
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 1808	Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee	
FTLN 1809	To make the base earth proud with kissing it.	200
FTLN 1810	Me rather had my heart might feel your love	



FTLN 1811 Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.  
 FTLN 1812 Up, cousin, up. Your heart is up, I know,  
 FTLN 1813 Thus high at least *「indicating his crown,」* although  
 FTLN 1814 your knee be low. 205  
 BOLINGBROKE, *「standing」*  
 FTLN 1815 My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.  
 KING RICHARD  
 FTLN 1816 Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.  
 BOLINGBROKE  
 FTLN 1817 So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,  
 FTLN 1818 As my true service shall deserve your love.  
 KING RICHARD  
 FTLN 1819 Well you deserve. They well deserve to have 210  
 FTLN 1820 That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—  
 FTLN 1821 Uncle, give me your hands. Nay, dry your eyes.  
 FTLN 1822 Tears show their love but want their remedies.—  
 FTLN 1823 Cousin, I am too young to be your father,  
 FTLN 1824 Though you are old enough to be my heir. 215  
 FTLN 1825 What you will have I'll give, and willing, too,  
 FTLN 1826 For do we must what force will have us do.  
 FTLN 1827 Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?  
 BOLINGBROKE  
 FTLN 1828 Yea, my good lord.  
 FTLN 1829 KING RICHARD Then I must not say no. 220  
*「They exit.」*

*「Scene 4」*

*Enter the Queen with her 「Ladies-in-waiting.」*

QUEEN

FTLN 1830 What sport shall we devise here in this garden  
 FTLN 1831 To drive away the heavy thought of care?

FTLN 1832 LADY Madam, we'll play at bowls.

QUEEN

FTLN 1833 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs  
 FTLN 1834 And that my fortune runs against the bias. 5

FTLN 1835	LADY	Madam, we'll dance.	
	QUEEN		
FTLN 1836		My legs can keep no measure in delight	
FTLN 1837		When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief.	
FTLN 1838		Therefore no dancing, girl. Some other sport.	
FTLN 1839	LADY	Madam, we'll tell tales.	10
	QUEEN		
FTLN 1840		Of sorrow or of 'joy?'	
FTLN 1841	LADY	Of either, madam.	
FTLN 1842	QUEEN	Of neither, girl,	
FTLN 1843		For if of joy, being altogether wanting,	
FTLN 1844		It doth remember me the more of sorrow;	15
FTLN 1845		Or if of grief, being altogether had,	
FTLN 1846		It adds more sorrow to my want of joy.	
FTLN 1847		For what I have I need not to repeat,	
FTLN 1848		And what I want it boots not to complain.	
	LADY		
FTLN 1849		Madam, I'll sing.	20
FTLN 1850	QUEEN	'Tis well that thou hast cause,	
FTLN 1851		But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou	
FTLN 1852		weep.	
	LADY		
FTLN 1853		I could weep, madam, would it do you good.	
	QUEEN		
FTLN 1854		And I could sing, would weeping do me good,	25
FTLN 1855		And never borrow any tear of thee.	
		<i>Enter 'a Gardener and two Servingmen.'</i>	
FTLN 1856		But stay, here come the gardeners.	
FTLN 1857		Let's step into the shadow of these trees.	
FTLN 1858		My wretchedness unto a row of 'pins,'	
FTLN 1859		They will talk of state, for everyone doth so	30
FTLN 1860		Against a change. Woe is forerun with woe.	
		<i>'Queen and Ladies step aside.'</i>	
	GARDENER, 'to one Servingman'		
FTLN 1861		Go, bind thou up young dangling apricokes	

FTLN 1862	Which, like unruly children, make their sire	
FTLN 1863	Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight.	
FTLN 1864	Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—	35
FTLN 1865	Go thou, and like an executioner	
FTLN 1866	Cut off the heads of 'too'-fast-growing sprays	
FTLN 1867	That look too lofty in our commonwealth.	
FTLN 1868	All must be even in our government.	
FTLN 1869	You thus employed, I will go root away	40
FTLN 1870	The noisome weeds which without profit suck	
FTLN 1871	The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.	
MAN		
FTLN 1872	Why should we, in the compass of a pale,	
FTLN 1873	Keep law and form and due proportion,	
FTLN 1874	Showing as in a model our firm estate,	45
FTLN 1875	When our sea-wallèd garden, the whole land,	
FTLN 1876	Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,	
FTLN 1877	Her fruit trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined,	
FTLN 1878	Her knots disordered, and her wholesome herbs	
FTLN 1879	Swarming with caterpillars?	50
FTLN 1880	GARDENER	Hold thy peace.
FTLN 1881	He that hath suffered this disordered spring	
FTLN 1882	Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf.	
FTLN 1883	The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves did	
FTLN 1884	shelter,	55
FTLN 1885	That seemed in eating him to hold him up,	
FTLN 1886	Are plucked up, root and all, by Bolingbroke—	
FTLN 1887	I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.	
MAN		
FTLN 1888	What, are they dead?	
FTLN 1889	GARDENER	They are. And Bolingbroke
FTLN 1890	Hath seized the wasteful king. O, what pity is it	60
FTLN 1891	That he had not so trimmed and dressed his land	
FTLN 1892	As we this garden! 'We' at time of year	
FTLN 1893	Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees,	
FTLN 1894	Lest, being overproud in sap and blood,	65
FTLN 1895	With too much riches it confound itself.	
FTLN 1896	Had he done so to great and growing men,	

FTLN 1897	They might have lived to bear and he to taste	
FTLN 1898	Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches	
FTLN 1899	We lop away, that bearing boughs may live.	70
FTLN 1900	Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,	
FTLN 1901	Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.	
	MAN	
FTLN 1902	What, think you the King shall be deposed?	
	GARDENER	
FTLN 1903	Depressed he is already, and deposed	
FTLN 1904	'Tis doubt he will be. Letters came last night	75
FTLN 1905	To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's	
FTLN 1906	That tell black tidings.	
	QUEEN	
FTLN 1907	O, I am pressed to death through want of speaking!	
	<i>「Stepping forward.」</i>	
FTLN 1908	Thou old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,	
FTLN 1909	How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this	80
FTLN 1910	unpleasing news?	
FTLN 1911	What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee	
FTLN 1912	To make a second fall of cursèd man?	
FTLN 1913	Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?	
FTLN 1914	Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,	85
FTLN 1915	Divine his downfall? Say where, when, and how	
FTLN 1916	「Cam'st」 thou by this ill tidings? Speak, thou wretch!	
	GARDENER	
FTLN 1917	Pardon me, madam. Little joy have I	
FTLN 1918	To breathe this news, yet what I say is true.	
FTLN 1919	King Richard, he is in the mighty hold	90
FTLN 1920	Of Bolingbroke. Their fortunes both are weighed.	
FTLN 1921	In your lord's scale is nothing but himself	
FTLN 1922	And some few vanities that make him light,	
FTLN 1923	But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,	
FTLN 1924	Besides himself, are all the English peers,	95
FTLN 1925	And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.	
FTLN 1926	Post you to London and you will find it so.	
FTLN 1927	I speak no more than everyone doth know.	

## QUEEN

FTLN 1928 Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,  
FTLN 1929 Doth not thy embassy belong to me, 100  
FTLN 1930 And am I last that knows it? O, thou thinkest  
FTLN 1931 To serve me last that I may longest keep  
FTLN 1932 Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go  
FTLN 1933 To meet at London London's king in woe.  
FTLN 1934 What, was I born to this, that my sad look 105  
FTLN 1935 Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—  
FTLN 1936 Gard'ner, for telling me these news of woe,  
FTLN 1937 Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

*She exits 「with Ladies.」*

## GARDENER

FTLN 1938 Poor queen, so that thy state might be no worse,  
FTLN 1939 I would my skill were subject to thy curse. 110  
FTLN 1940 Here did she fall a tear. Here in this place  
FTLN 1941 I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace.  
FTLN 1942 Rue even for ruth here shortly shall be seen  
FTLN 1943 In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

*They exit.*

## 「ACT 4」

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### 「Scene 1」

*Enter Bolingbroke with the Lords 「Aumerle, Northumberland, Harry Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and another Lord, Herald, Officers」 to parliament.*

FTLN 1944 BOLINGBROKE Call forth Bagot.

*Enter 「Officers with」 Bagot.*

FTLN 1945 Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind  
FTLN 1946 What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,  
FTLN 1947 Who wrought it with the King, and who performed  
FTLN 1948 The bloody office of his timeless end. 5

BAGOT

FTLN 1949 Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 1950 Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.  
*「Aumerle steps forward.」*

BAGOT

FTLN 1951 My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue  
FTLN 1952 Scorns to unsay what once it hath delivered.  
FTLN 1953 In that dead time when Gloucester's death was 10  
FTLN 1954 plotted,  
FTLN 1955 I heard you say "Is not my arm of length,  
FTLN 1956 That reacheth from the restful English court  
FTLN 1957 As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?"  
FTLN 1958 Amongst much other talk that very time 15

FTLN 1959	I heard you say that you had rather refuse	
FTLN 1960	The offer of an hundred thousand crowns	
FTLN 1961	Than Bolingbroke's return to England,	
FTLN 1962	Adding withal how blest this land would be	
FTLN 1963	In this your cousin's death.	20
FTLN 1964	AUMERLE Princes and noble lords,	
FTLN 1965	What answer shall I make to this base man?	
FTLN 1966	Shall I so much dishonor my fair stars	
FTLN 1967	On equal terms to give 'him' chastisement?	
FTLN 1968	Either I must, or have mine honor soiled	25
FTLN 1969	With the attainder of his slanderous lips.	
	<i>'He throws down a gage.'</i>	
FTLN 1970	There is my gage, the manual seal of death	
FTLN 1971	That marks thee out for hell. I say thou liest,	
FTLN 1972	And will maintain what thou hast said is false	
FTLN 1973	In thy heart-blood, though being all too base	30
FTLN 1974	To stain the temper of my knightly sword.	
	BOLINGBROKE	
FTLN 1975	Bagot, forbear. Thou shalt not take it up.	
	AUMERLE	
FTLN 1976	Excepting one, I would he were the best	
FTLN 1977	In all this presence that hath moved me so.	
	FITZWATER, <i>'throwing down a gage'</i>	
FTLN 1978	If that thy valor stand on sympathy,	35
FTLN 1979	There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.	
FTLN 1980	By that fair sun which shows me where thou	
FTLN 1981	stand'st,	
FTLN 1982	I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,	
FTLN 1983	That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.	40
FTLN 1984	If thou deniest it twenty times, thou liest,	
FTLN 1985	And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,	
FTLN 1986	Where it was forgèd, with my rapier's point.	
	AUMERLE, <i>'taking up the gage'</i>	
FTLN 1987	Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.	
	FITZWATER	
FTLN 1988	Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.	45

AUMERLE

FTLN 1989 Fitzwater, thou art damned to hell for this.

PERCY

FTLN 1990 Aumerle, thou liest! His honor is as true

FTLN 1991 In this appeal as thou art all unjust;

FTLN 1992 And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,

*He throws down a gage.*

FTLN 1993 To prove it on thee to the extremest point

50

FTLN 1994 Of mortal breathing. Seize it if thou dar'st.

AUMERLE, *He takes up the gage*

FTLN 1995 An if I do not, may my hands rot off

FTLN 1996 And never brandish more revengeful steel

FTLN 1997 Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

ANOTHER LORD, *He throws down a gage*

FTLN 1998 I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle,

55

FTLN 1999 And spur thee on with full as many lies

FTLN 2000 As may be holloed in thy treacherous ear

FTLN 2001 From 'sun' to 'sun.' There is my honor's pawn.

FTLN 2002 Engage it to the trial if thou darest.

AUMERLE, *He takes up the gage*

FTLN 2003 Who sets me else? By heaven, I'll throw at all!

60

FTLN 2004 I have a thousand spirits in one breast

FTLN 2005 To answer twenty thousand such as you.

SURREY

FTLN 2006 My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well

FTLN 2007 The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

FITZWATER

FTLN 2008 'Tis very true. You were in presence then,

65

FTLN 2009 And you can witness with me this is true.

SURREY

FTLN 2010 As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

FITZWATER

FTLN 2011 Surrey, thou liest.

FTLN 2012 SURREY Dishonorable boy,

FTLN 2013 That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword

70

FTLN 2014 That it shall render vengeance and revenge



FTLN 2015	Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie	
FTLN 2016	In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.	
	<i>「He throws down a gage.」</i>	
FTLN 2017	In proof whereof, there is my honor's pawn.	
FTLN 2018	Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st.	75
	FITZWATER, <i>「taking up the gage」</i>	
FTLN 2019	How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!	
FTLN 2020	If I dare eat or drink or breathe or live,	
FTLN 2021	I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness	
FTLN 2022	And spit upon him whilst I say he lies,	
FTLN 2023	And lies, and lies. There is <i>「my」</i> bond of faith	80
FTLN 2024	To tie thee to my strong correction.	
	<i>「He throws down a gage.」</i>	
FTLN 2025	As I intend to thrive in this new world,	
FTLN 2026	Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.—	
FTLN 2027	Besides, I heard the banished Norfolk say	
FTLN 2028	That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men	85
FTLN 2029	To execute the noble duke at Calais.	
	AUMERLE	
FTLN 2030	Some honest Christian trust me with a gage.	
	<i>「A Lord hands him a gage. Aumerle throws it down.」</i>	
FTLN 2031	That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this,	
FTLN 2032	If he may be repealed to try his honor.	
	BOLINGBROKE	
FTLN 2033	These differences shall all rest under gage	90
FTLN 2034	Till Norfolk be repealed. Repealed he shall be,	
FTLN 2035	And though mine enemy, restored again	
FTLN 2036	To all his lands and seignories. When he is	
FTLN 2037	returned,	
FTLN 2038	Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.	95
	CARLISLE	
FTLN 2039	That honorable day shall never be seen.	
FTLN 2040	Many a time hath banished Norfolk fought	
FTLN 2041	For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,	
FTLN 2042	Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross	

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FTLN 2043	Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;	100
FTLN 2044	And, toiled with works of war, retired himself	
FTLN 2045	To Italy, and there at Venice gave	
FTLN 2046	His body to that pleasant country's earth	
FTLN 2047	And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,	
FTLN 2048	Under whose colors he had fought so long.	105
FTLN 2049	BOLINGBROKE Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?	
FTLN 2050	CARLISLE As surely as I live, my lord.	
FTLN 2051	BOLINGBROKE	
FTLN 2051	Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom	
FTLN 2052	Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants,	
FTLN 2053	Your differences shall all rest under gage	110
FTLN 2054	Till we assign you to your days of trial.	

*Enter York.*

YORK

FTLN 2055	Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee	
FTLN 2056	From plume-plucked Richard, who with willing	
FTLN 2057	soul	
FTLN 2058	Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields	115
FTLN 2059	To the possession of thy royal hand.	
FTLN 2060	Ascend his throne, descending now from him,	
FTLN 2061	And long live Henry, fourth of that name!	
FTLN 2062	BOLINGBROKE	
FTLN 2062	In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.	
FTLN 2063	CARLISLE Marry, God forbid!	120
FTLN 2064	Worst in this royal presence may I speak,	
FTLN 2065	Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.	
FTLN 2066	Would God that any in this noble presence	
FTLN 2067	Were enough noble to be upright judge	
FTLN 2068	Of noble Richard! Then true noblesse would	125
FTLN 2069	Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.	
FTLN 2070	What subject can give sentence on his king?	
FTLN 2071	And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?	
FTLN 2072	Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear,	
FTLN 2073	Although apparent guilt be seen in them;	130
FTLN 2074	And shall the figure of God's majesty,	

FTLN 2075	His captain, steward, deputy elect,	
FTLN 2076	Anointed, crowned, planted many years,	
FTLN 2077	Be judged by subject and inferior breath,	
FTLN 2078	And he himself not present? O, forfend it God	135
FTLN 2079	That in a Christian climate souls refined	
FTLN 2080	Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!	
FTLN 2081	I speak to subjects and a subject speaks,	
FTLN 2082	Stirred up by God thus boldly for his king.	
FTLN 2083	My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,	140
FTLN 2084	Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king,	
FTLN 2085	And if you crown him, let me prophesy	
FTLN 2086	The blood of English shall manure the ground	
FTLN 2087	And future ages groan for this foul act,	
FTLN 2088	Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,	145
FTLN 2089	And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars	
FTLN 2090	Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound.	
FTLN 2091	Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny	
FTLN 2092	Shall here inhabit, and this land be called	
FTLN 2093	The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.	150
FTLN 2094	O, if you raise this house against this house,	
FTLN 2095	It will the woofullest division prove	
FTLN 2096	That ever fell upon this cursèd earth!	
FTLN 2097	Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,	
FTLN 2098	Lest child, child's children, cry against you woe!	155
NORTHUMBERLAND		
FTLN 2099	Well have you argued, sir, and, for your pains,	
FTLN 2100	Of capital treason we arrest you here.—	
FTLN 2101	My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge	
FTLN 2102	To keep him safely till his day of trial.	
FTLN 2103	‘May it please you, lords, to grant the commons’	160
FTLN 2104	suit?	
BOLINGBROKE		
FTLN 2105	Fetch hither Richard, that in common view	
FTLN 2106	He may surrender. So we shall proceed	
FTLN 2107	Without suspicion.	
FTLN 2108	YORK I will be his conduct.	<i>He exits.</i> 165

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 2109 Lords, you that here are under our arrest,  
 FTLN 2110 Procure your sureties for your days of answer.  
 FTLN 2111 Little are we beholding to your love  
 FTLN 2112 And little looked for at your helping hands.

*Enter Richard and York.*

KING RICHARD

FTLN 2113 Alack, why am I sent for to a king 170  
 FTLN 2114 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts  
 FTLN 2115 Wherewith I reigned? I hardly yet have learned  
 FTLN 2116 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.  
 FTLN 2117 Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me  
 FTLN 2118 To this submission. Yet I well remember 175  
 FTLN 2119 The favors of these men. Were they not mine?  
 FTLN 2120 Did they not sometime cry "All hail" to me?  
 FTLN 2121 So Judas did to Christ, but He in twelve  
 FTLN 2122 Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand,  
 FTLN 2123 none. 180  
 FTLN 2124 God save the King! Will no man say "amen"?  
 FTLN 2125 Am I both priest and clerk? Well, then, amen.  
 FTLN 2126 God save the King, although I be not he,  
 FTLN 2127 And yet amen, if heaven do think him me.  
 FTLN 2128 To do what service am I sent for hither? 185

YORK

FTLN 2129 To do that office of thine own goodwill  
 FTLN 2130 Which tired majesty did make thee offer:  
 FTLN 2131 The resignation of thy state and crown  
 FTLN 2132 To Henry Bolingbroke.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 2133 Give me the crown.—Here, cousin, seize the crown. 190  
 FTLN 2134 Here, cousin.  
 FTLN 2135 On this side my hand, on that side thine.  
 FTLN 2136 Now is this golden crown like a deep well  
 FTLN 2137 That owes two buckets, filling one another,  
 FTLN 2138 The emptier ever dancing in the air, 195

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FTLN 2139	The other down, unseen, and full of water.	
FTLN 2140	That bucket down and full of tears am I,	
FTLN 2141	Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.	
	BOLINGBROKE	
FTLN 2142	I thought you had been willing to resign.	
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 2143	My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine.	200
FTLN 2144	You may my glories and my state depose	
FTLN 2145	But not my griefs; still am I king of those.	
	BOLINGBROKE	
FTLN 2146	Part of your cares you give me with your crown.	
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 2147	Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.	
FTLN 2148	My care is loss of care, by old care done;	205
FTLN 2149	Your care is gain of care, by new care won.	
FTLN 2150	The cares I give I have, though given away.	
FTLN 2151	They 'tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.	
	BOLINGBROKE	
FTLN 2152	Are you contented to resign the crown?	
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 2153	Ay, no; no, ay; for I must nothing be.	210
FTLN 2154	Therefore no "no," for I resign to thee.	
FTLN 2155	Now, mark me how I will undo myself.	
FTLN 2156	I give this heavy weight from off my head	
FTLN 2157	And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,	
FTLN 2158	The pride of kingly sway from out my heart.	215
FTLN 2159	With mine own tears I wash away my balm,	
FTLN 2160	With mine own hands I give away my crown,	
FTLN 2161	With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,	
FTLN 2162	With mine own breath release all duteous oaths.	
FTLN 2163	All pomp and majesty I do forswear.	220
FTLN 2164	My manors, rents, revenues I forgo;	
FTLN 2165	My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny.	
FTLN 2166	God pardon all oaths that are broke to me.	
FTLN 2167	God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee.	
FTLN 2168	Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,	225

FTLN 2169	And thou with all pleased that hast all achieved.	
FTLN 2170	Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,	
FTLN 2171	And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit.	
FTLN 2172	God save King Henry, unkinged Richard says,	
FTLN 2173	And send him many years of sunshine days.	230
FTLN 2174	What more remains?	
	NORTHUMBERLAND, <i>(offering Richard a paper)</i>	
FTLN 2175	No more, but that you read	
FTLN 2176	These accusations and these grievous crimes	
FTLN 2177	Committed by your person and your followers	
FTLN 2178	Against the state and profit of this land;	235
FTLN 2179	That, by confessing them, the souls of men	
FTLN 2180	May deem that you are worthily deposed.	
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 2181	Must I do so? And must I ravel out	
FTLN 2182	My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,	
FTLN 2183	If thy offenses were upon record,	240
FTLN 2184	Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop	
FTLN 2185	To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,	
FTLN 2186	There shouldst thou find one heinous article	
FTLN 2187	Containing the deposing of a king	
FTLN 2188	And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,	245
FTLN 2189	Marked with a blot, damned in the book of	
FTLN 2190	heaven.—	
FTLN 2191	Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me	
FTLN 2192	Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,	
FTLN 2193	Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,	250
FTLN 2194	Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates	
FTLN 2195	Have here delivered me to my sour cross,	
FTLN 2196	And water cannot wash away your sin.	
	NORTHUMBERLAND	
FTLN 2197	My lord, dispatch. Read o'er these articles.	
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 2198	Mine eyes are full of tears; I cannot see.	255
FTLN 2199	And yet salt water blinds them not so much	
FTLN 2200	But they can see a sort of traitors here.	

FTLN 2201	Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,	
FTLN 2202	I find myself a traitor with the rest,	
FTLN 2203	For I have given here my soul's consent	260
FTLN 2204	T' undeck the pompous body of a king,	
FTLN 2205	Made glory base & sovereignty a slave,	
FTLN 2206	Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.	
FTLN 2207	NORTHUMBERLAND My lord—	
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 2208	No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,	265
FTLN 2209	Nor no man's lord. I have no name, no title,	
FTLN 2210	No, not that name was given me at the font,	
FTLN 2211	But 'tis usurped. Alack the heavy day,	
FTLN 2212	That I have worn so many winters out	
FTLN 2213	And know not now what name to call myself.	270
FTLN 2214	O, that I were a mockery king of snow	
FTLN 2215	Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,	
FTLN 2216	To melt myself away in water drops.—	
FTLN 2217	Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,	
FTLN 2218	An if my word be sterling yet in England,	275
FTLN 2219	Let it command a mirror hither straight,	
FTLN 2220	That it may show me what a face I have	
FTLN 2221	Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.	
	BOLINGBROKE	
FTLN 2222	Go, some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.	
	<i>&lt;An Attendant exits.&gt;</i>	
	NORTHUMBERLAND	
FTLN 2223	Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.	280
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 2224	Fiend, thou torments me ere I come to hell!	
	BOLINGBROKE	
FTLN 2225	Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.	
	NORTHUMBERLAND	
FTLN 2226	The commons will not then be satisfied.	
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 2227	They shall be satisfied. I'll read enough	

FTLN 2228	When I do see the very book indeed	285
FTLN 2229	Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.	

*Enter one with a glass.*

FTLN 2230	<p>Give me that glass, and therein will I read. <i>⟨He takes the mirror.⟩</i></p>
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FTLN 2231	No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck	
FTLN 2232	So many blows upon this face of mine	
FTLN 2233	And made no deeper wounds? O flatt'ring glass,	290
FTLN 2234	Like to my followers in prosperity,	
FTLN 2235	Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face	
FTLN 2236	That every day under his household roof	
FTLN 2237	Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face	
FTLN 2238	That like the sun did make beholders wink?	295
FTLN 2239	Is this the face which faced so many follies,	
FTLN 2240	That was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?	
FTLN 2241	A brittle glory shineth in this face.	
FTLN 2242	As brittle as the glory is the face,	

《He breaks the mirror.》

FTLN 2243	For there it is, cracked in an hundred shivers.—	300
FTLN 2244	Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport:	
FTLN 2245	How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.	

BOLINGBROKE

FTLN 2246	The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed
FTLN 2247	The shadow of your face.

FTLN 2248	KING RICHARD	Say that again.	305
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FTLN 2249	The shadow of my sorrow? Ha, let's see.	
FTLN 2250	'Tis very true. My grief lies all within;	
FTLN 2251	And these external <i>manners</i> of laments	
FTLN 2252	Are merely shadows to the unseen grief	
FTLN 2253	That swells with silence in the tortured soul.	310
FTLN 2254	There lies the substance. And I thank thee, king,	
FTLN 2255	For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st	
FTLN 2256	Me cause to wail but teachest me the way	
FTLN 2257	How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,	



FTLN 2258	And then be gone and trouble you no more.	315
FTLN 2259	Shall I obtain it?	
FTLN 2260	BOLINGBROKE            Name it, fair cousin.	
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 2261	“Fair cousin”? I am greater than a king,	
FTLN 2262	For when I was a king, my flatterers	
FTLN 2263	Were then but subjects. Being now a subject,	320
FTLN 2264	I have a king here to my flatterer.	
FTLN 2265	Being so great, I have no need to beg.	
FTLN 2266	BOLINGBROKE    Yet ask.	
FTLN 2267	KING RICHARD    And shall I have?	
FTLN 2268	BOLINGBROKE    You shall.	325
FTLN 2269	KING RICHARD    Then give me leave to go.	
FTLN 2270	BOLINGBROKE    Whither?	
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 2271	Whither you will, so I were from your sights.	
	BOLINGBROKE	
FTLN 2272	Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.	
	KING RICHARD	
FTLN 2273	O, good! “Convey”? Conveyers are you all,	330
FTLN 2274	That rise thus nimbly by a true king’s fall.	
	<i>⟨Richard exits with Guards.⟩</i>	
	BOLINGBROKE	
FTLN 2275	On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down	
FTLN 2276	Our coronation. Lords, prepare yourselves. ¶	
	<i>They exit. ¶ The Abbot of ¶ Westminster, ¶ the Bishop of ¶</i>	
	<i>Carlisle, Aumerle remain.</i>	
	ABBOT	
FTLN 2277	A woeful pageant have we here beheld.	
	CARLISLE	
FTLN 2278	The woe’s to come. The children yet unborn	335
FTLN 2279	Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.	
	AUMERLE	
FTLN 2280	You holy clergymen, is there no plot	
FTLN 2281	To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?	

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FTLN 2282	ABBOT	My lord,	
FTLN 2283		Before I freely speak my mind herein,	340
FTLN 2284		You shall not only take the sacrament	
FTLN 2285		To bury mine intents, but also to effect	
FTLN 2286		Whatever I shall happen to devise.	
FTLN 2287		I see your brows are full of discontent,	
FTLN 2288		Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.	345
FTLN 2289		Come home with me to supper. I'll lay	
FTLN 2290		A plot shall show us all a merry day.	

*They exit.*

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## 「ACT 5」

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### 「Scene 1」

*Enter the Queen with her Attendants.*

QUEEN

FTLN 2291	This way the King will come. This is the way	
FTLN 2292	To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,	
FTLN 2293	To whose flint bosom my condemnèd lord	
FTLN 2294	Is doomed a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.	
FTLN 2295	Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth	5
FTLN 2296	Have any resting for her true king's queen.	

*Enter Richard 「and Guard.」*

FTLN 2297	But soft, but see—or rather do not see	
FTLN 2298	My fair rose wither; yet look up, behold,	
FTLN 2299	That you in pity may dissolve to dew	
FTLN 2300	And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—	10
FTLN 2301	Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,	
FTLN 2302	Thou map of honor, thou King Richard's tomb,	
FTLN 2303	And not King Richard! Thou most beauteous inn,	
FTLN 2304	Why should hard-favored grief be lodged in thee	
FTLN 2305	When triumph is become an alehouse guest?	15

KING RICHARD

FTLN 2306	Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,	
FTLN 2307	To make my end too sudden. Learn, good soul,	
FTLN 2308	To think our former state a happy dream,	
FTLN 2309	From which awaked, the truth of what we are	

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FTLN 2310	Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,	20
FTLN 2311	To grim necessity, and he and I	
FTLN 2312	Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France	
FTLN 2313	And cloister thee in some religious house.	
FTLN 2314	Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,	
FTLN 2315	Which our profane hours here have thrown down.	25
QUEEN		
FTLN 2316	What, is my Richard both in shape and mind	
FTLN 2317	Transformed and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke	
FTLN 2318	Deposed thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?	
FTLN 2319	The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw	
FTLN 2320	And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage	30
FTLN 2321	To be o'er-powered; and wilt thou, pupil-like,	
FTLN 2322	Take the correction, mildly kiss the rod,	
FTLN 2323	And fawn on rage with base humility,	
FTLN 2324	Which art a lion and the king of beasts?	
KING RICHARD		
FTLN 2325	A king of beasts indeed. If aught but beasts,	35
FTLN 2326	I had been still a happy king of men.	
FTLN 2327	Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for	
FTLN 2328	France.	
FTLN 2329	Think I am dead, and that even here thou takest,	
FTLN 2330	As from my deathbed, thy last living leave.	40
FTLN 2331	In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire	
FTLN 2332	With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales	
FTLN 2333	Of woeful ages long ago betid;	
FTLN 2334	And, ere thou bid good night, to quite their griefs,	
FTLN 2335	Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,	45
FTLN 2336	And send the hearers weeping to their beds.	
FTLN 2337	Forwhy the senseless brands will sympathize	
FTLN 2338	The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,	
FTLN 2339	And in compassion weep the fire out,	
FTLN 2340	And some will mourn in ashes, some coal black,	50
FTLN 2341	For the deposing of a rightful king.	

*Enter Northumberland.*

## NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 2342 My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed.  
 FTLN 2343 You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—  
 FTLN 2344 And madam, there is order ta'en for you.  
 FTLN 2345 With all swift speed you must away to France. 55

## KING RICHARD

FTLN 2346 Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal  
 FTLN 2347 The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,  
 FTLN 2348 The time shall not be many hours of age  
 FTLN 2349 More than it is ere foul sin, gathering head,  
 FTLN 2350 Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think, 60  
 FTLN 2351 Though he divide the realm and give thee half,  
 FTLN 2352 It is too little, helping him to all.  
 FTLN 2353 He shall think that thou, which knowest the way  
 FTLN 2354 To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
 FTLN 2355 Being ne'er so little urged another way, 65  
 FTLN 2356 To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.  
 FTLN 2357 The love of wicked men converts to fear,  
 FTLN 2358 That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both  
 FTLN 2359 To worthy danger and deserved death.

## NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 2360 My guilt be on my head, and there an end. 70  
 FTLN 2361 Take leave and part, for you must part forthwith.

## KING RICHARD

FTLN 2362 Doubly divorced! Bad men, you violate  
 FTLN 2363 A twofold marriage—twixt my crown and me,  
 FTLN 2364 And then betwixt me and my married wife.  
 FTLN 2365 'To Queen.' Let me unkiss the oath twixt thee and 75  
 FTLN 2366 me;  
 FTLN 2367 And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—  
 FTLN 2368 Part us, Northumberland, I towards the north,  
 FTLN 2369 Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;  
 FTLN 2370 My wife to France, from whence set forth in pomp 80  
 FTLN 2371 She came adorned hither like sweet May,  
 FTLN 2372 Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.

QUEEN

FTLN 2373 And must we be divided? Must we part?

KING RICHARD

FTLN 2374 Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

QUEEN, *['to Northumberland']*

FTLN 2375 Banish us both, and send the King with me.

85

*['NORTHUMBERLAND']*

FTLN 2376 That were some love, but little policy.

QUEEN

FTLN 2377 Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 2378 So two together weeping make one woe.

FTLN 2379 Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;

FTLN 2380 Better far off than, near, be ne'er the near.

90

FTLN 2381 Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.

QUEEN

FTLN 2382 So longest way shall have the longest moans.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 2383 Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,

FTLN 2384 And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

FTLN 2385 Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

95

FTLN 2386 Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

FTLN 2387 One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part.

FTLN 2388 Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

*['They kiss.']*

QUEEN

FTLN 2389 Give me mine own again. 'Twere no good part

FTLN 2390 To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.

100

*['They kiss.']*

FTLN 2391 So, now I have mine own again, begone,

FTLN 2392 That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

KING RICHARD

FTLN 2393 We make woe wanton with this fond delay.

FTLN 2394 Once more, adieu! The rest let sorrow say.

*They exit.*

## 「Scene 2」

*Enter Duke of York and the Duchess.*

DUCHESS

FTLN 2395 My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,  
 FTLN 2396 When weeping made you break the story off  
 FTLN 2397 Of our two cousins coming into London.

YORK

FTLN 2398 Where did I leave?

FTLN 2399 DUCHESS At that sad stop, my lord, 5  
 FTLN 2400 Where rude misgoverned hands from windows' tops  
 FTLN 2401 Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

YORK

FTLN 2402 Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,  
 FTLN 2403 Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
 FTLN 2404 Which his aspiring rider seemed to know, 10  
 FTLN 2405 With slow but stately pace kept on his course,  
 FTLN 2406 Whilst all tongues cried "God save thee,  
 FTLN 2407 Bolingbroke!"  
 FTLN 2408 You would have thought the very windows spake,  
 FTLN 2409 So many greedy looks of young and old 15  
 FTLN 2410 Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
 FTLN 2411 Upon his visage, and that all the walls  
 FTLN 2412 With painted imagery had said at once  
 FTLN 2413 "Jesu preserve thee! Welcome, Bolingbroke!"  
 FTLN 2414 Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning, 20  
 FTLN 2415 Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
 FTLN 2416 Bespake them thus: "I thank you, countrymen."  
 FTLN 2417 And thus still doing, thus he passed along.

DUCHESS

FTLN 2418 Alack, poor Richard! Where rode he the whilst?

YORK

FTLN 2419 As in a theater the eyes of men, 25  
 FTLN 2420 After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,  
 FTLN 2421 Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
 FTLN 2422 Thinking his prattle to be tedious,

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FTLN 2423	Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes	
FTLN 2424	Did scowl on gentle Richard. No man cried "God	30
FTLN 2425	save him!"	
FTLN 2426	No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home,	
FTLN 2427	But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,	
FTLN 2428	Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,	
FTLN 2429	His face still combating with tears and smiles,	35
FTLN 2430	The badges of his grief and patience,	
FTLN 2431	That had not God for some strong purpose steeled	
FTLN 2432	The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,	
FTLN 2433	And barbarism itself have pitied him.	
FTLN 2434	But heaven hath a hand in these events,	40
FTLN 2435	To whose high will we bound our calm contents.	
FTLN 2436	To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,	
FTLN 2437	Whose state and honor I for aye allow.	

*Enter Aumerle.*

DUCHESS

FTLN 2438	Here comes my son Aumerle.	
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FTLN 2439	YORK	Aumerle that was;	45
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FTLN 2440	But that is lost for being Richard's friend,	
-----------	--	--

FTLN 2441	And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.	
-----------	--	--

FTLN 2442	I am in parliament pledge for his truth	
-----------	---	--

FTLN 2443	And lasting fealty to the new-made king.	
-----------	--	--

DUCHESS

FTLN 2444	Welcome, my son. Who are the violets now	50
-----------	--	----

FTLN 2445	That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?	
-----------	--	--

AUMERLE

FTLN 2446	Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not.	
-----------	--	--

FTLN 2447	God knows I had as lief be none as one.	
-----------	---	--

YORK

FTLN 2448	Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,	
-----------	---	--

FTLN 2449	Lest you be cropped before you come to prime.	55
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FTLN 2450	What news from Oxford? Do these jousts and	
-----------	--	--

FTLN 2451	triumphs hold?	
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FTLN 2452	AUMERLE	For aught I know, my lord, they do.	
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FTLN 2453	YORK	You will be there, I know.	
FTLN 2454	AUMERLE	If God prevent not, I purpose so.	60
	YORK		
FTLN 2455		What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?	
FTLN 2456		Yea, lookst thou pale? Let me see the writing.	
	AUMERLE		
FTLN 2457		My lord, 'tis nothing.	
FTLN 2458	YORK	No matter, then, who see it.	
FTLN 2459		I will be satisfied. Let me see the writing.	65
	AUMERLE		
FTLN 2460		I do beseech your Grace to pardon me.	
FTLN 2461		It is a matter of small consequence,	
FTLN 2462		Which for some reasons I would not have seen.	
	YORK		
FTLN 2463		Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.	
FTLN 2464		I fear, I fear—	70
FTLN 2465	DUCHESS	What should you fear?	
FTLN 2466		'Tis nothing but some bond that he is entered into	
FTLN 2467		For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.	
	YORK		
FTLN 2468		Bound to himself? What doth he with a bond	
FTLN 2469		That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—	75
FTLN 2470		Boy, let me see the writing.	
	AUMERLE		
FTLN 2471		I do beseech you, pardon me. I may not show it.	
	YORK		
FTLN 2472		I will be satisfied. Let me see it, I say.	
		<i>He plucks it out of his bosom and reads it.</i>	
	YORK		
FTLN 2473		Treason! Foul treason! Villain, traitor, slave!	
FTLN 2474	DUCHESS	What is the matter, my lord?	80
	YORK,	<i>「calling offstage」</i>	
FTLN 2475		Ho, who is within there? Saddle my horse!—	
FTLN 2476		God for his mercy, what treachery is here!	
FTLN 2477	DUCHESS	Why, what is it, my lord?	

YORK, *「calling offstage」*

FTLN 2478 Give me my boots, I say! Saddle my horse!—  
FTLN 2479 Now by mine honor, by my life, by my troth, 85  
FTLN 2480 I will appeach the villain.

FTLN 2481 DUCHESS What is the matter?

FTLN 2482 YORK Peace, foolish woman.

DUCHESS

FTLN 2483 I will not peace!—What is the matter, Aumerle?

AUMERLE

FTLN 2484 Good mother, be content. It is no more 90  
FTLN 2485 Than my poor life must answer.

FTLN 2486 DUCHESS Thy life answer?

YORK, *「calling offstage」*

FTLN 2487 Bring me my boots!—I will unto the King.

*His man enters with his boots.*

DUCHESS

FTLN 2488 Strike him, Aumerle! Poor boy, thou art amazed.—  
FTLN 2489 Hence, villain, never more come in my sight. 95

FTLN 2490 YORK Give me my boots, I say.

*「His man helps him on with his boots, then exits.」*

FTLN 2491 DUCHESS Why, York, what wilt thou do?

FTLN 2492 Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?  
FTLN 2493 Have we more sons? Or are we like to have?  
FTLN 2494 Is not my teeming date drunk up with time? 100  
FTLN 2495 And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age  
FTLN 2496 And rob me of a happy mother's name?  
FTLN 2497 Is he not like thee? Is he not thine own?

FTLN 2498 YORK Thou fond mad woman,  
FTLN 2499 Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy? 105

FTLN 2500 A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament  
FTLN 2501 And interchangeably set down their hands  
FTLN 2502 To kill the King at Oxford.

DUCHESS

FTLN 2503 He shall be none. We'll keep him here.  
FTLN 2504 Then what is that to him? 110



FTLN 2530 With unrestrained loose companions,  
 FTLN 2531 Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes  
 FTLN 2532 And beat our watch and rob our passengers,  
 FTLN 2533 「While」 he, young wanton and effeminate boy, 10  
 FTLN 2534 Takes on the point of honor to support  
 FTLN 2535 So dissolute a crew.

PERCY

FTLN 2536 My lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,  
 FTLN 2537 And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.  
 FTLN 2538 KING HENRY And what said the gallant? 15

PERCY

FTLN 2539 His answer was, he would unto the stews,  
 FTLN 2540 And from the common'st creature pluck a glove  
 FTLN 2541 And wear it as a favor, and with that  
 FTLN 2542 He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2543 As dissolute as desperate. Yet through both 20  
 FTLN 2544 I see some sparks of better hope, which elder years  
 FTLN 2545 May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

*Enter Aumerle amazed.*

FTLN 2546 AUMERLE Where is the King?

KING HENRY

FTLN 2547 What means our cousin, that he stares and looks so  
 FTLN 2548 wildly? 25

AUMERLE

FTLN 2549 God save your Grace. I do beseech your Majesty  
 FTLN 2550 To have some conference with your Grace alone.

KING HENRY, 「to his Nobles」

FTLN 2551 Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.  
*「The Nobles exit.」*

FTLN 2552 What is the matter with our cousin now?

AUMERLE, 「kneeling」

FTLN 2553 Forever may my knees grow to the earth, 30  
 FTLN 2554 My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,  
 FTLN 2555 Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2556     Intended or committed was this fault?  
 FTLN 2557     If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,  
 FTLN 2558     To win thy after-love I pardon thee. 35

AUMERLE, *standing*

FTLN 2559     Then give me leave that *['I']* may turn the key  
 FTLN 2560     That no man enter till my tale be done.

FTLN 2561     KING HENRY   Have thy desire.     *['Aumerle locks the door.']*  
                                   *The Duke of York knocks at the door and crieth.*

YORK, *within*

FTLN 2562     My liege, beware! Look to thyself!  
 FTLN 2563     Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there. 40

FTLN 2564     KING HENRY, *['to Aumerle']*   Villain, I'll make thee safe.  
   *['He draws his sword.']*

AUMERLE

FTLN 2565     Stay thy revengeful hand. Thou hast no cause to fear.

YORK, *within*

FTLN 2566     Open the door, secure, foolhardy king!  
 FTLN 2567     Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?  
 FTLN 2568     Open the door, or I will break it open. 45  
   *['King Henry unlocks the door.']*

*['Enter York.']*

FTLN 2569     KING HENRY   What is the matter, uncle? Speak.  
 FTLN 2570     Recover breath. Tell us how near is danger  
 FTLN 2571     That we may arm us to encounter it.

YORK, *['giving King Henry a paper']*

FTLN 2572     Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know  
 FTLN 2573     The treason that my haste forbids me show. 50

AUMERLE, *['to King Henry']*

FTLN 2574     Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise passed.  
 FTLN 2575     I do repent me. Read not my name there.  
 FTLN 2576     My heart is not confederate with my hand.

YORK

FTLN 2577     It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—  
 FTLN 2578     I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king. 55

FTLN 2579 Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.  
 FTLN 2580 Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove  
 FTLN 2581 A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2582 O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!  
 FTLN 2583 O loyal father of a treacherous son, 60  
 FTLN 2584 Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain  
 FTLN 2585 From whence this stream, through muddy passages,  
 FTLN 2586 Hath held his current and defiled himself,  
 FTLN 2587 Thy overflow of good converts to bad,  
 FTLN 2588 And thy abundant goodness shall excuse 65  
 FTLN 2589 This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

YORK

FTLN 2590 So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,  
 FTLN 2591 And he shall spend mine honor with his shame,  
 FTLN 2592 As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.  
 FTLN 2593 Mine honor lives when his dishonor dies, 70  
 FTLN 2594 Or my shamed life in his dishonor lies.  
 FTLN 2595 Thou kill'st me in his life: giving him breath,  
 FTLN 2596 The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

DUCHESS, *within*

FTLN 2597 What ho, my liege! For God's sake, let me in!

KING HENRY

FTLN 2598 What *shrill-voiced* suppliant makes this eager cry? 75

DUCHESS, *within*

FTLN 2599 A woman, and thy aunt, great king. 'Tis I.  
 FTLN 2600 Speak with me, pity me. Open the door!  
 FTLN 2601 A beggar begs that never begged before.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2602 Our scene is altered from a serious thing,  
 FTLN 2603 And now changed to "The Beggar and the King."— 80  
 FTLN 2604 My dangerous cousin, let your mother in.  
 FTLN 2605 I know she is come to pray for your foul sin.

*Aumerle opens the door.*

*Duchess of York enters and kneels.*

YORK

FTLN 2606 If thou do pardon whosoever pray,  
 FTLN 2607 More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.  
 FTLN 2608 This festered joint cut off, the rest rest sound. 85  
 FTLN 2609 This let alone will all the rest confound.

DUCHESS

FTLN 2610 O king, believe not this hard-hearted man.  
 FTLN 2611 Love loving not itself, none other can.

YORK

FTLN 2612 Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?  
 FTLN 2613 Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear? 90

DUCHESS

FTLN 2614 Sweet York, be patient.—Hear me, gentle liege.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2615 Rise up, good aunt.

DUCHESS Not yet, I thee beseech.

FTLN 2617 Forever will I walk upon my knees  
 FTLN 2618 And never see day that the happy sees, 95  
 FTLN 2619 Till thou give joy, until thou bid me joy  
 FTLN 2620 By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

AUMERLE, *「kneeling」*

FTLN 2621 Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.

YORK, *「kneeling」*

FTLN 2622 Against them both my true joints bended be.  
 FTLN 2623 Ill mayst thou thrive if thou grant any grace. 100

DUCHESS

FTLN 2624 Pleads he in earnest? Look upon his face.  
 FTLN 2625 His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;  
 FTLN 2626 His words come from his mouth, ours from our  
 FTLN 2627 breast.  
 FTLN 2628 He prays but faintly, and would be denied. 105  
 FTLN 2629 We pray with heart and soul and all beside.  
 FTLN 2630 His weary joints would gladly rise, I know.  
 FTLN 2631 Our knees still kneel till to the ground they grow.  
 FTLN 2632 His prayers are full of false hypocrisy,  
 FTLN 2633 Ours of true zeal and deep integrity. 110

FTLN 2634	Our prayers do outpray his. Then let them have	
FTLN 2635	That mercy which true prayer ought to have.	
	⌈KING HENRY⌋	
FTLN 2636	Good aunt, stand up.	
FTLN 2637	DUCHESS Nay, do not say “stand up.”	
FTLN 2638	Say “pardon” first, and afterwards “stand up.”	115
FTLN 2639	An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,	
FTLN 2640	“Pardon” should be the first word of thy speech.	
FTLN 2641	I never longed to hear a word till now.	
FTLN 2642	Say “pardon,” king; let pity teach thee how.	
FTLN 2643	The word is short, but not so short as sweet.	120
FTLN 2644	No word like “pardon” for kings’ mouths so meet.	
	YORK	
FTLN 2645	Speak it in French, king. Say “pardonne moy.”	
	DUCHESS	
FTLN 2646	Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?	
FTLN 2647	Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,	
FTLN 2648	That sets the word itself against the word!	125
FTLN 2649	⌈ <i>To King Henry.</i> ⌋ Speak “pardon” as ’tis current in	
FTLN 2650	our land;	
FTLN 2651	The chopping French we do not understand.	
FTLN 2652	Thine eye begins to speak; set thy tongue there,	
FTLN 2653	Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,	130
FTLN 2654	That, hearing how our complaints and prayers do	
FTLN 2655	pierce,	
FTLN 2656	Pity may move thee “pardon” to rehearse.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 2657	Good aunt, stand up.	
FTLN 2658	DUCHESS I do not sue to stand.	135
FTLN 2659	Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 2660	I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.	
	DUCHESS	
FTLN 2661	O, happy vantage of a kneeling knee!	
FTLN 2662	Yet am I sick for fear. Speak it again.	
FTLN 2663	Twice saying “pardon” doth not pardon twain,	140
FTLN 2664	But makes one pardon strong.	



FTLN 2665 KING HENRY I pardon him with all my heart.

FTLN 2666 DUCHESS A god on Earth thou art.

*「They all stand.」*

KING HENRY

FTLN 2667 But for our trusty brother-in-law and the Abbot,

FTLN 2668 With all the rest of that consorted crew,

145

FTLN 2669 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.

FTLN 2670 Good uncle, help to order several powers

FTLN 2671 To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are.

FTLN 2672 They shall not live within this world, I swear,

FTLN 2673 But I will have them, if I once know where.

150

FTLN 2674 Uncle, farewell,—and cousin, adieu.

FTLN 2675 Your mother well hath prayed; and prove you true.

DUCHESS, *「to Aumerle」*

FTLN 2676 Come, my old son. I pray God make thee new.

*They exit.*

*「Scene 4」*

*「Enter」 Sir Pierce Exton and 「Servants.」*

EXTON

FTLN 2677 Didst thou not mark the King, what words he spake,

FTLN 2678 “Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?”

FTLN 2679 Was it not so?

FTLN 2680 SERVINGMAN These were his very words.

EXTON

FTLN 2681 “Have I no friend?” quoth he. He spake it twice

5

FTLN 2682 And urged it twice together, did he not?

FTLN 2683 SERVINGMAN He did.

EXTON

FTLN 2684 And speaking it, he wishtly looked on me,

FTLN 2685 As who should say “I would thou wert the man

FTLN 2686 That would divorce this terror from my heart”—

10

FTLN 2687 Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go.

FTLN 2688 I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe.

*「They exit.」*

## 「Scene 5」

*Enter Richard alone.*

RICHARD

FTLN 2689	I have been studying how I may compare	
FTLN 2690	This prison where I live unto the world,	
FTLN 2691	And for because the world is populous	
FTLN 2692	And here is not a creature but myself,	
FTLN 2693	I cannot do it. Yet I'll hammer it out.	5
FTLN 2694	My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,	
FTLN 2695	My soul the father, and these two beget	
FTLN 2696	A generation of still-breeding thoughts,	
FTLN 2697	And these same thoughts people this little world,	
FTLN 2698	In humors like the people of this world,	10
FTLN 2699	For no thought is contented. The better sort,	
FTLN 2700	As thoughts of things divine, are intermixed	
FTLN 2701	With scruples, and do set the word itself	
FTLN 2702	Against the word, as thus: "Come, little ones,"	
FTLN 2703	And then again,	15
FTLN 2704	"It is as hard to come as for a camel	
FTLN 2705	To thread the postern of a small needle's eye."	
FTLN 2706	Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot	
FTLN 2707	Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails	
FTLN 2708	May tear a passage through the flinty ribs	20
FTLN 2709	Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,	
FTLN 2710	And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.	
FTLN 2711	Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves	
FTLN 2712	That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,	
FTLN 2713	Nor shall not be the last—like silly beggars	25
FTLN 2714	Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame	
FTLN 2715	That many have and others must 「sit」 there,	
FTLN 2716	And in this thought they find a kind of ease,	
FTLN 2717	Bearing their own misfortunes on the back	
FTLN 2718	Of such as have before endured the like.	30
FTLN 2719	Thus play I in one person many people,	
FTLN 2720	And none contented. Sometimes am I king.	

FTLN 2721	Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,	
FTLN 2722	And so I am; then crushing penury	
FTLN 2723	Persuades me I was better when a king.	35
FTLN 2724	Then am I kinged again, and by and by	
FTLN 2725	Think that I am unkinged by Bolingbroke,	
FTLN 2726	And straight am nothing. But whate'er I be,	
FTLN 2727	Nor I nor any man that but man is	
FTLN 2728	With nothing shall be pleased till he be eased	40
FTLN 2729	With being nothing. ( <i>The music plays.</i> ) Music do I	
FTLN 2730	hear?	
FTLN 2731	Ha, ha, keep time! How sour sweet music is	
FTLN 2732	When time is broke and no proportion kept.	
FTLN 2733	So is it in the music of men's lives.	45
FTLN 2734	And here have I the daintiness of ear	
FTLN 2735	To check time broke in a disordered string;	
FTLN 2736	But for the concord of my state and time	
FTLN 2737	Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.	
FTLN 2738	I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;	50
FTLN 2739	For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock.	
FTLN 2740	My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar	
FTLN 2741	Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,	
FTLN 2742	Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,	
FTLN 2743	Is pointing still in cleansing them from tears.	55
FTLN 2744	Now, sir, the sound that tells what hour it is	
FTLN 2745	Are clamorous groans which strike upon my heart,	
FTLN 2746	Which is the bell. So sighs and tears and groans	
FTLN 2747	Show minutes, times, and hours. But my time	
FTLN 2748	Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,	60
FTLN 2749	While I stand fooling here, his jack of the clock.	
FTLN 2750	This music mads me. Let it sound no more,	
FTLN 2751	For though it have help madmen to their wits,	
FTLN 2752	In me it seems it will make wise men mad.	
FTLN 2753	Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me,	65
FTLN 2754	For 'tis a sign of love, and love to Richard	
FTLN 2755	Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.	

*Enter a Groom of the stable.*

FTLN 2756	GROOM	Hail, royal prince!	
FTLN 2757	RICHARD	Thanks, noble peer.	
FTLN 2758		The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.	70
FTLN 2759		What art thou, and how comest thou hither,	
FTLN 2760		Where no man never comes but that sad dog	
FTLN 2761		That brings me food to make misfortune live?	
	GROOM		
FTLN 2762		I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,	
FTLN 2763		When thou wert king; who, traveling towards York,	75
FTLN 2764		With much ado at length have gotten leave	
FTLN 2765		To look upon my sometime royal master's face.	
FTLN 2766		O, how it earned my heart when I beheld	
FTLN 2767		In London streets, that coronation day,	
FTLN 2768		When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,	80
FTLN 2769		That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,	
FTLN 2770		That horse that I so carefully have dressed.	
	RICHARD		
FTLN 2771		Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,	
FTLN 2772		How went he under him?	
	GROOM		
FTLN 2773		So proudly as if he disdained the ground.	85
	RICHARD		
FTLN 2774		So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!	
FTLN 2775		That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;	
FTLN 2776		This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.	
FTLN 2777		Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down	
FTLN 2778		(Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck	90
FTLN 2779		Of that proud man that did usurp his back?	
FTLN 2780		Forgiveness, horse! Why do I rail on thee,	
FTLN 2781		Since thou, created to be awed by man,	
FTLN 2782		Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse,	
FTLN 2783		And yet I bear a burden like an ass,	95
FTLN 2784		Spurred, galled, and tired by jauncing Bolingbroke.	

*Enter one, [the Keeper,] to Richard with meat.*

KEEPER, *to Groom*

FTLN 2785 Fellow, give place. Here is no longer stay.

RICHARD, *to Groom*

FTLN 2786 If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

GROOM

FTLN 2787 What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

*Groom exits.*

FTLN 2788 KEEPER My lord, will 't please you to fall to?

100

RICHARD

FTLN 2789 Taste of it first as thou art wont to do.

KEEPER

FTLN 2790 My lord, I dare not. Sir Pierce of Exton,

FTLN 2791 Who lately came from the King, commands the

FTLN 2792 contrary.

RICHARD, *attacking the Keeper*

FTLN 2793 The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!

105

FTLN 2794 Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

FTLN 2795 KEEPER Help, help, help!

*The Murderers 'Exton and his men' rush in.*

RICHARD

FTLN 2796 How now, what means death in this rude assault?

FTLN 2797 Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

*'Richard seizes a weapon from a Murderer  
and kills him with it.'*

FTLN 2798 Go thou and fill another room in hell.

110

*'He kills another Murderer.'*

*Here Exton strikes him down.*

FTLN 2799 That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire

FTLN 2800 That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand

FTLN 2801 Hath with the King's blood stained the King's own

FTLN 2802 land.

FTLN 2803 Mount, mount, my soul. Thy seat is up on high,

115

FTLN 2804 Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

*'He dies.'*



FTLN 2825 Two of the dangerous consorted traitors 15  
FTLN 2826 That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2827 Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot.  
FTLN 2828 Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter 'Harry' Percy 'with the Bishop of Carlisle.'*

PERCY

FTLN 2829 The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,  
FTLN 2830 With clog of conscience and sour melancholy 20  
FTLN 2831 Hath yielded up his body to the grave.  
FTLN 2832 But here is Carlisle living, to abide  
FTLN 2833 Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

KING HENRY Carlisle, this is your doom:

FTLN 2835 Choose out some secret place, some reverend room, 25  
FTLN 2836 More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life.  
FTLN 2837 So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife;  
FTLN 2838 For, though mine enemy thou hast ever been,  
FTLN 2839 High sparks of honor in thee have I seen.

*Enter Exton 'and Servingmen' with the coffin.*

EXTON

FTLN 2840 Great king, within this coffin I present 30  
FTLN 2841 Thy buried fear. Herein all breathless lies  
FTLN 2842 The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,  
FTLN 2843 Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2844 Exton, I thank thee not, for thou hast wrought  
FTLN 2845 A deed of slander with thy fatal hand 35  
FTLN 2846 Upon my head and all this famous land.

EXTON

FTLN 2847 From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2848 They love not poison that do poison need,  
FTLN 2849 Nor do I thee. Though I did wish him dead,  
FTLN 2850 I hate the murderer, love him murderèd. 40

FTLN 2851 The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labor,  
FTLN 2852 But neither my good word nor princely favor.  
FTLN 2853 With Cain go wander through shades of night,  
FTLN 2854 And never show thy head by day nor light.

*「Exton exits.」*

FTLN 2855 Lords, I protest my soul is full of woe 45  
FTLN 2856 That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow.  
FTLN 2857 Come mourn with me for what I do lament,  
FTLN 2858 And put on sullen black incontinent.  
FTLN 2859 I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land  
FTLN 2860 To wash this blood off from my guilty hand. 50

*「Servingmen lift the coffin to carry it out.」*

FTLN 2861 March sadly after. Grace my mournings here  
FTLN 2862 In weeping after this untimely bier.

*「They exit, following the coffin.」*

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