

Table Of Contents

Richard II Act 1	2
Richard II Act 2	19
Richard II Act 3	26
Richard II Act 4	36
Richard II Act 5	43

Richard II Act 1

[00:01:15] Old John of Gaunt,
 [00:01:17] time-honored Lancaster,
 [00:01:20] hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
 [00:01:22] brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son,
 [00:01:24] here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
 [00:01:27] which then our leisure would not let us hear,
 [00:01:28] against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
 [00:01:31] I have, my liege.
 [00:01:32] Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him
 [00:01:35] if he appeal the duke on ancient malice,
 [00:01:37] or worthily, as a good subject should,
 [00:01:40] on some known ground of treachery in him?
 [00:01:43] As near as I could sift him on that argument,
 [00:01:45] on some apparent danger seen in him aimed at Your Highness.
 [00:01:48] No inveterate malice.
 [00:01:51] Then call them to our presence.
 [00:01:54] Face to face and frowning brow to brow,
 [00:01:58] ourselves will hear the accuser and the accused freely speak.
 [00:02:04] High-stomached are they both and full of ire,
 [00:02:07] in rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.
 [00:02:34] Many years of happy days befall my gracious sovereign,
 [00:02:37] my most loving liege.
 [00:02:40] Each day still better other's happiness
 [00:02:42] until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
 [00:02:44] add an immortal title to your crown.
 [00:02:46] We thank you both.
 [00:02:48] Yet one but flatters us, as well appeareth by the cause you come,
 [00:02:51] namely to appeal each other of high treason.
 [00:02:55] Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
 [00:02:57] against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
 [00:03:00] First, heaven be the record to my speech.
 [00:03:04] In the devotion of a subject's love,
 [00:03:06] tendering the precious safety of my prince
 [00:03:09] and free from other misbegotten hate,
 [00:03:11] come I appellant to this princely presence.
 [00:03:17] Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
 [00:03:19] and mark my greeting well,
 [00:03:22] for what I speak my body shall make good upon this earth
 [00:03:25] or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
 [00:03:28] Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,
 [00:03:31] too good to be so and too bad to live,
 [00:03:35] since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
 [00:03:37] the uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
 [00:03:41] Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
 [00:03:43] with a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat
 [00:03:46] and wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
 [00:03:49] what my tongue speaks my right drawn sword may prove.
 [00:03:55] Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal.
 [00:03:58] 'Tis not the trial of a woman's war.
 [00:04:00] The bitter clamor of two eager tongues
 [00:04:02] can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain.
 [00:04:04] The blood is hot that must be cooled for this,
 [00:04:08] yet can I not of such tame patience boast
 [00:04:11] as to be hushed and naught at all to say.
 [00:04:14] First, the fair reverence of Your Highness curbs me
 [00:04:17] from giving reins and spurs to my free speech,
 [00:04:21] which else would post until it had returned
 [00:04:22] these terms of treason doubled down his throat.

[00:04:26] Setting aside his high blood's royalty
 [00:04:28] and let him be no kinsman to my liege,
 [00:04:29] I do defy him, and I spit at him,
 [00:04:32] call him a slanderous coward and a villain,
 [00:04:34] which to maintain I would allow him odds and meet him
 [00:04:37] were I tied to run afoot even to the frozen ridges of the Alps
 [00:04:41] or any other ground inhabitable,
 [00:04:42] wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
 [00:04:45] Meantime let this defend my loyalty.
 [00:04:49] By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.
 [00:04:53] Pale, trembling coward,
 [00:04:56] there I throw my gage,
 [00:04:59] disclaiming here the kindred of the king,
 [00:05:01] and lay aside my high blood's royalty,
 [00:05:03] which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.
 [00:05:08] If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
 [00:05:10] as to take up mine honor's pawn,
 [00:05:12] then stoop.
 [00:05:14] By that and all the rites of knighthood else
 [00:05:16] will I make good against thee,
 [00:05:18] arm to arm, what I have spoke,
 [00:05:20] or thou canst worse devise.
 [00:05:27] I take it up, and by that sword
 [00:05:31] I swear which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
 [00:05:34] I'll answer thee in any fair degree
 [00:05:36] or chivalrous design of knightly trial.
 [00:05:39] And when I mount, alive may I not light
 [00:05:41] if I be traitor or unjustly fight.
 [00:05:44] What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
 [00:05:47] It must be great that can inherit us so much
 [00:05:50] as of a thought of ill in him.
 [00:05:53] Look what I speak.
 [00:05:54] My life shall prove it true
 [00:05:56] that Mowbray hath received 8,000 nobles
 [00:05:59] in name of lendings for Your Highness' soldiers,
 [00:06:02] the which he hath detained for lewd employments
 [00:06:05] like a false traitor and injurious villain.
 [00:06:09] Besides I say and will in battle prove or here or elsewhere
 [00:06:13] to the furthest verge that ever was surveyed by English eye,
 [00:06:16] that all the treasons for these 18 years
 [00:06:20] complotted and contrived in this land
 [00:06:22] fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
 [00:06:27] Further I say and further will maintain
 [00:06:30] upon his bad life to make all this good,
 [00:06:34] that he did plot the duke of Gloucester's death,
 [00:06:38] suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
 [00:06:41] and consequently, like a traitor coward,
 [00:06:43] sluiced out his innocent soul with streams of blood,
 [00:06:47] which blood, like sacrificing Abel's,
 [00:06:50] cries even from the tongueless caverns of the earth
 [00:06:53] to me for justice and rough chastisement.
 [00:06:56] And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
 [00:06:59] this arm shall do it or this life be spent.
 [00:07:03] How high a pitch his resolution soars.
 [00:07:09] Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?
 [00:07:11] Oh, let my sovereign turn away his face
 [00:07:14] and let his ears a little while be deaf
 [00:07:15] till I have told this slander of his blood
 [00:07:18] how God and good men hate so foul a liar.
 [00:07:20] Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears

[00:07:26] were he my brother-- nay, my kingdom's heir.
 [00:07:29] As he is but my father's brother's son,
 [00:07:31] now, by my scepter's awe, I make a vow.
 [00:07:35] Such neighbor nearness to our sacred blood
 [00:07:37] should nothing privilege him
 [00:07:39] nor partialize the unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
 [00:07:44] He is our subject, Mowbray.
 [00:07:46] So art thou.
 [00:07:48] Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.
 [00:07:52] Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
 [00:07:56] through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.
 [00:08:02] Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
 [00:08:03] disbursed I duly to His Highness' soldiers.
 [00:08:06] The other part reserved I by consent,
 [00:08:09] for that my sovereign liege
 [00:08:10] was in my debt upon remainder of a dear account,
 [00:08:13] since last I went to France to fetch his queen.
 [00:08:16] Now swallow down that lie.
 [00:08:20] For Gloucester's death, I slew him not,
 [00:08:27] but to my own disgrace neglected my sworn duty in that case.
 [00:08:33] For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
 [00:08:35] the honorable father to my foe,
 [00:08:38] once did I lay an ambush for your life,
 [00:08:41] a trespass that doth vex my grieved soul.
 [00:08:44] But ere I last received the sacrament, I did confess it
 [00:08:47] and exactly begged Your Grace's pardon,
 [00:08:49] and I hope I had it.
 [00:08:54] This is my fault.
 [00:08:56] As for the rest appealed,
 [00:08:57] it issues from the rancor of a villain,
 [00:08:59] a recreant and most degenerate traitor,
 [00:09:03] which in myself I boldly will defend
 [00:09:05] and interchangeably hurl down my gage
 [00:09:06] upon this overweening traitor's foot
 [00:09:08] to prove myself a loyal gentleman
 [00:09:10] even in the best blood chambered in his bosom.
 [00:09:14] In haste whereof,
 [00:09:15] most heartily I pray Your Highness
 [00:09:16] to assign our trial day.
 [00:09:18] Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me.
 [00:09:21] Let's purge this choler without letting blood.
 [00:09:24] This we prescribe, though no physician.
 [00:09:27] Deep malice makes too deep incision.
 [00:09:30] Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed.
 [00:09:33] Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
 [00:09:37] Good Uncle, let this end where it begun.
 [00:09:39] We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.
 [00:09:42] To be a make-peace shall become my age.
 [00:09:46] Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.
 [00:09:49] And, Norfolk, throw down his.
 [00:09:50] When, Harry, when?
 [00:09:52] Obedience bids I should not bid again.
 [00:09:54] Norfolk, throw down, we bid.
 [00:09:56] There is no boot.
 [00:09:58] Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
 [00:10:01] My life thou shalt command, but not my shame.
 [00:10:04] The one my duty owes,
 [00:10:05] but my fair name,
 [00:10:06] despite of death that lives upon my grave,
 [00:10:08] to dark dishonor's use thou shalt not have.

[00:10:12] I am disgraced, impeached, and baffled here,
 [00:10:16] pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
 [00:10:19] the which no balm can cure
 [00:10:21] but his heart blood which breathed this poison.
 [00:10:23] Rage must be withstood.
 [00:10:25] Give me his gage.
 [00:10:27] Lions make leopards tame.
 [00:10:30] Yea, but not change his spots.
 [00:10:33] Take but my shame and I resign my gage.
 [00:10:37] My dear, dear lord,
 [00:10:39] the purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation.
 [00:10:45] That away, men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
 [00:10:51] A jewel in a ten-times barred up chest
 [00:10:53] is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
 [00:10:56] Mine honor is my life.
 [00:10:57] Both grow in one.
 [00:10:58] Take honor from me, and my life is done.
 [00:11:02] Then, dear my liege, mine honor let me try.
 [00:11:05] In that I live, and for that will I die.
 [00:11:12] Cousin, throw up your gage.
 [00:11:13] Do you begin.
 [00:11:15] Oh, God, defend my soul from such deep sin.
 [00:11:20] Shall I seem crestfallen in my father's sight?
 [00:11:24] Or with pale beggar fear impeach my height
 [00:11:27] before this outdared dastard?
 [00:11:33] Ere my tongue shall wound my honor with such feeble wrong
 [00:11:36] or sound so base a parole,
 [00:11:39] my teeth shall tear the slavish motive of recanting fear
 [00:11:42] and spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
 [00:11:46] where shame doth harbor, even in Mowbray's face.
 [00:11:53] We were not born to sue but to command.
 [00:11:57] Since which we cannot do to make you friends,
 [00:12:00] be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
 [00:12:03] at Coventry upon Saint Lambert's day.
 [00:12:05] There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
 [00:12:08] the swelling difference of your settled hate.
 [00:12:10] Since we can not atone you,
 [00:12:12] we shall see justice design the victor's chivalry.
 [00:12:15] Lord marshal, command our officers at arms.
 [00:12:19] Be ready to direct these home alarms.
 [00:12:23] Alas, the part I had in Gloucester's blood
 [00:12:26] doth more solicit me than your exclams
 [00:12:28] to stir against the butchers of his life.
 [00:12:31] But since correction lieth
 [00:12:33] in those hands which made the fault which we cannot correct,
 [00:12:36] put we our quarrel to the will of heaven,
 [00:12:39] who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
 [00:12:41] will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
 [00:12:44] Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
 [00:12:49] Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
 [00:12:53] Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
 [00:12:55] were as seven vials of his sacred blood
 [00:12:58] or seven fair branches springing from one root.
 [00:13:02] Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
 [00:13:04] some of those branches by the destinies cut.
 [00:13:08] But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,
 [00:13:15] one vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
 [00:13:17] one flourishing branch of his most royal root,
 [00:13:20] is cracked,
 [00:13:21] and all the precious liquor spilt is hacked down

[00:13:27] and his summer leaves all faded
[00:13:29] by envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.
[00:13:32] Ah, Gaunt,
[00:13:35] his blood was thine.
[00:13:38] That bed, that womb, that metal, that self-mold
[00:13:41] that fashioned thee made him a man.
[00:13:44] And though thou livest and breathest,
[00:13:46] yet art thou slain in him.
[00:13:49] Thou dost consent in some large measure to thy father's death
[00:13:53] in that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
[00:13:56] who was the model of thy father's life.
[00:13:59] Call it not patience, Gaunt.
[00:14:02] It is despair.
[00:14:04] In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtered,
[00:14:07] thou showest the naked pathway to thy life,
[00:14:09] teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.
[00:14:14] That which in mean men we entitle patience
[00:14:16] is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
[00:14:22] What shall I say?
[00:14:25] To safeguard thine own life,
[00:14:26] the best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.
[00:14:29] God's is the quarrel,
[00:14:31] for God's substitute, his deputy anointed in His sight,
[00:14:33] hath caused his death,
[00:14:35] the which if wrongfully, let heaven revenge,
[00:14:38] for I may never lift an angry arm against His minister.
[00:14:41] Where then, alas, may I complain myself?
[00:14:44] To God, the widow's champion and defense.
[00:14:48] Why, then, I will.
[00:14:51] Farewell, old Gaunt.
[00:14:55] Thou goest to Coventry,
[00:14:56] there to behold our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.
[00:15:01] Oh, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear
[00:15:05] that they may enter butcher Mowbray's breast.
[00:15:09] Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
[00:15:11] be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom
[00:15:13] that they may break his foaming courser's back
[00:15:15] and throw the rider headlong in the lists,
[00:15:18] a caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford.
[00:15:25] Farewell, old Gaunt.
[00:15:28] Thy sometimes brother's wife
[00:15:30] with her companion grief must end her life.
[00:15:33] Sister, farewell.
[00:15:36] I must to Coventry.
[00:15:37] As much good stay with thee as go with me.
[00:15:40] Yet one word more.
[00:15:44] Grief boundeth where it falls
[00:15:48] not with the empty hollowness but weight.
[00:15:53] I take my leave before I have begun,
[00:15:56] for sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
[00:16:00] Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.
[00:16:05] Lo, this is all.
[00:16:08] Nay, yet depart not so.
[00:16:11] Though this be all, do not so quickly go.
[00:16:13] I shall remember more.
[00:16:14] Bid him--
[00:16:15] ah, what?
[00:16:22] With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
[00:16:27] Alack, and what shall good old York there see
[00:16:31] but empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,

[00:16:33] unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
 [00:16:37] And what hear there for welcome but my groans?
 [00:16:43] Therefore commend me.
 [00:16:46] Let him not come there
 [00:16:47] to seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.
 [00:16:55] Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die.
 [00:17:03] The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.
 [00:17:14] My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford armed?
 [00:17:16] Yea, at all points and longs to enter in.
 [00:17:19] The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
 [00:17:21] stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
 [00:17:24] Why, then, the champions are prepared
 [00:17:26] and stay for nothing but His Majesty's approach.
 [00:17:49] Marshal, demand of yonder champion
 [00:17:51] the cause of his arrival here in arms.
 [00:17:53] Ask him his name
 [00:17:55] and orderly proceed to swear him in the justice of his cause.
 [00:18:00] In God's name and the king's,
 [00:18:02] say who thou art
 [00:18:04] and why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms,
 [00:18:07] against what man thou comest,
 [00:18:08] and what thy quarrel.
 [00:18:10] Speak truly on thy knighthood and thy oath,
 [00:18:12] and so defend thee heaven and thy valor.
 [00:18:14] My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
 [00:18:17] who hither come engaged by my oath--
 [00:18:20] which God defend a knight should violate--
 [00:18:22] both to defend my loyalty and truth
 [00:18:24] to God, my king, and my succeeding issue
 [00:18:27] against the duke of Hereford that appeals me,
 [00:18:30] and, by the grace of God and this mine arm, to prove him,
 [00:18:33] in defending of myself,
 [00:18:34] a traitor to my God, my king, and me.
 [00:18:37] And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.
 [00:18:45] Marshal, demand of yonder knight in arms both who he is
 [00:18:49] and why he cometh hither thus plated in habiliments of war,
 [00:18:52] and formally, according to our law,
 [00:18:55] depose him in the justice of his cause.
 [00:18:59] What is thy name, and wherefore comest thou hither
 [00:19:02] before King Richard in his royal lists?
 [00:19:05] Against whom comest thou, and what's thy quarrel?
 [00:19:08] Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven.
 [00:19:10] Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby am I,
 [00:19:15] who ready here do stand in arms
 [00:19:18] to prove, by God's grace and my body's valor,
 [00:19:21] in lists on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
 [00:19:25] that he is a traitor, foul and dangerous,
 [00:19:28] to God of heaven, King Richard, and to me.
 [00:19:32] And as I fight, defend me heaven.
 [00:19:37] On pain of death,
 [00:19:38] no person be so bold or daring-hardy
 [00:19:41] as to touch the lists
 [00:19:43] except the marshal and such officers appointed
 [00:19:46] to direct these fair designs.
 [00:19:48] Lord marshal,
 [00:19:50] let me kiss my sovereign's hand
 [00:19:52] and bow my knee before His Majesty,
 [00:19:54] for Mowbray and myself
 [00:19:56] are like two men that vow a long and weary pilgrimage.
 [00:20:00] Then let us take a ceremonious leave

[00:20:02] and loving farewell of our several friends.
 [00:20:08] The appellant in all duty greets Your Highness
 [00:20:10] and craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.
 [00:20:13] We will descend and fold him in our arms.
 [00:20:26] Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
 [00:20:29] so be thy fortune in this royal fight.
 [00:20:31] Farewell, my blood, which if today thou shed,
 [00:20:34] lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.
 [00:20:38] Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear for me
 [00:20:42] if I be gored with Mowbray's spear.
 [00:20:44] As confident as is the falcon's flight against a bird
 [00:20:47] do I with Mowbray fight.
 [00:20:50] My loving lord, I take my leave of you;
 [00:20:55] of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle.
 [00:20:59] Not sick, although I have to do with death,
 [00:21:02] but lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
 [00:21:08] Lo, as at English feasts,
 [00:21:10] so I regret the daintiest last to make the end most sweet.
 [00:21:15] Oh, thou, the earthly author of my blood,
 [00:21:18] whose youthful spirit in me regenerate,
 [00:21:21] doth with a twofold vigor lift me up
 [00:21:23] to reach at victory above my head.
 [00:21:26] Add proof unto mine armor with thy prayers,
 [00:21:30] and with thy blessings steel my lance's point
 [00:21:33] that it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat
 [00:21:36] and furbish new the name of John a Gaunt,
 [00:21:39] even in the lusty havior of his son.
 [00:21:42] God in thy good cause make thee prosperous.
 [00:21:45] Be swift like lightning in the execution
 [00:21:48] and let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
 [00:21:50] fall like amazing thunder
 [00:21:52] on the casque of thy adverse pernicious enemy.
 [00:21:55] Rouse up thy youthful blood.
 [00:21:57] Be valiant, and live.
 [00:22:01] Mine innocence and Saint George to thrive.
 [00:22:05] However God or fortune cast my lot, there lives or dies,
 [00:22:09] true to King Richard's throne,
 [00:22:11] a loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
 [00:22:15] Never did captive with a freer heart
 [00:22:17] cast off his chains of bondage
 [00:22:19] and embrace his golden uncontrolled enfranchisement
 [00:22:21] more than my dancing soul doth celebrate
 [00:22:24] this feast of battle with mine adversary.
 [00:22:27] Most mighty liege and my companion peers,
 [00:22:29] take from my mouth the wish of happy years.
 [00:22:32] As gentle and as jocund as to jest go I to fight.
 [00:22:35] Truth hath a quiet breast.
 [00:22:38] Farewell, my lord.
 [00:22:40] Securely I espy virtue with valor couched in thine eye.
 [00:22:45] Order the trial, marshal, and begin.
 [00:22:51] Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 [00:22:54] receive thy lance and God defend the right.
 [00:23:02] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.
 [00:23:07] Go bear this lance to Thomas, duke of Norfolk.
 [00:23:15] Herald Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby
 [00:23:19] stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
 [00:23:24] on pain to be found false and recreant,
 [00:23:27] to prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray
 [00:23:30] a traitor to his God, his king, and him,
 [00:23:34] and dares him to set forward to the fight.

[00:23:37] Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
 [00:23:40] on pain to be found false and recreant,
 [00:23:43] both to defend himself
 [00:23:44] and to approve Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby
 [00:23:47] to God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal,
 [00:23:51] courageously and with a free desire,
 [00:23:53] attending but the signal to begin.
 [00:23:59] Sound trumpets and set forward, combatants.
 [00:24:10] Stay!
 [00:24:11] The king hath thrown his warder down.
 [00:24:13] Let them lay by their helmets and their spears
 [00:24:16] and both return back to their chairs again.
 [00:24:19] Withdraw with us.
 [00:24:21] And let the trumpets sound
 [00:24:22] while we return these dukes what we decree.
 [00:24:27] Draw near
 [00:24:30] and list what with our council we have done.
 [00:24:35] For that our kingdom's earth should not be soiled
 [00:24:37] with that dear blood which it hath fostered,
 [00:24:40] and for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
 [00:24:41] of civil wounds ploughed up with neighbors' sword,
 [00:24:45] and for we think the eagle winged pride
 [00:24:47] of sky aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
 [00:24:50] with rival hating envy, set on you to wake our peace--
 [00:24:54] which in our country's cradle
 [00:24:55] draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep--
 [00:24:58] which so roused up with boisterous, untuned drums,
 [00:25:02] with harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray
 [00:25:04] and grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
 [00:25:07] might from our quiet confines fright fair peace
 [00:25:10] and make us wade even in our kindred's blood.
 [00:25:14] Therefore, we banish you our territories.
 [00:25:18] You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
 [00:25:21] till twice five summers have enriched our fields
 [00:25:23] shall not regret our fair dominions
 [00:25:26] but tread the stranger paths of banishment.
 [00:25:31] Thy will be done.
 [00:25:35] This must my comfort be:
 [00:25:37] that sun that warms you here shall shine on me,
 [00:25:40] and those his golden beams to you here lent
 [00:25:43] shall point on me and gild my banishment.
 [00:25:48] Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
 [00:25:51] which I with some unwillingness pronounce.
 [00:25:54] The sly, slow hours shall not determinate
 [00:25:57] the dateless limit of thy dear exile.
 [00:26:00] The hopeless word of "never to return"
 [00:26:03] breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.
 [00:26:09] A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
 [00:26:12] and all unlooked for from Your Highness' mouth.
 [00:26:16] A dearer merit,
 [00:26:17] not so deep a maim as to be cast forth in the common air,
 [00:26:20] have I deserved at Your Highness' hands.
 [00:26:23] The language I have learned these 40 years,
 [00:26:25] my native English, now I must forego.
 [00:26:28] And now my tongue's use
 [00:26:29] is to me no more than an unstringed viol or a harp
 [00:26:32] or like a cunning instrument cased up or, being open,
 [00:26:35] put into his hands that knows no touch to tune the harmony.
 [00:26:39] Within my mouth you have enjailed my tongue,
 [00:26:42] doubly portcullised with my teeth and lips,

[00:26:44] and dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
 [00:26:46] is made my jailer to attend on me.
 [00:26:50] I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
 [00:26:52] too far in years to be a pupil now.
 [00:26:55] What is thy sentence then but speechless death,
 [00:26:58] which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
 [00:27:01] It boots thee not to be compassionate.
 [00:27:04] After our sentence, plaining comes too late.
 [00:27:07] Then thus I turn me from my country's light
 [00:27:11] to dwell in solemn shades of endless night.
 [00:27:15] Return again,
 [00:27:17] and take an oath with thee.
 [00:27:20] Lay on our royal sword your banished hands.
 [00:27:24] Swear by the duty that you owe to God--
 [00:27:26] our part therein we banish with yourselves--
 [00:27:29] to keep the oath that we administer.
 [00:27:31] You never shall, so help you truth and God,
 [00:27:34] embrace each other's love in banishment;
 [00:27:37] nor never look upon each other's face;
 [00:27:39] nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
 [00:27:43] this luring tempest of your homebred hate;
 [00:27:46] nor never by advised purpose meet
 [00:27:48] to plot, contrive, or complot any ill
 [00:27:52] against us, our state, our subjects, or our land.
 [00:27:56] I swear.
 [00:27:57] And I, to keep all this.
 [00:28:04] Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy,
 [00:28:07] by this time, had the king permitted us,
 [00:28:09] one of our souls had wandered in the air,
 [00:28:12] banished this frail sepulcher of our flesh,
 [00:28:14] as now our flesh is banished from this land.
 [00:28:18] Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm.
 [00:28:21] Since thou hast far to go,
 [00:28:23] bear not along the clogging burthen of a guilty soul.
 [00:28:27] No, Bolingbroke.
 [00:28:28] If ever I were traitor,
 [00:28:29] my name be blotted from the book of life,
 [00:28:31] and I from heaven banished as from hence.
 [00:28:34] But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know.
 [00:28:39] And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
 [00:28:44] Farewell, my liege.
 [00:28:48] Now no way can I stray.
 [00:28:50] Save back to England, all the world's my way.
 [00:28:59] Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
 [00:29:01] I see thy grieved heart.
 [00:29:04] Thy sad aspect hath from the number of his banished years
 [00:29:07] plucked four away.
 [00:29:09] Six frozen winter spent,
 [00:29:11] return with welcome home from banishment.
 [00:29:14] How long a time lies in one little word.
 [00:29:18] Four lagging winters and four wanton springs end in a word.
 [00:29:23] Such is the breath of kings.
 [00:29:25] I thank my liege that, in regard of me,
 [00:29:27] he shortens four years of my son's exile.
 [00:29:31] But little vantage will I gain thereby,
 [00:29:34] for, ere the six years that he has to spend
 [00:29:36] shall change their moons and bring their times about,
 [00:29:40] my oil dried lamp and time bewasted light
 [00:29:44] shall be extinct with age and endless nights.
 [00:29:48] My inch of taper will be burnt and done,

[00:29:52] and blindfold death not let me see my son.
 [00:29:54] Why, Uncle, thou hast many years to live.
 [00:29:58] But not a minute, King, that thou canst give.
 [00:30:01] Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow
 [00:30:05] and pluck nights from me,
 [00:30:07] but not lend a morrow.
 [00:30:09] Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
 [00:30:12] but stop no wrinkle of his pilgrimage.
 [00:30:15] Thy word is current with him for my deaths.
 [00:30:18] But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.
 [00:30:21] Thy son is banished upon good advice,
 [00:30:23] whereto thy tongue a party verdict gave.
 [00:30:26] Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?
 [00:30:28] Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
 [00:30:33] You urged me as a judge,
 [00:30:34] but I had rather that you had bid me argue like a father.
 [00:30:39] Oh, had it been a stranger, not my child,
 [00:30:43] to smooth his fault I would have been more mild.
 [00:30:46] Alas, I looked when some of you should say,
 [00:30:48] I was too strict to make mine own away.
 [00:30:52] But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
 [00:30:55] against my will to do myself this wrong.
 [00:31:00] Cousin, farewell.
 [00:31:01] And, Uncle, bid him so.
 [00:31:03] Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
 [00:31:10] Cousin, farewell.
 [00:31:14] What presence must not know,
 [00:31:15] from where you do remain let paper show.
 [00:31:18] My lord, no leave take I,
 [00:31:20] for I will ride, as far as land will let me, by your side.
 [00:31:26] Oh, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words
 [00:31:28] that thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
 [00:31:31] I have too few to take my leave of you,
 [00:31:34] when the tongue's office should be prodigal
 [00:31:36] to breathe the abundant dolor of the heart.
 [00:31:38] Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
 [00:31:40] Joy absent.
 [00:31:41] Grief is present for that time.
 [00:31:43] What are six winters?
 [00:31:44] They are quickly gone.
 [00:31:46] To men in joy.
 [00:31:47] But grief makes one hour ten.
 [00:31:49] Call it a travel that thou takest for pleasure.
 [00:31:51] My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
 [00:31:54] which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
 [00:31:56] The sullen passage of thy weary steps esteem as foil
 [00:32:00] wherein thou art to set
 [00:32:02] the precious jewel of thy home return.
 [00:32:05] Nay.
 [00:32:06] Rather, every tedious stride I make will but remember me
 [00:32:10] what a deal of world I wander from the jewels that I love.
 [00:32:15] Must I not serve
 [00:32:17] a long apprenticeship to foreign passages,
 [00:32:20] and in the end, having my freedom,
 [00:32:22] boast of nothing else but that I was a journeyman to grief?
 [00:32:26] All places that the eye of heaven visits
 [00:32:28] are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
 [00:32:32] Teach thy necessity to reason thus.
 [00:32:35] There is no virtue like necessity.
 [00:32:38] Think not the king did banish thee, but thou the king.

[00:32:42] Woe doth the heavier sit
 [00:32:43] when it perceives it is but faintly borne.
 [00:32:46] Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honor
 [00:32:50] and not that the king exiled thee.
 [00:32:52] Or suppose devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
 [00:32:55] and thou art flying to a fresher clime.
 [00:32:58] Look what thy soul holds dear.
 [00:33:01] Imagine it to lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest.
 [00:33:07] Suppose the singing birds musicians,
 [00:33:10] the grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strewn,
 [00:33:13] the flowers fair ladies,
 [00:33:15] and thy steps no more than a delightful measure or a dance.
 [00:33:20] For gnarling sorrow hath less power
 [00:33:23] to bite the man that mocks at it and sets it light.
 [00:33:27] Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand
 [00:33:30] by thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
 [00:33:33] Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
 [00:33:35] by bare imagination of a feast?
 [00:33:38] Or wallow naked in December snow
 [00:33:41] by thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
 [00:33:44] Oh, no.
 [00:33:45] The apprehension of the good
 [00:33:47] gives but the greater feeling to the worse.
 [00:33:50] Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
 [00:33:53] than when he bites but lanceth not the sore.
 [00:33:56] Come, come, my son.
 [00:33:57] I'll bring thee on thy way.
 [00:33:59] Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
 [00:34:08] Then, England's ground, farewell.
 [00:34:13] Sweet soil, adieu,
 [00:34:16] my mother and my nurse that bears me yet.
 [00:34:23] Where'er I wander, boast of this I can:
 [00:34:27] though banished, yet a trueborn Englishman.
 [00:34:41] We did observe.
 [00:34:43] Cousin Aumerle, how far brought you high Hereford on his way?
 [00:34:46] I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
 [00:34:48] but to the next highway,
 [00:34:49] and there I left him.
 [00:34:50] And say, what store of parting tears were shed?
 [00:34:53] Faith, none for me,
 [00:34:55] except the northeast wind,
 [00:34:57] which then blew bitterly against our faces,
 [00:34:58] awaked the sleeping rheum,
 [00:34:59] and so by chance did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
 [00:35:03] What said our cousin when you parted from him?
 [00:35:05] "Farewell."
 [00:35:08] And, for my heart disdained
 [00:35:09] that my tongue should so profane the word,
 [00:35:11] that taught me craft
 [00:35:13] to counterfeit oppression of such grief
 [00:35:14] that words seemed buried in my sorrow's grave.
 [00:35:17] Marry, would the word "farewell"
 [00:35:20] have lengthened hours and added years to his short banishment,
 [00:35:23] he should have had a volume of farewells.
 [00:35:24] But since it would not, he had none of me.
 [00:35:29] He is our cousin, cousin.
 [00:35:32] But 'tis doubt, when time shall call him home from banishment,
 [00:35:35] whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
 [00:35:38] Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green
 [00:35:40] observed his courtship to the common people,

[00:35:44] how he did seem to dive into their hearts
 [00:35:46] with humble and familiar courtesy.
 [00:35:49] What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
 [00:35:52] wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
 [00:35:55] and patient underbearing of his fortune,
 [00:35:58] as 'twere to banish their affects with him.
 [00:36:01] Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench.
 [00:36:06] A brace of draymen bid God speed him well
 [00:36:07] and had the tribute of his supple knee,
 [00:36:10] with "Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends,"
 [00:36:13] as were our England in reversion his,
 [00:36:20] and he our subjects' next degree in hope.
 [00:36:23] Well, he's gone, and with him go these thoughts.
 [00:36:26] Now, for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
 [00:36:30] expedient manage must be made, my liege,
 [00:36:32] ere further leisure yield them further means
 [00:36:35] for their advantage and Your Highness' loss.
 [00:36:37] We will ourself in person to this war.
 [00:36:41] And, for our coffers,
 [00:36:42] with too great a court and liberal largess,
 [00:36:46] are grown somewhat light.
 [00:36:49] We are enforced to farm our royal realm.
 [00:36:51] The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 [00:36:52] for our affairs in hand.
 [00:36:54] If that come short,
 [00:36:56] our substitutes at home shall have blank charters.
 [00:37:00] Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
 [00:37:02] they shall subscribe them for large sums of gold
 [00:37:04] and send them after to supply our wants,
 [00:37:08] for we will make for Ireland presently.
 [00:37:11] Bushy, what news?
 [00:37:13] Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord, suddenly taken,
 [00:37:16] and hath sent post haste
 [00:37:18] to entreat Your Majesty to visit him.
 [00:37:21] Where lies he?
 [00:37:22] At Ely House.
 [00:37:25] Now put it, God, in the physician's mind
 [00:37:28] to help him to his grave immediately.
 [00:37:32] The lining of his coffers shall make coats
 [00:37:35] to deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
 [00:37:39] Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him.
 [00:37:42] Pray God, we may make haste
 [00:37:44] and come too late.
 [00:37:46] Amen.
 [00:37:48] Will the king come
 [00:37:50] that I may breathe my last in wholesome counsel
 [00:37:53] to his unstaied youth?
 [00:37:55] Vex not yourself
 [00:37:56] nor strive not with your breath,
 [00:37:58] for all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
 [00:38:01] Oh, but they say the tongues of dying men
 [00:38:03] enforce attention like deep harmony.
 [00:38:06] When words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
 [00:38:10] for they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
 [00:38:15] He that no more must say is listened more
 [00:38:18] than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose.
 [00:38:22] More are men's ends marked than their lives before.
 [00:38:27] The setting sun and music at the close,
 [00:38:31] as the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
 [00:38:35] writ in remembrance more than things long past.

[00:38:40] Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
 [00:38:43] my death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
 [00:38:46] No, for it is stopped with other flattering sounds,
 [00:38:50] as praises of whose taste the wise are fond;
 [00:38:53] lascivious meters, to whose venom sound
 [00:38:56] the open ear of youth doth always listen.
 [00:38:58] Reports of fashions in proud Italy,
 [00:39:01] whose manners still our tardy, apish nation limps after
 [00:39:04] in base imitation.
 [00:39:05] Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity--
 [00:39:07] so it be new, there's no respect how vile--
 [00:39:09] that is not quickly buzzed into his ears?
 [00:39:12] Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
 [00:39:15] where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
 [00:39:17] Direct not him whose way himself will choose.
 [00:39:20] 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.
 [00:39:22] Methinks I am a prophet new inspired
 [00:39:25] and thus expiring do foretell of him.
 [00:39:29] His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
 [00:39:31] for violent fires soon burn out themselves.
 [00:39:35] Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short.
 [00:39:40] He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes.
 [00:39:44] With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder.
 [00:39:48] Light vanity, insatiate cormorant, consuming means
 [00:39:52] soon preys upon itself.
 [00:39:58] This royal throne of kings;
 [00:40:01] this sceptered isle;
 [00:40:04] this earth of majesty;
 [00:40:06] this seat of Mars;
 [00:40:08] this other Eden; demi-paradise;
 [00:40:11] this fortress built by nature for herself
 [00:40:13] against infection and the hand of war;
 [00:40:16] this happy breed of men;
 [00:40:18] this little world;
 [00:40:20] this precious stone set in the silver sea,
 [00:40:24] which serves it in the office of a wall
 [00:40:26] or as a moat defensive to one house
 [00:40:28] against the envy of less happier lands;
 [00:40:30] this blessed plot; this earth;
 [00:40:34] this realm; this England;
 [00:40:36] this nurse;
 [00:40:37] this teeming womb of royal kings,
 [00:40:40] feared by their breed and famous by their birth,
 [00:40:43] renowned for their deeds as far from home
 [00:40:45] for Christian service and true chivalry
 [00:40:48] as is the sepulcher in stubborn Jewry
 [00:40:51] of the world's ransom;
 [00:40:53] blessed Mary's Son;
 [00:40:56] this land of such dear souls;
 [00:40:59] this dear, dear land--
 [00:41:01] dear for her reputation through the world--
 [00:41:04] is now leased out--
 [00:41:08] I die pronouncing it--
 [00:41:11] like to a tenement or pelting farm.
 [00:41:14] England, bound in with the triumphant sea
 [00:41:17] whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege of watery Neptune,
 [00:41:22] is now bound in with shame,
 [00:41:25] with inky blots and rotten parchment bonds.
 [00:41:30] That England that was wont to conquer others
 [00:41:33] hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

[00:41:39] Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 [00:41:46] how happy then were my ensuing death.
 [00:41:53] The king is come.
 [00:41:55] Deal mildly with his youth,
 [00:41:57] for young, hot colts being raged do rage the more.
 [00:42:03] How fares our noble Uncle Lancaster?
 [00:42:05] What comfort, man?
 [00:42:06] How is't with aged Gaunt?
 [00:42:08] Oh, how that name befits my composition.
 [00:42:12] Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old.
 [00:42:15] Within me grief has kept a tedious fast.
 [00:42:18] And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
 [00:42:21] For sleeping England long time have I watched.
 [00:42:24] Watching breeds leanness.
 [00:42:26] Leanness is all gaunt.
 [00:42:29] The pleasure that some fathers feed upon is my strict fast.
 [00:42:32] I mean my children's looks.
 [00:42:35] And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
 [00:42:40] Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
 [00:42:43] whose hollow womb inherits naught but bones.
 [00:42:45] Can sick men play so nicely with their names?
 [00:42:48] No, misery makes sport to mock itself.
 [00:42:52] Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
 [00:42:54] I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.
 [00:42:57] Should dying men flatter with those that live?
 [00:42:59] No, men living flatter those that die.
 [00:43:01] Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatterest me.
 [00:43:03] Oh, no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.
 [00:43:05] I am in health.
 [00:43:07] I breathe and see thee ill.
 [00:43:09] Now He that made me knows I see thee ill,
 [00:43:12] ill in myself to see and in thee seeing ill.
 [00:43:17] Thy deathbed is no lesser than thy land
 [00:43:20] wherein thou liest in reputation sick.
 [00:43:23] And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
 [00:43:26] commit'st thy anointed body
 [00:43:28] to the cure of those physicians that first wounded thee.
 [00:43:34] A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
 [00:43:37] whose compass is no bigger than thy head.
 [00:43:39] And yet, engaged in so small a verge,
 [00:43:41] the waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
 [00:43:45] Oh, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye
 [00:43:49] seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
 [00:43:53] from forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
 [00:43:57] deposing thee before thou wert possessed,
 [00:43:59] which art possessed now to depose thyself.
 [00:44:04] Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
 [00:44:07] it were a shame to let this land by lease.
 [00:44:11] And for thy world enjoying but this land,
 [00:44:12] is it not more than shame to shame it so?
 [00:44:17] Landlord of England art thou now,
 [00:44:19] not king.
 [00:44:20] Thy state of law is bondsman to the law.
 [00:44:22] And thou--
 [00:44:23] A lunatic, lean-witted fool,
 [00:44:26] presuming on an ague's privilege,
 [00:44:28] darest with thy frozen admonition make pale our cheek,
 [00:44:32] chasing the royal blood with fury
 [00:44:34] from his native residence.
 [00:44:35] Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,

[00:44:38] wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 [00:44:41] this tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
 [00:44:43] should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.
 [00:44:47] Oh, spare me not, my brother Edward's son.
 [00:44:52] For that I was his father Edward's son.
 [00:44:59] That blood already, like the pelican,
 [00:45:02] hast thou tapped out and drunkenly caroused.
 [00:45:06] My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,
 [00:45:10] whom fair befall in heaven amongst happy souls,
 [00:45:13] may be a precedent and witness good
 [00:45:15] that thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.
 [00:45:24] Joined with the present sickness that I have,
 [00:45:27] and thy unkindness be like crooked age
 [00:45:31] to crop at once a too long withered flower.
 [00:45:37] Live in thy shame,
 [00:45:39] but die not shame with thee.
 [00:45:43] These words hereafter thy tormentors be.
 [00:45:53] Convey me to my bed, then to my grave.
 [00:46:03] Love they to live that love and honor have.
 [00:46:18] And let them die that age and sullens have,
 [00:46:21] for both hast thou, and both become the grave.
 [00:46:23] I do beseech Your Majesty.
 [00:46:25] Impute his words to wayward sickliness and age in him.
 [00:46:28] He loves you, on my life,
 [00:46:30] and holds you dear as Harry, duke of Hereford,
 [00:46:32] were he here.
 [00:46:33] Right, you say true.
 [00:46:34] As Hereford's love, so his.
 [00:46:36] As theirs, so mine.
 [00:46:38] And all be as it is.
 [00:46:39] My liege, old Gaunt commends him to Your Majesty.
 [00:46:44] What says he?
 [00:46:45] Nay, nothing.
 [00:46:47] All is said.
 [00:46:49] His tongue is now a stringless instrument.
 [00:46:53] Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.
 [00:46:58] Be York the next that must be bankrupt so.
 [00:47:00] Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
 [00:47:06] The ripest fruit first falls,
 [00:47:10] and so doth he.
 [00:47:12] His time is spent.
 [00:47:15] Our pilgrimage must be.
 [00:47:19] So much for that.
 [00:47:21] Now for our Irish wars.
 [00:47:24] We must supplant those rough, rugheaded kerns,
 [00:47:27] which live like venom
 [00:47:29] where no venom else but only they have privilege to live.
 [00:47:31] And for these great affairs do ask some charge.
 [00:47:34] Towards our assistance we do seize to us
 [00:47:37] the plate, coin, revenues, and moveables
 [00:47:38] whereof our Uncle Gaunt did stand possessed.
 [00:47:40] How long must I be patient?
 [00:47:43] Ah, how long shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
 [00:47:47] Not Gloucester's death,
 [00:47:48] nor Hereford's banishment, not Gaunt's rebukes,
 [00:47:51] nor England's private wrongs,
 [00:47:52] nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke about his marriage,
 [00:47:55] nor my own disgrace,
 [00:47:56] have ever made me sour my patient cheek
 [00:47:58] or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.

[00:48:01] I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
 [00:48:04] of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first.
 [00:48:07] In war was never lion raged more fierce,
 [00:48:10] in peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
 [00:48:12] than was that young and princely gentleman.
 [00:48:17] His face thou hast,
 [00:48:19] for even so looked he,
 [00:48:20] accomplished with the number of thy hours.
 [00:48:22] But when he frowned,
 [00:48:23] it was against the French and not against his friends.
 [00:48:25] His noble hand did win what he did spend
 [00:48:27] and spent not that
 [00:48:28] which his triumphant father's hand had won.
 [00:48:30] His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
 [00:48:33] but bloody with the enemies of his kin.
 [00:48:36] Oh, Richard.
 [00:48:38] York is too far gone with grief,
 [00:48:40] or else he never would compare between.
 [00:48:42] Why, Uncle, what's the matter?
 [00:48:45] Oh, my liege.
 [00:48:48] Pardon me, if you please.
 [00:48:49] If not, I, pleased not to be pardoned,
 [00:48:51] am content withal.
 [00:48:52] Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
 [00:48:55] the royalties and rights of banished Hereford?
 [00:48:57] Is not Gaunt dead,
 [00:48:58] and doth not Hereford live?
 [00:49:00] Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
 [00:49:02] Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
 [00:49:04] Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
 [00:49:07] Take Hereford's rights away
 [00:49:10] and take from time his charters and his customary rights,
 [00:49:14] let not tomorrow then ensue today,
 [00:49:16] be not thyself.
 [00:49:17] For how art thou a king but by fair sequence and succession?
 [00:49:21] Now, afore God-- God forbid I say true--
 [00:49:25] if you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
 [00:49:28] call in the letters patent that he hath
 [00:49:29] by his attorneys general to sue his livery,
 [00:49:31] and deny his offered homage,
 [00:49:32] you pluck a thousand dangers on your head.
 [00:49:35] You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts
 [00:49:37] and prick my tender patience
 [00:49:39] to such thoughts as honor and allegiance cannot think.
 [00:49:42] Think what you will.
 [00:49:43] We seize into our hands
 [00:49:45] his plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
 [00:49:51] I'll not be by the while.
 [00:49:53] My liege, farewell.
 [00:49:56] What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell.
 [00:49:59] But by bad courses may be understood
 [00:50:02] that their events can never fall out good.
 [00:50:08] Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight.
 [00:50:10] Bid him repair to us to Ely House to see this business.
 [00:50:14] Tomorrow next we will for Ireland,
 [00:50:15] and 'tis time, I trow.
 [00:50:18] And we create, in absence of ourself,
 [00:50:21] our Uncle York lord governor of England,
 [00:50:24] for he is just and always loved us well.
 [00:50:29] Come on, our queen.

[00:50:31] Tomorrow must we part.

[00:50:33] Be merry,

[00:50:35] for our time of stay is short.

Richard II Act 2

[00:50:52] Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.
[00:50:57] And living, too, for now his son is duke.
[00:51:00] Barely in title, not in revenues.
[00:51:02] Richly in both, if justice had her right.
[00:51:06] My heart is great, but it must break with silence,
[00:51:08] ere't be disburdened with a liberal tongue.
[00:51:11] Nay, speak thy mind,
[00:51:12] and let him ne'er speak more
[00:51:15] that speaks thy words again to do thee harm.
[00:51:17] Tends that thou wouldst speak to the duke of Hereford?
[00:51:20] If it be so, out with it boldly, man.
[00:51:22] Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
[00:51:24] No good at all that I can do for him,
[00:51:26] unless you call it good to pity him,
[00:51:27] bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
[00:51:30] Now, afore God,
[00:51:31] 'tis shame such wrongs are borne in him,
[00:51:35] a royal prince,
[00:51:37] and many moe of noble blood in this declining land.
[00:51:48] The king is not himself, but basely led by flatterers.
[00:51:52] And what they will inform,
[00:51:54] merely in hate against any of us all,
[00:51:56] that will the king severely prosecute 'gainst us,
[00:51:59] our lives, our children, and our heirs.
[00:52:01] The commons hath he pilled with grievous taxes
[00:52:03] and quite lost their hearts.
[00:52:05] The nobles hath he fined for ancient quarrels
[00:52:07] and quite lost their hearts.
[00:52:08] And daily new exactions are devised
[00:52:11] as blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what.
[00:52:14] But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?
[00:52:16] Wars have not wasted it, for warred he hath not,
[00:52:20] but basely yielded upon compromise
[00:52:23] that which his noble ancestors achieved with blows.
[00:52:26] More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.
[00:52:30] The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.
[00:52:32] The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
[00:52:35] Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.
[00:52:37] He hath not money for these Irish wars,
[00:52:39] his burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
[00:52:42] but by the robbing of the banished duke--
[00:52:44] His noble kinsman.
[00:52:48] Oh, most degenerate king.
[00:52:57] But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
[00:52:59] yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm.
[00:53:01] We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
[00:53:04] and yet we strike not, but securely perish.
[00:53:07] We see the very wreck that we must suffer,
[00:53:09] and unavoids is the danger now
[00:53:11] for suffering so the causes of our wreck.
[00:53:13] Not so.
[00:53:15] Even through the hollow eyes of death I spy life peering,
[00:53:22] but I dare not say how near the tidings of our comfort is.
[00:53:25] Nay, let us share thy thoughts,
[00:53:27] as thou dost ours.
[00:53:28] Be confident to speak, Northumberland.
[00:53:29] We three are but thyself.
[00:53:31] And, speaking so,

[00:53:32] thy words are but as thoughts.
[00:53:34] Therefore, be bold.
[00:53:37] Then thus.
[00:53:39] I have from Le Port Blanc, a bay in Brittany,
[00:53:42] received intelligence that Harry, duke of Hereford;
[00:53:44] Rainold Lord Cobham,
[00:53:46] that late broke from the duke of Exeter;
[00:53:47] his brother, archbishop late of Canterbury;
[00:53:49] Sir Thomas Erpingham; Sir John Ramston;
[00:53:51] Sir John Norbery; Sir Robert Waterton; and Francis Quoint--
[00:53:54] all these well furnished by the duke of Britain
[00:53:57] with eight tall ships,
[00:53:58] 3,000 men of war--
[00:53:59] are making hither with all due expedience
[00:54:01] and shortly mean to touch our northern shore.
[00:54:04] Perhaps they had ere this,
[00:54:05] but that they stay
[00:54:06] the first departing of the king for Ireland.
[00:54:09] If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
[00:54:14] imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
[00:54:18] redeem from broking pawn the blemished crown,
[00:54:22] wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,
[00:54:25] and make high majesty look like itself,
[00:54:29] away with me in post to Ravenspurgh.
[00:54:32] But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
[00:54:35] stay and be secret, and myself will go.
[00:54:39] To horse; to horse.
[00:54:40] Urge doubts to them that fear.
[00:54:42] Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.
[00:54:45] I know not what to do.
[00:54:48] I would to God, so my untruth had not provoked him to it,
[00:54:50] the king had cut off my head with my brother's.
[00:54:52] Uncle--
[00:54:53] What, are there no posts dispatched for Ireland?
[00:54:55] How shall we do for money for these wars?
[00:54:59] Come, Sister--
[00:55:00] Cousin, I would say--
[00:55:01] pray, pardon me.
[00:55:02] Go, fellow.
[00:55:04] Get thee home.
[00:55:05] Provide some carts and bring away the armor that is there.
[00:55:08] Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
[00:55:11] If I know how or which way to order these affairs
[00:55:14] thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
[00:55:16] never believe me.
[00:55:18] Both are my kinsmen.
[00:55:20] The one is my sovereign,
[00:55:21] whom both my oath and duty bids defend.
[00:55:23] The other again is my kinsman, whom the king hath wronged,
[00:55:26] whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
[00:55:31] Well, somewhat we must do.
[00:55:33] Come, cousin; I'll dispose of you.
[00:55:35] Gentlemen, will you go muster up your men
[00:55:37] and meet me presently at Berkeley?
[00:55:40] The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
[00:55:44] but none returns.
[00:55:46] For us to levy power proportionable to the enemy
[00:55:48] is all impossible.
[00:55:50] Besides, our nearness to the king in love
[00:55:52] is near the hate of those love not the king.

[00:55:54] And that is the wavering commons,
 [00:55:56] for their love lies in their purses,
 [00:55:58] and whoso empties them by so much
 [00:56:00] fills their hearts with deadly hate.
 [00:56:01] Wherein the king stands generally condemned.
 [00:56:03] If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
 [00:56:07] because we ever have been near the king.
 [00:56:09] Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristol Castle.
 [00:56:12] The earl of Wiltshire is already there.
 [00:56:14] Thither will I with you,
 [00:56:15] for little office will the hateful commons perform for us,
 [00:56:18] except like curs to tear us all to pieces.
 [00:56:21] Will you go along with us?
 [00:56:22] No.
 [00:56:23] I will to Ireland to His Majesty.
 [00:56:27] Farewell.
 [00:56:29] If heart's presages be not vain,
 [00:56:31] we three here part that ne'er shall meet again.
 [00:56:34] That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.
 [00:56:37] Alas, poor duke.
 [00:56:38] The task he undertakes
 [00:56:39] is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry.
 [00:56:42] Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
 [00:56:47] Farewell at once, for once, for all, forever.
 [00:56:50] Well, we may meet again.
 [00:56:53] I fear me, never.
 [00:56:59] How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now?
 [00:57:02] Believe me, noble lord,
 [00:57:04] I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.
 [00:57:07] These high, wild hills and rough, uneven ways
 [00:57:09] draws out our miles and makes them wearisome.
 [00:57:13] And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
 [00:57:16] making the hard way sweet and delectable.
 [00:57:19] But I bethink me what a weary way
 [00:57:21] from Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found
 [00:57:23] in Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
 [00:57:26] which, I protest, hath very much beguiled
 [00:57:28] the tediousness and process of my travel.
 [00:57:32] But theirs is sweetened by the hope to have
 [00:57:34] the present benefit which I possess.
 [00:57:36] And hope to joy
 [00:57:37] is little less in joy than hope enjoyed.
 [00:57:40] By this the weary lords shall make their way seem short,
 [00:57:43] as mine hath done by sight of what I have,
 [00:57:45] your noble company.
 [00:57:47] Of much less value is my company than your good words.
 [00:57:52] But who comes here?
 [00:57:53] It is my son, young Harry Percy,
 [00:57:55] sent from my brother, Worcester, whencesoever.
 [00:57:56] Harry.
 [00:58:00] How fares your uncle?
 [00:58:03] I had thought, my lord, to have learned his health of you.
 [00:58:06] Why, is he not with the queen?
 [00:58:08] No, my good lord.
 [00:58:10] He hath forsook the court, broken his staff of office,
 [00:58:13] and dispersed the household of the king.
 [00:58:15] What was his reason?
 [00:58:16] He was not so resolved when last we spake together.
 [00:58:18] Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
 [00:58:22] But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh

[00:58:25] to offer service to the duke of Hereford,
 [00:58:27] and sent me over by Berkeley
 [00:58:28] to discover what power the duke of York had levied there,
 [00:58:31] then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh.
 [00:58:34] Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?
 [00:58:37] No, my good lord, for that is not forgot
 [00:58:40] which ne'er I did remember.
 [00:58:42] To my knowledge,
 [00:58:43] I never in my life did look on him.
 [00:58:45] Then learn to know him now.
 [00:58:47] This is the duke.
 [00:58:52] My gracious lord,
 [00:58:55] I tender you my service,
 [00:58:57] such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
 [00:59:01] which elder days shall ripen and confirm
 [00:59:04] to more approved service and desert.
 [00:59:07] I thank thee, gentle Percy,
 [00:59:09] and be sure I count myself in nothing else so happy
 [00:59:12] as in a soul remembering my good friends.
 [00:59:16] And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
 [00:59:18] it shall be still thy true love's recompense.
 [00:59:22] My heart this covenant makes.
 [00:59:25] My hand thus seals it.
 [00:59:27] How far is it to Berkeley,
 [00:59:29] and what stir keeps good old York there with his men of war?
 [00:59:33] There stands the castle by yon tuft of trees,
 [00:59:37] manned with 300 men, as I have heard.
 [00:59:40] And in it are the lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour.
 [00:59:43] None else of name and noble estimate.
 [00:59:46] Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
 [00:59:48] bloody with spurring and fiery red with haste.
 [00:59:51] Welcome, my lords.
 [00:59:53] I wot your love pursues a banished traitor.
 [00:59:57] All my treasury is yet but unfelt thanks,
 [01:00:00] which more enriched
 [01:00:01] shall be your love and labor's recompense.
 [01:00:03] Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord--
 [01:00:06] And far surmounts our labor to attain it.
 [01:00:08] Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor,
 [01:00:12] which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
 [01:00:15] stands for my bounty.
 [01:00:17] But who comes here?
 [01:00:19] It is my lord of Berkeley, as I guess.
 [01:00:23] My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
 [01:00:25] My lord, my answer is to Lancaster,
 [01:00:29] and I am come to seek that name in England.
 [01:00:31] And I must find that title in your tongue
 [01:00:33] before I make reply to aught you say.
 [01:00:35] Mistake me not, my lord.
 [01:00:37] 'Tis not my meaning to raze one title of your honor out.
 [01:00:41] To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
 [01:00:45] from the most gracious regent of this land,
 [01:00:47] the duke of York, to know what pricks you on
 [01:00:50] to take advantage of the absent time
 [01:00:52] and fright our native peace with self-born arms.
 [01:00:55] I shall not need transport my words by you.
 [01:00:58] Here comes His Grace in person.
 [01:01:02] My noble uncle.
 [01:01:04] Show me thy humble heart and not thy knee,
 [01:01:08] whose duty is deceivable and false.

[01:01:11] My gracious uncle--
 [01:01:12] Tut, tut.
 [01:01:13] Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.
 [01:01:15] I am no traitor's uncle,
 [01:01:17] and that word "grace" in an ungracious mouth is but profane.
 [01:01:22] Why have those banished and forbidden legs
 [01:01:24] dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?
 [01:01:27] But then more "why."
 [01:01:28] Why have they dared to march
 [01:01:30] so many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
 [01:01:32] frightening her pale faced villages with war
 [01:01:34] and ostentation of despised arms?
 [01:01:38] Comest thou because the anointed king is hence?
 [01:01:42] Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
 [01:01:45] and in my loyal bosom lies his power.
 [01:01:49] Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
 [01:01:52] as when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself
 [01:01:54] rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
 [01:01:57] from forth the ranks of many thousand French.
 [01:01:59] Oh, then how quickly would this arm of mine,
 [01:02:03] now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee
 [01:02:05] and minister correction to thy fault.
 [01:02:07] My gracious uncle, let me know my fault.
 [01:02:10] On what condition stands it and wherein?
 [01:02:13] Even in condition of the worst degree,
 [01:02:17] in gross rebellion and detested treason.
 [01:02:20] Thou art a banished man
 [01:02:22] and here art come before the expiration of thy time
 [01:02:25] in braving arms against thy sovereign.
 [01:02:28] As I was banished, I was banished Hereford.
 [01:02:31] But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
 [01:02:35] And, noble Uncle, I beseech Your Grace.
 [01:02:37] Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye.
 [01:02:41] You are my father,
 [01:02:43] for methinks in you I see old Gaunt alive.
 [01:02:47] Oh, then, my father, will you permit
 [01:02:49] that I shall stand condemned a wandering vagabond,
 [01:02:53] my rights and royalties plucked from my arms perforce
 [01:02:56] and given away to upstart unthrifths?
 [01:02:59] Wherefore was I born?
 [01:03:01] If that my cousin king be king in England,
 [01:03:04] it must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.
 [01:03:08] You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin.
 [01:03:12] Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
 [01:03:15] he should have found his uncle Gaunt a father
 [01:03:17] to rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.
 [01:03:22] I am denied to sue my livery here,
 [01:03:24] and yet my letters patents give me leave.
 [01:03:27] My father's goods are all distrained and sold,
 [01:03:29] and these and all are all amiss employed.
 [01:03:33] What would you have me do?
 [01:03:37] I am a subject, and I challenge law.
 [01:03:41] Attorneys are denied me,
 [01:03:42] and therefore, personally I lay my claim
 [01:03:45] to my inheritance of free descent.
 [01:03:50] The noble duke hath been too much abused.
 [01:03:52] It stands Your Grace upon to do him right.
 [01:03:54] Base men by his endowments are made great.
 [01:03:57] My lords of England, let me tell you this.
 [01:03:59] I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs

[01:04:01] and labored all I could to do him right.
 [01:04:03] But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
 [01:04:06] be his own carver and cut out his way
 [01:04:08] to find out right with wrong, it may not be.
 [01:04:11] And you who do abet him in this kind
 [01:04:13] cherish rebellion and are rebels all.
 [01:04:15] The noble duke hath sworn his coming is but for his own.
 [01:04:20] And for the right of that,
 [01:04:21] we all have strongly sworn to give him aid
 [01:04:24] and let him never see joy that breaks that oath.
 [01:04:30] Well, well.
 [01:04:32] I see the issue of these arms.
 [01:04:35] I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
 [01:04:37] because my power is weak and all ill left.
 [01:04:39] But if I could,
 [01:04:40] by Him that gave me life,
 [01:04:42] I would attach you all and make you stoop
 [01:04:44] unto the sovereign mercy of the king.
 [01:04:48] But since I cannot, be it known to you I do remain as neuter.
 [01:04:56] And so farewell...
 [01:05:04] unless you please to enter in the castle
 [01:05:07] and there repose you for this night.
 [01:05:09] An offer, Uncle, that we will accept.
 [01:05:14] But we must win Your Grace to go with us to Bristol Castle,
 [01:05:18] which they say is held by Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
 [01:05:22] the caterpillars of the commonwealth,
 [01:05:23] which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.
 [01:05:26] It may be that I will go with you.
 [01:05:27] No, but yet I'll pause,
 [01:05:29] for I am loath to break our country's laws.
 [01:05:32] Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are.
 [01:05:36] Things past redress are now with me past care.
 [01:05:41] My lord of Salisbury, we have stayed ten days
 [01:05:44] and hardly kept our countrymen together,
 [01:05:45] and yet we hear no tidings from the king.
 [01:05:48] Therefore we will disperse ourselves.
 [01:05:50] Farewell.
 [01:05:51] Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman.
 [01:05:52] The king reposes all his confidence in thee.
 [01:06:00] 'Tis thought the king is dead.
 [01:06:01] We will not stay.
 [01:06:03] The bay trees in our country are all withered
 [01:06:06] and meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven.
 [01:06:09] The pale faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
 [01:06:11] and lean looked prophets whisper fearful change.
 [01:06:14] Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,
 [01:06:18] the one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
 [01:06:20] the other to enjoy by rage and war.
 [01:06:23] These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
 [01:06:28] Farewell.
 [01:06:29] Our countrymen have gone and fled,
 [01:06:31] as well assured Richard, their king, is dead.
 [01:06:39] Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls--
 [01:06:44] since presently your souls must part your bodies--
 [01:06:47] with too much urging your pernicious lives,
 [01:06:50] for it were no charity.
 [01:06:52] Yet to wash your blood from off my hands,
 [01:06:54] here in the view of men
 [01:06:55] I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
 [01:07:00] You have misled a prince, a royal king,

[01:07:04] a happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
[01:07:07] by you unhappied and disfigured clean.
[01:07:11] You have in manner with your sinful hours
[01:07:14] made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
[01:07:17] broke the possession of a royal bed,
[01:07:19] and stained the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
[01:07:22] with tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
[01:07:28] Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
[01:07:31] near to the king in blood--
[01:07:33] and near in love till you did make him misinterpret me--
[01:07:37] have stooped my neck under your injuries
[01:07:40] and sighed my English breath in foreign clouds,
[01:07:44] eating the bitter bread of banishment,
[01:07:47] whilst you have fed upon my signories,
[01:07:51] disparked my parks and felled my forest woods,
[01:07:54] from my own windows torn my household coat,
[01:07:58] razed out my imprese, leaving me no sign,
[01:08:01] save men's opinions and my living blood,
[01:08:04] to show the world I am a gentleman.
[01:08:09] This and much more, much more than twice all this,
[01:08:13] condemns you to the death.
[01:08:16] See them delivered over to execution and the hand of death.
[01:08:18] More welcome is the stroke of death to me
[01:08:20] than Bolingbroke to England.
[01:08:22] Lords, farewell.
[01:08:24] My comfort is that heaven will take our souls
[01:08:26] and plague injustice with the pains of hell.
[01:08:29] My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatched.
[01:08:38] Uncle,
[01:08:40] you say the queen is at your house.
[01:08:43] For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated.
[01:08:46] Tell her I send to her my kind commends.
[01:08:49] Take special care my greetings be delivered.
[01:08:53] A gentleman of mine I have dispatched
[01:08:55] with letters of your love to her at large.
[01:08:58] Thanks, gentle Uncle.
[01:09:07] Come, lords; away.
[01:09:08] To fight with Glendower and his complices:
[01:09:11] awhile to work, and after, holiday.

Richard II Act 3

[01:09:19] Barkloughly Castle call they this at hand?
 [01:09:21] Yea, my lord.
 [01:09:23] How brooks Your Grace the air
 [01:09:24] after your late tossing on the breaking seas?
 [01:09:26] Needs must I like it well.
 [01:09:28] I weep for joy to stand upon my kingdom once again.
 [01:09:34] Dear earth,
 [01:09:35] I do salute thee with my hands,
 [01:09:38] though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs.
 [01:09:41] As a long-parted mother with her child
 [01:09:44] plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
 [01:09:47] so weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
 [01:09:52] and do thee favors with my royal hands.
 [01:09:58] Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
 [01:10:02] nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense,
 [01:10:06] but let thy spiders that suck up thy venom
 [01:10:09] and heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
 [01:10:13] doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
 [01:10:15] which with usurping steps do trample thee.
 [01:10:20] Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies.
 [01:10:23] And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
 [01:10:27] guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder
 [01:10:31] whose double-tongue may with a mortal touch
 [01:10:33] throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
 [01:10:38] Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords.
 [01:10:42] This earth shall have a feeling
 [01:10:45] and these stones prove armed soldiers
 [01:10:48] ere her native king shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.
 [01:10:53] Fear not, my lord.
 [01:10:54] That power that made you king
 [01:10:55] hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
 [01:10:58] The means that heaven yields must be embraced
 [01:11:00] and not neglected,
 [01:11:02] else, if heaven would, and we will not,
 [01:11:06] heaven's offer we refuse,
 [01:11:07] the proffered means of succor and redress.
 [01:11:09] He means, my lord, that we are too remiss
 [01:11:12] whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
 [01:11:13] grows strong and great in substance and in power.
 [01:11:16] Discomfortable cousin.
 [01:11:18] Know'st thou not that when the searching eye of heaven
 [01:11:20] is hid behind the globe and lights the lower world,
 [01:11:23] then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
 [01:11:26] in murders and in outrage, boldly here.
 [01:11:29] But when from under this terrestrial ball
 [01:11:31] he fires the proud tops of the eastern pines
 [01:11:35] and darts his light through every guilty hole,
 [01:11:37] then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
 [01:11:40] the cloak of night being plucked from off their backs,
 [01:11:43] stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
 [01:11:47] So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
 [01:11:51] who all this while hath reveled in the night
 [01:11:54] whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
 [01:11:57] shall see us rising in our throne, the east.
 [01:12:01] His treasons will sit blushing on his face,
 [01:12:05] not able to endure the sight of day,
 [01:12:07] but self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
 [01:12:12] Not all the water in the rough, rude sea

[01:12:16] can wash the balm off from an anointed king.
 [01:12:20] The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 [01:12:23] the deputy elected by the Lord.
 [01:12:26] For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed
 [01:12:28] to lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
 [01:12:31] God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay a glorious angel.
 [01:12:37] Then, if angels fight,
 [01:12:40] weak men must fall,
 [01:12:42] for heaven still guards the right.
 [01:12:46] Welcome, my lord.
 [01:12:47] How far off lies your power?
 [01:12:49] Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,
 [01:12:52] than this weak arm.
 [01:12:54] Discomfort guides my tongue
 [01:12:55] and bids me speak of nothing but despair.
 [01:12:58] One day too late, I fear me, gracious Lord,
 [01:13:01] hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
 [01:13:03] Oh, call back yesterday.
 [01:13:05] Bid time return,
 [01:13:06] and thou shalt have 12,000 fighting men.
 [01:13:09] Today, today-- unhappy day, too late--
 [01:13:12] o'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state.
 [01:13:18] For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
 [01:13:21] are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and fled.
 [01:13:27] Comfort, my liege.
 [01:13:29] Why looks Your Grace so pale?
 [01:13:31] But now the blood of 20,000 men did triumph in my face,
 [01:13:34] and they are fled.
 [01:13:38] And till so much blood thither come again,
 [01:13:41] Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
 [01:13:44] All souls that will be safe fly from my side,
 [01:13:49] for time hath set a blot upon my pride.
 [01:13:53] Comfort, my liege.
 [01:13:54] Remember who you are.
 [01:13:57] I had forgot myself.
 [01:13:59] Am I not king?
 [01:14:02] Awake, thou coward majesty.
 [01:14:05] Thou sleepest.
 [01:14:06] Is not the king's name 20,000 names?
 [01:14:10] Arm, arm, my name.
 [01:14:12] A puny subject strikes at thy great glory.
 [01:14:16] Look not to the ground, ye favorites of a king.
 [01:14:19] Are we not high?
 [01:14:21] High be our thoughts.
 [01:14:22] I know my uncle York hath power enough to serve our turn.
 [01:14:26] But who comes here?
 [01:14:30] More health and happiness betide my liege
 [01:14:33] than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him.
 [01:14:37] Mine ear is open and my heart prepared.
 [01:14:40] The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
 [01:14:44] Say, is my kingdom lost?
 [01:14:47] Why, 'twas my care.
 [01:14:50] And what loss is it to be rid of care?
 [01:14:53] Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
 [01:14:55] Greater he shall not be.
 [01:14:57] If he serve God,
 [01:14:59] we'll serve Him, too, and be His fellow so.
 [01:15:02] Revolt our subjects?
 [01:15:04] That we cannot mend.
 [01:15:06] They break their faith to God as well as us.

[01:15:09] Cry woe, destruction, ruin, and decay.
 [01:15:15] The worst is death, and death will have his day.
 [01:15:20] Glad am I that Your Highness
 [01:15:22] is so armed to bear the tidings of calamity.
 [01:15:28] Like an unseasonable stormy day
 [01:15:30] which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
 [01:15:33] as if the world were all dissolved to tears,
 [01:15:36] so high above his limits swells the rage of Bolingbroke,
 [01:15:40] covering your fearful land
 [01:15:42] with hard, bright steel and hearts harder than steel.
 [01:15:48] Whitebeards have armed their thin and hairless scalps
 [01:15:50] against thy majesty.
 [01:15:52] Boys with women's voices strive to speak big
 [01:15:56] and clap their female joints
 [01:15:57] in stiff, unwieldy arms against thy crown.
 [01:16:00] Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
 [01:16:02] of double-fatal yew against thy state.
 [01:16:05] Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills against thy seat.
 [01:16:09] Both young and old rebel,
 [01:16:12] and all goes worse than I have power to tell.
 [01:16:16] Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
 [01:16:28] Where is the earl of Wiltshire?
 [01:16:31] Where is Bagot?
 [01:16:33] What is become of Bushy?
 [01:16:35] Where is Green,
 [01:16:37] that they have let the dangerous enemy
 [01:16:38] measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
 [01:16:42] If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
 [01:16:45] I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.
 [01:16:48] Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.
 [01:16:50] Oh, villains!
 [01:16:52] Vipers damned without redemption!
 [01:16:56] Dogs easily won to fawn on any man.
 [01:17:00] Snakes, in my heart blood warmed, that sting my heart.
 [01:17:05] Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas.
 [01:17:08] Would they make peace?
 [01:17:10] Terrible hell make war
 [01:17:11] upon their spotted souls for this offence.
 [01:17:15] Sweet love, I see changing his property
 [01:17:17] turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
 [01:17:21] Again uncurse their souls.
 [01:17:24] Their peace is made with heads and not with hands.
 [01:17:27] Those whom you curse
 [01:17:28] have felt the worst of death's destroying wound
 [01:17:31] and lie full low, graved in the hollow ground.
 [01:17:46] Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire dead?
 [01:17:48] Aye, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.
 [01:17:54] Where is the duke, my father, with his power?
 [01:17:56] No matter where.
 [01:17:59] Of comfort no man speak.
 [01:18:03] Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs.
 [01:18:11] Make dust our paper,
 [01:18:14] and with rainy eyes write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
 [01:18:22] Let's choose executors and talk of wills.
 [01:18:27] And yet not so,
 [01:18:29] for what can we bequeath,
 [01:18:31] save our deposed bodies to the ground?
 [01:18:35] Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
 [01:18:41] and nothing can we call our own but death
 [01:18:45] and that small model of the barren earth

[01:18:47] which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 [01:18:54] For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
 [01:19:00] and tell sad stories of the death of kings:
 [01:19:06] how some have been deposed,
 [01:19:08] some slain in war,
 [01:19:11] some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
 [01:19:16] some poisoned by their wives,
 [01:19:19] some sleeping killed.
 [01:19:24] All murdered.
 [01:19:27] For within the hollow crown
 [01:19:30] that rounds the mortal temples of a king
 [01:19:33] keeps death his court.
 [01:19:37] And there the antic sits,
 [01:19:40] scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
 [01:19:46] allowing him a breath,
 [01:19:47] a little scene to monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks,
 [01:19:55] infusing him with self and vain conceit,
 [01:20:01] as if this flesh which walls about our life
 [01:20:08] were brass impregnable,
 [01:20:13] and humored thus, comes at the last,
 [01:20:19] and with a little pin bores through his castle wall,
 [01:20:29] and farewell king.
 [01:20:37] Cover your heads
 [01:20:40] and mock not flesh and blood with solemn reverence.
 [01:20:45] Throw away respect, tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
 [01:20:52] for you have but mistook me all this while.
 [01:20:57] I live with bread like you,
 [01:21:04] feel want,
 [01:21:07] taste grief,
 [01:21:12] need friends.
 [01:21:16] Subjected thus,
 [01:21:19] how can you say to me, I am a king?
 [01:21:27] My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
 [01:21:31] but presently prevent the ways to wail.
 [01:21:34] To fear the foe, since fear oppresses strength,
 [01:21:38] gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
 [01:21:40] and so your follies fight against yourself.
 [01:21:42] Fear and be slain.
 [01:21:44] No worse can come to fight.
 [01:21:46] And fight and die is death destroying death,
 [01:21:50] where fearing dying pays death servile breath.
 [01:21:54] My father hath a power.
 [01:21:55] Inquire of him and learn to make a body of a limb.
 [01:21:58] Thou chidest me well.
 [01:22:01] Proud Bolingbroke,
 [01:22:03] I come to change blows with thee for our day of doom.
 [01:22:08] This ague fit of fear is overblown.
 [01:22:11] An easy task it is to win our own.
 [01:22:14] Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
 [01:22:18] Speak sweetly, man,
 [01:22:20] although thy looks be sour.
 [01:22:22] Men judge by the complexion of the sky
 [01:22:25] the state and inclination of the day,
 [01:22:27] and so may you by my dull and heavy eye.
 [01:22:30] My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
 [01:22:33] I play the torturer,
 [01:22:35] by small and small
 [01:22:36] to lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.
 [01:22:39] Your uncle York is joined with Bolingbroke--
 [01:22:46] and all your northern castles yielded up,

[01:22:49] and all your southern gentlemen in arms upon his party.
 [01:22:54] Thou hast said enough.
 [01:22:58] Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
 [01:23:02] of that sweet way I was in to despair.
 [01:23:07] What say you now?
 [01:23:09] What comfort have we now?
 [01:23:14] By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
 [01:23:17] that bids me be of comfort anymore.
 [01:23:21] Go to Flint Castle.
 [01:23:22] There I'll pine away.
 [01:23:25] A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
 [01:23:33] That power I have, discharge,
 [01:23:37] and let them go to ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
 [01:23:41] for I have none.
 [01:23:43] Let no man speak again to alter this,
 [01:23:44] for counsel is but vain.
 [01:23:45] My liege, one word--
 [01:23:46] He does me double wrong
 [01:23:48] that wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
 [01:23:52] Discharge my followers!
 [01:23:55] Let them hence away
 [01:23:58] from Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.
 [01:24:11] intelligence
 [01:24:14] we learn the Welshmen are dispersed
 [01:24:17] and Salisbury is gone to meet the king,
 [01:24:20] who lately landed with some few private friends upon this coast.
 [01:24:25] The news is very fair and good, my lord.
 [01:24:29] Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.
 [01:24:31] It would beseem the lord Northumberland
 [01:24:33] to say "King Richard."
 [01:24:36] Alack the heavy day
 [01:24:38] when such a sacred king should hide his head.
 [01:24:41] Your Grace mistakes.
 [01:24:42] Only to be brief left I his title out.
 [01:24:45] The time hath been,
 [01:24:46] would you have been so brief with him,
 [01:24:48] he would have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
 [01:24:51] for taking so the head, your whole head's length.
 [01:24:55] Mistake not, Uncle, further than you should--
 [01:24:58] Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
 [01:25:01] lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.
 [01:25:04] I know it, Uncle, and oppose not myself against their will.
 [01:25:09] But who comes here?
 [01:25:11] Welcome, Harry.
 [01:25:12] What, will not this castle yield?
 [01:25:14] The castle royally is manned, my lord, against thy entrance.
 [01:25:19] Royally?
 [01:25:21] Why, it contains no king?
 [01:25:23] Yes, my good lord, it doth contain a king.
 [01:25:26] King Richard lies within the limits of yon lime and stone,
 [01:25:29] and with him are the lord Aumerle,
 [01:25:31] Lord Salisbury, Sir Stephen Scroop,
 [01:25:34] besides a clergyman of holy reverence--
 [01:25:35] who, I cannot learn.
 [01:25:36] Oh, belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.
 [01:25:41] Noble lord, go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle.
 [01:25:47] Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
 [01:25:50] into his ruined ears, and thus deliver:
 [01:25:54] Henry Bolingbroke, on both his knees,
 [01:25:57] doth kiss King Richard's hand

[01:25:59] and sends allegiance and true faith of heart
 [01:26:02] to his most royal person,
 [01:26:05] hither come even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
 [01:26:09] provided that my banishment repealed
 [01:26:13] and lands restored again be freely granted.
 [01:26:17] If not, I'll use the advantage of my power
 [01:26:20] and lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
 [01:26:24] rained from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen.
 [01:26:27] The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke it is,
 [01:26:32] such crimson tempest should bedrench
 [01:26:34] the fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
 [01:26:38] my stooping duty tenderly shall show.
 [01:26:43] Go.
 [01:26:44] Signify as much,
 [01:26:45] while here we march upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
 [01:26:52] Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,
 [01:26:56] that from this castle's tattered battlements
 [01:26:59] our fair appointments may be well perused.
 [01:27:04] Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
 [01:27:06] with no less terror
 [01:27:08] than the elements of fire and water,
 [01:27:11] when their thundering shock at meeting
 [01:27:13] tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
 [01:27:16] Be he the fire.
 [01:27:18] I'll be the yielding water.
 [01:27:21] The rage be his,
 [01:27:23] whilst on the earth I rain my waters--
 [01:27:27] on the earth, and not on him.
 [01:27:34] March on,
 [01:27:37] and mark King Richard how he looks.
 [01:27:46] See; see.
 [01:27:49] King Richard doth himself appear,
 [01:27:52] as doth the blushing, discontented sun
 [01:27:54] from out the fiery portal of the east,
 [01:27:56] when he perceives the envious clouds are bent
 [01:28:00] to dim his glory and to stain the track
 [01:28:03] of his bright passage to the occident.
 [01:28:05] Yet looks he like a king.
 [01:28:07] Behold his eye, as bright as is the eagle's,
 [01:28:11] lightens forth controlling majesty.
 [01:28:15] Alack, alack, for woe,
 [01:28:17] that any harm should stain so fair a show.
 [01:28:20] We are amazed
 [01:28:24] and thus long have we stood
 [01:28:26] to watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
 [01:28:30] because we thought ourself thy lawful king.
 [01:28:34] And if we be,
 [01:28:36] how dare thy joints forget
 [01:28:38] to pay their awful duty to our presence?
 [01:28:42] If we be not, show us the hand of God
 [01:28:46] that hath dismissed us from our stewardship,
 [01:28:49] for well we know, no hand of blood and bone
 [01:28:53] can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter
 [01:28:56] unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
 [01:29:02] And though you think that all, as you have done,
 [01:29:05] have torn their souls by turning them from us,
 [01:29:09] and we are barren and bereft of friends,
 [01:29:12] yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
 [01:29:16] is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,
 [01:29:19] armies of pestilence,

[01:29:22] and they shall strike your children yet unborn and unbegot
 [01:29:27] that lift your vassal hands against my head
 [01:29:31] and threat the glory of my precious crown.
 [01:29:35] Tell Bolingbroke-- for yond methinks he stands--
 [01:29:42] that every stride he makes upon my land is dangerous treason.
 [01:29:49] He is come to open the purple testament of bleeding war.
 [01:29:53] But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
 [01:29:57] 10,000 bloody crowns of mothers' sons
 [01:30:00] shall ill become the flower of England's face,
 [01:30:04] change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
 [01:30:06] to scarlet indignation
 [01:30:08] and bedew her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.
 [01:30:13] The king of heaven forbid our lord the king
 [01:30:17] should so with civil and uncivil arms be rushed upon.
 [01:30:26] Thy thrice noble cousin, Harry Bolingbroke,
 [01:30:31] doth humbly kiss thy hand.
 [01:30:34] And by the honorable tomb he swears,
 [01:30:37] that stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
 [01:30:41] and by the royalties of both your bloods,
 [01:30:44] currents that spring from one most gracious head,
 [01:30:49] and by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
 [01:30:53] and by the worth and honor of himself,
 [01:30:56] comprising all that may be sworn or said,
 [01:31:00] his coming hither hath no further scope
 [01:31:04] than for his lineal royalties
 [01:31:06] and to beg enfranchisement immediate on his knees,
 [01:31:13] which on thy royal party granted once,
 [01:31:17] his glittering arms he will commend to rust,
 [01:31:20] his barbed steeds to stables,
 [01:31:22] and his heart to faithful service of Your Majesty.
 [01:31:28] This swears he, as he is a prince, is just.
 [01:31:36] And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.
 [01:31:44] Northumberland, say thus the king returns:
 [01:31:51] his noble cousin is right welcome hither
 [01:31:56] and all the number of his fair demands
 [01:32:00] shall be accomplished without contradiction.
 [01:32:04] With all the gracious utterance that thou hast,
 [01:32:09] speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
 [01:32:17] We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not,
 [01:32:20] to look so poorly and to speak so fair?
 [01:32:24] Shall we call back Northumberland
 [01:32:25] and send defiance to the traitor, and so die?
 [01:32:28] No, good my lord.
 [01:32:30] Let's fight with gentle words
 [01:32:32] till time lend friends and friends their helpful swords.
 [01:32:34] Oh, God.
 [01:32:36] Oh, God, that e'er this tongue of mine
 [01:32:39] that laid the sentence of dread banishment on yon proud man
 [01:32:42] should take it off again with words of sooth.
 [01:32:47] Oh, that I were as great as is my grief
 [01:32:51] or lesser than my name,
 [01:32:54] or that I could forget what I have been
 [01:32:57] or not remember what I must be now.
 [01:33:02] Swell'st thou, proud heart?
 [01:33:03] I'll give thee scope to beat,
 [01:33:06] since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
 [01:33:10] Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.
 [01:33:14] What must the king do now?
 [01:33:16] Must he submit?
 [01:33:18] The king shall do it.

[01:33:21] Must he be deposed?
 [01:33:24] The king shall be contented.
 [01:33:27] Must he lose the name of king?
 [01:33:31] O' God's name, let it go.
 [01:33:39] I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
 [01:33:43] my gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
 [01:33:46] my gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
 [01:33:50] my figured goblets for a dish of wood,
 [01:33:54] my scepter for a palmer's walking staff,
 [01:33:59] my subjects for a pair of carved saints,
 [01:34:02] and my large kingdom for a little grave--
 [01:34:07] a little, little grave.
 [01:34:11] An obscure grave.
 [01:34:14] Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
 [01:34:17] some way of common trade,
 [01:34:19] where subjects' feet
 [01:34:21] may hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
 [01:34:25] for on my heart they tread now whilst I live,
 [01:34:29] and buried once, why not upon my head?
 [01:34:37] Aumerle, thou weep'st.
 [01:34:40] My tenderhearted cousin,
 [01:34:42] we'll make foul weather with despised tears.
 [01:34:45] Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn
 [01:34:48] and make a dearth in this revolting land.
 [01:34:53] Or shall we play the wantons with our woes
 [01:34:57] and make some pretty match with shedding tears,
 [01:35:01] as thus to drop them still upon one place
 [01:35:06] till they have fretted us a pair of graves within the earth
 [01:35:11] and, therein laid--
 [01:35:13] there lies two kinsmen.
 [01:35:16] Dig their graves with weeping eyes.
 [01:35:21] Would not this ill do well?
 [01:35:26] Well,
 [01:35:28] well, I see I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.
 [01:35:39] Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
 [01:35:44] what says King Bolingbroke?
 [01:35:47] Will His Majesty give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
 [01:35:52] You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says aye.
 [01:35:58] My lord, he doth attend in the base court to speak with you.
 [01:36:01] May it please you to come down.
 [01:36:06] Down.
 [01:36:08] Down I come,
 [01:36:11] like glistering Phaethon
 [01:36:14] wanting the manage of unruly jades.
 [01:36:21] In the base court?
 [01:36:23] Base court, where kings grow base,
 [01:36:25] to come at traitors' calls and do them grace.
 [01:36:28] In the base court?
 [01:36:30] Come down?
 [01:36:31] Down, court;
 [01:36:33] down, king;
 [01:36:34] for night owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.
 [01:36:40] What says His Majesty?
 [01:36:42] Sorrow and grief of heart make him speak fondly,
 [01:36:45] like a frantic man yet he is come.
 [01:36:48] Stand all apart and show fair duty to His Majesty.
 [01:37:01] My gracious lord.
 [01:37:03] Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
 [01:37:06] to make the base earth proud with kissing it.
 [01:37:09] Me rather had my heart might feel your love

[01:37:11] than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.
 [01:37:15] Up, cousin, up.
 [01:37:19] Your heart is up, I know, thus high at least,
 [01:37:22] although your knee be low.
 [01:37:26] My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.
 [01:37:29] Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.
 [01:37:34] So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
 [01:37:37] as my true service shall deserve your love.
 [01:37:41] Well you deserve.
 [01:37:43] They well deserve to have
 [01:37:45] that know the strongest and surest way to get.
 [01:37:52] Uncle, give me your hands.
 [01:37:56] Nay, dry your eyes.
 [01:37:59] Tears show their loves, but want their remedies.
 [01:38:03] Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
 [01:38:06] though you are old enough to be my heir.
 [01:38:10] What you will have, I'll give, and willing too,
 [01:38:13] for do we must what force will have us do.
 [01:38:17] Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?
 [01:38:21] Yea, my good lord.
 [01:38:24] Then I must not say no.
 [01:38:38] What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
 [01:38:41] to drive away the heavy thought of care?
 [01:38:44] Madam, we'll play at bowls.
 [01:38:46] 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
 [01:38:49] and that my fortune runs against the bias.
 [01:38:52] Madam, we'll dance.
 [01:38:55] My legs can keep no measure in delight
 [01:38:57] when my poor heart no measure keeps in grief.
 [01:39:01] Therefore, no dancing, girl.
 [01:39:03] Some other sport.
 [01:39:06] Madam, we'll tell tales.
 [01:39:09] Of sorrow or of joy?
 [01:39:11] Of either, madam.
 [01:39:12] Of neither, girl.
 [01:39:14] For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
 [01:39:17] it doth remember me the more of sorrow;
 [01:39:20] or if of grief, being altogether had,
 [01:39:23] it adds more sorrow to my want of joy.
 [01:39:27] For what I have I need not to repeat,
 [01:39:30] and what I want it boots not to complain.
 [01:39:33] Madam, I'll sing.
 [01:39:37] 'Tis well that thou hast cause,
 [01:39:39] but thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep.
 [01:39:43] I could weep, madam, would it do you good.
 [01:39:48] And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
 [01:39:52] and never borrow any tear of thee.
 [01:39:56] Here come the gardeners.
 [01:39:58] Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
 [01:40:01] My wretchedness unto a row of pins
 [01:40:03] they'll talk of state,
 [01:40:04] for everyone doth so against a change.
 [01:40:07] Woe is forerun with woe.
 [01:40:10] Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
 [01:40:15] which, like unruly children,
 [01:40:16] make their sire stoop with oppression
 [01:40:19] of their prodigal weight.
 [01:40:22] Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
 [01:40:26] Go thou and, like an executioner,
 [01:40:30] cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays

[01:40:33] that look too lofty in our commonwealth.
 [01:40:36] All must be even in our government.
 [01:40:39] You thus employed,
 [01:40:40] I will go root away the noisome weeds,
 [01:40:42] which without profit suck the soil's fertility
 [01:40:45] from the wholesome flowers.
 [01:40:48] Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
 [01:40:51] keep law and form and due proportion,
 [01:40:54] showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
 [01:40:57] when our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
 [01:41:00] is full of weeds,
 [01:41:02] her fairest flowers choked up,
 [01:41:04] her fruit trees all unpruned,
 [01:41:06] her hedges ruined, her knots disordered,
 [01:41:09] and her wholesome herbs swarming with caterpillars?
 [01:41:11] Hold thy peace.
 [01:41:14] He who that hath suffered this disordered spring
 [01:41:16] hath now himself met with the fall of leaf.
 [01:41:19] The weeds which his broad, spreading leaves did shelter,
 [01:41:23] that seemed in eating him to hold him up,
 [01:41:26] are plucked up root and all by Bolingbroke--
 [01:41:29] I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.
 [01:41:33] What, are they dead?
 [01:41:35] They are, and Bolingbroke hath seized the wasteful king.
 [01:41:38] Oh, I am pressed to death through want of speaking.
 [01:41:43] Thou, old Adam's likeness,
 [01:41:46] set to dress this garden,
 [01:41:48] how dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this displeasing news?
 [01:41:52] What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
 [01:41:54] to make a second fall of cursed man?
 [01:41:57] Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?
 [01:42:00] Darest thou,
 [01:42:01] thou little better thing than earth,
 [01:42:03] divine his downfall?
 [01:42:05] Say, where, when, and how camest thou by this ill tidings?
 [01:42:09] Speak, thou wretch.
 [01:42:11] Pardon me, madam.
 [01:42:12] Little joy have I to breathe this news.
 [01:42:13] Yet what I say is true.
 [01:42:16] King Richard, he is in the mighty hold of Bolingbroke.
 [01:42:22] Their fortunes both are weighed.
 [01:42:26] In your lord's scale is nothing but himself
 [01:42:28] and some few vanities that make him light.
 [01:42:31] But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
 [01:42:33] besides himself, are all the English peers.
 [01:42:35] And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
 [01:42:39] Post you to London, and you will find it so.
 [01:42:41] I speak no more than everyone doth know.
 [01:42:48] Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
 [01:42:55] does not thy embassy belong to me,
 [01:42:58] and am I the last that knows it?
 [01:43:01] Oh, thou think'st to serve me last
 [01:43:05] that I may longest keep thy sorrow in my breast.
 [01:43:13] Come, ladies, go,
 [01:43:16] to meet at London London's king in woe.
 [01:43:23] What, was I born to this,
 [01:43:28] that my sad look
 [01:43:29] should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
 [01:43:35] Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
 [01:43:39] pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

Richard II Act 4

[01:44:04] Great duke of Lancaster,
 [01:44:07] I come to thee from plume plucked Richard,
 [01:44:10] who with willing soul adopts thee heir,
 [01:44:13] and his high scepter yields
 [01:44:14] to the possession of thy royal hand.
 [01:44:18] Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
 [01:44:22] and long live Henry, fourth of that name.
 [01:44:26] Long live Henry, fourth of that name.
 [01:44:33] In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.
 [01:44:37] Marry.
 [01:44:38] God forbid.
 [01:44:41] Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
 [01:44:45] yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.
 [01:44:48] Would God that any in this noble presence
 [01:44:50] were enough noble to be upright judge of noble Richard,
 [01:44:53] then true noblesse would
 [01:44:55] learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
 [01:44:59] What subject can give sentence on his king?
 [01:45:02] And who stands here that is not Richard's subject?
 [01:45:06] Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear,
 [01:45:08] although apparent guilt be seen in them.
 [01:45:11] And shall the figure of God's majesty,
 [01:45:14] his captain, steward, deputy elect,
 [01:45:17] anointed, crowned, planted many years,
 [01:45:21] be judged by subject and inferior breath,
 [01:45:24] and he himself not present?
 [01:45:26] Oh, forfend it, God,
 [01:45:28] that in a Christian climate
 [01:45:30] souls refined should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed.
 [01:45:36] Traitor!
 [01:45:37] I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 [01:45:41] stirred up by God, thus boldly for his king.
 [01:45:44] My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
 [01:45:48] is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king.
 [01:45:52] And if you crown him, let me prophesy.
 [01:45:58] The blood of English shall manure the ground
 [01:46:02] and future ages groan for this foul act.
 [01:46:07] Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels.
 [01:46:10] And in this seat of peace,
 [01:46:11] tumultuous wars shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound.
 [01:46:15] Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny shall here inhabit,
 [01:46:19] and this land be called
 [01:46:20] the field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
 [01:46:25] Oh, if you raise this house against this house,
 [01:46:28] it will the woofullest division prove
 [01:46:30] that ever fell upon this cursed earth.
 [01:46:34] Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
 [01:46:39] lest child, child's children, cry against you woe.
 [01:46:46] Well have you argued, sir,
 [01:46:48] and, for your pains, of capital treason we arrest you here.
 [01:46:53] My lord of Westminster,
 [01:46:55] be it your charge to keep him safely till his day of trial.
 [01:47:02] May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.
 [01:47:05] Aye!
 [01:47:08] Fetch hither Richard, that in common view he may surrender,
 [01:47:13] so we shall proceed without suspicion.
 [01:47:16] I will be his conduct.
 [01:47:44] Alack, why am I sent for to a king

[01:47:47] before I have shook off the regal thoughts
[01:47:50] wherewith I reigned?
[01:47:53] I hardly yet have learned
[01:47:55] to insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
[01:48:00] Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me to this submission.
[01:48:07] Yet I well remember the favors of these men.
[01:48:12] Were they not mine?
[01:48:14] Did they not sometime cry, "all hail" to me?
[01:48:21] So Judas did to Christ.
[01:48:25] But he, in 12, found truth in all but 1.
[01:48:30] I, in 12,000, none.
[01:48:35] God save the king!
[01:48:41] Will no man say amen?
[01:48:45] Am I both priest and clerk?
[01:48:47] Well, then, amen.
[01:48:48] God save the king.
[01:48:51] Although I be not he,
[01:48:54] and yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
[01:49:02] To do what service am I sent for hither?
[01:49:07] To do that office of thine own goodwill
[01:49:09] which tired majesty did make thee offer:
[01:49:12] the resignation of thy state and crown to Henry Bolingbroke.
[01:49:16] Give me the crown.
[01:49:31] Here, cousin, seize the crown.
[01:49:37] Here, cousin.
[01:49:41] On this side my hand, and on that side yours.
[01:49:44] Now is this golden crown like a deep well
[01:49:47] that owes two buckets, filling one another,
[01:49:49] the emptier ever dancing in the air,
[01:49:53] the other down, unseen, and full of water.
[01:49:56] That bucket down and full of tears am I,
[01:50:00] drinking my griefs whilst you mount up on high.
[01:50:05] I thought you had been willing to resign.
[01:50:08] My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine.
[01:50:14] You may my glories and my state depose,
[01:50:17] but not my griefs.
[01:50:20] Still am I king of those.
[01:50:24] Part of your cares you give me with your crown.
[01:50:27] Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
[01:50:31] My care is loss of care, by old care done.
[01:50:36] Your care is gain of care, by new care won.
[01:50:41] The cares I give I have, though given away.
[01:50:46] They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.
[01:50:54] Are you contented to resign the crown?
[01:51:01] Aye.
[01:51:07] No!
[01:51:13] No.
[01:51:16] Aye, for I must nothing be.
[01:51:22] Therefore no, no, for I resign to thee.
[01:51:30] Now, mark me, how I will undo myself.
[01:51:42] I give this heavy weight from off my head
[01:51:49] and this unwieldy scepter from my hand,
[01:51:55] the pride of kingly sway from out my heart.
[01:52:00] With mine own tears I wash away my balm.
[01:52:05] With mine own hands I give away my crown.
[01:52:10] With mine own tongue deny my sacred state.
[01:52:16] With mine own breath release all duty's oaths.
[01:52:21] All pomp and majesty I do forswear.
[01:52:25] My manors, rents, revenues I forego.
[01:52:30] My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny.

[01:52:35] God pardon all oaths that are broke to me.
[01:52:40] God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee.
[01:52:48] Make me that nothing have with nothing grieved,
[01:52:54] and thou with all pleased that hast all achieved.
[01:53:01] Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
[01:53:05] and soon lie Richard in an earthly pit.
[01:53:12] God save King Henry, unkinged Richard says,
[01:53:21] and send him many years of sunshine days.
[01:53:30] What more remains?
[01:53:32] No more, but that you read
[01:53:33] these accusations and these grievous crimes
[01:53:36] committed by your person and your followers
[01:53:37] against the state and profit of this land,
[01:53:39] that, by confessing them,
[01:53:41] the souls of men may deem that you are worthily deposed.
[01:53:44] Must I do so?
[01:53:46] And must I ravel out my weaved-up follies?
[01:53:50] Gentle Northumberland, if thy offences were upon record,
[01:53:54] would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
[01:53:56] to read a lecture of them?
[01:53:58] If thou wouldst,
[01:53:59] there shouldst thou find one heinous article,
[01:54:01] containing the deposing of a king
[01:54:03] and cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
[01:54:06] marked with a blot, damned in the book of heaven.
[01:54:11] Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me
[01:54:16] whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
[01:54:19] though some of you with Pilate wash your hands,
[01:54:21] showing an outward pity.
[01:54:24] Yet you Pilates have here delivered me to my sour cross,
[01:54:32] and water cannot wash away your sin.
[01:54:35] My lord, dispatch.
[01:54:36] Read o'er these articles.
[01:54:38] Mine eyes are full of tears.
[01:54:42] I cannot see.
[01:54:46] And yet salt water blinds them not so much
[01:54:50] but they can see a sort of traitors here.
[01:54:53] Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
[01:54:56] I find myself a traitor with the rest,
[01:54:57] for I have given here my soul's consent
[01:55:00] to undeck the pompous body of a king,
[01:55:03] made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
[01:55:06] proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.
[01:55:10] My lord--
[01:55:11] No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,
[01:55:19] nor no man's lord.
[01:55:22] I have no name, no title.
[01:55:27] No, not that name was given me at the font,
[01:55:28] but 'tis usurped.
[01:55:30] Alack the heavy day
[01:55:31] that I have worn so many winters out
[01:55:33] and know not now what name to call myself.
[01:55:38] Oh, that I were a mockery king of snow,
[01:55:45] standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
[01:55:50] to melt myself away in waterdrops.
[01:56:00] Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,
[01:56:10] and if my word be sterling yet in England,
[01:56:13] let it command a mirror hither straight,
[01:56:18] that it may show me what a face I have
[01:56:23] since it is bankrupt of His Majesty.

[01:56:27] Go some of you and fetch a looking glass.
[01:56:30] Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.
[01:56:32] Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.
[01:56:34] Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.
[01:56:36] The commons then will not be satisfied.
[01:56:38] They shall be satisfied.
[01:56:39] I'll read enough when I do see the very book indeed
[01:56:42] where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.
[01:56:47] Give me the glass,
[01:56:51] and therein will I read.
[01:57:03] No deeper wrinkles yet?
[01:57:07] Hath sorrow struck so many blows upon this face of mine,
[01:57:11] and made no deeper wounds?
[01:57:16] Oh, flattering glass,
[01:57:19] like to my followers in prosperity,
[01:57:21] thou dost beguile me.
[01:57:26] Was this face the face
[01:57:29] that every day under his household roof
[01:57:33] did keep 10,000 men?
[01:57:38] Was this the face that, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
[01:57:47] Is this the face which faced so many follies
[01:57:53] that was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?
[01:58:01] A brittle glory shineth in this face,
[01:58:05] as brittle as the glory is the face.
[01:58:14] For there it lies, cracked in a hundred shivers.
[01:58:21] Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport.
[01:58:31] How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.
[01:58:36] The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed
[01:58:39] the shadow of your face.
[01:58:41] Say that again.
[01:58:44] The shadow of my sorrow.
[01:58:47] Ha!
[01:58:52] Let's see.
[01:58:53] 'Tis very true.
[01:58:56] My grief lies all within.
[01:58:59] And these external manners of lament
[01:59:02] are merely shadows to the unseen grief
[01:59:07] that swells with silence in the tortured soul.
[01:59:14] There lies the substance,
[01:59:19] and I thank thee, king, for thy great bounty
[01:59:23] that not only givest me cause to wail
[01:59:27] but teachest me the way how to lament the cause.
[01:59:33] I'll beg one boon, and then be gone and trouble you no more.
[01:59:39] Shall I obtain it?
[01:59:40] Name it, fair cousin.
[01:59:42] Fair cousin?
[01:59:45] I am greater than a king,
[01:59:47] for when I was a king,
[01:59:50] my flatterers were then but subjects.
[01:59:53] Being now a subject, I have a king here to my flatterer.
[01:59:58] Being so great, I have no need to beg.
[02:00:04] Yet ask.
[02:00:05] And shall I have?
[02:00:07] You shall.
[02:00:08] Then give me leave to go.
[02:00:12] Whither?
[02:00:13] Whither you will, so I were from your sights.
[02:00:21] Go, some of you convey him to the tower.
[02:00:24] Oh, good.
[02:00:29] Convey?

[02:00:33] Conveyers are you all
[02:00:37] that rise thus nimble by a true king's fall.
[02:00:49] On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down our coronation.
[02:00:55] Lords, prepare yourselves.
[02:00:57] God save the king!
[02:01:01] God save the king!
[02:01:07] A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
[02:01:09] The woe's to come.
[02:01:12] The children yet unborn
[02:01:15] shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
[02:01:24] You holy clergymen, is there no plot
[02:01:28] to rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
[02:01:39] This way the king will come.
[02:01:44] This is the way to Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,
[02:01:47] to whose flint bosom my condemned lord
[02:01:50] is doomed a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
[02:01:55] Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
[02:01:59] have any resting for her true king's queen.
[02:02:05] But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
[02:02:10] my fair rose wither.
[02:02:14] Yet look up, behold,
[02:02:17] that you in pity may dissolve to dew
[02:02:19] and wash him fresh again with true love tears.
[02:02:24] Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,
[02:02:28] thou map of honor, thou King Richard's tomb,
[02:02:33] and not King Richard.
[02:02:36] Thou most beautiful inn,
[02:02:38] why should hard-favored grief be lodged in thee,
[02:02:40] when triumph is become an alehouse guest?
[02:02:43] Join not with grief, fair woman.
[02:02:45] Do not so, to make my end too sudden.
[02:02:49] Learn, good soul,
[02:02:51] to think our former state a happy dream,
[02:02:55] from which awaked,
[02:02:57] the truth of what we are shows us but this.
[02:03:01] I am sworn brother, sweet, to grim necessity,
[02:03:05] and he and I will keep a league till death.
[02:03:09] Hie thee to France and cloister thee in some religious house.
[02:03:13] Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
[02:03:17] which our profane hours here have stricken down.
[02:03:24] What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
[02:03:27] transformed and weakened?
[02:03:30] Hath Bolingbroke deposed thine intellect?
[02:03:34] Hath he been in thy heart?
[02:03:36] The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw
[02:03:39] and wounds the earth, if nothing else,
[02:03:41] with rage to be o'erpower'd.
[02:03:44] And wilt thou, pupil-like,
[02:03:46] take the correction mildly, kiss the rod,
[02:03:50] and fawn on rage with base humility,
[02:03:53] which art a lion and the king of beasts?
[02:03:56] King of beasts indeed.
[02:04:00] If aught but beasts, I had still been a happy king of men.
[02:04:06] Good sometimes queen, prepare thee hence for France.
[02:04:11] Think I am dead and that even here thou takest,
[02:04:16] as from my deathbed, thy last living leave.
[02:04:21] In winter's tedious nights,
[02:04:23] sit by the fire with good old folks
[02:04:26] and let them tell thee tales of woeful ages long ago betid.
[02:04:31] And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs,

[02:04:35] tell thou the lamentable tale of me
 [02:04:39] and send the hearers weeping to their beds.
 [02:04:42] For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
 [02:04:45] the heavy accent of thy moving tongue
 [02:04:47] and in compassion weep the fire out.
 [02:04:52] And some will mourn in ashes, some coal black,
 [02:04:56] for the deposing of a rightful king.
 [02:05:00] My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed.
 [02:05:05] You must to Pomfret, not unto the tower.
 [02:05:07] And, madam, there is order ta'en for you.
 [02:05:09] With all swift speed you must away to France.
 [02:05:12] Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
 [02:05:15] the mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
 [02:05:18] the time shall not be many hours of age
 [02:05:20] more than it is ere foul sin gathering head
 [02:05:23] shall break into corruption.
 [02:05:26] Thou shalt think,
 [02:05:27] though he divide the realm and give thee half,
 [02:05:30] it is too little, helping him to all.
 [02:05:34] And he shall think that thou
 [02:05:35] which know'st the way to plant unrightful kings
 [02:05:38] wilt know again, being ne'er so little urged,
 [02:05:41] another way to pluck him headlong
 [02:05:44] from the usurped throne.
 [02:05:46] The love of wicked men converts to fear,
 [02:05:50] that fear to hate,
 [02:05:52] and hate turns one or both
 [02:05:53] to worthy danger and deserved death.
 [02:05:57] My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
 [02:06:03] Take leave and part, for you must part forthwith.
 [02:06:05] Doubly divorced.
 [02:06:07] Bad men, you violate a twofold marriage,
 [02:06:10] 'twixt my crown and me,
 [02:06:12] and then betwixt me and my married wife.
 [02:06:15] Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me.
 [02:06:21] And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
 [02:06:28] Part us, Northumberland--
 [02:06:30] I toward the north,
 [02:06:32] where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime.
 [02:06:35] My wife to France,
 [02:06:37] from whence, set forth in pomp,
 [02:06:40] she came adorned hither like sweet May,
 [02:06:44] sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.
 [02:06:47] And must we be divided?
 [02:06:48] Must we part?
 [02:06:49] Aye, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.
 [02:06:57] Banish us both and send the king with me.
 [02:07:00] That were some love but little policy.
 [02:07:03] Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
 [02:07:05] So two, together weeping, make one woe.
 [02:07:09] Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here.
 [02:07:12] Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.
 [02:07:16] Go, count thy way with sighs.
 [02:07:19] I mine with groans.
 [02:07:21] So longest way shall have the longest moans.
 [02:07:27] Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
 [02:07:31] and piece the way out with a heavy heart.
 [02:07:34] Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
 [02:07:37] since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
 [02:07:40] One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part.

[02:07:49] Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
[02:07:51] Give me mine own again.
[02:07:53] 'Twere no good part to take on me to keep and kill thy heart.
[02:08:06] Now I have mine own again.
[02:08:08] Be gone that I may strive to kill it with a groan.
[02:08:18] We make woe wanton with this fond delay.
[02:08:22] Once more, adieu.
[02:08:25] The rest let sorrow say.

Richard II Act 5

[02:08:33] My lord,
 [02:08:36] you told me you would tell the rest,
 [02:08:39] when weeping made you break the story off,
 [02:08:41] of our two cousins coming into London.
 [02:08:44] Where did I leave?
 [02:08:45] At that sad stop, my lord,
 [02:08:49] where rude, misgoverned hands from windows' tops
 [02:08:52] threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.
 [02:08:57] Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
 [02:09:00] mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
 [02:09:03] which his aspiring rider seemed to know,
 [02:09:06] with slow but stately pace kept on his course,
 [02:09:09] whilst all tongues cried "God save thee, Bolingbroke."
 [02:09:14] You would have thought the very windows spake,
 [02:09:16] so many greedy looks of young and old
 [02:09:19] through casements darted their desiring eyes
 [02:09:21] upon his visage,
 [02:09:22] and that all the walls with painted imagery
 [02:09:24] had said at once "Jesu preserve thee.
 [02:09:26] Welcome, Bolingbroke."
 [02:09:29] Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,
 [02:09:33] bareheaded,
 [02:09:34] lower than his proud steed's neck,
 [02:09:37] bespake them thus:
 [02:09:39] "I thank thee, countrymen."
 [02:09:42] And thus still doing, thus he passed along.
 [02:09:44] Alack, poor Richard.
 [02:09:48] Where rode he the whilst?
 [02:09:51] As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 [02:09:54] after a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
 [02:09:56] are idly bent on him that enters next,
 [02:09:59] thinking his prattle to be tedious.
 [02:10:01] Even so, but with much more contempt,
 [02:10:05] did men's eyes scowl on gentle Richard.
 [02:10:08] No man cried, "God save him."
 [02:10:09] No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home.
 [02:10:15] But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
 [02:10:23] which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
 [02:10:27] his face still combating with tears and smiles,
 [02:10:32] the badges of his grief and patience,
 [02:10:36] that had not God, for some strong purpose,
 [02:10:38] steeled the hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 [02:10:41] and barbarism itself have pitied him.
 [02:10:44] But heaven hath a hand in these events,
 [02:10:46] to whose high will we bound our calm contents.
 [02:10:52] To Bolingbroke we are sworn subjects now,
 [02:10:55] whose state and honor I for aye allow.
 [02:10:59] Here comes my son Aumerle.
 [02:11:01] Aumerle that was.
 [02:11:02] But that is lost for being Richard's friend.
 [02:11:04] And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.
 [02:11:07] I am in parliament pledge for his truth
 [02:11:10] and lasting fealty to the new made king.
 [02:11:13] Welcome, my son.
 [02:11:16] Who are the violets now
 [02:11:19] that strew the green lap of the new come spring?
 [02:11:23] Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not.
 [02:11:26] God knows I had as lief be none as one.

[02:11:28] Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
 [02:11:30] lest you be cropped before you come to prime.
 [02:11:36] What news from Oxford?
 [02:11:38] Those jousts and triumphs hold?
 [02:11:40] For aught I know, my lord, they do.
 [02:11:41] You will be there, I know.
 [02:11:43] If God prevent not, I purpose so.
 [02:11:45] What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?
 [02:11:49] Yea, look'st thou pale?
 [02:11:52] Let me see the writing.
 [02:11:54] My lord, 'tis nothing.
 [02:11:55] No matter, then, who see it.
 [02:11:58] I will be satisfied.
 [02:12:00] Let me see the writing.
 [02:12:04] I do beseech Your Grace to pardon me.
 [02:12:05] It is a matter of small consequence,
 [02:12:07] which for some reasons I would not have seen.
 [02:12:09] Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
 [02:12:14] I fear--I fear--
 [02:12:17] What should you fear?
 [02:12:19] 'Tis nothing but some bond
 [02:12:22] that he is entered into for gay apparel against the triumph day.
 [02:12:25] Bound to himself.
 [02:12:26] What doth he with a bond that he is bound to?
 [02:12:28] Wife, thou art a fool.
 [02:12:29] Boy, boy, let me see the writing.
 [02:12:33] I do beseech you, pardon me.
 [02:12:35] I may not show it.
 [02:12:36] I will be satisfied.
 [02:12:37] Let me see it, I say.
 [02:12:47] Treason.
 [02:12:49] Foul treason.
 [02:12:53] Villain.
 [02:12:54] Traitor.
 [02:12:56] Slave.
 [02:12:57] My lord, what is the matter?
 [02:12:58] Ho.
 [02:12:59] Who is within there?
 [02:13:00] Saddle my horse.
 [02:13:02] God for his mercy, what treachery is here.
 [02:13:04] Why, what is it, my lord?
 [02:13:05] Bring me my boots, I say.
 [02:13:07] Saddle my horse.
 [02:13:09] Now, upon mine honor, by my life, my troth,
 [02:13:12] I will appeach the villain.
 [02:13:14] What is the matter?
 [02:13:15] Peace, foolish woman.
 [02:13:16] I will not peace.
 [02:13:17] What is the matter, Aumerle?
 [02:13:19] Good Mother, be content.
 [02:13:20] It is no more than my poor life must answer.
 [02:13:22] Thy life answer.
 [02:13:24] Bring me my boots.
 [02:13:26] I will unto the king.
 [02:13:28] Strike him, Aumerle.
 [02:13:29] Poor boy, thou art amazed.
 [02:13:31] Hence, villain.
 [02:13:33] Never more come in my sight.
 [02:13:35] Give me my boots, I say.
 [02:13:36] Why, York, what wilt thou do?

[02:13:38] Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
 [02:13:42] Have we more sons or are we like to have?
 [02:13:44] Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
 [02:13:48] And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age
 [02:13:50] and rob me of a happy mother's name?
 [02:13:53] Is he not like thee?
 [02:13:55] Is he not thine own?
 [02:13:56] Thou fond, mad woman,
 [02:13:58] wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
 [02:14:01] A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament
 [02:14:03] and interchangeably set down their hands
 [02:14:05] to kill the king at Oxford.
 [02:14:09] He shall be none.
 [02:14:12] We will keep him here.
 [02:14:13] Then what is that to him?
 [02:14:14] Away, fond woman.
 [02:14:16] Were he 20 times my son, I would appeach him.
 [02:14:20] Hadst thou groaned for him as I have done,
 [02:14:23] thou wouldst be more pitiful.
 [02:14:25] But now I know thy mind.
 [02:14:28] Thou dost suspect that I have been disloyal to thy bed
 [02:14:31] and that he is a bastard, not thy son.
 [02:14:34] Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind.
 [02:14:37] He is as like thee as a man may be,
 [02:14:39] not like to me, or any of my kin, and yet I love him.
 [02:14:42] Make way, unruly woman.
 [02:14:44] After, Aumerle.
 [02:14:46] Mount thee upon his horse.
 [02:14:48] Spur post and get before him to the king.
 [02:14:50] I'll not be long behind.
 [02:14:52] Though I be old, I doubt not but to ride as fast as York.
 [02:14:56] And never will I rise up from the ground
 [02:15:00] till Bolingbroke have pardoned thee.
 [02:15:03] Away.
 [02:15:04] Be gone.
 [02:15:10] What means our cousin that he stares and looks so wildly?
 [02:15:14] God save Your Grace.
 [02:15:16] I do beseech Your Majesty
 [02:15:18] to have some conference with Your Grace alone.
 [02:15:22] Withdraw yourselves and leave us here alone.
 [02:15:24] My lord!
 [02:15:35] What is the matter with our cousin now?
 [02:15:40] Forever may my knees grow to the earth,
 [02:15:43] my tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth
 [02:15:45] unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.
 [02:15:48] Intended or committed was this fault?
 [02:15:51] If on the first, how heinous e'er it be
 [02:15:53] to win thy after love I pardon thee.
 [02:15:58] Then give me leave that I may turn the key
 [02:16:00] that no man enter till my tale be done.
 [02:16:03] Have thy desire.
 [02:16:09] My liege, look to thyself.
 [02:16:10] Beware.
 [02:16:11] Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
 [02:16:14] Villain, I'll make thee safe.
 [02:16:17] Stay thy revengeful hand.
 [02:16:19] Thou hast not cause to fear.
 [02:16:21] Open the door, or I will break it open.
 [02:16:27] What is the matter?
 [02:16:29] Uncle, speak.

[02:16:30] Recover breath.
 [02:16:31] Tell us how near is danger that we may arm us to encounter it.
 [02:16:35] Peruse this writing
 [02:16:36] and thou shalt know the treason that my haste forbids me show.
 [02:16:40] Remember as thou read'st thy promise passed.
 [02:16:43] I do repent me.
 [02:16:45] Read not my name there.
 [02:16:46] My heart is not confederate with my hand.
 [02:16:49] It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.
 [02:16:53] I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king.
 [02:16:55] Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.
 [02:16:59] Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
 [02:17:02] a serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
 [02:17:04] Oh, heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy.
 [02:17:10] Oh, loyal father of a treacherous son,
 [02:17:14] thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain
 [02:17:17] from whence this stream through muddy passages
 [02:17:20] hath held his current and defiled himself,
 [02:17:22] thy overflow of good converts to bad,
 [02:17:26] and thy abundant goodness shall excuse
 [02:17:29] this deadly blot in thy digressing son.
 [02:17:32] So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd.
 [02:17:35] And he shall spend mine honor with his shame
 [02:17:38] as thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
 [02:17:41] Mine honor lives when his dishonor dies,
 [02:17:44] or my shamed life in his dishonor lies.
 [02:17:47] Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath.
 [02:17:50] The traitor lives.
 [02:17:51] The true man's put to death.
 [02:17:54] What ho, my liege.
 [02:17:56] For God's sake, let me in.
 [02:18:00] What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry?
 [02:18:03] A woman, and thy aunt, great king.
 [02:18:06] 'Tis I.
 [02:18:07] Speak with me.
 [02:18:10] Pity me.
 [02:18:11] Open the door.
 [02:18:13] A beggar begs that never begged before.
 [02:18:17] Our scene is altered from a serious thing
 [02:18:19] and now changed to "The Beggar and the King."
 [02:18:23] My dangerous cousin, let your mother in.
 [02:18:26] I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.
 [02:18:29] If thou do pardon whosoever pray,
 [02:18:31] more sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
 [02:18:34] This festered joint cut off, the rest rest sound.
 [02:18:38] This let alone will all the rest confound.
 [02:18:42] Oh, king, believe not this hardhearted man.
 [02:18:46] Love loving not itself none other can.
 [02:18:49] Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
 [02:18:51] Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
 [02:18:54] Sweet York, be patient.
 [02:18:57] Hear me, gentle liege.
 [02:18:59] Rise up, good Aunt.
 [02:19:02] Not yet, I thee beseech.
 [02:19:04] Forever will I walk upon my knees
 [02:19:07] and never see day that the happy sees
 [02:19:11] till thou give joy,
 [02:19:12] until thou bid me joy,
 [02:19:15] by pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
 [02:19:19] Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.

[02:19:21] Against them both my true joints bended be.
 [02:19:24] Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace.
 [02:19:28] Pleads he in earnest?
 [02:19:29] Look upon his face.
 [02:19:30] His eyes do drop no tears.
 [02:19:32] His prayers are in jest.
 [02:19:33] His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast.
 [02:19:36] He prays but faintly and would be denied.
 [02:19:40] We pray with heart and soul and all besides.
 [02:19:44] His weary joints would gladly rise, I know.
 [02:19:47] Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow.
 [02:19:52] His prayers are full of false hypocrisy,
 [02:19:55] ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
 [02:19:58] Our prayers do outpray his.
 [02:20:01] Then let them have that mercy that true prayer ought to have.
 [02:20:05] Good Aunt, stand up.
 [02:20:07] Nay, do not say, "stand up."
 [02:20:10] Say, "pardon" first, and afterwards "stand up."
 [02:20:15] And if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
 [02:20:18] "pardon" would be the first word of thy speech.
 [02:20:20] I never longed to hear the word till now.
 [02:20:24] Say "pardon," King.
 [02:20:25] Let pity teach thee how.
 [02:20:27] The word is short, but not so short as sweet.
 [02:20:29] No word like "pardon" for kings' mouths so meet.
 [02:20:32] Speak it in French, king.
 [02:20:33] Say, "Pardonne moi."
 [02:20:35] Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
 [02:20:38] Oh, my sour husband, my hardhearted lord,
 [02:20:43] that sets the word itself against the word.
 [02:20:45] Speak "pardon" as 'tis current in our land.
 [02:20:48] The chopping French we do not understand.
 [02:20:51] Thine eye begins to speak.
 [02:20:54] Set thy tongue there.
 [02:20:56] Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear
 [02:20:59] that hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,
 [02:21:02] pity may move thee "pardon" to rehearse.
 [02:21:05] Good Aunt, stand up.
 [02:21:07] I do not sue to stand.
 [02:21:11] Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.
 [02:21:15] I pardon him,
 [02:21:17] as God shall pardon me.
 [02:21:18] Oh, happy vantage of a kneeling knee.
 [02:21:22] Yet am I sick for fear.
 [02:21:25] Speak it again.
 [02:21:27] Twice saying "pardon" doth not pardon twain,
 [02:21:31] but makes one pardon strong.
 [02:21:35] With all my heart, I pardon him.
 [02:21:40] A god on earth thou art.
 [02:21:47] But for our trusty brother-in-law and the abbot,
 [02:21:51] with all the rest of that consorted crew,
 [02:21:53] destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
 [02:21:56] Good Uncle, help to order several powers to Oxford
 [02:22:00] or where'er these traitors are.
 [02:22:02] They shall not live within this world, I swear,
 [02:22:04] but I will have them, if I once know where.
 [02:22:08] Uncle, farewell.
 [02:22:10] And, cousin, adieu.
 [02:22:13] Your mother well hath prayed and prove you true.
 [02:22:18] Come, my old son.

[02:22:20] I pray God make thee new.
 [02:22:30] Did thou not mark the king, what words he spake?
 [02:22:34] "Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"
 [02:22:39] Was it not so?
 [02:22:40] These were his very words.
 [02:22:42] "Have I no friend?" quoth he.
 [02:22:46] He spake it twice and urged it twice together, did he not?
 [02:22:49] He did.
 [02:22:50] And speaking it, he wistly looked on me
 [02:22:53] as who should say, "I would thou wert the man
 [02:22:57] that would divorce this terror from my heart,"
 [02:23:00] meaning the king at Pomfret.
 [02:23:04] Come, let's go.
 [02:23:06] I am the king's friend and will rid his foe.
 [02:23:22] I have been studying how I may compare
 [02:23:26] this prison where I live unto the world.
 [02:23:30] And for because the world is populous
 [02:23:34] and here is not a creature but myself, I cannot do it.
 [02:23:44] Yet I'll hammer it out.
 [02:23:48] My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
 [02:23:54] my soul the father,
 [02:23:57] and these two beget a generation of still breeding thoughts,
 [02:24:03] and these same thoughts people this little world
 [02:24:09] in humors like the people of this world,
 [02:24:11] for no thought is contented.
 [02:24:15] The better sort, as thoughts of things divine are intermixed
 [02:24:22] with scruples and do set the word itself against the word.
 [02:24:28] As thus, "Come, little ones."
 [02:24:32] And then again, "It is as hard to come as for a camel
 [02:24:37] to thread the postern of a small needle's eye."
 [02:24:43] Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot unlikely wonders--
 [02:24:50] how these vain weak nails
 [02:24:52] may tear a passage through the flinty ribs
 [02:24:55] of this hard world, my ragged prison walls.
 [02:25:00] And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
 [02:25:13] Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
 [02:25:17] that they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
 [02:25:21] nor shall not be the last.
 [02:25:24] Like silly beggars who, sitting in the stocks,
 [02:25:28] refuge their shame,
 [02:25:29] that many have and others must sit there.
 [02:25:34] And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 [02:25:38] bearing their own misfortunes on the back
 [02:25:40] of such as have before endured the like.
 [02:25:46] Thus play I in one person many people,
 [02:25:52] and none contented.
 [02:25:55] Sometimes am I king.
 [02:26:00] Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,
 [02:26:04] and so I am.
 [02:26:06] Then crushing penury persuades me I was better when a king.
 [02:26:11] Then am I kinged again,
 [02:26:15] and by and by think that I am unkinged by Bolingbroke
 [02:26:19] and straight am nothing.
 [02:26:25] But whate'er I be,
 [02:26:28] nor I nor any man that but man is,
 [02:26:32] with nothing shall be pleased
 [02:26:36] till he be eased with being nothing.
 [02:26:44] Music do I hear?
 [02:26:52] Oh, keep time.
 [02:26:56] How sour sweet music is

[02:26:57] when time is broke and no proportion kept.
 [02:27:03] So is it in the music of men's lives.
 [02:27:07] And here have I the daintiness of ear
 [02:27:11] to cheque time broke in a disordered string,
 [02:27:15] but for the concord of my state and time
 [02:27:18] had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
 [02:27:23] I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
 [02:27:29] For now hath time made me his numbering clock.
 [02:27:32] My thoughts are minutes.
 [02:27:34] And with sighs they jar their watches on unto mine eyes,
 [02:27:37] the outward watch,
 [02:27:38] whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 [02:27:41] is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
 [02:27:43] Now, sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
 [02:27:46] are clamorous groans that beat upon my heart,
 [02:27:49] which is the bell.
 [02:27:51] So sighs and tears and groans show minutes, times, and hours.
 [02:28:01] But my time runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
 [02:28:07] while I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
 [02:28:11] This music mads me!
 [02:28:14] Let it sound no more!
 [02:28:16] For though it have help madmen to their wits,
 [02:28:18] in me it seems it will make wise men mad.
 [02:28:33] Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me,
 [02:28:38] for 'tis a sign of love.
 [02:28:42] And love to Richard is a strange brooch in this all hating world.
 [02:28:53] Hail, royal prince.
 [02:28:55] Thanks, noble peer.
 [02:28:58] The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
 [02:29:06] What art thou?
 [02:29:08] And how comest thou hither
 [02:29:10] where no man never comes but that sad dog
 [02:29:12] that brings me food to make misfortune live?
 [02:29:16] I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
 [02:29:18] when thou wert king,
 [02:29:20] who, traveling towards York,
 [02:29:21] with much ado at length have gotten leave
 [02:29:23] to look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
 [02:29:27] Oh, how it yearned my heart
 [02:29:29] when I beheld in London streets that coronation day
 [02:29:32] when Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,
 [02:29:35] that horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
 [02:29:38] that horse that I so carefully have dressed.
 [02:29:40] Rode he on Barbary?
 [02:29:43] Tell me, gentle friend, how went he under him?
 [02:29:45] So proudly as if he disdained the ground.
 [02:29:49] So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back.
 [02:29:53] That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand.
 [02:29:57] This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
 [02:30:01] Would he not stumble?
 [02:30:03] Would he not fall down, since pride must have a fall,
 [02:30:06] and break the neck of that proud man that did usurp his back?
 [02:30:12] Forgiveness, horse.
 [02:30:13] Why do I rail on thee,
 [02:30:15] since thou, created to be awed by man, wast born to bear?
 [02:30:22] I was not made a horse,
 [02:30:26] and yet I bear the burden like an ass,
 [02:30:29] spurred, galled, and tired by jouncing Bolingbroke.
 [02:30:36] Fellow, give place.
 [02:30:37] Here is no longer stay.

[02:30:39] If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.
 [02:30:42] What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.
 [02:31:02] My lord, will it please you to fall to?
 [02:31:15] Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.
 [02:31:20] My lord, I dare not.
 [02:31:23] Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king,
 [02:31:26] commands the contrary.
 [02:31:29] The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee.
 [02:31:33] Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
 [02:31:36] Help!
 [02:31:37] Help!
 [02:31:38] Help!
 [02:31:39] How now.
 [02:31:41] What means death in this rude assault?
 [02:31:45] Villain!
 [02:31:47] Thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.
 [02:31:52] Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
 [02:32:26] That hand shall burn in never quenching fire
 [02:32:29] that staggers thus my person.
 [02:32:35] Exton, thy fierce hand
 [02:32:38] hath with the king's blood stained the king's own land.
 [02:32:43] Mount; mount, my soul.
 [02:32:46] Thy seat is up on high,
 [02:32:48] whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.
 [02:33:09] Kind Uncle York, the latest news we hear
 [02:33:12] is that the rebels have consumed with fire
 [02:33:14] our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire.
 [02:33:16] Whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.
 [02:33:22] The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
 [02:33:25] with clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
 [02:33:28] hath yielded up his body to the grave.
 [02:33:31] But here is Carlisle living
 [02:33:33] to abide thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.
 [02:33:38] Carlisle, this is your doom.
 [02:33:42] Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
 [02:33:46] more than thou hast, and with it joy thy life.
 [02:33:50] So as thou livest in peace, die free from strife.
 [02:33:54] For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
 [02:33:56] high sparks of honor in thee have I seen.
 [02:34:19] Great king,
 [02:34:21] within this coffin I present thy buried fear.
 [02:34:24] Herein all breathless lies
 [02:34:26] the mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
 [02:34:31] Richard of Bordeaux,
 [02:34:33] by me hither brought.
 [02:34:53] Exton, I thank thee not,
 [02:34:57] for thou hast wrought a deed of slander with thy fatal hand
 [02:35:02] upon my head and all this famous land.
 [02:35:05] From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.
 [02:35:09] They love not poison that do poison need,
 [02:35:12] nor do I thee.
 [02:35:15] Though I did wish him dead,
 [02:35:18] I hate the murderer,
 [02:35:22] love him murdered.
 [02:35:27] The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labor,
 [02:35:30] but neither my good word nor princely favor.
 [02:35:35] With Cain go wander through shades of night,
 [02:35:38] and never show thy head by day nor light.
 [02:35:48] Lords, I protest my soul is full of woe
 [02:35:54] that blood should sprinkle me to make me grow.

[02:36:01] Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
[02:36:08] and put on sullen, black incontinent.
[02:36:14] I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land
[02:36:16] to wash this blood from off my guilty hand.
[02:36:20] March sadly after.
[02:36:24] Grace my mournings here
[02:36:26] in weeping after this untimely bier.