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 appellant 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

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

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 venomed 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 exclaims
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 suff’ring 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 appellant 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 regret 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, regret, nor reconcile
This louring 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
Whereeto, 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 unstaid 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
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 bondslave 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 burdensome 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 unavoided 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 expedition,
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 unpossible.

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 unthrifts? 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 seigniories,
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'rering 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
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 be seem 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 sons  
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 beseeeming 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 woefullest 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 Bolingbrooke.

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 haughty 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)
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 un Kiss 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.

68
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 unthrift 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 commonest 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’

75
‘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 wishtly 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?

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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-quenching 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
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 livest 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