

*Richard II* by William Shakespeare

Conceived for the radio by Saheem Ali

EPISODE 1

**Act 1, Scene 1**

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

KING RICHARD

Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster,  
Hast thou according to thy oath and band  
Brought hither Henry Bolingbroke, thy son,  
Here to make good the boist'rous accusation –  
Which then our leisure would not let us hear –  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

GAUNT

I have, my liege.

KING RICHARD

Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him  
If he accuse the Duke on ancient malice,  
Or worthily, as a good subject should,  
On some known ground of treachery in him?

GAUNT

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

KING RICHARD

Then call them to our presence.

*[Exit Attendants]*

Ourselves will hear  
The accuser and the accused freely speak.  
High-stomached are they both and full of ire.

*[Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.]*

BOLINGBROKE

Many years of happy days befall  
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

MOWBRAY

Each day still better other's happiness

Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,  
Add an immortal title to your crown!

KING RICHARD

We thank you both. Yet one but flatters us,  
As well appeareth by the cause you come,  
Namely, to accuse each other of high treason.  
My cousin Bolingbroke, what sayest thou  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

BOLINGBROKE

First –heaven be the record to my speech! –  
In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tend'ring the precious safety of my prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appelland to this princely presence.  
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,  
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.  
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,  
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,  
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat,  
And wish – so please my sovereign – ere I move,  
What my tongue speaks my right-drawn sword may prove.

KING RICHARD

Thomas of Norfolk, what sayst thou to this?

MOWBRAY

Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal.  
'Tis not the bitter clamor of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;  
The blood is hot that must be cooled for this.  
First, the fair reverence of your Highness curbs me  
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,  
Which else would post until it had returned  
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.  
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
I do defy him, and I spit at him,  
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain;  
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds  
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot  
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps.

BOLINGBROKE *[throwing down a gage]*  
 Pale trembling coward

BOLINGBROKE  
 There I throw my gage,  
 Disclaiming here the kindred of the King,  
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.  
 If guilty dread have left thee so much strength  
 As to take up mine honor's pawn, then stoop.

MOWBRAY, *[picking up the gage]*  
 I take it up

MOWBRAY  
 And by the royal sword I swear  
 Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,  
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree  
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial.

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

BOLINGBROKE  
 That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles  
 In name of lendings for your Highness' soldiers,  
 The which he hath detained for lewd employments,  
 Like a false traitor and injurious villain.  
 Further I say, and further will maintain  
 Upon his bad life to make all this good,  
 That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,  
 Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,  
 And consequently, like a traitor coward,  
 Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood.  
 Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries  
 Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth  
 To me for justice and rough chastisement.

KING RICHARD  
 How high a pitch his resolution soars!

MOWBRAY

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

KING RICHARD

He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou.  
 Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

MOWBRAY

Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart  
 Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.  
 Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais  
 Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers;  
 The other part reserved I by consent,  
 For that my sovereign liege was in my debt  
 Upon remainder of a dear account  
 Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.  
 Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death,  
 I slew him not, but to my own disgrace  
 Neglected my sworn duty in that case.  
 As for the rest charged,  
 It issues from the rancor of a villain,  
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor,  
 Which in myself I boldly will defend,  
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage,  
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,  
 In haste whereof most heartily I pray  
 Your Highness to assign our trial day.

KING RICHARD

Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me:  
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood.  
 Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed;  
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun;  
 We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

GAUNT

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

KING RICHARD

And Mowbray, throw down his.

GAUNT

When, Harry, when?  
Obedience bids I should not bid again.

KING RICHARD

Mowbray, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

MOWBRAY

Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.  
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame.  
I am disgraced, impeached and baffled here,  
Pierced to the soul with Slander's venom'd spear.

KING RICHARD

Rage must be withstood.  
Give me his gage. Lions make leopards tame.

MOWBRAY

Yea, but not change his spots. Take but my shame,  
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,  
The purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is spotless reputation;  
Mine honor is my life; both grow in one.  
Take honor from me, and my life is done.

KING RICHARD

We were not born to sue but to command;  
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
Be ready as your lives shall answer it  
At Coventry upon Saint Lambert's day.  
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate  
The swelling difference of your settled hate.

*[They exit.]*

**Act 1, Scene 2**

*[Enter John of Gaunt with the Duchess of Gloucester.]*

GAUNT

Alas, the part I had in Gloucester's blood  
Doth more solicit me than your exclams  
To stir against the butchers of his life.

DUCHESS

Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?  
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?  
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,  
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,  
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,  
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;  
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,  
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,  
Is hacked down, and his summer leaves all faded  
By Envy's hand and Murder's bloody ax.  
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine!  
In suffring thus thy brother to be slaughtered,  
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
Teaching stern Murder how to butcher thee.  
What shall I say? To safeguard thine own life  
The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.

GAUNT

God's is the quarrel, for God's substitute,  
His deputy anointed in His sight,  
Hath caused his death, the which if wrongfully,  
Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift  
An angry arm against His minister.

DUCHESS

Where then, alas, may I complain myself?

GAUNT

To God, the widow's champion and defense.

DUCHESS

Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.  
Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold  
Our nephew Bolingbroke and Mowbray fight.  
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Bolingbroke's spear,

That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!  
Farewell, old Gaunt. Thy sometime brother's wife,  
With her companion, Grief, must end her life.

GAUNT

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

DUCHESS

I take my leave before I have begun,  
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.  
Commend me to thy brother, York.  
Lo, this is all.  
Nay, yet depart not so!  
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;  
I shall remember more. Bid him –ah, what? –  
With all good speed at Pleshy visit me.  
Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die!  
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

*[They exit.]*

*(Episode 1 mid-point break)*



**Act 1, Scene 3**

*[The trumpets sound and the King enters with his Nobles and Officers; when they are set, enter Mowbray.]*

**KING RICHARD**

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

**MARSHAL** [to Mowbray]

In God's name and the King's, say who thou art  
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms,  
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.

**MOWBRAY**

My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,  
Who hither come engaged by my oath—  
Which God defend a knight should violate —  
Both to defend my loyalty and truth  
To God, my king and my succeeding issue  
'Gainst Henry Bolingbroke that accuses me  
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,  
To prove him, in defending of myself,  
A traitor to my God, my king and me.

**KING RICHARD**

Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms  
Both who he is and why he cometh hither  
And formally, according to our law,  
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

**MARSHAL** [to Bolingbroke]

What is thy name?  
Against whom comest thou? And what's thy quarrel?

**BOLINGBROKE**

Henry Bolingbroke Duke of Hereford  
Am I, who ready here do stand in arms  
To prove, by God's grace and my body's valor,  
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,  
That he is a traitor, foul and dangerous,  
To God of heaven, King Richard and to me;  
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.

Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand  
And bow my knee before his majesty.

MARSHAL, *[to King Richard]*  
The appelland in all duty greets your highness  
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

KING RICHARD,  
We will descend and fold him in our arms.  
My cousin Bolingbroke, as thy cause is right,  
So be thy fortune in this royal fight.  
Farewell, my blood, which, if today thou shed,  
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

BOLINGBROKE  
As confident as is the falcon's flight  
Against a bird do I with Mowbray fight.  
My loving lord, I take my leave of you.  
Father, the earthly author of my blood,  
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,  
Doth with a twofold vigor lift me up  
To reach at victory above my head.

GAUNT  
God in thy good cause make thee prosperous.  
Be swift like lightning in the execution,  
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,  
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque  
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.

BOLINGBROKE  
Mine innocence and Saint George to thrive!

KING RICHARD  
Order the trial, Marshal, and begin.

MARSHAL  
Sound trumpets,

MARSHAL  
And set forward, combatants.

*[Richard throws down his warder.]*

MARSHAL

Stay! The King hath thrown his warder down.

KING RICHARD

Let them lay by their helmets and their arms  
 And both return back to their chairs again.  
*[To Bolingbroke and Mowbray.]* Draw near,  
 And list what with our council we have done.  
 For that our kingdom's earth should not be soiled  
 With that dear blood which it hath fostered;  
 And for we think the eagle-winged pride  
 Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,  
 With rival-hating envy, set on you  
 To wake our peace,  
 And make us wade even in our kindred's blood:  
 Therefore, we banish you our territories.  
 You, cousin Bolingbroke, on pain of life,  
 Till twice five summers have enriched our fields,  
 Shall not greet our fair dominions,  
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

BOLINGBROKE

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

KING RICHARD

Mowbray, for thee remains a heavier doom,  
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:  
 The sly slow hours shall not determinate  
 The dateless limit of thy dear exile.  
 The hopeless word of 'never to return'  
 Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

MOWBRAY

A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,  
 And all unlooked for from your highness' mouth.  
 The language I have learnt these forty years,  
 My native English, now I must forgo,  
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more  
 Than an unstringed viol or a harp.  
 Within my mouth you have enjailed my tongue,  
 Doubly portcullised with my teeth and lips,  
 And dull unfeeling barren Ignorance

Is made my jailor to attend on me.  
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,  
 Too far in years to be a pupil now.  
 What is thy sentence then but speechless death,  
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

KING RICHARD

It boots thee not to be so passionate.  
 After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

MOWBRAY

Then thus I turn me from my country's light  
 To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.  
*[He begins to exit.]*

KING RICHARD

Return again, and take an oath with thee.  
*[To Mowbray and Bolingbroke.]*  
 Lay on our royal sword your banished hands.  
*[They place their right hands on the hilts of Richard's sword.]*  
 Swear by the duty that you owe to God –  
 You never shall, so help you truth and God,  
 Embrace each other's love in banishment;  
 Nor never look upon each other's face;  
 Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile  
 This luring tempest of your homebred hate,  
 Nor never by advised purpose meet  
 To plot, contrive or complot any ill  
 'Gainst us, our state, our subjects or our land.

BOLINGBROKE

I swear.

MOWBRAY

And I, to keep all this.

*[They step back.]*

BOLINGBROKE

Mowbray,  
 By this time, had the King permitted us,  
 One of our souls had wandered in the air,  
 Banished this frail sepulcher of our flesh,  
 As now our flesh is banished from this land.  
 Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm.

MOWBRAY

No, Bolingbroke. If ever I were traitor,  
 My name be blotted from the book of life,  
 And I from heaven banished as from hence!  
 But what thou art, God, thou and I do know;  
 And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue.  
 Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray;  
 Save back to England, all the world's my way.

*[He exits.]*

KING RICHARD *[to Gaunt]*

My Uncle Gaunt, even in the glasses of thine eyes  
 I see thy grieved heart. Thy sad aspect  
 Hath from the number of his banished years  
 Plucked four away. *[To Bolingbroke.]* Six frozen winters spent,  
 Return with welcome home from banishment.

BOLINGBROKE

How long a time lies in one little word!  
 Four lagging winters and four 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 years of my son's exile.  
 But little vantage shall I reap thereby,  
 For, ere the six years that he hath to spend  
 Can change their moons and bring their times about,  
 My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light  
 Shall be extinct with age and endless night.

KING RICHARD

Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

GAUNT

But not a minute, King, that thou canst give.  
 Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,  
 And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow.

KING RICHARD *[to Bolingbroke]*

Cousin, farewell, and uncle, bid him so.  
 Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

*[Exit King Richard]*

GAUNT

What is six winters? They are quickly gone.

BOLINGBROKE

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

GAUNT

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

BOLINGBROKE

My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,  
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

GAUNT

The sullen passage of thy weary steps  
Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set  
The precious jewel of thy home return.

BOLINGBROKE

Nay, rather every tedious stride I make  
Will but remember me what a deal of world  
I wander from the jewels that I love.

GAUNT

Teach thy necessity to reason thus:  
There is no virtue like necessity.  
Think not the King did banish thee,  
But thou the King.  
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honor,  
And not the King exiled thee.  
Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way.  
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

*[They exit.]*

**Act 1, Scene 4**

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

KING RICHARD  
We did observe. –

*[Enter Aumerle]*

KING RICHARD  
Cousin Aumerle,  
How far brought you high Bolingbroke on his way?

AUMERLE  
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

KING RICHARD  
And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

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

KING RICHARD  
What said our cousin when you parted with him?

AUMERLE  
'Farewell' –  
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue  
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft  
To counterfeit oppression of such grief  
That words seemed buried in my sorrow's grave.

KING RICHARD  
He is our cousin, cousin, but 'tis doubt,  
When time shall call him home from banishment,  
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.  
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green  
Observed his courtship to the common people –  
How he did seem to dive into their hearts  
With humble and familiar courtesy,  
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,  
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles

And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
 As 'twere to banish their affects with him.  
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench.  
 A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,  
 And had the tribute of his supple knee  
 With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends',  
 As were our England in reversion his,  
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

GREEN

Well, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts.  
 Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,  
 Expedient manage must be made, my liege,  
 Ere further leisure yield them further means  
 For their advantage and your highness' loss.

KING RICHARD

We will ourself in person to this war,  
 And, for our coffers with too great a court  
 And liberal largess are grown somewhat light,  
 We are enforced to rent our royal realm,  
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us  
 For our affairs in hand. If that come short,  
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank contracts  
 Whereto, 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 Bushy.]*

BUSHY

My liege

KING RICHARD

Bushy, what news?

BUSHY

Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,  
 Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste  
 To entreat your majesty to visit him.

KING RICHARD

Where lies he?



BUSHY

At Ely House.

KING RICHARD

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's all go visit him.

Pray God we may make haste and come too late!

ALL

Amen!

**Act 2, Scene 1 (Part One)**

*[Enter John of Gaunt sick, with the Duke of York, and Attendants.]*

GAUNT

Will the King come that I may breathe my last  
In wholesome counsel to his unstaied youth?

YORK

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

GAUNT

O, but they say the tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention like deep harmony.  
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,  
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

YORK

No, it is stopped with other flattering sounds,  
As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond;  
Report of fashions in proud Italy,  
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity -  
That is not quickly buzzed into his ears?  
Then all too late comes Counsel to be heard,  
Direct not him whose way himself will choose.  
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

GAUNT

Methinks I am a prophet new inspired,  
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him.  
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,  
This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
This fortress built by Nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war,  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall  
Or as a moat defensive to a house  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,

Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,  
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world,  
Is now leased out –I die pronouncing it -  
Like to a tenement or pelting farm.  
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds.  
That England that was wont to conquer others  
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.  
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,  
How happy then were my ensuing death!

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

YORK

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

*Episode 1 Ends*

EPISODE 2

**Act 2, Scene 1 (Part Two)**

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

YORK

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

QUEEN

How fares our noble uncle Lancaster?

KING RICHARD

What comfort, man? How is 't with aged Gaunt?

GAUNT

O, how that name befits my composition!  
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old.  
For sleeping England long time have I watched;  
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.  
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
Whose hollow womb inherits naught but bones.

KING RICHARD

Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

GAUNT

No, misery makes sport to mock itself.  
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,  
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.

KING RICHARD

Should dying men flatter with those that live?

GAUNT

No, no, men living flatter those that die.

KING RICHARD

Thou, now a-dying, sayest thou flatterest me.

GAUNT

O no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.

KING RICHARD

I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

GAUNT

Now He that made me knows I see thee ill –  
 Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.  
 Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,  
 Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;  
 A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,  
 Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;  
 O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye  
 Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,  
 From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,  
 Deposing thee before thou wert possessed,  
 Which art possessed now to depose thyself.  
 Landlord of England art thou now, not king.  
 Thy state of law is bonds slave to the law,  
 And thou –

KING RICHARD

A lunatic lean-witted fool,  
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,  
 Darest with thy frozen admonition  
 Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood  
 With fury from his native residence?  
 Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,  
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,  
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head  
 Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders!

GAUNT

O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,  
 Join with the present sickness that I have,  
 And thy unkindness be like crooked Age  
 To crop at once a too-long withered flower.  
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!  
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be.

YORK

Nurse! Nurse!

*[Enter Doctor and Nurse]*

DOCTOR

No pulse

Shall keep his native progress, but surcease

NURSE

No warmth

DOCTOR

No breath

*[Gaunt dies. Exit Doctor and Nurse]*

KING RICHARD

The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he.  
 His time is spent; our pilgrimage must be.  
 So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:  
 We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,  
 And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,  
 Towards our assistance we do seize to us  
 The plate, coin, revenues, and movables  
 Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possessed.

YORK

How long shall I be patient?  
 Not Gloucester's death, nor his Bolingbroke's banishment,  
 Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,  
 Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,  
 Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.  
 I am the last of noble Edward's sons,  
 Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first.  
 In war was never lion raged more fierce,  
 In peace was never gentle lamb more mild  
 Than was that young and princely gentleman.  
 His face thou hast, for even so looked he,  
 Accomplished with the number of thy hours;  
 But when he frowned, it was against the French  
 And not against his friends. His noble hand  
 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that  
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won.  
 His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,  
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin.  
 O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,  
 Or else he never would compare between –

KING RICHARD

Why, uncle, what's the matter?

YORK

Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands  
 The royalties and rights of banished Bolingbroke?  
 Is not Gaunt dead? And doth not Bolingbroke live?  
 Was not Gaunt just? And is not Harry true?  
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir?  
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son?  
 Take Bolingbroke's rights away, and take from Time  
 His charters and his customary rights;  
 Let not tomorrow then ensue today;  
 Be not thyself, for how art thou a king  
 But by fair sequence and succession?  
 Now afore God – God forbid I say true! –  
 If you do wrongfully seize upon his rights,  
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,  
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts  
 Which honor and allegiance cannot think.

KING RICHARD

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

YORK

I'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell.  
 What will ensue hereof there's none can tell.

*[He exits.]*

KING RICHARD

Go, Bushy  
 Repair for us to Ely House  
 To see this business. – Tomorrow next  
 We will for Ireland, and 'tis time, I trow.  
 And we create, in absence of ourself,  
 Our uncle York Lord Governor of England,  
 For he is just and always loved us well.  
 Come on, our queen.

QUEEN

Tomorrow must we part?

KING RICHARD

Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

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

NORTHUMBERLAND

Well, lords, Sir John of Gaunt is dead.

ROSS

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

WILLOUGHBY

Barely in title, not in revenues.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Richly in both, if justice had her right.

ROSS

My heart is great, but it must break with silence  
Ere 't be disburdened with a liberal tongue.

NORTHUMBERLAND

The King is not himself, but basely led  
By flatterers; and what they will inform  
Merely in hate 'gainst any of us all,  
That will the King severely prosecute  
'Gainst us, our lives, our children and our heirs.

ROSS

The commons hath he pilled with grievous taxes,  
And quite lost their hearts. The nobles hath he fined  
For ancient quarrels.

WILLOUGHBY

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

NORTHUMBERLAND

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

ROSS

He hath not money for these Irish wars,  
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,



But by the robbing of the banished Duke.

NORTHUMBERLAND

His noble kinsman! Most degenerate King!  
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,  
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm.

ROSS

We see the very wrack that we must suffer,  
And unavoids is the danger now.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Not so. Even through the hollow eyes of Death  
I spy life peering, but I dare not say  
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

WILLOUGHBY

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

ROSS

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

NORTHUMBERLAND

Then thus: I have received intelligence  
That Harry Bolingbroke,  
Well furnished by the Duke of Brittany  
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,  
Are making hither with all due expedience,  
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.  
If, then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke,  
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,  
Redeem from broking pawn the blemished crown,  
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,  
And make high majesty look like itself  
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh  
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

ROSS

To horse, to horse! Urge doubts to them that fear.

WILLOUGHBY

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

**Act 2, Scene 2**

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

BUSHY

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

QUEEN

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

BUSHY

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,  
Which shows like grief itself, but is not so;  
For Sorrow's eyes, glazed with blinding tears,  
Divides one thing entire to many objects,  
Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,  
Show nothing but confusion; eyed awry,  
Distinguish form. So your sweet majesty,  
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
Find shapes of grief more than himself to wail,  
Which, looked on as it is, is naught but shadows  
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious Queen,  
More than your lord's departure weep not. More is not seen,  
Or if it be, 'tis with false Sorrow's eye,  
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

QUEEN

It may be so; but yet my inward soul  
Persuades me it is otherwise.

*[Enter Green.]*

GREEN

God save your majesty! And well met, gentlemen.

I hope the King is not yet shipped for Ireland.

QUEEN

Why hop'st thou so? 'Tis better hope he is,  
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope.  
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipped?

GREEN

The banished Bolingbroke repeals himself,  
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived  
At Ravenspurgh; and, that is worse,  
The lord Northumberland, his son, young Hotspur,  
With all their powerful friends are fled to him.

BUSHY

Why have you not proclaimed Northumberland  
And all the rest revolted faction, traitors?

GREEN

We have, whereupon the Earl of Worcester  
Hath broken his staff, resigned his stewardship,  
And all the household servants fled with him  
To Bolingbroke.

QUEEN

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

BUSHY

Despair not, madam.

QUEEN

Who shall hinder me?  
I will despair and be at enmity  
With cozening Hope. He is a flatterer,  
A parasite, a keeper-back of Death  
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
Which false Hope lingers in extremity.

*[Enter York.]*

GREEN

Here comes the Duke of York.

QUEEN

With signs of war about his aged neck.

Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

YORK

Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,

Where nothing lives but crosses, cares and grief.

Your husband, he is gone to save far off,

Whilst others come to make him lose at home.

Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

*[Enter a Servant]*

SERVANT

My lord, your son is with the King.

YORK

Aumerle? Why, so! Go all which way it will!

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold

And will, I fear, revolt to Bolingbroke.

I know not what to do. I would to God –

The King had cut off my head with my brother's.

Bushy, are there no posts dispatched for Ireland?

Bagot, Green? How shall we do for money for these wars?

You, fellow, get thee home; provide some carts

And bring away the armor that is there.

SERVANT

Yes, my lord

*[Servant exits.]*

Gentlemen, will you go muster men?

If I know how or which way to order these affairs

Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,

Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen.

Th' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath

And duty bids defend; th' other again

Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wronged,

Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.

Well, somewhat we must do. *[To Queen.]* Come, my Queen,

I'll dispose of you. –

Gentlemen, go muster up your men,  
And meet me presently at Berkeley Castle.

*[Duke of York and Queen exit. Bushy, Green, and Bagot remain.]*

BUSHY

The wind sits fair for news to go for Ireland,  
But none returns. For us to levy power  
Proportionable to the enemy is all impossible.

GREEN

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

BAGOT

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

BUSHY

Wherein the King stands generally condemned.

BAGOT

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

GREEN

Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristow Castle.

BUSHY

Thither will I with you.  
Will you go along with us?

BAGOT

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

*[They exit.]*

**Act 2, Scene 3**

*[Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland.]*

BOLINGBROKE

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

NORTHUMBERLAND

Believe me, noble lord,  
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.  
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways  
Draws out our miles and makes them wearisome.  
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,  
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

BOLINGBROKE

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

*[Enter Hotspur.]*

NORTHUMBERLAND

It is my son,  
Sent from my brother Worcester whencesoever.  
Hotspur, how fares my brother?

HOTSPUR

I had thought, my lord, to have learned his health of you.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Why, is he not with the Queen?

HOTSPUR

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

NORTHUMBERLAND

What was his reason?  
He was not so resolved when last we spake together.

HOTSPUR

Because your Lordship was proclaimed traitor.  
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh  
To offer service to Henry Bolingbroke,

And sent me over by Berkeley to discover  
What power the Duke of York had levied there.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Have you forgot Henry Bolingbroke, boy?

HOTSPUR

No, my good lord, for that is not forgot  
Which ne'er I did remember. To my knowledge  
I never in my life did look on him.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Then learn to know him now. This is he.

HOTSPUR *[to Bolingbroke]*

My gracious lord, I tender you my service,  
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,  
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm  
To more approved service and desert.

BOLINGBROKE

I thank thee, gentle Hotspur; and be sure,  
I count myself in nothing else so happy  
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;  
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,  
It shall be still thy true love's recompense.  
My heart this covenant makes; my hand thus seals it.

NORTHUMBERLAND, *[to HOTSPUR]*

How far is it to Berkeley, and what stir  
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

HOTSPUR

There stands the castle by yon tuft of trees,  
Manned with three hundred men, as I have heard.

*[Enter Ross and Willoughby.]*

NORTHUMBERLAND

Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,  
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

BOLINGBROKE

Welcome, my lords.

ROSS  
My lord.

WILLOUGHBY  
My lord.

BOLINGBROKE  
I wot your love pursues  
A banished traitor. All my treasury  
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enriched,  
Shall be your love and labor's recompense.

ROSS  
Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

WILLOUGHBY  
And far surmounts our labor to attain it.

BOLINGBROKE  
Evermore thanks – the exchequer of the poor,  
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty.  
But who comes here?  
*[Enter York.]*  
My noble uncle!

YORK  
Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,  
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

BOLINGBROKE  
My gracious uncle –

YORK  
Tut, tut!  
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.  
I am no traitor's uncle, and that word "grace"  
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.  
Why have those banished and forbidden legs  
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?  
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?  
Why, foolish boy, the King is left behind,  
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.  
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth  
As when brave Gaunt, thy father and myself  
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,



From forth the ranks of many thousand French,  
 O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,  
 chastise thee  
 And minister correction to thy fault!

BOLINGBROKE

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

YORK

Even in condition of the worst degree,  
 In gross rebellion and detested treason.  
 Thou art a banished man, and here art come,  
 Before the expiration of thy time,  
 In braving arms against thy sovereign.

BOLINGBROKE

As I was banished, I was banished Hereford;  
 But as I come, I come for Lancaster.  
 And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace  
 Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye.  
 You are my father, for methinks in you,  
 I see old Gaunt alive. O then, my father,  
 Will you permit that I shall stand condemned  
 A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties  
 Plucked from my arms perforce and given away  
 To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?  
 If that my cousin king be king in England,  
 It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.  
 You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin.  
 Had you first died and he been thus trod down,  
 He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father  
 To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.  
 My father's goods are all distrained and sold,  
 And these, and all, are all amiss employed.  
 What would you have me do? I am a subject,  
 And I challenge law. Attorneys are denied me,  
 And therefore personally I lay my claim  
 To my inheritance of free descent.

NORTHUMBERLAND *[to York]*

The noble duke hath been too much abused.

ROSS *[to York]*

It stands your Grace upon to do him right.

YORK

My lords of England, let me tell you this:  
 I have had feeling of my nephew's wrongs  
 And labored all I could to do him right.  
 But in this kind to come – in braving arms  
 Be his own carver, and cut out his way  
 To find out right with wrong – it may not be.  
 And you that do abet him in this kind  
 Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

NORTHUMBERLAND

The noble Duke hath sworn his coming is  
 But for his own; and for the right of that  
 We all have strongly sworn to give him aid.

YORK

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

BOLINGBROKE

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

YORK

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

*[They exit.]*

**Act 2, Scene 4**

*[Enter Earl of Salisbury and a Welsh Captain.]*

SALISBURY

Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman.

WELSH CAPTAIN

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

SALISBURY

The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

WELSH CAPTAIN

'Tis thought the King is dead. We will not stay.  
The bay trees in our country are all withered,  
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;  
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,  
And lean-looked prophets whisper fearful change;  
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.  
Farewell. Our countrymen are gone and fled,  
As well assured Richard their king is dead.

*[He exits.]*

SALISBURY

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

*(Episode 2 mid point)*

**Act 3, Scene 1**

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

**BOLINGBROKE**

Bring forth these men.  
 Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls –  
 Since presently your souls must part your bodies –  
 With too much urging your pernicious lives,  
 For 'twere no charity; yet to wash your blood  
 From off my hands, here in the view of men  
 I will unfold some causes of your deaths:  
 You have misled a prince, a royal king,  
 Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,  
 Near to the King in blood, and near in love  
 Till you did make him misinterpret me,  
 Have stooped my neck under your injuries  
 And sighed my English breath in foreign clouds,  
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment,  
 Whilst you have fed upon my seignories,  
 Leaving me no sign  
 Save men's opinions and my living blood  
 To show the world I am a gentleman.  
 This and much more, much more than twice all this,  
 Condemns you to the death.

**BUSHY**

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

**GREEN**

My comfort is that heaven will take our souls  
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

*[Bolingbroke kills Bushy and Green]*

**BOLINGBROKE**

My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatched.  
*[To York]* Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house.  
 For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated.  
 Tell her I send to her my kind commends.  
 Take special care my greetings be delivered.

YORK

A gentleman of mine I have dispatched  
With letter of your love to her at large.

BOLINGBROKE

Thanks, gentle uncle.—  
Come, lords, away,  
To fight with Glendower and his complices.  
A while to work, and after holiday.

*[They exit.]*

**Act 3, Scene 2**

*[Enter the King, Aumerle, Carlisle, and Soldiers.]*

AUMERLE

How brooks your grace the air  
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

KING RICHARD

Needs must I like it well. I weep for joy  
To stand upon my kingdom once again.  
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs.  
As a long-parted mother with her child  
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,  
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,  
And do thee favors with my royal hands.  
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,  
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;  
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,  
Guard it I pray thee, with a lurking adder,  
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch  
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.  
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords.  
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones  
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king  
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

CARLISLE

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

AUMERLE

My lord, we are remiss,  
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,  
Grows strong and great in substance and in power.

KING RICHARD

Discomfortable cousin, knowst thou not  
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid  
Behind the globe that lights the lower world,  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen  
In murders and in outrage boldly here;  
But when from under this terrestrial ball  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines

And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
 Then murders, treasons and detested sins,  
 The cloak of night being plucked from off their backs,  
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?  
 So, when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,  
 Who all this while hath reveled in the night  
 Whilst we were wand'ring with the Antipodes,  
 Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,  
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
 Not able to endure the sight of day,  
 But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.  
 Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
 Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;  
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
 The deputy elected by the Lord.  
 For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed  
 To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,  
 God for His Richard hath in heavenly pay  
 A glorious angel. Then, if angels fight,  
 Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

*[Enter Salisbury.]*

KING RICHARD  
 Welcome, my lord.

SALISBURY  
 My liege!

KING RICHARD  
 How far off lies your power?

SALISBURY  
 Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,  
 Than this weak arm.  
 One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,  
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.  
 Today, today, unhappy day too late,  
 O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune and thy state;  
 For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,  
 Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and fled.

AUMERLE  
 Comfort, my liege. Why looks your grace so pale?

KING RICHARD

But now the blood of twenty thousand men  
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;  
And till so much blood thither come again,  
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?

AUMERLE

Comfort, my liege. Remember who you are.

KING RICHARD

I had forgot myself. Am I not king?  
Awake, thou coward Majesty, thou sleepest!  
Is not the King's name twenty thousand names?  
Arm, arm, my name! A puny subject strikes  
At thy great glory. I know my uncle York  
Hath power enough to serve our turn.  
But who comes here?

SCROOP

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

KING RICHARD

Mine ear is open and my heart prepared.  
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.  
Say, is my kingdom lost? Why, 'twas my care;  
And what loss is it to be rid of care?  
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?  
Greater he shall not be. If he serve God,  
We'll serve Him too and be his fellow so.  
Revolt our subjects? That we cannot mend.  
They break their faith to God as well as us.

SCROOP

Glad am I that your Highness is so armed  
To bear the tidings of calamity.  
Like an unseasonable stormy day,  
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores  
So high above his limits swells the rage  
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land  
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.  
Both young and old rebel,  
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.



KING RICHARD

Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.  
 Where is Bagot?  
 What is become of Bushy? Where is Green –  
 That they have let the dangerous enemy  
 Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?  
 If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it!  
 I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

SCROOP

Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.

KING RICHARD

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

SCROOP

Their peace is made  
 With heads, and not with hands. Those whom you curse  
 Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound  
 And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground.

AUMERLE

Are Green and Bushy dead?

SCROOP

Ay, both of them at Bristow lost their heads.

AUMERLE

Where is the Duke my father with his power?

KING RICHARD

No matter where. Of comfort no man speak!  
 Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs,  
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.  
 Let's choose executors and talk of wills.  
 And yet not so, for what can we bequeath  
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground?  
 Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,  
 And nothing can we call our own but death.

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground  
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings –  
 How some have been deposed, some slain in war,  
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,  
 Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed –  
 All murdered. For within the hollow crown  
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
 Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,  
 Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,  
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
 To monarchize, be feared and kill with looks,  
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,  
 As if this flesh which walls about our life  
 Were brass impregnable; and humored thus,  
 Comes at the last and with a little pin  
 Bores through his castle wall, and farewell, king!  
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
 With solemn reverence. Throw away respect,  
 Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,  
 For you have but mistook me all this while.  
 I live with bread like you, feel want,  
 Taste grief, need friends. Subjected thus,  
 How can you say to me I am a king?

CARLISLE

My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,  
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.

AUMERLE

My father hath a power. Enquire of him,  
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

KING RICHARD

Thou chid'st me well. Proud Bolingbroke, I come  
 To change blows with thee for our day of doom.  
 This ague fit of fear is overblown.  
 An easy task it is to win our own.  
 Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?  
 Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

SCROOP

I play the torturer by small and small  
 To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:  
 Your uncle York is joined with Bolingbroke,  
 And all your northern castles yielded up,

And all your southern gentlemen in arms  
Upon his party.

KING RICHARD

Thou hast said enough.

*[To Aumerle.]*

Beshrew thee, Aumerle, which didst lead me forth  
Of that sweet way I was in to despair.

What say you now? What comfort have we now?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly

That bids me be of comfort any more.

That power I have, discharge.

Let no man speak again

To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

AUMERLE

My liege, one word.

KING RICHARD

He does me double wrong

That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.

Discharge my followers. Let them hence away,

From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

*[They exit.]*

*Episode 2 ends*

EPISODE 3**Act 3, Scene 3**

*[Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, with Soldiers]*

BOLINGBROKE

So that by this intelligence we learn  
The Welshmen are dispersed, and Salisbury  
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed  
With some few private friends upon this coast.

NORTHUMBERLAND

The news is very fair and good, my lord:  
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

YORK

It would beseem the Lord Northumberland  
To say 'King Richard'. Alack the heavy day  
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

NORTHUMBERLAND

Your grace mistakes; only to be brief  
Left I his title out.

YORK

The time hath been,  
Would you have been so brief with him, he would  
Have been so brief to shorten you,  
Your whole head's length.

BOLINGBROKE

Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

YORK

Take not, good nephew, further than you should,  
Lest you mis-take: The heavens are o'er our heads.

BOLINGBROKE

I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself  
Against their will.

But who comes here?

*[Enter HOTSPUR.]*

Welcome, Hotspur. What, will not this castle yield?

HOTSPUR

The castle royally is manned, my lord,  
Against thy entrance.

BOLINGBROKE

Royally?  
Why? it contains no king.

HOTSPUR

Yes, my good lord,  
It doth contain a king. King Richard lies  
Within the limits of yon lime and stone.

BOLINGBROKE [*to Northumberland*]

Northumberland  
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;  
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley  
Into his ruined ears, and thus deliver:  
Henry Bolingbroke  
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand  
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart  
To his most royal person, hither come  
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power  
Provided that my banishment repealed  
And lands restored again be freely granted.  
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power  
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood  
Rained from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen –  
Go signify as much, while here we march  
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

*[Northumberland approaches the battlements.]*

NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord.

BOLINGBROKE

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,  
That from this castle's tottering battlements  
Our fair appointments may be well perused.  
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet  
With no less terror than the elements  
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock  
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.  
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water;

The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain  
 My waters – on the earth and not on him.  
 March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

*[Bolingbroke's Soldiers march.]*

*[Richard appeareth on the walls with Aumerle.]*

BOLINGBROKE

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,  
 As doth the blushing discontented sun  
 From out the fiery portal of the east,  
 When he perceives the envious clouds are bent  
 To dim his glory and to stain the track  
 Of his bright passage to the Occident.

YORK

Yet looks he like a king. Behold, his eye,  
 As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
 Controlling majesty. Alack, alack for woe  
 That any harm should stain so fair a show!

KING RICHARD *[to Northumberland, below]*

We are amazed, and thus long have we stood  
 To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,  
 Because we thought ourself thy lawful king.  
 An if we be, how dare thy joints forget  
 To pay their awful duty to our presence?  
 If we be not, show us the hand of God  
 That hath dismissed us from our stewardship;  
 For well we know no hand of blood and bone  
 Can grip the sacred handle of our scepter,  
 Unless he do profane, steal or usurp.  
 And though you think that all, as you have done,  
 Have torn their souls by turning them from us,  
 And we are barren and bereft of friends,  
 Yet know: my Master, God omnipotent,  
 Is mustering in His clouds on our behalf  
 Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike  
 Your children, yet unborn and unbegot,  
 That lift your vassal hands against my head  
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.  
 Tell Bolingbroke – for yon methinks he stands –  
 That every stride he makes upon my land  
 Is dangerous treason. He is come to open  
 The purple testament of bleeding war;

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,  
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons  
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face,  
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace  
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew  
 Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

#### NORTHUMBERLAND

The King of Heaven forbid our lord the King  
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms  
 Be rushed upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,  
 Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;  
 And by the honorable tomb he swears  
 That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,  
 And by the royalties of both your bloods –  
 His coming hither hath no further scope  
 Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg  
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees.

#### KING RICHARD

Northumberland, say thus the King returns:  
 His noble cousin is right welcome hither,  
 And all the number of his fair demands  
 Shall be accomplished without contradiction.  
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast,  
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.  
*[Northumberland returns to Bolingbroke.]*  
*[To Aumerle.]* We do debase ourselves, Aumerle, do we not,  
 To look so poorly and to speak so fair?  
 Shall we call back Northumberland and send  
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

#### AUMERLE

No, good my lord. Let's fight with gentle words  
 Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

#### KING RICHARD

O God, O God, that e'er this tongue of mine  
 That laid the sentence of dread banishment  
 On yon proud man should take it off again  
 With words of sooth! O, that I were as great  
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name!  
 Or that I could forget what I have been,  
 Or not remember what I must be now.  
 Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

AUMERLE

Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

KING RICHARD

What must the King do now? Must he submit?  
 The King shall do it. Must he be deposed?  
 The King shall be contented. Must he lose  
 The name of King? I' God's name, let it go.  
 I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,  
 My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,  
 My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,  
 My figured goblets for a dish of wood,  
 My scepter for a palmer's walking staff,  
 My subjects for a pair of carved saints  
 And my large kingdom for a little grave,  
 A little, little grave, an obscure grave;  
 Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin!  
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears;  
 Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn  
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.  
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes  
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears  
 As thus, to drop them still upon one place  
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves  
 Within the earth; and, therein laid, there lies  
 Two kinsmen digged their graves with weeping eyes?  
 Would not this ill do well? Well, well...  
 Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,  
 What says King Bolingbroke? Will his majesty  
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?  
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says 'ay'.

NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord, in the base court he doth attend  
 To speak with you. May it please you to come down?

KING RICHARD

Down, down I come, like glist'ring Phaeton,  
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades.  
 In the base court. Base court where kings grow base  
 To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.  
 In the base court? Come down? Down court, down king!  
 For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.



BOLINGBROKE

Stand all apart,  
And show fair duty to his Majesty.  
My gracious lord.

KING RICHARD

Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee  
To make the base earth proud with kissing it.  
Me rather had my heart might feel your love  
Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.  
Up cousin, up. Your heart is up, I know,  
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

BOLINGBROKE

My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

KING RICHARD

Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

BOLINGBROKE

So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,  
As my true service shall deserve your love.

KING RICHARD

Well you deserve. They well deserve to have  
That know the strong'st and surest way to get!—

*[to York]*

Uncle,

Uncle, give me your hands. Nay, dry your eyes.  
Tears show their love but want their remedies.

*[To Bolingbroke]*

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;  
For do we must what force will have us do.  
Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?

BOLINGBROKE

Yea, my good lord.

KING RICHARD

Then I must not say no.

*[They exit.]*

**Act 3, Scene 4**

*[Enter the Queen with her Lady]*

QUEEN

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

LADY

Madam, we'll play at bowls.

QUEEN

'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs.

LADY

Madam, we'll dance.

QUEEN

My legs can keep no measure in delight  
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief.  
Therefore, no dancing, girl; Some other sport.

LADY

Madam, we'll tell tales.

QUEEN

Of sorrow or of joy?

LADY

Of either, madam.

QUEEN

Of neither, girl.  
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,  
It doth remember me the more of sorrow.  
Or if of grief, being altogether had,  
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy.

LADY

Madam, I'll sing.

QUEEN

'Tis well that thou hast cause;  
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.

LADY

I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

QUEEN

And I could sing, would weeping do me good,  
And never borrow any tear of thee.

*[Enter a Gardener and his man]*

GARDENER'S MAN

Let's rest a while. The day is hot.

GARDENER

What sayest thou? For shame!  
Much work remains to do.  
The fruit trees droop; the garden's overgrown.

QUEEN

But stay, here come the gardeners.  
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.  
They'll talk of state, for everyone doth so  
Against a change; woe is forerun with woe.

*[Queen and Ladies step aside.]*

GARDENER *[to his man]*

Go bind thou up young dangling apricocks,  
Which, like unruly children, make their sire  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight.  
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.  
And, like an executioner,  
Cut off the heads of too fast-growing sprays  
That look too lofty in our commonwealth.  
All must be even in our government.  
You thus employed, I will go root away  
The noisome weeds, which without profit suck  
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

GARDENER'S MAN

Why should we in the compass of a pale  
Keep law and form and due proportion,  
Showing as in a model, our firm estate,  
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,  
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,  
Her fruit trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined,

Her knots disordered and her wholesome herbs  
Swarming with caterpillars?

GARDENER

Hold thy peace.  
He that hath suffered this disordered spring  
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf.

GARDENER'S MAN

Huh?

GARDENER

The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,  
That seemed in eating him to hold him up,  
Are plucked up, root and all, by Bolingbroke –  
I mean Green and Bushy

GARDENER'S MAN

What, are they dead?

GARDENER

They are. And Bolingbroke  
Hath seized the wasteful King. O, what pity is it  
That he had not so trimmed and dressed his land  
As we this garden! We at time of year  
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees,  
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,  
With too much riches it confound itself.  
Had he done so to great and growing men,  
They might have lived to bear and he to taste  
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches  
We lop away that bearing boughs may live.  
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,  
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

GARDENER'S MAN

What, think you the King shall be deposed?

GARDENER

Depressed he is already, and deposed  
'Tis doubt he will be.

QUEEN

O, I am pressed to death  
Through want of speaking!

Thou, old Adam's likeness,  
 Set to dress this garden, how dares  
 Thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?  
 What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee  
 To make a second fall of cursed man?  
 Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?  
 Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,  
 Divine his downfall? Say where, when and how  
 Cam'st thou by this ill tidings? Speak, thou wretch!

GARDENER

Pardon me, madam. Little joy have I  
 To breathe this news; yet what I say is true.  
 King Richard he is in the mighty hold  
 Of Bolingbroke. Their fortunes both are weighed:  
 In your lord's scale is nothing but himself  
 And some few vanities that make him light;  
 But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,  
 Besides himself, are all the English peers,  
 And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.  
 Post you to London and you will find it so.  
 I speak no more than everyone doth know.

QUEEN

And am I last that knows it?  
 What, was I born to this, that my sad look  
 Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?  
 Gard'ner, for telling me these news of woe,  
 Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

GARDENER

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

*[They exit.]*

*(Episode 3 mid-point)*

**Act 4, Scene 1**

*[Enter Bolingbroke with Aumerle, Northumberland, Hotspur, Fitzwater, Surrey, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and another Lord, Herald, Officers as to Parliament.]*

BOLINGBROKE

Call forth Bagot.

*[Enter Officers with Bagot.]*

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

BAGOT

Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

BOLINGBROKE

Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

BAGOT

My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue  
 Scorns to unsay what once it hath delivered.  
 In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted,  
 I heard you say 'Is not my arm of length,  
 That reacheth from the restful English court  
 As far as Calais to mine uncle's head?'  
 Amongst much other talk, that very time,  
 I heard you say that you had rather refuse  
 The offer of an hundred thousand crowns  
 Than Bolingbroke's return to England –  
 Adding withal how blest this land would be  
 In this your cousin's death.

AUMERLE

Princes and noble lords,  
 What answer shall I make to this base man?  
 Shall I so much dishonor my fair stars  
 On equal terms to give him chastisement?  
 Either I must or have mine honor soiled  
 With the attainder of his sland'rous lips.  
 There is my gage, the manual seal of death  
 That marks thee out for hell. I say thou liest,  
 And will maintain what thou hast said is false

In thy heart-blood, though being all too base  
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

BOLINGBROKE

Bagot, forbear. Thou shalt not take it up.

AUMERLE

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

FITZWATER

If that thy valor stand on sympathy,  
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.  
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,  
I heard thee say – and vauntingly thou spak'st it –  
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.  
If thou deniest it twenty times, thou liest!  
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,  
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

AUMERLE

Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

FITZWATER

Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour!

AUMERLE

Fitzwater, thou art damned to hell for this.

HOTSPUR

Aumerle, thou liest. His honor is as true  
In this appeal as thou art all unjust.  
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage  
To prove it on thee to the extremest point  
Of mortal breathing.  
Seize it if thou dar'st.

AUMERLE

Who sets me else? By heaven, I'll throw at all.  
I have a thousand spirits in one breast  
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

SURREY

My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well  
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

FITZWATER

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

SURREY

As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true!

FITZWATER

Surrey, thou liest.

SURREY

Boy!

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword  
That it shall render vengeance and revenge  
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie  
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull,  
In proof whereof there is my honor's pawn.  
Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st.

FITZWATER

How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!  
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,  
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness  
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,  
And lies, and lies.  
There is my bond of faith  
To tie thee to my strong correction.  
Besides, I heard the banished Mowbray say  
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men  
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

AUMERLE

Some honest Christian trust me with a gage –  
That Mowbray lies, here do I throw down this,  
If he may be repealed to try his honor.

BOLINGBROKE

These differences shall all rest under gage  
Till Mowbray be repealed. Repealed he shall be,  
And, though mine enemy, restored again  
To all his lands and signiories. When he is returned,  
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.



CARLISLE

That honorable day shall ne'er be seen.  
 Many a time hath banished Mowbray fought  
 For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,  
 Retired himself  
 To Italy, and there at Venice gave  
 His body to that pleasant country's earth

BOLINGBROKE

Why, bishop, is Mowbray dead?

CARLISLE

As surely as I live, my lord.

BOLINGBROKE

Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom  
 Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants,  
 Your differences shall all rest under gage  
 Till we assign you to your days of trial.

YORK

Henry Bolingbroke, I come to thee  
 From plume-plucked Richard, who with willing soul  
 Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields  
 To the possession of thy royal hand.  
 Ascend his throne, descending now from him,  
 And long live Henry, fourth of that name!

BOLINGBROKE

In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

CARLISLE

Marry, God forbid!  
 Worst in this royal presence may I speak,  
 Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.  
 Would God that any in this noble presence  
 Were enough noble to be upright judge  
 Of noble Richard! Then true noblesse would  
 Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.  
 What subject can give sentence on his king?  
 And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?  
 Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear,  
 Although apparent guilt be seen in them;  
 And shall the figure of God's majesty,  
 His captain, steward, deputy elect,

Anointed, crowned, planted many years,  
 Be judged by subject and inferior breath,  
 And he himself not present? O, forfend it, God,  
 That in a Christian climate souls refined  
 Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed.  
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,  
 Stirred up by God, thus boldly for his king.  
 Henry Bolingbroke here, whom you call king,  
 Is a foul traitor to his king.  
 And if you crown him, let me prophesy  
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
 And future ages groan for this foul act.  
 Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny  
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be called  
 The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.  
 O, if you raise this house against this house,  
 It will the woofullest division prove  
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth.  
 Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,  
 Lest child, child's children, cry against you, 'Woe!'.

#### NORTHUMBERLAND

Well have you argued, sir; and for your pains,  
 Of capital treason we arrest you here.  
 My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge  
 To keep him safely till his day of trial.  
*[Bishop of Carlisle is taken into custody.]*  
 May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

#### BOLINGBROKE

Fetch hither Richard, that in common view  
 He may surrender. So we shall proceed  
 Without suspicion.

#### YORK

I will be his conduct.

*[He exits.]*

#### BOLINGBROKE

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

*[Enter Richard and York.]*

KING RICHARD

Alack, why am I sent for to a king  
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts  
 Wherewith I reigned? I hardly yet have learned  
 To insinuate, flatter, bow and bend my knee.  
 Give Sorrow leave awhile to tutor me  
 To this submission. Yet I well remember  
 The favors of these men. Were they not mine?  
 Did they not sometime cry 'All hail' to me?  
 So Judas did to Christ, but He in twelve  
 Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.  
 God save the King! Will no man say 'Amen'?  
 Am I both priest and clerk? Well then, Amen.  
 God save the King, although I be not he,  
 And yet Amen, if heaven do think him me.  
 To do what service am I sent for hither?

YORK

To do that office of thine own good will  
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer –  
 The resignation of thy state and crown  
 To Henry Bolingbroke.

KING RICHARD

Give me the crown.  
 Here, cousin, seize the crown.  
 Here, cousin.

RICHARD

On this side my hand, on that side thine.  
 Now is this golden crown like a deep well  
 That owes two buckets, filling one another,  
 The emptier ever dancing in the air,  
 The other down, unseen and full of water.  
 That bucket down and full of tears am I,  
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

BOLINGBROKE

I thought you had been willing to resign.

KING RICHARD

My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine.  
 You may my glories and my state depose,

But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

BOLINGBROKE

Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

KING RICHARD

Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.  
 My care is loss of care, by old care done;  
 Your care is gain of care, by new care won.  
 The cares I give, I have, though given away;  
 They 'tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

BOLINGBROKE

Are you contented to resign the crown?

KING RICHARD

Ay, no. No, ay; for I must nothing be.  
 Therefore no 'no,' for I resign to thee.  
 Now mark me how I will undo myself:  
 I give this heavy weight from off my head,  
 And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,  
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;  
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm,  
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,  
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,  
 With mine own breath release all duteous oaths.  
 All pomp and majesty I do forswear;  
 My manors, rents, revenues I forgo;  
 My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny.  
 God pardon all oaths that are broke to me;  
 God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee.  
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,  
 And thou with all pleased that hast all achieved.  
 Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,  
 And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!  
 'God save King Henry', unkinged Richard says,  
 'And send him many years of sunshine days!' –  
 What more remains?

NORTHUMBERLAND

No more, but that you read  
 These accusations and these grievous crimes  
 Committed by your person and your followers  
 Against the state and profit of this land,  
 That, by confessing them, the souls of men

May deem that you are worthily deposed.

KING RICHARD

Must I do so? And must I ravel out  
 My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,  
 If thy offenses were upon record,  
 Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop  
 To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,  
 There shouldst thou find one heinous article  
 Containing the deposing of a king  
 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,  
 Marked with a blot, damned in the book of heaven.  
 Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me  
 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,  
 Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,  
 Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates  
 Have here delivered me to my sour cross,  
 And water cannot wash away your sin.

NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord, dispatch. Read o'er these articles.

KING RICHARD

Mine eyes are full of tears; I cannot see.  
 And yet salt water blinds them not so much  
 But they can see a sort of traitors here.  
 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,  
 I find myself a traitor with the rest;  
 For I have given here my soul's consent  
 T'undeck the pompous body of a king,  
 Made Glory base and Sovereignty a slave,  
 Proud Majesty a subject, State a peasant.

NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord –

KING RICHARD

No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,  
 Nor no man's lord! I have no name, no title –  
 No, not that name was given me at the font –  
 But 'tis usurped. Alack the heavy day,  
 That I have worn so many winters out  
 And know not now what name to call myself.  
 O, that I were a mockery king of snow  
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,

To melt myself away in water-drops!  
 Good King; great King – and yet not greatly good –  
 An if my word be sterling yet in England,  
 Let it command a mirror hither straight,  
 That it may show me what a face I have,  
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

BOLINGBROKE

Go, some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

*[An Attendant exits.]*

NORTHUMBERLAND

Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

KING RICHARD

Fiend, thou torments me ere I come to hell!

BOLINGBROKE

Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

NORTHUMBERLAND

The commons will not then be satisfied.

KING RICHARD

They shall be satisfied. I'll read enough  
 When I do see the very book indeed  
 Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

*[Enter one with a mirror]*

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.

*[He takes the mirror.]*

No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath Sorrow struck  
 So many blows upon this face of mine  
 And made no deeper wounds? O, flatt'ring glass,  
 Like to my followers in prosperity,  
 Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face  
 That every day under his household roof  
 Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face  
 That like the sun did make beholders wink?  
 Is this the face which faced so many follies,  
 That was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?  
 A brittle glory shineth in this face –  
 As brittle as the glory is the face!

*[Shatters mirror.]*

For there it is, cracked in an hundred shivers.

Mark, silent King, the moral of this sport,  
How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.

BOLINGBROKE

The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed  
The shadow of your face.

KING RICHARD

Say that again!  
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha, let's see.  
'Tis very true. My grief lies all within;  
And these external manners of laments  
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief  
That swells with silence in the tortured soul.  
There lies the substance. And I thank thee, King,  
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st  
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way  
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,  
And then be gone and trouble you no more.  
Shall I obtain it?

BOLINGBROKE

Name it, fair cousin.

KING RICHARD

'Fair cousin'? I am greater than a king;  
For when I was a king, my flatterers  
Were then but subjects. Being now a subject,  
I have a king here to my flatterer.  
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

BOLINGBROKE

Yet ask.

KING RICHARD

And shall I have?

BOLINGBROKE

You shall.

KING RICHARD

Then give me leave to go.

BOLINGBROKE

Whither?

KING RICHARD

Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

BOLINGBROKE

Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

KING RICHARD

O, good! – ‘Convey’! Conveyers are you all  
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

*[Richard exits with Guards.]*

BOLINGBROKE

On Wednesday next we solemnly set down  
Our coronation. Lords, prepare yourselves.

*[They exit. The Abbot of Westminster, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle remain.]*

ABBOT

A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

AUMERLE

You holy clergyman, is there no plot  
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

ABBOT

My lord,  
I see your brow is full of discontent,  
Your heart of sorrow and your eyes of tears.  
Come home with me to supper. I'll lay  
A plot shall show us all a merry day.

*[They exit.]*

*(Episode 3 ends)*



EPISODE 4**Act 5, Scene 1**

*[Enter the Queen with her Attendants.]*

QUEEN

This way the King will come. This is the way  
To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,  
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord  
Is doomed a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.

*[Enter Richard and Guard.]*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see  
My fair rose wither. Yet look up, behold,  
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,  
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.

KING RICHARD

Join not with grief, fair woman.  
Hie thee to France,  
And cloister thee in some religious house.  
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,  
Which our profane hours here have thrown down.

QUEEN

What, is my Richard both in shape and mind  
Transformed and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke  
Deposed thine intellect?

KING RICHARD

Good sometimes queen, prepare thee hence for France.  
Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,  
As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.

*[Enter Northumberland.]*

NORTHUMBERLAND

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

KING RICHARD

Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal  
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne.

Thou shalt think,  
 Though he divide the realm and give thee half,  
 It is too little, helping him to all.  
 He shall think that thou, which knowest the way  
 To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
 Being ne'er so little urged another way  
 To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.

NORTHUMBERLAND

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

KING RICHARD

Doubly divorced! Bad men, you violate  
 A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me  
 And then betwixt me and my married wife.  
 My Queen.  
 Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me –  
 And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.

QUEEN

And must we be divided? Must we part?

KING RICHARD

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

QUEEN

Banish us both, and send the King with me.

NORTHUMBERLAND

That were some love, but little policy.

QUEEN

Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

KING RICHARD

So two together, weeping, make one woe.  
 Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;  
 Go count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.

QUEEN

So longest way shall have the longest moans.

KING RICHARD

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

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.  
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;  
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

*[They kiss.]*

QUEEN

Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part  
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.

*[They kiss.]*

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,  
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

KING RICHARD

We make woe wanton with this fond delay.  
Once more, adieu. The rest let Sorrow say.

*[They exit]*

**Act 5, Scene 2**

*[Enter Duke of York and the Duchess.]*

DUCHESS

My lord, my lord you told me you would tell the rest,  
When weeping made you break the story off  
Of our two nephews' coming into London.

YORK

Where did I leave?

DUCHESS

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

YORK

Then, as I said,  
the Duke, great Bolingbroke,  
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know,  
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,  
Whilst all tongues cried, 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'  
You would have thought the very windows spake,  
So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
Upon his visage, and that all the walls  
With painted imagery had said at once,  
'Jesu preserve thee! Welcome, Bolingbroke!'

YORK

Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,  
Bespake them thus:

BOLINGBROKE

'I thank you countrymen'

YORK

And thus still doing, thus he passed along.

DUCHESS

Alack, poor Richard! Where rode he the whilst?

YORK

As in a theater the eyes of men,  
 After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,  
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious,  
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
 Did scowl on gentle Richard. No man cried God save him!  
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home,  
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,  
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,  
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
 The badges of his grief and patience,  
 But heaven hath a hand in these events,  
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.  
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,  
 Whose state and honor I for aye allow.

*[Enter Aumerle.]*

DUCHESS

Here comes my son, Aumerle.

YORK

I am in Parliament pledge for his truth  
 And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

DUCHESS

Welcome, my son. Who are the violets now  
 That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

AUMERLE

Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not.  
 God knows I had as lief be none as one.

YORK

Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,  
 Lest you be cropped before you come to prime.  
 What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?  
 Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the writing.

AUMERLE

My lord, 'tis nothing.

YORK

No matter, then, who see it.

I will be satisfied. Let me see the writing.

AUMERLE

I do beseech your grace to pardon me.  
It is a matter of small consequence,  
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

YORK

Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.  
I fear, I fear –

DUCHESS

What should you fear?  
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is entered into  
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

YORK

Bound to himself? Wife, thou art a fool.  
Boy, let me see the writing.

AUMERLE

I do beseech you, pardon me. I may not show it.

YORK

I will be satisfied. Let me see it, I say.

*[He plucks it out of his bosom and reads it.]*

Treason, foul treason! Villain, traitor, slave!

DUCHESS

What is the matter, my lord?

YORK *[calling offstage]*

God for His mercy, what treachery is here!

DUCHESS

Why, what is't, my lord?

YORK *[calling offstage]*

Give me my boots. Saddle my horse.  
Now, by mine honor, by my life, by my troth,  
I will denounce the villain!

DUCHESS  
What is the matter?

YORK  
Peace, foolish woman!

DUCHESS  
I will not peace. What is the matter, Aumerle?

AUMERLE  
Good mother, be content. It is no more  
Than my poor life must answer.

DUCHESS  
Thy life answer?

YORK [*calling offstage*]  
Bring me my boots! I will unto the King.  
Give me my boots, I say.

DUCHESS  
Why, York, what wilt thou do?  
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?  
Have we more sons? Or are we like to have?  
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age  
And rob me of a happy mother's name?  
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine own?

YORK  
Thou fond mad woman,  
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?  
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament  
And interchangeably set down their hands  
To kill the King at Oxford.

DUCHESS  
He shall be none;  
We'll keep him here. Then what is that to him?

YORK  
Away, fond woman! Were he twenty times my son,  
I would denounce him.

DUCHESS  
Hadst thou groaned for him

As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.  
But now I know thy mind. Thou dost suspect  
That I have been disloyal to thy bed  
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.  
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind.  
He is as like thee as a man may be,  
Not like to me, or any of my kin,  
And yet I love him.

YORK

Make way, unruly woman.

*[He exits.]*

DUCHESS

After, Aumerle!

Spur, post, and get before him to the King  
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.

I'll not be long behind

And never will I rise up from the ground

Till Bolingbroke have pardoned thee. Away, be gone!

*[They exit.]*



**Act 5, Scene 3**

*[Enter the King with his Nobles.]*

KING HENRY

Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?  
 'Tis full three months since I did see him last.  
 If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.  
 I would to God, my lords, he might be found.  
 Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there.

HOTSPUR

My lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,  
 And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

KING HENRY

And what said the gallant?

HOTSPUR

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

KING HENRY

As dissolute as desp'rate!  
 But who comes here?

*[Enter Aumerle.]*

AUMERLE

Where is the King?

KING HENRY

What means our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

AUMERLE

God save your Grace! I do beseech your majesty  
 To have some conference with your grace alone.

KING HENRY *[to his Nobles]*

Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

*[They exit.]*

What is the matter with our cousin now?

AUMERLE [*Kneels.*]

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

KING HENRY

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

AUMERLE

Then give me leave that I may turn the key,  
That no man enter till my tale be done.

KING HENRY

Have thy desire. [*Aumerles stands.*]

[*York knocks at the door*]

YORK

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

KING HENRY [*to Aumerle*]

Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Draws his sword.*]

AUMERLE

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

YORK

Open the door, secure, foolhardy King!  
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?  
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*Enter York.*]

KING HENRY

What is the matter, uncle? Speak!  
Recover breath. Tell us how near is danger,  
That we may arm us to encounter it.

YORK

Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know

The treason that my haste forbids me show.

AUMERLE *[to King Henry]*

Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise passed.

I do repent me. Read not my name there;

My heart is not confederate with my hand.

YORK

It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, King.

Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.

Forget to pity him, lest pity prove

A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

KING HENRY

O heinous, strong and bold conspiracy!

O loyal father of a treacherous son!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad,

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

YORK

Mine honor lives when his dishonor dies,

Or my shamed life in his dishonor lies.

*[Knocking.]*

DUCHESS

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

KING HENRY

What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry?

DUCHESS

A woman and thy aunt, great king. 'Tis I.

Speak with me, pity me. Open the door!

A beggar begs that never begged before.

KING HENRY

Our scene is altered from a serious thing

And now changed to 'The Beggar and the King'. --

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in.

I know she is come to pray for your foul sin.

YORK

If thou do pardon whosoever pray,  
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.

DUCHESS

O King, believe not this hard-hearted man.  
Love loving not itself, none other can.

YORK

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

DUCHESS [*Kneels.*]

Sweet York, be patient.  
Hear me, gentle liege.

KING HENRY

Rise up, good aunt!

DUCHESS [*Kneels.*]

Not yet, I thee beseech.  
For ever will I walk upon my knees  
And never see day that the happy sees  
Till thou give joy, until thou bid me joy,  
By pardoning my son, my transgressing boy.

AUMERLE [*Kneels.*]

Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.

YORK

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

DUCHESS

Pleads he in earnest? Look upon his face.  
His eyes do drop no tears; his prayers are in jest;  
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast.  
He prays but faintly and would be denied;  
We pray with heart and soul and all beside.

KING HENRY

I say good aunt, stand up.

DUCHESS

Nay, do not say 'Stand up'

'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.  
 I never longed to hear a word till now  
 Say 'Pardon', King let pity teach thee how  
 The word is short, but not so short as sweet  
 no word like 'Pardon' for kings' mouth so meet

YORK

Speak it in French, King; say "*pardonnez-moi*"

DUCHESS

Speak 'pardon' as 'tis current in our land.  
 The chopping French we do not understand.  
 Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there.

KING HENRY

Good aunt, stand up.

DUCHESS

I do not sue to stand.  
 Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

KING HENRY

I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

DUCHESS

O, happy vantage of a kneeling knee!  
 Yet am I sick for fear. Speak it again,  
 Twice saying 'Pardon' doth not pardon twain,  
 But makes one pardon strong.

KING HENRY

I pardon him with all my heart.

DUCHESS

A god on earth thou art!

KING HENRY

Good aunt, cousin, uncle, stand up!

*[York, Duchess of York and Aumerle rise.]*

KING HENRY

But for our trusty brother-in-law and the Abbot,  
 With all the rest of that consorted crew,  
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.

Good uncle, help to order several powers  
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are;  
They shall not live within this world, I swear,  
But I will have them, if I once know where.  
Uncle, farewell, and so, cousin, adieu.  
Your mother well hath prayed, and prove you true.

DUCHESS

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

*[They exit.]*

*(Episode 4 mid point)*

**Act 5, Scene 4**

*[Enter Sir Pierce Exton and Servant]*

EXTON  
Psst, sirrah!

SERVANT  
Huh

EXTON  
Come hither!  
Didst thou not mark the King, what words he spake:  
"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"  
Was it not so?

SERVANT  
These were his very words.

EXTON  
'Have I no friend?' quoth he. He spake it twice,  
And urged it twice together, did he not?

SERVANT  
He did.

EXTON  
And speaking it, he wishly looked on me,  
As who should say, "I would thou wert the man  
That would divorce this terror from my heart',  
Meaning King Richard at Pomfret. Come, let's go.  
I am King Henry's friend and will rid his foe.

*[They exit.]*

## Act 5, Scene 5

*[Enter Richard alone.]*

RICHARD

I have been studying how I may compare  
 This prison where I live unto the world;  
 And for because the world is populous  
 And here is not a creature but myself,  
 I cannot do it. Yet I'll hammer't out.  
 My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,  
 My soul 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 intermixed  
 With scruples, and do set the word itself  
 Against the word, as thus: 'Come, little ones';  
 And then again:  
 'It is as hard to come as for a camel  
 To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.'  
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
 Unlikely wonders – how these vain weak nails  
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs  
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,  
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.  
 Thus play I in one person many people,  
 And none contented. Sometimes am I king;  
 Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,  
 And so I am. Then crushing penury  
 Persuades me I was better when a king;  
 Then am I kinged again, and by and by  
 Think that I am unkinged by Bolingbroke,  
 And straight am nothing. But whate'er I be,  
 Nor I nor any man that but man is  
 With nothing shall be pleased till he be eased  
 With being nothing. Music do I hear?  
 Ha, ha, keep time! How sour sweet music is  
 When time is broke and no proportion kept!  
 So is it in the music of men's lives.  
 And here have I the daintiness of ear  
 To check time broke in a disordered string,  
 But for the concord of my state and time  
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.



I wasted time, and now doth Time waste me;  
 For now hath Time made me his numb'ring clock.  
 My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar  
 Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,  
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,  
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.  
 Now, sir, the sound that tells what hour it is  
 Are clamorous groans which strike upon my heart,  
 Which is the bell. So sighs, and tears, and groans  
 Show minutes, times, and hours. But my time  
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,  
 While I stand fooling here, his jack of the clock.  
 This music mads me! Let it sound no more;  
 For though it have help madmen to their wits,  
 In me it seems it will make wise men mad.  
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me,  
 For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard  
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

*[Enter a Groom of the stable.]*

GROOM  
 Hail, royal Prince!

RICHARD  
 Thanks, noble peer.  
 What art thou, and how comest thou hither  
 Where no man never comes but that sad dog  
 That brings me food to make misfortune live?

GROOM  
 I was a poor groom of thy stable, King,  
 When thou wert king, who, traveling towards York,  
 With much ado, at length have gotten leave  
 To look upon my sometime royal master's face.  
 O, how it earned my heart when I beheld  
 In London streets, that coronation day,  
 When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,  
 That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,  
 That horse that I so carefully have dressed.

RICHARD  
 Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,  
 How went he under him?

GROOM

So proudly as if he disdained the ground.

RICHARD

So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back?  
 That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;  
 This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.  
 Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,  
 Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck  
 Of that proud man that did usurp his back?  
 Forgiveness, horse. Why do I rail on thee,  
 Since thou, created to be awed by man,  
 Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse,  
 And yet I bear a burden like an ass,  
 Spurred, galled and tired by jauncing Bolingbroke.

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

KEEPER, [to Groom]

Fellow, give place. Here is no longer stay.

RICHARD, [to Groom]

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

GROOM

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

*[Groom exits.]*

KEEPER

My lord, will't please you to fall to?

RICHARD

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.

RICHARD *[attacking the Keeper]*

The devil take Henry Bolingbroke and thee!  
 Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

*[Richard kills Keeper.]*

KEEPER

Help, help, help!

*[The Murderers, Exton and his men rush in.]*

RICHARD

How now! What means Death in this rude assault?  
Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

*[Seizes a Servant's weapon and kills him with it.]*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell!

*[Kills another Servant.]*

That hand shall burn in never-quiencing fire  
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand  
Hath with the King's blood stained the King's own land.  
Mount, mount, my soul! Thy seat is up on high,  
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward here to die.

*[He dies.]*

EXTON

As full of valor as of royal blood!  
Both have I spilled. O, would the deed were good!  
For now the devil that told me I did well  
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.  
This dead King to the living King I'll bear.  
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

*[They exit with the bodies.]*

**Act 5, Scene 6**

*[Enter King Henry, with the Duke of York.]*

KING HENRY  
Kind uncle York

YORK  
My lord

KING HENRY  
The latest news we hear  
Is that the rebels have consumed with fire  
A town in Gloucestershire,  
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.  
*[Enter Northumberland.]*  
My lord Northumberland. What is the news?

NORTHUMBERLAND  
First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.  
The next news is, I here deliver  
Oxford, Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt and Kent.  
The manner of their taking may appear  
At large discoursed in this paper here.

KING HENRY  
We thank thee, gentle Northumberland, for thy pains,  
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

*[Enter Fitzwater.]*

FITZWATER  
My lord, I here deliver  
Those dangerous consorted traitors  
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

KING HENRY  
Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot.  
Right noble is thy merit.  
*[Enter Hotspur with Carlisle as prisoner.]*  
Young Hotspur!

HOTSPUR  
The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,  
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy

Hath yielded up his body to the grave.  
 But here is Carlisle living, to abide  
 Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

KING HENRY  
 Carlisle.

CARLISLE  
 My liege.

KING HENRY  
 This is your doom:  
 Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,  
 More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life.  
 So as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife;  
 For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,  
 High sparks of honor in thee have I seen.

*[Enter Exton and servants bearing the coffin.]*

EXTON  
 Great King, I here present  
 Thy buried fear. Herein all breathless lies  
 The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,  
 Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

KING HENRY  
 Exton, I thank thee not, for thou hast wrought  
 A deed of slander with thy fatal hand  
 Upon my head and all this famous land.

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

KING HENRY  
 They love not poison that do poison need,  
 Nor do I thee. Though I did wish him dead,  
 I hate the murderer, love him murdered.  
 The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labor,  
 But neither my good word nor princely favor.  
 With Cain go wander through shades of night,  
 And never show thy head by day nor light.  
 Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe  
 That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow.  
 Come, mourn with me for what I do lament  
 And put on sullen black incontinent.

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land  
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.  
March sadly after; Grace my mournings here  
In weeping after this untimely bier.

*[They exit, following the coffin]*

*Episode 4 Ends*