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KING RICHARD II

by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by

LIONEL ALDRED

*Exhibitioner of Gonville and Caius College
Cambridge*

With an Introduction by

ST. JOHN ERVINE

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HISTORICAL DRAMA AND SHAKESPEARE'S " RICHARD II "

By ST. JOHN ERVINE

I

No one, so far as I am aware, has attempted to describe the effect which historical plays and novels have on the popular mind in its attitude towards historical persons. We who are not exact historians, if, indeed, there *are* any exact historians, derive most, if not all, of our impressions of Richard III from Shakespeare's play. He was, we confidently assure ourselves, a crooked monster of iniquity, very villainous of aspect, and so devoured by ambition that he contrived the murder of two little boys, his nephews, so that he might rob them of their rights and become the king of England. Incidentally, he made himself also the prototype of the Wicked Uncle in the legend of *The Babes in the Wood*. That opinion of Richard has been stamped on our minds by Shakespeare, and all the efforts of modern authors to correct or remove it have failed. Sir Clements Markham and Miss Marjorie Boweri have ineffectually stated, offering documentary proof of their assertions, that Richard was able and handsome and even physically upright, but he remains for most of us, and will continue to remain while a pantomime is performed, while Shakespeare's play holds its place on the stage, a

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sour-faced, dark-visaged and repellent hunchback, addicted to cruelty, persecution, and infanticide. It is a great mistake for a monarch to get into an author's bad books.

The history of Scotland has been coloured for a multitude of readers by Sir Walter Scott, and Dickens, as much as any man, is responsible for the general and odd belief that every peasant in the French Revolution was a bloodthirsty villain and every aristocrat a pattern of propriety. Dickens, it is true, endeavoured to keep a balance by showing how badly many of the nobles had behaved, how unendurably and for how long the peasants had been provoked, but the principal effect of *A Tale of Two Cities* was to fix in the popular mind an ineradicable belief that all persons of title in France in the year 1793 were of unsurpassable probity, brave, generous, high-spirited, pious, and unquenchably kind, while all peasants, philosophers, and university professors were bloodthirsty cowards and atheists, utterly base and destitute of compassion.

The abler the author is, the more likely we are to share his opinion of the past. The force of his imagination, if he be a genius, is strong enough to make us agree with him even if we are unaware of the extent to which his mind is reducing ours to subjection. The outrageous portrait of Joan of Arc in *King Henry VI, Part 1*, probably compelled a host of Shakespeare's contemporaries to believe that the Maid was no better than she ought to have been. Time, indeed, has avenged her, although it has not yet avenged Richard III, and we are so ashamed of her portrait in this play that we now deny that Shakespeare had any hand in it. " We may be

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sure," the late Sir Israel Gollancz wrote, " that at no time in his career could he have been guilty of the crude and vulgar presentment of Joan of Arc in the latter part of the play." But may we be so sure as all that? He was twenty-seven in the year 1591 when the play is thought to have been written. Nobody knows how long he had been resident in London, but it is certain that he cannot have been living there for more than six years and probably only three or four. He was not an historian, nor, although he was far better educated than Baconians and other fearful wildfowl will admit, was he a scholar in the sense that he had a large fund of formal instruction behind him. Even if he had been a graduate of a university, he might have had small interest in, or knowledge of, history. Not every man who has been to Oxford or Cambridge is to be trusted to tell the truth about the past. It was not Shakespeare's habit to separate the facts from the fiction in any records he read, even if we dare suppose he had enough scholarship to enable him to sift them. He had heard opinions expressed and tales told in the *Mermaid Tavern*, and when he searched the pages of Plutarch's *Lives* and Holinshed's *Chronicles* and Stowe's *Annals* for a dramatisable story, he took it, opinions and all, especially if they confirmed contemporary talk, and made a play of it without any further fuss about exactness of statement. The *Mermaid* was, in many respects, Shakespeare's university. Here the quick-witted young poet heard much argument about it and about, but never came out by the same door wherein he went. He listened and he learnt, but all that he learnt was not true nor was it historically exact. We need not feel astonished at his aspersions of the Maid when we remember that

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Lytton Strachey aspersed the name of General Gordon, asserting on the flimsiest grounds that he was an habitual drunkard, although he had access to documents and sources of information that were not available to Shakespeare. It will not be easy to dispense the facts on this subject among the great horde of persons who read *Eminent Victorians* and are inclined to think that the possession of a felicitous style exempts its owner from any obligation to state the truth or observe the canons of common decency.

II

To doubt the correctness of the historians whose work was available to him probably did not occur to Shakespeare, and it is as certain as anything not actually positive may be that he, young, imperfectly informed, new from a remote and unimportant village, aware of his provincial, even rustic, accent, and eager to frequent the society of elegant gentlemen of rank, shared the fashionable, as well as the popular, prejudices and superstitions about the enemies of his country. It would have seemed to so young and raw a man a piece of presumption to dispute the statements of eminent authors and scholars. Who, in any event, was he to know that the Pucelle would one day be canonised by the Church which had allowed her to be burnt to death? What could Shakespeare's pennyworth of learning oppose to men who had spent their lives in historical study?

We have only to remember what we said and believed about the Germans in the late War, what we said and believed about the Boers when we fought them, and what they said and believed about us, to

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feel our confidence in our own rectitude in circumstances such as those in which Shakespeare found himself rapidly running away from us. And his were days when men had to depend on gossip and rumours for their opinions far more than we need to.

111

In estimating the value of an historical play, we must make an allowance for the temper and beliefs of its author's time. It would be foolish to complain of the writer of *King Henry VI, Part 1*, because his account of the Maid differs essentially from Mr. Bernard Shaw's, which, in its turn, essentially differs from that given by Anatole France, as it and Andrew Lang's differ from Mark Twain's. These authors had access to documents and information that were not available to the writer of the play attributed to Shakespeare, but the fact that they had this access has not prevented them from colouring their accounts with their own idiosyncrasies or disabled them from interpreting the Maid's character in terms of their own. It is a national misfortune that our greatest poetic dramatist is associated with a very low opinion of her. An author may take an individual view of an historical personage, as Mr. Shaw did in the case of Joan, or he may repeat the popular and general view of him, as did the author of *King Henry VI, Part 1*, but in either instance we shall do him wrong if we suppose him to be lying or insincere. Our attitude towards an historical play or novel must, therefore, be different from that which we adopt towards works which are avowedly fictitious. Our own nature and training and prejudices or principles,

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whichever we choose to call them, will compel us to take a different attitude towards histories from the attitude we will naturally adopt towards imaginative works. If we are interested only in entertainment, it will not matter much to us that the facts have been falsified and the characters enhanced or aspersed, provided that the entertainment is good and the events dramatic. It will be enough for us if the heroes are heroic instead of spineless, as in the modern manner, and the villains villainous instead of victims of their environment. We shall be content to regard them as imaginative, rather than actual figures, accepting the hero as an ideal of what we should wish to be, condemning the villain as the epitome of all we abhor in ourselves and others, and aware that neither exists. If, however, we are students of history, and feel pedantic about exactness of statement, our interest will turn to disgust and our pleasure to mortification, if not to fury, when we find that the author has misdescribed the characters and travestied the facts as we know them. It will be no answer to us that he has provided plenty of excitement, especially if our view of history is taken from a partisan point of view. A play about the last Tsar of Russia will affect a Royalist and a Bolshevik very differently, even if the facts are truthfully stated. A pedantic student of history will object to an author's manipulation of events in the interests even of dramatic economy, although this manipulation does no damage to the essentials. A case in point is the end of Mr. John Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*, to which exception was taken by pedants because Mr. Drinkwater makes the President die in the theatre a few minutes after he is shot by Booth instead of in a house to which he was

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carried and in which he expired at 7.22 on the following morning. Merely to be exact would have entailed an additional scene in Mr. Drinkwater's play, without adding anything but expense to the performance. An author may innocently set a flame to political passions that have developed subsequently to the writing of his play. When Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People* was performed at His Majesty's Theatre by Sir Herbert Tree soon after a Liberal Government had been returned to power with a very large majority, Dr. Stockmann's statement that " the most dangerous foe to truth and freedom in our midst is . . . the confounded, compact, liberal majority," turned the theatre into an arena of contending parties whose passions were further inflamed by Dr. Stockmann's assertions that " the maddest thing of all is to see crowds of grown men, calling themselves Liberals, go about persuading themselves and others that they are friends of freedom," and " I only meant to drive it into the heads of these curs that the Liberals are the craftiest foes free men have to face ! . . ." A reference to George III in a play by Mr. Shaw set a Dublin audience after the War hullabalooing in terms of the reign of George V. Mr. Coward's *Cavalcade* was accepted as propaganda for the National Government, although, as he himself asserts in the preface of his volume, *Play Parade*, he was " as usual, so bleakly uninterested in politics that I had not the remotest idea, until a few days before the production, that there was going to be an election at all ! " These examples, and many others that might be adduced, warn the dramatist that he must not expect an historical play to receive the same dispassionate attention that is given to a work of imagination.

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IV

The author of imaginary persons is bound only by the necessity to make his characters conform to the behaviour of recognisable people, and he can escape censure for improbability by pleading that it takes all sorts to make a world and that some very queer and incalculable men and women undoubtedly exist. Any invented character must have some relation to real people, since it is impossible for an author to conceive of characters who have no relationship to reality. We cannot imagine the unimaginable : we must create our characters in some resemblance to human beings. Our conception of God, if we make any effort to give it a form, inevitably takes a human shape. The imagination is the prisoner of the body in which it was born. But the author of an historical play cannot take the liberties that are allowed to the author of fiction, for he binds his imagination to definite and particular persons and to known and recorded events. He cannot escape censure for falsifying the facts or misdescribing the characters by pleading that somewhere in the world such men and women as he has portrayed live or have lived ; for he has chosen to limit his efforts at portraiture to particular people who lived in one place at one time and did or said certain known and recorded things. The people in an historical play are not *any* people, but are specified persons whose acts and speeches are documented and must, therefore, in the novel or play bear some relation to what is known of them. We may differ as deeply as a Royalist from a Roundhead in our attitude towards Wills's *Charles 7*, but we may not, except at our peril, tamper with the facts. The

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dramatist has his work cut out for him when he tries to step warily and truthfully between these deeply biassed disputants, and will probably cry a plague on all their houses and insist on presenting his argument in his own way and in his own words. He may even use the facts, not for their own sake or because of any interest he has in those to whom they relate, but as a warning to his contemporaries, or a means of persuading one of them to change his habits. That, according to Professor Dover Wilson, in his brilliant, brief book, *The Essential Shakespeare*, is what Shakespeare did in this play, *The Tragedy of King Richard II*, which I am at last and, the reader may pardonably complain, tardily about to consider.

V

Professor Dover Wilson insists that the poet spent a large part of his life in pointing morals to the Earl of Essex. He used any person and any incident as an object lesson to the wilful and importunate young peer who hoped to sit on Elizabeth's throne. If this theory is sound, and it is no less convincing than it is ingenious, the faults we find in this tragedy become instantly explicable, even justifiable. Why was it that Shakespeare, in writing it, restricted his attention to the last and weakest years of Richard's reign? Why do we hear nothing of the daring boy who courageously confronted the angry peasants after Wat Tyler had been stabbed by the Mayor of London, and offered to be their captain and their king? Why is there no reference to the brave and able young monarch who, having dismissed his uncle Gloucester in a biting sentence, ruled England wisely and well for nine years and concluded a peace with France that

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lasted for twenty-eight years? Because, Professor Dover Wilson says, Shakespeare was interested in Richard only in so far as his life was a warning to Essex. The young prince who, at the age of sixteen, rode into Smithfield on that muddled morning when Walworth plied his dagger too well, and showed his ignominious and terrified nobles how a king, even when he is only a boy, can lead his people when his heart is not overruled by timorous counsellors and his best impulses are not ruined by greedy and vindictive advisers, pointed no moral to Essex, nor did the proud and valiant king who, in the first flush of his young manhood, dared and defied the fiercest and most powerful members of his court and parliament and ended the wars with France. *That* Richard was of no use to Shakespeare, eager to warn Essex of the danger of "Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' " and anxious to bring him to decision. The Richard he wished to use was the weak and vacillating and despondent lord whose ill-advised acts and unmanly hesitations cost him his throne and brought him to his death in Pomfret Castle. There is no proof that Richard's end was violently wrought, but Shakespeare, ambitious to rouse Essex from his sloth, boldly made it a murder. *This*, he is alleged by Professor Dover Wilson to have said to Essex in his play, is what will happen to you if you go on as you are doing. And that is what *did* happen to Essex.

We need not pursue the analogies which Professor Dover Wilson draws between Essex and other Shakespearean characters. If there is any truth in his contention, we may well believe that the poet's mind was permanently influenced by the events of the young earl's life and that he created Hamlet from his

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recollection of his friend. It is sufficient for our purpose now that the parallel was drawn as closely as possible between Essex and Richard, and that the drawing of it accounts for a singular bareness of detail in the play, an extraordinary absence of explanation. Richard cuts a poor and insignificant figure in the first two acts, and appears to be capricious and even cruel, a man of arbitrary, foolish mind. This is not the Richard that the historians know, but it may be the Essex that Shakespeare feared. The banishment of Bolingbroke and Mowbray seems harsh and unreasonable. Any person, seeing this play for the first time and ignorant of English history, might pardonably wonder what all the fuss of the first two acts is about. Each of the impugned lords protests his loyalty to the throne and attributes treachery to the other, but the King makes no effort to discover the truth, and exiles them both. This is decision, indeed, but it is the decision of a weak, and not of a strong, man. The whole business of the opening acts is obscure. The author does not properly account for his people, but thrusts them on to the stage in a confused heap as if he were idly depending on the knowledge which his audience will bring with it into the theatre. "I need not tell you who these people are, since you are all as well aware of them as I am, and I want to get on to the point of my play ! . . ." Such a thought as that seems to have filled the mind of the author of the first and second acts. We are whirled at breakneck speed through the events of the latter part of Richard's reign so that we shall reach as quickly and inconsiderately as possible the stage at which disastrous indecision affects and overthrows the King's throne. Richard dallies over every expedi-

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tion, encountering adversity with sentimental lamentations, in the course of which he begs his followers to sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings. The news that Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire are dead, executed for their loyalty to him, does not induce him to take action against his enemies and their executioners : it makes him long to talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs :—

Make dust our paper and with rainy eye
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 ?

Take heed, Essex, Shakespeare is saying, says Professor Dover Wilson, and we nod assent as he says it, this nerveless monarch who meets misfortune, not with immediate and manly action, but with mournful moralisations and instant dejection is no model for you to follow, is, instead, an awful example to be avoided. Richard does not put up his fists : he throws up his hands and surrenders to despair. He does, indeed, rally a little under the reproof of the Bishop of Carlisle, who reminds him that :—

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail

and warns him that :—

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.

But Richard is not now himself any more. He is a different and infinitely less attractive figure, even if

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he be more pathetic, than the brave boy who rode to meet the mob in Srnithfield arid the wise and resolute young sovereign lord who made and kept the peace with France. He wilts weakly away. To the banishment of Bolingbroke and Mowbray, he adds mistake after mistake. He could have won Bolingbroke to his allegiance had he exercised some discretion in the lists at Coventry where he carelessly made two enemies when he might only have made one and might even have avoided him. He squandered money on pageants and attempted to soothe the ruffled feelings of the taxpayers by telling them that it was better to spend large sums on shows than on wars : an argument that must have appeared disputable to fourteenth-century minds, since wars could result in conquests and profit, but insubstantial pageants that faded like the baseless fabric of a dream could result only in uneconomic expenditure. It scarcely mattered to the citizen how the money he was compelled to pay was spent, if he was allowed no part in the spending of it, and he could have found arguments, good enough for the time, in favour of expenditure on wars rather than on plays.

VI

Shakespeare insists on the weak Richard. The facts are in his play, but they are selected facts, chosen for a specific purpose, and arranged in such a way that the King is shown in a false light. It is true that Richard did the things which Shakespeare makes him do, but these are not the only things he did, nor are they even the chief acts of his career. The historian, indifferent to Shakespeare's interest in Essex, justly asserts that to draw an account only of

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Richard's faults and weaknesses is to draw a false account of him. He *was* Shakespeare's Richard, but he was more than that, and it is permissible to complain even of a man of such genius as our author that, in his eagerness to paint the portrait of the later and disappointing Richard, he forgot to paint the portrait of the early and pleasing prince. Shakespeare, full of his purpose, would, no doubt, if he were here to reply to his critics, say that the full and rounded figure of Richard was not in his design, and be content to leave the matter at that. The defects of Richard's character, and not his merits, were his business. And what defects these were ! Bolingbroke, no more than resentful at his banishment for six years, which was no very great hardship as the exile was to be passed in France, was embittered and made revengeful by the theft of his inheritance : as gross a piece of confiscation as any king has ever committed. There was no sense in this act of robbery, and a discreet king would not have performed it. Richard amazingly and almost wilfully dissipates any good intentions there are towards him. His victories are barren, and his defeats overwhelming. What, one asks in bewilderment, had happened to this king whose start was good, whose development was better, whose finish was appalling ? Did his heart die within him when his first wife, Anne of Bohemia, was infected with the plague and hurried into the tomb ? She has no place in Shakespeare's play, where it is poorly filled by his second wife, the little Isabella, the King of France's daughter, a child of eight when he married her and no more than fifteen in the period of the play. She was a pretty pledge that her husband and her father would keep the peace. Or was Richard disabled in

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his last years by some dark inheritance from the Plantagenets ? " But the brilliant abilities which Richard shared with the rest of the Plantagenets," says John Richard Green in his *Short History of the English People*, " were marred by a fitful inconstancy and a mean spirit of revenge." His ambition changed after he had rid himself of Gloucester, and he aspired to be the autocrat of England, " and with the appearance of absolutism the temper of his reign suddenly changed," according to Green : " A system of forced loans, the sale of charters of pardon to Gloucester's adherents, the outlawry of seventeen counties at once on the plea that they had supported his enemies, a reckless interference with the course of justice and the independence of the judges, roused into new life the social and political discontent which was threatening the very existence of the Crown. By his good government and by his evil government alike Richard had succeeded in alienating every class of his subjects." He could not make allies : he could only make enemies.

VII

The play notoriously drew Essex to its performance, and, in doing so, nearly brought its author into trouble with Elizabeth. On February 7, 1601, Essex and a few of his friends and followers saw it acted at the Globe, and on the next day, February 8, attempted a rebellion against the Queen. It had caused some inquiry to be made against it a few years earlier, and in consequence of this inquiry 165 lines were omitted from the first scene of the Fourth Act, commonly called the Deposition Scene, when, in 1597, the play

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was published. These are the lines which begin with the Earl of Northumberland's words, " May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit," and end with Richard's cynical cry :—

O, good ! convey ? conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

The Queen, according to Sir Edmund Chambers, grumbled at the popularity of the play, but she " showed no resentment against the poet or the players," who had no difficulty in persuading the authorities to believe that there was no seditious intention in the play or in themselves. Sir Edmund doubts if there is any validity in the theory so skillfully propounded by Professor Dover Wilson. " And Shakespeare's own supposed attachment to Essex," he says, " is a merely speculative theory." That is true, but he will find it hard to explain why Shakespeare disregarded the major part of Richard's life and concentrated his attention on the last crumbling years on any other theory than Professor Wilson's, unless it is suggested that Shakespeare took little or no interest in a man's active life and was absorbed only in his contemplations and indecisions and time of disintegration. There is no warrant for that assumption, however, for men of action are as often encountered in the plays as men of thought, and men who make up their minds quickly are as common as those who cannot make up their minds at all. The contrast between Richard and Bolingbroke is pointed by the abruptness and decision of Northumberland. When Bolingbroke, soon to be crowned Henry IV, asks Richard, " Are you content to resign the crown ? " Richard plays with words :—

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Ay, no ; no, ay ; for I must nothing be ;
Therefore 110 110, for I resign to thee,

and rouses in the blunt Earl of Northumberland an impatience that is akin to contempt. "What more remains ?" Richard asks, and Northumberland without ado thrusts a paper into his hands and says :—

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 ;

and a very stiff indictment it is, so stiff that Richard is moved to protest :—

Must I do so ? and must I ravel out
My weaved-up folly ?

Then follows a pathetic plea for some abatement of the terms of the confession of misdemeanours, to which Northumberland, impervious to pathetic appeals, abruptly replies :—

My lord, dispatch : read o'er these articles,

and has eventually to be restrained by Bolingbroke himself. The end of the play shows that Shakespeare knew better than Miss Gordon Daviot, the author of a play, *Richard of Bordeaux*, on the same subject, how easily Bolingbroke might have been won to Richard's side. She portrays Henry IV as a surly squire, uncouth and disdainful of the graces of life, and always contemptuous of the king, who is no less contemptuous of him. But Shakespeare makes Henry mourn for Richard dead :—

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Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow :
Come, mourn with me for that 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.

Miss Daviot deals more extensively with Richard's life than Shakespeare does, but she does not make him any plainer to our view, and, in her eagerness to prove him a gentle pacifist, omits to mention his acts of tyranny and his final weaknesses. Those who read her play and Shakespeare's will obtain a better view of the King than they will see if they read only one or the other, but there will still be room left for addition. The whole of Richard is not to be found in either or both. The last word must be with Professor Dover Wilson, who, describing the development of Shakespeare's thought on human character, says : " Richard has often been described as an immature Hamlet, and there are many likenesses. But if we are thinking of Shakespeare's progress in dramatic art, he is better regarded as an early Lear ; for like Lear he begins as an impossible and capricious tyrant, and engages our sympathy more and more as Fate rains blow upon blow at his devoted and anointed head. Yet there is a great difference in the quality of our sympathy. What we feel for Richard is called forth entirely by the pathos of his situation and most of all by the fact that he is a *king* humbled to the dust by the results of his own folly. What we feel for Lear has all this, but how tremendously much more !

HISTORICAL DRAMA AND "RICHARD II"

Richard does not develop spiritually at all : Lear grows to heights of tragic grandeur which for ever enlarge the limits of spiritual possibility." It was, perhaps, inevitable, as Professor Wilson suggests, that Shakespeare, having tried his hand at making an indecisive man, should shortly afterwards attempt to make a man of prompt decision ; and give us a Henry the Fifth for a Richard the Second. He took all men for his material, and used them brilliantly for his purpose of peopling a world.

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know him well attest his purity of character : this, indeed, cannot be denied, and the final judgment upon him must be that of a worthy man lacking strength of mind to face a crisis.

John of Gaunt

The characterisation of John of Gaunt in the play is unauthentic. He is represented as a patriot whose love for his country is a religion. He is the representative of the splendid past, the glory of which is heightened by contrast with the miserable condition of the country under Richard. He is early made aware that he is pursuing a phantom, for Richard gives no indications that he has the welfare of his kingdom at heart, or the will or power to restore lost glory.

Gaunt is generous and affectionate. He can read Richard's character and knows that danger lurks in his independent and unrestrained mind. The noble intensity of his appeals to the King, his grief at the exile of his son, and his spontaneous patriotic fervour, make him a character for whom we have sincere admiration—a man worthy to pronounce an incomparable paean of England's greatness.

The Queen

The character of the Queen is similarly fictitious. It is lightly sketched : she is merely a reflector to emphasise the more admirable traits of Richard—the loving-kindness of his devotion and the exquisite charm of his personal appearance. A gentle, will-less, pathetic figure, she shows greater fortitude than Richard when adversity comes to bring out the ideal

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loveliness of their natures. All the warmth of her affection goes out to Richard, and she will be content if only she is allowed to share his imprisonment. The pathos of her farewell with her "sweet Richard" emphasises the pitilessness of the political tragedy.

Minor Characters

Aumerle is a man of fickle loyalty, a true son of his father. He deserts Richard, however, only after his cause is clearly hopeless, and plots against Bolingbroke immediately he sees a chance of a restoration. His tergiversations lose him our sympathy in spite of his personal courage. He has, as Bolingbroke recognises, great possibilities of good in him, and his death at Agincourt amply repaid the clemency that Bolingbroke showed him.

Northumberland is throughout singularly unlovable. He has an irritable and suspicious temper. Ruthless, crafty, violent and quarrelsome, he is a man whose honour even among friends cannot be trusted. His studied treachery and vindictive badgering of Richard at his deposition are more repulsive than the direct and unconcealed violence of Bolingbroke.

Carlisle is loyal not only to Richard but to the principle which Richard embodies—the divine right of kings. Unlike Richard, however, he recognises that a king has his duties to perform. He reproaches Richard for his inaction while Bolingbroke is undermining his power. He alone protests against Richard's deposition and is fearless in his denunciation of Bolingbroke's action. His magnanimity and disinterest are refreshing in a *milieu* of weakness and intrigue.

L. A.

THE TRAGEDY OF
KING RICHARD II

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING RICHARD the Second.

JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster uncles to the
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, Duke of York King.

HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford,
son to John of Gaunt ; afterwards KING HENRY
IV.

DUKE OF AUMERLE, son to the Duke of York.

THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.

DUKE OF SURREY.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

LORD BERKELEY.

BUSHY .

BAGOT servaats to King Richard.

GREEN)

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his son.

LORD Ross. Abbot of Westminster.

LORD WILLOUGHBY. Lord Marshal.

LORD FITZWATER. SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

Bishop of Carlisle. SIR PIERCE of Exton.

Captain of a band of Welshmen.

QUEEN to King Richard. DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

DUCHESS OF YORK. Lady attending on the
Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners,
Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE : *England and Wales.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE and MOWBRAY.

Baling. Many years of happy days befall 20
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege !

Mow. Each day still better other's happiness ;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown !

K. Rich. We thank you both : yet one but flatters us
As well appeareth by the cause you come ;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

Baling. First, heaven be the record to my speech ! 30
In the devotion of a subject's love,

Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appelland to this princely presence.

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well ; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,
Too good to be so and too bad to live. 40

Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
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.

Mow. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal :
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain ; 50

The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this :
 Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
 As to be hush'd and nought at all to say :
 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 return'd
 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,
 Or any other ground inhabitable,
 Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
 Mean time let this defend my loyalty,
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

60

Baling. 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 honour's pawn, then stoop :
 By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

70

Mow. I take it up ; and by that 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 :
 And when I mount, alive may I not light,
 If I be traitor or unjustly fight !

80

K. Rich. 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.

Baling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true ;

That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments, 90
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.

Besides I say and will in battle prove,

Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge

That ever was survey'd by English eye,

That all the treasons for these eighteen years

Gomplotted and contrived in this land

Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.

Further I say and further will maintain

Upon his bad life to make all this good,

That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death, 100

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 ;

And, by the glorious worth of my descent,

This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars !

Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this ? no

Mow. 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.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears :
 Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
 As he is but my father's brother's son,
 Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
 Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
 Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize 120
 The unstooping firmness of my upright soul :
 He is our subject, Mowbray ; so art thou :
 Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Mow. 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, 130
 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.
 For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
 The honourable father to my foe,
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
 A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul ;
 But ere I last received the sacrament
 I did confess it, and exactly begg'd 140
 Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
 This is my fault : as for the rest appeal'd,
 It issues from the rancour 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,
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman

Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray 150
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me ;
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood :
 This we prescribe, though no physician ;
 Deep malice makes too deep incision ;
 Forget, forgive ; conclude and be agreed ;
 Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
 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. 161

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

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

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid ; there is no
 boot.

Mow. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :
 The one my duty owes ; but my fair name,
 Despite of death that lives upon my grave,
 To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
 I am disgraced, impeach'd and baffled here, 170
 Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
 The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
 Which breathed this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood :
 Give me his gage : lions make leopards tame.

Mow. 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 : that away,

Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
 A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest 180
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
 Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
 Take honour from me, and my life is done :
 Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;
 In that I live and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw up your gage ; do you begin.

Baling. O, God defend my soul from such deep sin !
 Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight ?
 Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
 Before this out-dared dastard ? Ere my tongue 190
 Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
 Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
 The slavish motive of recanting fear,
 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
 Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.
[Exit Gaunt.

K. Rich. 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 200
 The swelling difference of your settled hate :
 Since we can not atone you, we shall see
 Justice design the victor's chivalry.
 Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
 Be ready to direct these home alarms. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The DUKE OF LANCASTER'S palace. Enter*
 JOHN OF GAUNT *with the* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood
 Doth more solicit me than your exclams,

To stir against the butchers of his life !
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven ;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur ?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ? 10
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root :
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 vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded, 20
By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine ! that bed, that womb,
That metal, that self mould, that fashion'd thee
Made him a man ; and though thou livest and
breathest,

Yet art thou slain in him : thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Gall it not patience, Gaunt ; it is despair :
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd, 30
Thou showest the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :
That which in mean men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
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 40
An angry arm against His minister.

Duck. Where then, alas, may I complain myself?

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight :
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast !
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom, 50
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford !
Farewell, old Gaunt : thy sometimes 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 !

Duch. Yet one word more : grief boundeth where it
falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :
I take my leave before I have begun, 60
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to thy brother, Edmund 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 Flashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,

Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones ?
 And what hear there for welcome but my groans ? 70
 Therefore commend me ; let him not come there
 To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.
 Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die :
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The lists at Coventry. Enter the Lord
 Marshal and the DUKE OF AUMERLE.*

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd ?

Aum. Yea, at all points ; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
 Stays but the summons of the appellants trumpet.

Aum. Why, then, the champions are prepared, and
 stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

*The trumpets sound, and the KING enters with his nobles,
 GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, and others. When
 - they are set, enter MOWBRAY in arms, defendant, with
 a Herald.*

K. Rich. 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. 10

Mar. In God's name and the king's, say who thou
 art

And why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms,
 Against what man thou comest, and what thy quarrel :
 Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath ;
 As so defend thee heaven and thy valour !

Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of
 Norfolk ;

SC. III] KING RICHARD II

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, 20
 Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals 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 :
 And as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

*The trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE, appellant,
 in armour, with a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
 Both who he is and why he cometh hither
 Thus plated in habiliments of war,
 And formally, according to our law,
 Depose him in the justice of his cause. 30

Mar. What is thy name ? and wherefore comest
 thou hither,
 Before King Richard in his royal lists ?
 Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy quarrel ?
 Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven !

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby
 Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms,
 To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,
 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 ; 40
 And as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold
 Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
 Except the marshal and such officers
 Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Doling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,

And bow my knee before his majesty :
 For Mowbray and myself are like two men
 That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;
 Then let us take a ceremonious leave 50
 And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
 And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms.
 Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
 So be thy fortune in this royal fight !
 Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,
 Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Baling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
 For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear : 60
 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 ;
 Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle ;
 Not sick, although I have to do with death,
 But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
 Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
 The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :
 O thou, the earthly author of my blood.
 Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate, 70
 Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
 To reach at victory above my head,
 Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point.
 That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
 And furbish new the name of John a Gaunt,
 Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous !
 Be swift like lightning in the execution ;
 And let thy blows, doubly redoubled, 80
 Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
 Of thy adverse pernicious enemy :
 Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Doling. Mine innocenoy and Saint George to
 thrive !

Mow. However God or fortune cast my lot,
 There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
 A loyal, just and upright gentleman :
 Never did captive with a freer heart
 Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace 90
 His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
 More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
 This feast of battle with mine adversary.
 Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
 Take from my mouth the wish of happy years :
 As gentle and as jocund as to jest
 Go I to fight : truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord : securely I espy
 Virtue and valour couched in thine eye.
 Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby, 100
 Receive thy lance ; and God defend the right !

Baling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of
 Norfolk.

First Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
 Stands here for God, his sovereign and himself,
 On pain to be found false and recreant,
 To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
 A traitor to his God, his king and him :
 And dares him to set forward to the fight.

Sec. Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of
Norfolk, 110

On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign and to him disloyal ;
Courageously and with a free desire
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets ; and set forward, combat-
ants. [A charge sounded.

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their
spears,

And both return back to their chairs again : 120

Withdraw with us : and let the trumpets sound

While we return these dukes what we decree.

[A long flourish.

Draw near,

And list what with our council we have done.

For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd

With that dear blood which it hath fostered ;

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect

Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' sword ;

And for we think the eagle-winged pride

Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts, 130

With rival-hating envy, set on you

To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;

Which so roused up with boisterous untuned drums,

With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,

And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,

Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace

And make us wade even in our kindred's blood ;

Therefore, we banish you our territories :

You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life, 140
 Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields
 Shall not regret our fair dominions,
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Baling. 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.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :
 The sly slow hours shall not determinate 150
 The dateless limit of thy dear exile ;
 The hopeless word of " never to return "
 Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mow. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
 And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :
 A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
 As to be cast forth in the common air,
 Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
 The language I have learn'd these forty years,
 My native English, now I must forgo : 160
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more
 Than an unstringed viol or a harp,
 Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
 Or, being open, put into his hands
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony :
 Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
 Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips ;
 And dull unfeeling barren ignorance
 Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse, 170
 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 ?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate :
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God— 180
Our part therein we banish with yourselves—
To keep the oath that we administer :
You never shall, so help you truth and God !
Embrace each other's love in banishment ;
Nor never look upon each other's face ;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This louring tempest of your home-bred hate ;
Nor never by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land. 190

Baling. I swear.

Mow. And I, to keep all this.

Baling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy :—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm ;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul. 200

Mow. No, Bolingbroke : if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd 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. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart : thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years 210
Pluck'd four away. [*To Baling.*] Six frozen winters
spent,

Return with welcome home from banishment.

Baling. 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 221
Shall be extinct with age and endless night ;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. 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 ;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ; 230
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave :
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour ?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour. '
You urged me as a judge ; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,

To smooth his fault I should have been more mild : 240
 A partial slander sought I to avoid,
 And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
 Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
 I was too strict to make mine own away ;
 But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
 Against my will to do myself this wrong.

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

[Flourish. Exeunt King Richard and Train.

Aum. Cousin, farewell : what presence must not
 know,
 From where you do remain let paper show. 250

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

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy
 words,
 That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

Baling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
 When the tongue's office should be prodigal
 To fereathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

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

Baling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters ? they are quickly gone.

Baling. To men in joy ; but grief makes one hour
 ten. 261

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

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

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

Baling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
 Will but remember me what a deal of world

I wander from the jewels that I love. 270
 Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
 To foreign passages, and in the end.
 Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
 But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
 There is no virtue like necessity.
 Think not the king did banish thee,
 But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit, 280
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
 Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour
 And not the king exiled thee ; or suppose
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime :
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest :
 Suppose the singing birds musicians,
 The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
 The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more 290
 Than a delightful measure or a dance ;
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
 The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Doling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
 By bare imagination of a feast ?
 Or wallow naked in December snow
 By thinking on fantastic* summer's heat ?
 O, no ! the apprehension of the good 300
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
 Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way :

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Baling. Then, England's ground, farewell ; sweet soil, adieu ;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,

Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The court. Enter the KING, with BAGOT and GREEN at one door ; and the DUKE OF AUMERLE at another.*

K. Rich. We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way ?

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

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed ?

Aum. Faith, none for me ; except the north-east wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awaked the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted
with him ? 10

Aum. " 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 seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word " farewell " have lengthened
hours

And added years to his short banishment,

He should have had a volume of farewells ;
But since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin ; but 'tis doubt, 20
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. 30
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 40
For their advantage and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. 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 inforced to farm 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 charters ;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold 50

And send them after to supply our wants ;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

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.

K. Rich. Where lies he ?

Bushy. At Ely House.

K. Rich. Now put it, God, in the physician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately ! 60
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.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE I. *Ely House. Enter JOHN OF GAUNT
sick, with the DUKE OF YORK, etc*

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my
last

In wholesome counsel to his unstaied youth ?

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your
breath ;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony :

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in
pain.

He that no more must say is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to
glose : 10

More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before :

The setting sun, and music at the close,

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,

Writ in remembrance more than things long past :

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 his state ; then, there are found

Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
 The open ear of youth doth always listen ; 20
 Report of fashions in proud Italy,
 Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
 Limp after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—
 So it be new, there's no respect how vile—
 That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?
 Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
 Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
 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 31
 And thus expiring do foretell of him :

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
 He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;
 With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle, 40
 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, 51
 Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,

Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 For Christian service and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son ;
 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 : 60
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery 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 RICHARD *and* QUEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY,
 GREEN, BAGOT, Ross, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth ;
 For young hot colts being raged do rage the more. 70

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?

K. Rich. 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 :
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;
 And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt ?
 For sleeping England long time have I watch'd ;
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt :
 The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
 Is my strict fast ; I mean, my children's looks ; 80
 And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt :

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. 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.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that
live?

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatterest
me. go

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

K. Rich. 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 ;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee :

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown, 100

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

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 possess'd,

Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame to let this land by lease ; no

But for thy world enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame to shame it so ?

Landlord of England art thou now, not king :
 Thy state of law is bondslave to the law ;
 And thou—

A". Rich. 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, 120
 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,
 For that I was his father Edward's son :
 That blood already, like the pelican,
 Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly caroused :
 My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,
 Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls !
 May be a precedent and witness good 130
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood :
 Join with the present sickness that I have ;
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee !
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be !
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave :
 Love they to live that love and honour have.

[Exit, borne off by his Attendants.]

K. Rich. And let them die that age and sullens have ;
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave. 140

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
 To wayward sickliness and age in him :
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
 As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

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

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your
majesty.

K. Rich. What says he ?

North. Nay, nothing ; all is said :
His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;
Words, life and all, old Lancaster hath spent. 150

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

K. Rich. 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,
Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us 160
The plate, coin, revenues and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient ? ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong ?
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Not the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face. 170
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first :
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,

In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
 Than was that young and princely gentleman.
 His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours ;
 But when he frown'd, it was against the French
 And not against his friends ; his noble hand
 Did win what he did spend and spent not that 180
 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.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter ?

York.

O my liege,

Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I, pleas'd
 Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
 Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
 The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford ? 190
 Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford 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 Hereford's rights away, and take from Time
 His charters and his customary rights ;
 Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day ;
 Be not thyself; for how art thou a king
 But by fair sequence and succession ?
 Now, afore God—God forbid I say true !— 200
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
 Gall in the letters-patents that he hath
 By his attorneys-general to sue
 His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
 'You pluck a thousand dangers on your head.
 'You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts

And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

A. *Rich.* Think what you will, we seize into our
hands

His plate, his goods, his money and his lands. 210

York. I'll not be by the while : my liege, farewell :

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell ;

But by bad courses may be understood

That their events can never fall out good. *[Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:

Bid him repair to us to Ely House

To see this business. To-morrow next

We will for Ireland ; and 'tis time, I trow :

And we create, in absence of ourself,

Our uncle York lord governor of England ; 220

For he is just and always loved us well.

Come on, our queen : to-morrow must we part ;

Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

*[Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy,
Green, and Bagot.*

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too ; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great ; but it must break with
silence,

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind ; and let him ne'er
speak more 230

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm !

Willo. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of
Hereford ?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man ;

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him ;
 Unless you call it good to pity him,
 Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

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

In him, a royal prince, and many moe
 Of noble blood in this declining land. 240
 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 pill'd with grievous
 taxes,

And lost their hearts : the nobles hath he fined
 For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Will. And daily new exactions are devised,
 As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what : 250
 But what, o' God's name, doth become of this ?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd 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. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Will. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken
 man.

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
 His burthenous taxations notwithstanding, 260
 But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman : most degenerate king !
 But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
 Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm ;

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer ;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so ; even through the hollow eyes of
death 270

I spy life peering ; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. 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.

North. Then thus : I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham,
280

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton and Francis
Quoint,

All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore :
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland. 290

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre'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.

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

SCENE II. *Windsor Castle. Enter 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, 10
 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 eye, 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, 20
 Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
 Find shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail ;

Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not : more's
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 : howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad 30
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less : conceit is still derived
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve :
'Tis in reversion that I do possess ;
But what it is, that is not yet known ; what
I cannot name ; 'tis nameless woe, I wot. 40

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty ! and well met,
gentlemen :

I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hopest thou so ? 'tis better hope he is ;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope :
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd ?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retired his
power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land :
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived 50
At Ravenspurgh.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid !

Green. Ah, madam, 'tis too true : and that is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry
Percy,

The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumber-
land

And all the rest revolted faction traitors ?

Green. We have : whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him Co
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-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

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, 70
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 :
O, full of careful business are his looks !
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts :
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, 80
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :
Here am I left to underprop his land.
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Sew. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was ? Why, so ! go all which way it will !
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
Arid will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.
Sirrah, get thee to Flashy, to my sister Gloucester ; 90
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound :
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,
To-day, as I came by, I called there ;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

Tork. What is't, knave ?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

Tork. God for his mercy ! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once !
I know not what to do : I would to God, 100
So my untruth had not provoked him to it,
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there no posts despatched for Ireland ?
How shall we do for money for these wars ?
Gome, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon
me.

Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts
And bring away the armour that is there.

[Exit Servant.]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men ?
If I know how or which way to order these affairs

Thus thrust disorderly into my hands, 110
 Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen :
 The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
 And duty bids defend ; the other again
 Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
 Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
 Well, somewhat we must do. Corne, cousin, I'll
 Dispose of you.

Gentlemen, go, muster up your men.
 And meet me presently at Berkeley.
 I should to Flashy too ; 120
 But time will not permit : all is uneven,
 And everything is left at six and seven.

[Exeunt York and Queen.]

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

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

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons : for their
 love
 Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them 130
 By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally con-
 demn'd.

Bagot. If judgement lie in them, then so do we,
 Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristol
 castle :
 The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you ; for little office
 The hateful commons will perform for us,
 Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.

Will you go along with us ? 140

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.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes

Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry :

Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Wilds in Gloucestershire. Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my Lord, to Berkeley now ?

North. 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.

But I bethink me what a weary way

From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found

In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company, 10

Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled

The tediousness and process of my travel :

But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have

The present benefit which I possess ;

And hope to joy is little less in joy

Than hope enjoy'd : by this the weary lords

Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

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

Enter HENRY PERCY

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.
Harry, how fares your uncle ?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his
health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen ?

Percy. No, my good Lord ; he hath forsook the
court,

Broken his staff of office and dispersed
The household of the king.

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

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh, 31
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there ;
Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy ?

Percy. 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.

North. Then learn to know him now ; this is the
duke. 40

Percy. 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.

Baling. I thank thee, gentle Percy ; and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy

As in a soul remembering 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.

North. How far is it to Berkeley ? and what stir 51
Keeps good old York there with his men of war ?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard ;
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Sey-
mour ;

None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and WILLOUGHBY.

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

Baling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love
pursues

A banish'd traitor : all my treasury 60
Is yet hut unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Doling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here ?

Enter BERKELEY.

North. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.

Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Baling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster ; 70
And I am come to seek that name in England ;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord ; 'tis not my meaning
 To raze one title of your honour out :
 To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
 From the most gracious regent of this land,
 The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
 To take advantage of the absent time,
 And fright our native peace with self-born arms. 80

Enter YORK attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you ;
 Here comes his grace in person.

My noble uncle ! [*Kneels.*

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

Boling. 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 banish'd and forbidden legs 90
 Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground ?
 But then more " why ?" why have they dared to
 march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
 Frighting her pale-faced villages with war
 And ostentation of despised arms ?
 Comest 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 100
 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,
 Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee
 And minister correction to thy fault !

Baling. My gracious uncle, let me know rny 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 banish'd man, and here art come no
 Before the expiration of thy time,
 In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Baling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd 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 condemn'd
 A wandering vagabond ; my rights and royalties 120
 Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given away
 To upstart unthrifts ? Wherefore was I born ?
 If that my cousin king be King of 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.
 I am denied to sue my livery here,
 And yet my letters-patents give me leave : 130
 My father's goods are all distraint'd and sold,
 And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
 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.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abused.

Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this : 140
 I have had feelings of my cousin's wrongs
 And laboured 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.

North. 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 ; 150
 And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath !

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 to you
 I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;
 Unless you please to enter in the castle 160
 And there repose you for this night.

Baling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept :
 But we must win your grace to go with us
 To Bristol 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 ;

KING RICHARD II [ACT 11. sc. iv

For I am loath to break our country's laws.
 Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are : 170
 'Things past redress are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A camp in Wales. Enter SALISBURY
 and a Welsh Captain.*

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
 And hardly kept our countrymen together,
 And yet we hear no tidings from the king ;
 Therefore we will disperse ourselves : farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman :
 The king repositeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the king is dead ; we will not
 stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd
 And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
 The pale-face moon looks bloody on the earth 10
 And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;
 Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,
 The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
 The other to enjoy by rage and war :
 These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
 Farewell : our countrymen are gone and fled,
 As well assured Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*]

Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind
 I see thy glory like a shooting star
 Fall to the base earth from the firmament. 20
 Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
 Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest :
 Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
 And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. *Bristol. Before the castle. Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, ROSS, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, with BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.*

Boling. 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,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigured clean : 10
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
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 stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds, 20
Eating the bitter bread of banishment ;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,

Dispark'd my parks and fell'd my forest woods,
 From my own windows torn my household coat,
 Razed out my imprese, 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. See them deliver'd over
 To execution and the hand of death. 30

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.

Baling. My Lord Northumberland, see them dis-
 patch'd.

[*Exeunt Northumberland and others, with the prisoners.*

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 deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd 40
 With letters of your love to her at large.

Doling. Thanks, gentle uncle. Gome, lords, away,
 To fight with Glendower and his complices :
 Awhile to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The coast of Wales. A castle in view.*
Drums : flourish and colours. Enter KING RICHARD,
the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call they this at hand ?

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the
 air,

After your late tossing on the breaking seas ?

K. Rich. 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, 10
 And do thee favours with my royal hands.
 Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense ;
 But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
 And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee :
 Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies ;
 And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder 20
 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.

Car. Fear not, my lord : that Power that made you
 king
 Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
 The means that heaven yields must be embraced,
 And not neglected ; else, if heaven would, 30
 And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
 The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;
 Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
 Grows strong and great in substance and in power.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou not

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid,
 Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
 In murders and in outrage, boldly here ; 40
 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 pluck'd from off their backs,
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?
 So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
 Who all this while hath revell'd in the night
 Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
 Shall see us rising in our throne, the east, 50
 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 press'd
 To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
 God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay 60
 A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,
 Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord : how far off lies your power ?

Sal. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,
 Than this weak arm : discomfort guides my tongue
 And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
 One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :

O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men !
 To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late, 71
 Overthrows thy joys, friends, fortune and thy state :
 For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
 Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege : why looks your grace so pale ?

K. Rich. 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 ?
 All souls that will be safe fly from my side, 80
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege ; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself : am I not king ?
 Awake, thou sluggard majesty ! thou sleepest.
 Is not the king's name twenty thousand names ?
 Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes
 At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
 Ye favourites of a king : are we not high ?
 High be our thoughts : I know my uncle York
 Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
 comes here ? 90

Enter SCROOP.

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

K. Rich. 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 ; 100
 They break their faith to God as well as us :
 Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay ;
 The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd
 To bear the tidings of calamity.
 Like an unseasonable stormy day,
 Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
 As if the world were all dissolved to tears,
 So high above his limits swells the rage
 Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land 110
 With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.
 White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
 Against thy majesty ; boys, with women's voices,
 Strive to speak big and clap their female joints
 In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown :
 Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
 Of double-fatal yew against thy state ;
 Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
 Against thy state : both young and old rebel,
 And all goes worse than I have power to tell. 120

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
 Where is the Earl of Wiltshire ? where is Bagot ?
 What has 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.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption !

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man ! 130

Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, 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 offence !

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
 Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate :
 Again uncurse their souls ; 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, grav'd in the hollow ground. 140

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire
 dead?

Scroop. Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power ?

K. Rich. 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 ? 150

Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own but death
 And that small model of the barren earth
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 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 poison'd by their wives ; some sleeping kill'd ;
 All murder'd : for within the hollow crown 160
 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 fear'd and kill with looks,
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
 As if this flesh which walls about our life
 Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus
 Comes at the last and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king ! 170
 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 ?

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

To fear the foe, since fear oppresses strength, 180
 Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
 And so your follies fight against yourself.
 Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come to fight :
 And fight and die is death destroying death ;
 Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power ; inquire of him,
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. 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 over-blown ; 190
 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. Men judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day :
 So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
 My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
 I play the torturer, by small and small
 To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :
 Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke, 200
 And all your northern castles yielded up,
 And all your southern gentlemen in arms
 Upon his party.

K. Rich. . . . Thou hast said enough.
 Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
[To Aumerle.]

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.
 Go to Flint castle : there I'll pine away ;
 A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey. 210
 That power I have, discharge ; and let them go
 To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
 For I have none : let no man speak again
 To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. . . . 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.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Wales. Before Flint castle. Enter, with
 drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTH-
 UMBERLAND, Attendants, and forces.*

Boling. 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.

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

York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
To say " King Richard " : alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head.

North. Your grace mistakes ; only to be brief, 10
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Baling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, further than you
should,

Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.

Bohng. I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself
Against their will. But who comes here ?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry : what, will not this castle yield ? 20

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Baling. Royally !

Why, it contains no king ?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king ; King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone :
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence ; who, I cannot learn.

North. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle. 30

Boling. Noble lords,
 Go to the rude ribs of that most ancient castle ;
 Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley
 Into his ruin'd 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 repeal'd 40
 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
 Rain'd from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen :
 The which, how far off from the mind of Boling-
 broke
 It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
 The fresh green lap of fail King Richard's land,
 My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
 Go, signify as much, while here we march
 Upon the grassy carpet of this plain. 50
 Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,
 That from this castle's tatter'd 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 thundering 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 riot on him. 60
 March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

Parle without, and answer within. Then a flourish. Enter on the walls, KING RICHARD, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.

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, 70
That any harm should stain so fair a show !

K. Rich. We are amazed ; and thus long have we
stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee. [*To North.*
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :
And 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 gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre, So
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 your 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. 90

Tell Bolingbroke—for yond methinks he stands—
 That every stride he makes upon my land
 Is dangerous treason : he is come to open
 The purple testament of bleeding war ;
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew
 Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood. 100

North. The king of heaven forbid our lord the king
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms
 Be rush'd upon ! Thy thrice noble cousin
 Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand ;
 And by the honourable tomb he swears,
 That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
 And by the worth and honour of himself, no
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
 His coming hither hath no further scope
 Than for his lineal royalties and to beg
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees :
 Which on thy royal party granted once,
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your majesty.
 This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him. 120

K. Rich. 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.
 We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not,

[*To Aumerle.*

To look so poorly and to speak so fair ?
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die ? 130

Aum. No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle
 words

Till time lend friends and friends their helpful
 swords.

K. Rich. 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 !

SwelPst thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to
 beat, 140

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Boling-
 broke.

K. Rich. *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 ? o' 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, 150
 My sceptre 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 ;
 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head ;
 For on my heart they tread now whilst I live ;
 And buried once, why not upon my head ?
 Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin !
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears ; 161
 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 digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
 Would not this ill do well ? Well, well, I see 170
 I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.
 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
North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
 To speak with you ; may it please you to come down.
K. Rich. Down, down I come ; like glistening
 Phaethon,
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
 In the base court ? Base court, where kings grow
 base, 180
 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.
[Exeunt from above.]

Boling. What says his majesty ?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
 Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man :
 Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD and his attendants below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
 And show fair duty to his majesty. *[He kneels down.]*
 My gracious lord,—

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
 To make the base earth proud with kissing it : 191
 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.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

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

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

K. Rich. Well you deserve : they well deserve to
 have, 200

That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
 Uncle, give me your hands : nay, dry your eyes ;
 Tears show their love, but want their remedies.
 Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
 Though you are old enough to be my heir.
 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 ?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say no.
[Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Langley. The DUKE OF YORK'S garden. Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.*

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,

And that my fortune runs against the bias.

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. 10

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 :
For what I have I need not to repeat ;
And what I want it boots not to complain.

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, 22

And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners :

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
 My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
 They'll talk of state ; for every one doth so
 Against a change ; woe is forerun with woe.

[Queen and Ladies retire.]

Card. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
 Which, like unruly children, make their sire 30
 Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :
 Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
 Go thou, arid like an executioner,
 Gut 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.

Serv. Why should we in the compass of a pale 40
 Keep law and form and due proportion,
 Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
 When our sea-wall'd garden, the whole land,
 Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,
 Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd,
 Her knots disorder'd and her wholesome herbs
 Swarming with caterpillars ?

Card. Hold thy peace :
 He that hath suffered this disorder'd spring
 Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
 The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves did
 shelter, 50
 That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
 Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke,
 I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Serv. What, are they dead ?

Card. They are ; and Bolingbroke

Hath seized the wasteful king. O, what pity is it
 That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd 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: 60
 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.

Serv. What, think you then the king shall be de-
 posed ?

Gard. Depress'd he is already, and deposed
 'Tis doubt he will be : letters came last night
 To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's, 70
 That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am pressed to death through want of
 speaking ! *[Coming forward.]*
 Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
 How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this un-
 pleasing news ?

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
 To make a second fall of cursed man ?
 Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed ?
 Darest 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.

Gard. Pardon me, madam : little joy have I 81
 To breathe this news ; yet what I say is true.
 King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
 Of Bolingbroke : their fortunes both are weigh'd :
 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 ; 90
 I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
 Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
 And am I last that knows it ? O, thou think'st
 To serve me last, that I may longest keep
 Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
 To meet at London London's king in woe.
 What, was I born to this, that my sad look
 Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke ?
 Gardener, for telling me these news of woe, 100
 Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.

Card. 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, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
 In the remembrance of a weeping queen. *[Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Westminster Hall. Enter, as to the Parliament,*
BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, NORTHUMBERLAND,
PERCY, FITZWATER, SURREY, the BISHOP OF CAR-
LISLE, the ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, and another Lord,
Herald, Officers, and BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.

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

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that
man.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring
tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloucester's death was
plotted, 10

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.

Aum. Princes and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man ? 20
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement ?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous 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.

Baling. Bagot, forbear ; thou shalt not take it up. 30

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

Fitz. If that thy valour 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 spakest it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest ;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point. 40

Aum. Thou darest not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest ; his honour 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 darest.

Aum. An if I do not, may my hands rot off
And never brandish more revengeful steel 50

Over the glittering helmet of my foe !

Another Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn
Aumerle ;

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holloa'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun : there is my honour's pawn ;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

Aum. 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 60
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. '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.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable 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 honour's pawn ; 70
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

Fitz. 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.

As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal :
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say 80
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men

To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Awn. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies : here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage
Till Norfolk be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his lands and signories : when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial. 90

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens ;
And toil'd with works of war, retired himself
To Italy ; and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long. 100

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?

Car. As surely as I live, my lord.

Boling. 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.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard : who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand : no
Ascend his throne, descending now from him ;

And long live Henry, fourth of that name !

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

Car. Marry, God forbid !

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
 Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
 Would God that any in this noble presence
 Were enough noble to be upright judge
 Of noble Richard ! then true noblesse would
 Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong. 120
 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 130
 Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed !
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 Stir'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.
 My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's 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 ;
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
 And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars 140
 Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound ;
 Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 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, resist it, let it not be so,
 Lest child, child's children, cry against you^{cc} woe ! "

North. Well have you argued, sir ; and for your
 pains, 150

Of capital treason we arrest you here.
 My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
 To keep him safely till his day of trial.
 May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.

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

York. I will be his conduct. [Exit.

Baling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
 Procure your sureties for your days of answer.
 Little are we beholding to your love, 160
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with RICHARD, and Officers, bearing
 the regalia.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
 Wherewith I reign'd ? I hardly yet have learn'd
 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs :
 Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
 To this submission. Yet I well remember
 The favours 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, 170
 Found truth in all but one ; I, in twelve thousand,
 none.

God save the king ! Will no man say amen ?
 Am I both priest and clerk ? well then, amen.

God save the king ! although I be not he ;
 And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
 To do what service am I sent for hither ?

York. To do that office of thine own good will
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
 The resignation of thy state and crown
 To Henry Bolingbroke. 180

A. Rich. Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize
 the crown ;

Here, cousin ;

On this side my hand, and on that side yours.

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.

Baling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown I am ; but still my griefs are
 mine : 191

You may my glories and my state depose,
 But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

Baling. Part of your cares you give me with your
 crown.

K. Rich. 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.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown ? 200

K. Rich. 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 junwielderly sceptre 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 duty's rites : 210
 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 that swear 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 Harry, unking'd Richard says, 220
 And send him many years of sunshine days !
What more remains ?

North. 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.

K. Rich. Must I do so ? and must I ravel out
 My weaved-up folly ? Gentle Northumberland,
 If thy offences were upon record, 230
 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,
 Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven :

Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,
 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
 Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands
 Showing an outward pity ; yet you Pilates 240
 Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
 And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch ; read o'er these articles.

1C. Rich. 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
 To undeck the pompous body of a king ; 250
 Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
 Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught insulting
 man,

Nor no man's lord ; I have no name, no title,
 No, not that name was given me at the font,
 But 'tis usurp'd : 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, 260
 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.

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

[*Exit an attendant.*]

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

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell ! 270

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. 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.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet ? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds ? O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity, 280
Thou dost beguile me ! Was this face the face
That every day under this household roof
Did keep ten thousand men ? was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink ?
Was this the face that faced so many follies,
And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke ?
A brittle glory shineth in this face :
As brittle as the glory is the face ;

[Dashes the glass against the ground.

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport, 290
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. 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 givest 300
 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 ?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. " 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.

Boling. Yet ask. 310

K. Rich. And shall I have ?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither ?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your
 sights.

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

K. Rich. O, good ! convey ? conveyers are you all,
 That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[Exeunt King Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.]

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
 Our coronation : lords, prepare yourselves. 320

*[Exeunt all except the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of
 Westminster, and Aumerle.]*

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come ; the children yet unborn
 Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot.

Abbot. My lord,
Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise. 330
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears :
Come home with me to supper ; and I'll lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I. *London. A street leading to the Tower.*
Enter QUEEN and Ladies.

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 doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke :
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting place for her true king's queen.

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. 10
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard ; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest ?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden : learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream ;
From which awaked, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this : I am sworn brother, sweet, 20

To grim Necessity, and he and I
 Will keep a league till death. 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 stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and
 mind

Transformed and weaken'd ? hath Bolingbroke de-
 posed

Thine intellect ? hath he been in thy heart ?

The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
 And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage 30
 To be o'erpower'd ; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
 Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
 And fawn on rage with base humility,
 Which art a lion and a king of beasts ?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed ; if aught but
 beasts,

I had been still a happy king of men.

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

In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire 40
 With good old folks and let them tell the tales
 Of woeful ages long ago betid ;

And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs,
 Tell thou the lamentable tale of me

And send the hearers weeping to their beds :

For why the senseless brands will sympathize
 The heavy accent of thy moving tongue

And in compassion weep the fire out ;

And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
 For the deposing of a rightful king. 50

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND *and* others.

North. 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.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption : thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm and give thee half, 60
It is too little, helping him to all ;
And he shall think that thou, which know'st 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.
The love of wicked men converts to fear ;
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death.

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

K. Rich. Doubly divorced ! Bad men, you violate
A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me ;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
Part us, Northumberland ; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime ;
My wife to France : from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day. 80

Queen. And must we be divided ? must we part ?

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

Queen. Banish us both and send the king with me.

North. That were some love but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here ;
Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.

Go, count thy way with sighs ; I mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being
short, 91

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

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

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief:

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part ;

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

Queen. Give me mine own again ; 'twere no good
part

To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,

That I may strive to kill it with a groan. 100

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay :
Once more, adieu : the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The DUKE OF YORK'S palace. Enter*
YORK and his DUCHESS.

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

York. Where did I leave ?

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

Tork. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
 Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
 Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
 With slow but stately pace kept on his course, 10
 Whilst all tongues cried " God save thee, Boling-
 broke ! "

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 ! "
 Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,
 Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 Bespake them thus : " I thank you, countrymen " :
 And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along. 21

Duch. Alack, poor Richard ! where rode he the
 whilst ?

Tork. As in a theatre, 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 ; 30
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience,
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.
 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 honour I for aye allow. 40

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

Tork. Aumerle that was ;
 But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
 And, madam, you must call him Rutland now :
 I am in parliament pledge for his truth
 And lasting fealty to the new made king.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Welcome, my son : who are the violets now
 That strew the green lap of the new come spring ?

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

Tork. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
 Lest you be cropped before you come to prime. 51
 What news from Oxford ? hold those justs and
 triumphs ?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

Tork. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

Tork. What seal is that, that hangs without thy
 bosom ?

Yea, look'st thou pale ? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

Tork. No matter, then, who see it :
 I will be satisfied ; let me see the writing.

- *Aum.* I do beseech your grace to pardon me : 60
 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,—

Duch. What should you fear ?

'Tis nothing but some bond, that he has entered into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself ! what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to ? Wife, thou art a fool.

Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me ; I may not
show it. 70

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 !

Duch. What is the matter, my lord ?

Tork. Ho ! who is within there ?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy, what treachery is here !

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord ?

Tork. Give me my boots, I say ; saddle my horse.

[Exit Servant.]

Now, by mine honour, by my life, by my troth,
I will appeach the villain,

Duch. What is the matter ?

Tork. Peace, foolish woman. 80

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

Aum. Good mother, be content ; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer !

Tork. Bring me my boots : I will unto the king.

Re-enter Servant with boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art
amazed.

Hence, villain ! never more come in my sight.

sc. 111] KING RICHARD II

Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away, be
gone ! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A royal palace. Enter BOLINGBROKE,
PERCY, and other Lords.*

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son ?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last :
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found :
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers ;
Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy, 10
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.

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

Boling. And what said the gallant ?

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

Boling. As dissolute as desperate ; yet through both
I see some sparks of better hope, which elder years 21
May happily bring forth. But who comes here ?

Enter AUMERLE.

Aum. Where is the king ?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares and
looks
So wildly ?

Awn. God save your grace ! I do beseech your
majesty,

To have some conference with your grace alone.

Baling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here
alone. *[Exeunt Percy and Lords.*

What is the matter with our cousin now ?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, 30
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

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

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

Baling. Have thy desire.

York. *[Within]* My liege, beware ; look to thyself ;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there. 40

Baling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. *[Drawing.*

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand ; thou hast no cause
to fear.

York *[Within]* Open the door, secure, fool-hardy
king :

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

Enter YORK.

Baling. 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. 50

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise
pass'd :

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 thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

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

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd ;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies, 70
Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies :
Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*Within*] What ho, my liege ! for God's sake,
let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this
eager cry ?

Duch. A woman, and thy aunt, great king ; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door :
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now changed to " The Beggar and the King."
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in : 81
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.

This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound ;
This let alone will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. 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 ? 90

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle
liege. *[Kneels.*

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. 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 Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. 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 !

Duch. fleads he in earnest ? look upon his face ;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest ; 101
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 :
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know ;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow :
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy ;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his ; then let them have
That mercy which true prayer ought to have. no

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say, " stand up " ;
Say " pardon " first, and afterwards " stand up."

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
 " Pardon " should be the first word of thy speech.
 I never long'd 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' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king ; say, " pardonne
 moi." "

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy ?
 Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord, 121
 That set'st the word itself against the word !
 Speak " pardon " as 'tis current in our land ;
 The chopping French we do not understand.
 Thine eyes begin to speak ; set thy tongue there ;
 Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear ;
 That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
 Pity may move thee " pardon " to rehearse.

Baling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand ;
 Pardon is all the suit I have in hand. 130

Baling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. 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.

Boling. With all my heart
 I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. 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 140
 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, cousin too, adieu :

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son : I pray God make thee
new. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *The same. Enter EXTON and Servant.*

Exton. 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 ?

Sew. These were his very words.

Exton. " Have I no friend ? " quoth he : he spake
it twice,

And urged it twice together, did he not ?

Sew. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me ;
As who should say, " I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart " ;
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go : 10
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Pomfret castle. Enter KING RICHARD.*

K. Rich. 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 it 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 humours like the people of this world, 10
 For no thought is contented. The better sort,
 As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
 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 20
 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.
 Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
 Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars
 Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,
 That many have and others must sit there ;
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortunes on the back 30
 Of such as have before endured the like.
 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 king'd again ; and by and by
 Think that I am unking'd 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 40
 With being nothing. Music do I hear ? *[Music.*
 Ha, ha ! keep time : how sour sweet music is,

With much ado at length have gotten leave
 To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
 O, how it yearn'd 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 dress'd ! 80

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me, gentle
 friend,

How went he under him ?

Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. 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, 90
 Since thou, created to be awed by man,
 Wast born to bear ? I was not made a horse ;
 And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
 Spurr'd, gall'd and tired by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place ; here is no longer stay.

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

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart
 shall say. *[Exit.*

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

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do. 99

Keep. My lord, I dare not : Sir Pierce of Exton,
 who came lately from the king, commands the con-
 trary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee !

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[Beats the keeper.

Keep. Help, help, help !

Enter EXTON and Servants armed.

K. Rich. How now ! what means death in this rude
• assault ?

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

[Snatching an axe from a Servant and killing him.

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[He kills another. Then Exton strikes him down.

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire 109

That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul ! thy seat is up on high ;

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[Dies.

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood :

Both have I spill'd ; 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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *Windsor castle. Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, with other Lords, and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear

Is that the rebels have consumed with fire

Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire ;

But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord : what is the news ?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent :
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here. 10

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains ;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot ;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, *and the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

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

Boling. Carlisle, 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 honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, *with persons bearing a coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present 30
Thy buried fear : herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. 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.

Boling. 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. 40
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour :
With Cain go wander thorough 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 that 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 : 50
March sadly after ; grace my mournings here ;
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*]

SOURCE OF THE PLOT

THE chief source of the play is Holinshed's " Chronicle," which Shakespeare has followed with the closest detail. There are indications that he also consulted the " Annals " of Stowe.

The representation of the Queen and, to a less extent, of John of Gaunt, the scene of Gaunt's death (II. i), the scene in the garden of the Duke of York (III. iv.), the deposition of Richard (IV. i.), the parting of Richard and his Queen (V. i.), and the introduction of the groom (V. v.), are all of Shakespeare's invention. Shakespeare also allows himself sundry minor changes of time, place, and incident.

NOTES

Act I

Shakespeare has chosen in "Richard II" not to epitomise the whole reign, but to treat only of the final catastrophe. When the first Act opens, it is already the beginning of the end. Although the first two scenes, as is usual in Shakespeare, are essentially summaries of earlier matter, we may see in the feckless procrastination of Richard, in the arrogance of Bolingbroke, and in the tempestuous temper of the nobles, the germ of all the after-events. In Scene III Richard's banishment of a loyal friend and a feared enemy stirs the whirlwind action which sweeps on almost without pause to the end. Bolingbroke's placid acceptance of his sentence is in marked contrast to Mowbray's unaffected grief, and suggests that already he is nourishing ambitious hopes. But with Richard, Bolingbroke is out of sight, out of mind, and he can now apply himself to the most urgent affairs of state—the subjection of Ireland and the plundering of the rich by the ugliest forms of despotism.

Scene i

The King hears Bolingbroke charge Mowbray with embezzlement, treason, and the murder of Gloucester. In answer, Mowbray declares his willingness to accept the challenge of Bolingbroke, and Richard, failing to effect reconciliation, fixes a time and place for the trial by combat.

2. *Band*: bond.

4. *Appeal*: charge of treason which the accuser undertakes to prove by single combat before a com-

- petent tribunal. So also the verb, 11. 9, 27, "appellant," 1. 34, etc.
1. 9. *On ancient malice* : owing to long-standing animosity.
1. 12. *On that argument*: on that matter.
- 11.13. *Apparent danger*: manifest power to harm.
11. 18. *High-stomach' d* : haughty.
- 11.22. *Other's* : the other's.
- 11.23. *Good hap* : good fortune.
- 11.26. *Come* : come on.
- 11.28. *Object* : charge, bring as an accusation.
- 11.32. *Tendering* : holding dear.
- 11.34. *Appellant* : see note, 1. 4.
- 11.40. *Too good* : *i.e.* in birth and station.
- 11.43. *Aggravate the note* : to make the stigma the worse.
- 11.46. *Right drawn* : drawn in a right cause.
- 11.47. *Accuse* : call in question. Mowbray's measured words lack the warmth of Bolingbroke's passionate invective. He entreats the assembly, therefore, not to consider his coolness an indication that he does not feel strongly.
1. 50. *Arbitrate* : decide.
1. 54. *Reverence of*: respect for.
1. 56. *Post*: speed.
1. 58. *Royalty* : Bolingbroke was first cousin to the King (see chart on page 133).
1. 59. *And let him be no* : and if I need not take into account that he is. See 11. 70-72.
1. 63. *Tied* : obliged, bound.
1. 65. *Inhabitable* : uninhabitable.
1. 69. *Gage* : pledge (usually by throwing a glove on the ground), of a person's appearance to do battle in support of his charges. To "take up" the glove (cf. 1. 74) was to accept the challenge. Cp. IV. i. 25.
1. 72. *Except* : take exception to, object to.
1. 74. *Take up* : see note 1. 69.
- Pawn* : gage, challenge.
1. 75. *All the rites of knighthood else* : all the other customs of chivalry.
1. 77. *Or thou canst worse devise* : or any worse charges that you may fabricate.
- 11.80-81. */// answer thee . . . knightly trial*: I'll give

- you satisfaction in any honourable way, or in any form of combat prescribed by the code of chivalry.
1. 8;2. *Light*: alight, dismount.
 1. 85. *Inherit us* : put us in possession of, cause us to entertain. Cp. II. i. 83.
 1. 88. *Nobles* : a noble was a gold coin worth about 6s. 8d. Cp. V. v. 67.
 1. 89. *Lendings* : money advances to soldiers when the regular pay cannot be given.
 1. 90. *Lewd* : base, mean.
 1. 91. *Injurious* : insulting, malicious.
 1. 95. *These eighteen years* : that is, since Wat Tyler's insurrection in 1381.
 1. 97. *Fetch* : derive.
Head and spring : origin and inspiration.
 1. 100. *Duke of Gloucester's death* : Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son of Edward III. and uncle to Richard (see chart, p. 133), died in Mowbray's castle at Calais in 1397. The circumstances of his death spread the belief that he was murdered, and the blame was laid on the King.
 1. 101. *Suggest*: instigate, incite. Cp. also III. iv. 75.
 1. 106. *Tome*: emphatic. By taking it upon himself to avenge his uncle's murder, Bolingbroke could not fail to leave the impression that the King's hands were not stainless. Bolingbroke is plainly attacking the King through Mowbray.
 1. 109. *Pitch* : a term in falconry for the height to which a hawk " soars."
 1. 113. *This slander of his blood*: this man who brings dishonour to his stock.
 1. 116. *Nay, my kingdom?'s heir*: even if he were the heir to my kingdom.
 1. 119. *Sacred*: the constantly recurring note of Richard's speeches, the one stable idea in his ever-changing mental outlook, was this doctrine of the " divine right of kings."
 1. 120. *Partialize* : render partial.
 1. 126. *Receipt*: money received.
For Calais: to spend in his capacity as governor of Calais.
 - 1.129. *For that*: because.

1. 130. *Upon . . . dear account*: for the unpaid balance of a heavy debt.
1. 134. *Neglected my sworn duty* : according to Holinshed, Mowbray defied Richard's order to dispatch Gloucester, the murder being finally carried out by persons expressly sent by the king.
1. 140. *Exactly* : expressly.
1. 142. *Appealed*: cp. I. i. 4n.
1. 144. *Recreant* : cowardly.
1. 145. *In myself*: in my own person.
1. 146. *Interchangeably* : in reply to Bolingbroke's challenge.
1. 150. *In haste whereof*: to hasten which proof.
1. 153. *Choler* : anger, bile.
1. 157. *Our . . . bleed* : the panacea for all maladies at the time was blood-letting, and the best times for it were set down in the almanacs.
1. 164. *There is no boot*: it is no good refusing to obey.
1. 168. *Despite . . . my grave* : my good name which will survive upon my tombstone in spite of my death.
- I. 170. *Baffled* : the word used for disgracing a knight.
- II. 172-173. *His heart-blood Which*: the heart-blood of him who. " Which " was used in Shakespeare's time interchangeably with " who " and " that."
1. 174. *Lions make leopards tame* : the royal coat of arms was three lions and the Norfolk coat a golden leopard.
1. 175. *Take but my shame* : first take away the ignominy which these charges have brought upon me.
1. 177. *Mortal times* : earthly life.
1. 189. *Or . . . my height*: or by a mean, ignoble fear discredit my high rank.
1. 190. *Out-dared* : cowed, or perhaps, defied.
1. 191. *Feeble wrong* : one that implies weakness in the man that submits to it.
1. 192. *Sound . . . parle*: basely make overtures for peace.
1. 193. *Motive* : the tongue, the instrument by which fear is expressed.
1. 199. *Saint Lambert's day* : September 17th.
1. 201. *The swelling difference . . . hate* : the bitter (perhaps " exaggerated) quarrel arising from your rooted enmity.
1. 202. *Atone* : reconcile.

1. 203. *Design the victor's chivalry* : " designate, by the result of the contest, the true knight."
- I. 205. *Home alarms* : threats to the internal peace of the c6untry.

Scene 11

The Duchess of Gloucester attempts to stir Gaunt to vengeance for her husband's death.

(Stage Direction) *Lancaster's Palace* : the Savoy palace on the banks of the Thames.

- II. 1-3. *The part I had . . . his life* : my relationship to Gloucester is a stronger incentive for me than your clamours to take vengeance upon his murderers.

Woodstock: Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, and John of Gaunt were brothers (see chart, p. 133).

- II. 4-5. *Correction . . . correct*: the power to punish the offence is in the hands of the one responsible for the offence (*i.e.* Richard) which we cannot punish.

1. 11. *Edward's seven sons* : see chart, p. 133.

1. 14. *Some of those seven* : *i.e.* vials. The two metaphors are carried on in alternate lines.

1. 15. *By the Destinies cut*: the Three Fates span, drew, and cut the threads of human life. Four of Edward's sons died natural deaths.

1. 21. *Envy* : malice.

1. 23. *Self*: self-same.

1. 28. *Model* : image.

1.31. *Thou showest . . . life* : you make the way clear for an attempt on your own life.

1. 33. *Mean* : not noble.

1. 42. *Where . . . complain myself*: to whom can I appeal. "Complain myself" is used reflexively (cf. Fr. *me plaindre*).

1. 46. *Cousin* : in the loose Shakespearean sense, meaning any collateral relative.

1. 49. *Career* : onset, charge.

1. 53. *Caitiff*: base.

Recrçant: said of a knight who in a trial by combat yields to his foe and recants his accusations.

- 1. 58. *Griefboundeth* : the metaphor is of a ball bouncing.
- 1. 66. *Flashy* : a place in Essex, near Dunrnou.
- 1. 68. *Lodgings* : rooms.
Unfurnished : not hung with tapestries.
- 1. 69. *Offices* : the servants' quarters.

Scene 111

The Trial by Combat is interrupted by Richard, and the combatants are sentenced to exile.

- 1.2. *At all points* : completely.
- 1. 3. *Spnghtfully and bold* : the adverbial ending *-ly* goes with both words.
- 1. 1.4. *Appellant* : see note I. I. 4.
- 1. 1.5. *Champions* : combatants.
- 1. 1.17. *Engaged*: pledged.
- 1. 1.18. *Defend* : *forbid*.
- 1. 1.20. *My succeeding issue* : "Mowbray's issue was, by this accusation, in danger of an attainder, and therefore he might come, among other reasons, for their sake."—Johnson.
- 1. 1.30. *Depose him in* : examine him on oath.
- 1. 1.45. *Designs* : undertakings.
- 1. 1.57. *Blood*: kinsman.
- 1. 1.67. *Regreet* : salute.
- 1. 1.68. *The daintiest last* : it was the custom of the time, peculiar to the English, to finish a banquet with sweetmeats.
- 1. 1.69. *O thou* : addressing John of Gaunt.
- 1. 1.73. *Proof*: power of resistance.
- 1. 1.75. *Waxen*: as if it were made of wax.
- 1. 1.76. *Furbish* : polish, add new lustre to.
- 1. 1.77. *Haviour* : behaviour, bearing.
- 1. 1.81. *Amazing* : utterly confounding, bewildering.
- 1. 1.84. *To thrive* : to help me to victory.
- 1. 1.90. *Enfranchisement*: release, freedom.
- 1. 1.95. *As to jest*: as if to a mock-combat.
- 1. 1.97. *Securely*: goes with "couched," and means confidently.
- 1. 118. *Warder* : a staff or mace held by one presiding over a combat. To throw it down was the signal for

- the contest to cease. Cp. the comment of Mowbray's son in "2 Henry IV," IV. i. 113-129.
1. 121. *Withdraw with us* : spoken to his council. The King moves with them to the back of the stage and deliberates. A long flourish of trumpets fills up the interval (historically of two hours' duration). At line 123 Richard has returned to pronounce his decision in a speech full of that imaginative eloquence which the "great occasion" never failed to call forth.
 1. 122. *While we return* : until we announce to.
 1. 125. *For that* : because.
 1. 128. *Civil wounds* : wounds received in civil strife.
 1. 131. *Set on you* : set you on, incite.
 1. 133. *Infant* : after 1389, there were eight years of uninterrupted if uneasy peace both at home and abroad.
 1. 134. *Untuned* : discordant.
 1. 143. *Stranger* : foreign.
 1. 148. *Doom* : sentence.
 1. 150. *Sly* : since to the exile the hours seem to slow down their pace on purpose.
Determinate : bring to an end.
 1. 151. *Dear* : is used in Shakespeare of anything which touches the heart deeply, whether pleasing or the reverse. Hence, here, it means grievous.
 1. 156. *A dearer merit* : a better reward.
 1. 162. *Viol* : a stringed instrument from which the violin developed.
 1. 163. *Cunning* : skilfully made, or, by hypallage, needing skill to play.
 1. 164. *Being open* : taken from its case.
 1. 174. *Boots* : avails, profits.
Compassionate : self-pitying, or sorrowing, or piteous.
 1. 175. *Plaining* : complaining.
 1. 181. *Our part . . . yourselves* : our share in your allegiance we banish with your persons. Richard releases them from their allegiance to him during their exile.
 1. 185. *Nor never* : the double negative is used for emphasis.
 1. 187. *This louring tempest* : this storm of hatred that has sprung up between you at home.

1. 188. *Advised*: deliberate.
1. 193. *Sofar as to mine enemy* : so far as it is proper for me to speak to my foe.
1. 202. *My name . . . life* : cf. Revelation iii. 5.
- I. 220. *Bring their times about*: bring round their seasons.
- II. 223—224. *My inch . . . my son* : cp. Macbeth's "out, out, brief candle." A beautiful couplet—one of the most memorable in a play studded throughout with such gems of phrase.
- II. 224. *Blindfold* : that destroys the sight.
- II. 230. Time as an aged wayfarer is a conventional representation.
- II. 231. *Current*: valid.
- II. 233. *Upon good advice* : after careful consideration.
- II. 234. *Party-verdict*: was a party to the sentence by voting for it.
- II. 235. *Lour*: frown.
- II. 236. Gaunt did not realise at the time of his consent how bitter the loss of his son would afterwards be found.
- II. 240. *To smooth* : to gloss over.
- II. 241. *A partial slander* : the imputation of partiality.
- II. 243. *I look'd when* : I expected.
- II. 244. I was acting too harshly in approving of my son's banishment.
- II. 249-250. *What presence . . . show*: write and tell me what I may not know by being present with you.
- II. 265-267. *The sullen passage . . . home return* : look upon your wearisome pilgrimage as something to set off by contrast the happiness of your return home.
1. 266. *Foil*: the setting of a jewel.
- I. 269. *Remember* : remind.
- II. 271-274. *Must I not . . . journeyman to grief*: my travels abroad will be a long apprenticeship, but, at the end of my term, when I regain my freedom, I shall be able to claim nothing more than that I served my time in bondage to grief.
- Bolingbroke is quibbling upon "journeyman" (a day-labourer) and "journey."
1. 275. *Eye of heaven* : the sun.
1. 281. *Faintly* : faint-heartedly.
1. 282. *Purchase* : win.

11. 286-287. *Look* , . . . *contest* : pretend that what you most prize lies before you, not behind you.
1. 289. *The presence strew'd* : the royal presence-chamber strewed with rushes.
1. 292. *Gnarhng* : snarling.
1. 293. *Sets it light*: considers it of little value.
1. 299. *Fantastic* : imaginary.
- I. 300. *Apprehension* : conception, imagining.
- II. 300-303. To imagine better things only makes us more keenly aware of the worse. Sorrow never causes one to suffer so deeply as when it perpetually irritates a wound it cannot relieve. The meaning appears to be that grief could in some circumstances urge a man on to rid himself of his troubles ; but Bolingbroke's troubles cannot be overcome.

Scene iv

Richard, aware of the popularity of Bolingbroke, has recourse to exceptional taxation for his Irish enterprise.

- 1.1. *We did observe* : part of the conversation which Richard has been holding with Bagot and Green : explained in 11. 23 f.
1. 5. *Store* : abundance.
1. 6. *For me* : on my part.
1. 1.8. *Rheum* : moisture.
1. 1.9. *Hollow*: insincere.
1. 1.12. *For*: because.
1. 1.13. *That* : the fact of my heart's disdain.
1. 1.14. *To counterfeit*. . . *grief*: to pretend to be so overwhelmed with grief.
1. 20. *Doubt*: doubtful.
1. 23. *Bagot, Bushy, Green* : three of the upstart office-mongers who gathered round Richard for advancement. They were the standing grievance of the nobles whose time-honoured position as the councillors of the King they had usurped.
1. 28. *Craftsmen* . . . *craft*: an intentional play upon words.
1. 29. *Underbearing* : endurance.
1. 30. *As 'twere* . . . *with him* : as if he were going to

take their affections into exile with him (and hence away from Richard).

- 11- 35-36. *As were . . . in hope* : as though England, now mine, was bound some day to revert to him, and he were the next king my subjects had to hope for.
1. 39. *Expedient manage*: measures must be taken expeditiously.
1. 44. *Largess* : gifts.
1. 45. *Farm our royal realm* : the common practice of an insolvent king was to lease out his revenues to certain persons in return for a fixed sum. The persons thus privileged took great care that they did not lose by the bargain.
1. 48. *Substitutes* : deputies.
Blank charters : documents or "cheques" which the King's agents could fill up as they pleased and present to wealthy citizens and nobles for payment.
1. 50. *Subscribe themfor* : put their names down for.
1. 52. *Presently* : at once.
1. 58. *Ely House* : the palace of the Bishop of Ely in London.
1. 61. *The lining, etc.* : Richard proposes to confiscate Gaunt's estate.

Act II

The storm is brewing slowly but inevitably. The dying John of Gaunt admonishes Richard for his misrule, and foretells the ruin of England. But his "wholesome counsel" rouses the passionate displeasure of Richard, whose sense of royal dignity is outraged. When the death of Gaunt is announced, Richard's purpose of seizing the Lancastrian estates is immediately put into execution. This act of despotism extinguishes the last spark of loyalty in the nation, and predisposes men's minds to the usurpation of Bolingbroke, who is now on his way back to England. Conspiracies are already afoot, when Richard sets the crown to his folly by leaving England for the Irish expedition.

The Queen's presentiments of misfortune are indeed well founded : there is universal desertion to the cause

of Bolingbroke : York, the regent, disbands the host that he has collected, and satisfies his conscience by a prudent neutrality : the Welsh forces disperse in the belief that Richard is dead. Bolingbroke's fortunes rise as quickly as those of Richard decline, and the future looms ominously.

Scene 1

Gaunt's prophetic warnings from his death-bed are unheeded by Richard, who confiscates his estates as soon as he is dead. York is appointed Regent during Richard's absence in Ireland. The news that Bolingbroke is returning causes a conspiracy to be formed* among the nobles in his favour.

1. 10. *Close* : talk in flattering terms.
1. 12. *Music at the close* : the final cadence of a piece of music.
- I. 19. *Venom* : poisonous.
- II. 21-23. *Fashions in proud Italy* : Shakespeare is transferring to the thirteenth century a social phenomenon of his own time, when the imitation of Italian customs was considered "fashionable."
1. 22. *Still*: ever, always.
Tardy apish : uninventive and always ready to copy.
1. 25. *Therms no respect*: it is of no concern, no one cares.
1. 28. *Where will . . . regard*: where desire rebels against what wisdom approves.
1. 36. *Betimes* : early, quickly.
- I. 38. *Light vanity* : frivolous display squanders all its substance and finally has to use up the resources on which it depends for its existence. The reference is to Richard's farming of his very kingdom.
- II. 40-68. This well-known "purple patch" early became famous, being included in "England's Parnassus" in 1600.
1. 44. *Infection* : contamination by foreign influences or interference.
1. 49. *Envy* : malice.
Less happier: the double comparative is fairly common in Shakespeare, though usually with "more."

11. 55- *Stubborn Jewry*: the land of the Jews, who were obstinate in their refusal to recognise Christ. The reference is, of course, to the fame won by English rulers in the Crusades.
11. 59. *Leased out*: that is, to "farming," cp. I. iv. 45.
11. 60. *Pelting*: paltry.
11. 64. *Inky blots*: writings.
11. 73. *Composition*: condition.
11. 83. *Inherits*: possesses. Cp. I. 1. 85n.
11. 84. *Nicely*: subtly, fancifully.
11. 85. *Misery*: as opposed to "sickness." I. 84.
11. 86. *To kill my name in me*: that is, by banishing his son and heir.
11. 93-94. *Now He . . . seeing ill*: a triple twist. I who see you am ill, I am ill at what I see, and it is ill (ill-doing and ill-fame) that I see in you.
- I. 102. *And yet . . . a verge*: and though they (the flatterers) are confined within so small a compass.
Verge: technically, "the compass or extent of the King's Court, formerly of twelve miles extent."
- II. 104-105. See chart, p. 133.
1. 107. *Possessed*: i.e. with the royal power.
1. 108. *Possessed*: i.e. with an evil spirit.
1. 111. *But . . . land*: but since your possessions (thy world) are limited to this one country.
1. 114. *Thy state of law . . . law*: thy legal status is that of one subject to the laws, as a landlord is, not above it, like a king.
1. 119. *His*: its.
1. 122. *Roundly*: glibly.
1. 126. *Pelican*: was fabled to feed its young on its own blood. Richard has "tapped" the blood of his race, and hence, in a sense, his own.
- II. 132-133. *Join, . . . age*: add your cruelty to the effects of age and sickness.
- I. 139. *Sullens*: melancholy.
- II. 144-145. Richard affects to misunderstand York's unintentional equivocal.
1. 154. *Must be*: is yet to be.
1. 156. *Rug-headed kerns*: shaggy-haired native Irish foot-soldiers.
1. 157. *No venom else*: no other poisonous thing besides

- them. St. Patrick is supposed to have rid Ireland of snakes.
1. 159. *Ask some charge* : entail expense.
 1. 167. *The prevention of poor Bohngbroke* : the exiled Bolingbroke would have married the King of France's daughter had not Richard sent Salisbury to prevent the match.
 1. 177. *Accomplished with . . . hours*: when he had accomplished the number of thy hours ; that is, was of the same age.
 - I. 190. *Royalties* : prerogatives.
 - II. 195-196. *Take Hereford's . . . rights*: time makes the son succeed the father, so that Richard, by depriving Bolingbroke of his rights, is robbing time of its customary privilege.
 1. 202. *Call in* : cancel, revoke.
Letters patent : open letter from a sovereign conferring some right or title.
 - I. 203. *Attorneys-general* : deputies or proxies representing their master in all legal matters.
 - II. 203-204. *To sue his livery* : to institute a suit to claim possession of his lands, which on the death of the former land-holder reverted to the king.
 1. 204. *Deny his offered homage* : refuse to allow him to do homage for his land.
 1. 215. *Earl of Wiltshire* : formerly Sir William Scrope, Lord Treasurer.
 - I. 1.228. *Great* : full.
 - I. 1.237. *Gelded*: deprived.
 - I. 1.239. *Moe* : more in number.
 - I. 1.242. *What they will inform* : any charges they choose to bring against any of us.
 - I. 1.244. *Prosecute* : follow up.
 - I. 246. *Pill'd*: plundered, fleeced. Historically, John of Gaunt was responsible for the most "grievous" of these taxes—the Poll Tax of 1380.
 1. 250. *Blanks* : see note I. iv. 48.
Benevolences : compulsory gifts to the treasury, first extorted by Edward IV, 1473.
 1. 258. *Dissolution* : destruction.
 1. 265. *Sit*: said of a steady wind blowing out the sails of a ship.

1. 266. *Strike* : furl the sails.
Securely : through a false sense of security.
- I. 268. *Unavoided* : unavoidable.
- II. 275-276. *We three are . . . thoughts* : we three are so close in friendship that your words are as safe as unuttered thoughts.
1. 280. The missing line seems to refer to Thomas Arundel, son of the Earl of Arundel, who was involved in the rising of the Lords Appellant and paid the penalty with his life.
1. 286. *Men of war* : fighting men, soldiers.
1. 287. *Expedience* : haste, expedition.
1. 292. *Imp out* : repair (by grafting new feathers in the place of those that had been broken). The metaphor is from falconry.
1. 293. *Broking pawn* : pledge in the hands of the pawnbroker.
1. 296. *Ravenspurgh* : an old port on the Humber, destroyed by the inroads of the sea, perhaps already before this time.
1. 300. *Hold out*: if my horse does not tire.

Scene 11

The Queen foresees the impending disaster of which the landing of Bolingbroke is the first step. York prepares to assert the King's supremacy.

- I. 14. *Substance* : reality.
- II. 16-17. *For sorrow's eye . . . objects* : for sorrow's eye blurred with tears breaks up each object that it sees into many facets.
1. 18. *Perspectives* : glasses producing optical illusions : when looked at from the left one picture was seen, and when from the right another ; but when the glass was looked at in a direct line nothing but a confused blur was seen. Bushy says therefore, "You look askance at your husband's departure and thus, as in a perspective, you see forms which you would not see if you regarded it in the right view" (*i.e.* from in front).
1. 20. *Distinguish form* : show distinct shapes.

1. 31. *As,—though, . . . I think*: although, in my brooding, I have no distinct idea of any danger in my mind.
1. 32. *Heavy nothing* : " nothing " as in 1. 12 and the next passage indicates a sense of oppression with no known cause.
- I. 33. *Conceit*: fancy.
- II. 34-38. An obscure passage. The Queen has a fear of impending disaster which is based not upon any actual experience or knowledge, but merely vague presentiment. Thus : " It is anything but fancy, for the conception of grief, even if imaginary, springs from some actual grief, and my sorrow does not, but comes from nothing I can name ; or else it may be that some real ground exists unknown to me for my seemingly groundless grief, and whatever it is it will be passed to me ("in reversion ") in due time.
1. 38. *Reversion* : right of succession to a thing when the possessor dies.
1. 46. *Retired his power* : withdrawn his forces.
1. 49. *Repeals* : recalls.
- I. 59. *Staff*: the wand which was (and still is) the symbol of office in the King's household.
- II. 62-63. Returning to the metaphors of II. 10-11, 34-38.
1. 63. *Heir* : offspring.
1. ~~69~~ *Cozening* : cheating.
1. 71. *Dissolve* : unloose.
- 1.72. *Lingers* : transitive : causes to linger, prolongs.
- 1.74. *Signs of war* : armour.
- 1.75. *Careful*: full of anxiety.
- 1.79. *Crosses* : vexations.
1. ~~84~~ *Now comes . . . surfeit made* : now is come the time when he will suffer for his past excesses.
1. 101. *So my untruth* : provided that my disloyalty.
1. 128. *Is near . . . love not*: is proportionately hateful to those who do *not* love.
1. 133. If they are to be the judges, we are likewise condemned.
1. 137. *Office* : service.
1. 144. *That's as York . . . Bolingbroke* : that depends on the measure of success that attends York in his opposition to Bolingbroke.

Scene in

Bolingbroke is joined by many of the nobles, and informs York that he has only come to claim his rights. York becomes neutral.

11. 15-16. *And hope . . . enjoyed*: the hope of joy is almost as pleasurable as the actual enjoyment of what is hoped for.
1. 22. *Whencesoever* : from some place or other.
1. 56. *Estimate* : repute, standing.
1. 61. *Unfelt*: impalpable, of no tangible worth.
1. 70. *Answer is—to Lancaster* : I answer now only to the title of Lancaster.
1. 75. *Raze* : erase.
1. 76. *What lord you will*: by whatever title you choose to be addressed.
1. 79. *Absent time* : the time of the King's absence.
1. 80. *Self-born arms* : martial preparations for which you are responsible.
1. 84. *Deceivable* : deceitful.
1. 92. *More " why ? "* : there are more questions.
1. 95. *Despised*: despicable, looked on with contempt (because they are those of a rebel amongst a defenceless people).
1. 107. *On what condition . . . wherein* : of what nature is my fault, and in what act has it shown itself?
1. 112. *Braving*; defiant.
1. 116. *Indifferent*: impartial.
1. 120. *Royalties* : see note II. I. 190.
1. 122. *Unthrifts* : prodigals.
1. 128. The metaphor is from stag-hunting. " Rouse " means to drive (the stag) from its lair. When the stag could run no further it turned round " at bay " and faced the hounds. " At bay " is connected with the Fr. *aboi*, a bark.
1. 129. *Sue my livery* : see note II. i. 203.
1. 130. *Letters-patents* : see note II. i. 202.
1. 134. *Challenge* : appeal to.
1. 135. *Personally* : in person.
1. 138. *It stands upon* : it is incumbent upon.
1. 144. *Be his own carver* : shape his own fortune.

1. 145. *To find*. . . *wrong* : to secure his rights by wrongful means.
 1. 154. *All ill left*: left ill-provided.
 1. 156. *Attach* : arrest.

Scene iv

Richard's army in Wales disperses.

1. 2. *Hardly* : with difficulty.
 1. 11. *Lean-look'd* : lean-looking.
 1. 22. *Witnessing* : portending.
 1. 24. *Crossly* : adversely.

Act III

The first scene of the third Act shows us Bolingbroke, king in fact if not in name, "weeding the State of caterpillars." By his undoubted merit he has already displaced the aggressive despot who has just landed in Wales. Yet our affections go out to Richard in spite of the arbitrary nature of his rule : a singular charm radiates from the golden-mouthed sentimentalist caressing his native land (Sc. n) and dreaming of the army of angels that is mustering in Heaven to fight for the Lord's Anointed. He oscillates between buoyant joy and unmanly despair as each successive disaster is announced : the eventual realisation of the hopelessness of his position "kills his heart." Yet he himself rises above adversity. He turns to self-contemplation, yet never without some touch of interfering fancy or fading recollection. He "makes a wanton of his woes." Hence his surrender to Bolingbroke (Sc. 111) comes as a relief rather than a tragedy.

The quietness that pervades Scene iv is a welcome respite from the stress of the scenes that come before. In the gardeners we hear the *vox populi*. They remind us of the unhappy state to which Richard has brought his realm and of the prudent measures of Bolingbroke. But our sympathy for Richard is never allowed to be obliterated, and is kept alive by the pathetic figure of the Queen.

Scene 1

Bolingbroke condemns Richard's favourites to death.

- l. 1.3. *Presently*: immediately.
- l. 1.5. *Charity*: kindness.
- l. 1.9. *Happy*: fortunate.
- l. 1.10. *Clean* : completely.
- l. 1.11. *In manner* : in a manner, as it were.
Sinful hours : hours spent in licence and vice.
- l. 1.22. *Signories* : manors, estates.
- l. 1.23. *Dispark'd*: the legal term for throwing open enclosures for common use.
- l. 1.24. *My household coat* : the coat of arms of my house.
- l. 1.25. *Imprese* : heraldic device.
- l. 1.34. *Plague* : punish.
- l. 1.37. *Fairly . . . entreated* : treat her with all due honour.
- l. 1.41. *At large* : fully, at great length.
- l. 1.43. *To fight with Glendower* : Although the rebellion of Glendower did not take place until 1400, Holinshed states that Glendower was with Richard at Flint. Bolingbroke's policy was to make his *coup d'état* popular by attacking the hated favourites. Hence he speaks of his expedition to Wales (against Richard) as being directed against a Welsh favourite.

Scene 11

Richard lands in England and is made aware of the hopelessness of his cause.

- 1. 1. *Barkloughly*: a scribal error for Hetlowle or Harlech Castle.
- 1. 8. *Long-parted mother* : a mother long parted from.
- 1. 13. *Sense* : appetite.
- 1. 16. *Annoyance* : harm.
- 1. 21. *Double* : forked.
Mortal: deadly, fatal.
- 1. 23. *Mock not . . . conjuration* : do not laugh at my adjuration as being senseless.
- 1. 25. *Native* : lawful.
- 1. 29. *Embraced* : welcomed.
- 1. 30. *Would*: were willing (to help us).

1. 34. *Security* : carelessness.
1. 36. *Discomfortable* : discouraging.
1. 58. *Pressed* : impressed, enlisted.
1. 59. *Shrewd* : keen, sharp.
1. 63. *Power* : army, force.
1. 90. (Stage Direction) *Scroop*: Sir Stephen Scroop was one of Richard's most faithful adherents. He was a brother of the Earl of Wiltshire.
1. 91. *Betide* : befall.
1. 92. *Care-tuned* : tuned to the key of sorrow.
1. 95. *My care* : a constant source of anxiety to me.
1. 114. *Female* : weak as those of a woman.
1. 116. *Beadsmen* : pensioners who, in return for alms, said prayers for the souls of their benefactors.
1. 117. *Double-fatal*: the yew's leaves were held to be poisonous, and from its wood bows were made.
1. 118. *Bill*: a weapon which combined the pike and the battle-axe.
1. 125. *Measure our confines* : traverse our territories.
Peaceful: unresisted, not opposed.
1. 134. *Spotted* : wicked.
- I. 135. *Changing his property* : changing its nature.
- II. 137-138. *Their peace . . . hands* : explained by 1. 142.
1. 153. *Model*: mould or shape heaped into the rough form, of the human body.
1. 154. *Paste*: " a metaphor not of the most sublime kind, taken from a pie " (Johnson). Not consciously, I fancy, Johnson was always too literal with Shakespeare.
1. 158. *Ghosts they have* : ghosts of those they have.
1. 161. It is thought that Shakespeare had in his mind a picture from the " *Imagines Mortis*," which depicts Death as a grinning skeleton, removing the crown of a king as he sits in state.
1. 162. *Antic* : buffoon.
1. 165. *Monarchic* : play the monarch.
1. 166. *Self and vain conceit*: vain self-conceit.
1. 171. *Cover . . . blood*: do not stand bare-headed snowing a reverence which is only a mockery when given to flesh and blood.
- I. 179. But promptly take steps to avoid having any need to lament their lot.
- II. 183-185. *Fear, and be slain . . . breath* : if you give way

to fear you will be killed : no worse fate can come of fighting : and to die fighting is to destroy death by death, whereas to die in fear is to be the slave of cleath.

The idea in 1. 184 is that to die fighting is to die confronting death with his own weapons.

1. 187. *Learn to make . . . limb*: learn to make the best use of what you have left in the way of resources.
- I. 194. *Complexion* : appearance.
- II. 198-199. *By small and small . . . out* : by telling my news a little at a time.
1. 204. *Beshrew* : a mild imprecation.
1. 212. *Ear* : to till.

Scene m

Richard surrenders both his person and his crown to Bolingbroke.

1. 14. *Taking so the head* : omitting his title : *i.e.* he would have had you beheaded for such an insult.
1. 32. *Ribs* : walls.
1. 34. *His ruii'd ears* : its battered casements.
Deliver : announce.
1. 53. *Our fair appointments . . . perused*: they may see how well equipped our forces are.
1. 56. *When their thundering shock* : it was supposed that in a thunderstorm the elements of fire and water came into collision.
1. 61. (Stage Direction) *Enter on the walls* : on the stage Richard would appear on the balcony above the inner stage. (See Appendix, 3.)
1. 73. *Fearful* : full of fear, in awe.
1. 83. *Torn their souls* : their souls are regarded as parchment on which their allegiance to the king was written. By their disloyalty they now tear this bond.
1. 86. *On your behalf*: against you—not in the modern sense of " in your interest."
1. 94. *Purple testament* : war is like a will, immediately it is opened it becomes effective. " Purple," *i.e.* blood-stained.
1. 97. *Flower of England's face* : the blossoming surface of the land.

1. 1.102. *Civil and uncivil arms* : domestic and brutal strife.
1. 1.113. *Lineal royalties* : hereditaments, rights of descent.
1. 1.114. *Enfranchisement*: freedom from disabilities and Restoration of civil rights.
1. 1.115. *Party* : part.
1. 1.117. *Barbed*: equipped with armour.
1. 1.136. *Words of sooth* : gentle conciliatory speech.
1. 1.147. *Set of beads* : a rosary for counting prayers.
1. 1.151. *Palmer* : a pilgrim ; originally one who *' bore a palm-branch in memory of having been to the Holy Land."
1. 1.156. *Of common trade* : of common passage, frequented.
1. 1.162. *Lodge* : lay flat.
1. 1.164. *Play the wantons* : trifle.
1. 1.167. *Fretted* : worn out for us.
1. 1.168-169. *There lies, etc.* : a mock epitaph.
1. 1.175. *Make a leg* : you have only to make a bow.
1. 1.176. *Base court* : the lower courtyard.
1. 1.178. *Phaethon* : son of the Sun-god, induced his father to promise to grant him any request, and then asked to be allowed to drive the chariot of the sun. Soon the horses got out of control, with the result that they flew so close to the earth that they scorched it : in rage Jupiter struck Phaethon dead with a thunderbolt. He is thus the type of youthful presumption.
1. 1.179. *Wanting the manage* : without the skill to control. *Jades* : ill-conditioned, vicious horses.
1. 1.185. *Fondly* : foolishly.
1. 1.192. *Me rather had*: a combination of two constructions—the personal " I had rather " and the old impersonal " me were rather."
1. 1.195. *Thus high* : here Richard touches his crown.
1. 2.03. *Want their remedies* : can give no help.

Scene iv

" Vox populi."

1. 3. *Bowls* : was very popular in Elizabethan times, hence the ever-recurring metaphors from its terms.
1. 4. *Rub* : any obstacle or roughness which interfered with the rolling of the bowl.

1. 5. *Bias* : the leaden weight let into one side of the bowl which makes it run obliquely.
- I. 7. *Measure* : a stately dance, but in the next line, limit or moderation.
- II. 22-23. *And I . . . tear of thee* : if my grief were so slight that it was not beyond the power of tears to help, I should be so happy that I could sing, and should not need your tears.
1. 26. *My wretchedness . . . pins* : a wager at enormous odds.
1. 28. *Against a change . . . woe* : when changes are in the air coming troubles cast their shadows before.
1. 29. *Apricocks* : apricots.
1. 38. *Noisome* : noxious.
1. 40. *Pale* : enclosure.
1. 42. *In a model*: in miniature.
Our firm estate : a state of stability and order.
1. 46. *Knots* : flower-beds laid out in fanciful designs, the pattern being marked by tiny hedges of box.
1. 48. *Suffered . . . spring* : allowed everything to run riot untended.
1. 57. *At time of year* : in due season.
1. 69. *'Tis doubt*: it is to be feared.
1. 72. *Pressed to death* : a form of torture applied to persons to extract confessions.
1. 75. *Suggested* : prompted, incited.
1. 79. *Divine* : prophesy, foretell.
1. 93. *Embassage* : message.
1. 105. *Rue* : to rue being to repent, and repentance a "sign of grace," the flower was popularly called the "herb of grace."
1. 106. *Ruth* : pity.

Act IV

The position at the beginning of Act IV is a deliberate parallel to the first scene of the play. Bolingbroke has to deal with a similar situation to that which Richard had to face—an accusation of complicity in Gloucester's murder brought by some of the nobles against Aumerle. The contrast between Bolingbroke and Richard is

subtly emphasised. Bolingbroke pays no heed to the dictates of policy : his determination to see justice done is in contrast to Richard's reckless travesty in Act I, and dispels the last scruples in the consciences of the nobles, with the result that Bolingbroke's acceptance of the crown rouses the angry protest only of the rich-hearted Carlisle. But the entrance of Richard to make his public abdication changes the scene. We can scarcely recognise the pedantic doctrinaire of Act I in the Richard who stands before the assembly, indulging in eloquent self-pity and drawing out into lingering keenness the agony of his humiliation. The pathos of the scene is derived from the poetry and charm which Richard sheds about it, and from the meekness of his surrender.

Bolingbroke, once crowned, becomes the object of the jealous disaffection which the usurper always arouses, and, in his turn, a conspiracy is formed against him with the aim of reinstating Richard.

Scene 1

Aumerle is charged with the murder of Gloucester. Carlisle makes a spirited but vain protest against Richard's surrender of the crown and Bolingbroke's accession. A plot is hatched against the new king.

1. 5. *Timeless* : untimely.
1. 10. *Dead*: evil, dreary.
1. 21. *Myfair stars* : the propitious stars which presided over my birth and decided my high rank.
1. 24. *Attainder* : a dishonouring accusation.
1. 25. *Gage* : see note 1.1. 69.
Manual seal of death : death-warrant. The metaphor is from a king affixing his seal-manual to a death-warrant : since Aumerle actually throws down his glove, " manual " gains in point.
1. 31. *One* : i.e. Bolingbroke.
- 1.32. *This presence* : those present.
1. 33. *Stand on sympathy* : insists on equality of position.
1. 40. *Rapier*: an anachronism : the rapier was not known in England until Shakespeare's time.

1. 52. *I task the earth* : I put the same burden on the earth (*i.e.* of bearing the glove which he now throws down in challenge).
1. 53. *Full as many lies* : giving you to lie, calling you liar as many times.
1. 56. *Engage it* : accept the challenge by taking up my gage and throwing down yours.
1. 57. *Who sets me else ?* : who else challenges me. The metaphor is from dicing ; "to set" was to stake.
1. 1.72. *Fondly* : foolishly.
1. 1.77. *My* : subjective, my punishment of you.
1. 1.78. *i his new world* : *i.e.* under Bolingbroke's regime.
1. 1.85. *Repeal'd* : recalled.
1. 1.90. *Enforce his trial* : command the performance of his pledge of combat.
- III 1. 115-116. *Worst . . . truth* : I may be the least worthy (by rank) to speak in this royal presence, yet it best befits me, by reason of my ministry, to speak the truth.
1. 1.119. *Noblesse* : nobleness.
1. 1.120. *Learn* : as often, teach.
1. 1.123. *But they are by* : unless they are present.
1. 1.124. *Apparent* : manifest. Cp. I. 1. 13.
1. 1.127. *Planted* : established on the throne.
1. 1.130. *Climate* : country.
1. 1.131. *Obscene* : foul.
1. 1.141. *Shall kin with kin . . . confound* : shall make men disregard the claims of relative and countryman.
1. 144. *Golgotha* : see Matthew xxvii. 33. Cp. "Macbeth," I. 11.40.
- I. 154. *The commons' suit* : "Request was made by the Commons that sith King Richard had resigned, and was lawfully deposed from his royal dignity, he might have judgement decreed against him . . . and that the causes of his deposing might be published throughout the realm."—Holinshed.
- II. 154-318. Were omitted from the first quartos, Elizabeth being naturally sensitive to the deposition of a lawful sovereign being represented on the stage.
1. 157. *Conduct* : escort.
1. 159. *Sureties . . . days of answer* : sureties that you will appear when called upon to answer the charges against you.

1. 160. *Beholding* : beholden, indebted.
1. 168. *Favours* ; features.
1. 169. *Sometime* : formerly.
1. 173. *Clerk* : the parish clerk, whose duty it was to lead the responses, " Amen," etc.
- I. 185. *Owes* : owns.
- II. 196-198. *My care is loss of care . . . given away* : Richard is quibbling on the two meanings of " care "—trouble and sorrow. The sense is : My sorrow now is the loss of anxiety, because my old cares of office are done, your sorrow is the gain of anxiety because you have taken upon yourself new anxieties by becoming king. I have given you my cares of office, but I retain my sorrows.
- I. 199. *Tend* : attend.
- II. 201-202. *Ay, no ; . . . resign to thee* : the word-play depends on the identity of sound between " Ay " and " I." " No, ay " that is " no I " is " no no," " because," says Richard, " I must nothing be, and therefore can say no no." The second "no" is a noun. The sense underlying the quibble is that since Richard is nothing and has to resign, there can be no question of his refusing.
1. 210. *All duty's rites* : all observances which express the duty of subjects towards their king, e.g. homage.
1. 238. *Bait*: worry, harass. A bull or bear was tied to a stake and baited by dogs.
1. 1.239. *Pilate* : see Matthew xxvii. 24, 26.
1. 1.241. *Sour* : bitter.
1. 1.243. *Dispatch* : make haste.
1. 1.246. *Sort* : company.
1. 1.250. *Pompous* : stately.
1. 1.254. *Haught*: haughty.
- I. 1.264. *Sterling* : current, of full value.
1. 1.281. *Beguile* : deceive.
- I. 1.283. *Was this the face* : possibly an imitation of the famous passage in Marlowe's " Dr. Faustus," where Mephistopheles calls up a vision of Helen of Troy for Faustus, who exclaims :—

" Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium ? "

1. 285. *Faced* : countenanced.
1. 290. *Moral* : that is, the brittleness of glory.
1. 291. *How soon my sorrow . . . face*: Richard was going to draw his moral by showing how his sorrow had destroyed the beauty of his face. But the mirror showed that it had not. By breaking the mirror Richard can still say that his sorrow has destroyed his face (the image of his face).
1. 292. *The shadow of your sorrow* : the outward manifestations of sorrow, which are the shadow of the real grief within. Or perhaps Bolingbroke made this remark cynically — meaning " your mere outward show of sorrow, which I do not think genuine."
1. ~~293~~. *Shadow* : reflected image.
1. ~~296~~. *External manners of lament* : outward signs of sorrow.
1. 299. *Substance* : reality, truth.
1. 317. *Conveyers* : colloquial euphemism for " thieves."
1. 328. *Take the sacrament* : receive the sacrament as a solemn pledge.
1. 329. *To bury mine intents* : to keep secret my plans.

Act V

The fifth Act is in the nature of an elegy over Richard.

The affecting, if theatrical, parting with his Queen reveals that nobleness and integrity of soul that even the bitterness of failure could not quite extinguish. Indeed, the indignities that he suffers at the hands of the London mob now seem to us gross injustice rather than fitting retribution for his misrule. The conspiracy against Bolingbroke is the catastrophe that leads to Richard's death. The tragi-comedy that is enacted before Henry IV in Scene in convinces him that he cannot be secure on the throne so long as Richard is alive. A chance hint is not lost on the retinue of a king for whom even York is ready to sacrifice his son.

Scene v is Richard's swan-song. There is a steady gradation of feeling the sweetness of the opening rising, as he reflects upon his own failure, to passion, which breaks forth in his bold defence against his murderers.

Yet the charm of his nature, which he retains unspoiled to the end, atones for his faults, and his death makes a deeply tragic impression.

Scene i

Richard bids farewell to his Queen.

1. 2. *Julius Casals ill-erected tower* : according to legend, Julius Caesar built the Tower of London.
ill-erected : built for evil purposes.
- I. 3. *Flint*: (i) made of flint, (ii) stony-hearted.
- II. 11-15. *Thou, the model . . . alehouse guest*: thou, like the ruined site of fallen Troy, an outline of thy former glory, not King Richard but King Richard's ghost—thou fair inn, why should grim-featured Grief make its home in thee when rejoicing has taken up quarters in a common alehouse? (Bolingbroke).
11. 16-17. *Join not with grief. . . sudden* : do not add your sorrows to mine and so kill me too swiftly.
1. 20. *Sworn brother* : a reference to the mediaeval custom by which two men would pledge themselves to share their fortunes together on some enterprise.
- 1- 35- *If aught but beasts* : if they had been anything but beasts.
- I. 43. *To quit their griefs* : to pay back the sad tales they have told you.
- II. 46-47. *For why . . . accent*: because even the unfeeling logs on the fire will respond to the sorrowful tones.
1. 52. *Pomfret*: the old spelling and pronunciation of Pontefract, in Yorkshire.
- I. 1.53. *There is order ta'en* : provision has been made.
- I. 1.61. *Helping him to all*: since you have helped him to all.
- I. 1.77. *Pines* : used transitively, afflicts.
- I. 1.80. *Hallowmas* : All Saints' Day, November 1st.
- I. 1.88. *Better far off. . . the near* : better to be far apart than to be near without ever being able to be nearer.
- I. 1.92. *Piece the way out*: lengthen the way.
- I. 1.96. The exchange of hearts in a kiss was a common Elizabethan conceit.

Scene 11

York discovers the plot against Henry IV in which Aumerle is implicated.

I. 3. *Cousins* : kinsmen.

II. 7—40. This description of the entry of Richard and Bolingbroke into London is purely imaginative.

1. 16. *Painted imagery* : painted cloths, tapestries.

1. 24. *Well-graced* : gifted and popular.

1. 33. *Patience* : patient endurance.

1. 36. *Barbarism itself*: the very barbarians.

1. 38. *To whose high will. . . contents* : in accordance with whose will, we set a limit to our desires and are calm and contented.

1. 40. *Allow* : accept, accede to.

I. 41. *My son* : actually he was the son of York's first wife, Isabel of Castile.

Aumerle that was : now degraded to the position of Earl of Rutland.

II. 46—47. That is, who are the new king's favourites.

1. 52. *Hold . . . triumphs ?* : Are those jousts and displays going to take place ?

1. 1.67. If Aumerle had entered into a bond for money, the man to whom he was bound would hold the bond, and not Aumerle himself.

1. 79. *Appeach* : denounce, inform against.

1. 05. *Amazed* : too bewildered to do anything.

1. 90. *Have we more sons ?* : historically, York had another son, Richard, Earl of Cambridge.

I. 91. *My teeming date* : am I not past the period of child-bearing ?

II. 92, 93, 102. See note 1. 41.

1. 98. *Interchangeably* : in mutual agreement.

Scene 111

Henry IV pardons Aumerle.

1. 1. *Unthrifty* : good-for-nothing.

1. 9. *Watch* : watchmen, constables.

1. 16. *Stews* : low haunts.

1. 43. *Secure* : heedless.

1. 59. *Strong* : determined.
1. 61. *Sheer* : pure.
1. 64. *Converts to bad* : turns to evil (in his son).
1. 66. *Digressing* : transgressing, but keeps up the metaphor of the stream.
1. 67. *So shall my virtue . . . bawd* : if you pardon his fault, my virtue will only be ministering basely to his vice.
1. 71. *Or my shamed life . . . lies* : for him to live in dishonour is for me to live in shame.
1. 80. "*The Beggar and the King*" : the title of the well-known ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid.
1. 86. *Confound* : contaminate, corrupt.
1. 88. *Love . . . other can* : he who does not love his own flesh and blood is incapable of loving anyone else (his king, for example).
1. 89. *Make* : do.
1. 103. *Would be* : is willing to be.
1. 119. "*Pardonne moi*" : excuse me—a polite way of refusing a request.
1. 124. *Chopping* : either mincing or which changes the meanings of words, e.g. *pardonner*=to excuse.
1. 128. *Rehearse* : pronounce, utter.
1. 132. *O happy vantage* : to kneel is to assume a position of vantage.
1. 137. *Brother-in-law* : John, Earl of Huntingdon.
Abbot : Abbot of Westminster.
1. 138. *Consorted*: confederate.
1. 140. *Order several powers* : raise different forces.

Scene iv

Exton acts upon a chance hint from Henry.

1. 7. *Wistly* : steadfastly, earnestly.
1. 8. *As who* : as one who.
1. 11. *Rid*: despatch.

Scene v

The death of Richard.

1. 8. *Still-breeding thoughts* : continually multiplying thoughts.

1. 9. *This little world* : his prison.
1. 10. *Humours* : dispositions, temperaments.
1. 12. *As* : such as.
- I. 13. *Scruples*: doubts.
- II. 13-14. *Set the word . . . word*: bring one passage of Scripture against another ; e.g. Matthew xix. 14 and xix. 24. Cp. also Act V. Sc. 111. 1. 121.
1. 17. *Thread the postern . . . eye* : "there is a kind of alternation in the metaphor, the first and third terms, *camel* and *postern*, belonging to one set of ideas, and *thread* and *needle* to the other." One of the explanations of the phrase was that the Needle's Eye was the name for a narrow gate or lane in Jerusalem.
1. 21. *Ragged* : rugged, rough.
- I. 22. *For they cannot, die* : since they (the nails) cannot, they (the thoughts) die.
- II. 23-25. *Flatter . . . last*: tell themselves that many people are, and will be, far worse off.
- I. 25. *Silly* : deserving of pity, poor.
- II. 26-27. *Refuge their shame, that* : seek refuge for their disgrace in the thought that.
11. 40-41. *Be eased with being nothing* : finds rest by ceasing to exist.
1. 43. *Proportion* : rhythm, harmony.
- I. 50. *Numbering clock* : the clock that tells (numbers) the time.
- II. 51-58. The sense of this sustained metaphor or allegory is approximately as follows : " My thoughts recur with the monotonous insistence of minutes and with my sighs they indicate, as by the ticking of a clock, the intervals of time (marks of the minutes) to my eyes, which are the clock-face on which my finger, like the clock-hand, constantly moves to wipe away the tears (the figures). The chimes that tell the hours are my clamorous groans striking upon my heart (the bell)."
1. 60. *Jack o' the clock* : the small mechanical figure which struck the chimes.
- 1.62. *Holp* : helped. The beneficial effect of music upon madmen was long a firm belief: cp. David's playing before Saul, and the " soft music" played to the distracted Lear (IV. vii.).
1. 66. *Brooch* : jewel, and therefore rare and precious.

1. 68. *The cheapest of us* : *i.e.* the " noble " which was worth 6s. 8d., while the " royal " was valued at 10s. The difference between them would be ten groats (a groat=4d.). Richard implies that so much has he come down in the world that his value has been depreciated by half. The jest is said to have originated from Queen Elizabeth.
1. 1.76. *Yearrfd*: grieved.
1. 1.85. *Jade* : cf. note III. in. 179.
1. 1.94. *Jaunting* : hard-riding, prancing.
1. 1.95. *Here is no longer stay* : *sc.* for you.
1. 1.99. *Taste of it*: to see that it was not poisoned—the usual practice at the royal table.
1. 106. *What means death* : what is the meaning of bringing death upon me in this rough attack ?

Scene vi

Bolingbroke denounces Exton, and declares his intention of going on a crusade to expiate his guilt.

1. 10. *Discoursed*: related.
1. 15. *Consorted*: confederated.
1. 25. *Reverend room* : some sacred place.
1. 35. *Deed of slander* : a deed that will bring disgrace.
1. 48. *Sullen* : dismal, dark.
Incontinent: at once.

TABLE OF HISTORICAL EVENTS

1398

April 29th. — Parliamentary Committee considers the charges laid against Norfolk by Hereford. The evidence being considered inadequate, a Trial by Combat is ordered for September 16th at Coventry.

September 16th. — Richard stops the combat, and banishes Hereford for ten years, Norfolk for life.

1399

February yd. — Death of John of Gaunt.

March. — Richard takes possession of the Lancastrian estates, Hereford's claim to sue for his inheritance being revoked by the Committee.

May 29th. — Richard leaves Milford Haven for Ireland to avenge the death of Roger, Earl of March.

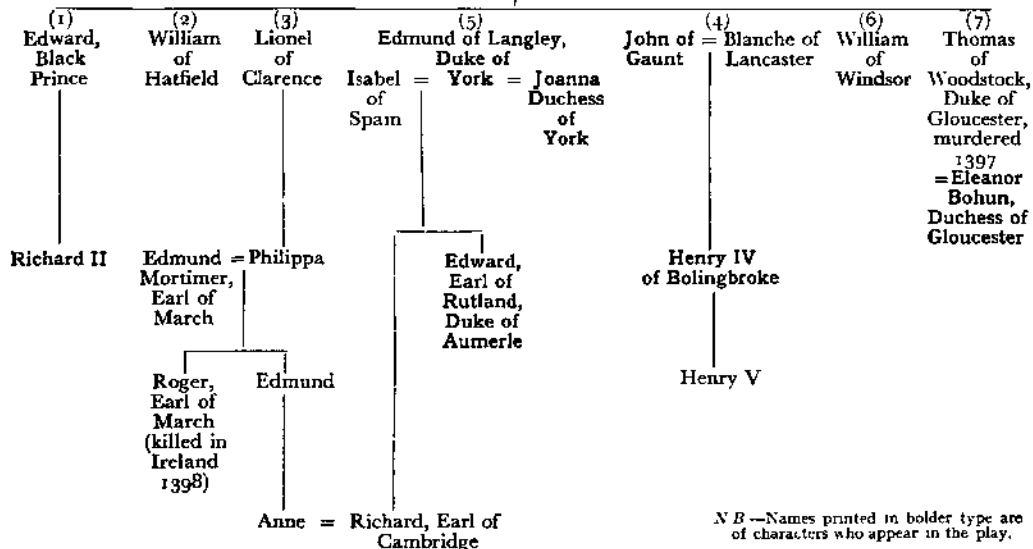
July. — Henry of Lancaster (Hereford) lands in Yorkshire (July 4th) and is warmly welcomed by the northern Earls. The Regent, York, fails to raise a force, and flees towards Bristol to meet the King : he is cut off by Lancaster. York makes his peace with him. Richard leaves Ireland (July 27th). Henry captures Bristol (July 29th).

August. — Richard lands in South Wales and moves northwards to Conway, where he finds the loyalist troops dispersed. Henry offers fair terms to Richard, who accepts them. At the meeting of Richard and Henry at Flint, Richard is made captive.

September. — Richard is brought to London and is sent to the Tower (September 1st). A deed of abdication is signed by him, probably under threats of violence (September 29th), and is presented to the "Parliament" which met on September 30th, and which was merely a committee of Bolingbroke's supporters. In addition, to remove any suspicion of foul play, a list of indictments is read to the assembly. Sentence of deposition is pronounced (September 30th).

GENEALOGICAL TREE

EDWARD III



NB --Names printed in bolder type are of characters who appear in the play.

APPENDIX

1. THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born in 1564 at Stratford-on-Avon. His father, one of the leading citizens of the town, was a glover who also traded in agricultural produce and possibly did some farming. It is assumed that he gave his son the ordinary education of a boy of his class at the local grammar school. Nothing is definitely known of the early life of the dramatist, however, until his marriage at the age of eighteen to Anne Hathaway, a woman some eight years older than himself. About 1584 he left Stratford and came to London. Here he must soon have joined a company of players, but there is no record of his activities until 1592, in which year it appears from a satirical comment made on him by Robert Greene that he was becoming well known as a playwright. His first published work, the poem *Venus and Adonis*, appeared in 1593 ; it was followed by *Lucrece* in the next year. Both these poems were dedicated to the Earl of Southampton. We next hear of him as a member of the Lord Chamberlain's Company of actors (who became " the King's men " after James's accession), and he probably remained in association with them for the rest of his working life. From 1599 the company occupied the Globe Theatre on the Bankside in Southward. As an actor Shakespeare is said to have taken the parts of Adam in *As You Like It* and the Ghost in *Hamlet*. As a playwright he was the mainstay of the company ; for about fifteen years he provided them on the average with two plays a year. His growing prosperity was indicated by his purchase, in 1597, of New Place, one of the largest houses in Stratford. About 1610 he left London and went to live as a retired gentleman at his Stratford home. He died here in 1616.

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2. THE ORDER OF THE PLAYS

In the collected edition of Shakespeare's plays published in 1623 no indication was given of the dates when they were first produced. Even in the case of the previously issued Quartos of some of the separate plays the dates on the title-pages are not to be taken as those of the earliest productions. The dating of Shakespeare's works is therefore a matter for conjecture based on such indirect evidence as is available. The following list gives an order which would be generally accepted :—

1590-1596

Henry VI, Pts. 1, 11, and 111
Richard III
Comedy of Errors
Titus Andromacus
Taming of the Shrew
Two Gentlemen of Verona
Love's Labours Lost
Romeo and Juliet
Richard II
Midsummer Night's Dream

1596-1600

King John
Merchant of Venice
Henry IV, Pts. 1 and 11
Much Ado About Nothing
Henry V
Julius Casar
Merry Wives of Windsor
As You Like It
Twelfth Night

1600-1608

Hamlet
Troilus and Cressida
All's Well that Ends Well
Measure for Measure

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Othello
Macbeth
King Lear
Antony and Cleopatra
Conolanus
Timon of Athens

1608-1613

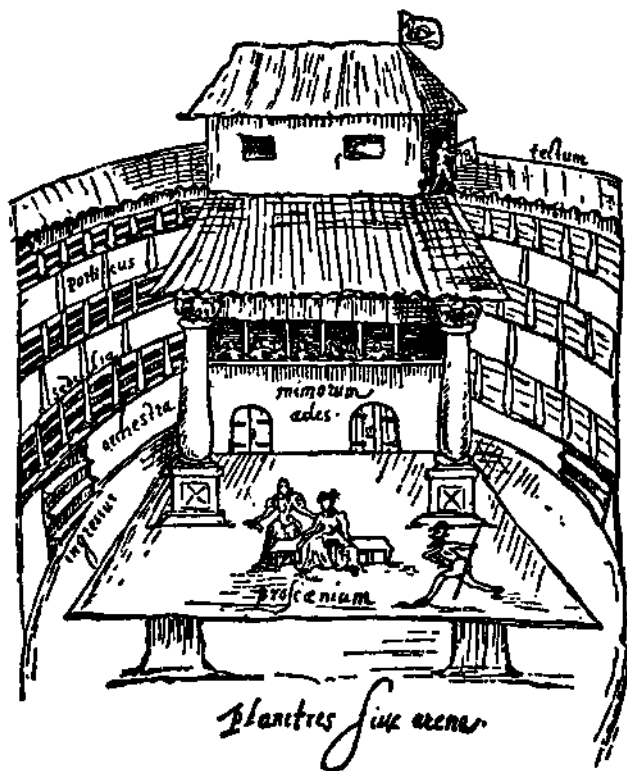
Pericles
Cymbeline
Winter's Tale
Tempest
Henry VIII
Two Noble Kinsmen

3. THE ELIZABETHAN THEATRE

Shakespeare's plays were originally acted under conditions very different from those of to-day. Playhouses were new institutions—the first of them had been built in Shoreditch in 1576—and the technique of play-production was in its infancy. Moreover, as the first theatres were by no means like those we know in plan and construction, the dramatists necessarily employed methods that would seem strange to their present-day successors.

In general form the public theatres of Shakespeare's time resembled the galleried inn-yards in which companies of actors had previously set up a temporary stage for their performances. The stage was a rectangular platform projecting into the "yard," which was open to the sky. There were no seats on the floor around the stage : the "groundlings" stood and enclosed the actors on three sides. More expensive accommodation was provided in tiers of galleries running right round the building. The topmost gallery had a thatched roof. Fashionable young gallants were allowed seats on the stage itself. The plays were performed in daylight, usually in the afternoon. There were some differences between the "public" and the "private" theatres : the private theatres, like the Blackfriars, were roofed, used artificial light, and were attended by a better-class audience. No painted scenery was used ; but some indication of the

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THE DE WITT DRAWING OF THE SWAN THEATRE

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place represented might be given by such movable properties as a bed or a single small tree symbolising a wood. The stage itself was sheltered by a roof. In the floor there was a trap-door through which ghosts and apparitions rose and descended. This is the explanation of the stage direction " Descends " in connection with the apparitions in *Macbeth*, IV. 1. The main stage could not, of course, be curtained off.

At the back of the platform were two doors through which the actors entered. In the space between these doors was hung a curtain which, when drawn, revealed an inner stage. In this recess Ferdinand and Miranda would have been shown playing their game of chess, and the play-scene in *Hamlet* would have been performed. It could serve also for Lear's hovel, Prospero's cell, or the tomb of the Capulets.

Above the inner stage was a balcony forming part of the lowest gallery running round the house. This upper space could be used for the sleeping rooms of Macbeth's castle, for Juliet's balcony, or the room in Shylock's house from which Jessica throws down the casket to Lorenzo. The stage direction " Enter Above " frequently found in the old texts means that the actors are to come on to this gallery.

The De Witt drawing of the Swan Theatre, here reproduced, is the only clear contemporary pictorial evidence of what one of the Elizabethan playhouses looked like. Even this is probably incorrect in some of the details. The original rough sketch of the theatre made by John de Witt for his *Observations Londinenses* is lost, but a copy of it made by Arend van Buchell of Utrecht survives.

With regard to the actors who performed on the Elizabethan stage, all that need be said is that they included no women in their companies. Female parts were played by boys. At one time a company consisting entirely of boys—members of the choir of the Chapel Royal—was very popular.

The peculiar conditions of the Elizabethan theatre must be taken into account when we are examining Shakespeare's stage-craft. They explain, for instance, the frequent change of scene which is a characteristic of the plays of the time. The audiences did not demand realism : they were prepared to use their imagination and accept the simplest symbolism as a means of suggesting the place of action. The extreme example of Shakespeare's free treatment of

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place and time is seen in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where he has a succession of very short scenes located in a variety of widely separated places. The typical modern dramatist would not deal with his material in this way. He works with the knowledge that a change in the supposed place demands a change in scenery, which takes time and may cause an undesirable break in the action. Moreover, every additional "set" required adds considerably to the expense of production. There is good reason, therefore, why a modern play should differ considerably in shape from an Elizabethan play.

The absence of scenery and lighting had other minor but interesting results. The dramatist was compelled, for example, to introduce into the dialogue indications of time and place that would now be superfluous. A famous instance occurs in *Julius Casar*. In the Orchard Scene the audience is to suppose that it is night. Brutus therefore opens with the remark :—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.

And throughout the scene the darkness of night is insisted on by the speakers. Similarly, the second act of *Macbeth* begins at night. Hence, when Banquo enters, he is preceded by a torch-bearer, and he talks about the moon and the stars. Again, the description of Macbeth's castle put into the mouth of Duncan and Banquo is introduced not merely for the sake of the lyrical touch very welcome at this point, but in order to give the spectators information which could not be conveyed to the eye by a stage-picture of a castle.

Since the actors were playing on an open platform-stage, they had to aim at different effects of grouping from those obtained in the modern theatre, where the proscenium acts like a picture-frame entirely separating performers from spectators. Processions and dancing were freely introduced, and the elaborate costumes worn by the actors gave colour to the scene. The fact that the performers were immediately surrounded by spectators obviated to some extent the difficulty experienced nowadays in speaking the soliloquies and the asides that were a regular part of the old stage convention. There was an intimacy between players and audience

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that made it seem not unnatural for a character to allow his private thoughts to be overheard.

Owing to the absence of a curtain for the main stage, the dramatist had to take special measures when he required a scene to end with a definite break in the action. He had to arrange for all his characters to leave the stage. The problem was most serious at the end of the play. The final scene of *Plamlet* illustrates the difficulty. A modern playwright would bring down the curtain at the climax, that is, when Horatio, bending over the body of his dead friend, says :—

Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

But, on the Elizabethan stage, if the play had ended here, the dead would have had to rise and walk off. To obviate this absurdity, Fortinbras and the English ambassadors are brought in, and the scene is prolonged for Fortinbras to say:—

Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage . . .

There is a dead march, and the soldiers carry the bodies of Hamlet and the other dead off the stage.

It may be noted, finally, that the first theatres were used not only for dramatic performances but also for bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and athletic contests. The public liking for exhibitions of bodily skill to some extent influenced the fare provided by the playwrights. Shakespeare, for example, indulged his audiences with the wrestling match in *As You Like It*. This was a genuine contest. Similarly, the broadsword fight at the conclusion of *Macbeth* was a real trial of skill between combatants accustomed to their weapons.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

Act I

1. What aspects of Richard's character are brought out in this Act ?

2. Summarise briefly in your own words the accusations brought by Bolingbroke against Mowbray and the explanations made by Mowbray in answer to the charges.

3. What is the dramatic effect of *either* Scene n. or Scene iv. of this Act ?

4. Write a short account of a Trial by Combat in the Middle Ages based on the information given in this Act.

5. Paraphrase the following passage :—

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour
And not the king exiled thee ; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air
And thou art flying to a fresher clime :
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest:
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance ;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

6. Give an example from this Act of the following figures of speech : metaphor, simile, personification, hyperbole, antithesis, alliteration.

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Act II

1. Give a concise account of the course of events in Act II.
2. What do you think was the reason for Shakespeare's unhistorical portrayal of John of Gaunt ?
3. On the model of John of Gaunt's famous panegyric (II. i. 40—68) construct a short speech on "England," emphasising those points in which, in your opinion, England can still claim precedence over "less happier lands."
4. Give the context of the following, and explain the meaning :—

For sorrow's eye, 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, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not.
5. What light is thrown on the character of York in Act II. ?

Act III

1. "There are few contrasts more completely worked out in Shakespeare than that between Richard and Bolingbroke." Illustrate the truth of this dictum from Act III.
2. Trace the stages of the overthrow of Richard's hopes in Scene n.
3. What evidence do you get in this Act of Richard's high sense of the pageantry and divine majesty of kingship ?
4. What is the dramatic purpose of Scene iv. ?
5. Write an imaginary dialogue between the gardener in "Richard II" and a gardener of to-day, in which they exchange views on the political conditions of the respective Englands of their time.
6. Write a paraphrase of the following passage :—

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 fear'd and kill with looks,

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Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king !

Act IV

1. Compare this scene with the deposition scene in Marlowe's "Edward II." What other evidence is there in the play of the influence of Marlowe ?

2. Give a brief analysis of the character of Northumberland.

3. Draw a comparison between the situations and action of Act IV. and those of Act I.

4. Give in your own words an account of this scene.

5. What do you think is Shakespeare's attitude towards the deposition ? Bring all the evidence from the play you can in support of your opinion.

6. Give the context of and explain :—

Ay, no ; no, ay ; for I must nothing be ;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Act V

1. What do you suppose was the reason for Shakespeare's unhistorical portrayal of the Queen ?

2. Paraphrase :—

A king of beasts, indeed ; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France :
Think I am dead and that even here thou takest,
As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks and let them tell the tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid ;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me
And send the hearers weeping to their beds :
For why the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue
And in compassion weep the fire out ;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

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3. Write a character sketch of Bolingbroke based on his actions in this Act.

4. Comment on Shakespeare's use of music to heighten the pathetic effect. If possible, illustrate your answer with references to other plays of Shakespeare.

5. Comment on anything of interest in the following passages, and refer them to their contexts :—

(a) Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower.

(b) Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now changed to " The Beggar and the King."

(c) 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."

(d) Hail, royal prince !

Thanks, noble peer ;

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

6. Write a paraphrase of :—

For now hath time made me his numbering 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 to Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.

7. Write brief notes on any *six* of the following : Letters-patent, attorneys-general, warder, Phaethon, rubs, palmer, kern, Glendower, Golgotha, pelican, Cain, stubborn Jewry.

ESSAY SUBJECTS

1. How would you account for the scanty stage-history of " Richard II " ?
2. Contrast Richard and Bolingbroke.
3. *Either*, " Richard II—that unopened Hamlet." Discuss. Or, " Richard—a romantic hero whose inner emotional life paralyses his power of action."
4. Illustrate and comment on the use of " dramatic irony " in the play.
5. What internal evidence is there for supposing that " Richard II " is an early play ?
6. *Either*, " The spirit of patriotic reminiscence is the all-permeating spirit of this drama." Illustrate this idea. Or, Consider the view that in " Richard II " Shakespeare is primarily a poet, and an Elizabethan poet.
7. " Not historical drama—but dramatic history." Consider this criticism of the play.
8. Compare and contrast the Richard of Shakespeare's play with the Richard of Gordon Daviot's " Richard of Bordeaux."
9. " Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." How far do you think Richard's downfall may be attributed to his inconsistency ?
10. " York—an incomparable, an incredible, an unintelligible and a monstrous nullity." Discuss.
11. " For Shakespeare time and place have their dramatic uses but no rights of their own." Illustrate the truth of this dictum from " Richard II."
12. Give instances from the play of Shakespeare's knowledge of (a) the Law, (b) the Bible, (c) chivalry.
13. Consider from a dramatic point of view the part played by the two Gardeners in the play.
14. Draw a picture in pen or colour to illustrate Richard's death.

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