

# Act 1 Scene 1

*London. King Richard II's palace.*

*Enter **KING RICHARD II**, **JOHN OF GAUNT**, with other Nobles and Attendants*

**KING RICHARD II**

Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,  
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,  
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,  
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,  
5 Which then our leisure would not let us hear,  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

I have, my liege.

**KING RICHARD II**

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

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

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

*London. King Richard II's palace.*

***KING RICHARD II**, **JOHN OF GAUNT**, and other nobles and attendants enter.*

**KING RICHARD II**

Old John of Gaunt, did you do as you promised and bring your  
brave son Henry here? I'd like to hear the violent accusation he  
wanted to make against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas  
Mowbray, which I didn't have time for earlier.

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

I've brought him, my lord.

**KING RICHARD II**

Have you asked him if the source of his complaint is an old  
feud, or if he knows of some treason the duke has committed?

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

As far as I could tell, it's not some personal malice. My son  
believes that the duke means to harm you in some way.

**KING RICHARD II**

15 Then call them to our presence; face to face,  
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear  
The accuser and the accused freely speak:  
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,  
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Enter **HENRY BOLINGBROKE** and **THOMAS MOWBRAY***

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

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

**THOMAS MOWBRAY**

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

**KING RICHARD II**

25 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?

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

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

**KING RICHARD II**

Then call them both in to see me. I want to hear in person what  
each has to say. They're both so proud and full of anger that  
they act recklessly and don't listen to reason.

***HENRY BOLINGBROKE** and **THOMAS MOWBRAY** enter.*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

May you have many years of happiness, my gracious and  
loving lord.

**THOMAS MOWBRAY**

May each day be happier than the last, and heaven give you  
immortality!

**KING RICHARD II**

Thank you both. But I know one of you isn't sincere since each  
of you accuses the other of treason against me. Henry of  
Hereford, what do you have to say against the Duke of Norfolk,  
Thomas Mowbray?

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

First, may heaven be my witness! I've come here as an accuser  
because I am a devoted subject who cares for the safety of my

Tendering the precious safety of my prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appellant to this princely presence.  
35 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,  
40 Too good to be so and too bad to live,  
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;  
45 And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,  
What my tongue speaks my right drawn sword may prove.

### THOMAS MOWBRAY

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,  
50 Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;  
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  
55 From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;

prince, not because of any other prejudice against the duke.  
Now, Thomas Mowbray, I will turn to you. Pay attention to this. I  
will prove that what I am about to say is true, either with my  
body here on earth or with my immortal soul in heaven. You  
are a traitor and a villain, born into too good a family to be so  
and too bad to live. The more beautiful the sky, the uglier the  
clouds look. Once more, to emphasize my accusation, I call  
you a traitor. And with my king's permission, I'd like to follow  
what I say with my sword.

### THOMAS MOWBRAY

Don't let my calm words cast doubt on my loyalty. I know that  
angry words will not settle this argument, so I'll try to keep  
myself under control. But I can't be so calm as to not say  
anything in my own defense. First, my respect for you, my king,  
prevents me from saying what I want and throwing those  
charges of treason right back at Bolingbroke. I defy him and  
spit on him as if he weren't your relative, my lord. He's a trash-  
talking coward and a villain, and I'd back up those charges in a  
duel, even if I gave him an advantage by handicapping myself.

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,  
60 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,  
65 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.

#### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,  
70 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:  
75 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.

#### **THOMAS MOWBRAY**

I take it up; and by that sword I swear

For now, I've defended my loyalty and made it known that he lies.

#### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

You pale coward. There I'll throw my glove in challenge to you and set aside my relationship to the king and my royal blood. It's fear not respect for the king's bloodline that keeps you quiet. If your guilt has given you the guts to accept my challenge, then pick up my glove. I'll show your cowardice and treason by defeating you in knightly combat.

#### **THOMAS MOWBRAY**

Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,  
80 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!

### **KING RICHARD II**

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

### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

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,  
90 The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,  
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,  
95 That all the treasons for these eighteen years  
Complotted 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,  
100 That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,  
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,

I'll take that challenge. And I promise, by my knighthood, that  
I'll fight you fairly in whatever contest you wish. And when I  
mount my horse, let me not dismount alive if I'm a traitor or if I  
cheat in any way!

### **KING RICHARD II**

What do you accuse Mowbray of, my cousin? It will have to be  
something terrible if it's going to make me think badly of him in  
any way.

### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

I'll prove with my life that what I say is true. Mowbray has  
received eight thousand gold coins that he was supposed to  
pay to your soldiers as advances on their wages. But he's used  
the money improperly, just like a traitor and harmful villain  
would. Even more, I declare and will prove in battle that all  
treasonous plots over the past eighteen years originated with  
Mowbray. And further, I know that he caused the death of the  
Duke of Gloucester by encouraging the duke's easily  
influenced enemies, like any coward would, to slay the  
innocent duke. The duke was murdered like [Abel](#), and his  
blood demands that I seek revenge and justice. By my own  
good name, I'll inflict that justice on Mowbray or die trying.

And consequently, like a traitor coward,  
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood:  
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
105 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.

**KING RICHARD II**

How high a pitch his resolution soars!  
110 Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

**THOMAS MOWBRAY**

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

**KING RICHARD II**

115 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  
120 Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize  
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:  
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou:

**KING RICHARD II**

He is so determined! Thomas, how do you respond?

**THOMAS MOWBRAY**

I wish you would turn away and not listen till I've told this  
fellow, who disgraces his bloodline, how much God and good  
men hate liars like him.

**KING RICHARD II**

Mowbray, my eyes and ears are impartial, even if he were my  
brother, or even my heir, rather than just my cousin. I vow on  
my scepter that his relation to me doesn't give him any  
advantage or prejudice me in his favor. He's my subject,  
Mowbray, and so are you, so speak freely and without fear.

Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

### THOMAS MOWBRAY

Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,  
125 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  
130 Upon remainder of a dear account,  
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:  
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death,  
I slew him not; but to my own disgrace  
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.  
135 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  
140 I did confess it, and exactly begg'd  
Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.  
This is my fault: as for the rest appeall'd,  
It issues from the rancour of a villain,  
A recreant and most degenerate traitor  
145 Which in myself I boldly will defend;  
And interchangeably hurl down my gage

### THOMAS MOWBRAY

Then, Bolingbroke, you lie from your heart up through your  
false throat. I gave three quarters of the money I received to  
the king's soldiers. The other quarter I had permission to keep,  
because I was owed the money for my service in going to  
fetch the queen from France. Now take back your lie. As for  
Gloucester, I didn't kill him, but I admit I disgracefully  
neglected my duty. I once laid in wait to kill you, my noble lord  
of Lancaster, the father of my enemy. It was a terrible sin and  
troubles me greatly. But I confessed it already and specifically  
begged your pardon, and I hoped you had forgiven me. That is  
my fault. As for the rest of the charges, they come from a  
villain's evil nature, and I'll defend myself against this faithless  
and cowardly traitor. I'll throw my glove down onto this  
arrogant traitor's foot, and I'll show that I'm loyal even  
compared to this member of the royal bloodline. I therefore  
pray that your highness will assign a day for our duel soon.

Upon this overweening traitor's foot,  
To prove myself a loyal gentleman  
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.

150 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray  
Your highness to assign our trial day.

**KING RICHARD II**

Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me;  
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:  
This we prescribe, though no physician;  
155 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.

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

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

**KING RICHARD II**

And, Norfolk, throw down his.

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

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

**KING RICHARD II**

**KING RICHARD II**

Obey what I say, my hot-headed gentlemen. Let's settle this  
feud without violence. Such fierce anger causes too great an  
injury. Forget it and forgive each other. Come to terms and  
agree to put this to an end. The astrologers have said that this  
is no month to shed blood. Good uncle, let's end this now. I'll  
calm down the Duke of Norfolk. You calm down your son.

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

For someone my age it is appropriate to make peace. My son,  
throw down the Duke of Norfolk's glove.

**KING RICHARD II**

And Norfolk, throw down his.

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

Come on, Henry, when are you going to do it? I shouldn't have  
to ask you again.

**KING RICHARD II**



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

### THOMAS MOWBRAY

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,

170 To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.

I am disgraced, impeach'd and baffled here,

Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,

The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood

Which breathed this poison.

### KING RICHARD II

175 Rage must be withstood:

Give me his gage: lions make leopards tame.

### THOMAS MOWBRAY

Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame.

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,

The purest treasure mortal times afford

180 Is spotless reputation: that away,

Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest

Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:

Throw it down, Norfolk, I'm telling you. There is no advantage in refusing.

### THOMAS MOWBRAY

I'll throw myself at your feet, most revered king. You may command my life but not my shame. I owe you my life out of duty, but I cannot, even under pain of death, let you order this dishonor of my good reputation. I am accused and disgraced publicly here, pierced by the venom of slander. The only thing that will ease that pain is to kill the man who uttered these poisonous words.

### KING RICHARD II

Such rage should be resisted. Give me his glove. I, as king, will tame these lesser nobles.

### THOMAS MOWBRAY

Yes, but you won't take away the stain of these charges. If you'll clear my name, I'll give up my glove. My dear, dear lord, the greatest treasure in our earthly lives is to have a good reputation. Without that, men are nothing. To have a brave spirit is as valuable as a well-guarded jewel. My honor is my life. One is inseparable from the other. Take my honor, and my life is over. So, my lord, let me prove my honor, since I live for it and I will die for it.

185 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.

#### **KING RICHARD II**

Cousin, throw up your gage; do you begin.

#### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

O, God defend my soul from such deep sin!  
190 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  
Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,  
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear  
195 The slavish motive of recanting fear,  
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,  
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

*Exit JOHN OF GAUNT*

#### **KING RICHARD II**

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

#### **KING RICHARD II**

Cousin, take up your glove. Be the one to start.

#### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Oh, God, keep me from such a terrible sin! Should I appear  
humbled in front of my father? Or discredit my rank out of fear  
before this terrified coward? Before I'd let my tongue utter such  
lies against my honor or make such a false truce, I'd rip it apart  
with my teeth and spit it into Mowbray's shameful face.

*JOHN OF GAUNT exits.*

#### **KING RICHARD II**

I was born to command, not to beg. But since I can't order you  
to be friends, be ready to settle this feud with your lives at  
Coventry on [Saint Lambert's day](#) . Then you can let your  
weapons resolve this hatred, since I can't bring you to terms.  
Justice will be on the side of the winner. Lord marshal, tell my  
officers to be ready to control these domestic disturbances.

Since we can not atone you, we shall see  
205 Justice design the victor's chivalry.  
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms  
Be ready to direct these home alarms.

*Exeunt*

*The Duke of Lancaster's palace.*

*Enter JOHN OF GAUNT with DUCHESS*

**JOHN OF 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  
5 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.

**DUCHESS**

Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?  
10 Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?  
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,  
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,  
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:

*Everyone exits.*

## Act 1 Scene 2

*The Duke of Lancaster's palace.*

*JOHN OF GAUNT and the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER enter.*

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

Even more than your uproar, it's the fact that the Duke of Gloucester was my brother that makes me want to act against his murderers. But since it was Richard who was responsible for the murder in the first place and also controls how it will be avenged, I'll have to trust in the will of heaven to bring justice to my brother's killers.

**DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER**

Don't you feel compelled to do more since he was your brother? Is there no passion in your love for him? Your father [Edward](#) treasured you and your six brothers. Some of you died natural deaths, and some of your lives were cut short. But Thomas, who was my love and one of Edward's precious sons,

Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,  
15 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,  
20 Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,  
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,  
25 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.  
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:  
30 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,  
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.  
35 What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,  
The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.

### JOHN OF GAUNT

God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,

is dead, killed by people who hated him. Oh, Gaunt, he was your own blood! The same mother and father who made you made him, and though you live and breathe, a part of you died with him. And because your father was the model for him, by watching him die you have in a sense consented to see your father die. You aren't being patient. You're giving up. In allowing your brother to be murdered, you have shown how you yourself might be killed. What we might call patience in common men is simply cowardice in noble men. What else can I say? The best way to protect your own life is to get revenge for Gloucester's death.

### JOHN OF GAUNT

His deputy anointed in His sight,  
Hath caused his death: the which if wrongfully,  
40 Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift  
An angry arm against His minister.

### **DUCHESS**

Where then, alas, may I complain myself?

### **JOHN OF GAUNT**

To God, the widow's champion and defence.

### **DUCHESS**

Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.  
45 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,  
50 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,  
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  
55 With her companion grief must end her life.

### **JOHN OF GAUNT**

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

It's God's quarrel now, because it was his chosen king, who  
serves as God's deputy on earth, who caused Gloucester's  
death. If it was a crime, let heaven punish it, because I won't  
raise a hand against God's minister.

### **DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER**

Whom should I complain to then?

### **JOHN OF GAUNT**

To God, who defends widows.

### **DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER**

Why then, I will. Goodbye, old Gaunt. You are going to  
Coventry to see our kinsman Hereford and ruthless Mowbray  
fight. I hope that the weight of the crime against my husband  
will give force to Hereford's spear, letting it pierce the killer  
Mowbray's breast! Or, if he misses in the first attempt, that  
Mowbray's sins weigh so heavily on him that his horse's back  
breaks and throws him to the ground! Goodbye, old Gaunt. My  
grief is so great that I must end my life.

### **JOHN OF GAUNT**

Sister, goodbye. I have to go to Coventry. May we both fare  
well!

### DUCHESS

Yet one word more: grief boundeth where it falls,  
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:

60 I take my leave before I have begun,

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;

65 I shall remember more. Bid him 'ah, what?'

With all good speed at Plashy visit me.

Alack, and what shall good old York there see

But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,

Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?

70 And what hear there for welcome but my groans?

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 severally*

*The lists at Coventry.*

*Enter the Lord Marshal and the **DUKE OF AUMERLE***

**LORD MARSHAL**

### DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

Just one more word. When grief falls, it rises again, even though it is heavy and not light and empty. I've said goodbye before I said everything that I wanted to say. Give my respects to your brother, Edmund York. That's all, but wait'don't leave yet! I'll think of something else. Tell him 'what?' tell him to visit me at Plashy soon. Alas, what will he see there but empty servants' quarters, bare walls, and floors that no one walks on? What will he hear as a welcome but my groans? So give my greetings, but don't tell him to visit me there, since he can find sorrow easily enough elsewhere. I'll go and die alone, and now I weep, having to finally say goodbye to you.

*They exit separately.*

*The jousting fields at Coventry.*

*The **LORD MARSHAL** and the **DUKE OF AUMERLE** enter.*

**LORD MARSHAL**

## Act 1 Scene 3

My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

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

**LORD MARSHAL**

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

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

5 Why, then, the champions are prepared, and stay  
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

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

**KING RICHARD II**

Marshal, demand of yonder champion

The cause of his arrival here in arms:

Ask him his name and orderly proceed

10 To swear him in the justice of his cause.

**LORD MARSHAL**

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:

My Lord Aumerle, does Harry Hereford have his weapons?

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Yes, completely, and he wants to begin.

**LORD MARSHAL**

The spirited and bold Duke of Norfolk is just waiting for his  
accuser's summons.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Why, then, they are both ready, and we're only waiting on the  
king's entrance.

*Trumpets blow. **KING RICHARD II** enters with **JOHN OF GAUNT**,  
**BUSHY**, **BAGOT**, **GREEN**, and others. Once they are seated,  
**THOMAS MOWBRAY** enters with his weapons. A herald also  
enters.*

**KING RICHARD II**

Marshal, ask the combatant why he's come here with

weapons. Ask him his name and make him swear in

accordance with the rules that his mission is one of justice.

**LORD MARSHAL**

In God's name and the king's, tell us who you are and why you  
have come here with armor and weapons. Who is your

Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath;  
15 As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!

**THOMAS MOWBRAY**

My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk;  
Who hither come engaged by my oath'  
Which God defend a knight should violate!  
Both to defend my loyalty and truth  
20 To God, my king and my succeeding issue,  
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:  
25 And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

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

**KING RICHARD II**

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,  
30 Depose him in the justice of his cause.

**LORD MARSHAL**

What is thy name? and wherefore comest thou hither,

opponent, and what is your quarrel? Tell us the truth, as you've  
sworn on your knighthood. Make your defense.

**THOMAS MOWBRAY**

My name is Thomas Mowbray, the Duke of Norfolk. I've come  
as I had sworn to' God forbid a knight breaks his oath! I'm here  
both to defend my loyalty and the truth of my testimony to  
God, my king, and any children that I might have. With the  
grace of God and my ability to fight, I'll prove that my  
opponent, the Duke of Hereford, is a traitor to God, the king,  
and to me. And may heaven protect me, since I fight with  
honor!

*A personal trumpet call is played. **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**, the  
accuser, enters, with a herald.*

**KING RICHARD II**

Marshal, ask that knight who he is and why he is here armed  
for war. Make him formally testify as to the reason he is here to  
fight, as our law requires.

**LORD MARSHAL**



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!

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

35 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,  
40 To God of heaven, King Richard and to me;  
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

**LORD MARSHAL**

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

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

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;  
50 Then let us take a ceremonious leave  
And loving farewell of our several friends.

**LORD MARSHAL**

What is your name, and why do you come here in front of King Richard? Who is your opponent? What is your quarrel? Speak like a true knight!

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

I am Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby. I am ready to prove with my weapons, with God's grace, and with my strength that Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, is a foul traitor, dangerous to King Richard and to me. May heaven defend me, since I fight for truth!

**LORD MARSHAL**

Only the marshal and the appointed officials may direct the proceedings, and any other person foolish enough to enter the field will be put to death.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Lord marshal, let me kiss the king's hand and go on my knee before him. Mowbray and I are about to undertake a challenge similar to a long and difficult journey, so we should say a formal goodbye to our friends.

**LORD MARSHAL**

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

### **KING RICHARD II**

We will descend and fold him in our arms.

55 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.

### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

O let no noble eye profane a tear

60 For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear:  
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;  
65 Not sick, although I have to do with death,  
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.  
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret  
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:  
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,  
70 Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,  
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,

The accuser greets your highness and asks to kiss your hand  
and say goodbye.

### **KING RICHARD II**

I'll step down and embrace him. Cousin of Hereford, insofar as  
your cause is just, I wish you luck in this fight. Goodbye, my  
cousin. If you die in this fight, I will grieve, but I won't take  
revenge.

### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

If I am pierced by Mowbray's lance, don't misuse your tears for  
me. I'm as confident as the hawk is when he hunts the sparrow.  
My loving king, goodbye, and goodbye my cousin, Lord  
Aumerle. I'm healthy, young, and alive now, even if I'm close to  
death. Lastly, I'll say farewell to you, my father, just as at a feast  
I save the best morsel for the end. Oh my creator, your youthful  
spirit is reborn in me and energizes me to reach for victory.  
Give strength to my armor with your prayers, and harden my  
lance with your blessing, so it will pierce Mowbray's coat of  
armor. May my brave deeds bring new honor to the name of  
John of Gaunt.

75 That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,  
And furbish new the name of John a Gaunt,  
Even in the lusty havior of his son.

#### **JOHN OF GAUNT**

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

#### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Mine innocence and Saint George to thrive!

#### **THOMAS MOWBRAY**

85 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:  
95 As gentle and as jocund as to jest

#### **JOHN OF GAUNT**

May God give you success in your good cause! Strike as quick  
as lightning, and let your blows fall like thunder on the helmet  
of your enemy. Be courageous and fierce, and stay alive.

#### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

My innocence and Saint George will protect me!

#### **THOMAS MOWBRAY**

Whatever God or fate has in store for me, I will live or die as a  
loyal, just, and honest gentleman. I joyfully celebrate this battle  
against my enemy, as much as any slave celebrates who takes  
off his chains and becomes free. Most powerful king and my  
friends, I wish you all happiness in the years to come. I go to  
fight as happily as I would join in a celebration, because  
knowing that I have truth on my side makes me feel calm.

Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

**KING RICHARD II**

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

**LORD MARSHAL**

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

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.

**LORD MARSHAL**

Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.

**FIRST HERALD**

Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,  
105 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.

**SECOND HERALD**

110 Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,  
On pain to be found false and recreant,

**KING RICHARD II**

Goodbye, my lord. I see both virtue and courage in you.  
Marshal, let's begin.

**LORD MARSHAL**

Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby, take your lance. May  
God defend the right man!

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

With strength and hope, I say, Amen.

**LORD MARSHAL**

Take this lance to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.

**FIRST HERALD**

At the risk of being proved false, here stands Henry of  
Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby to demonstrate that the Duke  
of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray, is a traitor to his God, his king,  
and to him. He dares him to step forward and fight.

**SECOND HERALD**

At the risk of being proved false, here stands Thomas  
Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, to defend himself and to prove that

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

**LORD MARSHAL**

Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

*A charge sounded*

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

**KING RICHARD II**

Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,  
120 And both return back to their chairs again:  
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.  
125 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

Henry of Hereford is disloyal to God, his king, and to him. By his  
own free will and with courage, he waits for the signal to begin.

**LORD MARSHAL**

Trumpets, play. Step forward, combatants.

*The trumpets play to signal the charge.*

Stop, the king has thrown down his baton.

**KING RICHARD II**

Tell them to take off their helmets, lay down their spears, and  
come back to their chairs by me. Tell the trumpets to play until  
I deliver my decree to these men.

*The trumpets play.*

Draw near, and listen to what I have devised with my council.  
Our kingdom, where you both grew up, should not be soiled  
with your blood, and I hate the spectacle of settling such  
quarrels with swords. I think that pride, ambition, and envy  
have caused you to disturb the sweet peace of this country.  
Once that peace is broken by war drums and the clash of  
weapons, relatives will be killing each other. Therefore, I'm

130 Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,  
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,  
135 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:  
140 You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,  
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields  
Shall not regret our fair dominions,  
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

#### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

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

#### **KING RICHARD II**

Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,  
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:  
150 The sly slow hours shall not determinate  
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;  
The hopeless word of 'never to return'

sending you out into distant territories. You, my cousin  
Hereford, at the threat of execution if you return, are banished  
for ten years.

#### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

I will do as you command. My comfort in my banishment will  
be the thought that the same sun that shines on you will shine  
on me wherever I am.

#### **KING RICHARD II**

Norfolk, I reluctantly must give you a harsher sentence. Your  
absence won't be marked by a certain number of hours. I must  
banish you for life.

Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

### THOMAS MOWBRAY

A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,

155 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,

160 My native English, now I must forego:

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

165 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.

170 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,

Too far in years to be a pupil now:

What is thy sentence then but speechless death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

### KING RICHARD II

It boots thee not to be compassionate:

175 After our sentence plaining comes too late.

### THOMAS MOWBRAY

It's a heavy sentence, my lord, and I didn't expect to hear you say that. I deserved to be rewarded, not punished so harshly with exile. I'll have to abandon my native English language, which I've spoken for forty years. My tongue will be of as little use as a broken violin. You've imprisoned it, and ignorance will be my jailer. I'm too old to learn anything new. You've sentenced me to die in silence.

### KING RICHARD II

It doesn't help to despair, and once my sentence is handed out it is too late to lament.

**THOMAS MOWBRAY**

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

**KING RICHARD II**

Return again, and take an oath with thee.  
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;  
180 Swear by the duty that you owe to God'  
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;  
185 Nor never look upon each other's face;  
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile  
This luring tempest of your home-bred hate;  
Nor never by advised purpose meet  
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill  
190 'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

I swear.

**THOMAS MOWBRAY**

And I, to keep all this.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy:'

**THOMAS MOWBRAY**

Then I'll turn away from the light of this country and resign  
myself to darkness.

**KING RICHARD II**

Come back, and take an oath. Put your hands on my sword and  
swear this by your duty to God'since your duty to me will end  
with your banishment'that you will never greet each other in  
exile, or write to each other, or make up with each other, and  
that you won't plot any foul deed against me, my country, my  
subjects, or any of my land.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

I swear.

**THOMAS MOWBRAY**

So do I.

**HENRY OF BOLINGBROKE**



By this time, had the king permitted us,  
195 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  
200 The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

**THOMAS MOWBRAY**

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;  
205 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*

**KING RICHARD II**

Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes  
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect  
210 Hath from the number of his banish'd years  
Pluck'd four away.

**To HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Six frozen winter spent,

If the king had allowed us to fight, Norfolk my enemy, one of us  
would be dead by now. One of our souls would have been  
banished from its body, just as our bodies are now banished  
from this country. Confess your treason before you go. Don't  
take the cumbersome burden of those sins with you.

**THOMAS MOWBRAY**

No, Bolingbroke. If I were ever a traitor, may I die and be  
forbidden from heaven! But you and I and God all know what  
you are, and I fear that the king will find out all too soon'to his  
sorrow. Goodbye, my lord. Now I'm unable to lose my way,  
since my way is anywhere in the world other than England.

*He exits.*

**KING RICHARD II**

Uncle, I can see in your eyes how much you are grieving. Since  
you are so sad, I'll reduce your son's exile by four years.

**To HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

After six years, you will be welcome to come home.

Return with welcome home from banishment.

### HENRY BOLINGBROKE

How long a time lies in one little word!

215 Four lagging winters and four wanton springs  
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

### JOHN OF 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;

220 For, ere the six years that he hath to spend  
Can change their moons and bring their times about  
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light  
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;  
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
225 And blindfold death not let me see my son.

### KING RICHARD II

Why uncle, thou hast many years to live.

### JOHN OF 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;

230 Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,  
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;  
Thy word is current with him for my death,

### HENRY BOLINGBROKE

How much time is kept in a word! Four slow winters and four  
lush springs taken away in a word. That's the power of a king.

### JOHN OF GAUNT

Thank you, my lord, for shortening my son's exile for my sake.

But I won't gain much by it. By the time six years have passed I  
will be dead and won't be able to see my son.

### KING RICHARD II

Why, uncle, you have many years left to live.

### JOHN OF GAUNT

But you can't give me an extra minute of life. You can shorten  
my days by adding this sorrow, but you can't add any time. You  
can cause me to furrow my brow, but you can't stop a wrinkle  
from forming. You can order my death with a word, but once  
I'm dead, nothing can be done to give me another breath.

But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

**KING RICHARD II**

Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,

235 Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:  
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?

**JOHN OF 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.

240 O, had it been a stranger, not my child,  
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:  
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,  
245 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.

**KING RICHARD II**

Cousin, farewell; and, uncle, bid him so:

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

*Flourish. Exeunt KING RICHARD II and train*

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

250 Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,

**KING RICHARD II**

Banishing your son was a good solution, and you agreed to it.

Why now do you look so gloomy at my justice?

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

Sometimes a thing that tastes sweet later makes you feel sick.  
You asked me to be a judge, but I would rather have argued as  
a father. If it had been a stranger rather than my son, I would  
have been milder. I wanted to avoid seeming soft, and, in the  
process, destroyed myself. Alas, I expected someone to say I  
was too strict in banishing my own son, but you let me agree to  
this terrible decision.

**KING RICHARD II**

Cousin, farewell. Uncle, say goodbye, too. I've banished him for  
six years, and he must go.

*Trumpets blow. KING RICHARD II and his assistants exit.*

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

From where you do remain let paper show.

**LORD MARSHAL**

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

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

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

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

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

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

260 Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

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

Cousin, goodbye. Send me a letter telling me where you are,  
since I won't be able to hear it from you in person.

**LORD MARSHAL**

My lord, I won't say goodbye. I'll ride with you as far as I can.

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

Why are you remaining silent? Won't you say goodbye to your  
friends?

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

I should be able to tell you in several ways how sad I feel, but I  
have no words to express how sad I feel in saying goodbye to  
you.

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

Your grief is just that you'll be absent for a time.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

With joy gone, grief will take up that whole time.

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

Six years will go by quickly.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

To a happy man they would pass quickly, but with sorrow one  
hour feels like ten.

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

Call it a travel that thou takest for pleasure.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,

265 Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

The sullen passage of thy weary steps

Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set

The precious jewel of thy home return.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make

270 Will but remember me what a deal of world

I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship

To foreign passages, and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else

275 But that I was a journeyman to grief?

**JOHN OF 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.

280 Think not the king did banish thee,

But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

Think of it as a pleasure trip.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

To pretend it is a vacation will only make it worse.

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

Think of these sorrowful years as a way to make your return

home even happier.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

No, every step I take away will only remind me how far I am

from what I love. I'll be serving so many long years in a foreign

land, and, other than my freedom, I'll have nothing to show for

it at the end.

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

A wise man knows that anywhere heaven looks down upon is a  
refuge. Force yourself to think this way, because you have to.

Don't think that the king banished you but rather that you are  
the king. Sorrow weighs heaviest on those who bear it timidly.

Pretend I sent you to go prove yourself, not that the king

banished you. Or pretend that there is a plague here and that

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  
285 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,  
290 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.

### HENRY BOLINGBROKE

295 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  
300 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?  
O, no! the apprehension of the good  
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.

### JOHN OF GAUNT

you are seeking a healthier place. Imagine that what you want the most can be found in the direction you are going, not the direction you're coming from. Pretend the birds are musicians, and the flowers along your path are fair ladies, and your steps are a dance. Sorrow has no power to hurt the man who makes fun of it and who keeps a sense of humor.

### HENRY BOLINGBROKE

Who can hold a flame by pretending that it is ice? Or satisfy hunger just by thinking about a feast? Or roll in the snow naked by imagining the heat of summer? Oh, no! Imagining the best only makes the worst harder to bear. Sorrow hurts most when you treat the pain it creates without curing the cause.

### JOHN OF GAUNT

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

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

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,  
310 Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.

*Exeunt*

*The court.*

*Enter **KING RICHARD II**, with **BAGOT** and **GREEN** at one door;  
and the **DUKE OF AUMERLE** at another*

**KING RICHARD II**

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

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

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

**KING RICHARD II**

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

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Come, come, my son, I'll put you on your way. If I were young  
enough, I wouldn't remain here.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Then goodbye, England's earth. Goodbye, sweet soil, my  
motherland. Wherever I go, I can boast that I am a true  
Englishman, even if I am banished.

*They exit.*

*King Richard II's palace.*

***KING RICHARD II** enters. **BAGOT** and **GREEN** stand at one door,  
and the **DUKE OF AUMERLE** stands at another.*

**KING RICHARD II**

How far did you escort proud Hereford?

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

I took proud Hereford, if you want to call him that, just to the  
next highway and left him there.

**KING RICHARD II**

And how many tears were shed?

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

## Act 1 Scene 4

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.

**KING RICHARD II**

10 What said our cousin when you parted with him?

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

'Farewell!'

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue  
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft  
To counterfeit oppression of such grief

15 That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.  
Marry, would the word 'farewell' have lengthen'd 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.

**KING RICHARD II**

20 He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,  
When time shall call him home from banishment,  
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.  
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green  
Observed his courtship to the common people;  
25 How he did seem to dive into their hearts  
With humble and familiar courtesy,

Honestly, none on my part. Although the wind was blowing  
bitterly against our faces, making our eyes water. I suppose by  
chance that made me shed some tears.

**KING RICHARD II**

What did my cousin say when you left him?

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

'Goodbye.' But I didn't say it back, because that word has  
always been a way to disguise my grief when leaving  
someone, and I certainly didn't have any grief to disguise this  
time. In fact, if saying goodbye would have made hours longer  
and added years to his banishment, I would have given him  
many goodbyes. But I knew that it wouldn't, so I gave him  
none.

**KING RICHARD II**

He is our cousin, cousin. But I doubt that he'll come see his  
relatives when he returns home from his exile. Bushy, Bagot,  
Green, and I watched how he courts the common people, and  
he seems to endear himself to them with humble courtesy. He  
wasted reverence on slaves and courted poor craftsman with  
smiles and a patient acceptance of his fate, as though he were  
hoping to take their affection with him into exile. He took off his



What reverence he did throw away on slaves,  
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles  
And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
30 As 'twere to banish their affects with him.  
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;  
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;'  
35 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,  
40 Ere further leisure yield them further means  
For their advantage and your highness' loss.

### KING RICHARD II

We will ourself in person to this war:  
And, for our coffers, with too great a court  
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,  
45 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;  
Whereeto, when they shall know what men are rich,

hat to a woman selling oysters. Several oxen drivers blessed  
his journey, and he went on one knee and told them, 'Thanks,  
my countrymen, my loving friends.' It was as though my  
England were his and my subjects were placing their hope in  
him.

### GREEN

Well, he is gone, and any thoughts like that go with him. Now  
we must make an urgent plan to deal with the rebels in Ireland,  
my lord, before giving them time to act gives them an  
advantage and puts you at a loss.

### KING RICHARD II

lease out our right to tax the people. The revenue from that will  
keep the country running. If that doesn't bring in enough, then  
my deputies here will have authority to make the rich lords  
turn over however much of their gold we choose to supply  
what we need. I'll leave for Ireland at once.

50 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold  
And send them after to supply our wants;  
For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter **BUSHY***

Bushy, what news?

**BUSHY**

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

**KING RICHARD II**

Where lies he?

**BUSHY**

At Ely House.

**KING RICHARD II**

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

**ALL**

***BUSHY** enters.*

Bushy, what is the news?

**BUSHY**

Old John of Gaunt is suddenly very ill, my lord. He sent word  
asking that your majesty visit him as soon as possible.

**KING RICHARD II**

Where is he?

**BUSHY**

At Ely House.

**KING RICHARD II**

God, let the physician help him die quickly! His fortune will pay  
for the soldiers' coats in this Irish war. Come, gentleman, let's  
go visit him. Let's hurry, but pray we still arrive too late!

**ALL**

65 Amen.

*Exeunt*

*Ely House.*

*Enter JOHN OF GAUNT sick, with the DUKE OF YORK, & c*

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

Will the king come, that I may breathe my last  
In wholesome counsel to his unstaïd youth?

**DUKE OF YORK**

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

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

5 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  
10 Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;  
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,

Amen.

*They exit.*

## Act 2 Scene 1

*Ely Palace, London.*

*JOHN OF GAUNT, who is very sick, and the DUKE OF YORK, as well as a few assistants, enter.*

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

Is the young, wild king going to come visit me so I can give him  
my last words of advice before I die?

**DUKE OF YORK**

Don't waste the little strength you have worrying about that.  
Even if he did come, the king doesn't listen to advice.

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

Also, in general, people pay more attention at the end of  
somebody's life. It's just like the last bite of dessert—it's the  
sweetest part, the part you try to make last, and the part you  
remember most. So, even though King Richard ignored me  
throughout my life, maybe he'll listen to me now that I am  
dying.

Writ in remembrance more than things long past:

15 Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,  
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

### DUKE OF YORK

No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,  
As praises, of whose taste the wise are feared,  
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound

20 The open ear of youth doth always listen;  
Report of fashions in proud Italy,  
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation  
Limps after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity'

25 So it be new, there's no respect how vile'  
That is not quickly buzzed 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:

30 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

### JOHN OF GAUNT

Methinks I am a prophet new inspired  
And thus expiring do foretell of him:

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,  
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;

35 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;  
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;

### DUKE OF YORK

No, he won't listen'his ears are stuffed with all the sounds that make him happy, like the flattery and praise he receives, which wise men know to be wary of. He also likes raunchy poems, which immature young people always listen to. And he listens to the fashion reports from Italy, which England is always copying and always shamefully trying to catch up to. As long as it is new, no matter how awful it is, it instantly grabs Richard's attention. His desire for all of these things doesn't allow him to listen to good advice. Don't give him direction, because he chooses his own course. You'll just be wasting your precious breath.

### JOHN OF GAUNT

As I lie here dying, I think that God is suddenly letting me see the king's future. The king can't go on living a wasteful lifestyle forever, in the same way that a raging fire will eventually burn itself out. Little rainstorms often go on for a long time, but big, violent thunderstorms come and go quickly. The person who starts off too fast will soon tire out, and the person who eats

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:  
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.  
40 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
This fortress built by Nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war,  
45 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,  
50 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,  
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
For Christian service and true chivalry,  
55 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,  
60 Like to a tenement or pelting farm:  
England, bound in with the triumphant sea  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege

too fast will choke on his food. The hungry bird that can't get enough to eat will soon eat itself. This kingdom, this majestic Earth, this paradise, this fortress that Nature built to protect herself against disease and war, this lucky race of people, this little world, this precious jewel of an island sitting in the sea'which protects it like a wall or a moat against the evil intentions of less fortunate countries'this blessed land, this England, this fertile mother of kings who are feared and famous for their Christian actions throughout the world, this land of such good people, this wonderful, wonderful land'it is now rented out, and I'm going to have to die watching it happen. England is surrounded by an ocean whose rocky shore has always pushed back the raging waters. Now, though, England is bound in shame by legal papers, made of rotting parchment and covered in inky blots, that were signed to rent it out. England, which is used to conquering other countries, has now shamefully conquered itself. Oh, how I wish this scandal would die and go away, just like I'm about to die. How happy my death would be then!

Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds:  
65 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 II** and **QUEEN, DUKE OF AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, LORD ROSS, and LORD WILLOUGHBY***

**DUKE OF YORK**

[to John of Gaunt]The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;  
70 For young hot colts being raged do rage the more.

**QUEEN**

How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

**KING RICHARD II**

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

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

O how that name befits my composition!  
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:  
75 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:

***KING RICHARD II, the QUEEN, the DUKE OF AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, LORD ROSS, and LORD WILLOUGHBY** enter.*

**DUKE OF YORK**

(to John of Gaunt) The king is here. Go easy with him. He is young and easy to make angry, and if you give him a hard time, you're likely to do nothing but make him angrier.

**QUEEN**

How are you, John of Gaunt?

**KING RICHARD II**

Yes, John of Gaunt, tell us how you are.

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

My name is Gaunt, and I feel gaunt. I am gaunt because of my old age. And who can go without food and not be gaunt? I have stayed awake and watched England crumble for a long time, and from all the lack of sleep I've grown gaunt. Fathers receive nourishment from seeing their children, and since I

The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,  
80 Is my strict fast; I mean, my children's looks;  
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.

**KING RICHARD II**

Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

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

**KING RICHARD II**

Should dying men flatter with those that live?

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

No, no, men living flatter those that die.

**KING RICHARD II**

90 Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatterest me.

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

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

**KING RICHARD II**

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

can't see my child it has made me gaunt. I'm ready for my  
grave, and when I'm laid in it I'll be nothing but bones.

**KING RICHARD II**

Can men who are really sick play so subtly with their names?

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

Misery likes to make fun of itself. And I thought you might  
enjoy listening to me make fun of my name since you are  
banishing my son, who, of course, shares my name.

**KING RICHARD II**

Should dying men try to amuse the living?

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

No, no, the living should try to amuse the dying.

**KING RICHARD II**

You, who are dying, tell me that you're trying to please me.

**JOHN OF GAUNT**

Oh no! You're the one dying, even though I'm sicker.

**KING RICHARD II**

I'm in good health. I'm breathing fine, and I can see that you are  
the one who is sick.

## JOHN OF GAUNT

Now He that made me knows I see thee ill;  
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.  
95 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:  
100 A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,  
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  
105 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,  
110 It were a shame to let this land by lease;  
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 bondsman to the law; And thou'

## KING RICHARD II

115 A lunatic lean-witted fool,

## JOHN OF GAUNT

God knows that I can see the sickness in you. You don't realize it, but your deathbed is actually the country that you've been destroying. And you're too stupid to realize that the people you think will cure you are actually the ones making you sick'those flatterers and yes-men you surround yourself with. You don't even see that your subjects are turning on you. You have laid waste to all of England. If your grandfather had been able to see how you were going to destroy this country, he would've reached into the future and stopped you. My brother, it is an utter shame to lease parts of England out to others. You aren't the king of England anymore. You are simply the landlord of England, and you'

## KING RICHARD II



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.

120 Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,  
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,  
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head  
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

### JOHN OF GAUNT

O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,  
125 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!  
130 May be a precedent and witness good  
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.  
135 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*

You idiot, taking advantage of your illness as an opportunity to criticize me. How dare you anger and embarrass me so much that my face has gone pale. If you weren't my uncle—that is, the uncle to the King of England—that wild tongue of yours would fall from the head that sits on your disobedient shoulders.

### JOHN OF GAUNT

Don't do me any favors because I'm your uncle. You have never before hesitated to spill our family's royal blood. My good and simple brother Gloucester, who had royal blood and is happily in heaven now, is someone you weren't afraid to kill. Like a dead flower, your wicked behavior must be plucked immediately. You have lived a bad life, but you must change your ways before you die. May my words torment you always! (to his assistants) Take me to my bed, and then let me die. Let only those who are honorable and loving live happily.

*JOHN OF GAUNT is carried off the stage by his assistants.*

**KING RICHARD II**

And let them die that age and sullens have;

140 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

**DUKE OF 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.

**KING RICHARD II**

145 Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his;

As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND*

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

**KING RICHARD II**

What says he?

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Nay, nothing; all is said

150 His tongue is now a stringless instrument;

Words, life and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

**KING RICHARD II**

And let those who are old and gloomy die, and you, John of

Gaunt, are both.

**DUKE OF YORK**

I beg you, your majesty, blame his words on his age and his

sickness. I swear that he loves you and holds you as close to

his heart as he does Harry Duke of Hereford.

**KING RICHARD II**

Right, what you say is true. Just as Harry holds me close to his

heart, John of Gaunt must hold me also. And, in turn, I love

both of them. That's how it is.

*NORTHUMBERLAND enters.*

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

My lord, Gaunt sends his regards to you.

**KING RICHARD II**

What did he say?

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Actually, he didn't say anything. He can't talk. He has died.

### DUKE OF YORK

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

### KING RICHARD II

The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;  
155 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.  
160 And for these great affairs do ask some charge,  
Towards our assistance we do seize to us  
The plate, corn, revenues and moveables,  
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

### DUKE OF YORK

How long shall I be patient? ah, how long  
165 Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?  
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment.  
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,  
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke  
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,  
170 Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,  
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.  
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,  
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first:

### DUKE OF YORK

I hope that I will be the next to die! Death is terrible, but at least  
it stops the pain of living.

### KING RICHARD II

Gaunt is the first to die, just like the ripest fruit is always the first  
to fall off the tree. Well, that's over with. Now, about the war in  
Ireland. We must get rid of those shaggy-haired Irish soldiers  
who live there. Let's seize all of Gaunt's money and property to  
help pay for the war.

### DUKE OF YORK

How long can I hold out? How long will my obligation to the  
king make me suffer these wrongs against Gaunt? Nothing has  
ever made me show my frustrations'not Gloucester's death,  
nor Hereford's banishment, nor Gaunt's criticisms, nor the  
king's bad treatment of England, nor the  
[king's refusal to let Bolingbroke marry](#) , nor my own ill  
treatment. I am the last of Edward's sons. Your father, the  
Prince of Wales, was the first. There was never anyone more  
fierce in wartime and more gentle in peacetime than the Prince  
of Wales. You look just like him when he was your age. When

In war was never lion raged more fierce,  
175 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  
180 And not against his friends; his noble hand  
Did will what he did spend and spent not that  
Which his triumphant father's hand had won;  
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,  
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.  
185 O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between.

#### **KING RICHARD II**

Why, uncle, what's the matter?

#### **DUKE OF YORK**

O my liege,  
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleased  
190 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?  
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?  
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?  
195 Did not the one deserve to have an heir?  
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?

he got upset, it was against the French, not against his allies.  
He spent only what he'd earned, and he never spent anything  
that his father had won. He never did anything wrong to his  
countrymen, but he punished his enemies. Richard, I am too  
upset, or I would never make these comparisons.

#### **KING RICHARD II**

Why, uncle, what's the matter?

#### **DUKE OF YORK**

Oh, my lord, forgive me, please. If you won't I'll understand. Do  
you really want to seize all of Gaunt's property? He might be  
dead, but isn't his son still alive? Wasn't Gaunt a good man, and  
isn't Harry good, too? Doesn't Gaunt deserve to have an heir?  
And isn't Harry a deserving heir? If you take away Harry's right  
to inherit his father's belongings, then you are going against  
tradition. It would be like taking away Time's authority and  
rights and preventing tomorrow from following today.  
Remember, you yourself are a king because you inherited the

Take Hereford's rights away, and take from Time  
His charters and his customary rights;  
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;  
200 Be not thyself; for how art thou a king  
But by fair sequence and succession?  
Now, afore God'God forbid I say true!  
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,  
Call in the letters patent that he hath  
205 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  
210 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

#### **KING RICHARD II**

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

#### **DUKE OF YORK**

I'll not be by the while: my liege, farewell:  
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;  
215 But by bad courses may be understood  
That their events can never fall out good.

*Exit*

position. Now, I swear before God, if you do this, you will bring  
all sorts of danger to yourself and turn a thousand people  
against you. You will force me to lose my patience, and I'll think  
about doing things to you that, because I still honor and obey  
you, I cannot even think about.

#### **KING RICHARD II**

Think whatever you want, but we're going to seize his money  
and all of his property.

#### **DUKE OF YORK**

I won't stand here and watch. Goodbye, my lord. What will  
happen now, nobody can say. But no good outcome can result  
from bad decisions like this.

**DUKE OF YORK** *exits.*

### KING RICHARD II

Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:

Bid him repair to us to Ely House

To see this business. To-morrow next

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

And we create, in absence of ourself,

Our uncle York lord governor of England;

For he is just and always loved us well.

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

225 Be merry, for our time of stay is short

*Flourish. Exeunt KING RICHARD II, QUEEN, DUKE OF  
AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, and BAGOT*

### NORTHUMBERLAND

Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

### LORD ROSS

And living too; for now his son is duke.

### LORD WILLOUGHBY

Barely in title, not in revenue.

### NORTHUMBERLAND

Richly in both, if justice had her right.

### KING RICHARD II

Bushy, go straight to the Earl of Wiltshire and tell him to come to Ely House to help us. Tomorrow morning we'll go to Ireland. I believe it's time. I'll make my uncle York the Lord Governor of England while I'm away. He is fair and has always loved me very much. Come, my queen, we must leave tomorrow. Be well.

*Trumpets blow, as KING RICHARD II, the QUEEN, the DUKE OF  
AUMERLE, BUSY, GREEN, and BAGOT exit.*

### NORTHUMBERLAND

Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

### LORD ROSS

But he also kind of lives because his son is now a duke.

### LORD WILLOUGHBY

His son might have the title of duke, but he doesn't have the income of one.

### NORTHUMBERLAND

If there were justice in the world then he would both have the title and the income.

**LORD ROSS**

230 My heart is great; but it must break with silence,  
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more  
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

**LORD WILLOUGHBY**

Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of Hereford?  
235 If it be so, out with it boldly, man;  
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

**LORD 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.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

240 Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne  
In him, a royal prince, and many moe  
Of noble blood in this declining land.  
The king is not himself, but basely led  
By flatterers; and what they will inform,  
245 Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,  
That will the king severely prosecute  
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

**LORD ROSS**

I have a lot of troubles on my mind. But I must keep silent  
about them for now.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Speak your mind. And if anyone uses what you say against  
you, let that person never speak again!

**LORD WILLOUGHBY**

Are you going to say something about the Duke of Hereford? If  
so, say it, man! I am always eager to hear good things about  
him.

**LORD ROSS**

I can't do him any good, unless it's good to pity him, since he's  
now deprived of his inheritance.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

With God as my witness, I say it's a shame that such wrongs  
have been done to him and to others of royal blood in this  
crumbling land. The king is not acting like himself. He's being  
deceived by his group of flatterers. Purely out of hatred they  
make accusations against us, leading the king to persecute us  
and our children.

**LORD ROSS**

The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,  
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fined  
250 For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

**LORD WILLOUGHBY**

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

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

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

**LORD ROSS**

The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

**LORD WILLOUGHBY**

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

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

260 Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

**LORD ROSS**

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

**LORD ROSS**

He's taxed the common people heavily, and they've turned  
against him. He's also fined the nobles for old grudges and  
turned them against him, as well.

**LORD WILLOUGHBY**

Every day he devises new ways of forcing people to pay, like  
mandatory loans and I don't know what else. What, in God's  
name, is he doing with all of this money?

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

He hasn't spent the money on wars because he hasn't waged  
any wars. He has shamefully compromised with our enemies  
and given away what our ancestors won in battle. He's spent  
more in peacetime than they did in wartime.

**LORD ROSS**

The Earl of Wiltshire has rented out the land.

**LORD WILLOUGHBY**

The king is bankrupt.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

He is disgraced.

**LORD ROSS**

The only way he can afford to fight the war in Ireland, even with  
all the money that he's collected from these new taxes, is by



But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!

265 But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,

Yet see no shelter to avoid the storm;

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,

And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

**LORD ROSS**

We see the very wreck that we must suffer;

270 And unavoids is the danger now,

For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death

I spy life peering; but I dare not say

How near the tidings of our comfort is.

**LORD WILLOUGHBY**

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

**LORD ROSS**

Be confident to speak, Northumberland:

We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,

Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

stealing everything from the Duke of Hereford.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Friends, we see this storm coming, and yet we don't seek any

shelter to avoid it! We see the wind blowing fiercely upon our

sails, and yet we don't lower the sails but recklessly perish.

**LORD ROSS**

We see the shipwreck coming, but the danger is unavoidable

now because we sat by and allowed all this to happen.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

That's not true. Even though we are close to ruin, I can see a

way out. But I'm not going to say how near the news of our

rescue is.

**LORD WILLOUGHBY**

Please tell us your thoughts, as we have told you ours.

**LORD ROSS**

Have the confidence to speak, Northumberland. The three of

us are just like you. If you speak, you'll most likely say what

we're already thinking. Be bold.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Then thus: I have from Port le Blanc, a bay  
280 In Brittany, received intelligence  
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham,  
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,  
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,  
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,  
285 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:  
290 Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay  
The first departing of the king for Ireland.  
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,  
295 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.

#### **LORD ROSS**

300 To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

#### **LORD WILLOUGHBY**

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

Then here it is: I have learned that the Duke of Bretagne, in  
Brittany, has given eight large ships to Harry Duke of Hereford  
as well as Rainold Lord Cobhman'who recently broke his  
alliance with the Duke of Exeter'his brother, the former  
Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John  
Ramston, Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis  
Quoint. These men sailed the ships with three thousand  
soldiers from Port le Blanc, and right now they are racing to  
England. They left as soon as the king departed for Ireland. If  
you want to be free of your slavery to the king, help our  
country to rise again, and restore the honor of our royalty, then  
come with me right now to Ravenspurgh. If you're afraid to do  
so, then wait here while I go myself.

#### **LORD ROSS**

To our horses! Encourage anyone who is scared.

#### **LORD WILLOUGHBY**

If my horse holds up, I'll be the first one there.

*Exeunt*

*The palace.*

*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**

5 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,  
10 Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,  
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul  
With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves,  
More than with parting from my lord the king.

**BUSHY**

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,  
15 Which shows like grief itself, but is not so;

*They exit.*

## Act 2 Scene 2

*King Richard II's palace.*

*The **QUEEN**, **BUSHY**, and **BAGOT** enter.*

**BUSHY**

Madam, you are too sad. When we left the king, you promised  
to stop worrying so much and to try to act more cheerfully.

**QUEEN**

I promised that to make the king happy, but for myself I cannot  
do it. I don't know why I should be so sad, except that I had to  
say goodbye to my sweet Richard. But I also think that  
something bad is going to happen to me and I'm inwardly  
grieving. It's making me more sad than the king's leaving does.

**BUSHY**

When you're already sad it seems like everything is awful and  
your grief is multiplied. But, in reality, that's not the case.

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  
20 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. Then, thrice-gracious queen,  
25 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,  
30 I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad  
As, though on 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 le conceit is still derived  
35 From some forefather grief; mine is not so,  
For nothing had begot my something grief;

Because you're sad, things don't appear to you as they actually are, so in your husband's departure you see many things to grieve. Those are just shadows. So don't cry for anything but your husband's leaving. Any other causes of grief are just imaginary.

**QUEEN**

That may be true, but my instinct tells me otherwise. Whatever the case, I feel nothing but grief. In fact, I feel so sad that even when I'm not thinking about anything at all I feel woefully faint and weak.

**BUSHY**

That's nothing but your imagination, my queen.

**QUEEN**

Far from it. Imaginary feelings of grief are always the result of some real, prior grief. But that's not my situation, as nothing has happened to me to cause my grief. My grief is reversed: I feel a

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

40 I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

*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:  
45 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,  
50 And with uplifted arms is safe arrived  
At Ravenspurgh.

**QUEEN**

Now God in heaven forbid!

**GREEN**

grief whose cause I haven't experienced yet. But I don't know  
what that is. I can't name it. All I know is that it's a nameless  
sadness.

***GREEN** enters.*

**GREEN**

God save the queen! And good to see you, too, gentlemen. I  
hope the king hasn't left yet for Ireland.

**QUEEN**

Why do you hope that? It's better if he has since his plans  
require that he act quickly, so why do you hope he hasn't  
sailed?

**GREEN**

Our hope is that he might have brought his forces back from  
Ireland and caused our enemy, Bolingbroke, to give up. Even  
though he is exiled he has returned to England. He and a  
strong army have arrived safely to Ravenspurgh ready to fight.

**QUEEN**

God, no!

**GREEN**

Ah, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,  
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,  
55 The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,  
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

**BUSHY**

Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland  
And all the rest revolted faction traitors?

**GREEN**

We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcester  
60 Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,  
And all the household servants fled with him  
To Bolingbroke.

**QUEEN**

So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,  
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:  
65 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?  
70 I will despair, and be at enmity

Madam, it's true, and what's worse is that Lord  
Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy, the Lord of Ross,  
the Lord of Beaumont, and the Lord of Willoughby, along with  
their powerful friends, have all gone to join him.

**BUSHY**

Why haven't you proclaimed Northumberland and the others  
traitors?

**GREEN**

We did, and that's when the Earl of Worcester broke his  
[staff, resigned his job](#) , and, along with the king's servants, fled  
to join Bolingbroke.

**QUEEN**

So, Green, you have helped me to give birth: I was pregnant  
with sorrow, Bolingbroke is the newborn child, and I am like a  
gasping mother who has just delivered her baby.

**BUSHY**

Madam, do not despair.

**QUEEN**

Who's going to stop me? I will despair, and I will not put up  
with any false hopes. False hope flatters and feeds on us,

With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,  
A parasite, a keeper back of death,  
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

*Enter **DUKE OF YORK***

**GREEN**

75 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.

**DUKE OF YORK**

Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:  
80 Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,  
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares and grief.  
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,  
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:  
Here am I left to underprop his land,  
85 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*

draws out our pain, and withholds death, which would be  
gentle otherwise.

*The **DUKE OF YORK** enters.*

**GREEN**

Here comes the Duke of York.

**QUEEN**

His old neck shows signs of war. Oh, his face is full of anxiety!  
Uncle, for God's sake, give us good news.

**DUKE OF YORK**

If I were to give you good news, I would be hiding my real  
thoughts. Good news is in heaven, and we are on earth, where  
nothing lives but trials, anxieties, and sorrow. Your husband has  
gone to protect his rule in Ireland, while others have come  
here to take it from him in England. Here I am, too old to  
support myself, left to prop up his country. The bad times that  
we thought his overindulgent ways would bring have arrived.  
Now his friends will be tested.

*A Servant enters.*

**SERVANT**

My lord, your son was gone before I came.

**DUKE OF YORK**

He was? Why, so! go all which way it will!

90 The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.

Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester;

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:

Hold, take my ring.

**SERVANT**

95 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.

**DUKE OF YORK**

What is't, knave?

**SERVANT**

An hour before I came, the duchess died.

**DUKE OF YORK**

100 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,

So my untruth had not provoked him to it,

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

**SERVANT**

My lord, your son was gone before I arrived.

**DUKE OF YORK**

The nobles have fled, the commoners aren't concerned, and they will likely fight on Hereford's side. Sir, get thee to Plashy, to my sister-in-law Gloucester. Tell her to send me one thousand pounds right away. Wait, take my [ring](#).

**SERVANT**

My lord, I forgot to tell you, I went by her house today. But it will upset you if I tell you the rest.

**DUKE OF YORK**

What is it, boy?

**SERVANT**

An hour before I got there, your sister-in-law died.

**DUKE OF YORK**

God have mercy! What a tide of troubles comes rushing over this land all at once! I don't know what to do. I wish to God that the king had cut off my head when he cut off my brother's. Has no one sent any messengers to Ireland yet? How are we going to pay for these wars? Come, sister'or I should say, cousin.



105 What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?  
How shall we do for money for these wars?  
Come, 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*

110 Gentlemen, will you go muster men?  
If I know how or which way to order these affairs  
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,  
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:  
The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath  
115 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. Come, cousin, I'll  
Dispose of you.  
120 Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,  
And meet me presently at Berkeley.  
I should to Plashy too;  
But time will not permit: all is uneven,  
And every thing is left at six and seven.

*Exeunt DUKE OF YORK and QUEEN*

**BUSHY**

Excuse me. (to the servant) Go home, fellow, and find some carts and bring the armor that's there.

*The Servant exits.*

Gentlemen, will you go round up some men? I don't know what I should do now. Both Richard and Bolingbroke are my kinsmen. One is my king, to whom I've pledged allegiance and have a duty to defend. The other is my kinsman, whom the king has mistreated. My conscience and my family bonds tell me to right those wrongs. Well, we've got to do something. (to the queen) Come, cousin, I'll make arrangements for you. Gentlemen, go and round up some men and meet me at Berkeley Castle. I should go to Plashy, too, but there isn't enough time. Everything is in chaos.

*The DUKE OF YORK and the QUEEN exit.*

**BUSHY**

125 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  
130 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  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

**BUSHY**

Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

**BAGOT**

135 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  
140 The hateful commons will perform for us,

The message has probably reached Ireland, but no news has come back yet. It's impossible for us to find enough soldiers to match the enemy's force.

**GREEN**

Besides, our closeness to the king means we are hated by those who hate the king.

**BAGOT**

And that's how the common folk must be. Their love depends on who gives them money, and they hate those who take their money away.

**BUSHY**

That's why almost all the common folk hate the king.

**BAGOT**

If they're to be the judges, then our fate is in their hands, because we've always been on the side of the king.

**GREEN**

Well, I'm going straight to Bristol Castle to take refuge. The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

**BUSHY**

I'll go with you. The hateful common folk won't help us at all but will act like dogs and tear us to pieces. Will you come with

Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.  
Will you go along with us?

**BAGOT**

No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.  
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,

145 We three here art 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.

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

**BUSHY**

Well, we may meet again.

**BAGOT**

I fear me, never.

*Exeunt*

*Wilds in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter HENRY BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with*

us?

**BAGOT**

No. I'll go to the king in Ireland. Goodbye. If my instinct is correct, the three of us here will never meet again.

**BUSHY**

That depends on whether York can defeat Bolingbroke.

**GREEN**

Oh, poor duke! The task he must begin is as hard as counting the sand in a desert or drinking all the water in the ocean. For every person who fights with him, there will be thousands who will not. Goodbye immediately and forever.

**BUSHY**

Well, we might meet again.

**BAGOT**

I fear that we won't.

*They exit.*

*In the woods in Gloucestershire.*

*HENRY BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND enter with an*

## Act 2 Scene 3

*Forces*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

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

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire:

These high wild hills and rough uneven ways

5 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

10 In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,

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;

15 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.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Of much less value is my company

20 Than your good words. But who comes here?

*army.*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

How much farther is it to Berkeley, my lord?

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Believe me, my noble lord, I'm a stranger to these parts. These high and wild hills go on for miles and are tiring. And yet your good conversation has been like sugar, making the difficult journey sweeter. But I think it will be a long and hard journey from Ravenspurgh to Cotswold for Ross and Willoughby since they won't have your company, which has made my trip easier. But their trip will be made more enjoyable by the expectation that you'll go with them next time. In this way, the journey for those tired lords will seem shorter. That's what has happened to me. My journey has seemed shorter because you've been with me.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

My companionship isn't nearly as valuable as your kind words. Who's coming?

*Enter HENRY PERCY*

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

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

**HENRY PERCY**

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

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

25 Why, is he not with the queen?

**HENRY PERCY**

No, my good Lord; he hath forsook the court,  
Broken his staff of office and dispersed  
The household of the king.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

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

**HENRY PERCY**

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

*HENRY PERCY enters.*

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

It's my son, young Harry Percy. He was sent by my brother  
Worcester, wherever he may be. Harry, how is your uncle  
Worcester?

**HENRY PERCY**

I was thinking, my lord, that you would tell me that.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Is he not with the queen?

**HENRY PERCY**

No, my good lord. He has abandoned the court. He broke his  
staff and let the king's servants go.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

What was his reason? The last time we were together he  
hadn't decided to do that.

**HENRY PERCY**

He did it because you were proclaimed a traitor. But, my lord,  
he's gone now to Ravenspurgh, to help the Duke of Hereford,  
and he sent me to Berkeley to discover how large an army the  
Duke of York had there. Then he gave me orders to go on to  
Ravenspurgh.

Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

**HENRY PERCY**

No, my good lord, for that is not forgot

Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,

40 I never in my life did look on him.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

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

**HENRY 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

45 To more approved service and desert.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

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,

50 It shall be still thy true love's recompense:

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

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Have you forgotten who the Duke of Hereford is, boy?

**HENRY PERCY**

No, my good lord, because I can't forget something I never

remembered. I don't think I've ever seen him in my life.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Then meet him now. This is the duke.

**HENRY PERCY**

My gracious lord, I am in your service. I am young, but as I get

older, I will demonstrate more impressive abilities.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Thank you, kind Percy. I count myself happiest when

remembering my good friends. I know that the reward for your

love will be to witness how it helps me find greater success.

My heart makes this promise to you, and this handshake seals

that promise.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

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

**HENRY PERCY**

There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,  
55 Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;  
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour;  
None else of name and noble estimate.

*Enter LORD ROSS and LORD WILLOUGHBY*

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

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

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

60 Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues  
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury  
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd  
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

**LORD ROSS**

Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

**LORD WILLOUGHBY**

65 And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

How far is it to Berkeley? And what events keep good old York  
there with his soldiers?

**HENRY PERCY**

There's the castle, over by that group of trees. I've heard that  
it's protected by three hundred men, and that the Lord of York,  
the Lord of Berkeley, and the Lord of Seymour are there.  
There's no one else of title and noble reputation inside.

*LORD ROSS and LORD WILLOUGHBY enter.*

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Here come the Lord of Ross and the Lord of Willoughby. They  
are bloody from sticking their spurs so hard into their horses,  
and their faces are red from riding here so fast.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Welcome, my lords. I know that you've followed me here out of  
love for me. Right now I can only pay you with my thanks, but  
once I have money I'll repay your love and hard work.

**LORD ROSS**

We are rich enough from just being here with you here, most  
noble lord.

**LORD WILLOUGHBY**

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

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

*Enter LORD BERKELEY*

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.

**LORD BERKELEY**

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

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

My lord, my answer is'to Lancaster;  
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.

**LORD BERKELEY**

75 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

And that richness is much more than anything we could earn  
by working.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

The poor earn their wealth in the form of gratitude. Until my  
young fortune matures, that gratitude will have to take the  
place of riches. But who's coming now?

*LORD BERKELEY enters.*

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

I think it's the Lord of Berkeley.

**LORD BERKELEY**

Lord of Hereford, I have a message for you.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

My lord, I will answer only to my proper name, the Duke of  
Lancaster. And I have come to claim that name here in  
England. I must hear you call me that title before I respond to  
anything else you say.

**LORD BERKELEY**

Don't misunderstand, my lord. It's not my intention to deny you  
your title. I've come to you, my lord'whatever title you want me  
to use'from the most gracious regent in this land, that is the  
Duke of York. I need to know what has led you to exploit the



80 To take advantage of the absent time  
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

*Enter **DUKE OF YORK** attended*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

I shall not need transport my words by you;  
Here comes his grace in person. My noble uncle!

*Kneels*

**DUKE OF YORK**

Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,  
85 Whose duty is deceiveable and false.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

My gracious uncle'

**DUKE OF YORK**

Tut, tut!  
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:  
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace.'  
90 In an ungracious mouth is but profane.  
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs  
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,

absence of our king and jeopardize the peace in this land with  
your armies.

*The **DUKE OF YORK** and his assistants enter.*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

(to Lord Berkeley) I won't have to pass my message through  
you. Here comes his grace in person. (to the Duke of York) My  
noble uncle!

***HENRY BOLINGBROKE** kneels.*

**DUKE OF YORK**

I don't want to see you kneeling. I know you don't really honor  
me.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

My gracious uncle'

**DUKE OF YORK**

Tsk, tsk! Don't call me grace, and don't call me uncle. I am not  
the uncle of a traitor, and it's obscene to use that word 'grace'  
when everybody knows you're ungracious. You were banished,  
so why have you come back to England? Why have you and  
your army marched miles across peaceful England, scaring  
villagers with threats of war and displays of hateful weapons?  
Have you come now because the king is away? Why, you  
foolish boy, don't you know that the king has put me in charge

95 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.

100 Were I but now the lord of such hot youth  
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself  
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,  
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,  
O, then how quickly should this arm of mine.

105 Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee  
And minister correction to thy fault!

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

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

**DUKE OF YORK**

Even in condition of the worst degree,

110 In gross rebellion and detested treason:  
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come  
Before the expiration of thy time,  
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;

115 But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

while he's away and that I am loyal to him? If I were still the strong young man who, with your father, John of Gaunt, rescued the king's father from thousands of French soldiers, I would quickly smack you. But my arm is too weak and shaky to administer punishment in that way.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

My gracious uncle, why don't you tell me exactly what I've done wrong?

**DUKE OF YORK**

You've done the worst that you can: rebellion and treason. You are banished from this country and now you've returned before you are allowed to do so. And you've brought an army to fight against your king.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

I was banished as Hereford, but I return as Lancaster. And, noble uncle, I beg that you look at my missteps impartially. I

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,  
120 Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd  
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties  
Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given away  
To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?  
If that my cousin king be King of England,  
125 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.  
130 I am denied to sue my livery here,  
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:  
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold,  
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.  
What would you have me do? I am a subject,  
135 And I challenge law: attorneys are denied me;  
And therefore, personally I lay my claim  
To my inheritance of free descent.

#### **NORTHUMBERLAND**

The noble duke hath been too much abused.

#### **LORD ROSS**

think I see my father in you. Oh, then, my father, are you going to force me to be a wandering drifter forever, while what is rightfully mine is taken away by force and given to wasteful social climbers? Why was I born? If my cousin is allowed to be the King of England, then I must be allowed to be the Duke of Lancaster. You have a son, Aumerle, who is my noble cousin. Let's say that you died, and he had been treated this way. His uncle Gaunt would have acted as a father to him and fought to correct the wrongs done against him. I'm not allowed to claim my inheritance, though I'm legally entitled to do so. My father's possessions have all been wrongfully confiscated and sold. What do you think I should do? I am a subject of the King of England, aren't I? I claim what is lawfully mine. Since I'm not allowed to have attorneys, I must claim my inheritance myself.

#### **NORTHUMBERLAND**

The noble duke has been abused very much.

#### **LORD ROSS**

It stands your grace upon to do him right.

**LORD WILLOUGHBY**

140 Base men by his endowments are made great.

**DUKE OF YORK**

My lords of England, let me tell you this:

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs

And laboured all I could to do him right;

But in this kind to come, in braving arms,

145 Be his own carver and cut out his way,

To find out right with wrong, it may not be;

And you that do abet him in this kind

Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

The noble duke hath sworn his coming is

150 But for his own; and for the right of that

We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;

And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

**DUKE OF YORK**

Well, well, I see the issue of these arms:

I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,

155 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;

You owe it to him to treat him well.

**LORD WILLOUGHBY**

His money and property are making lowly men rich.

**DUKE OF YORK**

Listen, lords of England: I've known about the injustices done

to my cousin, and I have done everything I could to correct

them. But because of the way he's returned to England, with

an army and all these weapons, there's nothing I can do. And

you who are helping him are just lowly rebels.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

The noble duke has sworn he has come back to England only

for his own sake and not for any other reason. We have all

sworn to help him, and I hope anyone who breaks that promise

never feels joy again.

**DUKE OF YORK**

Well, well, I see how this is going to go. I admit I can't change it,

because my army is weak. But if God would let me, I'd arrest

you all and make you stoop down before our king. But since I

can't, I'm going to remain neutral. So, good luck to you. Or do

you want to come sleep in the castle tonight?

But since I cannot, be it known to you  
160 I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;  
Unless you please to enter in the castle  
And there repose you for this night.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

An offer, uncle, that we will accept:  
But we must win your grace to go with us  
165 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.

**DUKE OF YORK**

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

*Exeunt*

*A camp in Wales.*

*Enter **EARL OF SALISBURY** and a Welsh Captain*

**CAPTAIN**

My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Yes, uncle, we do. But first we must convince you to go with us  
to Bristol Castle, which I've heard is being held by Bushy,  
Bagot, and their accomplices. They are devouring the kingdom  
like caterpillars, and I've sworn to eliminate them.

**DUKE OF YORK**

I might go with you, but let me think about it first. I hate to  
break our country's laws. I look at you neither as a friend nor a  
foe, and I don't care about people's past misdeeds that can't  
be fixed now.

*They exit.*

*A camp in Wales.*

*The **EARL OF SALISBURY** and a Welsh Captain enter.*

**CAPTAIN**

## Act 2 Scene 4

And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;  
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

**EARL OF SALISBURY**

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

**CAPTAIN**

'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;  
10 The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth  
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:  
15 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*

**EARL OF SALISBURY**

Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind  
I see thy glory like a shooting star  
20 Fall to the base earth from the firmament.

My lord of Salisbury, we've waited here for ten days and have  
had difficulty keeping our countrymen together. Since we've  
heard nothing from the king, we're going to leave. Goodbye.

**EARL OF SALISBURY**

My trusty Welshman, please stay one more day. The king has  
placed all his confidence in you.

**CAPTAIN**

It's believed that the king is dead, and we're not going to stay.  
The trees in our country are all withered, and there are  
meteors flashing in the sky and scaring the stars. The moon  
has turned red, and the fortunetellers say that bad things are  
going to happen. Rich men suddenly look sad because they're  
afraid they're going to lose their possessions. And criminals are  
dancing because they know they're going to steal those  
possessions violently. All of these signs point to the death, or  
at least the fall, of kings. Goodbye. My countrymen have  
already fled, as they know that King Richard II is dead.

*He exits.*

**EARL OF SALISBURY**

Ah, Richard, I can see that your glory, like a shooting star, is  
falling from the sky to the ground, and the thought is weighing  
heavily on my mind. Your sun is setting in the west and it's

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*

*Bristol. Before the castle.*

*Enter HENRY BOLINGBROKE, DUKE OF YORK,  
NORTHUMBERLAND, LORD ROSS, HENRY PERCY, LORD  
WILLOUGHBY, with BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Bring forth these men.  
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls'  
Since presently your souls must part your bodies'  
With too much urging your pernicious lives,  
5 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,  
10 By you unhappied and disfigured clean:  
You have in manner with your sinful hours

crying, which tells me that storms of grief and chaos are  
coming. All of your friends have left you and pledged  
allegiance to your enemies, and fortune works against you.

*He exits.*

*In front of Bristol castle.*

*HENRY BOLINGBROKE, the DUKE OF YORK,  
NORTHUMBERLAND, LORD ROSS, HENRY PERCY, and LORD  
WILLOUGHBY, escorting the prisoners BUSHY and GREEN,  
enter.*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Bring these men to me. Bushy and Green, I won't torment your  
souls with too much talk of your wicked lives since your souls  
will soon leave your bodies. But so no one may claim your  
execution was murder, I will explain with these men as  
witnesses why you are legally sentenced to death. You have  
deceived a king, a man who was happy and attractive until you  
came along and changed him. Through your evil ways, you  
have driven a wedge between the king and the queen. You've  
interfered with their happy marriage and caused the queen  
suffering. I, by the luck of my birth, am a prince. I am closely  
related to the king, and until you changed his feelings toward

## Act 3 Scene 1

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  
15 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,  
20 And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,  
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,  
25 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  
30 To execution and the hand of death.

### **BUSHY**

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

me, he loved me. Because of your actions, I've had to live in exile in a foreign country, and meanwhile you lived off my wealth and property here, leasing my hunting grounds to others and cutting down my forests. You tore my family's coat of arms out of the windows of my house and destroyed all signs of my family's existence. If not for men's opinions and the fact that I'm still alive, no one would ever know that the property was mine and that I am a member of the nobility. These crimes and at least twice as many more condemn you to death.

### *[Addressing the others.]*

Make sure they are executed soon.

### **BUSHY**

I welcome death more than England welcomes the return of Bolingbroke. Lords, goodbye.



**GREEN**

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

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

35 My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'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.

**DUKE OF YORK**

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

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Thank, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away.  
To fight with Glendower and his complices:  
Awhile to work, and after holiday.

*Exeunt*

**GREEN**

I am comforted knowing that our souls will go to heaven and  
that heaven will give hell to Bolingbroke, who committed this  
injustice.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

My lord Northumberland, see that they are killed.

***NORTHUMBERLAND** and others who are escorting the prisoners  
exit.*

Uncle, you said that the queen is at your house. For God's sake,  
let her be treated courteously. Give her my best, and make  
sure to deliver my greeting.

**DUKE OF YORK**

I've sent a gentleman to her with the message.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Thanks, kind uncle. Come, lords, let's leave. We've got to fight  
Glendower and his accomplices. First, we'll work, and then  
we'll be able to rest.

*They exit.*

**Act 3 Scene 2**

*The coast of Wales. A castle in view.*

*Drums; flourish and colours.*

*Enter **KING RICHARD II**, the **BISHOP OF CARLISLE**, **DUKE OF AUMERLE**, and Soldiers*

**KING RICHARD II**

Barkloughly castle call they this at hand?

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,  
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

**KING RICHARD II**

Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy  
5 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,  
10 So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,  
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,  
15 And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,

*The coast of Wales. A castle is in view.*

*Drums are played. Trumpets blow. Military flags are carried onstage.*

***KING RICHARD II**, the **BISHOP OF CARLISLE**, the **DUKE OF AUMERLE**, and some soldiers enter.*

**KING RICHARD II**

Do they call this castle Barkloughly castle?

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Yes, my lord. How do you like it here, after you've been tossing about on the open seas?

**KING RICHARD II**

Of course I like it here. Standing here on my kingdom again makes me cry with joy. Dear earth, I salute you, even though insurgents are wounding you by riding their horses over you. Like a mother who has been away from her child for a long time, I cry and smile and greet you. Please, gentle earth, provide no nourishment or shelter for my enemies. Instead, let your venomous spiders and your toads get in their way. Put stinging [nettles](#) in their path. And when they pick a flower from the ground, let a poisonous snake bite and kill them. Lords, don't make fun of me for asking this. The earth will have feelings, and these stones will turn into armed soldiers, before I, England's legitimate king, let these terrible rebels defeat us.

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,  
20 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder  
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch  
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.  
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:  
This earth shall have a feeling and these stones  
25 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king  
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

#### **BISHOP OF CARLISLE**

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,  
30 And not neglected; else, if heaven would,  
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,  
The proffer'd means of succor and redress.

#### **DUKE OF AUMERLE**

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

#### **KING RICHARD II**

Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not

#### **BISHOP OF CARLISLE**

Don't worry, my lord, the power that made you king is the same power that will keep you king in spite of all these troubles. We must embrace the opportunities that God gives us and not neglect them. Otherwise, we're rejecting both God's protection from these problems as well as his solution for them.

#### **DUKE OF AUMERLE**

What he means, my lord, is that we're being neglectful because of overconfidence, while Bolingbroke is growing stronger.

#### **KING RICHARD II**

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid,  
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen  
40 In murders and in outrage, boldly here;  
But when from under this terrestrial ball  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons and detested sins,  
45 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,  
50 Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,  
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of day,  
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.  
Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
55 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,  
60 God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay  
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,  
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

You are so discouraging, cousin! Don't you know that at nighttime, when the sun has set, thieves roam the earth unseen, boldly committing murder and other crimes? But when the sun comes up and lights the treetops and every dark hole, then those same criminals stand trembling with no way to hide. So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke, who has been committing all these crimes during the nighttime, sees us coming up with the sun, he'll be ashamed and will tremble at the light of day. All the water in an ocean can't wash away a king's right to the throne. Mere mortals can't get rid of someone who has been appointed by God. For every solider Bolingbroke has enlisted to fight against me, God has given me an angel. And when angels fight, the weak men fall, since heaven always guards those who are right.

*Enter **EARL OF SALISBURY***

Welcome, my lord how far off lies your power?

**EARL OF SALISBURY**

Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,

65 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,

70 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,

O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune and thy state:

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead.

Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and fled.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

75 Comfort, my liege; why looks your grace so pale?

**KING RICHARD II**

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?

80 All souls that will be safe fly from my side,

For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

***EARL OF SALISBURY** enters.*

Welcome, my lord. How far away is your army?

**EARL OF SALISBURY**

My army consists only of me, and I am too upset to talk of anything but despair. We are one day too late and have lost our chance of seeing happy times again. Oh, I wish it were still yesterday. If we could go back in time, we'd have twelve thousand men ready to fight on our side! Today, today it is an unhappy day. Today has taken away any chance for joy, friends, wealth, and power. All the Welshmen heard that you were dead, and they've all joined Bolingbroke's army.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Cheer up, my lord. Why are you so pale?

**KING RICHARD II**

Only a moment ago, I had twenty thousand men fighting for me, and now they've all fled. Until they return, aren't I allowed to look as pale as if I were dead? Anyone who wants to be safe flees from me, as recent events have tarnished my reputation.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

**KING RICHARD II**

I had forgot myself; am I not king?

Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.

85 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

90 Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

*Enter SIR STEPHEN SCROOP*

**SIR STEPHEN SCROOP**

More health and happiness betide my liege

Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him!

**KING RICHARD II**

Mine ear is open and my heart prepared;

The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.

95 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:

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Cheer up, my lord. Don't forget that you're the king.

**KING RICHARD II**

I forgot. I'm the king, aren't I? Awake, you cowardly king. You're sleeping. Isn't being the king worth as much as twenty thousand men? Prepare for action, my name! A young and weak subject is trying to damage your glory. Don't hang your head low. You favorite men of the king'aren't we high above them all? Then we should aim high as well: I know my uncle York has enough troops for our needs. But who's coming now?

*SIR STEPHEN SCROOP enters.*

**SIR STEPHEN SCROOP**

I hope more health and happiness come to you, my lord, than my grief-stricken tongue can offer.

**KING RICHARD II**

My ears are open, and my heart is ready. The worst you can tell me about are losses for me here on earth. So, did I lose my kingdom? It was my problem, and what loss is it to be rid of a problem? Is Bolingbroke still trying to overthrow me? If he serves God, we will serve God, too, and then the two of us will be merely equals. Are our subjects revolting? We can't fix that. They break their faith with God as well as with us. Though you

100 Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;  
They break their faith to God as well as us:  
Cry woe, destruction, ruin and decay:  
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

### **SIR STEPHEN SCROOP**

Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd  
105 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  
110 Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land  
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  
115 In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:  
The very beadsmen learn to bend their bows  
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;  
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills  
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,  
120 And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

### **KING RICHARD II**

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

may cry out about woe, destruction, ruin, and decay, death is the worst fate of all, and the time for death will come.

### **SIR STEPHEN SCROOP**

I'm glad that your highness is prepared for the worst.  
Bolingbroke is bursting with rage and his army is attacking all across England. It's like an unexpected flood that makes it seem like the world is crying. Even old men with white beards have joined forces against your majesty, and young boys who still speak in high-pitched voices. The men whom we paid to pray for us are also now on their side, and women are fighting against you as well. Everything is going far worse for you than I can possibly describe.

### **KING RICHARD II**

You are describing these horrible things too vividly. Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? Where is Bagot? What happened to

What is become of Bushy? where is Green?  
That they have let the dangerous enemy  
125 Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?  
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it:  
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

**SIR STEPHEN SCROOP**

Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.

**KING RICHARD II**

O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!  
130 Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!  
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!

**SIR STEPHEN SCROOP**

135 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  
140 And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

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

Bushy? Where is Green? They didn't let the dangerous enemy  
cross over our territories without any opposition, did they? If  
we win, they'll pay for their failures with their heads. I'll bet  
they've made peace with Bolingbroke.

**SIR STEPHEN SCROOP**

Oh, yes, they've made peace, my lord.

**KING RICHARD II**

Oh, they are villains and vipers, damned without any hope for  
redemption! They're like dogs that will suck up to anyone!  
They're three [Judases](#) , but each three times worse than Judas!  
I hope their guilt-stained souls are punished terribly for what  
they've done!

**SIR STEPHEN SCROOP**

I see how your love turns into the deadliest of hatred. Please,  
take back your curses. Their peace wasn't made by joining  
forces with Bolingbroke. It was made with God, when they  
were executed. They are all in their graves now.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Are Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?



### SIR STEPHEN SCROOP

Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

### DUKE OF AUMERLE

Where is the duke my father with his power?

### KING RICHARD II

No matter where; of comfort no man speak:

145 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

150 Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,

And nothing can we call our own but death

And that small model of the barren earth

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

155 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;

160 All murder'd: 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,

### SIR STEPHEN SCROOP

Yes, they were all beheaded at Bristol.

### DUKE OF AUMERLE

Where is my father with his army?

### KING RICHARD II

It doesn't matter where he is. Let's not try to cheer ourselves up. We must talk about graves and worms and [epitaphs](#) . We'll make the dust our paper and use our tears to write a message of sorrow on the earth. Let's choose our [executors](#) and talk of wills. And, yet, what can we bequeath to anyone other than leaving our rotting bodies to the ground? Our lands and our lives now belong to Bolingbroke, and we can call nothing our own except for our deaths and that little patch of earth that will cover our buried bodies. For God's sake, let's sit on the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings, how some were overthrown and others killed in war. Some were haunted by the ghosts of the kings they had overthrown. Still others were poisoned by their wives, while others were killed in their sleep. All of them, however, were murdered. There is always death around kings, and there's no way to escape it. Death laughs at the king's reign and mocks his great ceremonies, allowing him to live a little while and play the monarch. Death fills him with pride as if the king's body were immortal, and at the end death comes and with little effort kills the body. Then goodbye, king! So stop treating me so respectfully. There's no need to pretend

Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
165 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  
170 Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!  
Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood  
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,  
Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,  
For you have but mistook me all this while:  
175 I live with bread like you, feel want,  
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,  
How can you say to me, I am a king?

#### **BISHOP OF CARLISLE**

My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,  
But presently prevent the ways to wail.  
180 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,  
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;  
185 Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

#### **DUKE OF AUMERLE**

My father hath a power; inquire of him

that I am any different than you. You've been wrong about me  
all this time. I feel all the same things that you do. I have  
desires and feel sad and need friends, just like you. How, then,  
can you say that I'm a king?

#### **BISHOP OF CARLISLE**

My lord, wise men never sit and feel sorry for themselves but  
try to fix the causes of their sorrow. Since fear weakens you,  
fearing your enemy only works against you and helps your  
enemy. If you're scared, you'll die. That's the worst that can  
happen in battle. But fighting and dying is a way of beating  
death, because then you die nobly. But being scared and dying  
gives death the victory.

#### **DUKE OF AUMERLE**

And learn to make a body of a limb.

### **KING RICHARD II**

Thou chidest me well: proud Bolingbroke, I come  
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.

190 This ague fit of fear is over-blown;  
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.

### **SIR STEPHEN SCROOP**

Men judge by the complexion of the sky  
195 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:  
200 Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,  
And all your northern castles yielded up,  
And all your southern gentlemen in arms  
Upon his party.

### **KING RICHARD II**

Thou hast said enough.

*To* **DUKE OF AUMERLE**

My father has soldiers. Let's figure out where he is and make  
an army out of the men he has.

### **KING RICHARD II**

Your scolding does me good. Proud Bolingbroke, I'll exchange  
blows with you on our day of destiny. My fit of fear has passed.  
It should be easy to get our men together. Scroop, where is my  
uncle with his men? Tell me good news, man, even though you  
look bad.

### **SIR STEPHEN SCROOP**

Men often determine what the day is going to be like by  
looking at the sky, so you should know by my dull and gloomy  
eyes that I'm about to deliver bad news. I'm acting like a  
torturer, drawing out the pain of what I have to say. Your uncle  
York has joined forces with Bolingbroke. They have possession  
of all your northern castles now, and all your men of rank in the  
south are fighting for them, too.

### **KING RICHARD II**

You have said enough.

*To the* **DUKE OF AUMERLE**

205 Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth  
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!  
What say you now? what comfort have we now?  
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly  
That bids me be of comfort any more.  
210 Go to Flint castle: there I'll pine away;  
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.  
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  
215 To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

My liege, one word.

**KING RICHARD II**

He does me double wrong  
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.  
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,  
220 From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

*Exeunt*

*Wales. Before Flint castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, HENRY BOLINGBROKE, DUKE OF YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, Attendants, and forces*

I curse you, cousin, for convincing me not to be sad anymore.  
What do you have to say now? What comforts us now? I swear  
to God, I will forever hate the man who tells me not to despair  
now. Go to Flint Castle. That's where I will wait. I am a king, but I  
am a slave of sorrow, and I will follow sorrow's orders. Tell my  
army that they may leave and go work for some cause that has  
hope, since I have none. I don't want to hear anyone trying to  
change my mind. Any advice is pointless.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

My lord, may I have a word.

**KING RICHARD II**

The person who tries to convince me again not to despair will  
become the second person to treat me poorly. Let my army  
go. England will be Bolingbroke's very soon.

*They exit.*

*Wales, outside Flint Castle.*

*HENRY BOLINGBROKE, DUKE OF YORK, and NORTHUMBERLAND enter, with ceremonial flags and drums*

## Act 3 Scene 3

### HENRY BOLINGBROKE

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

### NORTHUMBERLAND

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

### DUKE OF YORK

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

### NORTHUMBERLAND

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

### DUKE OF YORK

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

### HENRY BOLINGBROKE

*sounding. Several attendants and soldiers accompany them.*

### HENRY BOLINGBROKE

So we know from this latest news that the Welshmen have left  
the battlefield and that the king has landed with some of his  
friends on the coast, where Salisbury has gone to meet him.

### NORTHUMBERLAND

It's good news, my lord. Richard is hiding not very far from here.

### DUKE OF YORK

It would be better for Lord Northumberland to call him 'King  
Richard.' We should mourn the day that a king has to hide.

### NORTHUMBERLAND

Your grace misunderstands me. I only left off his title for the  
sake of brevity.

### DUKE OF YORK

There was a time when, if you'd been so brief in his presence,  
he would have made you even briefer, by chopping off your  
head.

### HENRY BOLINGBROKE

Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

**DUKE OF YORK**

Take not, good cousin, further than you should.

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

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself

20 Against their will. But who comes here?

*Enter HENRY PERCY*

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

**HENRY PERCY**

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

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Royally!

25 Why, it contains no king?

**HENRY 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,

30 Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman

Uncle, don't take this misunderstanding too far.

**DUKE OF YORK**

Good cousin, don't take more than you should, or you may  
forget heaven rules over us.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

I know it, uncle, and won't oppose the will of heaven. But who  
is coming?

*HENRY PERCY enters.*

Welcome, Harry. What, won't this castle give in?

**HENRY PERCY**

The castle is guarded by royal soldiers, my lord, and they won't  
let you enter.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Royal! But there's no king here, is there?

**HENRY PERCY**

Yes, my lord, there is a king here. King Richard is inside, along  
with Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury, Sir Stephen Scroop, as well  
a holy clergyman whom I don't know.

Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

## **NORTHUMBERLAND**

O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

## **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Noble lords,

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;

35 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

40 To his most royal person, hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,

Provided that my banishment repeal'd

And lands restored again be freely granted:

If not, I'll use the advantage of my power

45 And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:

The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench

The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,

50 My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

Go, signify as much, while here we march

Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,

## **NORTHUMBERLAND**

It's probably the Bishop of Carlisle.

## **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Noble lords, approach the crude walls of this old castle and let  
the trumpets sound a signal to the king that we want to meet.

Deliver this message: Henry Bolingbroke kneels before King  
Richard, kisses his hand, and offers his loyalty and true faith of  
heart. I come to lay my weapons and my power at his feet, as  
long as he repeals my banishment and freely gives back all my  
lands. If he won't, I'll use my power to rain his Englishmen's  
blood on the summer's dust. By kneeling submissively before  
him I'll show how little I desire to drench his green lands in this  
way. Go, tell him, and meanwhile we'll march here on the plain.  
Let's march without the drums so that they can clearly see our  
excellent military equipment from the castle's ruined roof. I  
think King Richard and I should meet in the same way that  
lightning and rain mix in the sky, producing thunder that rips it  
apart. If he's the lightning, I'll be the rain. He can rage, while I  
will yield and pour my waters on the earth. But only on the  
earth, not on him. March along, and notice how King Richard  
looks.

That from this castle's tatter'd battlements  
55 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.  
60 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:  
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain  
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.  
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

*Parle without, and answer within. Then a flourish. Enter on the walls, **KING RICHARD II, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, DUKE OF AUMERLE, SIR STEPHEN SCROOP, and EARL OF SALISBURY***

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,  
65 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.

#### **DUKE OF YORK**

70 Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,  
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
Controlling majesty: alack, alack, for woe,

*They call from outside for a meeting, and someone answers from within. Trumpets blow. **KING RICHARD II, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, DUKE OF AUMERLE, SIR STEPHEN SCROOP, and EARL OF SALISBURY** appear on the walls of the castle.*

See, King Richard himself appears, just as the sun rises unhappily in the east when it sees the clouds covering the sky and trying to hide his rays.

#### **DUKE OF YORK**

He still looks like a king. Look, his eye is as bright as an eagle's and commands authority. It would be a shame to harm his fair appearance!



That any harm should stain so fair a show!

## **KING RICHARD II**

We are amazed; and thus long have we stood  
75 To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,

### ***To NORTHUMBERLAND***

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  
80 That hath dismissed us from our stewardship;  
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone  
Can grip the sacred handle of our sceptre,  
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.  
And though you think that all, as you have done,  
85 Have torn their souls by turning them from us,  
And we are barren and bereft of friends;  
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,  
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf  
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike  
90 Your children yet unborn and unbegot,  
That lift your vassal hands against my head  
And threat the glory of my precious crown.  
Tell Bolingbroke'for yond methinks he stands'  
That every stride he makes upon my land

## **KING RICHARD II**

I am astonished that I've stood here waiting so long and you  
haven't yet kneeled,

### ***To NORTHUMBERLAND***

since I thought I was still your lawful king. And if I am, how dare  
you not kneel in my presence? If I am not, prove to me that  
God has dismissed me from my position. No mortal man, after  
all, can take away my scepter, unless he steals it or usurps it  
against the will of God. Even if you think that, like you,  
everyone has put their souls in danger by turning away from  
me, and that I have no friends, you should know that God, my  
master, is gathering disease and agony in his clouds on my  
behalf. They will strike the unborn children of anyone who  
raises their hands against me and the glory of my crown. Tell  
Bolingbroke'for I think he's standing over there'that every step  
he takes on my land is a dangerous act of treason. He has  
come to wage war against me. But ten thousand sons will die,  
faithful Englishman's blood will stain the pastures, and peace  
will turn to anger before he ever gets the crown he seeks.

95 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,  
100 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace  
To scarlet indignation and bedew  
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

### **NORTHUMBERLAND**

The king of heaven forbid our lord the king  
Should so with civil and uncivil arms  
105 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,  
110 Currents that spring from one most gracious head,  
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,  
And by the worth and honour of himself,  
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,  
His coming hither hath no further scope  
115 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,

### **NORTHUMBERLAND**

God forbid that anyone would attack the king! Your noble cousin Harry Bolingbroke kisses your hand. He swears by your grandfather's grave, by the royal blood you share, by the buried hand of his father Gaunt, and by his own honor that he has no intention of doing anything but kneeling down and asking for his land and money back. Once you've given him that, he'll commit to never use his weapons, to put his warhorses in stables, and to dedicate himself to your faithful service. He swears that this is fair to him as a prince. I, as a gentleman, believe him.

His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart  
120 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.

**KING RICHARD II**

Northumberland, say thus the king returns:  
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;  
125 And all the number of his fair demands  
Shall be accomplish'd 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 **DUKE OF AUMERLE***

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

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

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

**KING RICHARD II**

135 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

**KING RICHARD II**

Cousin, aren't I dishonoring myself by looking so wretched and  
speaking so kindly? Should I call back Northumberland and  
tell him to send only words of defiance to the traitor'and in  
doing so ensure that Bolingbroke's army will kill me?

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

No, my good lord. Let's do battle with gentle words until we've  
had time to gather our friends and their weapons.

**KING RICHARD II**

Oh, God! It's unbelievable that after sentencing that proud man  
to banishment, I would now lift his punishment with soothing  
words! I wish that I were as great as I am a sad, or that I weren't

With words of sooth! O that I were as great  
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!  
140 Or that I could forget what I have been,  
Or not remember what I must be now!  
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,  
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

### DUKE OF AUMERLE

Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

### KING RICHARD II

145 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,  
150 My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,  
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,  
My figured goblets for a dish of wood,  
My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff,  
My subjects for a pair of carved saints  
155 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;  
160 For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;

a king. I wish I could forget that I've been a king, and that I must act like a king now. Is my heart beating faster? I'll let it beat faster, since my enemies have the ability to beat both my heart and me.

### DUKE OF AUMERLE

Northumberland is coming back from speaking to Bolingbroke.

### KING RICHARD II

What must the king do now? Must the king surrender? He will do it. Must the king be overthrown? He will be happy. Must the king no longer be called king? In God's name, he'll renounce it. I'll trade my jewels for a rosary, my gorgeous palace for a hermit's dwelling, my nice clothes for a beggar's shirt, my ornamented cups for a wooden dish, my scepter for a pilgrim's cane, my subjects for a pair of carved saints, and trade my kingdom for a small and unmarked grave. Or bury me in a busy highway, where my subjects can trample my head constantly, since they are trampling my heart now while I'm still alive. Once I'm buried, why not trample on my head? Aumerle, my softhearted cousin, you are crying. We'll use our tears to create violent storms, and with our sighs they will beat down the crops and cause famine in this rebellious land. Or shall we play with our woes and devise some clever game with our tears? We could keep them falling continually in one spot until

And buried once, why not upon my head?  
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin!  
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;  
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,  
165 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  
170 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  
I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.  
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,  
175 What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty  
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?  
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

#### **NORTHUMBERLAND**

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

#### **KING RICHARD II**

180 Down, down I come; like glistening Phaethon,  
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.  
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,  
To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.

they've carved us a pair of graves in the earth. We'd lie in the graves, and the tombstone would say 'There lie two relatives who dug their graves with tears.' Wouldn't that be a good game to play? Well, well, I speak foolishly, and you are laughing at me. My lord Northumberland, mighty prince, what does King Bolingbroke say? Will his majesty allow me to live until I die? You bow, and Bolingbroke decides.

#### **NORTHUMBERLAND**

My lord, he waits in the outer court below to speak with you.  
Will you come down?

#### **KING RICHARD II**

I'm coming down, like shining [Phaeton](#) unable to control unruly horses. In the bottom court? The bottom court, where kings become common enough to obey a traitor's summons and bow to them. In the bottom court? Come down? The bottom

In the base court? Come down? Down, court!  
185 down, king!  
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks  
should sing.

*Exeunt from above*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

What says his majesty?

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

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

*Enter KING RICHARD and his attendants below*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Stand all apart,  
And show fair duty to his majesty.

*He kneels down*

My gracious lord,'

**KING RICHARD II**

195 Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee  
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:  
Me rather had my heart might feel your love

court! And now the king is on the bottom! Everything is  
backward, and night owls shriek when mounting larks should  
be singing.

*They exit from above.*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

What does the king say?

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

His sorrow makes him speak foolishly, like a mad man. But he's  
coming.

*KING RICHARD and his attendants enter below.*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Stand apart, and show your duty to the king.

*He kneels.*

My gracious lord.

**KING RICHARD II**

Fair cousin, you insult your princely knee by touching it to the  
lowly earth. I'd rather my heart feel your love than my eyes see

Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.  
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,  
200 Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

**KING RICHARD II**

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

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

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

**KING RICHARD II**

205 Well you deserve: they well deserve to have,  
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,  
210 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?

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Yea, my good lord.

your fake courtesy. Get up, cousin. Your heart is proud, I know,  
even if your knee is humbled.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

My gracious lord, I'm only here to reclaim my own property.

**KING RICHARD II**

Your property is yours, and I am your king.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

My dreaded lord, you are my king only if I deserve your love.

**KING RICHARD II**

Uncle, give me your hands. No, dry your eyes. Tears show love,  
but do nothing to fix their cause. Cousin, I am too young to be  
your father, even though you are old enough to inherit my  
kingdom. I'll willingly give you what you want, because you've  
forced me to do it. So now you'll go to London, cousin?

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Yes, my good lord.

**KING RICHARD II**

215 Then I must not say no.

*Flourish. Exeunt*

*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,  
5 And that my fortune rubs 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.

**KING RICHARD II**

Then I can't say no.

*Trumpets blow. They exit.*

## Act 3 Scene 4

*The village of Langley, in the Duke of York's garden.*

*The **QUEEN** enters, with two Ladies.*

**QUEEN**

What game should we play here in the garden to distract us  
from our worries?

**LADY**

Madam, let's play bowls .

**QUEEN**

It will make me think the world is full of obstacles, and that my  
fortune sends me the wrong way.

**LADY**

Madam, we'll dance.

**QUEEN**

My legs can't move with delight when my heart is so full of  
grief. Therefore, no dancing, girl. Let's find some other sport.



**LADY**

10 Madam, we'll tell tales.

**QUEEN**

Of sorrow or of joy?

**LADY**

Of either, madam.

**QUEEN**

Of neither, girl:

For of joy, being altogether wanting,

15 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**

20 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**

**LADY**

Madam, we'll tell stories.

**QUEEN**

Sad ones or happy ones?

**LADY**

Either, madam.

**QUEEN**

Neither, girl. Since I have no happiness, happy stories only remind me of sorrow. Since I am full of grief, sad stories only add more sorrow to my lack of happiness. I don't need to add on to what I already have, and it does no good to complain about what I want.

**LADY**

Madam, I'll sing.

**QUEEN**

It's wonderful that you are happy enough to sing, but it would make me happier if you wept.

**LADY**

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

**QUEEN**

And I could sing, would weeping do me good,  
25 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  
30 Against a change; woe is forerun with woe.

**QUEEN** and Ladies retire

**GARDENER**

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

**SERVANT**

Why should we in the compass of a pale

And if weeping would do me any good, I would do it enough  
that I'd be able to sing.

*A Gardener enters, with two Servants.*

But stop, here come the gardeners. Let's move into the  
shadows of these trees. I'd only bet my most worthless  
possessions that they won't talk about politics, since that's  
what everyone does in anticipation of a change. Sorrow is  
always announced with sorrow.

*The **QUEEN** and her Ladies step into the background.*

**GARDENER**

Go, gather up those dangling apricots. The tree is bending  
under their excessive weight, like a father oppressed by his  
unruly children. Give the twigs some support. Cut off the  
branches that are growing too fast and high in our country.  
Everything must be equal. While you're doing that, I'll go dig  
up those harmful weeds that are stealing all the nutrients in  
the soil from the flowers.

**SERVANT**

Keep law and form and due proportion,  
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,  
45 When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,  
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,  
Her fruit-trees all upturned, her hedges ruin'd,  
Her knots disorder'd and her wholesome herbs  
Swarming with caterpillars?

**GARDENER**

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

**SERVANT**

What, are they dead?

**GARDENER**

They are; and Bolingbroke  
Hath seized the wasteful king. O, what pity is it  
60 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,

Why should we make this garden look like a model of beauty  
and order when the whole country is in disarray? If England  
were a garden, it would be full of weeds, with the most  
beautiful flowers choked to death. All the fruit trees would be  
torn out of the ground, the hedges would be ruined, the  
carefully designed flowerbeds would be a mess, and the herbs  
would be covered in caterpillars.

**GARDENER**

Be quiet. The one who allowed this disordered mess to grow is  
now withering like a tree in autumn. The weeds that he  
sheltered with his leaves, and that seemed to prop him up  
while simultaneously destroying him, have been ripped up by  
Bolingbroke. I'm talking about the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, and  
Green.

**SERVANT**

What, they are dead?

**GARDENER**

They are, and Bolingbroke has taken the wasteful king into  
custody. Oh, it's too bad that the king didn't take care of his  
land as carefully as we tend this garden! At this time of year we  
pierce the bark, so that the fruit trees aren't spoiled by too  
much of their own rich sap. If he had done the same thing to  
his men, who were spoiling from too much wealth and power,

With too much riches it confound itself:  
65 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,  
70 Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

**SERVANT**

What, think you then the king shall be deposed?

**GARDENER**

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,  
75 That tell black tidings.

**QUEEN**

O, I am press'd 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 unpleasing  
news?  
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee  
80 To make a second fall of cursed man?  
Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?

they might have served him better, and he would have  
profited. We cut the unnecessary branches off the trees, so  
that the ones that bear fruit will live. If he had done the same  
and cut away the unnecessary men in his service, he would  
still have the crown. But he wasted his time and lost it.

**SERVANT**

What, do you think the king will be dethroned?

**GARDENER**

He's already been brought low, and it's feared he'll be  
dethroned. A dear friend of the Duke of York received letters  
last night with bad news.

**QUEEN**

Oh, not saying anything is killing me!

*She comes forward.*

You, gardener, how dare you say such awful things? What  
snake has tempted you to invent a second fall of man? Why do  
you say that King Richard is deposed? Do you dare predict his  
downfall when you are as low as the dirt? Tell me where,  
when, and how you heard these terrible things. Speak, you  
wretch.

Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,  
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,  
Camest thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

### **GARDENER**

85 Pardon me, madam: little joy have I  
To breathe this news; yet what I say is true.  
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold  
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:  
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,  
90 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;  
95 I speak no more than every one doth know.

### **QUEEN**

Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,  
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,  
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st  
To serve me last, that I may longest keep  
100 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,

### **GARDENER**

Forgive me, madam. I'm not happy to say it, but it's true.  
Bolingbroke has captured King Richard. Their fortunes are  
being weighed out. Your lord has only himself and his vanity,  
which makes him lighter. Great Bolingbroke has all the English  
peers with him, and that gives him greater weight than King  
Richard. If you hurry to London, you'll see. I'm only saying what  
everyone knows.

### **QUEEN**

Why am I the last to hear this bad news that concerns me? I'll  
feel the sorrow the longest and yet I'm the last to know. Come,  
ladies, let's go. We must go to London to see the king in his  
sorrow. Was this why I was born, to show my sad face while  
great Bolingbroke triumphs? Gardener, for telling me this awful  
news, I pray that your plants never grow.

105 Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

*Exeunt **QUEEN** and Ladies*

**GARDENER**

Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.

Here did she fall a tear; here in this place

I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:

110 Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,

In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

*Exeunt*

*Westminster Hall.*

*Enter, as to the Parliament, **HENRY BOLINGBROKE, DUKE OF AUMERLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, HENRY PERCY, LORD FITZWATER, DUKE OF SURREY**, the **BISHOP OF CARLISLE**, the **ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER**, and another Lord, Herald, Officers, and **BAGOT***

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Call forth Bagot.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;

What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,

*The **QUEEN** and her Ladies exit.*

**GARDENER**

Poor queen! I wish her curse would strike my skill if it would help her. Her tear fell right here. I'll plant rue there, since it is a bitter and sad herb. If only out of pity, rue will soon grow here in remembrance of a weeping queen.

*They exit.*

*Westminster Hall.*

***HENRY BOLINGBROKE** enters, with the same ceremony as if he were entering Parliament. **DUKE OF AUMERLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, HENRY PERCY, LORD FITZWATER, DUKE OF SURREY**, the **BISHOP OF CARLISLE**, the **ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER**, and another lord enter as well, as do a herald, some officers, and **BAGOT**.*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Call forward Bagot. Now, Bagot, speak freely. What do you know about noble Gloucester's death? Who conspired with the king to do it, and who actually killed him?

## Act 4 Scene 1

Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd  
5 The bloody office of his timeless end.

**BAGOT**

Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

**BAGOT**

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

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

20 Princes and noble lords,  
What answer shall I make to this base man?  
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,  
On equal terms to give him chastisement?

**BAGOT**

Bring Lord Aumerle forward.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Cousin, stand in front and look at that man.

**BAGOT**

My Lord Aumerle, I know you're too brave to deny what you've  
already said. While Gloucester's death was being plotted, I  
heard you say, 'Isn't my arm long enough to reach from the  
peaceful English court to Calais, to strike at my uncle's head?'  
At that same time, I heard you say, among other things, that  
you would rather refuse a hundred thousand crowns than have  
Bolingbroke return to England. And you added that the country  
would be blessed if Bolingbroke, your cousin, died.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Princes and noble lords, how should I respond to this lowly  
man? Should I dishonor my rank as a noble by chastising him  
on equal terms? I guess I must, or let him ruin my honor with  
this slanderous accusation. There is my glove, the symbol of

Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd  
25 With the attainer 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  
30 To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

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

**LORD FITZWATER**

If that thy valour stand on sympathy,  
35 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;  
40 And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,  
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

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

your death. I say you lie, and I'll confirm in combat that what  
you said is a lie, though I won't stain my knightly sword with  
your common blood.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Bagot, restrain yourself. You will not retaliate.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Except for Bolingbroke, I wish Bagot were the most noble  
person here to have angered me like this.

**LORD FITZWATER**

If your courage depends on rank, there is my glove, Aumerle,  
to match your glove. I swear by the sun that shows me where  
you are that I heard you boast that you caused Gloucester's  
death. Even if you deny it twenty times, you lie, and I'll put that  
lie back in your heart, where it came from, with my sword.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Coward, you wouldn't dare do it.



**LORD FITZWATER**

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

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

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

**HENRY PERCY**

45 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.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

50 An if I do not, may my hands rot off  
And never brandish more revengeful steel  
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

**LORD**

I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;  
And spur thee on with full as many lies  
55 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.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:  
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,

**LORD FITZWATER**

By my soul, I wish I could do it right now.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Fitzwater, you'll be damned to hell for this.

**HENRY PERCY**

Aumerle, you lie. His accusation is as true as your denial is  
false. And I'll prove that you lie by throwing down my glove.  
Take it up, if you dare.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

If I don't, may my hands rot away and never again lift my sword  
over the helmet of my enemy!

**LORD**

I'll throw down my glove to you, too, lying Aumerle. And I'll  
accuse you of lying right in your ear, from sunrise to sunset.  
There's my pledge of honor. Pick it up, if you dare.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Who else challenges me? By heaven, I'll throw my glove at you  
all. My breast holds a thousand spirits that can outmatch

60 To answer twenty thousand such as you.

**DUKE OF SURREY**

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

**LORD FITZWATER**

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

**DUKE OF SURREY**

65 As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

**LORD FITZWATER**

Surrey, thou liest.

**DUKE OF SURREY**

Dishonourable boy!  
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,  
That it shall render vengeance and revenge  
70 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;  
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

**LORD FITZWATER**

How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!  
75 If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,

twenty thousand like you.

**DUKE OF SURREY**

My lord Fitzwater, I remember very well when you and  
Aumerle spoke.

**LORD FITZWATER**

That's true, you were there. And you can be my witness that  
this is true.

**DUKE OF SURREY**

It's as false as heaven is true.

**LORD FITZWATER**

Surrey, you lie.

**DUKE OF SURREY**

Dishonorable boy! Your lie will give such weight to my sword  
that it will attack you in revenge until you're lying in the grave  
as quiet as your dead father. As proof, there's my glove. Take it  
up, if you dare.

**LORD FITZWATER**

You taunt me so foolishly! As easily as I dare to eat or drink or  
breathe or live, I dare to meet Surrey in a wild place and spit on

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

#### **DUKE OF AUMERLE**

85 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.

#### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

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

#### **BISHOP OF CARLISLE**

That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.  
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought  
95 For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,  
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross

him, all the while declaring that he lies. There is my response,  
so that you can't run away from it. I intend to do well in this  
new kingdom, and Aumerle is guilty. Besides, I heard the  
banished Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray, say that you,  
Aumerle, sent two of your men to kill the noble duke at Calais.

#### **DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Someone lend me a glove so I can prove that Mowbray lies.  
Here, I throw down this, so that I may test his honor if he's ever  
brought back.

#### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

All these quarrels will be put on hold until Mowbray is recalled  
from exile, as he will be. Even though he is my enemy, he'll be  
given back his land and titles. And when he comes back, we'll  
have his trial against Aumerle.

#### **BISHOP OF CARLISLE**

That day will never happen. Many times did Mowbray fight for  
Jesus Christ in battle and raised the Christian cross against the  
black pagans, Turks, and Saracens. Exhausted by war, he  
retired to Italy. He gave his body to its soil in Venice and gave

Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:  
And toil'd with works of war, retired himself  
To Italy; and there at Venice gave

100 His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,  
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

### **BISHOP OF CARLISLE**

As surely as I live, my lord.

### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

105 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 **DUKE OF YORK**, attended*

### **DUKE OF YORK**

Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee  
110 From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul  
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields  
To the possession of thy royal hand:  
Ascend his throne, descending now from him;  
And long live Henry, fourth of that name!

his pure soul to Christ, under whose banner he fought for so long.

### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Why, bishop, is Mowbray dead?

### **BISHOP OF CARLISLE**

As surely as I am alive, my lord.

### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

May peace take his sweet soul to Abraham! Lords, we'll keep  
all these challenges until we can set days for your trials.

*The **DUKE OF YORK** enters, with his attendants.*

### **DUKE OF YORK**

Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to you from humbled Richard,  
who is willing to make you his heir and yields his royal scepter  
to your hands. Take his throne from him, and long live Henry,  
the fourth king with that name!

## HENRY BOLINGBROKE

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

### BISHOP OF CARLISLE

Marry. God forbid!

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,

Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.

Would God that any in this noble presence

120 Were enough noble to be upright judge

Of noble Richard! then true noblesse would

Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.

What subject can give sentence on his king?

And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?

125 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,

130 Be judged by subject and inferior breath,

And he himself not present? O, forbend it, God,

That in a Christian climate souls refined

Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,

135 Stirr'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:

## HENRY BOLINGBROKE

In God's name, I'll take the royal throne.

### BISHOP OF CARLISLE

God forbid! I'm the least worthy to speak in this noble

company, but it's fitting that I, a clergyman, speak the truth. If

only one of the nobles here were noble enough to judge

Richard! Then he would restrain himself from committing such

a wrong. What subject can pass judgment on his king? And

who here isn't Richard's subject? Even thieves aren't judged

unless they're present, even when they're obviously guilty.

Shall the image of God's majesty, who is His chosen deputy

and caretaker and has been so for many years, be judged by

his inferiors without even being present? Oh, God, don't allow

such refined souls in a Christian land to be so obscene. I'm

speaking to subjects as a subject, because I've been moved by

God to speak boldly for his king. You might call my Lord of

Hereford here king, but he is a traitor to his king. If you give him

the crown, I predict that the blood of the English will soak the

soil, and future generations will regret this act. Peace will leave

England and go to the Turks and infidels, while we will have

terrible wars that will pit families against each other. Disorder,

fear, mutiny, and horror will live here, and it will be known as a

place of terror and skulls. If you pit your [family against his](#), it

will prove to be the worst division ever to take place on earth.

And if you crown him, let me prophesy:  
The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
140 And future ages groan for this foul act;  
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,  
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars  
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;  
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny  
145 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.  
150 Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,  
Lest child, child's children, cry against you woe!

#### **NORTHUMBERLAND**

Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,  
Of capital treason we arrest you here.  
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge  
155 To keep him safely till his day of trial.  
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.

#### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

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

Prevent it from happening. Don't let it be so, or your children  
and your grandchildren will lament your actions!

#### **NORTHUMBERLAND**

You've argued well, and in return we're arresting you for capital  
treason. My Lord of Westminster, it's your responsibility to keep  
him safe until he goes on trial. My lords, please grant the  
commons' suit.

#### **HENRY OF BOLINGBROKE**

Bring Richard here, so that he can surrender in public. That way  
I can proceed without suspicion.

**DUKE OF YORK**

160 I will be his conduct.

*Exit*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

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

*Re-enter DUKE OF YORK, with KING RICHARD II, and Officers bearing the regalia*

**KING RICHARD II**

165 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  
170 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,  
Found truth in all but one: I, in twelve thousand, none.  
175 God save the king! Will no man say amen?

**DUKE OF YORK**

I'll escort him.

*He exits.*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

You lords who are here under arrest, arrange for someone to pledge that you'll be here for your trial. I don't owe you anything, and I don't expect to receive any love from you.

*The DUKE OF YORK enters with KING RICHARD II. Officers follow them holding the crown and the scepter, the symbols of the kingship.*

**KING RICHARD II**

Alas, why does the king call for me when I've only just resigned myself to give up the throne? I've hardly had time to learn to act like a subject, who has to indulge the king and bow to him. Give me some time with my sorrow so that I can learn how to submit to another. I still remember how these men used to serve me. Didn't they once cry out, 'All hail!' to me? But then so did Judas to Christ once. But Christ had eleven honest followers out of twelve. I don't have one out of twelve thousand. God save the king! Won't anyone say amen? Do I have to both give the blessing and affirm it? Well then, amen. God save the king! Even though I am not the king. And yet, I'll

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?

#### **DUKE OF YORK**

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

#### **KING RICHARD II**

Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown;  
185 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,  
190 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.

#### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

I thought you had been willing to resign.

#### **KING RICHARD II**

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

say amen in case heaven still considers me the king. Why have  
you sent for me?

#### **DUKE OF YORK**

You have to give up your country and your crown to Henry  
Bolingbroke of your own free will, even though you've already  
given it over through your defeat.

#### **KING RICHARD II**

Give me the crown. Here, cousin, take the crown. Here cousin.  
I'll put my hand on this side of it, and you put yours on the  
other. Now this golden crown looks like a well that has two  
buckets, and raising one causes the other to drop and fill up.  
One is empty and dances up in the air, while the other is down  
in the well and full of water. I'm the bucket at the bottom, full  
of tears, and you are the one risen to the top.

#### **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

I thought you were willing to give up the crown.

#### **KING RICHARD II**

I'm willing to give up my crown, but my sadness is still mine.  
You can take my glory and my royal status, but I still rule over



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

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

**KING RICHARD II**

Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.

My care is loss of care, by old care done;

200 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.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Are you contented to resign the crown?

**KING RICHARD II**

Ay, no; no, ay; for I must nothing be;

205 Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me, how I will undo myself;

I give this heavy weight from off my head

And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;

210 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:

All pomp and majesty I do forswear;

my grief.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

You'll lose some of those worries when you give the crown to me.

**KING RICHARD II**

Just because you gain those worries doesn't mean I lose them.

I'm worried by their loss and by what has happened. Your concern is the new responsibilities you are taking on. I'll keep my worries even if I give away their cause, the crown.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Are you willing to give up the crown?

**KING RICHARD II**

Yes and no. No and yes, since I must not be anything. So, no, no, because I give it up to you. Now look, I'll make myself nothing. I'll give you this heavy crown from my head, and this scepter from my hand. I'll take the pride of being king out of my heart. My own tears will wash away the oil that made me king. My own hands will give away the crown. My own tongue will deny my sacred right to be king. My own breath will give up all oaths of allegiance made to me. I give up all the ritual and ceremony, all my homes, my income, and reject all the laws I enacted. May God pardon everyone who breaks his oath to me! May God keep them from breaking their oath to you! Let

215 My manors, rents, revenues I forego;  
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,  
220 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 earthly pit!  
God save King Harry, unking'd Richard says,  
And send him many years of sunshine days!  
225 What more remains?

#### **NORTHUMBERLAND**

No more, but that you read  
These accusations and these grievous crimes  
Committed by your person and your followers  
Against the state and profit of this land;  
230 That, by confessing them, the souls of men  
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

#### **KING RICHARD II**

Must I do so? and must I ravel out  
My weaved-up folly? Gentle Northumberland,  
If thy offences were upon record,  
235 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,

me grieve for nothing since I have nothing, and let you be  
pleased with everything since you have everything! May you  
live long in my place, and let me be buried soon! God save  
King Harry, former King Richard says, and let him have many  
happy days! What else is left?

#### **NORTHUMBERLAND**

Nothing but for you to read aloud all the accusations and  
crimes that you and your followers committed against the  
wellbeing and prosperity of this country. Once you've  
confessed, everyone can agree that you've been justly  
dethroned.

#### **KING RICHARD II**

Do I have to? Do I have to list out these charges? Dear  
Northumberland, if all your crimes were listed out, wouldn't  
you be ashamed to read them in front of such a distinguished  
group? If you did, you'd find on the list the terrible crime of  
deposing a king and breaking an oath, crimes condemned by  
heaven. All of you who are watching me act out my miserable

Containing the deposing of a king  
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,  
240 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  
245 Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,  
And water cannot wash away your sin.

#### **NORTHUMBERLAND**

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

#### **KING RICHARD II**

Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:  
And yet salt water blinds them not so much  
250 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;  
255 Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,  
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

#### **NORTHUMBERLAND**

My lord,'

#### **KING RICHARD II**

fate here pretend like [Pilate](#) that you've done nothing wrong  
and look at me with pity. But you've all played a part in  
bringing me to this state, and you can't deny your sin.

#### **NORTHUMBERLAND**

My lord, get on with it. Read the charges.

#### **KING RICHARD II**

My eyes are full of tears and I can't see. But even so, I can see  
a group of traitors in front of me. And if I look at myself, I see  
just as great a traitor. I've agreed to give up my royal garments,  
made nobility common, and made a master a slave. I've made  
a king a subject and made the richest the poorest.

#### **NORTHUMBERLAND**

My lord'

#### **KING RICHARD II**

No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,  
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,  
260 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,  
265 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,  
270 That it may show me what a face I have,  
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

*Exit an attendant*

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

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

**KING RICHARD II**

Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell!

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

275 Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

I'm not your lord, you haughty, insulting man. I'm no man's lord.  
I don't have a name or a title. The name I was baptized with is  
no longer mine. How sad it is that I am so old and I don't know  
what to call myself! If only I were a snowman, I could stand in  
front of the sun of Bolingbroke and let myself be melted! Good  
king, great king, but not a very good man. If my commands still  
have value in England, let me command someone to bring me  
a mirror, so I may see what I look like without any of my noble  
majesty.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Someone go and get a mirror.

*An attendant exits.*

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Read this paper until the mirror arrives.

**KING RICHARD II**

Fiend, you are torturing me before I even get to hell!

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Lord Northumberland, stop asking him to read it.

## NORTHUMBERLAND

The commons will not then be satisfied.

## KING RICHARD II

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*

280 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,  
285 Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face  
That every day under his household roof  
Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face  
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?  
Was this the face that faced so many follies,  
290 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.

## NORTHUMBERLAND

The House of Commons won't be satisfied.

## KING RICHARD II

They'll get what they want. I'll read it when I can look at my  
face and see the sins that appear there.

*The attendant reenters with a mirror.*

Give me the mirror, and I'll read what's on my face. No deeper  
wrinkles yet? Could I endure so many sorrows without them  
appearing on my face? Oh flattering mirror, you are lying to me  
just like my followers did during happier times. Was this the  
same man who once kept ten thousand men in his employ?  
Was this the face that made men lower their gaze, as if they  
were looking into the sun? Was this the same face that  
endured so many challenges until it was defeated by  
Bolingbroke? There's a fragile glory in this face, and it's a face  
as fragile as glory.

*He throws the mirror on the ground.*

Look, there it is in a hundred pieces. Pay attention, king, to

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,  
295 How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

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

**KING RICHARD II**

Say that again.  
The shadow of my sorrow! ha! let's see:  
300 '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,  
305 For thy great bounty, that not only givest  
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?

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

310 Name it, fair cousin.

**KING RICHARD II**

'Fair cousin'? I am greater than a king:  
For when I was a king, my flatterers  
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,

what this means. Sorrow has so quickly destroyed my face.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

It's only the outward gloom of your sorrow that has destroyed  
the appearance of your face.

**KING RICHARD II**

Say that again. The outward gloom of my sorrow! Ha! Let's see.  
It's true that my grief is inside me and that anything I say or do  
to indicate my grief is just the outward reflection of what's  
inside. Thank you, king, for being so kind as to not only give me  
reason to grieve but also to teach me how to show my grief. I'll  
beg one favor, and then I'll go away and no longer bother you.  
Will you give it to me?

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Whatever you want, fair cousin.

**KING RICHARD II**

'Fair cousin'? I must be mightier than a king, since when I was a  
king subjects flattered me, but now that I'm a subject the king  
flatters me. Since I'm so mighty, I don't need to beg.

I have a king here to my flatterer.

315 Being so great, I have no need to beg.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Yet ask.

**KING RICHARD II**

And shall I have?

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

You shall.

**KING RICHARD II**

Then give me leave to go.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

320 Whither?

**KING RICHARD II**

Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

**KING RICHARD II**

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

*Exeunt KING RICHARD II, some Lords, and a Guard*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Ask anyway.

**KING RICHARD II**

And will I have it?

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

You will.

**KING RICHARD II**

Then give me permission to go.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Where?

**KING RICHARD II**

Wherever you want, as long as it is away from you.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Go, some of you take him to the tower.

**KING RICHARD II**

Oh good! Take me? You're all takers who've risen so mightily  
by my downfall.

*KING RICHARD II exits, with some lords and a guard.*

## HENRY BOLINGBROKE

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

*Exeunt all except the **BISHOP OF CARLISLE**, the Abbot of  
Westminster, and **DUKE OF AUMERLE***

## ABBOT

A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

## BISHOP OF CARLISLE

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

## DUKE OF AUMERLE

330 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  
335 To bury mine intents, but also to effect  
Whatever I shall happen to devise.  
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  
340 A plot shall show us all a merry day.

## HENRY BOLINGBROKE

Next Wednesday, I'll be crowned. Lords, prepare for it.

*They all exit, except the **BISHOP OF CARLISLE**, the **ABBOT OF  
WESTMINSTER**, and the **DUKE OF AUMERLE**.*

## ABBOT

This is a sad scene we've witnessed.

## BISHOP OF CARLISLE

The sadness is yet to come. Children who aren't even born yet  
will feel the effects of this day like a thorn in their side.

## DUKE OF AUMERLE

You holy men, isn't there a way we can get rid of this terrible  
ruler?

## ABBOT

My lord, before I speak freely, you must swear to keep this a  
secret and also to promise that whatever plan I come up with  
is carried out. I see how unhappy you are. Come home with me  
for supper. I'll put forward a plot that will make us all happy.



*Exeunt*

*They exit.*

## Act 5 Scene 1

*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:

5 Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth  
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

*Enter **KING RICHARD II** 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,  
10 And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.  
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,  
15 When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

*London. A street leading to the Tower of London.*

*The **QUEEN** and ladies enter.*

**QUEEN**

The king will come this way as he is taken to the tower, where  
proud Bolingbroke condemned him to be held a prisoner. Let's  
rest here, if there is anywhere on this rebellious earth where I  
can rest.

***KING RICHARD II** and guards enter.*

But wait, but look, or rather don't look or you will wither. No,  
but look up, and let pity wash over you and your tears of love  
bathe him. Ah, you, fallen in greatness like [Troy](#), the epitome of  
honor. You look like a shell of King Richard and not King  
Richard himself. Oh, why should grief live in you, who are so  
honorable and royal, while triumph lives within Bolingbroke, a  
commoner?

### KING RICHARD II

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  
20 Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,  
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,  
25 Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

### QUEEN

What, is my Richard both in shape and mind  
Transform'd and weaken'd? hath Bolingbroke deposed  
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?  
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,  
30 And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage  
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?

### KING RICHARD II

35 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:

### KING RICHARD II

Fair lady, don't grieve as if I were already dead. Think of our  
past as a happy dream and that we have simply awoken to  
reality. I've had to bow to necessity, and I'll stay that way until I  
die. Go quickly to France and join a convent. Our only hope is  
to become holy and be crowned in heaven, since our lives  
here have ended in such ruin.

### QUEEN

What, has my Richard been changed and weakened in both  
body and mind? Has Bolingbroke overthrown your mind? Has  
he turned your heart? The dying lion claws at the earth, if  
nothing else, in his rage at being defeated. Will you act like a  
rebuked student and take your punishment meekly, kiss the  
cane that beats you, and return rage with humility, when you  
are a lion and king of beasts?

### KING RICHARD II

A king of beasts, indeed. If only they weren't beasts, I would  
still be a happy king of men. Good former queen, get ready to  
go to France. Think of me as dead, and say goodbye to me

Think I am dead and that even here thou takest,  
As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.

- 40 In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire  
With good old folks and let them tell thee tales  
Of woeful ages long ago betid;  
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs,  
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me  
45 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,  
50 For the deposing of a rightful king.

*Enter **NORTHUMBERLAND** and others*

### **NORTHUMBERLAND**

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

### **KING RICHARD II**

- 55 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

now as if I were on my deathbed. Through long winter nights  
sit by the fire with good people and let them tell you stories of  
sad times long ago. And before you say good night, tell them  
my sadder story and send them weeping to their beds. Even  
the firewood will sympathize and cry out their fires. And some  
will be so unhappy at the story of the overthrow of a rightful  
king that they will cover themselves in ashes.

***NORTHUMBERLAND** and others enter.*

### **NORTHUMBERLAND**

My lord, Bolingbroke has changed his mind. You must go to  
[Pomfret](#) instead of the tower. And madam, he's made  
arrangements for you to go to France as quickly as possible.

### **KING RICHARD II**

Northumberland, Bolingbroke is mounting my throne on your  
ladder, but it won't take very long until you turn against each  
other. You'll think that even though he gives you half the  
kingdom, it's not enough, since you helped him get it all. And

Shalt break into corruption: thou shalt think,  
60 Though he divide the realm and give thee half,  
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  
65 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.

#### **NORTHUMBERLAND**

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

#### **KING RICHARD II**

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;  
75 And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.  
Part us, Northumberland; I toward 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,  
80 Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.

he'll think that you, who knows how to put undeserving kings  
in the throne, will know how to remove him from the stolen  
throne. Wicked men's love soon turns to fear, then to hate, and  
from there one or both of them will become dangerous and  
die a violent death.

#### **NORTHUMBERLAND**

My [guilt is on my own head](#) , and that's an end to it. Say  
goodbye and separate, for you must depart shortly.

#### **KING RICHARD II**

Twice divorced! You force me to divorce my crown and now  
my wife. I can't undo with a kiss the vows that bound us  
together, because they were sealed with a kiss. Separate us,  
Northumberland. I'll go to the north, where cold and sickness  
afflict the region. And my wife goes to France, from where she  
came with celebration like the spring, and now is sent back like  
the dead of winter.

**QUEEN**

And must we be divided? must we part?

**KING RICHARD II**

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

**QUEEN**

Banish us both and send the king with me.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

That were some love but little policy.

**QUEEN**

85 Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

**KING RICHARD II**

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**

90 So longest way shall have the longest moans.

**KING RICHARD II**

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

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;

**QUEEN**

And do we have to be separated?

**KING RICHARD II**

Yes, my love, our hands and our hearts must be divided.

**QUEEN**

Banish us both, and send the king with me.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

That might be an act of love, but it's not a smart policy.

**QUEEN**

Then wherever he goes, let me follow him.

**KING RICHARD II**

So the two of us together will make one big sorrow. Weep for me in France, and I'll weep for you here. It's better for us to be far away than near, and never near each other again. Go measure the distance in sighs, and I'll do the same with groans.

**QUEEN**

So the farther I go, the longer I will moan.

**KING RICHARD II**

Since my way is shorter, I'll groan twice for every step I take and make the way longer with a sad heart. Come, let's cut short this talk of grief, because we'll have long enough to live

95 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,  
100 That I might strive to kill it with a groan.

**KING RICHARD II**

We make woe wanton with this fond delay:  
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

*Exeunt*

*The **DUKE OF YORK**'s palace.*

*Enter **DUKE OF YORK** and **DUCHESS OF YORK***

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

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.

**DUKE OF YORK**

Where did I leave?

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

with it. Let's kiss once and quiet our mouths and part without  
any more words. I give you my heart and take yours with me.

**QUEEN**

Give me my heart back. It will only kill your heart if I take it. So  
now that I have my own heart back, go, so I can try to kill my  
own with mourning.

**KING RICHARD II**

We're only encouraging sorrow with this delay. Once more,  
goodbye. My grief will say the rest.

*They exit.*

## Act 5 Scene 2

*The **DUKE OF YORK**'s palace.*

*The **DUKE OF YORK** and the **DUCHESS OF YORK** enter.*

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

My lord, you told me you would tell the rest of the story about  
our two relatives coming to London, until weeping made you  
stop.

**DUKE OF YORK**

Where did I stop the story?

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

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

### **DUKE OF YORK**

Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,  
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed  
10 Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,  
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,  
Whilst all tongues cried 'God save thee,  
Bolingbroke!'  
You would have thought the very windows spake,  
15 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!'  
20 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.

### **DUCHESS OF YORK**

Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?

### **DUKE OF YORK**

25 As in a theatre, the eyes of men,

At the sad place, my lord, when rude hands were throwing  
dust and rubbish on King Richard's head from the upper  
windows.

### **DUKE OF YORK**

Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke, got on a  
magnificent horse that seemed to know it was him and kept  
going in a slow and stately way. All around, people were  
calling, 'God save you, Bolingbroke!' You would have thought  
the windows themselves were talking. Both old and young  
people were looking out on him with happy desire, and on the  
painted walls all around was written, 'Jesus protect you!  
Welcome, Bolingbroke!' Meanwhile, he was turning his head,  
bare of any helmet and not even as tall as his horse's neck, and  
said, 'I thank you, countrymen.' And he continued along saying  
this as he went.

### **DUCHESS OF YORK**

Alas, poor Richard? Where was he riding then?

### **DUKE OF YORK**

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  
30 Did scowl on gentle Richard; no man cried 'God save him!'  
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:  
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head:  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,  
His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
35 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,  
40 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.  
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,  
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

#### **DUCHESS OF YORK**

Here comes my son Aumerle.

#### **DUKE OF YORK**

Aumerle that was;  
45 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.

People looked at him with the dissatisfaction they might have  
for a supporting actor who comes on stage after the star has  
left. They stared at him with contempt, and no one cried out,  
'God save him!' No one welcomed him back. Instead, they  
threw dust on his sacred head. He shook it off with gentle  
sorrow, while he both cried and smiled as he wrestled with  
grief and patience. For some reason God must have hardened  
everyone's hearts, otherwise they would have melted so that  
even a barbarian would have pitied him. But heaven has  
ordered all this, and we must follow its will. We are  
Bolingbroke's subjects now, and I must forever acknowledge  
his rule and honor.

#### **DUCHESS OF YORK**

Here comes my son Aumerle.

#### **DUKE OF YORK**

He was Duke of Aumerle, but because he was Richard's friend,  
he has lost his title. You must call him [Rutland](#) now. I've sworn  
in Parliament that he will honor and obey our new king.



*Enter **DUKE OF AUMERLE***

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

Welcome, my son: who are the violets now

50 That strew the green lap of the new come spring?

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:

God knows I had as lief be none as one.

**DUKE OF YORK**

Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,

Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.

55 What news from Oxford? hold those jousts and triumphs?

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

For aught I know, my lord, they do.

**DUKE OF YORK**

You will be there, I know.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

If God prevent not, I purpose so.

**DUKE OF YORK**

What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?

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

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

*The **DUKE OF AUMERLE** enters.*

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

Welcome, my son. Who are the new favorites of the king?

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Madam, I don't know and I don't care. God knows I prefer just

as much not to be one.

**DUKE OF YORK**

Well, hold yourself upright in this new regime, or you'll die

before your time. What's the news from Oxford? Are the jousts

and festivities happening?

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

For all I know they are.

**DUKE OF YORK**

You will be there, I know.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

I mean to, unless God prevents it.

**DUKE OF YORK**

What is the note that I see in your shirt? You've just gone white.

Let me see what it says.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

My lord, 'tis nothing.

**DUKE OF YORK**

No matter, then, who see it;

I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

I do beseech your grace to pardon me:

65 It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

**DUKE OF YORK**

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

I fear, I fear,'

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

What should you fear?

70 'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into

For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

**DUKE OF 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.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

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

**DUKE OF YORK**

My lord, it's nothing.

**DUKE OF YORK**

Then it doesn't matter who sees it. I want to see it, and I will.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

I beg you to forgive me. It's a small matter, but one that I don't want to share for certain reasons.

**DUKE OF YORK**

I want to see it because of those reasons. I fear'

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

What should you fear? It's just a bill for some festive clothing for the celebration.

**DUKE OF YORK**

A bill that he's wearing so close to himself! Wife, you are a fool.

Boy, let me see what it says.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

I beg you, forgive me. I can't show you.

**DUKE OF YORK**

I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

*He plucks it out of his bosom and reads it*

Treason! foul treason! Villain! traitor! slave!

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

What is the matter, my lord?

**DUKE OF YORK**

Ho! who is within there?

*Enter a Servant*

80 Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy, what treachery is here!

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

Why, what is it, my lord?

**DUKE OF YORK**

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

Now, by mine honour, by my life, by my troth,

85 I will appeach the villain.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

What is the matter?

**DUKE OF YORK**

I will see it.

*He grabs it and reads it.*

Treason! Foul treason! Villain! Traitor! Slave!

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

What is the matter, my lord?

**DUKE OF YORK**

Hey, who is inside?

*A servant enters.*

Saddle my horse. God have mercy, what treachery is this!

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

Why, what is it, my lord?

**DUKE OF YORK**

Give me my boots and saddle my horse. Now, by my honor, my life, and my vow, I will accuse the villain.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

What's the matter?

**DUKE OF YORK**

Peace, foolish woman.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

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

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Good mother, be content; it is no more

90 Than my poor life must answer.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

Thy life answer!

**DUKE OF YORK**

Bring me my boots: I will unto the king.

*Re-enter Servant with boots*

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

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

Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.

**DUKE OF YORK**

95 Give me my boots, I say.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

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

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?

Be quiet, foolish woman.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

I won't be quiet. What is the matter, Aumerle?

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Good mother, don't worry. It is something that I have to answer  
with my own life.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

Answer with your life!

**DUKE OF YORK**

Bring me my boots. I must go to the king.

*The servant enters, carrying boots.*

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

Hit [him](#), Aumerle! Poor boy, you are distraught. Go away,  
villain! Don't come back.

**DUKE OF YORK**

Give me my boots, I say.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

Why, York, what are you going to do? Won't you hide the crime  
of your own child? Do we have any other sons? Are we likely to  
have more? Aren't I too old to have children? And are you  
going to take away my son in my old age, so I can no longer

100 And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,  
And rob me of a happy mother's name?  
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

**DUKE OF YORK**

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

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

He shall be none;  
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?

**DUKE OF YORK**

110 Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son,  
I would appeach him.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

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

call myself a mother? Doesn't he look like you? Isn't he your son?

**DUKE OF YORK**

Foolish madwoman, will you try to cover up this terrible conspiracy? A dozen have sworn and signed here that they'll kill the king at Oxford.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

He won't be one of them. We'll keep him here, and then what will this affair have to do with him?

**DUKE OF YORK**

Get away, foolish woman! Even if he were my son twenty times over, I would accuse him.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

If you had gone through labor with him as I had, you would be more sorrowful. But now I know what you think. You think that I've cheated on you, and that he's a bastard and not your son. Sweet York, my sweet husband, don't think that way. He looks as much like you as anyone could. He doesn't look anything like me, or like anyone in my family, but I still love him.

120 And yet I love him.

**DUKE OF YORK**

Make way, unruly woman!

*Exit*

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his horse;  
Spur post, and get before him to the king,  
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.

125 I'll not be long behind; though I be old,  
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:  
And never will I rise up from the ground  
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away, be gone!

*Exeunt*

*A royal palace.*

*Enter HENRY BOLINGBROKE, HENRY PERCY, and other Lords*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

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:

**DUKE OF YORK**

Make way, you wild woman!

*He exits.*

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

Go after him, Aumerle! Take his horse, get to the king before  
him, and beg forgiveness before he can even accuse you. I'll  
be right behind. Though I am old, I can ride as fast as York. I'll  
prostrate myself before the king until he has forgiven you. Go  
on!

*They exit.*

## Act 5 Scene 3

*A royal palace.*

*HENRY BOLINGBROKE, HENRY PERCY, and other lords enter.*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Can't anyone tell me about my irresponsible son? It's been  
three months since I last saw him. He's the only trouble in my  
life. I want him found. Ask in London, around the bars there.  
They say he goes to them every day with immoral friends, the

5 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;  
10 Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy,  
Takes on the point of honour to support  
So dissolute a crew.

**HENRY PERCY**

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

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

15 And what said the gallant?

**HENRY 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.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

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

*Enter DUKE OF AUMERLE*

kind of people who ambush passersby in the street and beat  
and rob the guards. My pleasure-seeking son thinks it's a  
badge of honor to support such an awful crowd.

**HENRY PERCY**

My lord, two days ago I saw the prince and told him about the  
celebration at Oxford.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

And what did he say?

**HENRY PERCY**

He said that he would go to the whorehouse and get a glove  
from the most promiscuous whore there to wear as a favor.  
And then he would win in the jousts.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Even if he is immoral and reckless, I still see some hope that  
his better qualities will emerge as he gets older. But who is  
approaching?

*The DUKE OF AUMERLE enters.*

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Where is the king?

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

What means our cousin, that he stares and looks

25 So wildly?

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty,

To have some conference with your grace alone.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

*Exeunt HENRY PERCY and Lords*

What is the matter with our cousin now?

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

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

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Intended or committed was this fault?

If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,

35 To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Where is the king?

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Why does my cousin stare and look about him so wildly?

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

God save your grace! I beg to speak to you alone.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Go away, and leave us here alone.

*HENRY PERCY and lords exit.*

What is the matter with you now?

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

May my knees remain on the ground and my tongue stay silent  
until you give me your forgiveness.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Is it an offense that you have committed or that you planned to  
commit? If it was planned only, no matter how terrible it is, I'll  
forgive you in order to win your love.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**



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

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Have thy desire.

**DUKE OF YORK**

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

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Villain, I'll make thee safe.

*Drawing*

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

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

**DUKE OF YORK**

[Within] Open the door, secure, foolhardy king:  
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?  
45 Open the door, or I will break it open.

*Enter **DUKE OF YORK***

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

What is the matter, uncle? speak;  
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,

Then let me lock the door so no one else can come in until I'm  
finished telling you.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Go ahead.

**DUKE OF YORK**

(speaking from off-stage) My lord, beware. Watch yourself. You  
have a traitor with you.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Villain, I'll render you harmless.

*He draws his sword.*

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Hold off from your revenge. You don't have any reason to be  
afraid.

**DUKE OF YORK**

(speaking from off-stage) Open the door, my foolish king.  
Should I harshly criticize you out of love for you? Open the  
door, or I'll break it down.

*The **DUKE OF YORK** enters.*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

What is the matter, uncle? Tell me. Catch your breath. Tell me  
how close the danger is so that I can prepare for it.

That we may arm us to encounter it.

**DUKE OF YORK**

Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know

50 The treason that my haste forbids me show.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

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.

**DUKE OF YORK**

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

55 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.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

O heinous, strong and bold conspiracy!

60 O loyal father of a treacherous son!

Thou sheer, immaculate and silver fountain,

From when this stream through muddy passages

Hath held his current and defiled himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad,

65 And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

**DUKE OF YORK**

Read this, and you'll know what treason made me hurry so fast

that I can hardly speak.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Remember, as you read, what you just promised. I already

regret it. Don't read my name there. My heart doesn't match

what my hand wrote.

**DUKE OF YORK**

Villain, your heart believed it before your hand wrote it. I took

the paper from the traitor, king. He regrets it out of fear, not out

of love for you. Don't pity him, because that pity will come

back to harm you.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Oh, what a terrible and bold conspiracy! Oh, loyal father of a

treacherous son! Your pure goodness overwhelms the

wrongdoing of your foul son. Because you have proven

yourself so loyal, I'll forgive your son's damnable crime.

**DUKE OF 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.

70 Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,  
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.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

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

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry?

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

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.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

80 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:  
I know she is come to pray for your foul sin.

**DUKE OF YORK****DUKE OF YORK**

So my virtue will pay for his vice, and as some bad sons spend  
all their fathers' money, he'll spend all my honor with his  
shame. My honor can only live if his dishonor dies, otherwise I  
will live in shame. By forgiving him you are killing me. If he  
lives, so does a traitor, and the loyal man is put to death.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

(speaking from off-stage) Hello, my lord! For God's sake, let me  
in.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

What screeching beggar is there?

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

A woman and your aunt, great king. It's me. Please pity me.  
Open the door and talk to me. I, who have never begged  
before, am now a beggar.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Suddenly the scene has changed from something serious to  
'[The Beggar and the King](#).' My dangerous cousin, let your  
mother in. I know that she's come to beg forgiveness for your  
terrible crime.

**DUKE OF YORK**

If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,  
85 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 OF YORK***

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

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

**DUKE OF YORK**

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

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

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

*Kneels*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Rise up, good aunt.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

Not yet, I thee beseech:  
95 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,

No matter who prays, if you forgive this crime, only more will follow. By cutting off this infected limb you'll keep the rest of the body healthy. It's the only way to keep this sickness from spreading.

*The **DUCHESS OF YORK** enters.*

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

Oh, king, don't believe this hardhearted man! If he can't love his son, he is incapable of loving anyone.

**DUKE OF YORK**

You crazy woman, what are you doing here? Are you going to nurse another traitor with your old breasts?

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

Sweet York, be patient. Gentle king, listen to me.

*She kneels.*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Get up, good aunt.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

Not yet, I beg you. I'll stay on my knees and never look up again until you give me joy by forgiving Rutland, my wayward son.

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.

**DUKE OF YORK**

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

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;  
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;  
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:  
105 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;  
110 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.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Good aunt, stand up.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

Nay, do not say, 'stand up';  
115 Say, 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up.'

**DUKE OF AUMERLE**

I'll kneel, too, in support of my mother's prayers.

**DUKE OF YORK**

I'll kneel to oppose them. If you forgive him, you'll only nurture more bad deeds.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

Is he serious? Look at his face. He's not crying. His prayers are a joke. His words come from his mouth, but ours come from our hearts. He prays softly, hoping to be denied. We pray with heart and soul and all our bodies. I know his old and tired knees would like to straighten up. We'll stay kneeling till our knees grow roots in the ground. His prayers are hypocritical, while ours are full of true desire and integrity. Our prayers are more prayer-like than his, so let our prayers be rewarded as they ought to be, with mercy.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Good aunt, stand up.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

No, don't say, 'Stand up.' First say, 'I forgive,' and then you can tell me to stand up. If I were your nanny, the first word I would

And 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:

120 The word is short, but not so short as sweet;  
No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths so meet.

### DUKE OF YORK

Speak it in French, king; say, 'pardonne moi.'

### DUCHESS OF YORK

Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?  
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,  
125 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 eye begins to speak; set thy tongue there;  
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;  
130 That hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,  
Pity may move thee 'pardon' to rehearse.

### HENRY BOLINGBROKE

Good aunt, stand up.

### DUCHESS OF YORK

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

teach you would be 'pardon.' I've never wanted to hear a word so badly. Say 'pardon,' king. Let pity teach you how. The word is short and sweeter than it is short. It's the most fitting word for a king to say.

### DUKE OF YORK

Say it in French, king. Say, '[Pardonne moi](#).'

### DUCHESS OF YORK

Do you try to destroy forgiveness by teaching that pardon? Oh, my sour husband, my hardhearted lord, you'd make that word the opposite of what it means. Say 'pardon' in English. We don't understand French. I can see it in your eyes, so let your tongue say it. Listen to the pity in your heart with your ears, which our laments and prayers pierce, so that pity may move you to say 'pardon.'

### HENRY BOLINGBROKE

Good aunt, stand up.

### DUCHESS OF YORK

I'm not begging to stand. All I want is a pardon.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

135 I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

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.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

140 With all my heart  
I pardon him.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

A god on earth thou art.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

But for our trusty brother-in-law and the abbot,  
With all the rest of that consorted crew,  
145 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.  
Good uncle, help to order several powers  
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:  
They shall not live within this world, I swear,  
But I will have them, if I once know where.  
150 Uncle, farewell: and, cousin too, adieu:  
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

**HENRY OF BOLINGBROKE**

I pardon him, as God will one day pardon me.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

Oh, the happy view from a bended knee! But I'm still fearful.  
Say it again. Saying it twice doesn't divide your pardon and  
weaken it but makes the one pardon stronger.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

With all my heart, I pardon him.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

You are a god on earth.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

But my trusted brother-in-law, the abbot, and all the rest of  
that group of conspirators must be destroyed. Good uncle,  
send several men to Oxford or wherever these traitors are  
hiding. I swear that as long as they are alive, I will find them  
and capture them. Uncle, goodbye, and goodbye cousin, too.  
Your mother has prayed well and proved your loyalty.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**

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

*Exeunt*

*The same.*

*Enter **EXTON** and a 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?

**SERVANT**

These were his very words.

**EXTON**

5 'Have I no friend?' quoth he: he spake it twice,  
And urged it twice together, did he not?

**SERVANT**

He did.

**EXTON**

And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,  
And who should say, 'I would thou wert the man'  
10 That would divorce this terror from my heart;  
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go:

Come, my son. I'll pray that God forces you to reform.

*They exit.*

*The same palace.*

***EXTON** and a Servant enter.*

**EXTON**

Didn't you notice the king and hear what he said? 'Don't I have  
any friends who will rid me of this constant fear?' Didn't he say  
that?

**SERVANT**

Those were his exact words.

**EXTON**

Twice he said, 'Don't I have any friends?' didn't he?

**SERVANT**

He did.

**EXTON**

And when he said it, he looked at me intently, as if he were  
saying, 'I wish you were the man who would take this fear away  
from me.' He means the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go. I am  
the king's friend, and I'll get rid him of his enemy.

## Act 5 Scene 4



I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

*Exeunt*

*Pomfret castle.*

*Enter KING RICHARD*

**KING RICHARD II**

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,

5 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,

10 In humours like the people of this world,

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:

15 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.'

*They exit.*

## Act 5 Scene 5

*The castle at Pomfret.*

*KING RICHARD enters.*

**KING RICHARD II**

I have been thinking about how I might compare this prison I live in to the world. But because the world is full of people and I'm the only one here, I cannot do it. Yet I'll work it out. My brain and my soul will produce enough thoughts to fill this little world, like people in the outside world and just as discontented. The better kind of thought, like the thought of divine things, is mixed with doubts and compares passages from scripture, like 'Come, little ones' and 'It is as hard for a rich man to enter heaven as for a camel to pass through a needle's eye.' Both passages involve the ease or difficulty of reaching heaven. Ambitious thoughts plot unlikely miracles, such as digging through the walls of my cell by hand, and these thoughts die in their prime because they are futile. Contented thoughts tell themselves that they aren't the first to be a slave to fortune, and they won't be the last. They're like beggars in the stocks who take comfort in the fact that others have already sat there and more will sit there. So I host many people

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,  
25 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  
35 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  
40 With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased  
With being nothing. Music do I hear?

*Music*

inside my own head, and none are content. Sometimes I'm  
king, and then some treason makes me wish I was a beggar,  
and so then I am a beggar. Then terrible poverty persuades me  
that I was better off as king, so then I am king again. And then I  
think that I have been dethroned by Bolingbroke, and suddenly  
I'm nothing. But whatever I am, just like all men, I'll never be  
happy until I am dead and nothing at all. Do I hear music?

*Music plays.*

Ha, ha! keep time: how sour sweet music is,  
When time is broke and no proportion kept!  
So is it in the music of men's lives.

- 45 And here have I the daintiness of ear  
To cheque time broke in a disorder'd string;  
But for the concord of my state and time  
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.  
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
- 50 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.
- 55 Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is  
Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my heart,  
Which is the bell: so sighs and tears and groans  
Show minutes, times, and hours: but my time  
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
- 60 While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.  
This music mads me; let it sound no more;  
For though it have help madmen to their wits,  
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.  
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
- 65 For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard  
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Ha! Keep time. How awful music is when they don't keep time and the notes' proportions are ruined. It's the same thing in men's lives. And here I can chastise the poor time kept on an out-of-tune instrument, when in the harmony of my government and life I couldn't hear my own time breaking. I wasted time then, and now time wastes me. Time has made me his clock: my thoughts have become minutes that turn the clock hands in my eyes, and my finger is the dial that wipes away my tears. Now, sir, my groans are like the sounds that toll the hours, and they're made by striking my heart, which is the bell. Thus my sighs, tears, and groans signify minutes and hours. Meanwhile, my time speeds on as Bolingbroke has his joy, and I'm left here playing the clock for him. This music makes me crazy. Let it stop. It might make madmen sane, but for me, it makes a wise man mad. Yet bless the heart that plays it for me! It's a sign of love, and I am seldom given love in this hateful world.

*Enter a Groom of the Stable*

**GROOM**

Hail, royal prince!

**KING RICHARD II**

Thanks, noble peer;

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

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

**GROOM**

I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,

When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,

75 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,  
80 That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,  
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

**KING RICHARD II**

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

**GROOM**

*Enter a Groom of the stable.*

**GROOM**

Hello, royal prince!

**KING RICHARD II**

Thanks, my noble peer. You overvalue me, for we are equals  
and worth the same. Who are you, and how have you come  
here? My only visitor is that man who keeps my misfortune  
alive by bringing me food.

**GROOM**

I was a poor groom in your stable, king, when you were king. I  
was traveling toward York, and after a great deal of trouble I  
got permission to see my former master's face. Oh, how it  
saddened me when I saw Bolingbroke ride into London that  
coronation day on Barbary, the horse you've ridden so often  
and which I'd so often made ready for you!

**KING RICHARD II**

Did he ride on Barbary? Tell me, dear friend, how did the horse  
do?

**GROOM**

So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.

**KING RICHARD II**

85 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  
90 Of that proud man that did usurp his back?  
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,  
Since thou, created to be awed by man,  
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;  
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,  
95 Spurr'd, gall'd and tired by jouncing Bolingbroke.

*Enter Keeper, with a dish*

**KEEPER**

Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

**KING RICHARD II**

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

**GROOM**

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

*Exit*

He pranced as proudly as if he scorned the earth.

**KING RICHARD II**

So proud to have Bolingbroke on his back! He had eaten bread  
from my hand, and I made him proud by patting his neck.  
Shouldn't he stumble? Shouldn't he fall down and break the  
neck of the man that stole my throne? I forgive you, horse!  
Why should I curse you, since you were created to fear man  
and carry him. I was not made like a horse, but I carry a burden  
like a donkey, and I'm kicked and exhausted from carrying  
rough-riding Bolingbroke.

*The Keeper enters, with a dish.*

**KEEPER**

Fellow, go away. You can't stay any longer.

**KING RICHARD II**

If you love me, you should go.

**GROOM**

I don't dare say what my heart feels.

*He exits.*

**KEEPER**

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

**KING RICHARD II**

100 Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

**KEEPER**

My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

**KING RICHARD II**

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

*Beats the keeper*

**KEEPER**

105 Help, help, help!

*Enter **EXTON** and Servants, armed*

**KING RICHARD II**

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.

**KEEPER**

My lord, will you eat?

**KING RICHARD II**

Taste it first, as you usually do.

**KEEPER**

My lord, I don't dare. Sir Pierce of Exton, who just arrived from the king, ordered me not to.

**KING RICHARD II**

May the devil take Henry of Lancaster and you! I am tired of being patient.

*He beats the Keeper.*

**KEEPER**

Help, help, help!

***EXTON** and servants enter, with weapons.*

**KING RICHARD II**

Do you mean to kill me in this despicable assault? Villain, I'll kill you with your own weapon.

*He snatches an axe from a servant and kills him.*

Go to hell.

*He kills another. Then Exton strikes him down*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire  
110 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:  
115 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*

*Windsor castle.*

*Flourish. Enter **HENRY BOLINGBROKE, DUKE OF YORK**, with  
other Lords, and Attendants*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear

*He kills another, and then Exton strikes him down.*

You'll burn in hell forever for killing me. Exton, you've stained  
the king's land with the king's own blood. Arise my soul! Your  
place is in heaven, while my body sinks down and dies.

*He dies.*

**EXTON**

He is as full of courage as of royal blood, which I've spilled  
here. I wish the deed were good! The devil, who told me that I  
did well, tells me now that I'll go to hell. I'll take this dead king  
to the living king and bury the others here.

*They exit.*

*Windsor Castle.*

*Trumpets blow. **HENRY BOLINGBROKE, DUKE OF YORK**, and  
other lords and attendants enter.*

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

## Act 5 Scene 6

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***

5 Welcome, my lord what is the news?

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.  
The next news is, I have to London sent  
The heads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent:  
The manner of their taking may appear

10 At large discoursed in this paper here.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

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

*Enter **LORD FITZWATER***

**LORD FITZWATER**

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

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Kind uncle York, the last news I heard is that the rebels have  
burned down the town of Cirencester in Gloucestershire. But I  
haven't heard if they've been captured or killed.

***NORTHUMBERLAND** enters.*

Welcome, my lord. What's the news?

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

First, I wish you happiness. Next, I've sent the heads of Oxford,  
Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent to London. This paper tells how they  
were taken.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

I thank you, gentle Percy, for your effort. I'll reward you well, as  
you deserve.

***LORD FITZWATER** enters.*

**LORD FITZWATER**

My lord, I've sent the heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely  
from Oxford to London. They were two of the traitors who  
wanted to overthrow you at Oxford.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**



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

*Enter **HENRY PERCY**, and the **BISHOP OF CARLISLE***

**HENRY PERCY**

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

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Carlisle, this is your doom:  
25 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**

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

I won't forget your efforts, Fitzwater. I know that you deserve  
your noble title.

***HENRY PERCY** and the **BISHOP OF CARLISLE** enter.*

**HENRY PERCY**

The Abbot of Westminster, who conspired against you, has  
died. But here is Carlisle, alive, to hear your judgment on him.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Carlisle, here is your sentence: pick some secret place where  
you can live out your life in peace and die without violence.  
Even though you've always been my enemy, I've seen that you  
are a man of great honor.

***EXTON** enters, with several people carrying a coffin.*

**EXTON**

Great king, here is your greatest fear now buried inside this  
coffin. In it lies without breathing your greatest enemy, Richard  
of Bordeaux, brought here by me.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought

35 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.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

They love not poison that do poison need,

Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,

40 I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,

But neither my good word nor princely favour:

With Cain go wander through shades of night,

And never show thy head by day nor light.

*Exeunt **EXTON** and his men*

45 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,

50 To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:

March sadly after; grace my mournings here;

In weeping after this untimely bier.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Exton, I don't thank you. By killing him, you've done a disgrace  
to my name and to our country.

**EXTON**

I did this on your own command.

**HENRY BOLINGBROKE**

Those who need to poison someone still don't love poison.

Even though I wanted him dead, I hate the man who murdered  
him, and now I love the man who has been murdered. You can  
take your guilty conscience as payment. I won't give you any  
praise or royal favors. Go wander the night like [Cain](#) , and don't  
show your face here again.

***EXTON** and his men exit.*

Lords, I protest. My soul is full of sorrow that blood has been  
shed to make me more secure. Come, mourn with me and  
dress yourselves in black immediately. I'll travel to the Holy  
Land to wash away this blood from my guilty hands. March  
sadly behind me, and weep for this untimely death.

*Exeunt*

*They exit.*