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KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE FIRST QUARTO,

1597,

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS,

FROM THE COPY IN THE POSSESSION OF

HENRY HUTH, ESQ.,

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTICE BY

THE REV. W. A. HARRISON.

LONDON:

Produced by C. PRAETORIUS, 14, Clareville Grove,
Hereford Square, S.W.

1888.
SHAKSPERE QUARTO FACSIMILES,
WITH INTRODUCTIONS, LINE NUMBERS, &c., BY SHAKSPERE SCHOLARS.
ISSUED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF DR. F. J. FURNIVALL.

1. Those by W. Griggs.

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2. Those by C. Prætorius.

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[Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 18.]
The General Introduction to this Play will be given with the Facsimile of the copy of this Quarto in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire; a copy which differs in very important particulars from the other known examples. With the present Facsimile, made by the kind permission of Mr. Henry Huth from the copy in his library, it will suffice to note the system observed in the marginal markings.

On the inner margins are given the line numbers, in fours, of the nineteen consecutive scenes of which the Quarto consists. Where parts of lines in the Quarto make together a perfect metrical line in the Cambridge edition, a bracket [ ] shews this: otherwise each short line of the Quarto is reckoned as a whole line.

On the outer margins are given the Act, Scene and line numbers of the Cambridge and Globe editions.

A dagger [†] means that a line in the Facsimile differs more or less from the corresponding line in Fr.

A caret [<] shews that a line or a stage direction existing in Fr is absent from the corresponding place in the Quarto.

A star [*] shews that a line or a stage direction existing in the Quarto is absent from the corresponding place in Fr.

W. A. HARRISON.

6 June, 1888.
THE Tragedie of King Richard the second.

As it hath beene publikely ayled by the right Honourable the Lorde Chamberlaine his Servants.

LONDON
Printed by Valentine Simmes for Androw Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at the signe of the Angel. 1597.
ENTER KING RICHARD, JOHN
OF GAVNT, WITH OTHER
Nobles and attendants.

King Richard.

Vld John of Gaunt time honoured Lancaster.
Haft thou according to thy oath and band
Brought hither Henrie Herford thy bolde sonne,
Here to make good the boistrous late appeale.
Which then our leysire would not let vs heare
Against the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Moubraj?
Gaunt. I haue my Leige,
King. Tell me moreouer haft thou founded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good subiecl should
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him.
Gaunt. As neere as I could fift him on that argument,
On some apparent daunger scene in him,
Aimde at your highnes, no inueterate malice.
King. Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow our felves will heare,
The accufer and the accused freely speake:
High stomackt are they both and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the sea, haftie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bulling. Manie yeares of happie daies befall,
My gratious soueraigne my most louing liege.

A. 2

Mow.
The Tragedie of

Mowb. Each day till better others happiness,
Vstill the heauens enjoying earths good hap.
Add an immortall title to your Crowne.

King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cause you come,
Namely to appeale each other of high treason:
Cousin of Herford, what doft thou object
Against the Duke of Norffolke Thomas Mowbray?

Bull. First, heaven be the record to my speech.

In the devotion of a subiects love,
Tendring the precious safetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.
Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my diuine soule answer it in heauen:
Thou art a traitour and a miscreant,
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
Since the more faire and cristall is the skie,
The vgluer seeme the cloudes that in it flie;
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
With a soule traitors name I thy throte,
And wish (to please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong speaks my right drawn sword may proue.

Mow. Let not my cold wordes here accuse my zeale,
Tis not the triall of a womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eger tongues
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine,
The bloud is hote that must be coold for this,
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be huilfer, and naught at all to say:
First the faire reverence of your Highnesse curbs me,
From ginning reines and sputures to my free speech;
Which else would post vntill it had returned,
The se tersomes of treason doubled downe his throat:
Setting aside his high blouds royaltie,

And
King Richard the Second.

And let him be no kinman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I spit at him,
Call him a laudenerous coward, and a villaine,
Which to maintaine, I would allow him odds,
And meete him were I tied to runne afoot,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Englishman durft set his foote,
Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes most fally doth he lie.

But. Pale trembling coward there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kinred of the King,
And lay aside my high bloudes royalty,
Which Feare, not Reuerence makes thee to except.
If guilty dread have left thee so much strengt
As to take vp mine honours pawn, then stowpe,
By that, and all the rites of Knighthoode else,
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare,
Which gently laid my Knighthood on my shoulder,
Ie answer thee in any faire degree.
Or chialtours designe of knightly triall:
And when I mount, alius may I not light,
If I be traitor or untrustly fight.

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

But. Looke what I speake, my life shall prowe it true,
That Mowbray hath receiuede eight thousand nobles
In name of Lendings for your Highnes soulicours,
The which he hath detaind for lewd impoyments,
Like a false traitour, and injurious villaine:
Besides I say, and will in battle prowe,
Or here, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge
That euer was surveued by English eye,
That all the treasouns for these eighteeene yeares,
The Tragedie

Complotted and continued in this land:
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Glocesters death,
Suggest his soone believing adueraries,
And consequently like a traitor coward,
Suckle out his innocent soule through streams of bloud,
Which bloud, like sacrificing Abels cries,
Even from the tonguelest Caurnes of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And by the glorious worth of my descent,
This armes shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares,
Thomas of Northouke what saist thou to this?
Mowbr. Oh let my fouraigne turne awaiue his face,
And bid his cares a little while be deafe.
Till I have tolde this flaunder of his bloud,
How God and good men hate so foule a liar.

King. Mowbray impartiall are our cies and eares,
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdome heire,
As he is but my fathers brother sonne,
Now by scepters aue I make a vowe,
Such neighbour neerenes to our sacred bloud
Should nothing priuiledge him nor partialize
The vnstooping firmenesse of my upright soule.
He is our subject Mowbray soeart thou,
Free speech and fearlessse I to thee allowe.

Mowbr. Then Bullyingbrooke as lowe as to thy heart
Through the false passlge of thy throte thou liest,
Three partes of that receipte I had for Callice,
Disburst I duely to his highnesse fouldiers,
The other part referude I by consent,
For that my fouraigne liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a deare account:
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death,
For you my noble Lord of Lancastres,

The honourable father to my soe,

Neglected my sworne duey in that case;  

I flewe him not but to my owne disgrace,

A trespass that doth vex my grieved soules

But ere I last receiue the Sacrament,

Once did I lay an ambushe for your life,

A trespass that my soules soult

But ere I last receiue the Sacrament,

I did confesse it, and exactly beord

Tomng your graces pardon, and I hope I had it.

This is my fault, as for the self appeald

It issues from the rancour of a villaine,

A recreant and most degenerate traitour,

Which in my selfe I boildy will defende,

And enterchangeably hurle downe my gage

Vpon this overweening traitors soules.

To prowe my selfe a loyal Gentleman.

Even in the best bloud chamberd in his bosome;

In haste wereof most hartily I pray

Your highnes to assigne our triall day.

"King. Whast kindled gentleman be ruled by me,

Let us purge this choler without letting blood,

This we prescribe though no Philistion,

Deepe malice makes too deepe incision,

Forget forgie, conclude and be agreed,

Our doctors say, this is no month to bleede:

Good Vnckle let this ende where it begonne,

Weele calme the Duke of Norfolk, you your sonne.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shal become my age,

Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.

King. And Norfolk throw downe his,

Gaunt. When Harry, when obedience bids

Obedience bids I should not bid againe.

King. Norfolk throw downe we bid, there is no boote.

Nove. My selfe I throw dread soueraigne at thy footes;

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame.

The one my duty owes, but my name

Delphight of death that lies upon my gaine,

Delphight of death that lies upon my grave.
The Tragedie of

To darke dishonours we thou shalt not have:
I am disgraft, impeacht, and bastul'd heere,
Perlct to the soule with Slaunders venom'd speare,
The which no balme can cure but his heart blood
Which breathde this poysnon.

King. Rage must be withstoode,
Give me his gage; Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resigne my gage, my deare deare Lord,
The purest treasure mortall times afford,
Is spotlesse Reputation that away
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay,
A iewell in a ten times bar'd vp chest,
Is a bold spirit in a louall breast:
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one,
Take honour from me; and my life is done:
Then (deare my Liege) mine honour let me trie.
In that I live; and for that will I die.

† King. Coofin, throw vp your gage, do you beginne.
† Bull. O God defend my soule from such deepe sinne,
Shall I see me Cret-fallen in my fathers fight?
Or with pale beggar-feate impeach my height,
Before this out-darde Dastard ere my tong
Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
Or found so base a parlee, my teeth shall teare
The flauish motiue of recanting feare.
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where Shame doth harbour even in Mowbraies face.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot do, to make you friends,
Be ready as your liues shall answere it,
At Coueneye upon saint Lamberts day,
There shall your swords and lanzces arbitrate
The swelling difference of your setted hate,
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Justice designe the Victors chivalrie,
Lord Marshal, command our Officers at Armes.
King Richard the second.

Be ready to direct these home alarms. Exit.

Enter John of Gaunt with the Duchess of Gloucester.

Gaunt Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's bloud,
Doth more solicit me than your exclamations.
To stir against the butchers of his life,
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct:
Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,
Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,
Will raise hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Duchesse Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre.
Hath love in thy old bloud no living fire:
Edwards seuen sonnes whereof thy selfe art one.
Were as seuen viols of his sacred bloud,
Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of those seuen are dried by natures course,
Some of those branches by the Deffinies cut:
But Thomas my deare Lord,my life, my Gloucester:
One viol full of Edwards sacred bloud,
One flourishing branch of his most royall roote
Is crackt, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hackt downe, and his summer leaves all faded
By Enemies hand, and Murders bloody axe.
Ah Gaunt, his bloud was thine, that bed, that womb,
That metall, that selfe mould, that fashioned thee
Made him a man; and though thou liuest and breathed,
Yet art thou slaine in him, thou dost confest
In some large measure to thy fathers death,
In that thou feest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the modell of thy fathers life;
Call it not patience Gaunt, it is despair,
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou shewest the naked pathway to thy life;
Teaching sterno Murder how to butcher thee:
That which in meaner men we intitle Patience,
Is pale cold Cowardice in noble breasts.
The Tragedy of

What shall I have to safeguard things owned life
The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.

Gaunt: God is the quarrell for God's substitute;
His deputy appointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minicr.

Duch. Where then may I complain my self?

Gaunt: To God the widows Champion and defence.

Duch. Why then I will; farewell old Gaunt,

Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold
Our Coozen Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.
O for my husbands wronges on Hereford's speare,
That it may enter butchers Mowbray's breast:
Or if misfortune misle the first carier,
Be Mowbray's sinnes so heavy in his bosome
That they may break his for med courser backe.
And throw the rider headlong in the liftes,
A caittie recreant to my Coozen Hereford,
Farewell old Gaunt, thy sometimes brother's wife,
With her companion Griefe must end her life.

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

Duch. Yet one word more, griefe boundeth where is false,
Not with the empties, hollownes, but weight;
I take my leave before I have begone,
For sorrow endes not when it seemeth done:
Command me to thy brother Edmund Yorke,
Lo this is all: may yet depart not so,
Though this beal, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more: Bid him, ah what?
With all good speede at Pashie visite me,
Alack and what shall good olde Yorke there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnisht walls.

Unpeopled offices, un trodden stones,
And what there there for welcome but my groans?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
King Richard the Second.

To seake out sorrow that dwells every where,
Defolate defolate will I hence and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eie.  Exeunt.

Enter Lord Marshall and the Duke Anmerle.

Mar. My Lord Anmerle is Harry Herford arnede?
Aum. Yea at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolk spightfully and bold,
States but the summons of the appellants trumpet.
Aum. Why then the Champions are prepared and stay
For nothing but his maiesties approach.
The trumpets sound and the King enters with his nobles, when
they are set, enter the Duke of Norfolk in armes defendent.
King. Marshall demande of yonder Champion,
The cause of his present here in armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceede
To sweare him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In Gods name and the Kings say who thou art,
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in armes,
Against what man thou comt and what thy quarrell.
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thy oath.
As to defend the heauen and thy valour.

Aum. My name is Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolke,
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,
(Which God defende a Knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God,my King,and my succeeding issue.
Against the Duke of Herford that appeales me.
And by the grace of God,and this mine arme,
To prove him in defending of my selfe.
A traitour to my God,my King, and me,
And as I truely fight defend me heauen.

The trumpets sound. Enter Duke of Hereford
appellant in armour.

King. Marshall aske yonder Knight in armes,

Both
The Tragedie of

Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus pladed in habiliments of warre,
And formally according to our lawe,
Dеспo him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherfore comst thou hither?
Before king Richard in his royall lits,
Against whom comes thou? and what is thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heauen.

Bul. Harry of Hersford, Lancaster and Darbie
Am I, who ready here do stand in Armes
To proue by Gods grace, and my bodies valour
In lits, on Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolke,
That he is a traitour soule and dangerous.
To God of heauen, king Richard and to me:
And as I truely fight, defend me heauen.

Mar. On paine of death, no person be so bold,
Or dairing, hardy, as to touch the lits,
Except the Martiall and such officers
Appoynted to direct these faire designes.

Bul. Lord Martiall, let me kisse my Souereignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiestie.
For Mowbray and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and ware pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And lousing farewell of our feuerall friends.

Mar. The appellant in all ducy greetes your Highnes,
And craves to kisse your hand, and take his leaue.

King We will defend and told him in our armes,
Coozin of Herford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
Farewell my bloud, which if to day thou shald,
Lament we may, but not reuenge the dead.

Bul. O let no noble eie prophane a teare
For me, if I be gone with Mowbraies speare:
As confident as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, doe I with Mowbray fight.
My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you:
King Richard the second.

Of you (my noble cousin) Lord Aumarle,
Not sick although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young and cheerfully drawing breath;
Loc, as at English feasts so I regret
The daintiester last, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthly Author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up,
To reach at Victory above my head:
Adde provee unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings sceele my launces point,
That it may enter Mowbraies waxen cote.
And furnish new the name of John a Gaunt,
Euen in the lustie hauour of his sonne.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous,
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caske
Of thy aduerte pernicious enemy,
Rowze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant and liue.

BuL. Mine innocence and saint George to thrive.

Mowb. How euer God or Fortune call my lot,
There lies or dies true to King Richards throne,
A loyall, just, and vpright Gentleman;
Neuer did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontrold enfranchisment,
More than my dauncing soule doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine aduersarie,
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy yeeres,
As gentle, and as iocund as to jest
God I to fight, truth hath a quiet brest.

King. Farewell (my Lord) securely I spie,
Virtue with Valour couched in thine eie,
Order the triall Martial, and beginne.

Mart. Harry of Herford, Lancaster and Darby,
The Tragedie of

Receive thy launce, and God defend the right.

But. Strong as a tower in hope I cry, Amen.

Mars. Go beare this lance to Thomas Duke of Norfolke.

Herold. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Darby

Stands here, for God, his soueraigne, and himselfe,

On paine to be found false and recreant,

To prove the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray

A traitor to God, his king, and him,

And dares him to set forward to the fight.

Herold 2. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk

On paine to be found false and recreant,

Both to defend himselfe, and to approve

Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Darby,

To God, his soueraigne, and to him disloyall,

Couragiously, and with a free desire,

Attending, but the signal to beginne.

Mars. Sound trumpets, and set forward Combatants:

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder downe.

King. Let them lay by their helmets, and their speares,

And both returne backe to their chairs againe.

 Withdraw with vs, and let the trumpets sound,

While we returne these dukes what we decree.

Draw near and lift

What with our counsell we have done:

For that our kingdoms earth should not be soild

With that deare bloud which it hath fostered:

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect

Of cruel wounds plow'd vp with neighbours sword,

And for we thinke the Egle-winged pride

Of skie-aspiring, and ambitious thoughts,

With ruall hating enuy set on you

To wake our peace, which in our Countries cradle

Draw the sweet infant breath of gentle sleepe.

Which to rouse vp with boistrous vntunde drummes,

With harsh refounding trumpets dreadfull bray,

And grating shocke of harsh refounding armes,

Might from our quiet confines fright faire Peace,

And
And make vs wade even in our kinreds bloud;
Therefore we banish you our territories:
You cousin Hereford vpon paine of life;
Til twice five summers have enricht our fields.
Shall not regreete our faire dominions,
But treade the stranger paths of banishment.

But. Your will be done; this must my comfort be,
That Sunne that warmes you here, shall shine on me,
And those his golden beames to you here lent.
Shall point on me, and guilde my banishment.

King Norfolk, for thee remains a heauier doome,
Which I with some vnwillingnesse pronounce,
The she flow hours shall not determinate
The datelesse limite of thy deere exile,
The hoplesse word of never to returne,
Breathe I against thee, vpon paine of life.

Momb. A heauy sentence, my most soueraigne Liege,
And all vnlookt for from your Highnesses mouth,
A deereer merit not to deepe a maime,
As to be cast forth in the common ayre
Hauce I despered at your Highnesses hands:
The language I haue learnt thee forty yeeres
My native English now I must forgo,
And now my tongues vse is to me, no more
Than an vnstringed viol or a harpe,
Or like a cunning instrument casted vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmonie:
Within my mouth you haue engaold my tongue,
Doubly portcullist with my teeth and lippes,
And dull vnfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:
I am too olde to sawne vpon a nurse,
Too far in yeeres to be a pupill now,
What is thy sentence but speechlesse death?
Which robbes my tongue from breathing native breath.

King. It bootes thee not to be compassionate,

After
The Tragedie of

After our sentence playning comes too late.

  Mou. Then thus I turne me from my countries light,
To dwel in solemne shades of endless night.

  King. Returne againe, and take an othe with thee,
Lay on our royall sword your banisht hands,
Sware by the duty that y'owe to God,
(Our part therein we banish with your felues.)
To keepe the oath that we administer:
You neuer shall, so helpe you truth and God,
Embrace each others love in banishment,
Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,
Nor neuer write, regreete, nor reconcile
This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor neuer by aduised purpose meeete,
To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainst vs, our state, our subiects, or our land.

But. I sware.

  Mou. And I, to keepe al this.

But. Norfolke, so faire as to mine enemy:
By this time, had the King permitted vs,
One of our soules had wandred in the aire,
Banished this fraile sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banisht from this land,
Confesse thy treasons ere thou slie the realme,
Since thou haft far to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guiltie soule.

Mou. No Bullingbrooke, if euuer I were traitour,
My name be blotted from the booke of life,
And I from heauen banisht as from hence:
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,
And al too soone (I feare) the King shall rew,
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,
Saue backe to England al the worlds my way.

King. Vnle, euere the glasse of thine eyes,
I see thy grieved heare; thy fad aspect
Hath from the number of his banisht yeeres
Pluckt foure away, sixe frozen winters spent,
King Richard the second.

Returne with welcome home from banishment.

But. How long a time lies in one little word,
Foure lagging winters and foure wanton springs,
End in a word, such is the breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege that in regard of me,
He shortens four yeares of my sonnes exile,
But little vantage shall I reap thereby:
For eare the six yeares that he hath to spend
Can change their moones, and bring their times about,
My oile-dried lampe, and time bewail'd light
Shall be extint with age and endless nightes,
My intch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold Death not let me see my sone.

King. Why stulle thou hast many yeares to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute King that thou canst glue,
Shorten my daies thou canst with fullen sorrowes,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canst help me time to surrow me with age,
But stoppe no wrinckle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him for my death,
But death thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

King. Thy sone is banisht upon good advise,
Where to thy tong a party verdict gau,
Why at our Iustice seemst thou then to lowre?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion lowre.

You urged me as a judge, but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father:
Oh hadt beene a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have beene more mild:
A partial slander sought I to evade,
And in the sentence my owne life destroyed:
Alas, I lookt when some of you should say,
I was too stitck to make mine owne away;
But you gaue leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will to do myselfe this wrong

King. Coosen farewell; end stuckle, bid him so,
Sixe yeares we banisht him and he shall go.
The Tragedy of

Act. Colin farewell, what presence must not know,
From where you do remaine let paper shew.

Mar. My Lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me by your side.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose doest thou hoard thy words,
That thou returnest no greeting to thy friends?

But. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breathe the abundent dolor of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy griefe is but thy absence for a time.

But. Joy absence, griefe is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is like winter; they are quickly gone,

But. To men in joy, but griefe makes one howet ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travaile that thou takst for pleasure,

But. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so.

Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The fullen passage of thy weares steps,
Esteeme as foyle wherin thou art to set,
The precious jewell of thy home returne.

But. Nay rather every tedious steare I make,
Will but remember me what a deale of world;
I wander from the jewels that I looke.

Must I not serue a long apprenticeship,
To sorreine passages, and in the end,
Haung my freedome, boast of nothing else,

But that I was a journeymen to griefe.

Gaunt. All places that the eie of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man potes and happie haunes:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no vertue like necessity,

Thinke not the King did banish thee.

But thou the King; Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne:
Go, say I sent thee souther to purchase honour,

And not the King exilde thee; or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a frether clime:

Looke
King Richard the second.

Looke what thy soule holds deare, imagine it
To ly that way thou goest, not whence thou comis:
Suppose the singing birds musitions,
The grasse whereon thou treadest, the presence crowd,
The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy steps, no more
Then a delightfull measure or a dance,
For gnarling sorrow hath lesse power to bite,
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

But. Oh who can hold a ficer in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloye the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastick sommers heate?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good,
Gues but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrowes tooth doth never ranckle more,
Then when he bites, but hanceth not the soare.

Gau. Come come my sonne Ile bring thee on thy way.

Had I thy yuxtap and cause I would not lay.

But. Then Englands ground farewell, sweet sole adiew,
My mother and my nurse that beares me yet,
Where eare I wander boast of this I can,
Though banisht, yet a true borne English man. Exeunt.

Enter the King with Bushie, &c at one dore, and the
Lord Aumarle as another.

King. We did obesue. Coosen Aumarle.

How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next high way, and there I left him.

King. And say, what store of parting teares were shed?

Aum. Faith none for me, except the Northeast windes,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awake the sleeping rheume, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow patting with a teare.

C 2
The Tragedy of

King Whatfail our cousin when you parted with him?

And he is gone, and with him so these thoughts,

Greene. Welcome is our England in revolution his

And how I prophane the word that I ought to have, to countercry oppression of such unfeigned,

That words could bure my tongue,

To make my fortune.

But mere it would not, the deed done so, to this friend,

Marly would the world Eternel have longed it lower,

Then worlds so beseem'd in my former grace:

To concurrence opposition of such better,

Should to propagate the word that I had in my tongue,

As were our England in revolution his

Although our common converse, but by such,

What trace of station did God need him well?

Of foes his bonnet to an ordinary,

And patient under-bearing of his fortune,

Will humble and familiar converse,

Our felic and purlies,

Whether our common come to fee his friends,

Who ne'er I would not, the deed done so,

And saddest verses to his heart blemishing,

Men would the world Eternel have longed it lower,

Then worlds so beseem'd in my former grace:

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And patient under-bearing of his fortune,

Will humble and familiar converse,

Our felic and purlies,

Whether our common come to fee his friends,

Who ne'er I would not, the deed done so,
King Richard the second.

Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters,
Whereunto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants,
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushie with news.

Bush. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my Lord
Sickly taken, and hath sent post haste,
To intreat your Majesty to visit him.

King Where lies he?

Bushi. At Ely house.

King Now put it (God) in the Physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately;
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come gentlemen, let us all go visit him,
Pray God we may make haste and come too late,

Amen

Exeunt.

Enter John of Gaunt sick, with the duke of York, &c.

Gaunt. Will the King come that I may breathe my last?
In hallowed counsel to his untailed youth.

York Vex not your selfe, nor strive not with your breath,
For all in vaine comes counsel to his eare.

Gaunt. Oh but they say, the tongues of dying men,
Inforce attention like deeppe harmony:
Where words are scarce they are sedome spent in vaine,
For they breathe the truth that breathe their wordes in paine:
He that no more must say, is listened more
Than they whom youth and ease haue taught to close,
More are mens ends markt than their lives before:
The setting Sunne, and Mufike at the close,
As the last taste of sweetes is sweetest laft,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past,
Though Richard my lives counsel would not heare,
My deaths sad tale may yet vndease his eare.

York No, it is stopp'd with other flattering soundes.
The Tragedie of

As praises of whose taste the wife are found
Lascivious meeters, to whose venome found
The open ear of youth doth always listen
Report of fashions in proude Italie,
Whose maners still our tardy apithnation
Limpes after in base imitation
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanitie,
So it be new, there no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buzzed into his eares:
Then all too late comes Counsell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direct not him whose way himselfe wil chuse.
Thy breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose:

Gaunt Me thinkes I am a prophet new inspire,
And thus expiring do foretell of him,
His rath fierce blaze of ryot cannot laft:
For violent fires soone burne out themselves.
Small shoures last long, but sodaine thormes are short:
He tares betimes that spurs too fast betimes
With eagre feeding food doth choke the teeder,
Light vanitie inflatiate cormorant,
Consuming meanes soone praises upon it selfe:
This royall throne of Kings, this sceptred Ile,
This earth of maieflie, this seate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy Paradise,
This forteffe built by Nature for her selfe,
Against infection and the hand of warre,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the siluer sea,
Which serves in the office of a wall,
Or as moate defensive to a house,
Against the enuie of lesse happier lands.
This blessed plot, this earth, this realme, this England,
This nurse, this teeming wombe of royall Kings,
Ffeard by their breed, and famous by their byrth,
Renowned for their deedes as far from home,
For christian service, and true chivalry,
King Richard the second.

As is the sepulchre in Stubburne Jewry,
Of the world's ransom blessed Maries sonne:
This land of such deare soules, this deare deere land,
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leasde out; I dye pronouncing it.
Like to a tenement or petling Earne.
England bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whole rockie shoare beats despite the envious siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with flame,
With inckie blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
That England that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe:
Ah would the scandall vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuinf death?

Torke: The King is come, deale mildely with his youth,
For young hot colts being ragde, do rage the more.

Enter king and Queene, &c.

Queene  How fares our noble vnkle Lancaster?
King  What comfort man? how stil with aged Gaunt?
Gaunt  O how that name beseits my composition!
Old Gaunt indeede, and gaunt in being olde:
Within me Griefe hath kept a tedious fast.
And who abstaines from meate that is not gaunt?
For sleepping England long time haue I watcht.
Watching breedes leanenesse, leanenesse is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some fathers feede vpon
Is my strict fast; I meane my childrens lookes,
And therein fasting haft thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whose hollow wombe inherites naught but bones.

King  Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?
Gaunt  No mifery makes sport to mocke it selfe,
Since thou dost seeke to kil my name in me,
I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

King  Should dying men flatter with those that liue?
Gaunt  No no, men liuing flatter those that die.

King
The Tragedie of

King. Thou now a dying dayest thou flatterest me.
Gaunt. Oh no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.
King. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.
Gaunt. Now he that made me knowes I see thee ill.
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land;
Wherein thou liest in reputation sickle,
And thou too careless patient as thou art
Commitst thy annoyted body to the cure
Of those Physitians that first wounded thee,
A thousand flutterers sit within thy Crowne,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,
And yet ingaged in so small a verge,
The waffe is no whitt lesser than thy land;
Oh had thy grandfire with a Prophets eie,
Scene how his sonnes sone should destroy his sonnes.
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possedt,
Which art possed now to depose thy selfe;
Why cousin wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by ease:
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now not, not King,
Thy state of lawe is bondslace to the lawe,
And thou

King. A lunatike leane-witted foole,
Presuming on an ayes priulledge,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheekes, chaling the royall bloud
With furie from his native residence.
Now by my seates right royall malestie,
Wert thou not brother to great Edwards sone,
This tong that runnes so roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vtreuerent shoulders,

Gaunt. Oh spare me not my brothers Edwards sone,
For that I was his father Edwards sone,
That
King Richard the second.

That bloud already like the Pellican,
Haft thou taft out and drunkenly carowit,
My brother Glocefter plaine well meaning soule,
Whom faire befall in heauen mongt happy soules,
Maie be a president and witnes good:
That thou respectft not spilling Edwards bloud:
Joine with the present ficknes that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age.
To crop at once a too long withered flower,
Liue in thy shame but die not shame with thee,
These words hereafter thy tormentors be,
Convey me to my bed then to my graue,
Loue they to liue that loue and honour haue.

King And let them die that age and fullenis haue,
For both haft thou and both become the graue.
Yorke I doe befeech your Maiesty, impute his words
To waillard ficklines and age in him,
He loues you on my life, and holdes you deere,
As Harry Duke of Hereford were he here.
King Right you fay true, as Herefords loue, fo his
As theirs, fo mine, and all be as it is.
North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your Ma-
King What faies he?
North. Nay nothing, all is faid:
His tongue is now a stringeſſe instrument,
Words, life, and al, old Lancaster hath fpent.
Yorke Be Yorke the next that muſt be bankrout fo,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.
King The ripet fruit firft falls, and fo doth he.
Hiftone is fpent, our pilgrimage muſt be;
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars,
We muſt fupplant thoſe rough rugheaded kernes,
Which liue like venome, where no venome else,
But onely they haue priuiledge to liue.
And for these great affaires do ask some charge,
Towards our affiftance we doe feaze to vs:

The
The Tragedie of

The plate, coine, reuenerues, and moueables;
Whereof our Vnkle Gaunt did stand possesse.

Yorke  How long that I be patient? ah how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Glosters death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Nor Gauntes rebukes, nor Englands private wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore Bullingbrooke,
About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace,
Haue euer made me lower my patient cheek,
Or bende one wrinkle on my soueraignes face.
I am the last of noble Edwards sonnes,
Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was first
In warre was neuer Lyon rage more fierce,
In peace was neuer gentle lambe more milde,
Then was that young and princely Gentleman:
His face thou halst, for euen so lookest he,
Accomplisht with a number of thy howers;
But when he frowned it was against the french,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spende, and spent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had wonne:
His hands were guilty of no kinred bloud,
But bloudie with the enemies of his kinne:

Oh Richard: Yorke is too far gone with grieue,
Or else he never would compare betwenee.

King     Why Vnkle what's the matter?
Yorke    Oh my liege, pardon me if you please,
If not I plead not to be pardoned, am content with all,
Seek ye to seaze and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banisht Hereford:
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford liue?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harric true?
Did not the one deverse to haue an heire?
Is not his heire a well defending sonne?
Take Herefordes rightes away, and take from time
His charters, and his customarie rightes;
Let not to morrow then ensue to daie:
Be not thy selfe. For how art thou a King

But
King Richard the Second.

But by faire sequence and succession?
Now afores God God forbidde I say true,
If you doe wrongfully seaze Herefords rightes,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attourneies generall to sue
His luvery, and deny his offerd homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You loose a thousand well disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts.
Which honour, and allegiance cannot thinke.

King Think what you wil, we ceafe into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money and his landes.
Yorke Ile not be by the while, my liege farewell,
What will enfue hereof others none can tell:
But by bad courses may be vnderstood
That their events can never fall out good.  Exit.

King Go Bullite to the Earle of Wiltshire straight,
Bid him repaire to vs to Ely house,
To see this busines: to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and this time I trow,
And we create in absence of ourセル,
Our Vnckle Yorke Lord gouernour of England;
For he is iust, and alwaies loued vs well:
Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part.
Be merry, for our time of staie is short.

Exeunt King and Queene: Manet North.

North. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancafter is dead.
Roffe And liuing to, for now his sonne is Duke.
Wll. Barely in title, not in reuenewes.
North. Richly in both the justice had her right.
Roffe My heart is great, but it must breake with silence,
Eare be disburdened with a liberall tongue.
North. Nay speake thy mind, & let him nere speake more
That speakes thy words againe to doe thee harme.  (ford?)
Wll. Tends that thou wouldst speake to the Duke of Her-
If it be so, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

D 2  Roffe
The Tragedie of

Rosse. No good at all that I can doe for him,

Unlesse you call it good to pity him,

Berks and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now afore God tis shame such wrongs are borne,

In him a royall Prince and many mo,

Of noble bloud in this declining land,

The King is not himselfe, but basely led

By flatterers, and what they will informe,

Meerely in hate gainst any of vs all,

That will the King seuerely prosecute,

Gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

Rosse. The commons hath he pild with grievous taxes,

And quite lost their hearts. The nobles hath he finde,

For ancient quarrels and quite lost their hearts,

Will. And daily new exactions are devised,

As blanckes, benevolences, and I wot not what;

But what a Gods name doth become of this:

North. Wars hath not wafted it, for warrde he hath not,

But basely yeelded upon compromise,

That which his noble auncestors atchiued with blowes,

More hath he spent in peace then they in wars.

Rosse. The Earle of Wilts hirhe hath the realme in surme.

Will. The King grown bancknot like a broken man.

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

Rosse. He hath not money for these Irish wars,

His buthenous taxations notwithstanding,

But by the robbing of the banished Duke.

North. His noble kinsman most degenerate King,

But Lords we heare this fearefull tempest sing,

Yet seeke no shelter to avoid the storme:

We see the wind sit toore upon our sailes,

And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Rosse. We see the very wracke that we must suffer,

And unauoided is the danger now

For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

North. Not so, even through the hollow eies of death,

I spie life peering but I dare not say.
King Richard the second.

How near the tidings of our comfort is.

wit. Nay let us share thy thoughts as thou dost ours.  
Roses Be confident to speake Northumberland

We three are but thy selfe, and speaking so

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

North. Then thus, I have from le Port Blan

A Bay in Britaine receiude intelligence,

That Harry duke of Herford, Rainold L. Cobham

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter

His brother, archbishop late of Canterburie,

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,

Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Cohnes;

All these well furnished by the Duke of Britaine

With eight tall shippes, three thousand men of warre,

Are making hither with all due expedience,

And shortly mean to touch our Northernne shore:

Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay.

The first departing of the King for Ireland.

If then we shall shake off our flauish yoke,

Impe out our drouping countries broken wing,

Redeeme from Broking pawne the blemisht Crowne,

Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters guilt,

And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,

Away with me in poit to Rauenspurgh:

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,

Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.

Roses To horse, to horse, urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Holde out my horse, and I will first be there.

Enter the Queene, Bushie, Bagot.

Bushe. Madam, your maiestie is too much sad,

You promisst, when you parted with the King,

To lay aside life-harming heauines,

And entreate a cheerefull disposition.

Queene To please the king I did, to please my selfe

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe.

D 3

Sauc
The Tragedie of

Sawe bidding farewell to so sweete a guest,
As my sweete Richard: yet agayne me thinkes
Some vnborne sorow ripe in Fortunes wombe,
Is comming towards me and my inward toyle,
With nothing trembles, at something it grieues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Bashie Each substance of a griefe hath twenty shadowes,
Which shewes like grieue it selfe, but is not so:
For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,
Diuides one thing entire to many obiects,
Like perspecitues, which rightly gazdev upon
Shew nothing but confusion; eyde awry,
Distinguish forme: so your sweete maiestie,
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure.
Finde shapes of grieue more than himselfe to waile,
Which lookt on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not; then thrice (gracious Queene)
More then your Lords departure weep not, more is not seen
Or if it be, tis with false Sorrowes eye,
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.

Queene It may be so; but yet my inward soule
Perfwades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heavie sad,
As thought on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heavie nothing faint and shrinke.

Bash Tis nothing but conceit my gratious Lady.

Queene Tis nothing leeffe conceit is still deriude,
From some forefather grieue, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grieue.
Or something hath the nothing that I grieue,
Tis in recursion that I do possesse,
But what it is that is not yet knoen what,
I cannot name, tis namelesse woe I wot.

Greene God saue your maiestie, and well met Gentlemen,
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.

Queene Why hopest thou so? tis better hope he is,
For his designes craue halfe, his haffe good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?
King Richard the second.

Greene That he our hope might have retir'd his power, And driven into despaire an enemies hope, Who strongly hath set footing in this land The banish't Bullingbrooke repeals himselfe, And with uplifted arms is safe arrive at Rauenpurgh. Queene Now God in heaven forbid. Greene Ah Madam! tis too true, and that is worse: The lord Northumberland, his son yong H.Percie, The lords of Rolfe, Beaumond, and Willoughby, With all their powerful friends are fled to him, Bushie Why haue you not proclaimed Northumberland And al the rest revolted faction, traitours? Greene We haue, whereupon the earle of Worcester Hath broken his Staffe, resign'd his Stewardship, And al the household seruants fled with him to Bullingbrook Queene So Greene, thou art the midwife to my woe, And Bullingbrooke my sorrowes distall heire, Now hath my soule brought forth her prodigie, And I a gasping new deliver'd mother, Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow yoynde Bushie Despaire not Madam, Queene Who shall hinder me? I will despaire and be at enmity With conuening Hope, he is a flatterer, A parsieme, a keeper backe of Death, Who gently would dissolve the bands of life, VVhich false Hope lingers in extremity. Greene Here comes the Duke of Yorke. Queene VVith signes of war about his aged necke, Oh ful of carefull busines are his lookes! Uncle, for Gods sake speake comfortable wordes. York. Should I do so I should bely my thoughts, Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth, VVhere nothing liues but crostes,cares and grieves: Your husband, he is gone to saue far off, VVhillt others come to make him loose at home: Here am I left to vnderprop his land, VVho
Who weake with age cannot support my selfe,
Now comes the sicke houre that his furfer made,
Now shall he trie his friends that flattered him.

Servingman  My Lord, your son was gone before I came.
Yorke  He was; why so go all which way it will:

The nobles they are fled: the commons they are colde,
And will (I feare) revolt on Herefords side.
Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my fister; Glocester,
Bid her fend me prefently a thousand pound,

Hold take my ring.

Servingman  My Lord, I had forgot to tell your Lordship:
To day as I came by I called there,
But I shall grieue you to report the rest.

Yorke  What is't knaue?

Servingman  An hour before I came the Dutcheffe died.
Yorke  God for his mercy, what a tide of woes

 Comes rushing on this wofull land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to God,
(So my vntruth had not prouokt him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What are there no Posts dispatcht for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come fister, cousin I would say, pray pardon me:
Go fellow get thee home, prouide some cartes,
And bring away the armour that is there.

Gentlemen, will you go muste men?
If I knew how or which way to order these affayres
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Neuer beleue me: both are my kinsmen.

Tone is my gouernigne, whom both my oath
And ducty bids defend; tother againe
Is my kinman, whom the King hath wrongd,
Whom confidence, and my kinted bids to right.

Welt somewhat we must do: Come cousin,
The dispose of you: Gentlemen, go muste vp your men,

And see me presently at Barkly:
I should to Plashie too, but time wil not permit:
King Richard the Second.

All is vneuen, and every thing is left at fixe and seauen.


Bush. The winde fits faire for newes to go for Ireland.
But none returns. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemy is all vnpossible.

Green. Bepides our neerenes to the King in loue,
Is neare the hate of those loue not the King.

Bag. And that is the wauring commons for their loue
Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,
By so much fils their hearts with deadly hate.

Bush. Wherein the King stands generally condemned,

Bag. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we euer have beene neere the King.

Green. Well I will for refuge straight to Brit. Castle.
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

Bush. Thither will I with you for little office
Will the hatefull commons perfourme for vs.
Except like curs to teare vs all to pieces:
Will you go along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maiestie,

Farewell if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three here part that nere shall meeete againe.

Bush. That is Yorke thriues to beat backe Bullingbrook.

Green. Alas poore Duke the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring lands, and drinking Oceans drie,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fleie:

Farewel at once, for once, for all, and euer.

Bush. Well, we may meeete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer.

Enter Hereford, Northumberland.

Bull. How far is it my Lord to Barckly now?

North. Beleeue me noble Lord,
I am a stranger here in Glouceftershie.
These high wild hills and rough vneuen waies,
Drawes out our miles and makes them weariome.
And yet your faire discourse hath beene as siber,
Making the hard way sweete and delectable.

But
The Tragedie of

But I bethinke me what a weary way
From Rauenspurgh to Coifall will be found,
In Rolfe and Willoughby wanting your company,
Which I protest hath very much beguild,

The tediousnesse and processe of my travells
But theirs is sweetned with the hope to have
The present benefit which I poffesse.
And hope to joy is little lesse in joye.
Then hope enjoyed by this the weary Lords
Shall make their way seeme short as mine hath done,
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

But, Of much lesse value is my company,
Then your good wordes, But who comes here?

Enter Harry Perse.

North, It's my sonne young Harry Perse,
Sent from my brother Worceller whence you came.

Harry, how fares your Vnkle?

H. Per. I had thought my Lord to have learned his health
North. Why is he not with the Queen?

H. Per. No my good Lord, he hath forsooke the court,
Broken his staffe of office and disperst

The household of the King,

North. What was his reason he was not so resolude,

When last we spake together?

H. Per. Because your Lord was proclaimed traitor,

But he my Lord is gone to Rauenspurgh,

To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,

And sent me ouer by Barkcly to discover,

What power the Duke of Yorke had leued there,

Then with directions to repaire to Rauenspurgh,

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Herefords boy.

H. Per. No my good Lord, for that is not forgot,

Which here I did remember, to my knowledge

I never in my life did looke on him,

North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.

H. Per. My gracious Lord, I tender you my service,

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

Which elder daies that ripen and confirme

To
King Richard the second.

To more approved service and desert.

Bull. I thanke thee gentle Perdy, and be sure.

I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a soule remembering my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It shalbe till thy true loues recompence,
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seales it.

North. How farre is it to Barckly, and what flur

Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of war?

H. Per. There stands the Castle by yon tuft of trees.

Mand with 300. men as I have heard,
And in it are the Lords of Yorke Barkly and Seymen.
None else of name and noble estimate.

North. Here come the Lords of Rofe and Willoughby,

Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste.

Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues,

A banisht traitor: all my treasury
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more inricht,
Shalbe your loue and labours recompence.

Rofe Your presence makes vs rich, most noble Lord.

Wil. And far surmounts our labour to attaine it.

Bull. Euermore thanke's the exchequer of the poore,

V Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,

Stands for my bounty: but who comes here?

North. It is my Lord of Barkly as I guesse.

Barkly My Lord of Hereford my message is to you.

Bull. My Lord my answere is to Lancaster,

And I am come to secke that name in England,

And I must find that title in your tongue,

Before I make reply to ought you say.

Bar. Mistake me not my Lord, tis not my meaning,

To race one title of your honor out:

To you my Lor I come, what Lor you will.

From the most gratious regent of this land

The Duke of Yorke to know what prickes you on,

To take advantage of the absent time,

And fright our native peace with selfeborne armes?

E 2

Bul. I
The Tragedie of

Bull. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his grace in person, my noble Vnckle.
York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee.
Whose duty is deceitful and false.
Bull. My gracious Vnckle.

Torke. Tut, grace me no grace, nor Vnckle me no Vnckle,
I am no traitors Vnckle, and that word Grace
In an vngracious mouth is but prophane:
Why haue those banisht and forbidden legs,
Dard once to touch a dust of Englands ground:
But then more why? why haue they dared to march
So many miles upon her peacefull bosome,
Frighting her pale fac't villadges with warre,
And offentation of despised armes?
Comft thou because the annointed king is hence?
Why foolish boy the King is left behinde,
And in my loiall bosome lies his power,
Were I but now Lord of such hot youth,
As when braue Gaunt thy father and my selfe,
Rescued the blacke prince that young Mars of men.
From forth the rankes of many thouand French,
O then how quickly shoulde this arme of mine,
Now prisoner to the Palsie chaftife thee,
And minister correction to thy fault.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle let me know my fault,
On what condition stands it and wherein?

Torke. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In grosse rebellion and detested treason,
Thou art a banisht man and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes against thy soueraigne.

Bull. As I was banisht, I was banisht Hereford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And noble Vnckle I beseech your grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eie:
You are my father, for me thinkes in you
I see old Gaunt aliooe. Oh then my father,
King Richard the Second.

Will you permit that I shall stand condemned
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce; and given away
To vstrcpy vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my cousin King be King in England,
It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster:
You have a sonne, Aumerle, my noble cousin,
Had you first died, and he bin thus trod downe,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rowze his wrongs and chase them to the baie.
I am denied to sue my Liuery here,
And yet my letters patents giue me leave.
My fathers goods are all distrainde and sold,
And these, and all, are all amisse employed.
What would you haue me do? I am a subject;
And I challenge law, Attturnies are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free descent.
North. The noble Duke hath bin too much abused.
Rese It stands your Grace vpon to do him right.
Will. Base men by his endowments are made great.
York. My Lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousins wrongs,
And labourd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in brauing armes
Be his owne caruer, and cut out his way,
To finde out right wyth wrong it may not be:
And you that do abette him in this kinde,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebells all.
North. The noble Duke hath sworne his comming is,
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
We all haue strongly sworne to give him ayde:
And let him never see joy that breaks that oath.
York: Wel wel, I see the issue of these armes,
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weake and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
The Tragedy of

I would attach you all, and make you floope
Vnto the foueraigne merce of the king;
But since I cannot, be it known vnto you,
I do remaine as newter, so fare you well,
Vntlesse you please to enter in the castle.
And there repose you for this night.

But I cannot be it known unto you,
I remaine ns everte, fare you well,
Vnto the Ibueraigne merce of the king.

But we must winne your Grace to go with vs,
To Brisfow castle, which they say is held
By Bushie, Baggon and their complices,
The caterpillers of the commonwealthe,
Which I have sworne to weede and plucke away.

If I may be I will goe with you, but yet Ie pawse.
For I am loath to breake our countries lawes.
Nor friends, nor foes to me welcome you are:
Things past redresse, are now with me past care. Exeunt.

Enter erle of Salisbury and a Welsh capitaine.

Welch. My lord of Salisbury, we have stayed ten dayes,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King,
Therefore we will dispersse our seluues, farewell.

Salis. Stay yet an other day, thou trustie Welchman.
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Welch. Tis thought the King is dead; we wil not stay.
The bay trees in our country are al witherd,
And Meteors fright the fixed flarres of heauen,
The pale-facde moone lookes bloudie on the earth,
And leane-looke prophets whisper fearfule change,
Rich men looke sad; and ruffians daunce and leape,
The one in feare to loose what they enioy,
The other to enioy by rage and warre:
The ses signes forerunne the death or fall of Kings.

Salis. Farewell, our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard their King is dead.

Salis. Ah Richard! with the eies of heavie mind
I see thy glory like a shooting flarre
King Richard the Second.

Fall to the base earth from the firmament,
Thy sunne fells weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing stormes to come, wo,and wret,
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crosly to thy good all fortune goes.

Enter Duke of Hereford, Yorke, Northumberland,
Bushie and Greene' prisoners.

Ball. Bring forth these men.
Bushie and Greene, I will not vex your soules,
Since presently your soules must part your bodies
With too much viging your pernicious lues,
For twere no charity; yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, heere in the view of men
I will vnfold some causes of your deaths:
You have misled a Prince, a royall King,
A happy Gentleman in bloud and lineaments.
By you unhappied, and disfigured cleane,
You have in manner with your sinfull houses
Made a divorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a royall bed,
And stainde the beautie of a faire Queens checkes
With teares, drawn from her eies by your fowle wrongs,
My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in bloud, and neere in loue,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Haue floopt my necke vnder your injuries,
And sight my English breath in forren cloudes,
Eating the bitter bread of bannishment,
Whils you have fed vpon my signories,
Disparke my parkes, and fellid my forrest woods,
From my owne windowes torne my household coate,
Ract out my impresse, leaving me no signe,
Saue mens opinions, and my living bloud,
To shew the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more then twice all this
Condemns you to the death from them deliuered over
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushie
The Tragedie of

Bus. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bullingbrooke to England, Lords farewell.

Greene  My comfort is, that heauen will take our soules,
And plague inuifice with the paines of hell,

Bus. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatcht:

Vnle, you say the Queene is at your house,
For Gods sake fairely let her be intreated,
Tel her I send to her my kinde commends;
Take special care my greetings be delivered.

Yorke  A gentleman of mine I haue dispatcht,
With letters of your loue to her at large.

Bus. Thanks(gentle vnle:) Come Lords away,
To fight with Glendor and his complices,
A while to worke, and after holiday.  

Exeunt.

Enter the King Aumerle,Carleil,Etce.

King Barkloughly castle call they this at hand?
Aum. Yea my Lord, How brookes your Grace the ayre
After your late tofing on the breaking feast?

King  Needs must I like it well, I weepe for joy,
To stand uppon my kingdome once againe:
Deere earth I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses hoofes:
As a long parted mother with her childe
Plays fondly with her teares and smiles in meeting,
So weeping,smiling greete I thee my earth;
And do thee favours with my royall hands;
Fedde not thy Soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweetes comfort his ravenous fence,
But let thy Spiders that sucke vp thy venome,
And heauy-gated toades lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feete,
Which with vsurping steeps do trample thee,
Yeeld flinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy boosome plucke a flower,
Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder,
Whose double tongue may wyth a mortall touch,
King Richard the Second.

Throwe death vpon thy soueraignes enemies,
Mocke not my feneles coniuration Lords,
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones,
Proue armed soldiers ere her native King,
Shall faulter vnder foule rebellions armes.

Carl. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you king,
Hath power to keepe you king in spight of all,
The meanes that heauen yeld must be imbrac's
And not neglected. Else heauen would,
And we will not heauen offer, we refuse,
The profered meanes of succors and redresse.

Aum. He meanes my Lo: that we are too remisse,
Whilst Bullingbrooke through our security,
Growes strong and great in substance and in power.

King Discomfortable Coozen knowlt thou not,
That when the searching eie of heauen is hid,
Behinde the globe that lights the lower world,
Then theues and robbers range abroad vulcene,
In murthers and in outrage bouldy here,
But when from vnder this terrestriall ball,
He fires the proud tops of the easterne pines,
And darters his light through every guilty hole,
Then murthers, treasons and detested sinnes,
The cloake of night being pluckt from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked trembling at themselues?
So when this thiefs, this traitor Bullingbrooke,
Who all this while hath reueld in the night,
V Whilst we were wandring with the Antipodes,
Shall see vs rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But selfe affrighted tremble at his sinne,
Not all the water in the rough rude sea,
Can wash the balme off from an annointed King,
The breath of worldly men cannot depose,
The deputy elected by the Lord,
For every man that Bullingbrooke hath prest,
The Tragedie of

To lifte shrewd steele against our golden crowne,
God for his Ric: hath in heavenly pay,
A glorious Angell; then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fall, for heaven still gaddes the right.

Enter Salisbury.

King Welcome my Lo: how far off lies your power?
Salis. Nor neare nor farther off my gratious Lo:
Than this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speake of nothing but Despaire,
One day too late I feare me noble Lo:
Hath clouded all thy happy dayes on earth:
O call backe yesterday, bid Time returne,
And thou shalt haue twelve thousand fighting men,
To day to day unhappie daie too late,
Overthowes thy foes friends, fortune and thy state,
For all the Welshmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bullingbrooke dispersit and fled.

Auum. Comfort my liege, why lookes your grace so pale.

King But now the blood of 20000 men,
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:
And till to much blood thisher come againe,
Haue I not reason to looke pale and dead?
All foules that wilbe safe, fle from my side,
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Auum. Comfort my liege remember who you are.

King I had forgot my selfe, am I not King?

Awake thou coward Maiesty thou sleepest,
Is not the Kings name twenty thousand names?
Arme arme, my name a puny subject strikes,
At thy great glorie, looke not to the ground,
Yc favourites of a King, are we not high?
High be our thoughts, I know my Vacke Yorke,
Hath power enough to serue our turne: but who comes here?

Enter Scroope.

Scro. More health and happines betide my liege,
Then can my care tunde tongue deliuere him.

King Mine care is open, and my hart prepar'd,
King Richard the Second.

The worst is worldly losse thou canst unfold,
Say, is my kingdom lost? why was my care,
And what losse is it to be rid of care?
Strues Bulingbrooke to be as great as we,
Greater he shall not be, if he serve God,
Weele serve him to, and be his fellow so:
Reuolt our subiefts, that we cannot mende,
They breake their faith to God as well as vs:
Crie woe, destruction, ruine, and decay.
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scro. Glad am I, that your highnes is so arryde,
To beare the tidings of calamity,
Like an unseasome stormie day,
Which makes the siluer rivers drowne their shores,
As if the world were all dissolute to teares:
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bulingbrooke covering your searefull land,
With hard bright Steele, and harts harder then Steele,
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairles scalps
Against thy majesty: boies with womens voices,
Strive to speake big and clap their femal joints,
In stiffe vnweildy armes against thy crowne,
Thy very beadsmen learne to bend their bowes,
Of double fatall ewe against thy state,
Yea distaffe women mannage rustic bits
Against thy state, both young and old rebell,
And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.

King. Too well too well thou tellst a tale so ill,
Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushie? where is Greene?
That they have let the dangerous enemy,
Measure our confines with such peacefull steps,
If we preuaile, their heads shal pay for it.
I warrant they haue made peace with Bulling.

Scro. Peace have they made with him indeed my Lord.

King. Oh villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,
Dogs easily woon to fawne on any man,
The Tragedie of

Snakes in my hart blood warmd that fling my hart,
Three Judasese, each one thrife worse then Judas,
Would they make peace? terrible hel,
Make war vpon their spotted foules for this.

Scro. Sweet loue I fee changing his property,
Turnes to the lowrest and mott deadly hate.
Again,vncurse their foules,their peace is made
With heads and not with hands,thofe whom you curse
Have felt the worst of deathes destroying wound,
And lie full low graud in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Buthie, Greene,and the Earle of Wiltshire dead.
Aum. I all of them at Briflow loft their heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke my father with his power?

King. No matter where,of comfort no man speake:
Lets talke of graves,of wormes,and Epitaphs,
Make dust our paper,and with rainy eies,
Write sorrow on the bosome of the earth.
Lets choose executors and talke of wils:
And yet not fo, for what can wc bequeath,
Sawe our depofed bodies to the ground?
Our landes,our liues,and all are Bullingbrookes,
And nothing can we call our owne,but death:
And that small modle of the barren earth,
Which serues as paste,and couer to our bones,
For Gods sake let vs fit vpon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings,
How fome have beene depofd, fome slaine in warre,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depofed,
Some poisoned by their wifes,fome fleeping kild;
All mutthered, for within the hollow crowne
That roundes the mortall temples of a king,
Keepes death his court, and there the antique fits,
Scowring his flate and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath,a little teane,
To monarchife be feard, and kil with lookes,
Infusing him with felfe and vaine conceit,
As if this fleth which wals about our life,
Were brasse impregnable:and humord thus,

Comes
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Boares thorough his Castle wall, and farewell King;
Cover your heads, and mocke not flesh and bloud,
With solemne reverence, throw a way respect.
Traditional, forme, and ceremonious duetie.
For you haue but mistooke me at this while:
I live with bread like you, feel ye want,
Taste griefe, neede friends, subjected thus.
How can you say to me, Iam a King?
Carleil My lord, wisemen nere flit and waile theyr woes,
But presently prevent the wayes to waile,
To feare the foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakenes strength vnto your foe,
And so your follies fight against your selfe:
Feare and be slaine, no worse can come to fight,
And sight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying, pales death suruede breath.
Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.

Thou chidst me well, proud Bullingbrooke, I come.
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This age, fit of feare is ouerblowne,
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say Scroope, where lies our vncle with his power?
Speake sweetely man although thy lookes be swower.
Scroope Men judge by the complexion of the skie,
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eie:
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to say,
I play the torturer by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your vncle Yorke is ioynd with Bullingbrooke,
And all your Northerne castles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie.
Thou haft said enough:
Be shrew thee cousin which diidst leade me forth
The Tragedie of

Of that sweete way I was in to dispaire.
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven I hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
A King woe I have shall kingly woe obey:
That power I have, discharge, and let them goe,
To care the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I haue none, let no man speake againe,
To alter this, for counsell is but vaine.

Aun. My Liege, one word.

King. He doth me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tong:
Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
From Richards night, to Bullingbrookes faire day.

Enter Bull. Yorke, North.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welch men are dispersd, and Salisbury
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.

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

Yorke. It would be seeme the Lord Northumberland
To say King Richard; alacke the heavy day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes; onely to be breife
Left I his title out.

Yorke. The time hath bin, would you haue beene so breife.
He would haue bin so breife to shorten you (with him,
For taking so the head your whole heads length.

Bull. Mistake not (uncle) further then you should.

Yorke. Take not (good cousin) further then you should,
Left you mistake the heauens are ouer our heads.

Bull. I know it uncle, and oppose not my selfe,
Against their will. But who comes here? Enter Percie.

Welcome Harry; what, will not this castle yeele?

H. Per. The Castle royally is mende my Lord.

Against
King Richard the Second.

Against thy entrance.

But. Royally, why it containes no King.

H.Per. Yes (my good Lord.)

It doth containe a King, King Richard lies
Within the limites of yon lime and stone,
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a cleargic man
Of holy reuerence, who I cannot learne.

North. Oh belike it is the bishop of Carleil.

But. Noble Lords,

Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parlee
Into his ruinde ears, and thus deliver.

H.Bull. on both his knees doth kiffe king Richard's hand,

And sendes allegence and true faith of heart
To his most royall person: hither come
Even at his feete to lay my armes and power:
Provided, that my banishment repeald,

And lands restored againe be freely granted;
If not, Ie vse the advantaage of my power,

And lay the summers dust with showres of bloud,
Rainde from the wounds of slaughtered English men,
The which, how farre off from the minde of Bulling,
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh greene lap of faire King Richard land:

My stooping dutety tenderly shall shew:

Go signifie as much while here we march
Upon the grasse carpet of this plaine;

Letts march without the noyse of threatening drumme,
That from this Castels tottered battlements

Our faire appointments may be well perusde.

Me thinkes King Richard and my selfe should meete
With no lesse terrour than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundring shocke

At meeting teares the cloudie cheeckes of heauen.
Be he the fire, Ie be the yeelding water;
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigne.
The Tragedie of

My water's on the earth, and not on him,
March on, and mark King Richard how he lookes.

The trumpets sound, Richard appeareth on the walls.

Bull. See see King Richard doth himselfe appeare,
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the sieric portall of the East,
When he perceiues the envious cloudes are bent
To dimme his glorie, and to staine the tracke
Of his bright pallage to the Occident,

Yet lookes he like a King, beholde his eye,
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens forth
Controlling maistie; alacke alacke for woe,
That any harme should staine to faire a shew.

King We are amazde, and thus long haue we floode,
To watch the fearfull bended of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawful King;
And if wee be, howe dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awefull duty to our presence?
If we be not, shew vs the hand of God
That hath dismist vs from our Stewardship;
For well we know no hand of bloud and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter.

Vnielle he do prophanes,steale, or vfurpe,
And though you thinke that all as you haue done
Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my maister God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his cloudes on our behalfe,
Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike
Your children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your vassallie hands against my head,
And threat the glorie of my precious crowne.
Tell Bullingbrooke, for yon me thinkes he standes,
That euery stride he makes vpon my land,
Is dangerous treasfon: he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding warre:

But
King Richard the Second.

But ere the crowne he lookes for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of mothers sones,
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace,
To scarlet indignation and bedew
Her pastors grasse with faithfull English bloud.

North. The King of heaven forbid: our Lo: the king
Should so with civill and vnkind arms,
be rufht upon, Thy thrife noble Cofen,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kisse thy hand,
And by the honorable tombe he sweares.
That stands upon your roiall grandfires bones,
And by the roialties of both your blouds,
Currents that spring from one most gratious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honor of him selfe,
Comprising all that may be sworne or said,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his lineall roialties, and to beg
Infranchisement immediate on his knees.
Which on thy roiall partie granted once.
His glistering armes he will commend to tuft,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his hart
To faithfull seruice of your Maiestie.
This sweares he, as he is princeffe iust.
And as I am a gentleman I credit him.

King. Northumberland, say thus, the King returns,
His noble Cofen is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands,
Shall be accomplisht, without contradiction,
With all the gratious utterance thou haft,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commands.

King. We do debate our felues, Cofen do we not.
To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?
Shall we call backe Northumberland and send
Defiance to the traitor and so die?

Aum. No good my Lo: let s fight with gentle words,
The Tragedie of

Till time lend friends, and friends their helpfull swords.

King. Oh God oh God that ere this song of mine
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On you proud inan should take it off againe
With words of sooth. Oh that I were as great
As is my griefe, or lesser than my name
Or that I could forget what I have beene
Or not remember what I must be now
Swelli thou (proud heart) Ile give thee scope to beate,
Since foes have scope to beate both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes backe from Bullingbrooke

King. What must the King do now? must he submit?

The King shal do it: must he be depoide?
The king shal be contented: must he loose
The name of King; a Gods name let it goe:
Iegiue my jewels for a set of Beades:
My gorgeous pallace for a hermitage:
My gay apparell for an almesmans gowne:
My figure goblets for a dish of wood:
My scepter for a Palmers walking (lafe):
My subjects for a pair of carved Saintes,
And my large kingdome for a little graue,
A little little graue, an obscure graue,
Or Ilc be buried in the Kings hie way.
Some way of common trade, where subjects seere
May hourely trample on their soueraignes head;
For on my heart they treade now whilst I liue:
And buried once, why not vpon my head?
Aumerle thou weepst (my tender-hearted cousin)
Weele make fowle weather with despised teares;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corne,
And make a dearth in this revoltling land:
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make som prettie match with heaving teares,
As thus to drop them tillly vpon one place,
Till they have fretted vs a pair of graves
Within the earth, and therein laide; there lies

Two
King Richard the Second.

Two kinsmen dig their graves with weeping cies!
Would not this ill do well? well well I see,
I talke but idly, and you laugh at me.
Most mightie Prince my Lord Northumberland,
What faies king Bullingbroke, will his maiestie
Give Richard leave to liue till Richard dye.
You make a leg and Bullingbroke faies I.

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

King. Downe, downe I come, like glistring Phaeton:
Wanting the manage of unrulie Iades.
In the base court, base court where Kinges, growe base,
To come at traitors calls and do them grace,
In the base court come downe: downe court, downe King.
For nightowles shrheeke where mounting larkes should sing.

Bull. What faies his maiestie?

North. Sorrowe and greife of hart,
Makes him speake fondly like a frantike man,
Yet he is come.

Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie: the knees downe.

My gratious Lord.

King: faire coosen, you debase your princely knee;
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my hart might seele your loue,
Then my vnpleased eie see your curtesie:
Up coosen vp, your hart is vp I knowe,
Thus high at leaste, although your knee be lowe.

Bull. My gratious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

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

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

King. Well you deserue: they well deserue to have,
That know the strong'st and farest way to get.

Uncle give me your handes, nay drye your eies,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.
Coosen I am to yong to be your Father,

Though
### The Tragedie of

Though you are old enough to be my heire,  
What you will have, I'll give, and willing to,  
For doe we must what force will have vs doe:  
Set on towards London, Colen is it so?  
But. Yea my good Lords:  
King. Then I must not lay no.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Enter the Queene with her attendants</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To drive away the heavy thought of care?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lady Madame weele play at bowles.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Queen. Twill make me thinke the world is full of rubs,</td>
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<tr>
<td>And that my fortune runs against the bias.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lady Madame weele dance.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Queen. My legs can keepe no measure in delight,</td>
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<tr>
<td>When my poore hart no measure keeps in grieves.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Therefore no dancing, girls, some other sport,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lady Madame weele tell tales.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Queen. Of sorrow or of grieves</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady Of either Madame.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen. Of neither girls;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For if of joy, being altogether wanting,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It doth remember me the more of sorrows,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Or if of grieves, being altogether had,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It adds more sorrow to my want of joy,</td>
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<tr>
<td>For what I have I need not to repeate,</td>
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<tr>
<td>And what I want it bootes not to complaine,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lady Madame Ile sing.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen. Tis well that thou hast cause,</td>
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<tr>
<td>But thou shouldest please me better, wouldst thou weep.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lady I could weep; Madame would it doe you good?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Queen. And I could sing would weeping doe me good,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And never borrow any teare of thee.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Enter Gardeners.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>But ray, here come the gardeners,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let's step into the shade of these trees,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My wretchedness unto a row of pines.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**They**
King Richard the second.

They will talk of state for every one doth so,
Against a change woe is fore-run with woe.

Gard. Go bind thou vp yong dangling Aphricokes,
Which like vnruely children make their fire,
Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight.
Gue some suportance to the bending twigs,
Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of two fast growing spraies,
That looke too loftie in our common-wealth,
All must be cued in our gouvernment.
You thus employed, I will goe roote away
The noysome weedes which without profit sucke
The foiles fertilitie from wholsome flowers.

Man. Why should we in the compas of a pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing as in a mode our forme estate,
When our sea-walled garden the whole land
Is full of weedes, her fairest flowers choakt vp.
Her fruittrees all vnprunde, her hedgestruinde,
Her knots disordered, and her holisme hearbs
Swarming with caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that hath suffered this disordered spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the fall of leafe:
The weedes which his broad spreading leaues did shelter,
That seemde in eating him to hold him vp.
Are pluckt vp roote and all by Bullingbrooke,
I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, Bulrice, Greene,

Man. What are they dead?

Gard. They are.
And Bullingbrooke hath ceaslde the waste full king,
Oh what pitie is it that he had not so trimde,
And drest his land as we this garden at time of yeare
Do wound the barks, the skine of our fruit trees,
Left being ouer proud in sap and bloud,
With too much riches it confound it selfe
Had he done so to great and growing men,
The Tragedie of

They might have liude to beare, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty: superfluous branches
We loppe away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the crowne.
Which waste of idle hours hath quite throwne downe.

Man. What, thinke you the King shall be deposed?

Gard. Depreft he is already, and deposed

Tis doubt he will be. Letters came last night
To a deare friend of the good Duke of Yorkes,
That tell blacke tidings.

Queene Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking
Thou old Adams likenesse set to dresse this garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tong found this vnpleasing news?
What Eue? what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why doft thou say king Richard is deposed?
Darft thou say little better thing than earth
Divine his downefall? say, where, when, and how,
Canst thou by this ill tidings speake thou wretch?

Gard. Pardon me Madam, little joy have I

To breathe this newes, yet what I say is true:
King Richard he is in the mightie hold
Of Bullingbrooke: their fortunes both are weyde
In your Lo. scale is nothing but himselfe,
And some few vanities that make him light:
But in the ballance of great Bullingbrooke,
Besides himselfe are all the English peers,
And with that oddes he weighs King Richard downe;
Poll you to London and you will find it so,
I speake no more than every one doth know.

Queene Nimble Mischance that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I lath that knowes it? Oh thou thinkes?
To serve me lath that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my breast: come Ladies go
To meete at London Londons king in wo.
What, was I borne to this that my sad looke

Should
King Richard the Second.

Should grace the triumph of great Bullingbrooke? Gardner for telling me these newes of wo,
Pray God the plants thou graff't may never grow. Exit Gard. Poore Queene, so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my Skill were subject to thy curse:
Here did the fall a teare, here in this place
He set a banke of Rev towre hearb of grace,
Rew even for ruth here shortly shall be scene,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queene. Exit.

Enter Bullingbrooke with the Lords to parliament.


Now Bagot, freely speake thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who performed
The bloudy office of his timeles end.
Bagot Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.
Bull. Cousin stand forth, and looke upon that man.
Bagot My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring song
Scornes to vnlay what once it hath delivered.
In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court,
As farre as Callice to mine uncles head?
Amongst much other talke that very time
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crownes,
Then Bullingbrookes returne to England, adding withall,
How blest this land would be in this your cousins death.

Aum. Princes and noble Lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my faire starrs
On equall termes to give them chasticement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soild
With the attainder of his slaunderous lippes,
There is my gage, the manual seale of death,
That
That makes thee out for hell, I say thou liest,
And wilt maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart bloods, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

But Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath moued me lo.

If that thy valour stand on sympathie,
There is my gage Aumerle, in gage to thine;
By that fair Sunne which shews me where thou standst,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakest it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucesters death,
If thou deniest it twenty times, thou liest,
And I will turne thy falsliode to thy heart,
Where it was forged with my rapiers point.

Thou darst not (coward) liue to see that day.

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

Fitzwaters, thou art damned to hell for this.

In this appeale as thou art all yniust,
And that thou art so, there I throwe my gage,
To prooue it on thee to the extreamest point
Of mortall breathing, cease it if thou darst.

And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more reuengefull steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe.

Another L. I take the earth to the like (forsworne Aumerle)
And spurre thee on with full as many lies
As it may be hollowed in thy treacherous eare
From finne to finne: there is my honors pawne
Ingage it to the triall if thou darest.

Who sets me else? by heaven Ile throwe at all,
I have a thousand spirites in one breast.

To answer twenty thousand such as you.

My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time (Aumerle) and you did talke.

Tis very true you were in presence then.
And you can witness with me this is true.

Sur. As false by heaven, as heaven it selfe is true.

Fitz. Swear thou lieft. (sword,

Sur. Dishonorable boy, that lie shall lie so heauen on my

That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie do lie,
In earth as quiet as thy fathers scull.
In proofe whereof there is my honours pawne,
Engage it to the triall if thou darft.

Fitz. How fondly doest thou spurre a forward horse?
If I dare cate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,
I dare meet Surry in a wildernes,
And spit upon him whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction:
As I intende to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilte of my true appeale.
Besides I heard the banisht Norffolke say,
That thou Aumerle didst send two of thy men,
To execute the noble Duke at Callice.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norffolke lies, heere do I throwe downe this,
If he may be repeald to trie his honour.

Bull. These differences shall all rest vnder gage.
Till Norffolke be repeald, repeale he shallbe,
And though mine enimie, restord againe
To all his landes and signiories: when he is returnd,
Against Aumelie we will enforce his triall.

Carl. That honourable day shall never be scene,
Manie a time hath baniッシュ Norffolke fought,
For Iesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensigne of the Christian Croffe,
Against blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens,
And toild with worke of warre, retir'd himselfe
To Italie, and there at Venice gaue
His bodie to that pleasant Countries earth.
And his pure soule into his Captaine Christ.

Vnder whose couours he had fought so long.
The Tragedie of

Bull. Why B. is Norfolkke dead?
Carl. As surely as I live my Lord.
Bull. Sweet peace conduct his sweete soule to the bosome,
Of good olde Abraham:Lords Appellants,
Your differences shall all rest vnder gage,
I'll we asigne you to your daies of trial.

Enter Yorke

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaster I come to thee,
From plume-pluckt Richard, who with willing soule,
Adopts the heire, and his high scepter yeckles,
To the posession of thy royall hand:
Ascend his throne, defcending now from him,
And long liue Henry fourth of that name.

Bull. In Gods name He ascend the regall throne,
Carl. Mary God forbid.
Wouldst in this royall presence may I speake,
Yet best be seeming me to speake the truth,
Would God that any in this noble presence,
Were enough noble to be vpright judge
Of noble Richard. Then true noblese would
Learne him forbearance from to soule a wrong,
What subie& can give sentence on his King:
And who sits here that is not Richards subie&?
Theeues are not judgd but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be scene in them,
And shall the figure of Gods Maiefty,
His Captaine, steward, deputy,elect,
Annointed,crowned,planted, many yeares
Be judgd by subie& and inferiour breath,
And he himselle not present:Oh forsend it God,
That in a Christian climate soules refinde,
Should shew so heinous blace obfceene a deed
I speake to subie&s and a subie&t speaks,
Stird vp by God thus boldly for his King,
My Lord of Hereford here whom you call King,
Is a soule traitour to proud Herefords King,
And if you crowne him let me prophesie,
The bloud of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for this soule act,

Peace
King Richard the Second.

Peace shall go sleepe with mkes and insidels,
And in this feate of peace, tumultuous warres,
Shall kin with kin, and kinde with kind confound:
Disorder, horror, feare, and mutiny.
Shall heere inhabit, and this land be cald,
The field of Golgotha and dead mens souls.
Oh if you raise this house against this house,
It will the wofullest divifion prove,
That euer fell vpon this cursed earth:
Preuent it, refift it, let it not be fo,
Left child, childs children, crie against you wo.
North. Well haue you argued sir, and for your paines,
Of Capitall treason, we arreste you heere:
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely till his day of triall,
Bull. Let it be fo, and loe on wednesday next,
We solemnly proclaime our Coronation,
Lords be ready all. Exeunt.

Manent Wofl. Caleil, Aumerle.

Abbott. A wofull Pageant haue we heere beheld.
Car. The woe's to come, the children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as sharpto them as thorne.
Aum. You holy Clergy men, is there no plot,
To ridde the realme of this perminious blot?
Abbott. My Lo. before I freely speake my mind herein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
To burie mine intents, but also to effect,
What euer I shall happen to deuise:
I see your browes are full of discontent,
Your harts of sorrow, and your cies of teares:
Come home with me to supper, Ile lay a plot,
Shall shew vs all a merrie daie. Exeunt.

Enter the Queene with her attendants.

Quee. This way the King will come, this is the way,
To Iulius Caesar ill erected Tower,
To wofle flint bosome, my condemned Lord,
Is doomde a prisoner by proud Bullingbrooke.

Heere
The Tragedie of

Heere let vs rest, if this rebellious earth,
Have any restig for her true Kings Queene. (Enter Ric.
But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither,yet looke vp, behold,
That you in pittie may dissolve to deaw,
And wash him fresh againe with true love teares.
Al thou the mode where olde Troy did stand?
Thou mappe of honour, thou King Richards tombe,
And not King Richards thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard favourd greife be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

Rich. ioyne not with greife faire woman, doe not so,
To make my end too sudden, learne good soule,
To thinke our forrowe state a happie dreame,
From which awaet the truth of what we are
S Hewes vs but this; I am sworne brother (sweet)
To grim needes, and he and I,
Will keepe a league till death. Hie thee to Fraunce,
And cloister thee in some religious house,
Our holy liues must win a new worlds crowne,
V Which our prophane houres heere haue throwne downe.

Quec. what is my Richard both in shape and minde
Transformd and weakened hath Bullingbrooke,
Depoide thine intellect hath he been in thy hart?
The Lyon dying thrusteth forth his pawe,
And woundes the earth if nothing else with rage,
To be ore-powr'd, and wilt thou pupil-like
Take the correction, mildly kisse the rod,
And sawne on Rage with base humilitie,
V Which art a Lion and the king of beasts.

King. a King of beasts indeed, if sought but beasts,
I had been still a happie King of men.
Good (sometimes Queene) prepare thee hence for France;
Thinke I am dead, and that even here thou takest
As from my death bed thy last living leave;
In winters tedious nights set by the fire,
with good old folkes, and let them tell the tales,
Of woefull ages long agoe betide:

And
King Richard the Second.

And ere thou bid good night to quite their griefes,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the senslesse brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy mooving tong.
And in compassion weepe the fire out,
And lome wil mowe ne in athes sone cole blacke,
For the depoision of a rightfull King. Enter Northum.

North. My Lord, the minde of Bullingbrooke is changde,
You must to Pomsret, not vnto the Tower.
And Madam, there is order cane for you,
With al swift speede you must away to France.

King. Northumberland, thou ladder where withall
The mounting Bullingbrooke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many houres of age
More than it is, ere foule sinne gathering head
Shall breake into corruption, thou shalt thinke,
Though he duide the realme and give thee halfe.
It is too little helping him to all,
He shall thinke that thou which knowest the way
To plant vnrightfull kings, wilt know againe,
Being nere so little vrgde another way,
To plucke him headlong from the vfurped throne:
The loue of wicked men converts to feare,
That feare to hate; and hate turnes one or both
To worthy daunger and desperued death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an ends
Take leaue and part, you must part forthwith.

King. Doubly diuorst (bad men) you violate
A two-fold marriage twixt my crowne and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me vnkisse the oathe twixt thee and me:
And yet not so, for with a kisse twas made.

Part vs Northumberland, I towards the north,
Where shiuering cold and sickenesse pines the clime:
My wife to Fraunce, from whence set forth in pomp
She came adorned hither like sweete Maie,
The Tragedie of

Sent backe like Hollowmas or shortt of day,

Queene  And must we be duided? must we part?

King  I hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart.

Queene  Banish vs both, and send the King with me.

King  That were some loue, but little pollicie.

Queene  Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

King  So two together weeping make one woe.

Weepe thou for me in Fraunce, I for thee heere,

Better far off than neere be neere the neare,

Go count thy way with sighes, I mine with groanes.

Queene  So longest way shall have the longest moanes.

King  Twice for one step Ie grone the way being short

And peace the way out with a heavy heart.

Come come in wooing sorrow let be briefe.

Since wedding it, there is such length in grieue;

One kisse shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part.

Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Queene  Giue me mine owne againe, twere no good part

to take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart:

So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,

That I may strive to kill it with a groane.

King  We make woe wanton with this fond delay,

Once more adue, the rest let sorrow say.  

Enter Duke of Yorke and the Dutehese.

Dru.  My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,

When weeping made you brake the storie of

Of our two cousins comming into London.

Yorke  Where did I leave?

Dru.  At that sad stop my Lord,

Where rude misgoverned hands from windowes tops,

Threw dust and rubbish on king Richards head.

Yorke  Then (as I said) the Duke great Bullingbrooke

Mounted upon a hote and fierie steede,

Which his aspiring rider seemed to know,

With slow, but stately pace kept on his course.

Whilst all tongues cried, God saue the Bullingbrooke,

You would haue thought the very windows spake:

So many greedy lookes of yong and old

Through
King Richard the Second.

Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once,
If you preserve the welcome Bullingbrooke.
Whilst he from the one side to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's necke
Bespake them thus; I thank you countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dor. Alas poor Richard, where rode he the while?

York. As in a Theater the eyes of men,
After a well-graced Actor leaves the stage,
Are ydly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Euen so, or with much more contempt mens eyes
Did scowle on gentle Ric. no man cried, God saue him,
No joyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But dust wastrowen upon his sacred head:
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grife and patience,
That had not God for some strong purpose steeld
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe have pittied him:
But heauen hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calme contents,
To Bullingbrooke are we sworne subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for ay allow.

Dor. Here comes my sonne Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was,
But that is lost for being Richards friend:
And Madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parlement pledge for his truth
And lasting fealtie to the new made king.

Dor. Welcome my sonne, who are the violets now
That strew the greene lap of the new come spring.

Au. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knowes I had as leife be none as one.
The Tragedie of

Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new spring of time,
Left you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from Oxford, do these iusts & triumphs hold?

Aum. For aught I know (my Lord) they do.
Yorke. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.
Yorke. What feale is that that hangs without thy bosome?
yea, lookst thou pale? let me see the writing,

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.
Yorke. No matter then who see it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have scene.
Yorke. Which for some reasons Sir I mean to see.
I feare I feare.

Du. What should you feare?

Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into
For gay apparell against the triumph day.
Yorke. Bound to himselfe; what doth he with a band.
That he is bound to. Wise, thou art a fool:
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.
Yorke. I will be satisfied, let me see it I say:

He tuckes it out of his bosome and reads it.
Yorke. Treason, soule treason, villaine, traitor. slaye.
Du. What is the matter my lord?
Yorke. Ho, who is within there? saddle my horse,
God for his mercy! what treachery is here?
Du. Why what is it my Lord?
Yorke. Gie me my bootes I say, saddle my horse,
Now by mine honour, by my life, by my troth
I will appeach the villaine.
Du. What is the matter?
Yorke. Peace foolish woman.
Du. I wil not peace, what is the matter Aumerle?

Aum. Good mother be content, it is no more.

Then
Then my poore life must answere.

_Du._ Thy life answere?

_yor._ Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King.

_His man enters with his bootes._

_Du._ Strike him Aumerle, poore boy thou art amazd,

Hence vilaine neuer more come in my sight.

_yor._ Give me my bootes I say.

_Du._ Why Yorke what wilt thou doe?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine owne?

Have we more sons? or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunke up with time?

And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age?

And rob me of a happie mothers name.

Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?

_yor._ Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?

A dozen of them here haue tane the sacrament.

And interchangenably set downe there hands,

To kill the king at Oxford,

_Du._ He shal be none, weele keepe him heere,

Then what is that to him?

_yor._ Away fond woman, were he twentie times my sonne,

I would appeach him.

_Du._ Hadst thou groand for him as I haue done,

Thou wouldst bee more pittifull.

But nowe I knowe rhy minde, thou dost suspect

That I haue been disloiall to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:

Sweete Yorke, sweete husband, be not of that mind,

He is as like thee as any man may be,

Not like to me, or a of my kinne,

And yet I love him.

_yor._ Make way vnrule woman. 

Exit.

_Du._ After Aumerle mount thee vpon his horse,

Spur, poff, and get before him to the King,

And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee,

Ile not be long behind, though I be old,
The Tragedie of

I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke.
An neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbroke have pardoned thee: away, be gone.

Enter the King with his nobles.

King H. Can no man tell me of my vnchristie Sonne?
Tis full three moneths since I did see him last,
If any plague hang ouer vs tis he.
I would to God my Lordes he might be found:
Inquire at London, amongst the Taurnes there,
For there (they say) he daylie doth frequent,
With vnrestrained loose companions,
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,
And beare our watch, and rob our passengers.
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support so dissolute a crew.

H. Perce. My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the prince,
And tould him of these triumphes heilde at Oxford.

King. And what said the gallant?
Per. His answer was, he would vnto the stews,
And from the commonst creature plucke a gloue,
And were it as a fauour, and with that,
He would vnhorse the lustieft Challenger.

King H. As dissolute as desperat, yet through both,
I see some sparkes of better hope, which elder yeares,
May happily bring foorth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumer le amazd.

Aum. Where is the King?

King H. What meanes our cosen, that he flares and lookes
To have some conference with your grace alone.

King. Withdrawe your familys, and leaue vs here alone.
What is the matter with our cosen nowe?

Aum. For ever may my knees growe to the earth,
My tongue, cleane to my rooffe within my mouth,
Vnlesse a pardon ere I rise or speake.

King. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how heynous ere it be

To
King Richard the Second.

To win thy after love, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that May turne the key.
That no man enter till my tale be done.
King. Haue thy desire.

The Duke of Yorke knokes at the doore and crieth.

Tor. My leige beware. looke to thy selfe,
Thou haft a Traitor in thy presence there.

King. Vilain ile make thee safe.
Aum. Stay thy revengefull hand, thou haft no cause to

Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face,
Open the doore, or I will break it open.

King. What is the matter vnkle, speake, recouer breath,
Tell vs, how neare is daanger,
That wee may arme vs to encounter it?

Tor. Peruse this writing heere, and thou shalt know,
The treason that my hafte forbids me shew.
Aum. remember as thou readst, thy promise past,
I do repent me, read not my name there,
My hart is not confederate with my hand.

Tor. It was (vilaine) e very thy hand did let it downe.
I tore it from the traitors bosome (King.)
Fear, and not loue, begetts his penitence:
Forget to pittie him, lett thy pittie prowe.

A Serpent that will sting thee to the hart.
King. O heynous, strong, and bold conspiracy;
O loyall Father, of a treacherous Sonne,
Thou sheere immaculate and siluer Fountaine,
From whence this stremme, through muddy passages,
Hath held his current, and desild himselfe.
Thy owrflow of good, converts to bad:
And thy abundant goodnes, shall excuse,
This deadly blot in thy digressing fonne.

Tor. So shall my vertue, be his vices baude,
And he shall spend mine honoun with his shame,
As thistles sonnes, their scraping Fathers gold;
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies.
The Tragedie

Or my shame life in his dishonour lies,
Thou killst me in his life givng him breath,
The traitor liues; the true man's put to death.

\textit{Du.} What hope my Liege, for Gods sake let me in.

\textit{King H.} What shrill voice suppliant makes this eager cri?

\textit{Du.} A woman, and thy aunt (great king) tis I,
Speake with me, pitie me, open the doore,
A beggar begs that never begd before.

\textit{King} Our scene is altered from a ferious thing,
And now change to the Beggar and the King,
My dangerous cousin let your mother in.

\textit{I know she is come to pray for your soule sinne}.

\textit{York} If thou do pardon whatsoeuer pray,
More sinnes for this forgiveness prosper may:
This sefted ioynt cut off, the rest rest sound,
This let alone wil all the rest confound.

\textit{Du.} Oh king beleeeue not this hard-hearted man,
Loure louing not it selfe, none other can.

\textit{York} Thou frantike woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor reare?

\textit{Du.} Sweete York be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

\textit{King H} Rise vp good aunt,

\textit{Du.} Not yet I thee beseech,
For euer wil I walke vpon my knees,
And neuer see day that the happy see,
Till thou giue ioy, vntil thou bid me ioy.

By pardoning Rutland my transgressing boy.

\textit{Aum.} Vnto my mothers prayers I bend my knee,
\textit{yoke} Against them both my true ioynts bended be,
Illmaift thou thrive if thou graunt any grace.

\textit{Du.} Pleadst he me earnestly looke vpon his face.
His eies do drop no teares, his prayers are in iest,
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast,
He prayes but faintly, and would be denied,
We pray with heart and soule, and all beside,
His weary ioynts would gladly rise I know,
Our knees still kneele till to the ground they grow,

\textbf{His}
King Richard the second.

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy,
Ours of true zeal and deep integritie,
Our prayers do outpry his, then let them haue
That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.

yorke Good aunt stand vp.

Du. Nay, do not say, stand vp;
Say Pardon first, and afterwards, stand vp,
And if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach;
I never longed to hear a word till now,
Say pardon King, let pitie teach thee how,
The word is short, but not so short as sweete.
No word like pardon for Kings mouths to meete.

yorke Speake it in French, King say, Pardonne moy.

Du. Doth thou teach pardon to destroy?
Ah my lower husband, my hard-hearted Lord!
That lets the word it selfe against the word:
Speake pardon as tis current in our land,
The chopping French we do not understand,
Thine eie begins to speake, set thy tongue there:
Or in this piteous heart plant thou thine eare,
That hearing our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pitie may mooue thee pardon to rehearse.

King H. Good aunt stand vp.

Du. I do not sue to stand.
Pardon is all the sute I haue in hand.

King I pardon him as God shall pardon me.

Du. Oh happy vantage of a kneeling knee,
Yet am I sicke for fear, speake it againe,
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong.

King H. I pardon him with all my heart.

Du. A god on earth thou art.

King H. But for our trustworthy brother in law and the Abbot,
With all the rest of that comforted crew,
Destruction strait shall dog them at the heele.

Good uncle, help to order several powers,
The Tragedie of

To Oxford, or where ere these traitors are,
They shall not live within this world I sweare.
But I will have them if I once know where.
Vnie prepare, and cousin adue,
Your mother well hath prayed, and proue you true:
   Du. Come my olde sonne, I pray God make thee new.
Exeunt. Manes ftr Pierce Exton, &c.
   Exton. Didst thou not marke the K. what words he spake?
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?
Was it not so?
   Man. These were his very words.
   Exton. Haue I no friend quoth he? he spake it twice.
And vrgde it twice together, did he not?
   Man. He did.
Exton. And speaking it, he wishtly lookt on me,
   As who should say, I would thou wert the man,
   That would divorce this terror from my heart,
   Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come lets go,
   I am the kings friend, and will rid his foe:
   Enter Richard alone.

Rich. I haue beene studying how I may compare
This prison where I liue, ynto the world:
And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but my selfe,
I cannot do it: yet Ie hammer it out,
My braine Ie proue, the female to my soule,
My soule the father, and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts:
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humors like the people of this world:
For no thought is contented: the better sort,
As thoughts of things divine are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the word it selfe
Against the word as thus: Come little ones, & then againe
It is as hard to come, as for a Cammell
To threed the posterne of a small needles eie:
Thoughts tending to ambition they do plot.
King Richard the Second.

Unlikely wonders: how these vaine weake nailes
May tear a passage thorow the flinty ribs
Of this hard world my ragged prison walles:
And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves,
That they are not the first of fortunes slaves,
Nor shall not be the last like feely beggars,
Who sitting in the flockes refuge their shame;
That many have, and others must set there.
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe
Of such as have before indurde the like.
Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented; sometimes am I King,
Then treasons make me with my selfe a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penurie
Perfwades me I was better when a king,
Then am I kingd againe, and by and by,
Thinke that I am vnkingd by Bullingbrooke,
And strait am nothing. But what ere I be,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleasde, till he be easde,
With being nothing. Musicke do I heare. the musike plates
Haha keepet time, how soure sweete Musicke is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept,
So is it in the musike of menslives:
And here haue I the daintinesse of eare
To checke time broke in a disordered string:
But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true time broke,
I wafted time, and now doth time wafte me:
For now hath time made me his numbring clocke;
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eyes the outward watch
Where to my finger like a dialles poynct,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.
Now first he found that telles what houre it is,
The Tragedie of

Are clamorous groanes which strike vpon my hart.
Which is the bell, so sighs, and teares, and groves,
Shew minutes, times, and houres: but my time,
Runnes posting on in Bullingbrookes proud joye,
While I stand fooling heere his tache of the clocke.
This musicke maddes me, let it found no more,
For though it haue holp mad men to their witts,
In me it seemes it will make wise men mad:
Yet blessing on his hart that giues it me,
For its signe of love: and loun to Richard,
Is a strange brooch in this al-hating world.

Enter a groome of the stable.

Groome. Haile roiall Prince.
Rich. Thankes noble pearl.

The cheapeft of vs is ten grotes too deare,
What art thou, and how comest thou hither,
Where no man neuer comes, but that sad dog,
That brings me foode to make misfortune liue.

Groome. I was a poore groome of thy stable King,
When thou wert King: who traualling towards Yorke,
With much ado (at length) haue gotten leaue,
To looke vpon my sometimes roiall maisters face;
Oh how it end my hart when I beheld,
In London streetes, that Coronation day,
When Bullingbroke rode on Roane Barbarie,
That horfe, that thou so often haft bestride,
That horfe, that I so carefully haue dreft.

Rich. Rode he on Barbarie, tell me gentle freind,
How went he vnder him?

Groom. So proudly as if he disdain the ground.

Rich. So proud that Bullingbroke was on his backe:
That Iade hath eate bread from my royall hand,
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:
Would he not stumble, would he not fall downe
Since pride must have a fall, and break the necke,
Of that prond man, that did usurpe his backe?
Forguences horfe why do I taile on thee?

Since
King Richard the Second.

Since thou created to be awed by man,
Wast borne to beare; I was not made a horse,
And yet I beare a burthen like an ass,
Spurrded, galld, and tirde by aiouncing Bullingbrooke.

Enter one to Richard with meate.

Keeper Fellow, give place, here is no longer stay.
Rich. If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.
Groom. What my tong dares not, that my heart shal say.
Exit Groom.

Keeper My Lord wilt please you to fall to?
Rich. Taste of it first as thou art wont to do.
Keeper My Lord I dare not, sir Pierce of Exton,
Who lately came from the King commands the contrary.
Rich. The dwell take Henry of Lancaster, and thee.
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
Keeper Help, help, help.

The murderers rush in.

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

Here Exton strikes him downe.

Rich. That hand shall burne in never quenching fire,
That flaggers thus my person: Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the kings blood staind the kings owne land:
Mount mount my loue, thy feate is vp on high,
Whilst my grosse flesh sinkes downward here to die,

Exton As full of value as of royall blood:
Both haue I spilld, Oh would the deede were good!
For now the dwell that told me I did well,
Saies that this deed is chroniceled in hell:

This dead kine to the living kine Ile beare.
Take hence the rest, and giue them burial here.

Enter Bullingbrooke with the Duke of Yorke.

King Kind uncle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is, that the rebels haue consumed with fire.

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Our
The Tragedie of
Our towne of Cicuter in Gloucestershire,
But whether they be tane or slaine we heare nor.
Enter Northumberland.
Welcome my Lord, what is the newest.
North. First to thy sacred state with Iall happinesse,
The next newes is, I haue to London sent.
The heads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt and Kent,
The maner of their taking may appeare.
At large discoursed in this paper here.
King. We thank thee gentle Percy for thy paines,
And to thy woorth will adde right worthy gaines,
Enter Lord Fitzwater.
Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and sir Benet Seely,
Two of the daungerous conforted traitors,
That fought at Oxford thy dire ouerthrow.
King. Thy paines Fitz. shall not be forgot.
Right noble is thy merit well I wot.
Enter H. Percy.
Percy. The grand conspirator Abbot of Westminister
With clog of conscience and fowre melancholy
Hath yeelded vp his body to the grave.
But here is Carleil living, to abide.
Thy kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.
King. Carleil, this is your doome;
Choose out some secret place, some reverent roome
More than thou haft, and with it ioy thy life:
So as thou huft in peace, die free from strife.
For though mine enemy thou haft ever beene,
High sparkes of honour in thee haue I seene.
Enter Exton with the coffin.
Exton. Great King, within this coffin I present
Thy buried feare: herein all breathlesse lies.
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies.
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.
King. Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou haft wrought
King Richard the second.

A deed of slander with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head and all this famous Land.
Exton. From your owne mouth my Lo. did I this deed.
King. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee; though I did with him dead,
I hate the murtherer, love him murthered;
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labor,
But neither my good word, nor Princely favour;
With Cayne go wander through shades of night.
And neuer shew thy head by day nor light.
Lordes, I protest my soule is full of wo.
The bloud should sprincke me to make me grow:
Come mourne with me, for what I do lament,
And put on sulleyne blacke incontinent,
Ile make a voyage to the holly lande,
To wash this bloud off from my guiltie hand:
March sady after, grace my mournings heere,
In weeping after this untimely Beere.

FINIS.