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SELECTED ENGLISH CLASSICS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

HENRY THE SECOND

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JOHN & HEATH

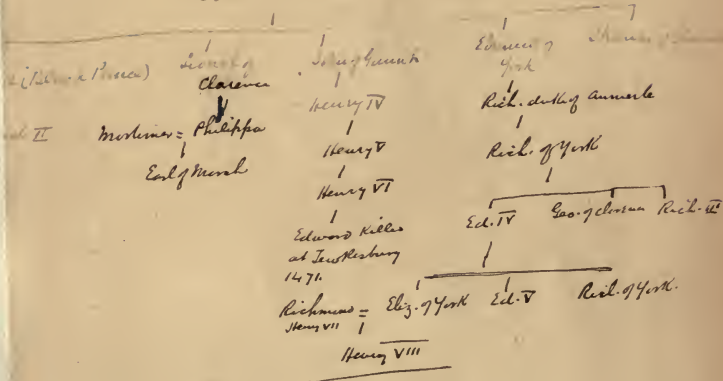


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## INTRODUCTION.

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### History of the Play.

**K**ING RICHARD THE SECOND is first heard of through an entry in the Stationers' register, dated August 29, 1597. The play was published in the course of the same year, but without the author's name. The same text was issued again in 1598, with "By William Shakespeare" in the title-page. There was a third issue in 1608, the title-page having the words, "With new additions of the Parliament-Scene, and the deposing of King Richard." These additions are in Act iv., Scene 1, comprising a hundred and sixty-four lines, or about half the Act. A fourth quarto edition appeared in 1615, the text being the same as in that of 1608. Of course the play reappeared along with the others in the folio of 1623. In the folio text, however, several passages, including in all just fifty lines, are unaccountably wanting; the omissions, in some cases, making a palpable break in the continuity of the sense. The text of 1597 is, I believe, generally allowed to be the best of the five, except as regards the additions of 1608; each later issue retaining the errors of the earlier, with new ones of its own.

As to the date of the composition, we have nothing decisive beyond the entry at the Stationers'. Malone assigns the writing to 1593; Chalmers to 1596; and others, to va-

rious dates between those two. To the best of my judgment, the internal evidence of style, the abundance of rhymes, the frequent passages of elaborate verbal trifling, the smooth-flowing current of the verse, and the comparative uncompactness of texture, make strongly in favour of as early a date as 1594, when the author was thirty years old. In all these respects, a comparison of the play with the First Part of *King Henry the Fourth*, which could not have been written later than 1597, will, I think, satisfy almost any one that there must have been an interval of several years between the two.

And we have another sort of argument which, it seems to me, carries no little force towards the same conclusion. The first four Books of Daniel's *History of the Civil Wars*, three of which are wholly occupied with the closing passages of Richard's government and life, were originally published in 1595. Samuel Daniel was a star, not indeed of the first magnitude, nor perhaps of the second, but yet a star in that matchless constellation of genius contemporary with Elizabeth and James which has since made England the brightness of the whole Earth. As he was himself a writer of plays, and an aspirant for dramatic honours, it is hardly to be supposed that he would be away from the theatre when "th' applause, delight, the wonder of our stage" was making the place glorious with his "Delphic lines."

The poem and the play have several passages so similar in thought and language as to argue that one of the authors must have drawn from the other. This, to be sure, will of itself conclude nothing as to which way the obligation ran. But there is another sort of resemblance much more to the point. Shakespeare, in strict keeping with the nature and purpose of his work, makes the Queen, in mind, character,

and deportment, a full-grown woman ; whereas, in fact, she was at the time only twelve years old, having been married when she was but eight : a liberty of art every way justifiable in an historical drama, and such as he never scruples to use when the proper ends of dramatic representation may be furthered thereby. On the other hand, the plan of Daniel's poem, and also the bent of his mind, caused him to write, for the most part, with the historical accuracy of a chronicle, insomuch that the fine vein of poetry which was in him hardly had fair play, being overmuch hampered by the rigidity of literal truth. Yet he makes a similar departure from fact in regard to the Queen, representing her very much as she is in the play.

The point, then, is, that such a departure, however justifiable in either case, seems more likely to have been original in the play than in the poem : in the former it grew naturally from the purpose of the work and the usual method of the workman ; in the latter its cause appears to be rather in the force of example : in other words, Shakespeare was more likely to do it because, artistically, it ought so to be ; Daniel, because it had been so done with success. And it is considerable that Daniel pushes the divergence from historic truth even further than Shakespeare ; in which excess we may easily detect the influence of a model : for that which proceeds by the reason and law of Art naturally stops with them ; but in proceeding by the measure of examples and effects such is not the case ; and hence it is that imitation is so apt to exaggerate whatever traits it fastens on. To all which if we add, as we justly may, that both this and the other resemblances are such withal as would naturally result from the impressions of the stage, the whole makes at least something of probability for the point in question.

Some question has been made as to whether the "additions" first printed in the quarto of 1608 were written at the same time with the rest of the play. The judgment of, I believe, all the best critics is that they were; and such is clearly my own. They are all of a piece with the surrounding portions: there is nothing either in the style, the matter, or the connection of them, to argue or even to indicate in the slightest degree a different period of workmanship. Nor is this judgment at all hindered by the fact of their non-appearance in the two earlier issues of the play. For Elizabeth was then on the throne; to whose ears the deposing of monarchs was a very ungrateful theme, especially after the part she had in deposing from both crown and life her enchanting and ill-starred kinswoman, the witty and beautiful Mary of Scotland. Her sensitiveness in this behalf was shown on various occasions. Thus in 1599 Hayward barely escaped prosecution for his *History of King Henry the Fourth*, which related the deposing of Richard; all because of the Queen's extreme jealousy lest the matter should be drawn into a precedent against herself. So that, supposing those additions to have been a part of the play as originally written, it is pretty certain that no publisher would have dared to issue them, however they may have been allowed on the stage.

There was certainly another play in Shakespeare's time on the subject of Richard the Second. This we learn beyond peradventure from Dr. Simon Forman, a dealer in occult science, who kept a diary of curious and noteworthy things. Under date of April 30, 1611, he notes the performance of a play called *Richard the Second* at the Globe theatre; adding such particulars of the plot and action as make it evident that the play could not have been Shakespeare's,

though performed at the theatre for which he had so long been used to write. The details noted by Forman ascertain the piece to have embraced the insurrection of Wat Tiler and Jack Straw, with various other matters occurring before the outbreak of the quarrel between Bolingbroke and Norfolk. Forman says nothing about the deposing of Richard; an event which he would hardly have failed to mention, had it formed any part of the play.

This brings me to a curious affair of State which took place in 1601. It appears that in February of that year the partisans and accomplices of Essex, in pursuance of the conspiracy they had formed, and to further the insurrection they had planned, procured a play to be acted, wherein the deposing of Richard the Second was represented. The affair is briefly related in Camden's *Annals*, and the main points of it are further known from Lord Bacon's official papers concerning "the treason of Robert, Earl of Essex." Bacon's statement tallies exactly with another document lately discovered in the State-Paper Office. This ascertains that on the 18th of February, 1601, Augustine Phillips, a member of the same theatrical company with Shakespeare, was examined under oath by Chief-Justice Popham, Justice Anderson, and Sergeant Fenner, in support of the prosecution. Phillips testified that a few days before some of Essex's partisans had applied, in his presence, to the leaders of the Globe company, "to have the play of the deposing and killing of King Richard the Second played the Saturday next, promising to give them forty shillings more than their ordinary" for playing it. Phillips also testified that he and his fellows had determined to act some other play, "holding the play of King Richard to be so old, and so long out of use, that they should have small or no company at it," but that the extra forty shillings



induced them to change their purpose, and do as they were requested.

Until this deposition came to light, it was not known what theatrical company had undertaken the performance for which the friends of Essex were prosecuted. We now know that it was the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and by which his play had for some time been owned and often acted. As we have seen, the piece bespoke by the conspirators could not have been the same which Forman witnessed ten years later. It is indeed possible that the play so bespoke may have been a third one on the same subject, that has not elsewhere been heard of; but this, to say the least, appears highly improbable. To be sure, the play engaged for that occasion is spoken of as being "so old, and so long out of use," that it was not likely to draw an audience; which circumstance has been rather strongly urged against supposing it to have been Shakespeare's. But these words need not infer any more than that the play had lost the charm of novelty; a thing which, considering the marvellous fertility of the time in dramatic production, might well enough have come about in the course of five or six years.

My own judgment, therefore, is, that Shakespeare's *King Richard the Second* was written as early as 1594; that it is the play referred to in the trial of Essex and his accomplices; and that for reasons of State the deposition-scene was withheld from the press till some time after the accession of James the First, when such reasons were no longer held to be of any force.

#### Source of the Plot.

The leading events of *King Richard the Second*, and all the persons except the Queen, the whole substance, action,

and interest, are purely historical, with only such heightening of effect, such vividness of colouring, and such vital invigoration, as poetry can add without marring or displacing the truth of history ; the Poet having entirely forborne that freedom of art in representative character which elsewhere issued in such delectations as Falconbridge and Falstaff. For the materials of the drama, Shakespeare was indebted, as in his other historical plays, to the pages of Holinshed ; though there are several passages which show traces of his reading in the older work of Hall. In the current of Holinshed's narrative, the quarrel of Bolingbroke and Norfolk strikes in so abruptly, is so inexplicable in its origin, and so teeming with great results, as to form, naturally and of itself, the beginning of the manifold national tragedy which ends only with the catastrophe of *King Richard the Third*. The cause indeed of that quarrel is hardly less obscure in the history than in the play : it stands out almost as something uncaused, so that there was no need of going behind it ; while at the same time it proves the germ of such a vast and varied procession of historical events as to acquire the highest importance.

### Historical Antecedents.

It may throw some light on the action of the play to revert briefly to a few antecedent points of history.—At the death of his grandfather, Edward the Third, in June, 1377, Richard was only in his eleventh year ; a very handsome boy, with fair gifts of mind, and not without amiable dispositions, but of just about the right age to be spoiled by the influences of his position. Of course he was too young to be capable of rule, while the English had not yet learned how to bridge over the nonage of their king by a settled regency. The

youth was fond of pleasure, careless of expense, and apt to love those who humoured his fancies ; and in effect the State soon became a prey to rapacious and unprincipled sycophants. Of his three uncles, the Dukes of Lancaster, York, and Gloster, the latter was much the ablest ; but, in an age of fierceness and turbulence, was chiefly distinguished for his fierce, turbulent, and despotic temper. Gloster undertook to root out “the caterpillars of the commonwealth” ; and his doings in this behalf so strengthened his influence, that in 1387 he drew into his own hands nearly the whole power of the State, and reduced the King to a mere cipher. In this career he proved such a remorseless and sanguinary tyrant, that some year and a half later Richard succeeded, by a well-timed stroke of vigour, in shaking off the tyranny, and becoming his own master. The government then went on in a smooth and tranquil course for several years ; during which time a fresh batch of greedy and reckless favourites got warmed into life. Meanwile Gloster used means to regain his broken influence, took advantage of his seat in the Council to baffle and irritate the King, and was the chief mover of every intrigue, the soul of every faction that opposed Richard’s wishes.

In 1396, the King’s first wife having died, he espoused the Princess Isabella of France, then in her eighth year. Emboldened by this alliance, the King, in 1397, resolved to execute his long-cherished but deeply-dissembled scheme of vengeance against the Duke of Gloster. The matter was carried with great secrecy and dispatch, Richard himself leading the party that went to apprehend the Duke at his own castle. When Gloster, not dreaming what was on foot, came out to meet the King, he was forthwith delivered into the hands of Norfolk, who was then Governor of Calais, and



who, while pretending to conduct Gloster to the Tower, spirited him away down the river, and across to Calais, and there lodged him in the castle. Richard's fury, so long repressed, now broke loose. The Duke, in his absence, was impeached of treason for what he had done ten years before. Bolingbroke concurred in this impeachment. When Norfolk was ordered to bring his prisoner before the House, he replied that he could not do so, as the Duke had suddenly died. Gloster was now out of the way, and, as it was generally thought, by means the most foul; and his former partisans, notwithstanding they had been pardoned and taken into seeming favour, were made to taste the full measure of Richard's vengeance.

In these doings the King's real character was fairly disclosed. The smiles and affability in which he had so long cloaked his revenge, his perfidious favours towards the destined victims, and his contempt of law and justice as soon as he felt secure in his power, appalled not only Gloster's former adherents, but all who had ever incurred the royal displeasure. Bolingbroke, as we have seen, had of late sided with Richard in the impeachment of his uncle. But he had been himself more or less implicated as a partisan of Gloster in those very doings which were now drawing the King's vengeance on so many others: though now seeming to stand firm in Richard's good-will, and though lately advanced by him from Earl of Derby to Duke of Hereford, he might well distrust a hand that had approved itself so false and treacherous in its favours.

Here, most likely, we have the true secret of Bolingbroke's sudden and otherwise inexplicable rupture with the Duke of Norfolk. The two had lately ridden together in a friendly manner, and during the ride had opened their minds to each

other with apparent freedom and sincerity touching the King's doings and purposes. But the imputed murder of his uncle Gloster might well put Bolingbroke upon apprehending that Norfolk's seeming confidence was all feigned for the purpose of drawing him into some act or speech that might be turned to his destruction. It is true, Norfolk himself, also, along with Bolingbroke and others, had borne a part in those same treasonable proceedings for which Gloster was impeached ; but he now stood high, apparently, in the King's favour ; and in his possession of the whole secret touching Gloster's death he had a strong pledge of the King's fidelity to him. Richard was bound to Norfolk as his instrument, Norfolk was bound to Richard as his principal, in that dark transaction ; neither could betray the other without exposing himself. But this was a very perilous combination. Bolingbroke's astute, penetrating, determined spirit saw how to be master of the situation. He could not attack the principal directly, but he could attack him through the instrument. Thus Gloster's death became Bolingbroke's opportunity.

### The Political Situation.

The play fitly opens with Bolingbroke's accusation and challenge of Norfolk ; the forecited points of history not forming any part of the action, nor being stated directly, but only implied, sometimes not very clearly, in various notes of dramatic retrospection. Richard tries his utmost to reconcile the parties ; for he knows full well that himself is the real mark aimed at in the appellant's charges and defiance ; but he is forced alike by his position and his conscience to dissemble that knowledge, and to take Bolingbroke at his word.

On the other side, Bolingbroke's behaviour throughout is

also a piece of profound and well-acted dissimulation : he understands the King's predicament perfectly ; knows that he dare not avow his thoughts, lest he stand self-convicted in the matter charged. So he has both Richard and Norfolk penned up in a dilemma from which they can nowise escape but by letting out the whole truth, and thus giving him a clear victory. His keen sagacity pierces the heart of their situation ; nor does his energy lag behind his insight : naturally bold and resolute, his boldness and resolution now spring at the game in conscious strength : he is ambitious of power, he resents his uncle's death, he loves his country ; and his ambition, his resentment, his patriotism, all combine to string him up for decisive action : he has got a firm twist on the wrong-doers, and is fully determined either to twist them off their legs or to perish in the attempt. And observe what a note of terror he strikes into Richard when, referring to the spilling of Gloster's blood, he declares, —

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,  
To me for justice and rough chastisement ;  
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,  
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

The little words *to me*, falling in here with such quiet emphasis, are a stern warning to the guilty parties, that the speaker has assumed the office of avenger, and will not falter in the work. How well the sense of them is taken, appears in the King's exclamation, " How high a pitch his resolution soars ! "

It is to be understood withal, that Norfolk has now come to be the King's main supporter in his career of misrule. Bolingbroke forecasts that, Norfolk once hewn out of the way, Richard will then have to cast in his lot with those who

have neither wasted the land with rapacity nor washed their hands in unrighteous blood. Then too he reckons upon having himself a voice potential in the royal counsels ; and he already has it in mind that the race of cormorant upstarts and parasites and suckers who have so long preyed upon the State shall make a speedy end.

Such, I think, is clearly the dramatic purpose and significance of the opening scene, which has been diversely interpreted by several critics, who, it seems to me, have not fully entered into its bearing, prospective and retrospective, on the action of the play. Coleridge, for instance, thinks the Poet's aim in so beginning the piece was to bring out the characters of Richard and Bolingbroke ; while Courtenay holds him to have made the opening thus, not from any dramatic purpose, but merely because he found the matter so ordered in the chronicle. Gervinus, again, thinks that Shakespeare "began with this scene, because it was just the beginning of all the sufferings which fell upon the King, and afterwards upon his dethroners." The views of both Coleridge and Gervinus are doubtless right, as far as they go : but I think the *chief* object of the scene is to unfold, in its various bearings, direct and remote, the *dramatic relation* of the two leading persons. Accordingly, out of this relation as there set forth the whole action of the play is made to proceed.

### Secret Purposes of the King.

The King's course in arresting the quarrel just as it is coming to the upshot, and in sending both parties into exile, is very cunning, though perhaps in a rather small way. He thus gets rid of the whole question for the present, and saves himself from falling into the hands of either side : Bolingbroke's scheme is baffled, and his purpose indefinitely post-

poned : withal the act wears a look of fairness and impartiality, so that public discontent cannot well find where to stick upon it. As matters stand, even Norfolk's help is likely to prove a hindrance to the King ; he has a firm hold upon him through the secret that lies between them : on the other hand, Richard has found in Bolingbroke an antagonist whom he dares not cope with, and can nowise conciliate but by arming him with a still greater obstructive power. So, by thus playing them off against each other, he seems to have shaken himself clear at once from a troublesome friend and a dangerous foe : at all events, as he views the thing, he can well afford to purchase a riddance from so formidable an assailant by the loss of his ablest defender. For Richard's main difficulty, in the play as in history, is, that he feels unable to stand without props, and yet is too weak or too wayward to lean upon any but such as are weaker than himself : none are for him but those who pander to his wilfulness ; creatures at once greedy and prodigal, and who have no strength to help him but what they suck out of him.

Richard is evidently not a little elated at the stratagem of banishment : he flatters himself with having devised a master-stroke of policy which is to make him stronger than ever. Both the clog of Norfolk's friendship and the dread of Bolingbroke's enmity are now, as he thinks, effectually removed. After such a triumph, he presumes that none will dare to call the oppressions and abuses of his government to account. Thus he arrogates to himself entire impunity in whatever he may please to do, and so is emboldened to fresh excesses of misrule. Though he has cut down the term of Bolingbroke's exile to six years, it is with a secret purpose that the exile shall never return ; and he trusts that the same king-craft which has extricated him from so sharp a dilemma will carry



him safe through any plots, however dark and treacherous, which he may frame for putting the man out of the way. But, in his exhilaration of seeming success, he cannot keep his thoughts to himself; he must still feed his self-applause by blurting them out to his favourites, instead of leaving them to be gathered after the work is done. For so, among his other weaknesses, he has an incurable leakiness of mind, so that he must still be prating of designs which he hardly ought to breathe aloud even to himself. He has indeed a good deal of practical cunning, and is endowed with no mean powers of intellect; but somehow he can never so weave his intellectual forces together as to make them hold water: hence he is ever stumbling over schemes which he has himself spilt in advance.

#### General Characteristics of the Play.

It is hardly worth the while to draw any further outline of the historical matter which the Poet had before him, since both the form and order of events are substantially the same in the play as in Holinshed. The chronicler of course had not the art, nor did it fall within his purpose, to give a life-like portraiture of the persons: yet in respect of these Shakespeare is no less true to fact than in the events; informing the bald diagrams of the historian with vital spirit and efficacy, and thus enabling us not so much to hear or read *about* the men of a former age, as to see them passing before us. Hints to that purpose there are indeed in the narrative; but these for the most part are so slight, and so overlaid with other matter, that perhaps no eye but Shakespeare's could have detected them and drawn forth their secret meaning. And in many such cases he seems to have used a kind of poetical or psychological comparative anatomy; reconstruct-

ing the whole order and complexion of characteristic traits from a few fragments, such as would have escaped any perception less apprehensive and quick than his. So that, looking through his eyes, we can now see things in the chronicler that we could never have discerned with our own. It is almost as if from a fossil thumb-nail or tooth or lock of hair one should reproduce the entire mental, moral, and physical structure of the man to whom it belonged. Such appears to have been the Poet's fineness of faculty! Therewithal the laws of fact seem to sit as easy upon him as those of imagination: within the hard, stiff lines of historical truth, his creative powers move with as much freedom, facility, and grace, as when owning no restraints but such as are self-imposed.

It is probably on some such ground as this that Coleridge, speaking of *King Richard the Second*, says he "feels no hesitation in placing it as the first and most admirable of all Shakespeare's purely historical plays." For, in all the qualities of a work of art merely, or as an instance of dramatic architecture and delineation, it is much inferior to the First and Second Parts of *King Henry the Fourth*. But these are specimens of the *mixed* drama; that is, dramas consisting partly of historical, partly of ideal, delineations; though the latter are indeed used as the vehicle of a larger moral history than were otherwise compatible with the laws of dramatic reason. In *King Richard the Second*, on the other hand, *all* the prominent delineations are historical; with but one exception, no interest, no incidents, of any other kind are admitted: so that, as Coleridge adds, "it is perhaps the most purely historical of Shakespeare's dramas." And he justly argues, that it is not merely the having historical matter, but the peculiar relation which this matter bears to the plot, that makes a drama properly historical. *Mac-*

*beth*, for instance, has much of historical matter, yet is in no proper sense an historical drama, because the history neither forms nor guides, but only *suberves* the plot. Nor, again, does the having much besides historical matter keep a drama from being truly historical, provided the history orders and governs the plot. So that both *King Richard the Second* and *King Henry the Fourth* are in the strictest sense historical plays; the difference between them being, that in the former the history furnishes the whole matter and order of the work; while in the latter it furnishes a part, and at the same time shapes and directs whatever is added by the creative imagination. Thus, in a purely historical drama, the history makes the plot; in a mixed, it directs the plot; in such tragedies as *King Lear* and *Macbeth*, it subverts the plot.

### Philosophic Underpinning.

The play in hand has been justly extolled by several of the most judicious critics as embodying a very profound and comprehensive scheme of political philosophy. Shakespeare was certainly no less a master in this high province of thought than in the exercise of the creative and representative imagination. The just limits and conditions of sovereign authority and of individual right, and how all the parts of the body politic should stand in mutual intelligence and interdependence, were as "things familiar and acquainted" to his all-gifted and serenely-tempered mind. He was indeed a mighty workman, if the world ever saw one. And his mightiness in the grounds and principles of man's social being is especially conspicuous in this drama. What rightly "constitutes a State"; "the degrees by which true sway doth mount"; "the stalk true power doth grow



on"; and that "reverence is a loyal virtue, never sown in haste, nor springing with a transient shower";—these lessons are here unfolded with a depth and largeness of wisdom, and with a harmony and fruitfulness of impression, that cannot be too highly praised. Almost every scene contains matter that craves and repays the closest study.

The play forecasts, vividly yet sedately, the long series of civil crimes and slaughters of which Richard's reign was in fact the seed-plot. These forecastings, however, so far as they come to verbal expression, are fitly put into the mouths of the King and the Bishop of Carlisle, men whose personal interest and settled prepossessions make them strongly averse to the events in progress; while the persons engaged in driving those events forward are touched by no warnings or misgivings in that kind, because with them all such forebodings of distant evil are naturally lost in their resentment of the wrongs that have been done, and in the hopes that dance before them in the path they are treading. But, besides this, the same forecast is also placed silently in the general drift and action of the piece; which infers the whole workmanship to have been framed with that far-stretching train and progeny of evils consciously in view.

But the most noteworthy point in this matter is the Poet's calmness and equipoise of judgment. In the strife of factions and the conflict of principles, he utters, or rather lets the several persons utter, in the extremest forms, their mutually-oppugnant views, yet without either committing himself to any of them or betraying any disapproval of them. He understands not only when and how far the persons are wrong in what they say or do, but also why they cannot understand it: so he holds the balance even between justice to the men and justice to the truth; for he knows very well

how apt men are to be at fault in their opinions while upright in their aims. The claims of legitimacy and of revolution, of divine right, personal merit, and public choice, the doctrines of the monarchical, the aristocratic, the popular origin of the State,—all these are by turns urged in their most rational or most plausible aspects, but merely in the order and on the footing of dramatic propriety, the Poet himself discovering no preferences or repugnances concerning them.

So in this play the dialogue throws out timber from which many diverse theories of government may be framed: and various political and philosophical sects may here meet together, and wrangle out their opposite tenets with themes and quotations drawn from the Poet's pages; just as his persons themselves wrangled out, with words or arms or both, the questions upon which they were actually divided. Nor does he in any sort play or affect to play the part of umpire between the wranglers: which of them has the truth, or the better cause,—this, like a firm commissioner, so to speak, of Providence, he leaves to appear silently in the ultimate sum-total of results. And so imperturbable is his fairness, so unswerving his impartiality, as almost to seem the offspring of a heartless and cynical indifference. Hence a French writer, Chasles, sets him down as "chiefly remarkable for a judgment so high, so firm, so uncompromising, that one is well-nigh tempted to impeach his coldness, and to find in this impassible observer something that may almost be called cruel towards the human race. In the historical pieces," continues he, "the picturesque, rapid, and vehement genius which produced them seems to bow before the higher law of a judgment almost ironical in its clear-sightedness. Sensibility to impressions, the ardent force of imagination, the

eloquence of passion,—these brilliant gifts of nature which would seem destined to draw a poet beyond all limits, are subordinated in this extraordinary intelligence to a calm and almost deriding sagacity, that pardons nothing and forgets nothing.”

### Unfinished Beginnings.

The moral and political lessons designed in this piece run out into completeness in the later plays of the series, and so are to be mainly gathered from them. Here we have the scarce-perceptible germs of consequences which blossom and go to seed there; these consequences being scattered all along down the sequent years till nearly a century after, when the last of the Plantagenets met his death in Bosworth-field. Those lessons are found, not only transpiring inaudibly through the events and actions of the pieces that follow, but also in occasional notes of verbal discourse; as in the Second Part of *King Henry the Fourth*, iii. 1, where Bolingbroke, worried almost to death with the persevering enmity of the Percys, so pointedly remembers the prediction of Richard:—

Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal  
 The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,  
 The time shall not be many hours of age  
 More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head  
 Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,  
 Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,  
 It is too little, helping him to all;  
 And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way  
 To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
 Being ne'er so little urged, another way  
 To pluck him headlong from th' usurpèd throne.  
 The love of wicked friends converts to fear;  
 That fear to hate.

And the same thing comes out again, perhaps still more impressively, in the fact that Bolingbroke's conscience, when king, arms the irregularities of his son with the stings of a providential retribution: though aware of Prince Henry's noble qualities, and of the encouragement they offer, yet the remembrance of what himself has done fills him with apprehensions of the worst; so that he looks upon the Prince as "only mark'd for the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven to punish his mistreadings."

### Character of Richard.

The King and Bolingbroke are among the wisest and strongest of Shakespeare's historical delineations. Both are drawn at full length, and without omission of a feature or lineament that could anywise help us towards a thorough knowledge of the men; so far, that is, as regards the argument and action of the piece.

All through the first three Acts, Richard appears pretty thoroughly despicable, insomuch that it seems hardly possible he should ever rally to his side any honest stirrings either of pity or respect. He is at once crafty and credulous, indolent and arrogant, effeminate and aggressive; a hollow trifler while Fortune smiles, a wordy whimperer when she frowns. His utter falseness of heart in taking order for the combat, while secretly bent on preventing it; his arbitrary freakishness in letting it proceed till the combatants are on the point of crossing their lances, and then peremptorily arresting it; his petulant tyranny in passing the sentence of banishment on both the men, and his nervous, timid apprehensiveness in exacting from them an oath not to have any correspondence during their exile; his mean, scoffing insolence to the broken-hearted Gaunt, his ostentatious scorn of

principle of cohesion or concert among them ; so that he acts in each of them by turns, never in all of them, hardly ever in two of them, at once. He thus moves altogether by fits and starts, and must still be in an excess, now on one side, now on another ; and this because the tempering and moderating power of judgment is wanting ; in a word, he has no *equilibrium* : a thought strikes him, and whirls him far off to the right, where another thought strikes him, and whirls him as far off to the left ; and so he goes pitching and zigzagging hither and thither. This is not specially constitutional with him, but mainly the result of bad education and an unconscientious way of life. In his case, the discipline of order and virtue has been forestalled by a planting of loose and giddy thoughts ; and long indulgence in voluptuous arts, and the instilled poison of wanton imaginations, have dissolved the bands of self-restraint, and induced a habit of setting pleasure before duty, and of making reason wait on passion ; and this has wrought a certain chronic sleaziness into his texture, and rendered him more and more the sport of contradictory impulses and humours. Professor Dowden justly observes that, “without any genuine kingly power, he has a feeling of what kingly power must be ; without any veritable religion, he has a pale shadow of religiosity.” Indeed, every thing about him is shadowy : his mind lives in a sort of phantom-world, and can nowise distinguish phantom from fact, or the vapoury thought that pleases him from the severe and solid thing that is.

Richard is not without bright and just thoughts, but he cannot for any length of time maintain a reasonable propriety of thought. Hence his discourse presents a strange medley of sense and puerility ; and we often have a gem of mind or a beautiful image with a childish platitude treading



on its heels.\* So too he is lofty and abject, pious and profane, bold and pusillanimous, by fits; has spasms of elation swiftly alternating with spasms of dejection, and is ever running through the gamut of sharps and flats; "every feeling being," as Coleridge says, "abandoned for its direct opposite upon the pressure of external accident." This supreme trait of weakness is most tellingly displayed in his dialogue with Carlisle, Aumerle, Salisbury, and Scroop, just after his return from Ireland, when, upon learning how Bolingbroke is carrying all before him, he vibrates so rapidly between the extremes of ungrounded hope and unmanly despair. His spirit soars in the faith that, for every man in arms with Bolingbroke, "God for His Richard hath in heavenly pay a glorious Angel"; but when, a moment after, he finds that, so far from Angels mustering to his aid, even men are deserting him, all his faith instantly vanishes in pale-faced terror and dismay.

Therewithal he is ever inviting hostile designs by openly anticipating them, or by futile or ill-judged precautions against them. So in his swearing the two banished Dukes

\* There is a condition of the intellect which we describe by the word *boyishness*. The mind in the boyish stage of growth "has no discriminating convictions, and no grasp of consequences." It has not as yet got hold of realities; it is "merely dazzled by phenomena, instead of perceiving things as they are." The talk of a person who remains in this sense boyish is often clever, but it is unreal; now he will say brilliant things upon this side of a question, and now upon the opposite side. He has no consistency of view. He is wanting as yet in seriousness of intellect; in the adult mind. Now, if we extend this characteristic of boyishness from the intellect to the entire character, we may understand much of what Shakespeare meant to represent in the person of Richard the Second. Not alone his intellect, but his feelings, live in the world of phenomena, and altogether fail to lay hold of things as they are; they have no consistency and no continuity. His will is entirely unformed; it possesses no authority and no executive power; he is at the mercy of every chance impulse and transitory mood.—DOWDEN.

not to plot or join hands against him during their exile. So too when Bolingbroke comes, avowedly and with just cause, to reclaim his own, and to redress the bleeding State: he discovers no purpose of grasping the crown, till Richard's weak-kneed concession or acquiescence puts it in his mind, and fairly woos him to it; that is, the King presumes the design is to unseat him, and thereby prompts it. Thus the apprehension of being deposed, instead of stiffening up his manly parts, at once deposes his intellect and spirit. When a bold and resolute self-assertion, or a manly and stout-hearted defiance would outdare and avert the peril, he just quails and cowers; and his deprecating of the blow before it comes is a tacit pledge of submission when it comes. He himself tells Bolingbroke, "they well deserve to have, that know the strong'st and surest way to get"; while his behaviour just illustrates how they deserve not to have, who use the strongest and surest way to lose.

But perhaps the most mark-worthy point in his character is, that the prospect or the pressure of adversity or distress, instead of kindling any strain of manhood in him, or of having any bracing and toning effect upon his soul, only melts it into a kind of sentimental pulp. Suffering does not even develop the virtue of passive fortitude in him: at its touch, he forthwith abandons himself to a course of passionate weakness. And he is so steeped in voluptuous habits, that he must needs be a voluptuary even in his sorrow, and make a luxury of woe itself: pleasure has so thoroughly mastered his spirit, that he cannot think of bearing pain as a duty or an honour, but merely as a license for the pleasure of maudlin self-compassion: so he hangs over his griefs, hugs them, nurses them, buries himself in them, as if the sweet agony thereof were to him a glad refuge from the stings of self-

reproach, or a dear release from the exercise of manly thought. This, I take it, is the true explanation of the fact, that when he is sick in fortune, and sees "the world is not his friend, nor the world's law," he forthwith turns a moralistic day-dreamer and fancy-monger, and goes to spending his wits in a sort of holiday of poetical, self-brooding tearfulness. His spirit wantons in running self-pleasing divisions upon sadness, as if to beguile the sense and memory of his follies and crimes. And such an ingenious working of sentimental embroidery is perhaps the natural resort of a profligate without means.

It is also to be noted that in his reverse of fortune Richard's mind is altogether self-centred; and he is so bewitched with his self-pity, that he has no thought to spare for those whom his fall has dragged down into ruin along with him. But this is only part and parcel of his general character; which, to quote Coleridge again, is that of "a mind deeply reflective in its misfortunes, but wanting the guide to all sound reflection,—the power of going out of himself, under the conduct of a loftier reason than could endure to dwell upon the merely personal."

In this respect, one may well be tempted to run a parallel, as indeed Hazlitt has done, between Richard the Second and Henry the Sixth as drawn by Shakespeare. The two Kings closely resemble each other in a certain weakness of character bordering on effeminacy; and this resemblance is made specially apparent by their similarity of state and fortune. Yet this similarity seems to have put the Poet upon a more careful discrimination of the men. Richard is as selfish as he is weak, and weak partly because of his selfishness. With goodly powers of mind, still his thinking never runs clear of self, but is all steeped to the core in personal re-



gards ; he reads men and things altogether through the medium of his own wishes and desires. And because his thoughts do not rise out of self, and stay in the contemplation of general truth, therefore it is that his course of life runs so tearingly a-clash with the laws and conditions of his place. With Henry, on the other hand, disinterestedness is pushed to the degree of an infirmity. He seems to perceive and own truth all the more willingly where it involves a sacrifice of his personal interests and rights. But a man, especially a king, cannot be wise for others, unless he be so for himself. Thus Henry's weakness seems to spring in part from an excessive disregard of self. He permits the laws to suffer, and in them the people, partly because he cannot vindicate them without, in effect, taking care of his own cause. And when others break their oaths to him, he blames his own remissness as having caused them to wrong themselves.

But Richard is at last felt to be the victim as well as the author of wrong ; and the Poet evidently did not mean that the wrongs he has done should lie so heavy upon us as to preclude commiseration for the wrong he suffers. Our sympathies are indeed deeply moved in the wretched man's behalf. This, I suppose, is because the spectacle of fallen greatness, of humiliation, and distress, however merited, is a natural object of pity ; while, again, honest pity naturally magnetizes other sentiments into unison with itself. The heart must be hard indeed that does not respond to the pathos of York's account of the discrowned monarch's ride into London : —

No man cried, *God save him !*

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home ;

But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;

Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—

His face still combating with tears and smiles,

The badges of his grief and patience, —  
That, had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd  
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

And it is rather surprising how much he redeems himself in our thoughts by his manly outburst of resentment in the parliament-scene, when the sneaking Northumberland so meanly persecutes him to “ravel out his weaved-up follies.” Then too his faults and infirmities are so much those of our common humanity, that even through them he creeps into our affections, and spins round us the ties of brotherhood. Nor, in truth, is his character without beautiful parts; and when affliction brings these out, as night does the stars, he puts forth claims to gentle regard which the judgment is no less prompt to ratify than the heart to own.

#### Character of Bolingbroke.

In collision with such a compact, close-knit, sure-footed structure as Bolingbroke, it is no wonder that Richard's brittle, stumbling, loose-jointed fabric soon goes to pieces. In one of his paroxysms of regal conceit, he flatters himself that “not all the water in the rough-rude sea can wash the balm from an anointed king”; but his fate is a pregnant warning that in the eye of Heaven, ay, and of men too, a king can wash off his own consecration by flagitious, persistent misgovernment, and can effectually discrown himself by prostituting the intrusted symbol of a nation's sovereignty into an instrument of wilful and despotic self-indulgence. Richard has thought to stand secure in the strength of his good right, and would not see how this might be practically annulled by bad use. By not respecting his great office, he has taught the people to despise his person, and has set

them to longing for a man in his place who will be a king in soul as well as in title. Thus the king by inheritance finds himself hopelessly unkinged in an unequal struggle with a king by nature and merit.

Bolingbroke is obviously the moving and controlling spirit of the drama. Every thing waits upon his firm-set and tranquil potency of will, and is made alive with his silent, inly-working efficacy of thought and purpose. He sets the action on foot, shapes its whole course, and ties up all its lines at the close ; himself riding, in calm and conscious triumph, the whirlwind he has had a hand in raising. Bold, crafty, humble, and aspiring, he is also brimful of energy, yet has all his forces thoroughly in hand, so that he uses them, and is never mastered by them. His vessel is so well-timbered and so tight-built that it never springs a-leak ; either from nature or from purpose, perhaps from both, he takes the way of spreading himself by deeds, not by discourse ; plans industriously, but says nothing about it ; and as he prates not of his mental whereabouts, so you never know what he is thinking of or driving at, till his thoughts have compassed their drift, and overtaken their ends : consequently he remains throughout the play an enigma both to the other persons and to us. At once ardent and self-restrained, far-sighted, firmly-poised, always eyeing his mark steadily, and ever working towards it stealthily, he knows perfectly withal how to abide his time : he sees the opportunity clearly while it is coming, and seizes it promptly when it comes ; but does all this so quietly as to seem the mere servant of events, and not at all the worker of them. He is undoubtedly ambitious of the crown, expects to have it, means to get it, and frames his action to that end ; but he builds both the ambition and the expectation on his knowledge of Richard's character and

his own political insight : reading the signs of the time with a statesman's eye, he knows that things are hastening towards a crisis in the State ; as he also knows that they will be apt to make an end the sooner, if left to their natural course : nor, after all, is it so correct to say that he forces the crown away from Richard, as that he lets Richard's fitful, jerking impotence shake it off into his hand ; though it must be owned that he takes, and knows he is taking, just the right way to stimulate Richard's convulsive zigzaggery into fatal action.

Bolingbroke, throughout the play, appears framed of qualities at once attractive and commanding. In the sequent play, the tempestuous Hotspur denounces him as a "vile politician." A politician he is indeed, but he is much more than that. He is a conscious adept and a willing practiser in the ways of popularity ; but, if there is much of artfulness in his condescension, there is much of genuineness too : for he knows that the strength of the throne must stand in having the hearts of the people knit to it ; and in his view the tribute of a winning address, or of gracious and obliging behaviour, may be honestly and wisely paid, to purchase their honest affection. Therewithal he is a master of just that proud complaisance and benignant loftiness, that happy mixture of affability and reserve, which makes its way most surely to the seat of popular confidence and respect. Nor does his courtship of the people ever forget that their love will keep the longer and the better for being so seasoned with reverence as to stop short of familiarity : for this cause, he offers himself seldom to their eyes ; and when he thus offers himself, he does it so sparingly as to make their eyes glad of the sight without glutting them ; and does it in such a way, that their love of the man may in no sort melt down their

awe of the prince. The way he sweetens himself into their good thoughts, by smiling and bowing his farewell pleasantness upon them when leaving for his place of exile, has its best showing in Richard's description, —

How he did seem to dive into their hearts  
 With humble and familiar courtesey ;  
 What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;  
 Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,  
 And patient under-bearing of his fortune.  
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;  
 A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,  
 And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
 With *Thanks; my countrymen, my loving friends.*

Bolingbroke's departure is with the port and bearing of a conscious victor in the issue he has made. He knows that the hearts of the people are going with him, and that his power at home will strike its roots the deeper for the rough wind of tyranny which blows him abroad, where he must "sigh his English breath in foreign clouds, eating the bitter bread of banishment." From that moment, he sees that the crown is in reversion his ; and the inspiration of these forward-looking thoughts is one cause why he throws such winning blandness and compliance into his parting salutations. And on coming back to reclaim his plundered inheritance, instead of waiting for a formal settlement of rights and titles, no sooner is he landed than he quietly assumes the functions, and goes to doing the works, of sovereignty, while disclaiming the office and all pretensions to it. In their long experience of a king without kingliness, the people have had enough of the name without the thing : so he proceeds to enact the thing without the name. Men thus get used to seeing kingly acts done by him, and grow warm with the sense of public benefits resulting therefrom, without under-



standing clearly that they are such ; that is, they are made to feel the presence of a real king inside of him, before they know it. In this way, he literally *steals* the sentiment of loyalty into them ; while his approved kingliness of spirit reinvests the title with its old dearness and lustre, and at the same time points him out as the rightful wearer of it. Being thus a king in fact, though not in name and outward show, the sentiments that have been wont to go with the crown silently draw together and centre upon him ; and when this is done the crown itself naturally gravitates towards his head. Whether the man consciously designs all this, may indeed be questioned ; but such is clearly the natural drift and upshot of the course he pursues.

Nor is his bearing towards the lords who gather round him less remarkable. During their long ride together, he cheats the tediousness of the road with his sweetness and affability of discourse, thus winning and fastening them to his cause, yet without so committing himself to them as to give them any foothold for lording it over him. The overweening Percys, from the importance of their aid, evidently reckon upon being a power behind the throne greater than the throne ; but they are not long in finding they have mistaken their man. So in the deposition-scene, when the insolent Northumberland thinks to rule the crestfallen King by dint of browbeating, Bolingbroke quietly overrules him ; and he does this so much in the spirit of one born to command, as to make it evident that the reign of favouritism is at an end. He is not unmindful that those who have engaged in rebellion to set him up may do the same again to pluck him down : therefore he is the prompter to let them know that, instead of being his master, they have given themselves a master in him, and that, if he has used their services in es-

tablishing his throne, he has done so as their King, and not as their creature. And as he has no notion of usurping the crown by their help in order that they may rule the State with a king under them ; so neither is he wanting in magnanimity to the brave old Bishop of Carlisle, whose honest, outspoken, uncompromising loyalty to Richard draws from him a reproof indeed, but in language so restrained and temperate as to show that he honours the man much more than he resents the act. The same nobleness of spirit, or, if you please, politic generosity, is evinced again in his declared purpose of recalling Norfolk, and reinstating him in his lands and honours ; and perhaps still better in the scene where he pardons Aumerle, and where, while the old Duke and Duchess of York are pleading with all their might, the one against, the other for, their son's life, he gently plays with the occasion, and defers the word, though his mind is made up, and at last gratifies the father by denying his suit, and binds all three of their hearts indissolubly to himself by a wise act of mercy the more engaging for his stern justice to the other conspirators.

And so the way Bolingbroke kings it all through the fourth and fifth Acts, sparing of words, but prompt and vigorous, yet temperate and prudent, in deed, makes a forcible contrast to Richard's froward, violent, imbecile tyrannizing in the first and second. As for the murder of Richard, this is indeed an execrable thing ; but there is the less need of remarking upon it, inasmuch as Bolingbroke's professed abhorrence of the deed and remorse for having hinted it, whether sincere or not, sufficiently mark it out for reprobation. Of course the proximate cause of it is the conspiracy which has come to light for restoring the deposed King, and which has cost the lives of several men. The death of those men is, in the

circumstances, just. And the fact that Richard's life thus holds Bolingbroke in constant peril of assassination amply explains why the latter should wish the ground and motive for such plots removed, though it may nowise excuse the means used for stopping off that peril. But in truth the head and spring of all these evils lies in the usurpation; and for this Richard is quite as much to blame as Bolingbroke.



# KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

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## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.	HENRY PERCY, his Son.	
JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster.	EARL OF BERKLEY.	
HENRY OF BOLINGBROKE, his Son.	LORD WILLOUGHBY.	
EDMUND, Duke of York.	LORD FITZWATER. LORD ROSS.	
EDWARD, his Son, Duke of Aumerle.	THOMAS MERKS, Bishop of Carlisle.	
MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.	THE ABBOT of Westminster.	
THOMAS HOLLAND, Duke of Surrey.	SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.	
JOHN MONTACUTE, Earl of Salisbury.	SIR PIERCE of Exton.	
SIR JOHN BUSHY,	Captain of a Band of Welshmen.	
SIR WILLIAM BAGOT,	} Creatures of the King.	ISABELLA, Queen to Richard.
SIR HENRY GREEN,		DUCHESS OF YORK.
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.	DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.	
	A Lady attending the Queen.	

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

SCENE, *dispersedly in England and Wales.*

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## ACT I.

SCENE I. — *London. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING RICHARD, *attended,* GAUNT, *and other Nobles.*

*K. Rich.* Old John of Gaunt,<sup>1</sup> time-honour'd Lancaster,

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Lancaster was born in 1340, in the city of Ghent, Flanders, and thence called John of Gaunt. At the time referred to in the text, 1398, he was only fifty-eight years old. The language here applied to him is such as we should hardly use of a man under eighty. At that time men were

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,<sup>2</sup>  
 Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son,  
 Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,<sup>3</sup>  
 Which then our leisure<sup>4</sup> would not let us hear,  
 Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Gaunt.* I have, my liege.

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

*Gaunt.* As near as I could sift him on that argument,  
 On some apparent<sup>5</sup> danger seen in him,  
 Aim'd at your highness, — no inveterate malice.

*K. Rich.* Then call them to our presence : face to face,  
 And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear  
 Th' accuser and th' accused freely speak. —

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*

High stomach'd<sup>6</sup> are they both, and full of ire,  
 In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

often married at fifteen, and were commonly reckoned *old* at fifty; and to reach the age of sixty was as uncommon as it is now to reach fourscore.

<sup>2</sup> *Band* and *bond* were used indifferently for *obligation*, both of them being from the verb to *bind*. Some six weeks before the time of this scene, in a Parliament held at Shrewsbury, Lancaster had pledged himself, given his *oath* and *bond*, that his son should appear for combat at the time and place appointed. This was in accordance with ancient custom.

<sup>3</sup> To *appeal* was constantly used for to *accuse* or *impeach*.

<sup>4</sup> *Leisure* is here put for *want of leisure*. A frequent usage both in Shakespeare and other old writers. So in *As You Like It*, iii. 2: "He that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding." Also, in Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, Lionel says of Amie, "She's sick of the young shepherd that bekist her"; sick for *want* of him.

<sup>5</sup> Here, as often, *apparent* is *manifest*. — *Argument* is *theme* or *matter*.

<sup>6</sup> *Stomach* was used for *pride*, and also for *resentment*. Here it may have either of these senses, or, perhaps, both.

roughed  
 with high  
 rebellion  
 question

Rich  
 a stage  
 manage  
 Give the  
 vine as  
 one another

scam.

55

*Enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE<sup>7</sup> and NORFOLK.*

*Boling.* May many years of happy days befall  
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege !

*Norf.* Each day still better<sup>8</sup> other's happiness ;  
Until the Heavens, envying Earth's good hap,  
Add an immortal title to your crown !

*K. Rich.* We thank you both : yet one but flatters us,  
As well appeareth by the cause you come ;<sup>9</sup>  
Namely, t' appeal each other of high treason. —  
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

*Boling.* First, — Heaven be the record to my speech ! —  
In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tendering<sup>10</sup> the precious safety of my prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appellat to this princely presence. —  
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee :  
And mark my greeting well ; for what I speak  
My body shall make good upon this Earth,  
Or my divine soul<sup>11</sup> answer it in Heaven.  
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant ; *miscreant fr.-p. mis, credo. unbelieve*

<sup>7</sup> Henry Plantagenet, the eldest son of Lancaster, was surnamed Bolingbroke from his having been born at the castle of that name in Lincolnshire.

<sup>8</sup> To *better* for to *surpass*. A frequent usage. So in *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 3 : "What you do *still betters* what is done." Both here and in the text, *still* is *always*, or *continually*.

<sup>9</sup> Meaning, of course, *come for*, or *come on*. The Poet has many such ellipses, especially of prepositions.

<sup>10</sup> To *tender* a thing is to be *careful* or *tender* of it ; to *hold it dear*. See *Hamlet*, page 73, note 27.

<sup>11</sup> "Divine soul" for *immortal* soul ; or, perhaps, in the sense of Wordsworth's well-known passage : "Not in utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory do we come from God, who is our home."

Too good to be so, and too bad to live,  
 Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
 The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.  
 Once more, the more to aggravate the note,<sup>12</sup>  
 With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat ;  
 And wish, — so please my sovereign, — ere I move,  
 What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword<sup>13</sup> may  
 prove.

*Norf.* Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal :  
 'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,  
 The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
 Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain ;  
 The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this :  
 Yet can I not of such tame patience boast  
 As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say :  
 First, the fair reverence of your Highness curbs me  
 From giving reins and spurs to my free speech ;  
 Which else would post<sup>14</sup> until it had return'd  
 These terms of treason doubled down his throat.  
 Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
 And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
 I do defy him, and I spit at him ;  
 Call him a slanderous coward and a villain :  
 Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,  
 And meet him, were I tied<sup>15</sup> to run afoot  
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,

<sup>12</sup> *Note for mark or stigma.*—This was the usual way of aggravating words of accusation, contumely, or reproach. "You lie in your teeth," "You lie in your throat," "You lie as low as to the heart," were the three degrees ; the last being the *ne plus ultra* of insult. See *Hamlet*, page 122, note 91.

<sup>13</sup> That is, a sword drawn in a *righteous* or *just* cause.

<sup>14</sup> To *post* is to *hasten* ; to go with the speed of a *postman*.

<sup>15</sup> *Tied* in the sense of *bound* or *obliged*.

Or any other ground inhabitable <sup>16 = uninhabitable</sup>  
 Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.  
 Meantime let this defend my loyalty,—  
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

*Boling.* Pale, trembling coward, there I throw my gage, <sup>Fr. gage's lat. vas. vadic.</sup>  
 Disclaiming here the kindred of the King,  
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.<sup>17</sup>  
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength  
 As to take up mine honour's pawn,<sup>18</sup> then stoop : <sup>Lat. pignus.</sup> SP.  
 By that and all the rites of knighthood else,  
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,  
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

*Norf.* I take it up ; and by that sword I swear,  
 Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,  
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree,  
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial :  
 And when I mount, alive may I not 'light,<sup>19</sup>  
 If I be traitor or unjustly fight !

*K. Rich.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's  
 charge ?

<sup>16</sup> *Inhabitable* for *uninhabitable*; a strictly classical use of the word, the *in* having a negative force. So in Heywood's *General History of Women*, 1624: "Where all the country was scorched by the heat of the Sun, and the place almost *inhabitable* for the multitude of serpents." Also in Holland's *Plutarch*: "That some parts of the world should be *habitable*, others *inhabitable*, according to excessive cold, extreme heat, and a mean temperature of both."

<sup>17</sup> Referring to Norfolk's disclaimer of any thing that might be offensive to the King; and meaning that this disclaimer sprang from fear, not from loyalty.

<sup>18</sup> *Pawn* is *pledge*; referring to the glove which he throws down as his gage of battle.

<sup>19</sup> *'Light* for *alight*; that is, *dismount*.



It must be great that can inherit us<sup>20</sup>  
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

*Boling.* Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true :

That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles

In name of lendings for your Highness' soldiers,

The which he hath detain'd for lewd<sup>21</sup> employments,

Like a false traitor and injurious villain, *ariseleak in wrong doing*

Besides, I say, and will in battle prove, —

Or here, or elsewhere to the farthest verge

That ever was survey'd by English eye, —

That all the treasons for these eighteen years *since the raising of the  
Commune 1381*

Complotted and contrivèd in this land

Fetch'd from false Mowbray their first head and spring.

Further I say, — and further will maintain

Upon his bad life to make all this good, —

That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's<sup>22</sup> death,

<sup>20</sup> *Inherit for possess.* So in *The Tempest*, iv. 1 : "The great globe itself, yea, all which it *inherit*, shall dissolve." Also in Spenser's *Ruins of Time* : "To highest Heaven, where now he doth *inherit* all happinesse in Hebe's silver bowre." In the text *inherit* is used as a causative verb ; "can *cause* us to have."

<sup>21</sup> *Lewd* in its old sense of *knavish, wicked, or base.* So in *1 Henry IV.*, iii. 2 : "Such poor, such base, such *lewd*, such mean attempts."

<sup>22</sup> This was Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward the Third, and so uncle to the King. Fierce, turbulent, and noted for cruelty in an age of cruel men, he was arrested for treason in 1397, and his own nephews and brothers concurred in the judgment against him. Upon his arrest he was given into the keeping of Norfolk, who pretended to conduct him to the Tower ; but, when they reached the Thames, he put him on board a ship, took him to Calais, of which Norfolk was governor, and confined him in the castle. When ordered, some time afterwards, to bring his prisoner before Parliament for trial, Norfolk answered that he could not produce the Duke, because, being in the King's prison at Calais, he had there died. Holinshed says "the King sent unto Thomas Mowbray to make the Duke secretly away."

Suggest<sup>23</sup> his soon-believing adversaries,  
 And consequently, like a traitor coward,  
 Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood ;  
 Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
 Even from the tongueless caverns of the Earth,  
 To me<sup>24</sup> for justice and rough chastisement ;  
 And, by the glorious worth of my descent,  
 This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

*K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution soars ! —  
 Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

*Norf.* O, let my sovereign turn away his face,  
 And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
 Till I have told this slander of his blood,<sup>25</sup>  
 How God and good men hate so foul a liar !

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

*Norf.* Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,  
 Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest !

<sup>23</sup> To *prompt*, to *set on*, to *instigate* are among the old meanings of *suggest*. So in *King Henry VIII.*, i. 1: "This holy fox, or wolf, or both, *suggests* the King our master to this last costly treaty."

<sup>24</sup> "Cries to me" finely expresses the subtle but stern audacity of Bolingbroke. It is a note of terror to the King, and works all the more for being so cunningly done that he cannot or dare not resent it. — *Worth*, in the next line, is *nobility*, *dignity*.

<sup>25</sup> *Slander for disgrace or shame*; that which *causes* slander. — *Blood is kindred or ancestry*.

Three parts of that receipt<sup>26</sup> I had for Calais  
 Disbursed I duly to his Highness' soldiers ;  
 The other part reserved I by consent,  
 For that my sovereign liege was in my debt  
 Upon remainder of a dear account,<sup>27</sup>  
 Since last I went to France to fetch his Queen :  
 Now swallow down that lie. For Gloster's death,  
 I slew him not ; but to mine own disgrace  
 Neglected my sworn duty in that case.<sup>28</sup>—  
 For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,  
 The honourable father to my foe,  
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life, —  
 A trespass that doth vex my grievèd soul :  
 But, ere I last received the sacrament,  
 I did confess it, and exactly<sup>29</sup> begg'd  
 Your Grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.  
 This is my fault : as for the rest appeal'd, *charged against me*  
 It issues from the rancour of a villain, *bet: rancor, and old judge.*

<sup>26</sup> Receipt for the money received.

<sup>27</sup> Meaning, perhaps, a *large* or *heavy* debt. But, more likely, the account is called *dear* because the expense was in a matter of special interest or dear-ness to the King. Norfolk and Aumerle, with several other peers and a large retinue of knights and esquires, were sent over to France in 1395, to negotiate a marriage between Richard and Isabella, daughter of the French King, then in her eighth year. The next year, 1396, Norfolk went to France again, and formally married Isabella in the name and behalf of his sovereign. Richard's first wife, daughter of Charles the Fourth, Emperor of Germany, and known in history as "the good Queen Anne," died in 1394, "to the great greefe of hir husband, who loved hir intirelie."

<sup>28</sup> This reads as if Norfolk held it his duty to slay Gloster, or, at least, to obey the King's order to that effect. But such can hardly be his meaning, since to excuse himself so, would be to accuse the King. And perhaps, by "sworn duty," he means his duty to shield Gloster from the violence of others.

<sup>29</sup> Exactly for *scrupulously*, *expressly*, or *punctiliously*.

A recreant and most degenerate traitor :  
 Which in myself I boldly will defend,<sup>30</sup>  
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,  
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman  
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.  
 In haste whereof,<sup>31</sup> most heartily I pray  
 Your Highness to assign our trial day.

*K. Rich.* Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me ;  
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood.

This we prescribe, though no physician ;

*scare.* { Deep malice makes too deep incision : <sup>32</sup>  
Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed ;  
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.<sup>33</sup> —

Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;

We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

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

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

*Gaunt.* When, Harry, when !<sup>34</sup>

Obedience bids I should not bid again.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, throw down, we bid ; there is no  
*as betw. betw.* boot.<sup>35</sup>

*Norf.* Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.

<sup>30</sup> *Defend*, here, has the sense, apparently, of *maintain*.

<sup>31</sup> " *In haste whereof*" is in order to *hasten which*.

<sup>32</sup> The words *physician* and *incision* were meant to rhyme ; and the endings of both, in accordance with old usage, are properly dissyllabic.

<sup>33</sup> In the old almanacs the best times for blood-letting were set down. The earliest English almanac known was for 1386, and has those times carefully noted.

<sup>34</sup> *When!* was often used thus as an exclamation of impatience.

<sup>35</sup> *Boot* is *advantage* or *profit*. Here the meaning is, "It's of no use to resist."

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :  
 The one my duty owes ; but my fair name,  
 Despite of death that lives upon my grave,<sup>36</sup>  
 To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.  
 I am disgraced, impeach'd, and baffled<sup>37</sup> here ;  
 Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,  
 The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood  
 Which breathed<sup>38</sup> this poison.

*K. Rich.* Rage must be withstood.

Give me his gage : — lions make leopards tame.<sup>39</sup>

*Norf.* Yea, but not change his<sup>40</sup> spots : take but my shame,  
 And I resign my gage. — My dear dear lord,  
 The purest treasure mortal times afford  
 Is spotless reputation ; that away,  
 Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.  
 A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest  
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.  
 Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;  
 Take honour from me, and my life is done :  
 Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;  
 In that I live, and for that will I die.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, throw down your gage ;<sup>41</sup> do you begin.

<sup>36</sup> "That lives upon my grave in spite of death" is the meaning.

<sup>37</sup> *Abused, reviled*, belaboured with *opprobrious terms*, are among the old senses of *baffled*.

<sup>38</sup> "The heart-blood of him who breathed."

<sup>39</sup> Alluding, probably, to Norfolk's crest, which is said to have been a golden *leopard*.

<sup>40</sup> It may seem as if *his* should be *their*, to accord with *leopards* ; but Norfolk probably has in mind the text, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard *his* spots?"

<sup>41</sup> Here, again, it may seem that *your* should be *his*. But "*your* gage" is the gage which you have made yours by taking it up. So, just before, Norfolk says "resign *my* gage," meaning the appellant's gage, which he has



*Boling.* O, God defend my soul from such foul sin !  
 Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight ?  
 Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height<sup>42</sup>  
 Before this outdared dastard ? Ere my tongue  
 Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,<sup>43</sup>  
 Or sound so base a *parle*, my teeth shall tear  
 The slavish motive<sup>44</sup> of recanting fear,  
 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,  
 Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face !

[*Exit* GAUNT.]

*K. Rich.* We were not born to sue, but to command ;  
 Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
 Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,  
 At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day.<sup>45</sup>  
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate  
 The swelling difference of your settled hate :  
 Since we cannot atone you,<sup>46</sup> you shall see  
 Justice design the victor's chivalry.—  
 Marshal, command our officers-at-arms  
 Be ready to direct these home alarms.<sup>47</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>42</sup> "Impeach my *height*" means "draw my *high descent* in question"; that is, "show that I am not a Plantagenet."

<sup>43</sup> Such base notes of *feebleness* or *imbecility*.—"Sound a *parle*" is, order the trumpeter to sound a *parley*, to settle the quarrel with talk.

<sup>44</sup> Here *motive* is the *moving power*, or *agent*; that is, the *tongue*, which utters the cowardly recantation. The Poet has *motive* repeatedly so.

<sup>45</sup> Saint Lambert's day is the 17th of September.

<sup>46</sup> Cannot *reconcile* or *at-one* you, or make you friends. Such is the old meaning of the word.—*Design*, in the next line, has the classical sense of *mark* or *point out*. So *designator* was "a marshal, or master of a play or prize, who appointed every one his place, and adjudged the victory."

<sup>47</sup> Upon the closing part of this scene, Professor Dowden, of Dublin, has the following apt remarks: "Nothing has disturbed the graceful dream of Richard's adolescence. He has an indescribable charm of person and presence; Hotspur remembers him as 'Richard, that sweet, lovely rose.'

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the Duke of LANCASTER'S Palace.*

*Enter GAUNT and the Duchess of GLOSTER.*

*Gaunt.* Alas, the part I had in Gloster's blood<sup>1</sup>  
 Doth more solicit me than your exclams,  
 To stir against the butchers of his life !  
 But, since correction lieth in those hands  
 Which made the fault<sup>2</sup> that we cannot correct,  
 Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven ;  
 Who, when they<sup>3</sup> see the hours ripe on Earth,  
 Will rain hot vengeance on offender's heads.

But a king who rules a discontented people and turbulent nobles needs to be something more than a beautiful, blossoming flower. Richard has abandoned his nature to self-indulgence, and therefore the world becomes to him more unreal than ever. He has been surrounded by flatterers, who helped to make his atmosphere a 'luminous mist,' through which the facts of life appeared with all their ragged outlines smoothed away. In the first scene of the play he enacts the part of a king with a fine show of dignity; his bearing is splendid and irreproachable. Mowbray is obstinate, and will not throw down the gage of Bolingbroke; Richard exclaims, 'Rage must be withstood: give me his gage: lions make leopards tame.' But Mowbray retains the gage. 'We were not born to sue, but to command,' declared Richard with royal majesty; yet he admits that to command exceeds his power. What of that? Has not Richard borne himself splendidly, and uttered himself in a royal metaphor,—'Lions make leopards tame'?"

<sup>1</sup> Gaunt means his *blood*-relationship, his *consanguinity* to the Duke of Gloster. Thomas, like his brothers, John of Gaunt and Edmund of Langley, was surnamed Woodstock, from the place of his birth.—*Exclaims for exclamations.* The Poet has many words thus shortened.

<sup>2</sup> Referring, evidently, to the King, whom Gaunt believes to have *caused* the murder of Gloster. As the King alone could punish the crime, and as Gaunt could not call him to account, he might well speak of it as a "fault that we cannot correct."

<sup>3</sup> *They* refers to *Heaven*, which is here used as a collective noun. Shakespeare has the same usage elsewhere.—In this line, as in many other places, *hours* is a dissyllable.

Edward the Black Prince ...  
Ed. John of Gaunt 1340-99. 3. Edmund of Langley. Oct. 14. 1341-1402. 6. ...  
(died young) 7. Tho. of Woodstock 1355-97.

*Duch.* Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?  
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?  
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,  
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,  
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:  
Some of those seven are dried by Nature's course,  
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;  
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,  
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,  
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,  
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,  
Is hack'd down, and his summer-leaves all faded,  
By envy's<sup>4</sup> hand and murder's bloody axe.  
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that womb,  
That metal, that self<sup>5</sup> mould, that fashion'd thee,  
Made him a man; and though thou livest and breathest,  
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent  
In some large measure to thy father's death,  
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
Who was the model<sup>6</sup> of thy father's life.  
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:  
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,  
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.  
That which in mean men we entitle patience,  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.  
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,  
The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.

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SP

<sup>4</sup> *Envy*, here, is *malice*; the more common meaning of the word in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>5</sup> *Self* for *self-same*; a very frequent usage.

<sup>6</sup> *Model* for *image* or *copy*; that which is *modelled*. Often so.

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

*Duch.* Where, then, alas, may I complain myself ?<sup>7</sup>

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

*Duch.* Why, then I will. Farewell, old Gaunt :  
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold  
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.  
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,  
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast !  
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,<sup>8</sup>  
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom  
That they may break his foaming courser's back,  
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,  
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford !  
Farewell, old Gaunt : thy sometimes<sup>9</sup> brother's wife  
With her companion grief must end her life.

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

*Duch.* Yet one word more : Grief boundeth where it falls,  
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :<sup>10</sup>  
I take my leave before I have begun ;  
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

<sup>7</sup> *Complain* used reflexively ; like the French *me complaindre*.

<sup>8</sup> *Career* is here a technical term of the tilt-yard, for the *course* or *race* from the lists or extremities of the yard to the spot where the combatants met full-tilt. The Poet has it so once again, at least.

<sup>9</sup> *Sometime* and *sometimes* were used indiscriminately, and often, as here, in the sense of *former* or *formerly*.

<sup>10</sup> She is likening her wordy grief to the repeated boundings of a tennis ball.

Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.

Lo, this is all :—nay, yet depart not so ;

Though this be all, do not so quickly go ;

I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what?—

With all good speed at Plashy<sup>11</sup> visit me.

Alack ! and what shall good old York there see,

But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,

Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones ?<sup>12</sup>

And what hear there for welcome, but my groans ?

Therefore commend me ; let him not come there

To seek our sorrow that dwells everywhere.

Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die : The dutches died Oct. 3. 1399. not for the death of her husband but of her son Harry =

The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. = plasy with the death of the plasy. **Exeunt.**

SCENE. III. — *Gosford Green, near Coventry.*

*Lists set out, and a Throne ; with Attendants. Enter the Duke of SURREY as Lord Marshal and AUWERLE.*<sup>1</sup>

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

<sup>11</sup> *Plashy* was the name of Gloster's residence in Essex.

<sup>12</sup> In the ancient English castles the naked stone walls were only lined with tapestry or arras, hung upon tenter-hooks, from which it was easily taken down whenever the family removed. The *offices* were the rooms for keeping the various stores of provisions ; always situate within the house, on the ground-floor, and nearly adjoining each other. When dinner had been set on the board, the proper *officers* attended in these offices respectively. The Duchess, therefore, laments that, owing to the murder of her husband, all the hospitality of plenty is at an end ; the walls are unfurnished, the lodging-rooms empty, and the *offices* unpeopled.

<sup>1</sup> The official actors in this scene are spoken of by Holinshed as follows : "The Duke of Aumerle that day being High Constable of England, and the Duke of Surrey Marshal, placed themselves betwixt them, well armed and appointed ; and when they saw their time, they first entered into the lists, with a great company of men apparelled in silk sendal, embroidered with



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

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

*Aum.* Why, then the champions are prepared, and stay  
For nothing but his Majesty's approach.

*Flourish of trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, and others, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

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

*Mar.* In God's name and the King's, say who thou art,  
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms ;  
Against what man thou comest, and what's thy quarrel :  
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath ;  
As so defend thee Heaven and thy valour !

*Norf.* My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk ;  
Who hither come engagèd by my oath, —  
Which God defend <sup>2</sup> a knight should violate ! —  
Both to defend my loyalty and truth

silver both richly and curiously, every man having a tipped staff to keep the field in order." Aumerle was Edward, the oldest son of the Duke of York, and was killed at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415. Norfolk was by inheritance Earl Marshal of England; but, being one of the parties in the combat, of course he could not serve in that office. Surrey, who acted as marshal in his stead, was half-brother to the King, being the son of Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent, by her first husband, Sir Thomas Holland. While so serving, he is addressed as *Marshal* or *Lord Marshal*.

<sup>2</sup> "God defend" is the same as "God forbid." A frequent usage.

To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,<sup>3</sup>  
 Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me ;  
 And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,  
 To prove him, in defending of myself,  
 A traitor to my God, my King, and me :  
 And, as I truly fight,<sup>4</sup> defend me Heaven !

*Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE in Armour, preceded  
 by a Herald.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,  
 Both who he is, and why he cometh hither  
 Thus plated in habiliments of war ;  
 And formally, according to our law,  
 Depose<sup>5</sup> him in the justice of his cause.

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

*Boling.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
 Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms,  
 To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,  
 In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,  
 That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,  
 To God of Heaven, King Richard, and to me :  
 And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven !

*Mar.* On pain of death, no person be so bold  
 Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,

<sup>3</sup> Norfolk's children would share in the forfeiture incurred through his treason against the King.

<sup>4</sup> To fight *truly* is to fight *honestly*; that is, in a *just cause*.

<sup>5</sup> *Depose* as a causative verb, and in the legal sense of *making a deposition*; that is, giving evidence upon oath.

*Harry Plantagenet's  
 coat of arms was made  
 Duke of Hereford Sep. 29. 1397.*

*to be  
 given.*

Except the Marshal and such officers  
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

*Boling.* Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,  
And bow my knee before his Majesty :  
For Mowbray and myself are like two men  
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;  
Then, let us take a ceremonious leave  
And loving farewell of our several friends.

*Mar.* Th' appelland in all duty greets your Highness,  
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

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

*Boling.* O, let no noble eye profane a tear  
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear :

As confident as is the falcon's flight  
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight. —  
[*To SURREY.*] My loving lord, I take my leave of you ; —  
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle ;  
Not sick, although I have to do with death,  
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath. —  
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret<sup>6</sup>

The daintiest last, to make the end more sweet :  
[*To GAUNT.*] O thou, the earthly author of my blood, —  
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,  
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up  
To reach at victory above my head, —  
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;

<sup>6</sup> To *regreet* is, properly, to *return* a salutation : here, and in some other places, it is simply to *salute*.

And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,  
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen<sup>7</sup> coat,  
And furbish new the name of John o' Gaunt,<sup>fr. fourbis of rub.</sup>  
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

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

*Boling.* Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive!<sup>8</sup>

*Norf.* However God or fortune cast my lot,  
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,  
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.  
Never did captive with a freer heart  
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace  
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,<sup>en. franchise fr. of frank. ann.</sup>  
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate  
This feast of battle with mine adversary. —  
Most mighty liege, — and my companion peers, —  
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:  
As gentle and as jocund as to jest<sup>9</sup> *cast. geste*  
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

*K. Rich.* Farewell, my lord: securely<sup>10</sup> I espy

<sup>7</sup> *Waxen* and *waxy* sometimes mean *soft*, or *penetrable*. So Bishop Hall, speaking of an inconstant man: "He is servile in imitations, *waxy* to *persuasions*, an ape of others, and any thing rather than himself."

<sup>8</sup> *To thrive* has here the force of *to speed me*, or *help me to thrive*. The expression is rather odd.

<sup>9</sup> *To jest* was, sometimes, to *play a part in a masque*. So in the old play of *Jeronimo*: "He promised us to grace our banquet with some pompous *jest*." And accordingly a masque is performed.

<sup>10</sup> *Securely* qualifies *couchèd*, and means *confidently*.

Virtue with valour couchèd in thine eye. —  
Order the trial, Marshal, and begin.

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

*Boling.* Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.

*Mar.* [*To an Officer.*] Go bear this lance to Thomas,  
Duke of Norfolk.

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

*2 Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,  
On pain to be found false and recreant,  
Both to defend himself, and to approve<sup>11</sup>  
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal ;  
Courageously, and with a free desire,  
Attending but the signal to begin.

*Mar.* Sound, trumpets ; and set forward, combatants. —

[*A charge sounded.*]

Stay, stay ! the King hath thrown his warder down.<sup>12</sup>

*K. Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,  
And both return back to their chairs again. —  
Withdraw with us ; — and let the trumpets sound

<sup>11</sup> Here, *approve* is simply *prove*, or *make good*. So in *The Merchant*, iii. 2: "What damned error, but some sober brow will *approve* it with a text?"

<sup>12</sup> The *warder* was a kind of truncheon or staff used in presiding at such trials ; and the combat was to *go on* or to *stop*, according as the president threw this *up* or *down*.



While<sup>13</sup> we return these Dukes what we decree. — *immense to*

[*A long flourish.*]

[*To the Combatants.*] Draw near,  
 And list what with our Council we have done.  
 For<sup>14</sup> that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd *according to Holme's*  
 With that dear blood which it hath fosteréd ; *this was read by Sir John*  
 And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect *Barnby. de King's Lang.*  
 Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords ;  
 And for we think the eagle-wingèd pride  
 Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,  
 With rival-hating envy, set on you  
 To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle  
 Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ; —  
 Therefore we banish you our territories : — *St. Barnis let Barnis. & proceed*  
 You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,  
 Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields †  
 Shall not regret our fair dominions,  
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

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

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,  
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :  
 The fly-slow hours shall not determinate<sup>15</sup>  
 The dateless limit of thy dear exile ;<sup>16</sup> —

<sup>13</sup> *While* in the old sense of *until*. So in *Macbeth*, iii. 1: "We will keep ourself till supper-time alone: *while* then, God b' wi' you!" And in iv. 1, of this play: "Read o'er this paper *while* the glass doth come."

<sup>14</sup> This use of *for* in the sense of *because* was very common.

<sup>15</sup> "Fly-slow hours" is, no doubt, *slow-flying* hours. — *Determinate* for *terminate* simply. Still used so in legal language.

<sup>16</sup> *Dear* was formerly applied indifferently to objects of love or hate, and to

The hopeless word of *Never to return*<sup>17</sup>  
 Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

*Norf.* A heavy sentence, my most gracious liege,  
 And all unlook'd-for from your Highness' mouth :  
 A dearer merit,<sup>17</sup> not so deep a maim <sup>& maner hurt.</sup>  
 As to be cast forth in the common air, <sup>into.</sup>  
 Have I deserved at your Highness' hands.  
 The language I have learn'd these forty years,  
 My native English, now I must forgo ;  
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more  
 Than an unstringèd viol or a harp ; <sup>& string.</sup>  
 Or like a cunning instrument cased up,  
 Or, being open, put into his hands  
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony :

Within my mouth you have enjail'd my tongue,  
 Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips ;  
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance  
 Is made my jailer to attend on me.  
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,  
 Too far in years to be a pupil now .  
 What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,  
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

*K. Rich.* It boots thee not to be so passionate :<sup>18</sup>  
 After our sentence plaining comes too late. <sup>com.</sup>

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

occasions of extreme pleasure and extreme pain. Shakespeare often has it as in the text. So Hamlet says, "Would I had met my *dearest foe* in Heaven."

<sup>17</sup> As the Poet has before used *model* for the thing *modelled*, that is, the *copy* ; so here he has *merit* for the thing *merited*, that is, the *reward*.

<sup>18</sup> *Passionate* is *sorrowful*, or *perturbed with grief*. So in *King John*, ii. 1, it is said of Constance, "She's sad and *passionate*." See Critical Notes.

✓ *K. Rich.* Return again, and take an oath with ye.  
 Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;  
 Swear by the duty that you owe to God, —  
 Our part therein we banish with yourselves,<sup>19</sup> —  
 To keep the oath that we administer :  
 You never shall — so help you truth and God ! —  
 Embrace each other's love in banishment ;  
 Nor ever look upon each other's face ;  
 Nor ever write, regret, nor reconcile  
 This luring tempest of your home-bred hate ;  
 Nor ever by advisèd<sup>20</sup> purpose meet  
 To plot, contrive, or complot any ill  
 'Gainst us, our State, our subjects, or our land.

*Boling.* I swear.

*Norf.* And I, to keep all this.

*Boling.* Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy :<sup>21</sup>  
 By this time, had the King permitted us,  
 One of our souls had wander'd in the air,  
 Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,  
 As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :  
 Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm ;  
 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along  
 The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

*Norf.* No, Bolingbroke : if ever I were traitor,

<sup>19</sup> Writers on the law of nations are divided in opinion whether an exile is still bound by his allegiance to the State that banished him. Shakespeare here is of the side of those who hold the negative.—STAUNTON.

<sup>20</sup> *Advisèd* is *deliberate, premeditated*. Repeatedly so.

<sup>21</sup> Ritson's explanation of this is probably right : " Bolingbroke only uses the phrase by way of caution, lest Mowbray should think he was about to address him as a friend. ' Norfolk,' says he, ' so far as a man may speak to his enemy,' &c." So in Fletcher's *Woman's Prize*, iii. 3 : " Yet thus far, Livia : your sorrow may induce me to forgive you, but never love again."

My name be blotted from the book of life,  
 And I from Heaven banish'd, as from hence !  
 But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know ;  
 And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue. —  
 Farewell, my liege. — Now no way can I stray :  
 Save back to England, all the world's my way.

*K. Rich.* Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes  
 I see thy grievèd heart : thy sad aspect *Correct. aspect at*  
 Hath from the number of his banish'd years *word.*  
 Pluck'd four away. — [To BOLING.] Six frozen Winters  
 spent,

Return with welcome home from banishment.

*Boling.* How long a time lies in one little word !  
 Four lagging Winters and four wanton Springs  
 End in a word : such is the breath of kings.

*Gaunt.* I thank my liege that in regard of me  
 He shortens four years of my son's exile :  
 But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;  
 For, ere the six years that he hath to spend  
 Can change their moons and bring their times about,  
 My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light  
 Shall be extinct with age and endless night ;  
 My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
 And blindfold death not let me see my son.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

*Gaunt.* But not a minute, King, that thou canst give :  
 Shorten my days thou canst with sullen<sup>22</sup> sorrow,  
 And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow ;  
 Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,  
 But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ;

Thy word is current with him for my death, *To me accept the mere word  
 of a King as a sufficient war  
 - want for a man's death*

<sup>22</sup> *Dark, dismal, gloomy* are among the old senses of *sullen*.

But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

*K. Rich.* Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,  
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave :<sup>23</sup>  
Why at our justice seem'st thou, then, to lour? ✓

*Gaunt.* Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.  
You urged me as a judge ; but I had rather  
You would have bid me argue like a father. SP  
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,  
To smooth<sup>24</sup> his fault I should have been more mild :  
A partial slander<sup>25</sup> sought I to avoid,  
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.  
Alas ! I look'd when some of you should say,  
I was too strict, to make<sup>26</sup> mine own away ;  
But you gave leave to mine unwilling tongue  
Against my will to do myself this wrong.

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

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt King RICHARD and Train.*

*Aum.* Cousin, farewell : what presence<sup>27</sup> must not know,  
From where you do remain let paper show.

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

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

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

<sup>23</sup> "Your tongue had a *part* or *share* in the verdict I pronounced."

<sup>24</sup> To *smooth* for to *extenuate*. Sometimes it is to *flatter*,

<sup>25</sup> "A partial slander" is a slanderous charge of partiality.

<sup>26</sup> The infinitive *to make* is here used *gerundively*; equivalent to *in making*. See *Hamlet*, page 169, note 1.

<sup>27</sup> *Presence* for *majesty*, and used because the King's presence has hitherto prevented Aumerle from speaking.



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

*Boling.* Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

*Gaunt.* What is six Winters? they are quickly gone.

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

*Gaunt.* Call it a travel that thou takest for pleasure.

*Boling.* My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

*Gaunt.* The sullen passage of thy weary steps

Esteem a foil,<sup>28</sup> wherein thou art to set

The precious jewel of thy home-return.

*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make

Will but remember me what a deal of world

I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship

To foreign passages,<sup>29</sup> and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else

But that I was a journeyman to grief?

*Gaunt.* All places that the eye of heaven<sup>30</sup> visits

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.<sup>31</sup>

<sup>28</sup> *Foil* is that which sets off something, or makes it show to advantage. See *Hamlet*, page 225, note 49.

<sup>29</sup> *Passages* for *journeyings*; *passings to and fro*.

<sup>30</sup> This seems to have been a favourite metaphor with the poets for the Sun. So in *The Faerie Queen*, i. 3, 4:

From her fayre head her fillet she undight,  
And layd her stole aside: her angel's face,  
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shady place.

<sup>31</sup> The Poet probably had in mind Euphues' exhortation to Botomio to take his exile patiently: "Nature hath given to man a country no more than she hath a house, or lands, or livings. Socrates would neither call himself an Athenian, neither a Grecian, but a citizen of the world. Plato would never accompt him banished that had the sunne, fire, ayre, water, and earth that he had before; where he felt the winter's blast and the summer's blaze; where the same sunne and the same moone shined; whereby he noted that

Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;  
 There is no virtue like necessity.  
 Think not the King did banish thee,  
 But thou the King : woe doth the heavier sit  
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.  
 Go, say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,  
 And not the King exil'd thee ; or suppose  
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,  
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime :  
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest :  
 Suppose the singing-birds musicians,  
 The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,<sup>32</sup>  
 The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more  
 Than a delightful measure<sup>33</sup> or a dance ;  
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
 The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

*Boling.* O, who can hold a fire<sup>34</sup> in his hand  
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?  
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite *Rat-claws a hind*  
 By bare imagination of a feast ?  
 Or wallow naked in December snow  
 By thinking on fantastic Summer's<sup>35</sup> heat ?  
 O, no ! the apprehension of the good

every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind."

<sup>32</sup> The *presence-chamber*, which used to be strewed with rushes for carpeting. The Poet repeatedly notes the use of such carpeting.

<sup>33</sup> A *measure* was a dignified sort of dance; described in *Much Ado*, as "full of state and ancientry." — *Gnarling*, next line, is *snarling* or *growling*.

<sup>34</sup> Here, as often, *fire* is two syllables.

<sup>35</sup> "Fantastic Summer" is probably a summer existing only in imagination or in *fantasy*.

Question - How does Guyot describe the presence chamber?  
 Answer - How does he describe the presence chamber?  
 Question - How does he describe the presence chamber?  
 Answer - How does he describe the presence chamber?

SP  
 Comment to the student

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more *fester as - ranc*  
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

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

*Boling.* Then, England's ground, farewell : sweet soil  
adieu ;

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

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

Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.<sup>36</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

*Edmund Duke of*  
*Should not here*  
SCENE IV. — *The Court.*

*Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN ; AUMERLE following.*

*K. Rich.* We did observe.<sup>1</sup> — Cousin Aumerle,  
How far brought<sup>2</sup> you high Hereford on his way?  
*Edmund Duke of Hereford*

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

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

*Aum.* Faith, none for me ;<sup>3</sup> except the north-east wind,

<sup>36</sup> The Duke of Norfolk departed sorrowfully out of the realm into A-  
main, and at the last came to Venice, where he, for thought and melancholy,  
deceased. The Duke of Hereford took his journey over into Calais, and  
from thence into France, where he remained. A wonder it was to see what  
a number of people ran after him in every town and street where he came,  
before he took to sea, lamenting and bewailing his departure, as who would  
say that, when he departed, the only shield and comfort of the common-  
wealth was faded and gone. — HOLINSHED.

<sup>1</sup> The King here speaks to Green and Bagot, who are supposed to have  
been talking to him of Bolingbroke's "courtship to the common people."

<sup>2</sup> To bring was in frequent use for to attend, to escort.

<sup>3</sup> For me here means on my side, or my part.

Which then blew bitterly against our faces,  
 Awaked the sleeping rheum,<sup>4</sup> and so by chance  
 Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

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

*Aum. Farewell:*

And, for my heart disdainèd that my tongue  
 Should so profane the word, that taught me craft  
 To counterfeit oppression of such grief,  
 That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.  
 Marry,<sup>5</sup> would the word *farewell* have lengthen'd hours,  
 And added years to his short banishment,  
 He should have had a volume of *farewells*;  
 But, since it would not, he had none of me.

*K. Rich.* He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,<sup>6</sup>  
 When time shall call him home from banishment,  
 Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.  
 Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,  
 Observed his courtship to the common people;  
 How he did seem to dive into their hearts  
 With humble and familiar courtesy;  
 What reverence he did throw away on slaves,  
 Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,  
 And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
 As 'twere to banish their affects<sup>7</sup> with him.  
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;  
 A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,

<sup>4</sup> *Rheum* was used for the secretions of the eyes, the nose, and the mouth, indifferently. Here, of course, *tears*.

<sup>5</sup> *Marry* was continually used as a general intensive, equivalent to *indeed*, *verily*, &c. Originally an oath by the Virgin Mary.

<sup>6</sup> "'Tis doubt" for "'tis doubtful." Repeatedly so.

<sup>7</sup> *Affects* for *affections*. A frequent usage.

And had the tribute of his supple knee,<sup>8</sup>  
 With *Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends* ;  
 As were our England in reversion his,  
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

*Green.* Well, he is gone ; and with him go these thoughts.  
 Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland : *cf. held out.*  
 Expedient manage<sup>9</sup> must be made, my liege,  
 Ere further measure yield them further means  
 For their advantage, and your Highness' loss.

*K. Rich.* We will ourself in person to this war :  
 And, for our coffers, with too great a Court  
 And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light, *L. largior togis*  
 We are enforced to farm our royal realm ;<sup>10</sup>  
 The révenue whereof shall furnish us  
 For our affairs in hand. If that come short,  
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters ;  
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,  
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,<sup>11</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Courtseying, a gesture of respect used only by women in our time, was formerly practiced by men. Sometimes called *making a leg*.

<sup>9</sup> *Expedient manage* is *speedy arrangement or order*; *expedient* being used just as *expeditious* is now.

<sup>10</sup> To *farm*, as the word is here used, is to let out on contract; to sell commissions for collecting taxes, the buyers being allowed to make what they can by the process. When this was done, greedy contractors often had full license for fleecing and even skinning the people.

<sup>11</sup> The common bruit ran, that the King had set to farm the realm of England unto Sir William Scroop, Earl of Wiltshire, and then Treasurer of England, Sir John Busby, Sir William Bagot, and Sir Henry Green, knights. Many blank charters were devised, and brought into the city, which many of the substantial and wealthy citizens were fain to seal, to their great charge, as in the end appeared. And the like charters were sent abroad into all shires within the realm; whereby great grudge and murmuring arose among the people: for, when they were sealed, the King's officers wrote in the same what liked them, as well for charging the parties with payment of money, as otherwise. — HOLINSHED.



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

*Enter BUSHY.*

Bushy, what news ?

*Bushy.* Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,  
Suddenly taken ; and hath 'sent post-haste  
T' entreat your Majesty to visit him.

*K. Rich.* Where lies he ?

*Bushy.* At Ely-House.

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

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## ACT II.

SCENE I. — *London. A Room in Ely-House.*

GAUNT *on a Couch ; the Duke of YORK*<sup>1</sup> *and others standing by him.*

*Gaunt.* Will the King come, that I may breathe my last  
In wholesome counsel to his unstaidd youth ?

<sup>1</sup> Edward the Third had five sons who grew to manhood. Edmund, Duke of York, the fourth of these, was born, in 1341, at Langley, near St. Alban's ; hence called "Edmund of Langley." He is said to have been "of an indolent disposition, a lover of pleasure, and averse to business ; easily prevailed upon to lie still, and consult his own quiet, and never acting with spirit upon any occasion."

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

*Gaunt.* O, but they say the tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention like deep harmony :  
Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain ;  
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.  
He that no more must say is listen'd more  
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to gloze ;<sup>2</sup>  
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before :  
The setting Sun, and music at the close,<sup>3</sup> —  
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest, — last  
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.  
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,  
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

*York.* No ; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,  
As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond ;<sup>4</sup>  
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound  
The open ear of youth doth always listen ;  
Report of fashions in proud Italy,<sup>5</sup>  
Whose manners still our tardy-apish nation  
Limps after, in base imitation.  
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—  
So it be new, there's no respect<sup>6</sup> how vile—

<sup>2</sup> To *gloze* is to wheedle and cajole with fair and soothing speeches ; to flatter. To *gloss*, meaning to *explain away*, is from the same original.

<sup>3</sup> "Music at the *close*" is a musical *cadence* ; what Duke Orsino, in *Twelfth Night*, terms "a dying fall." And Bacon says, "The *falling* from a discord to a concord maketh great sweetness in music."

<sup>4</sup> The sense implied is, that if even the wise are fond of praises, much more so is Richard.

<sup>5</sup> In Shakespeare's time the Italian Courts led all Europe in fashion and splendour ; as much so as Paris in later times.

<sup>6</sup> Here, as commonly in Shakespeare, *respect* is *consideration*. — *Buzz'd*, in the next line, is *whispered*. Often so.

That is not quickly buzz'd into' his ears?  
 Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,  
 Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.<sup>7</sup>  
 Direct not him whose way himself will choose :  
 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

*Gaunt.* Methinks I am a prophet new-inspired,  
 And thus, expiring, do foretell of him :  
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last, *Richard SP.*  
For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;  
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;  
 He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;  
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :  
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.  
 This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demi-paradise ;  
 This fortress built by Nature for herself  
 Against infection and the hand of war ;  
 This happy breed of men, this little world,  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy<sup>8</sup> of less happy lands ;  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
 Fear'd by their breed,<sup>9</sup> and famous by their birth,  
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home —

<sup>7</sup> *Wit* was used in reference to all the faculties of knowledge. Here it is *judgment* or *understanding*. The sense of the text is, "where will rebels against the instructions of reason."

<sup>8</sup> *Envy*, again, for *malice* or *hatred*. See page 49, note 4.

<sup>9</sup> "Feared by *reason* of their breed" is the meaning.

Richard first  
of whom  
396. His second  
was deubell-7  
some names  
396.

Richard first  
of whom  
396. His second  
was deubell-7  
some names  
396.

1396. Sheriff of Lancashire  
1396. 97. died 1407  
Good Treasurer of Henry IV died 1414.  
KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

ACT II

For Christian service and true chivalry —  
As is the sepulchre, in stubborn Jewry,  
Of the world's ransom, blessèd Mary's Son ; —  
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world,  
Is now leased out, — I die pronouncing it, —  
Like to a tenement or pelting<sup>10</sup> farm :  
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
Of watery Neptune, 's now bound in with shame,  
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds :  
That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.  
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,  
How happy then were my ensuing death !

*Enter King* RICHARD *and the* QUEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY,  
GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

*York.* The King is come : deal mildly with his youth ;  
For young hot colts, being curb'd, do rage the more.

*Queen.* How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?

*K. Rich.* What comfort, man ? How is't with agèd Gaunt ?

*Gaunt.* O, how that name befits my composition !<sup>11</sup>

Old Gaunt, indeed ; and gaunt in being old :  
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;  
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt ?

<sup>10</sup> *Pelting* is *paltry* or *petty*. A frequent usage. So in Bishop Hall's *Contemplations* : "To tender a trade of so invaluable a commodity to these *pelting petty* chapmen, for thirty poor silverlings, it was no less base than wicked."

<sup>11</sup> *Composition*, here, seems to combine the two senses of *state of mind* and of *bodily condition*.

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd ;  
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt :  
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon  
 Is my strict fast, — I mean my children's looks ;  
 And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt :  
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
 Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.<sup>12</sup>

*K. Rich.* Can sick men play so nicely with their names ?

*Gaunt.* No, misery makes sport to mock itself :  
 Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,<sup>13</sup>  
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.

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

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

*K. Rich.* Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.

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

*K. Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

*Gaunt.* Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill ;

<sup>12</sup> Upon this strange speech, Coleridge has the following: "Yes! on a death-bed there is a feeling which may make all things appear but as puns and equivocations. And a passion there is that carries off its own excess by plays on words as naturally, and therefore as appropriately to drama, as by gesticulations, looks, or tones." Schlegel, also, defends the passage on similar grounds. Nevertheless the thing seems to me a decided blot; I cannot accept it either as right in itself or on the score of dramatic fitness. To be sure, the age was vastly given, even in the high seats of learning, to this style of punning trifles and conceits. And many like instances occur in other plays of the Poet's earlier period; — instances where such elaborate verbal triflings are out of keeping with the occasion, and jar on the feelings which the surrounding matter inspires; that is, they are sins against dramatic propriety, as well as against honest manliness of style: so that, however the pressure of the age may account for them, it should not be taken as excusing them. And we need no stronger condemnation of the practice than is implied in the fact, that the Poet, as he found and felt himself, threw the habit off, and left it behind.

<sup>13</sup> This is supposed to be done by the banishment of his son, as leaving Gaunt without an heir to keep his name alive.



Ill in myself, and in thee seeing ill.  
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,  
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick ;  
 And thou, too careless patient as thou art,  
 Committ'st thy 'nointed body to the cure  
 Of those physicians that first wounded thee :  
 A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,  
 Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;  
 And yet, incagèd in so small a verge,  
 The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.  
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,  
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,  
 From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,  
 Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,  
 Which art possess'd<sup>14</sup> now to depose thyself.  
 Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,  
 It were a shame to let this land by lease ;  
 But, for thy world enjoying but this land,  
 Is it not more than shame to shame it so ?  
 Landlord of England art thou, and not king :  
 Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law ;<sup>15</sup>  
 And —

8
*K. Rich.* And thou, a lunatic lean-witted fool,  
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,  
 Darest with thy frozen admonition  
 Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood  
 With fury from his native residence.

<sup>14</sup> *Possess'd* is here used in two senses; the first being possessed of the crown, the other, possessed by an evil spirit, that is, *mad*.

<sup>15</sup> " Thy legal state, that rank in the State and those large demesnes which the law gives thee are now bond-slave to the law; being subject to the same legal restrictions as every pelting farm that is let on a lease."

Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,  
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,  
This tongue that runs so roundly<sup>16</sup> in thy head  
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

*Gaunt.* O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,  
For that I was his father Edward's son:

That blood already, like the pelican,  
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly caroused.

My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul, —  
Whom fair befall in Heaven 'mongst happy souls! —

May be a precedent and witness good  
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.

Join with the present sickness that I have;  
And thy unkindness be like crookèd age,  
To crop at once a too-long-wither'd flower.

Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!

These words hereafter thy tormentors be! —

Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:

Love they to live<sup>17</sup> that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*]

*K. Rich.* And let them die that age and sullens<sup>18</sup> have;  
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

*York.* Beseech your Majesty, impute his words  
To wayward sickliness and age in him:  
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear

ignore him  
he's sick  
he really loves you

<sup>16</sup> Roundly is freely, boldly, bluntly; as round was used for out-spoken plain, or downright.

<sup>17</sup> That is, "Let them love, or care, to live," &c.

<sup>18</sup> *Sullens* appears to be the old name for what we call horrors. So in Milton's *Colasterion*: "No, says he; let them die of the sullens, and try who will pity them." Also in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Spanish Curate*, iii. 2: "Let women die o' the sullens too; 'tis natural: but be sure their daughters be of age first."



The plate, coin révenues, and movables,  
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

*York.* How long shall I be patient? ah, how long  
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?  
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,  
Not Gaunt's rebukes,<sup>23</sup> nor England's private wrongs,  
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke  
About his marriage,<sup>24</sup> nor my own disgrace,  
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,  
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.  
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,  
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first :  
In war was never lion raged more fierce,<sup>25</sup>  
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,  
Than was that young and princely gentleman.  
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,  
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours ;  
But when he frown'd it was against the French,  
And not against his friends : his noble hand  
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that  
Which his triumphant father's hand had won :  
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,  
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.  
O Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between.

<sup>23</sup> *Gaunt's* is the objective genitive, as it is called: the rebukes which Gaunt suffered, or of which he was the object.

<sup>24</sup> Bolingbroke, on going into France, after his banishment, was honourably entertained at the French Court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the Duke of Berry, uncle to the French King, had not Richard interfered, and prevented the match.

<sup>25</sup> "There never was a lion *that* raged more *fiercely*," is the meaning. Shakespeare often omits the relative pronoun in such cases.

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

*York.*

O my liege,

Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I, pleased  
 Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.  
 Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,  
 The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?  
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?  
 Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?  
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir?  
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son?  
 Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time  
 His charters and his customary rights ;  
 Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day ;  
 Be not thyself ; for how art thou a king  
 But by fair sequence and succession?  
 Now, afore God, — God forbid I say true ! —  
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,  
 Call in the letters-patents<sup>26</sup> that he hath  
 By his attorneys-general to sue  
 His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,<sup>27</sup>  
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,

<sup>26</sup> Such was the usage of the time. We should write *letters patent*. The term is so used in distinction from *letters close*, *patent* being *open* ; and it means a writing executed and sealed or stamped, by which a person is authorized or empowered to do some act or enjoy some right. So, with us, a certificate of *copy-right* is a *letter patent*.

<sup>27</sup> On the death of a person holding lands by feudal tenure, his heir, if under age, became the King's ward ; but, if of age, he had a right to procure a writ of *ouster le main*, or *livery*, that the King's hand might be taken off, and the lands *delivered* to him. To deny, that is, *refuse*, his offered homage, was, in effect, to withhold the lands from him. — The *attorneys-general* here meant were not the officers of the Crown, but Bolingbroke's own attorneys, authorized to represent him *generally*, according to the scope of the letters patent.



You lose a thousand well-disposèd hearts,  
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts  
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

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

*York.* I'll not be by the while : my liege, farewell :  
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell ;  
 But, by bad courses, may be understood  
 That their events<sup>28</sup> can never fall out good. [Exit.

*K. Rich.* Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight :  
 Bid him repair to us to Ely-House,  
 To see this business. To-morrow next  
We will for Ireland ; and 'tis time, I trow :  
 And we create, in absence of ourself,  
 Our uncle York lord governor of England ;  
 For he is just, and always loved us well. —  
 Come on, our Queen : to-morrow must we part ;  
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. ✧

[Flourish. Exeunt KING, QUEEN, BUSHY,  
 AUMERLE, GREEN, and BAGOT.

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

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

*Willo.* Barely in title, not in révenue.

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

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

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

<sup>28</sup> *Events*, here, is *results* or *consequences*. — " By bad courses " means of, or with reference to, bad courses.

*Willo.* Tends that thou'dst speak to th' Duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man ;  
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

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

*North.* Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne  
In him, a royal prince, and many more  
Of noble blood in this declining land.

\* The King is not himself, but basely led  
By flatterers ; and what they will inform,<sup>29</sup>  
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,  
That will the King severely prosecute  
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

*Ross.* The commons hath he pill'd<sup>30</sup> with grievous taxes,  
And lost their hearts ; the nobles hath he fined  
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

*Willo.* And daily new exactions are devised,  
As blanks, benevolences,<sup>31</sup> and I wot not what :  
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this ?<sup>32</sup>

*North.* Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,  
But basely yielded upon compromise

<sup>29</sup> *Inform*, here, is *give informations* ; that is, bring accusations.

<sup>30</sup> *Pill'd* is *pillaged* or *plundered*. *Pillage* and *pilfer* are from the same original. So in one of South's Sermons: " The Church is every one's prey, and the shepherds are *pilled* and polled and fleeced by none more than by their own flocks."

<sup>31</sup> *Benevolences* were what we should call *forced loans*. Stowe records that the King " compelled all the religious, gentlemen, and commons, to set their seals to *blanks*, to the end that he might, if it pleased him, oppress them severally, or all at once." See page 66, note II.

<sup>32</sup> The sense properly requires *will* instead of *doth* : " what will *come to be*, or will *result from* this ? "

That which his ancestors achieved with blows :  
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

*Ross.* The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

*Willo.* The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

*North.* Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

*Ross.* He hath not money for these Irish wars,  
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,  
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

*North.* His noble kinsman : — most degenerate King !  
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,<sup>33</sup>

Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm ;

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,

And yet we strike not, but securely perish.<sup>34</sup> *carelessly*

*Ross.* We see the very wreck that we must suffer ;  
And unavoyd<sup>35</sup> is the danger now,  
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

*North.* Not so ; even through the hollow eyes of death  
I spy life peering ; but I dare not say  
How near the tidings of our comfort is. SP

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

*Ross.* Be confident to speak, Northumberland :  
We three are but thyself ; and, speaking so,  
Thy words are but as thoughts ;<sup>36</sup> therefore be bold.

<sup>33</sup> So in *The Tempest*, ii. 2 : " Another storm brewing ; I hear it *sing* i' the wind."

<sup>34</sup> *Securely* in the sense of the Latin *securus* ; *negligently* or *carelessly*. The Poet often uses *secure* thus. — *Strike* is here a nautical term. To *strike* sail is to *lower* sail.

<sup>35</sup> *Unavoyd* for *unavoidable*. So in *King Richard the Third*, iv. 4 : " All *unavoyd* is the doom of destiny." Shakespeare uses various words so ; as *unvalued* for *invaluable*, *imagined* for *imaginable*, and *unnumbered* for *innumerable*.

<sup>36</sup> " Thy words, spoken to us, are but as *things not spoken* : you will be just as safe as if you had but *thought* them *with yourself*."

*North.* Then thus : I have from Port le Blanc, a bay  
 In Brittany, received intelligence  
 That Harry Duke of Hereford, Renald Lord Cobham,  
 [Thomas, the son and heir to th' Earl of Arundel,]  
 That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,<sup>37</sup>  
 His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,  
 Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,  
 Sir John Norbury, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis  
 Quoint, —

All these, well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne,  
 With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,  
Are making hither with all due expedience,<sup>38</sup>  
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore :  
 Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay  
 The first departing of the King for Ireland.  
 If, then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke,  
 Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,<sup>39</sup>

<sup>37</sup> The Duke of Exeter was John Holland, brother to the Duke of Surrey, and half-brother to the King. According to Holinshed, Thomas Arundel had been consigned to his keeping, but had broken away, and fled to Bolingbroke. He was not the *brother*, as here stated, but the nephew of Archbishop Arundel. The matter is given by Holinshed thus: "The Earl of Arundel's son, named Thomas, which was kept in the Duke of Exeter's house, escaped out of the realm, and went to his uncle, Thomas Arundel, late Archbishop of Canterbury, and then sojourning at Cullen. Duke Henry, chiefly through the earnest persuasions of the late Archbishop, who had been removed from his See and banished the realm, got him down to Brittany; and there were certain ships rigged for him at a place called Le Port Blanc: and when all his provisions were made ready he took the sea, together with the said Archbishop and his nephew, Thomas Arundel, son and heir to the late Earl of Arundel beheaded at the Tower-hill."

<sup>38</sup> *Expedience* for *expedition*, *speed*, or *dispatch*. See page 66, note 9.

<sup>39</sup> When the wing-feathers of a hawk were lost or broken, new ones were artificially inserted. This was "to imp a hawk." So Milton, in one of his Sonnets: "To *imp* their serpent wings." The word is from the Saxon *im-pan*, to *graft*.

Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,  
 Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,  
 And make high majesty look like itself,  
 Away with me in post <sup>40</sup> to Ravenspurgh; *mouth of the river*  
 But if you faint, <sup>41</sup> as fearing to do so,  
 Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

*Ross.* To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *London. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.*

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

*Queen.* To please the King, I did ; to please myself,  
 I cannot do it : yet I know no cause  
 Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,  
 Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest  
 As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks  
 Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,  
 Is coming towards me ; and my inward soul  
 With nothing trembles : at some thing it grieves,  
 More than with parting from my lord the King.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>40</sup> *In post*, is the same as *in haste*. See page 40, note 14.

<sup>41</sup> That is, "if you are faint-hearted." So in Bacon's essay *Of Atheism* : "Atheists will ever be talking of that their opinion, as if they fainted in it within themselves."

<sup>1</sup> This presentimental depression of spirits, which who has not sometimes felt? is thus commented on by Coleridge: "Mark in this scene Shakespeare's gentleness in touching the tender superstitions, the *terra incognita* of presentiments, in the human mind; and how sharp a line of distinction



*Bushy.* Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,  
 Which show like grief itself, but are not so :  
 For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,  
 Divides one thing entire to many objects ;  
 Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,  
 Show nothing but confusion, — eyed awry,  
 Distinguish form :<sup>2</sup> so your sweet Majesty,  
 Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
 Finds shapes of grief more than himself to wail ;  
 Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows  
 Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious Queen,

he commonly draws between these obscure forecastings of general experience in each individual and the vulgar errors of mere tradition. Indeed, it may be taken once for all as the truth, that Shakespeare, in the absolute universality of his genius, always reverences whatever arises out of our moral nature ; he never profanes his Muse with a contemptuous reasoning away of the genuine and general, however unaccountable, feelings of mankind." The theme is worked out with consummate felicity in Wordsworth's poem entitled *Presentiments*, the first stanza of which I subjoin : —

Presentiments! they judge not right  
 Who deem that ye from open light  
 Retire in fear of shame :  
 All *Heaven-born* Instincts shun the touch  
 Of vulgar sense; and, being such,  
 Such privilege ye claim.

<sup>2</sup> Of these *perspectives* there were various kinds, and the Poet has several references to them. Hobbes, in his Answer to Davenant's Preface to *Gondibert*, thus describes one kind : " You have seen a curious kind of *perspective*, where he that looks through a short hollow pipe upon a picture containing divers figures sees none of those that are painted, but some one person made up of their parts, conveyed to the eye by the artificial cutting of a glass." I have seen sign-boards so arranged that, if you stood to the right, you would see one name distinctly; if to the left, another; if directly in front a confusion of the two. Something of like sort seems referred to in the text: "eyed awry," that is, seen obliquely, the form was truly distinguished; "rightly gazed upon," that is, seen directly, it "showed nothing but confusion."

More than your lord's departure weep not : more's not seen ;  
Or, if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,  
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

*Queen.* It may be so ; but yet my inward soul  
Persuades me it is otherwise : howe'er it be,  
I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad,  
As<sup>3</sup>—though, in thinking, on no thing I think—  
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

*Bushy.* 'Tis nothing but conceit,<sup>4</sup> my gracious lady.

*Queen.* 'Tis nothing less :<sup>5</sup> conceit is still derived  
From some forefather grief ; mine is not so,  
For nothing hath begot my something grief ;  
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve :  
'Tis in reversion that I do possess ;<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>3</sup> Present usage would require *that* instead of *as*. The two were often used indiscriminately. Bacon has many instances.

<sup>4</sup> The Poet always uses *conceit* in a good sense. Here it is *imagination* or *fancy*.

<sup>5</sup> "'Tis nothing less than that" is an old equivalent for the phrase, "'Tis any thing but that." Here, again, *still* is *always* or *constantly*.

<sup>6</sup> This passage is made dark by elaborate verbal play. The meaning seems to be, that either nothing has caused her grief, or else there really is somewhat in the nothing that she grieves about. And she *possesses* her grief in *reversion*, as something which, though really hers, she has no right to claim till the coming of the event that is to cause it.—This oppressive foreboding of evil is transferred by Daniel to the King, just before Exton comes to murder him :—

Whether the soul receives intelligence,  
By her near genius, of the body's end,  
And so imparts a sadness to the sense,  
Foregoing ruin, whereto it doth tend ;  
Or whether Nature else hath conference  
With profound sleep, and so doth warning send,  
By prophetising dreams, what hurt is near,  
And gives the heavy careful heart to fear :  
However, so it is ; the now sad King  
Feels a strange weight of sorrow gathering

But what it is — that is not yet known what —  
I cannot name ; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

*Enter GREEN.*

*Green.* God save your Majesty ! — and well met, gentlemen : —

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

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

*Green.* That he, our hope, might have retired<sup>7</sup> his  
power,

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,  
Who strongly hath set footing in this land :  
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,<sup>8</sup>  
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived  
At Ravenspurgh.

*Queen.* Now God in Heaven forbid !

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

*Bushy.* Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,  
And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors ?

*Green.* We have : whereupon the Earl of Worcester

Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground ;  
Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering ;  
Lists not to eat ; still muses ; sleeps unsound ;  
His senses droop, his steady eyes unquick ;  
And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.

<sup>7</sup> To *draw back* or *withdraw* is among the old senses of *retire*.

<sup>8</sup> That is, repeals *the sentence of exile against* himself. We should say, "*recalls* himself." The Poet often uses *repeals* so.

Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,<sup>9</sup>  
 And all the household servants fled with him  
 To Bolingbroke.

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

*Bushy.* Despair not, madam.

*Queen.* Who shall hinder me ?  
 I will despair, and be at enmity  
 With cozening hope : he is a flatterer,  
 A parasite, a keeper-back of death,  
 Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
 Which false hope lingers in extremity.<sup>10</sup>

*Enter YORK.*

*Green.* Here comes the Duke of York.

*Queen.* With signs of war about his aged neck :  
 O, full of careful<sup>11</sup> business are his looks ! —  
 Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable<sup>12</sup> words.

*York.* Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts :  
 Comfort's in Heaven ; and we are on the Earth,  
 Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.  
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,  
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :

<sup>9</sup> The Earl of Worcester was Thomas Percy, brother to Northumberland. The staff he broke was his official badge as Lord High Steward.

<sup>10</sup> Which false hope *causes to linger in extreme distress.*

<sup>11</sup> *Careful for anxious, or full of care.* — The "signs of war" are the upper parts of his armour: his *gorget* or throat-covering.

<sup>12</sup> *Comfortable for comforting*; the passive form with the active sense. Such was the common usage of the time.

Here am I left to underprop his land,  
 Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :  
 Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;  
 Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, your son was gone before I came.

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

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

*York.* What is it, knave ?

*Serv.* An hour before I came, the Duchess died.

*York.* God for His mercy ! what a tide of woes  
 Comes rushing on this woeful land at once !  
 I know not what to do : — I would to God,  
 (So my untruth<sup>13</sup> had not provoked him to it,)  
 The King had cut off my head with my brother's.<sup>14</sup> —  
 What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland ? —  
 How shall we do for money for these wars ? —  
 Come, sister, — cousin, I would say ;<sup>15</sup> pray, pardon me. —

<sup>13</sup> *Untruth for unfaithfulness, or disloyalty.* The Poet has *truth* repeatedly in the opposite sense.

<sup>14</sup> Shakespeare may have confounded the death of Arundel, who was *beheaded*, with that of Gloster, who was said to have been *smothered*.

<sup>15</sup> This is one of the Poet's touches of nature. York is talking to the Queen, his cousin ; but the death of his sister, the Duchess, is uppermost in his thoughts.



[*To the Serv.*] Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,

And bring away the armour that is there. — [*Exit Servant.*

Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I know how or which way t' order these affairs,

Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,

Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen :

Th' one is my sovereign,<sup>16</sup> whom both my oath

And duty bids defend ; th' other, again,

Is my near kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,

Whom conscience and my kindred<sup>17</sup> bids to right.

Well, somewhat we must do. — Come, cousin, I'll

Dispose of you. — Gentlemen, go muster up your men,

And meet me presently at Berkeley-Castle.

I should to Plashy too ;

But time will not permit : — all is uneven,

And every thing is left at six and seven.<sup>18</sup>

[*Exeunt YORK and QUEEN.*

*Bushy.* The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,  
But none returns. For us to levy power

<sup>16</sup> Here, *sovereign* is, properly, a trisyllable. Often so.

<sup>17</sup> *Kindred* in the sense of *kinship* or *consanguinity*.

<sup>18</sup> That is, all is *in confusion*. — "There is," says Coleridge, "scarcely any thing in Shakespeare in its degree more admirably drawn than York's character : his religious loyalty struggling with a deep grief and indignation at the King's follies ; his adherence to his word and faith, once given, in spite of all, even the most natural, feelings. You see in him the weakness of old age, and the overwhelmingness of circumstances, for a time surmounting his sense of duty, — the junction of both exhibited in his boldness in words and feebleness in immediate act ; and then again his effort to retrieve himself in abstract loyalty, even at the heavy price of the loss of his son. This species of accidental and adventitious weakness is brought into parallel with Richard's continually increasing energy of thought and as constantly diminishing power of acting : and thus it is Richard that breathes a harmony and a relation into all the characters of the play."

Proportionable to the enemy

Is all impossible.

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

*Bagot.* And that's the wavering commons : for their love  
Lies in their purses ; and who<sup>19</sup> empties them  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

*Bushy.* Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

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

*Green.* Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol-Castle :  
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

*Bushy.* Thither will I with you ; for little office  
The hateful<sup>20</sup> commons will perform for us,  
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces. —  
Will you go along with us ?

*Bagot.* No ; I'll to Ireland to his Majesty.  
Farewell : if heart's preságes be not vain,  
We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

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

*Green.* Alas, poor Duke ! the task he undertakes  
Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry :  
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

*Bagot.* Farewell at once, — for once, for all, and ever.

*Bushy.* Well, we may meet again.

*Bagot.*

I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>19</sup> *Who* for *whoever* or *whoso* ; a frequent usage in poetry.

<sup>20</sup> *Hateful* for *hating*, or *full of hate*. So in *2 King Henry the Sixth*, ii. 4 : " Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their *hateful* looks." — *Office* for *service*.

SCENE III. — *The Wilds in Glostershire.*

*Enter* BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, *with* Forces.

*Boling.* -How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now?

*North.* Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Glostershire :

These high wild hills and rough uneven ways

Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome ;

And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and délectable.

But I bethink me what a weary way

From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found

In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,

Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled

The tediousness and process of my travel :

But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have

The present benefit which I possess ;

And hope to joy<sup>1</sup> is little less in joy

Than hope enjoy'd : by this the weary lords

Shall make their way seem short ; as mine hath done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

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

*Enter* HENRY PERCY.

*North.* It is my son, young Harry Percy,  
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.<sup>2</sup>—

Harry, how fares your uncle ?

*Percy.* I had thought, my lord, t' have learn'd his health  
of you.

<sup>1</sup> *To joy* is here a verb, meaning the same as *to enjoy*.

<sup>2</sup> That is, "sent from my brother, whencesoever *he may come*."

*North.* Why, is he not with the Queen?

*Percy.* No, my good Lord; he hath forsook the Court,  
Broken his staff of office, and dispersed  
The household of the King.

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

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

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

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

*North.* Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.

*Percy.* My gracious lord, I tender you my service,  
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,  
Which elder days<sup>3</sup> shall ripen, and confirm  
To more approvèd service and desert.

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

<sup>3</sup> We should say *later* instead of *elder*. But "*elder days*" is put for "*days of an older man*." So in *Cymbeline*, v. 1: "You some permit to second ills with ills, each *elder* worse," &c. It may be worth noting that Shakespeare has the word *later* but once; and that is in *Macbeth*, ii. 1: "I take't, 'tis *later*, sir."—This use of *elder* was noted to me by Mr. Joseph Crosby.

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

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

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

*Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.*

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

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

*Willow.* And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

*Boling.* Evermore thanks, th'exchequer of the poor ;  
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty. — But who is't comes here?

*Enter BERKELEY.*

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

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

*Boling.* My lord, my answer is — *to Lancaster* ;<sup>4</sup>  
And I am come to seek that name in England ;  
And I must find that title in your tongue,  
Before I make reply to aught you say.

*Berk.* Mistake me not, my lord ; 'tis not my meaning  
To raze one title of your honour out :

<sup>4</sup> The meaning is, " I will answer you when you address me as Lancaster." He takes Berkeley's *Hereford* as a malicious ignoring of his proper title.



To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,  
 From the most gracious regent of this land,  
 The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on  
 To take advantage of the absent time,<sup>5</sup>  
 And fright our native peace with self-born arms.<sup>6</sup>

*Enter YORK, attended.*

*Boling.* I shall not need transport my words by you :  
 Here comes his Grace in person. — My noble uncle !

[*Kneels.*

*York.* Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,  
 Whose duty is deceivable<sup>7</sup> and false.

*Boling.* My gracious uncle ! —

*York.* Tut, tut !

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle :  
 I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word *grace*  
 In an ungracious mouth is but profane.  
 Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs  
 Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground ?  
 But, then, more *why*, — why have they dared to march  
 So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,  
 Frighting her pale-faced villages with war  
 And ostentation of despoiling arms ?  
 Comest thou because th' anointed King is hence ?  
 Why, foolish boy, the King is left behind,

<sup>5</sup> *Absent time for time of absence* ; meaning, of course, the absence of the King. So, in *Othello*, iii. 4, we have "lovers' *absent hours*" for "*hours of lovers' absence*."

<sup>6</sup> "*Self-born arms*" are the arms, or the *armed men*, that peace has herself brought forth and bred.

<sup>7</sup> *Deceivable* for *deceiving* or *deceptive*. So in *Twelfth Night*, iv. 3 : "There's something in't that is *deceivable*." This indiscriminate use of active and passive forms is very frequent in Shakespeare. Thus we have *disputable* for *disputations*, and *unexpressive* for *inexpressible*.

And in my loyal bosom lies his power.  
 Were I but now the lord of such hot youth<sup>8</sup>  
 As when brave Gaunt thy father, and myself,  
 Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,  
 From forth the ranks of many thousand French,  
 O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,  
 Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,  
 And minister correction to thy fault !

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

*York.* Even in condition of the worst degree,—  
 In gross rebellion and detested treason :  
 Thou art a banish'd man ; and here art come  
 Before the expiration of thy time,  
 In braving<sup>9</sup> arms against thy sovereign.

*Boling.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford ;  
 But, as I come, I come for Lancaster.  
 And, noble uncle, I beseech your Grace  
 Look on my wrongs with an indifferent<sup>10</sup> eye :  
 You are my father, for methinks in you  
 I see old Gaunt alive : O, then, my father,  
 Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd  
 A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties<sup>11</sup>  
 Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away  
 To upstart unthrifths ? Wherefore was I born ?  
 If that my cousin king be King of England,  
 It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.

pleading for  
his right

<sup>8</sup> "The lord of such hot youth" is the *owner* of such hot youthful blood.

<sup>9</sup> *Braving* is *defiant*; or *full of bravado*.

<sup>10</sup> *Indifferent* in its old sense of *impartial*. So in Baret's *Alvearie*:  
 "Æquus judex, a just and *indifferent* judge; nothing partial."

<sup>11</sup> His *royalties* were the privileges belonging to him as a prince of the  
*blood royal*.

You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman :  
 Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,  
 He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,  
 To rouse his wrongs,<sup>12</sup> and chase them to the bay.  
 I am denied to sue my livery here,  
 And yet my letters-patents give me leave :  
 My father's goods are all distrain'd<sup>13</sup> and sold ;  
 And these and all are all amiss employ'd.  
 What would you have me do ? I am a subject,  
 And challenge law : attorneys are denied me ;  
 And therefore personally I lay my claim  
To my inheritance of free descent.

*North.* The noble Duke hath been too much abused.

*Ross.* It stands your Grace upon<sup>14</sup> to do him right.

*Willo.* Base men by his endowments are made great.

*York.* My lords of England, let me tell you this :

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,  
 And labour'd all I could to do him right ;  
 But in this kind to come, in braving arms,  
 Be his own carver, and cut out his way,  
 To find out right with wrong, — it may not be ;  
 And you that do abet him in this kind  
 Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

*North.* The noble Duke hath sworn his coming is  
 But for his own ; and for the right of that

<sup>12</sup> *Wrongs for wrongers* ; the effect for the cause. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 2, we have *reports for reporters*. — A hunted animal was said to be at *bay*, when it could run no further, and had no way but to turn upon the hunters.

<sup>13</sup> *Distrain'd* is *seized*, or *taken possession of, by violence*.

<sup>14</sup> "It is your Grace's *bounden duty*." So in Hooker's *Answer to Travers* : "The weightier the cause, the more it *stood him upon* to take good heed that nothing were rashly done or spoken in it." See *Hamlet*, page 216, note 15.

We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;  
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath !

*York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these arms :  
 I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,  
 Because my power is weak and all ill left ;  
 But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,  
 I would attach you all, and make you stoop  
 Unto the sovereign mercy of the King :  
 But, since I cannot, be it known to you  
 I do remain as neuter. So, farewell, —  
 Unless you please to enter in<sup>15</sup> the castle,  
 And there repose you for this night.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *A Camp in Wales.*

*Enter SALISBURY and a Captain.*

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

<sup>15</sup> The Poet often uses *in* and *into* indiscriminately. The usage was common.

*Salis.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman :  
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

*Capt.* 'Tis thought the King is dead ; we will not stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,<sup>1</sup>

And meteors fright the fixèd stars of heaven ;

The pale-faced Moon looks bloody on the Earth,

And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;

Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,

The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,

The other to enjoy by rage and war :<sup>2</sup>

These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.

Farewell : our countrymen are gone and fled,

As well assured Richard their King is dead.

*Salis.* Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind,

I see thy glory, like a shooting-star,

Fall to the base<sup>3</sup> Earth from the firmament !

Thy Sun sets weeping in the lowly West,

Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest :

Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes ;

And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> So in Holinshed : " In this yeare (1399), in a maner, throughout all the realme of England, old *baie trees* withered, and afterwards, contrarie to all men's thinking, grew greene againe, — a strange sight, and supposed to import some unknowne event." This was thought ominous, the bay-tree being held sacred. So in Lupton's *Booke of Notable Thinges* : " Neyther falling sycknes, neyther devyll, wyll infest or hurt one in that place whereas a Bay-tree is. The Romaynes calles it the plant of the good anell."

<sup>2</sup> The language is rather boldly elliptical ; but the meaning is, " The other in hope to enjoy by rage and war."

<sup>3</sup> Here *base* is *lower*; as in the phrase "*base court*." See iii. 4, note 17.



## ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.*

*Enter* BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: Officers *behind*, with BUSHY and GREEN, Prisoners.

*Boling.* Bring forth these men. —

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls —

Since presently your souls must part<sup>1</sup> your bodies —

With too much urging your pernicious lives,

For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood

From off my hands, here, in the view of men,

I will unfold some causes of your deaths.

You have misled a prince, a royal king,

A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,

By you unhappied and disfigured clean:<sup>2</sup>

You have in manner with your sinful hours.

Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him;

Broke the possession of a royal bed,

And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks

With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.

<sup>1</sup> *Part* and *depart* were often used interchangeably; and Shakespeare has the phrases, "*depart* the chambers," and "*depart* the field."

<sup>2</sup> *Happy* in the sense of the Latin *felix*; *prosperous* or *fortunate*. Of course, *unhappied* is *made unfortunate*. *Clean* is *entirely, utterly*. So in the 77th Psalm: "Is His mercy *clean* gone for ever?" And in Isaiah, xxiv. 19: "The earth is *utterly* broken down, the earth is *clean* dissolvéd." The Poet often has it so.

Myself— a prince by fortune of my birth,  
 Near to the king in blood, and near in love  
 Till you did make him misinterpret me —  
 Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,  
 And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,  
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment ;  
 Whilst you have fed upon my signories,<sup>3</sup>  
 Dispark'd my parks,<sup>4</sup> and fell'd my forest-woods,  
 From my own windows torn my household coat,  
 Razed out my imprese,<sup>5</sup> leaving me no sign,  
 Save men's opinions and my living blood,  
 To show the world I am a gentleman.  
 This and much more, much more than twice all this,  
 Condemns you to the death. — See them deliver'd over  
 To execution and the hand of death.

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

*Green.* My comfort is, that Heaven will take our souls,  
 And plague injustice with the pains of Hell.

*Boling.* My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd. —

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND and others, with Prisoners.]

Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house ;  
 For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated :<sup>6</sup>  
 Tell her I send to her my kind commends ;  
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

<sup>3</sup> A *signory* is a manor, estate, or whatever constitutes a lordship.

<sup>4</sup> To *dispark* is to divest a park of its name and character by breaking down the enclosure, and destroying the beasts of the chase therein.

<sup>5</sup> The *imprese* was a device with a motto. When stained glass was in use, it was common for a man to have his coat of arms annealed in his windows; and Ferne, in his *Blazon of Gentry*, says, "The arms of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed, wherever found."

<sup>6</sup> To *entreat* is used several times by the Poet for to *treat*.

pretor  
death  
Boli

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

*Boling.* Thanks, gentle uncle. — Come, my lords, away,  
To fight with Glendower and his complices :  
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — *The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.*

*Flourish ; Drums and Trumpets. Enter King RICHARD,  
the Bishop of CARLISLE, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.*

*K. Rich.* Barkloughly-Castle call they this at hand?

*Aum.* Yea, my good lord. How brooks your Grace the  
air,

After late tossing on the breaking seas?

*K. Rich.* Needs must I like it well : I weep for joy  
To stand upon my kingdom once again. —  
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs :  
As a long-parted mother with her child<sup>1</sup>  
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,  
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,

<sup>1</sup> "As a mother long parted *from* her child." The Poet has many similar transpositions. — "Richard, to whom all things are unreal," says Professor Dowden, "has a fine feeling for 'situations.' Without any making real to himself what God or what death is, he can put himself, if need be, in the appropriate attitude towards God and towards death. Instead of comprehending things as they are, and achieving heroic deeds, he satiates his heart with the grace, the tenderness, the beauty, or the pathos of situations. Life is to Richard a show, a succession of images ; and to put himself into accord with the æsthetic requirements of his position is Richard's first necessity. He is equal to playing any part gracefully, which he is called upon by circumstances to enact. But, when he has exhausted the æsthetic satisfaction to be derived from the situations of his life, he is left with nothing further to do."

And do thee favour with my royal hands.  
 Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,  
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense ;  
 But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,  
 And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,  
 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet  
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee :  
 Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies ;  
 And, when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,  
 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,  
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal<sup>2</sup> touch  
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies. —  
 Mock not my senseless conjuration,<sup>3</sup> lords :  
 This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones  
 Prove armèd soldiers, ere her native King  
 Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms !

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

*Aum.* He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;  
 Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,<sup>4</sup>  
 Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.

*K. Rich.* Discomfortable<sup>5</sup> cousin ! know'st thou not

<sup>2</sup> Here, as usual in Shakespeare, *mortal* is *deadly*, that which *kills*. It was commonly believed that the double, or *forked*, tongue of snakes had a poisonous sting.

<sup>3</sup> The meaning may be, "Mock not my conjuration *as* senseless." Or it may be, that his words are senseless, as addressed to a thing *devoid of sense*.

<sup>4</sup> *Security* for *negligence* or *over-confidence*. See page 79, note 34.

<sup>5</sup> *Discomfortable* for *discomforting*. See page 92, note 7.

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid  
 Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,  
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
 In murders and in outrage, boldly here ;  
 But when, from under this terrestrial ball,  
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,  
 And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
 Then murders, treasons, and detested<sup>6</sup> sins,  
 The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,  
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?  
 So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,  
 Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,  
 Whilst we were wandering with th' Antipodes,  
 Shall see us rising in our throne, the East,  
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
 Not able to endure the sight of day,  
 But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.  
 Not all the water in the rough-rude sea  
 Can wash the balm from an anointed king ;  
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
 The deputy elected by the Lord.  
 For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd  
 To lift shrewd<sup>7</sup> steel against our golden crown,  
 God for His Richard hath in heavenly pay  
 A glorious Angel : then, if Angels fight,  
 Weak man must fall ; for Heaven still guards the right. —

*Enter SALISBURY.*

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

<sup>6</sup> *Detested* for *detestable*, probably. See page 79, note 35

<sup>7</sup> *Shrewd* is *sharp, biting*. So a *shrew* is, properly, a *sharp-tongued* person. — *Press'd* is *impressed* ; that is, *forced* into the service.

*Rich promise  
like lady  
Mae Beth*



*Salis.* Nor near'<sup>8</sup> nor further off, my gracious lord,  
 Than this weak arm : discomfort guides my tongue,  
 And bids me speak of nothing but despair.  
 One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,  
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on Earth.  
 O, call back yesterday, bid time return,  
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men !  
 To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,  
 O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state ;  
 For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,  
 Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed, or fled.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege ! why looks your Grace so pale ?

*K. Rich.* But now the blood of twenty thousand men  
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;  
 And, till so much blood thither come again,  
 Have I not reason to look pale and dead ?  
 All souls that will be safe, fly from my side !  
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege ! remember who you are.

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

*K. Richard  
 uncle to York*

<sup>8</sup> *Near'* for *nearer*, as we elsewhere have *far'* for *farther*. So in Daniel's *Letter of Octavia to Antony* : "I was commanded to approach no *near*." Also in Drayton's *Eclogue vii.* : "Much will be said, and ne'er a whit the *near*."

*Enter SCROOP.*

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

*K. Rich.* Mine ear is open and my heart prepared :  
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.  
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care ;  
And what loss is it to be rid of care ?  
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?  
Greater he shall not be ; if he serve God,  
We'll serve Him too, and be his fellow so :  
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend ;  
They break their faith to God as well as us :  
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay ;  
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

*Scroop.* Glad am I that your Highness is so arm'd  
To bear the tidings of calamity.  
Like an unseasonable stormy day,  
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,  
As if the world were all dissolved to tears ;  
So high above his<sup>9</sup> limits swells the rage  
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land  
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.  
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless<sup>10</sup> scalps  
Against thy majesty ; and boys, with women's voices,  
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints  
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown ;  
Thy very beadsmen<sup>11</sup> learn to bend their bows

<sup>9</sup> Here *his* refers, apparently, to *Bolingbroke*. In what follows, the image of a river is kept up ; *limits* being put for the *banks* within which the stream of Bolingbroke's action ought to be confined.

<sup>10</sup> That is, *some* with thin hair, *others* with none at all.

<sup>11</sup> A *beadsmán* is, properly, one who prays for another's welfare : here the word seems to mean the men whose chief occupation is prayer. To "bid

Of double-fatal yew<sup>12</sup> against thy state ;  
 Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills  
 Against thy seat : both young and old rebel,  
 And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

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

*Scroop.* Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.

*K. Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption !  
 Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man !  
 Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart !  
 Three Judases,<sup>13</sup> each one thrice worse than Judas !  
 Would they make peace? Terrible Hell make war  
 Upon their spotted souls for this offence !

*Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his property,  
 Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.  
 Again uncurse their souls ; their peace is made  
 With heads, and not with hands : those whom you curse  
 Have felt the worst of death's destroying hand,  
 And lie full low, grav'd<sup>14</sup> in the hollow ground.

the beads" is to pray through the rosary ; that is, to say as many prayers as there are beads on the string.

<sup>12</sup> The *yew* is called *double-fatal*, because the leaves are poisonous, and also because the wood was used for *bows*, instruments of death.

<sup>13</sup> A slip of memory, I suspect, on the Poet's part, either here or before, when *four* are named. In fact, only *three* of the favourites had made their peace by death : Bagot had fled to Ireland to join Richard there.

<sup>14</sup> This verb is not peculiar to Shakespeare. George Cavendish, in his *Metrical Visions*, makes the Duke of Suffolk say, "And my hedles body, vouchsafe to see it *grav'd*."

*Aum.* Is Bushy, Green, and th' Earl of Wiltshire dead?

*Scroop.* Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

*Aum.* Where is the Duke my father with his power?

*K. Rich.* No matter where ; of comfort no man speak :

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the Earth.

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills :

And yet not so, — for what can we bequeath,

Save our deposèd bodies to the ground?

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

And nothing can we call our own but death,

\* And that small model<sup>15</sup> of the barren earth

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the death of kings :

How some have been deposèd ; some slain in war ;

Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposèd ;<sup>16</sup>

Some poison'd by their wives ; some sleeping kill'd ;

All murder'd : for within the hollow crown

That rounds the mortal temples of a king

Keeps Death his Court ; and there the antic sits, *infloor*

Scoffing his state,<sup>17</sup> and grinning at his pomp ;

Allowing him a breath, a little scene,

<sup>15</sup> *Model* and *module* were the same in Shakespeare's time ; and the word is probably used here in the sense of the Latin *modulus*, a *measure*.

<sup>16</sup> Meaning, probably, the ghosts of *those* they have deposèd. An elliptical way of speaking not uncommon with the Poet.

<sup>17</sup> So in *1 King Henry the Sixth*, iv. 7 : " Thou *antic* death, which laugh'st us here to scorn." The image is thought to have been suggested by some fine emblematic wood-cuts called *Imagines Mortis*, a fac-simile of which is given in Douce's book, *The Dance of Death*. Death is there represented taking off an emperor's crown, not keeping his Court in it. So that it could, at the most, but have *suggested*, not *furnished*, the image in the text.

To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;  
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,<sup>18</sup>  
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,  
 Were brass impregnable ; and, humour'd thus,<sup>19</sup>  
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
 Bores through his castle wall, and — farewell king !  
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
 With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,  
 Tradition,<sup>20</sup> form, and ceremonious duty ;  
 For you have but mistook me all this while :  
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,  
 Need friends : — subjected thus, <sup>And abuse.</sup>  
 How can you say to me, I am a king ?

*Carl.* My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,  
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.  
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresses strength,  
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe ;  
 And so your follies fight against yourself.  
 Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come to fight :<sup>21</sup>  
 And fight and die is death destroying death,  
 Where<sup>22</sup> fearing dying pays death servile breath.

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

<sup>18</sup> "Self and vain conceit" is the same as vain self-conceit. The Poet has several like forms of expression ; as in *Macbeth*, iii. 4 : "My strange and self-abuse." See, also, *Hamlet*, page 50, note 22.

<sup>19</sup> *Humour'd* is probably to be construed with *he* or *the king* understood, and not with *Death* : "the king *being* humour'd thus." This takes to *humour* in the ordinary sense of to indulge one's caprices, to cosset his whims.

<sup>20</sup> *Tradition*, if it be the right word, must here mean *old usage, precedent*, or *ancestral loyalty* to the king's person. See Critical Notes.

<sup>21</sup> Another gerundial infinitive, and equivalent to *in* or *by fighting*.

<sup>22</sup> *Where* for *whereas* ; a common and very frequent usage with the writers of that time. So, too, we often have *whereas* for *where*.



*K. Rich.* Thou chidest me well. — Proud Bolingbroke, I  
come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.

This ague-fit of fear is over-blown ;

An easy task it is to win our own. —

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?

Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

*Scroop.* Men judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day ;

So may you by my dull and heavy eye

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

I play the torturer, by (small and small) *piece by piece.*

To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :

Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke ;

And all your northern castles yielded up,

And all your southern gentlemen in arms

Upon his faction.

*K. Rich.* Thou hast said enough. —

[*To AUM.*] Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth<sup>23</sup>

Of that sweet way I was in to despair !

What say you now ? what comfort have we now ?

By Heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly

That bids me be of comfort any more.

Go to Flint-Castle : there I'll pine away ;

A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.

That power I have, discharge ; and let them go

To ear<sup>24</sup> the land that hath some hope to grow,

<sup>23</sup> *Forth* is often used by the Poet as equivalent simply to *out*. — *Beshrew* occurs frequently in the old writers as a mild imprecation. See *Hamlet*, page 95, note 23.

<sup>24</sup> To *ear* is to *plough* or to *till*. So in *All's Well*, i. 3: "He that *ears* my land spares my team." And in 1 Samuel, viii. 12: "And will set them to *ear* his ground, and to reap his harvest."

For I have none. — Let no man speak again  
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

*Aum.* My liege, one word.

*K. Rich.*

He does me double wrong

That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.

Discharge my followers : let them hence away,

From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.<sup>25</sup> [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Wales. Before Flint-Castle.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces ;*

*YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Others.*

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

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

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

*North.* Your Grace mistakes me ; only to be brief,  
Left I his title out.

<sup>25</sup> A certain unreality infects every emotion of Richard : his feelings are but the shadows of true feeling. Now he will be great and a king ; now what matters it to lose a kingdom ? If Bolingbroke and he alike serve God, Bolingbroke can be no more than his fellow-servant. Now he plays the wanton with his pride, and now with his misery. At one moment he pictures God mustering armies of pestilence in His clouds to strike the usurper and his descendants ; in the next he yields to Bolingbroke's demands, and welcomes his "right-noble cousin." He is proud, and he is pious ; he is courageous and cowardly ; and pride and piety, cowardice and courage, are all the passions of a dream. — DOWDEN.

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

*Boling.* Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

*York.* Take not, good cousin, further than you should,  
 Lest you mistake : the Heavens are o'er our heads.

*Boling.* I know it, uncle ; and I not oppose myself  
 Against their will. — But who comes here? —

*Enter PERCY.*

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

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

*Boling.* Royally !  
 Why, it contains no king?

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

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

*Boling.* [To NORTHUMBERLAND.] Noble lord,  
 Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle ;  
 Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle  
 Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver :  
 Henry Bolingbroke  
 On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,  
 And sends allegiance and true faith of heart  
 To his most royal person ; hither come  
 Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,

L. Aumerle  
 Salisb. Scroop  
 Stephen Scroop  
 are with K.

Provided that my banishment repeal'd,  
 And lands restored again, be freely granted :  
 If not, I'll use th' advantage of my power,  
 And lay the Summer's dust with showers of blood  
 Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen :  
 The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke  
 It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench  
 The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,  
 My stooping duty tenderly shall show.  
 Go, signify as much, while here we march  
 Upon the grassy carpet of this plain. —

[NORTH. *advances to the Castle with a trumpet.*

Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,  
 That from the castle's tatter'd<sup>1</sup> battlements  
 Our fair appointments may be well perused.<sup>2</sup>  
 Methinks King Richard and myself should meet  
 With no less terror than the elements  
 Of fire and water, when their thundering shock  
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.  
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :  
 The rage be his, while on the earth I rain  
 My waters,— on the earth, and not on him.  
 March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

*A Parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within.*

*Flourish. Enter on the walls King RICHARD, the Bishop  
 of CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.*

*York.* See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,

<sup>1</sup> *Tatter'd* is *ragged*. In the Induction to *2 Henry the Fourth*, Rumour calls Northumberland's castle "this worm-eaten hold of *ragged* stone."

<sup>2</sup> *Perused* is *examined, marked*. Often so. *Appointments* is *equipments*, comprehending the usual furniture of war. Also a frequent usage.

As doth the blushing discontented Sun  
 From out the fiery portal of the East,  
 When he perceives the envious clouds are bent  
 To dim his glory, and to stain the track  
 Of his bright passage to the Occident.  
 Yet looks he like a king : behold, his eye,  
 As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
 Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe,  
 That any harm should stain so fair a show !

*K. Rich.* [To NORTH.] We are amazed ; and thus long  
 have we stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,  
 Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :  
 And if we be, how dare thy joints forget  
 To pay their awful duty<sup>3</sup> to our presence ?  
 If we be not, show us the hand of God  
 That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship ;  
 For well we know, no hand of blood and bone  
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,  
 Unless he do profane,<sup>4</sup> steal, or usurp.  
 And though you think that all, as you have done,  
 Have torn their souls by turning them from us,<sup>5</sup>  
 And we are barren and bereft of friends,  
 Yet know, my Master, God omnipotent,  
 Is mustering in His clouds, on our behalf,  
 Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike

<sup>3</sup> "Awful duty" here means, apparently, duty of awe, that is, *due reverence*. A like use of *awful* occurs in *2 Henry the Fourth*, iv. i: "We come within our *awful* banks again." And in Milton's *Hymn of the Nativity*: "And kings sat still with *awful* eye."

<sup>4</sup> To *profane*, as the word is here used, is to *commit sacrilege*.

<sup>5</sup> That is, have wronged or wounded their own souls by an act of perjury, or by breaking their oaths of allegiance.



Your children yet unborn and unbegot,  
 That lift your vassal hands against my head,  
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.  
 Tell Bolingbroke, — for yond methinks he stands, —  
 That every stride he makes upon my land  
 Is dangerous treason : he is come to ope  
 The purple testament of bleeding war ;<sup>6</sup>  
 But, ere the crown he looks for live in peace,  
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mother's sons  
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face,<sup>7</sup>  
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace  
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew  
 Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

*North.* The King of Heaven forbid our lord the King  
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms  
 Be rush'd upon ! No ; thy thrice-noble cousin,  
 Harry of Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand ;  
 And by the honourable tomb he swears,  
 That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,  
 And by the royalties of both your bloods, —  
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head, —  
 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,  
 And by the worth and honour of himself,  
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said, —  
 His coming hither hath no further scope

<sup>6</sup> The common explanation takes *testament* in the legal sense ; that Bolingbroke has come to open the *will*, that he may see and execute its contents. But in the old play of *Jeronymo* we have "Then I unclasp the purple *leaves* of war." Here the idea is of a *book* with a purple cover. And so, perhaps, in the text.

<sup>7</sup> Meaning, no doubt, the blooming or *flowery surface* of England. We have a like expression in Sidney's *Arcadia* : "Opening the *cherry* of her *lips* ;" that is, her *cherry* lips.

Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg  
 Enfranchisement<sup>8</sup> immediate on his knees :  
 Which on thy royal party<sup>9</sup> granted once,  
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,  
 His barbèd<sup>10</sup> steeds to stables, and his heart  
 To faithful service of your Majesty.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;  
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, say thus the King returns :  
 His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;  
 And all the number of his fair demands  
 Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :  
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast  
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends. —

[*To AUM.*] We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,  
 To look so poorly, and to speak so fair ?  
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send  
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

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

*K. Rich.* O God, O God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,  
 That laid the sentence of dread banishment  
 On yond proud man, should take it off again  
 With words of sooth !<sup>11</sup> O, that I were as great  
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name !

<sup>8</sup> *Enfranchisement*, here, is restoration to his full rights of free inheritance. This would include his estates seized by the King.

<sup>9</sup> *Party for part* ; the two words being often used indiscriminately.

<sup>10</sup> *Barbed*, an old corruption of *barded*, is *equipped with armour*. So in *The Faerie Queene*, ii. 2, 11 : " He left his loftie steed with golden sell and goodly gorgeous *barbes*."

<sup>11</sup> *Sooth*, adjective, is *sweet*, as well as *true* : here the noun is *sweetness* or *softness*, as in the verb *to soothe*.

Or that I could forget what I have been !  
 Or not remember what I must be now !  
 Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,  
 Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

*Aum.* Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

*K. Rich.* What must the King do now? Must he submit?  
 The King shall do it. Must he be deposed?  
 The King shall be contented. Must he lose  
 The name of king? O' God's name, let it go.  
 I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,<sup>12</sup>  
 My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,  
 My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,  
 My figured goblets for a dish of wood,  
 My sceptre for a palmer's<sup>13</sup> walking-staff,  
 My subjects for a pair of carved saints,  
And my large kingdom for a little grave,  
A little little grave, an obscure grave ;  
 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
 Some way of common trade,<sup>14</sup> where subjects' feet  
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head :  
 For on my heart they tread now whilst I live,  
 And, buried once, why not upon my head? —  
 Aumerle, thou weep'st, — my tender-hearted cousin !  
We'll make foul weather with despised tears ;  
 Our sighs and they shall lodge<sup>15</sup> the summer corn,  
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.

<sup>12</sup> "A set of beads" is a *rosary*; used by people in "bidding their beads."

<sup>13</sup> A *palmer* is a *pilgrim*; the word being so used because pilgrims were wont to carry a branch of *palm* as a badge.

<sup>14</sup> That is, some way of common *resort*, or a road of frequent traffic. So in Surrey's translation of the *Aeneid*, ii.: "A postern with a blind wicket there was, a common *trade*, to pass through Priam's house."

<sup>15</sup> Grain was said to be *lodged* when it was what we call *laid*.

Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,  
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears?  
 As thus ;— to drop them still upon one place,  
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves  
 Within the earth ; and, therein laid, *There lies*  
*Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.*  
 Would not this ill do well? — Well, well, I see  
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me. —  
 Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,  
 What says King Bolingbroke? will his Majesty  
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?  
 You make a leg,<sup>16</sup> and Bolingbroke says *Ay*.

*North.* My lord, in the base court<sup>17</sup> he doth attend  
 To speak with you : may't please to come down?

*K. Rich.* Down, down I come ; like glistening Phaëton,  
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades.<sup>18</sup> —

[NORTHUMBERLAND retires to BOLINGBROKE. S?

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,  
 To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.  
 In the base court? Come down? Down, court ! down, King !  
 For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.

[*Exeunt from above.*

*Boling.* What says his Majesty?

*North.* Sorrow and grief of heart  
 Makes him speak fondly,<sup>19</sup> like a frantic man :  
 Yet he is come.

<sup>16</sup> A common phrase for a gesture of *obeisance*. See page 66, note 8.

<sup>17</sup> "The *base court*" is the *lower court* of the castle; what we call the *basement*. So in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*: "My lord being advertised that the duke was coming, he caused all his gentlemen to wait upon him down through the hall into the *base court*."

<sup>18</sup> Lacking the *government* or *control*; *unable* to manage.

<sup>19</sup> *Foolish* is the more common meaning of *fond* in old authors.

*Enter King RICHARD and his Attendants below.*

*Boling.* Stand all apart,  
And show fair duty to his Majesty. —

My gracious lord, — [*Kneeling.*

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee  
To make the base earth proud with kissing it :  
Me rather had<sup>20</sup> my heart might feel your love  
Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.  
Up, cousin, up ; your heart is up, I know,  
Thus high at least, [*Touching his own head.*] although your  
knee be low.

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

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

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

*K. Rich.* Well you deserve : they well deserve to have  
That know the strong'st and surest way to get. —  
Uncle, give me your hand : nay, dry your eyes ;  
Tears show their love, but want their remedies. —  
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,  
Though you are old enough to be my heir.<sup>21</sup>  
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too ;  
For do we must what force will have us do. —  
Set on towards London ;— cousin, is it so ?

*Boling.* Yea, my good lord.

*K. Rich.* Then I must not say no.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

<sup>20</sup> An old phrase equivalent to "I would rather."

<sup>21</sup> The two men were of the same age, both having been born in 1366.



SCENE IV. — *Langley. The Duke of York's Garden.**Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.*

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

*1 Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.

*hindrance*

*Queen.* 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,  
And that my fortune runs against the bias.<sup>1</sup>

*1 Lady.* Madam, we'll dance.

*Queen.* My legs can keep no measure<sup>2</sup> in delight,  
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief;  
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

*1 Lady.* Madam, we will tell tales.

*Queen.* Of sorrow or of joy?

*1 Lady.* Of either, madam.

*Queen.* Of neither, girl:

For, if of joy, being altogether wanting,  
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;  
Or if of grief, being altogether had,  
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:  
For what I have, I need not to repeat;  
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

*SP*

*1 Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.

*Queen.* 'Tis well that thou has cause;  
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst<sup>3</sup> thou weep.

<sup>1</sup> *Bias* is a weight put into one side of a bowl, to deflect it from the aim.  
— A *rub* is any hindrance or obstruction tending to the same effect.

<sup>2</sup> Here *measure* is a *dance*; in the next line it has the common meaning.  
So we have *delightful measures* in the first scene of *Richard the Third*.

<sup>3</sup> According to present usage, *shouldst* and *wouldst* should change places with each other. The two were often used indiscriminately.

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

*Queen.* And I could weep, would weeping do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee. —

But stay, here come the gardeners :

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

They'll talk of State ; for every one doth so

Against a change : woe is forerun with woe.<sup>4</sup>

[*QUEEN and Ladies retire.*

*Enter a Gardener and two Servants.*

*Gard.* Go, bind thou up yond dangling apricocks,

Which, like unruly children, make their sire

Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :

Give some supportance to the bending twigs. —

Go thou, and, like an executioner,

Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,

That look too lofty in our commonwealth :

All must be even in our government. —

You thus employ'd, I will go root away

The noisome weeds, which without profit suck

The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

*I Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,<sup>5</sup>

Keep law and form and due proportion,

Showing, as in a model, a firm State,

When our sea-wallèd garden, the whole land,

Is full of weeds ; her fairest flowers choked up,

Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd,

<sup>4</sup> The Poet supposes dejection to prognosticate calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending.

<sup>5</sup> *Pale* is enclosure, *palings*. Elsewhere the Poet has " bounded in a *pale*."

houses man as an actor himself an enclosure

Her knots<sup>6</sup> disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs  
Swarming with caterpillars?

*Gard.*

Hold thy peace.

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring

Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:

The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,

Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke, —

I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

*I Serv.* What, are they dead?

*Gard.*

They are; and Bolingbroke

Hath seized the wasteful King. O, what pity is it

That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land

As we this garden! We at time of year

Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,

Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,

With too much riches it confound<sup>7</sup> itself:

Had he done so to great and growing men,

They might have lived to bear, and he to taste

Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches

We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:

Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,

Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

*I Serv.* What! think you, then, the King shall be deposed?

*Gard.* Depress'd he is already; and deposed

'Tis doubt<sup>8</sup> he will be: letters came last night

<sup>6</sup> The regular, symmetrical beds of a garden were called *knots*. So in Milton's description of Eden: —

Flowers worthy Paradise, which not nice art  
In beds and curious *knots*, but Nature boon  
Pour'd forth.

<sup>7</sup> Shakespeare often uses *to confound* for *to destroy*.

<sup>8</sup> 'Tis *fear'd* or *suspected*. *Doubt* is often used so by old writers.

The lang. of Gard. seen show Provi

To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's  
That tell black tidings.

*Queen.* [*Coming forward.*] O, I am press'd to death  
through want of speaking!<sup>9</sup>—

Old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,  
How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this displeasing news?  
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested<sup>10</sup> thee  
To make a second fall of cursèd man?  
Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?  
Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,  
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how  
Camest thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

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

*Queen.* Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,  
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,  
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st  
To serve me last, that I may longest keep  
Thy sorrow in my breast. — Come, ladies, go,

<sup>9</sup> *Pressing to death* was the punishment for accused persons who obstinately refused to plead. It was done by laying weights on the chest, heavier and heavier, till the breath was stopped.

<sup>10</sup> *Suggest*, again, for *instigate* or *prompt*. See page 43, note 23.

*Bolingbroke*  
*54 m. scale*  
1

To meet at London London's King in woe. —  
 What! was I born to this, that my sad look  
 Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke? —  
 Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,  
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow!

[*Exeunt* QUEEN and Ladies.

*Gard.* Poor Queen! so that thy state might be no worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse. —

Here did she fall<sup>11</sup> a tear; here, in this place,

I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:<sup>12</sup>

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

In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

*pity*

<sup>11</sup> *Fall* for *let fall*. So in *Othello*, iv. 1: "Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile." Also in *A Midsummer*, v. 1: "And, as she fled, her mantle she did *fall*." The usage was common.

<sup>12</sup> *Rue* was often called *herb of grace*. So in *Hamlet*, iv. 2: "There's *rue* for you: we may call it *herb of grace* o' Sundays." — Coleridge notes upon this scene as follows: "See here the skill and judgment of our Poet in giving reality and individual life, by the introduction of accidents in his historic plays, and thereby making them dramas, and not histories. How beautiful an islet of repose—melancholy repose indeed—in this scene with the Gardener and his Servant! And how truly affecting and realizing is the very horse Barbary, in the scene with the Groom, in the last Act!"

*and with sympathy for the queen & by implication for Rich.  
 ambiguity leads us into confusion*



## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*London. Westminster Hall. The Lords Spiritual on the right side of the Throne; the Lords Temporal on the left; the Commons below.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, the Bishop of CARLISLE, the Abbot of WESTMINSTER, and Attendants. Officers behind with BAGOT.*

*Boling.* Call forth Bagot.— [*Officers bring BAGOT forward.*  
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind,  
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;  
Who wrought it with the King,<sup>1</sup> and who perform'd  
The bloody office of his timeless<sup>2</sup> end.

*Bagot.* Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

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

*Bagot.* My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue  
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.  
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,  
I heard you say, *Is not my arm of length,  
That reacheth from the restful<sup>3</sup> English Court  
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?*  
Amongst much other talk, that very time,

<sup>1</sup> That is, who counselled or induced him to order or allow it.

<sup>2</sup> *Timeless* for *untimely*. So in *King John*, iii. 1, we have *sightless* for *unsightly*: "Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains."

<sup>3</sup> *Restful* is *full of rest, peaceful*.—"Arm of length that reacheth" is arm long enough to reach.

I heard you say that you had rather refuse  
 The offer of an hundred thousand crowns  
 Than Bolingbroke's return to England ;  
 Adding withal, how blest this land would be  
 In this your cousin's death.

*Aum.* Princes, and noble lords,  
 What answer shall I make to this base man?  
 Shall I so much dishonour my <sup>my fair stars,</sup> fair stars,<sup>4</sup>  
 On equal terms to give him chastisement?  
 Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd  
 With the attainder of his slanderous lips. —  
 There is my gage, the manual seal of death,  
 That marks thee out for Hell : I say, thou liest,  
 And will maintain, what thou hast said is false,  
 In thy heart-blood, though being all too base  
 To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

*Boling.* Bagot, forbear ; thou shalt not take it up.

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

*Fitz.* If that thy valour stand on sympathy,<sup>5</sup>  
 There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine :  
 By that fair Sun that shows me where thou stand'st,  
 I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakest it,  
 That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.  
 If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest ;

<sup>4</sup> Common speech still retains traces of the old notion that men's fortunes and characters were signified or governed by the stars under which they were born. *Ascendency, aspect, influence, predominance* are among the words of astrological origin.

<sup>5</sup> *Sympathy*, being a mutual feeling between two subjects, implies likeness or equality of *nature* ; hence the term is here transferred to equality of *rank*. By the laws of chivalry, a man was not bound to fight with one of lower rank, because the nobler life might not be thus staked against the baser.

And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,  
Where it was forgèd, with my rapier's point.

*Aum.* Thou darest not, coward, live to see the day.

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

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

*Percy.* Aumerle, thou liest ; his honour is as true  
In this appeal as thou art all unjust ;  
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,  
To prove it on thee to th' extremest point  
Of mortal breathing : seize it, if thou darest.

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

*Lord.* I task thee<sup>6</sup> to the like, forsworn Aumerle ;  
And spur thee on with full as many lies  
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear  
From sun to sun.<sup>7</sup> There is my honour's pawn ;  
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

*Aum.* Who sets me else?<sup>8</sup> by Heaven, I'll throw at all :  
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,  
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

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

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

<sup>6</sup> Here it appears that *to task* was sometimes used in the sense of *to challenge*. A like sense attaches to the phrase still in use, "Take him to task"; that is, call him *to account*.

<sup>7</sup> "From sun to sun" is, I take it, from *sunrise* to *sunset*; though some explain it, from one sunrise to another.

<sup>8</sup> Probably meaning, "Who else *challenges* me to a *match*?" We have a like expression in *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 1: "Will you *set* your wit to a fool's?" that is, "Will you challenge a fool to a trial or contest of wit?"

*Surrey.* As false, by Heaven, as Heaven itself is true.

*Fitz.* Surrey, thou liest.

*Surrey.* Dishonourable boy!

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

*Fitz.* How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,

I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,<sup>9</sup>

And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,

And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,

To tie thee to my strong correction. —

As I intend to thrive in this new world,<sup>10</sup>

Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal: —

Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say

That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men

To execute the noble Duke at Calais.

*Aum.* Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,

That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,

If he may be repeal'd,<sup>11</sup> to try his honour.

*Boling.* These differences shall all rest under gage

<sup>9</sup> That is, *alone*, or where no help can be had against him. So Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Lover's Progress*, v. 2: "Maintain thy treason with thy sword? With what contempt I hear it! in a *wilderness* I durst encounter it."

<sup>10</sup> A world new, because he anticipates a new order of things under Bolingbroke. Fitzwater was then thirty-one years old: so that the world could not be new to him because he was a "boy."

<sup>11</sup> *Repeal'd*, again, for *recalled*. See page 84, note 8.—According to Holinshed, Aumerle on this occasion threw down a hood that he had borrowed, both of his gloves having been thrown down before.

Till Norfolk be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be,  
 And, though mine enemy, restored again  
 To all his lands and signories. When he's return'd,  
 Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

*Carl.* That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.  
 Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought  
 For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,  
 Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross  
 Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens ;  
 And, toil'd with works of war, retired<sup>12</sup> himself  
 To Italy ; and there, at Venice, gave  
 His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
 And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,  
 Under whose colours he had fought so long.

*Boling.* Why, Bishop, is Norfolk dead ?

*Carl.* As surely as I live, my lord.

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

*Enter YORK attended.*

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

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

*Carl.* Marry, God forbid ! —

<sup>12</sup> *Retire*, again, for *withdraw*. See page 84, note 7. — *Toil'd*, here, is *wearied*, exhausted with *toil*.



Worst in this royal presence may I speak,  
 Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.  
 Would God that any in this noble presence  
 Were enough noble to be upright judge  
 Of noble Richard ! then true noblesse would  
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.  
 What subject can give sentence on his king?  
 And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?  
Thieves are not judged, but they are by to hear,  
 Although apparent <sup>13</sup> guilt be seen in them ;  
 And shall the figure of God's majesty,  
 His captain, steward, deputy elect,  
 Anointed, crownèd, planted many years,  
 Be judged by subject and inferior breath,  
 And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,  
 That, in a Christian climate,<sup>14</sup> souls refined  
 Should show so heinous, black, obscene <sup>15</sup> a deed !  
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,  
 Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his King.  
 My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,  
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's King ;  
 And, if you crown him, let me prophesy, —  
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
 And future ages groan for this foul act ;  
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,  
 And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars  
 Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound ;  
 Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny  
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd

<sup>13</sup> *Apparent*, again, for *manifest* or *evident*. See page 38, note 5.

<sup>14</sup> *Climate*, here, is *land* or *country*. Repeatedly so.

<sup>15</sup> *Obscene* in the sense of the Latin *obscenus* ; *ill-boding* or *portentous*.

The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.  
 O, if you rear this House against this House,  
 It will the woofullest division prove  
 That ever fell upon this cursèd earth.  
 Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,  
 Lest children's children cry against you *Woe!*

*North.* Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,  
 Of capital treason we arrest you here. —  
 My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge  
 To keep him safely till his day of trial.<sup>16</sup> —

May 't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

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

*York.* I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

*Boling.* Lords, you that here are under our arrest,  
 Procure your sureties for your days of answer. —  
 [*To CARLISLE.*] Little are we beholding<sup>17</sup> to your love,  
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with King RICHARD, and Officers bearing the  
 crown, &c.*

*K. Rich.* Alack! why am I sent for to a king  
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts  
 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd  
 T' insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:  
 Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me  
 To this submission. Yet I well remember

<sup>16</sup> In these four lines, Northumberland must be understood to be acting as the new King's Earl Marshal, and so speaking in his name and using his style.

<sup>17</sup> Shakespeare always uses the active form, *beholding*, instead of the passive, *beholden*. See page 92, note 7.

The favours<sup>18</sup> of these men : were they not mine?  
 Did they not sometime cry, All hail! to me?  
 So Judas did to Christ : but He, in twelve,  
 Found truth in all but one ; I, in twelve thousand, none.  
 God save the King ! — Will no man say amen?  
 Am I both priest and clerk?<sup>19</sup> Well then, amen.  
 God save the King ! although I be not he ;  
 And yet, amen, if Heaven do think him me. —  
 To do what service am I sent for hither?

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

*K. Rich.* Give me the crown. [*The crown is brought to him, and he seizes it.*] — Here, cousin,  
On this side my hand, and on that side yours. *thine*  
 Now is this golden crown like a deep well  
 That owes two buckets, filling one another ;<sup>20</sup>  
 The emptier ever dancing in the air,  
 The other down, unseen, and full of water :  
 That bucket down and full of tears am I,  
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

*Boling.* I thought you had been willing to resign.

*K. Rich.* My crown I am ; but still my griefs are mine :  
 You may my glories and my state depose,  
 But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

*Boling.* Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

*K. Rich.* Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.

<sup>18</sup> Favours for features or countenances. A common usage.

<sup>19</sup> A parish clerk had it as part of his duty to lead the responses of the congregation in the services.

<sup>20</sup> Owes for owns, of course, as usual. — "Filling one another" sounds odd, and should probably be taken to mean "filling alternately."

My care is loss of care, by old care done ;  
 Your care is gain of care, by new care won :  
 The cares I give, I have, though given away ;  
 They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

*Boling.* Are you contented to resign the crown ?

*K. Rich.* Ay, no ; — no, ay ; for I must nothing be ;  
 Therefore no *no*, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me, how I will undo myself :  
 I give this heavy weight from off my head,  
 And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,  
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;  
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm,<sup>21</sup>  
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,  
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,  
 With mine own breath release all duty's rites :<sup>22</sup>  
 All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;  
 My manors, rents, revénues<sup>23</sup> I forego ;  
 My Acts, decrees, and statutes I deny :  
 God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !  
 God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee !  
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,  
 And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved !  
 Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,  
 And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !  
 God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,

<sup>21</sup> The *balm* is the *oil of consecration*. So in iii. 2: "Not all the water in the rough-rude sea can wash the *balm* from an anointed king." The royal unction was thought to have something of sacramental virtue in it.

<sup>22</sup> Meaning, probably, the ceremonious observances which subjects were bound to render to their sovereign.

<sup>23</sup> Here *revenue* has the accent rightly placed on the second syllable. The word has occurred thrice before with the ictus on the first syllable. See *Hamlet*, page 135, note 8.

And send him many years of sunshine days! —  
What more remains?

*North.* [*Offering a paper.*] No more, but that you read  
These accusations, and these grievous crimes  
Committed by your person and your followers } *K. Richard*  
Against the state and profit of this land; } *was guilty*  
That, by confessing them, the souls of men  
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

*K. Rich.* Must I do so? and must I ravel out  
My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,  
If thy offences were upon record,  
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop  
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,  
There shouldst<sup>24</sup> thou find one heinous article,  
Containing the deposing of a king,  
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,  
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of Heaven. —  
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me,  
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait<sup>25</sup> myself,  
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands, } *Pilate's*  
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates } *symbol*  
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,  
And water cannot wash away your sin.

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

*K. Rich.* Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:  
And yet salt water blinds them not so much  
But they can see a sort<sup>26</sup> of traitors here.  
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,

<sup>24</sup> *Would* and *should*, again, where we should transpose them.

<sup>25</sup> To *bait* is to *worry*, *harass* or *torment*, as in *bear-baiting*.

<sup>26</sup> *Sort*, here, is *pack*, *set*, *knot*, or *lot*. A frequent usage. So in *Richard the Third*, v. 3: "A *sort* of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways."



I find myself a traitor with the rest ;  
 For I have given here my soul's consent  
 T' undeck the pompous body of a king ;  
 Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave,  
 Proud majesty a servant, state a peasant.

*North.* My lord, —

*K. Rich.* No lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man,  
 Nor no man's lord ; I have no name, no title, —  
 No, not that name was given me at the font, —  
 But 'tis usurp'd. — Alack the heavy day,  
That I have worn so many Winters out,  
And know not now what name to call myself !  
O, that I were a mockery-king of snow,  
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,  
To melt myself away in water-drops ! —  
 Good King, — great King, — and yet not greatly good, —  
 An if<sup>27</sup> my word be sterling yet in England,  
 Let it command a mirror hither straight,  
 That it may show me what a face I have,  
 Since it is bankrupt of his<sup>28</sup> majesty.

<sup>27</sup> *An if* is an old reduplication, having the force simply of *if*. See *Hamlet*, page 89, note 34.

<sup>28</sup> *His* for *its*, as repeatedly in this play, and in all these plays. — Here, again, I must quote from Professor Dowden, whose book, *Shakespeare: his Mind and Art*, is, I think, among the best essays we have in Shakespearian criticism: "If only the world were not a real world, to which serious hearts are due, we could find in Richard some wavering, vague attraction. Into what glimmering limbo will such a soul as that of Richard pass when the breath leaves the body? The pains of Hell and the joys of Heaven belong to those who have serious hearts. Richard has been a graceful phantom. Is there some tenuous, unsubstantial world of spirits reserved for the sentimentalist, the dreamer, and the dilettante? Richard is discovering that he is no more than a shadow; but the discovery itself has something unreal and shadowy about it. Is not some such fact as this symbolized by the incident of the mirror? Before he quite ceases to be king, Richard,

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

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

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

*K. Rich.* Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to Hell!

*Boling.* Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

*North.* The commons will not then be satisfied.

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

*Re-enter Attendant with a glass.*

Give me the glass, and therein will I read. —

No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck

So many blows upon this face of mine,

And made no deeper wounds? — O flattering glass,

Like to my followers in prosperity,

Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face

That every day under his household roof

Did keep ten thousand men?<sup>29</sup> Was this the face

That, like the Sun, did make beholders wink?

with his taste for 'pseudo-poetic pathos,' would once more look upon the image of his face, and see what wrinkles have been traced upon it by sorrow. And Bolingbroke, suppressing his inward feeling of disdain, directs that the mirror be brought. Richard gazes against it, and finds that sorrow has wrought no change upon his beautiful lips and forehead. And then, exclaiming, 'A brittle glory shineth in this face,' &c., he dashes the glass against the ground."

<sup>29</sup> There resorted daily to his Court above ten thousand persons that had meat and drink there allowed them. In his kitchen were three hundred servitors; and every other office was furnished after the like rate. Of ladies, chamberers, and launderers, there were above three hundred at the least. And in gorgeous and costly apparel they exceeded all measure; not one of them that kept within the bounds of his degree. Yeomen and grooms were clothed in silks, with cloth of grain and scarlet, over-sumptuous, ye may be sure, for their estates. — HOLINSHED.

Was this the face that faced so many follies,  
 And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?  
 A brittle glory shineth in this face:  
 As brittle as the glory is the face;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*]

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

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

*K. Rich.* Say that again.

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

*Boling.* Name it, my fair cousin.

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin! I am greater than a king:  
 For, when I was a king, my flatterers  
 Were then but subjects; being now a subject,  
 I have a king here to<sup>30</sup> my flatterer.  
 Being so great, I have no need to beg.

*Boling.* Yet ask.

<sup>30</sup> The use of *to* instead of *for* or *as* was very common. So in the Marriage Service of the Church: "Wilt thou have this woman *to* thy wedded wife?" See, also, *Hamlet*, page 57, note II.

*K. Rich.* And shall I have?

*Boling.* You shall.

*K. Rich.* Then give me leave to go.

*Boling.* Whither?

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

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

*K. Rich.* O, good! Convey?<sup>31</sup> — conveyers are you all,  
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.<sup>32</sup>

[*Exeunt King RICHARD, some Lords, and a Guard.*

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

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot of WESTMINSTER,  
the Bishop of CARLISLE, and AUMERLE.*

*Abbot.* A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>31</sup> *Convey* was often used with reference to cheats, jugglers, thieves, and pickpockets. So, in *The Merry Wives*, i. 3, Pistol reproves his fellow Nym for using *steal*: "*Convey*, the wise it call: *steal*? foh! a fico for the phrase!"

<sup>32</sup> Here end the additions first printed in the quarto of 1608. These additions include the preceding 165 lines, beginning with the last line of Northumberland's speech, "May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?" page 128.

## ACT V. ✓

SCENE I. — *London. A Street leading to the Tower.*

*Enter the QUEEN and Ladies.*

*Queen.* This way the King will come ; this is the way  
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,<sup>1</sup>  
To whose flint bosom my condemnèd lord  
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.  
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth  
Have any resting for her true King's Queen. —

*Enter King RICHARD and Guards.*

But soft ! but see ! or rather do not see  
My fair rose wither : yet look up, behold,  
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,  
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears. —  
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand ;<sup>2</sup>  
Thou map of honour ;<sup>3</sup> thou King Richard's tomb,  
And not King Richard ; thou most beauteous inn,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Tradition ascribes to Julius Cæsar the original building of the Tower ; which is here called *ill-erected* with reference, no doubt, to the purposes for which it was used.

<sup>2</sup> *Platform* is one of the old meanings of *model*. Here it seems to mean *ground-plan* ; and Richard is compared to the ancient *site* of a vanished city. Mr. Grant White thus explains the passage : "Thou pattern of ruined majesty. `Troy was used of old as the type of regal grandeur."

<sup>3</sup> *Map* and *picture* were often used interchangeably. So in *Lucrece* the Poet calls sleep "the *map* of death."

<sup>4</sup> *Inn* does not here mean a house of public resort or entertainment, but a *dwelling* or *lodging* in general. So in *Optick Glasse of Humours*, 1607 :



Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodged in thee,  
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?<sup>5</sup>

*K. Rich.* Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,  
To make my end too sudden : learn, good soul,  
To think our former state a happy dream ;  
From which awaked, the truth of what we are  
Shows us but this : I am sworn brother,<sup>6</sup> sweet,  
To grim Necessity ; and he and I  
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,  
And cloister thee in some religious house :<sup>7</sup>  
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,  
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

*Queen.* What ! is my Richard both in shape and mind  
Transform'd and weakenéd?<sup>8</sup> Hath Bolingbroke  
Deposed thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?  
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,  
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage  
To be o'erpower'd ;<sup>9</sup> and wilt thou, pupil-like,  
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,  
And fawn on rage with base humility,  
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

His comely body is a beauteous inn  
Built fairely to the owner's princely minde,  
Where wandering virtues lodge, oft lodg'd with sin.

<sup>5</sup> The idea is, that Richard is to Bolingbroke as a well-ordered lodging to a riotous alehouse; and that dismal sorrow is lodged in the former, while triumphant joy is the guest of the latter.

<sup>6</sup> Alluding to the *fratres jurati*, who in the times of chivalrous adventure bound themselves by mutual oaths to share fortunes together

<sup>7</sup> A religious house is a convent or cloister, where people live under special vows to a life of prayer and mortification of the flesh.

<sup>8</sup> That is, transformed in shape, and weakened in mind.

<sup>9</sup> The infinitive again used gerundively, and so equivalent to "at being o'erpower'd." See page 61, note 26.

*K. Rich.* A king of beasts, indeed ; if aught but beasts,  
 I had been still a happy king of men.  
 Good sometime <sup>10</sup> Queen, prepare thee hence for France :  
Think I am dead ; and that even here thou takest,  
 As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.  
 In Winter's tedious nights sit by the fire  
 With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales  
 Of woeful ages long ago betid ;  
 And, ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefs <sup>11</sup>  
 Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,  
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds :  
 For why <sup>12</sup> the senseless brands will sympathize  
 The heavy accent <sup>13</sup> of thy moving tongue,  
 And in compassion weep the fire out ;

<sup>10</sup> *Sometime* for *once* or *formerly* ; like the Latin *quondam*. So in *The Tempest*, v. 1 : " I will discase me, and myself present as I was *sometime* Milan." See, also, page 50, note 9.

<sup>11</sup> " To *quit* their griefs " is to *requite* their *sad tales*. This use of *quit* for *requite* was very common. So in *King Lear*, iii. 7 : " Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature, to *quit* this horrid act." See, also, *Hamlet*, page 226, note 52.

<sup>12</sup> *For why* was often used with the exact sense of *because* or *for the reason that*. The Poet uses it repeatedly thus. So in *The Two Gentlemen*, iii. 1 : " If she do chide, 'tis not to have thee gone ; *for why* the fools are mad, if left alone." Also, in the fine old ballad, *My Mind to Me a Kingdom is* : " To none of these I yeeld as thrall, *for why* my mind despiseth all." This reminds me that the phrase is wrongly printed in the *Psalter*, wherever it occurs ; at least in all the editions that I have seen. Thus in Psalm xvi. : " Wherefore my heart was glad, and my glory rejoiced ; my flesh also shall rest in hope ; *for why* ? thou shalt not leave my soul in hell," &c. Here the logic clearly requires the sense of *because* or *for* ; as the Bible version has it : " *For* thou wilt not leave my soul," &c. And so the *Psalter* ought evidently to be printed " for why thou shalt not," &c. The same error is made in most of the editions of Shakespeare, both here and elsewhere.

<sup>13</sup> *Sympathize* is here a transitive verb. The Poet has a like use of *sympathized* in at least two passages.

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

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND *attended.*

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

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal  
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,  
The time shall<sup>14</sup> not be many hours of age  
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,  
Shall break into corruption : thou shalt think,  
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,  
It is too little, helping him to all ;  
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way  
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
Being ne'er so little urged, another way  
To pluck him headlong from th' usurpèd throne.  
The love of wicked friends converts to fear ;  
That fear to hate ; and hate turns one or both  
To worthy danger and deservèd death.

*North.* My guilt be on my head, and there an end.<sup>15</sup>  
Take leave, and part ; for you must part<sup>16</sup> forthwith.

*K. Rich.* Doubly divorced ! — Bad men, ye violate  
A twofold marriage ; 'twixt my crown and me,  
And then betwixt me and my married wife. —

<sup>14</sup> The *shall* and *shalt* occurring so often in this speech are a mark-worthy instance of the old indiscriminate use of *shall* and *will*.

<sup>15</sup> "And there an end" was a common colloquial phrase: "is an end," of course. The Poet has it repeatedly so.

<sup>16</sup> Here, as often, *part* is *depart*. So in *King Lear*, i. 2: "Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler *parted!*" See, also, page 97, note 1

Let me un-kiss the oath 'twixt thee and me ;  
 And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made. —  
 (Part us, Northumberland ; I towards the North,  
 Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime ;<sup>17</sup>  
 My wife to France ; from whence, set forth in pomp,  
 She came adorned hither like sweet May,  
 Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.<sup>18</sup>

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

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

*Queen.* Banish us both, and send the King with me.

*North.* That were some love, but little policy.

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

*K. Rich.* So two, together weeping, make one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here ;  
 Better far off than — near, be ne'er the near.<sup>19</sup>  
 Go, count thy way with sighs ; I mine with groans.

*Queen.* So longest way shall have the longest moans.

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

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.  
 Come, come, in wooing sorrow let 's be brief,  
 Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

<sup>17</sup> A singular use of language ; but meaning, apparently, "where the climate causes people to pine or waste away with cold and sickness." So, in *Venus and Adonis*, the Poet says of "painted grapes," that they "*pine* the maw" of birds.

<sup>18</sup> Hallowmas, or All Hallows, is All Saints' day, November 1. — *Short'st of day* was a not uncommon form of speech. So in *Macbeth*, iii. 1 : "Every minute of his being thrusts against my *near'st of life*."

X <sup>19</sup> Meaning, I take it, "than be none the *nearer* in heart for being together." Richard thinks, apparently, that, under such adversity, their love will thrive best in a state of separation. The phrase seems to have been proverbial. See page 102, note 8.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part ;  
 Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [They kiss.

*Queen.* Give me mine own again ; 'twere no good part  
 To take on me to keep and kill thy heart. — [They kiss again.  
 So, now I have mine own again, be gone,  
 That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

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

SCENE II. — *A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.*

*Enter YORK and his DUCHESS.*<sup>1</sup>

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

*York.* Where did I leave ?

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

*York.* Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bolingbroke, —  
 Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
 Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know, —  
 With slow but stately pace kept on his course,  
 While all tongues cried, *God save thee, Bolingbroke !*  
You would have thought the very windows spake,  
So many greedy looks of young and old

<sup>1</sup> The first wife of Edmund, Duke of York, was Isabella, daughter of Peter the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon. He married her in 1372, and had by her the Duke of Aumerle and all his other children. In introducing her here, the Poet departs widely from history; for she died in 1394, several years before the events related in the play. After her death, York married Joan, daughter of John Holland, Earl of Kent, who survived him about thirty-four years, and had three other husbands.



Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
 Upon his visage ; and that all the walls  
 With painted imagery<sup>2</sup> had said at once,  
*Jesu preserve thee ! welcome, Bolingbroke !*  
 Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,  
 Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
 Bespake them thus, — *I thank you, countrymen :*  
 And, thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

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

*York.* As in a theatre the eyes of men,  
 After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,  
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious ;  
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
 Did scowl on gentle Richard : no man cried, *God save him !*  
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home ;  
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,  
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off, —  
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
 The badges of his grief and patience, —  
 That, had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd  
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.<sup>3</sup>  
 But Heaven hath a hand in these events,  
 To whose high will we bow our calm contents.  
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,  
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

*Duch.* Here comes my son Aumerle.

<sup>2</sup> *Painted imagery* refers to the embroidered tapestries or hangings which often had mottoes, that is, "brief sententious precepts," figured upon them.

<sup>3</sup> The painting of this description is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read any thing comparable to it in any other language. —

*York gives  
 detail of K. R.*

*York.* Aumerle that was ;  
 But that is lost for being Richard's friend,  
 And, madam, you must call him Rutland now :<sup>4</sup>  
 I am in Parliament pledge for his truth  
 And lasting fealty to the new-made King.

*Enter AUMERLE.*

*Duch.* Welcome, my son : who are the violets now  
 That strew the green lap of the new-come Spring ?<sup>5</sup>

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

*York.* Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,  
 Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.  
 What news from Oxford ? hold those justs and triumphs ?

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

*York.* You will be there, I know.

*Aum.* If God prevent it not, I purpose so.

*York.* What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom ?<sup>6</sup>  
 Yea, look'st thou pale, sir ? let me see the writing.

*Aum.* My lord, 'tis nothing.

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

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

*York.* Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.  
 I fear, I fear, —

<sup>4</sup> The Dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter were deprived of their dukedoms by an Act of Henry's first Parliament, but were allowed to retain the earldoms of *Rutland*, Kent, and Huntingdon. — HOLINSHED.

<sup>5</sup> She means, "Who are to be the cherished plants, the favourites, in the Court of the new King ?"

<sup>6</sup> The seals of deeds and such-like instruments were formerly impressed on slips of parchment attached to them.

*Duch.* What should you fear?  
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into  
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph-day.

*York.* Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond  
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool. —  
Boy, let me see the writing.

*Aum.* Beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.

*York.* I will be satisfied; let me see't, I say. —

[*Snatches it and reads.*]

Treason! foul treason! — villain! traitor! slave!

*Duch.* What's the matter, my lord?

*York.* Ho! who's within there? ho! —

*Enter a Servant.*

Saddle my horse. —

God for His mercy, what treachery is here!

*Duch.* Why, what is't, my lord?

*York.* Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse. —  
Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth, [*Exit Servant.*]  
I will appeach<sup>7</sup> the villain.

*Duch.* What's the matter?

*York.* Peace, foolish woman!

*Duch.* I will not peace. — What is the matter, son?

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

*Duch.* Thy life answer!

*York.* Bring me my boots: — I will unto the King.

*Re-enter Servant with boots.*

*Duch.* Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amazed.  
[*To the Serv.*] Hence, villain! never more come in my  
sight.

<sup>7</sup> *Appeach* is *accuse* or *inform against*; much the same as *impeach*.

*York.* Give me my boots, I say. [Exit Servant.

*Duch.* Why, York, what wilt thou do?  
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?  
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?  
Is not my teeming-date drunk up with time?  
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,  
And rob me of a happy mother's name?  
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

*York.* Thou fond<sup>8</sup> mad woman,  
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?  
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,  
And interchangeably set down their hands,  
To kill the King at Oxford.

*Duch.* He shall be none;  
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?

*York.* Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son  
I would appeach him.

*Duch.* Hadst thou groan'd for him  
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.  
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect  
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,  
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.  
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:  
He is as like thee as a man may be,  
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,  
And yet I love him.

*York.* Make way, unruly woman! [Exit.

*Duch.* After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his horse;  
Spur, post, and get before him to the King,  
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.

<sup>8</sup> Here, as commonly in Shakespeare, *fond* is *foolish*. So, again, in "Away, *fond* woman!" a little after.

I'll not be long behind ; though I be old,  
 I doubt not but to ride as fast as York ;  
 And never will I rise up from the ground  
 Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away, be gone !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *Windsor. A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE as King, PERCY, and other Lords.*

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

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

*Boling.* And what said the gallant ?

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

*Boling.* As dissolute as desperate : yet through both  
 I see some sparks of better hope, which elder<sup>1</sup> days  
 May happily bring forth. — But who comes here ?

<sup>1</sup> Here we have *elder* again just as before. See page 90, note 3.



*Enter AUMERLE hastily.*

*Aum.* Where is the King?

*Boling.* What means our cousin, that  
He stares and looks so wildly?

*Aum.* God save your Grace! I do beseech your Majesty  
To have some conference with your Grace<sup>2</sup> alone.

*Boling.* Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone. —  
[*Exeunt PERCY and Lords.*

What is the matter with our cousin now?

*Aum.* [*Kneeling.*] For ever may my knees grow to the  
earth,

My tongue cleave to the roof within my mouth,  
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

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

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

*Boling.* Have thy desire. [AUMERLE locks the door.

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

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

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

*York.* [*Within.*] Open the door, secure,<sup>3</sup> foolhardy King:  
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?  
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[BOLINGBROKE opens the door, and then locks it again.

<sup>2</sup> In Shakespeare's time, *Grace*, *Highness*, and *Majesty* were used indifferently as titles of sovereigns. *Highness* has since become specially appropriated to princes of the royal blood, and *Grace* to archbishops and dukes.

<sup>3</sup> *Secure*, again, in the Latin sense of *negligent* or *unguarded*; as in *Macbeth*, iii. 5: "*Security* is mortals' chiefest enemy." See page 79, note 34.

*Enter YORK.*

*Boling.* What is the matter, uncle? speak;  
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,  
That we may arm us to encounter it.

*York.* Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know  
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

*Aum.* Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd:  
I do repent me; read not my name there;  
My heart is not confederate with my hand. — *Confederates*

*York.* 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down. —  
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, King;  
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:  
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove  
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

*Boling.* O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy! —  
O loyal father of a treacherous son!  
Thou sheer,<sup>4</sup> immaculate, and silver fountain, *spotless,*  
From whence this stream through muddy passages  
Hath held his current, and defiled himself! *symbolic*  
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;  
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse  
This deadly blot in thy digressing<sup>5</sup> son.

*York.* So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;  
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,  
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.

<sup>4</sup> To *shear* is to *cut*, to *separate*: hence the adjective came to mean *severed from any mixture or alloy*, that is, *pure*; and in this sense it was often used by the old writers. Thus in Spenser we have "Pactolus with his waters *shere*," and "having viewèd in a fountaine *shere* his face."

<sup>5</sup> To *digress* is to deviate from what is right. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 2, we have *digression* for the act of straying or diverging from the right, *transgression*.

Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,  
 Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies :<sup>6</sup>  
Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,  
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

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

*Boling.* What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry? <sup>ak</sup>

*Duch.* A woman, and thine aunt, great King ; 'tis I. <sup>sharp</sup>

Speak with me, pity me, open the door :  
 A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

*Boling.* Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,  
 And now changed to *The Beggar and the King*.<sup>7</sup> —  
 My dangerous cousin, let your mother in :  
 I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

[*AUMERLE unlocks the door.*]

*York.* If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,  
 More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.  
 This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound ;  
 This let alone will all the rest confound.

*Enter the DUCHESS.*

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

*York.* Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make<sup>8</sup> here ?  
 Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear ?

*Duch.* Sweet York, be patient. — [*Kneeling.*] Hear me,  
 gentle liege.

<sup>6</sup> That is, " my life lies shamed in his dishonour."

<sup>7</sup> Alluding, no doubt, to the old ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid*, sometimes called *A Song of a King and a Beggar*. Given in Bishop Percy's *Reliques*.

<sup>8</sup> An old phrase of frequent occurrence, the same as " what are you doing?" See *Hamlet*, page 63, note 36.

*Boling.* Rise up, good aunt.

*Duch.* Not yet, I thee beseech :

For ever will I walk upon my knees,  
And never see day that the happy sees,  
Till thou give joy ; until thou bid me joy,  
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

*Aum.* [*Kneeling.*] Unto my mother's prayers I bend my  
knee.

*York.* [*Kneeling.*] Against them both my true joints  
bended be.

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace !

*Duch.* Pleads he in earnest ? look upon his face ;  
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are jest ;  
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast :  
He prays but faintly, and would be denied ;  
We pray with heart and soul, and all beside :  
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know ;  
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow :  
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy ;  
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.  
Our prayers do out-pray his ; then let them have  
That mercy which true prayers<sup>8</sup> ought to have.

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duch.* Nay, do not say *stand up* ;  
But *pardon* first, and afterwards *stand up*.  
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,  
*Pardon* should be the first word of thy speech.  
I never long'd to hear a word till now ;  
Say *pardon*, King ; let pity teach thee how :

<sup>8</sup> Here, as in sundry other places, *prayers* is a dissyllable. Walker thinks it is used in the sense of *precatores*, not of *preces*. I am not clear as to that.

The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;  
 No word like<sup>9</sup> *pardon* for kings' mouths so meet.

*York.* Speak it in French, King ; say *pardonnez-moi*.<sup>10</sup>

*Duch.* Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy ?  
 Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,  
 That sett'st the word itself against the word !—  
 Speak *pardon* as 'tis current in our land ;  
 The chopping French<sup>11</sup> we do not understand.  
 Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there ;  
 Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear ;  
 That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,  
 Pity may move thee *pardon* to rehearse.

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

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

*Boling.* I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

*Duch.* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee !  
 Yet am I sick for fear : speak it again ;  
 Twice saying *pardon* doth not pardon twain,  
 But makes one pardon strong.

*Boling.* With all my heart  
 I pardon him.

<sup>9</sup> *Like* is here equivalent to *as* : " No word so meet *as pardon* for kings' mouths." So in several other instances.

<sup>10</sup> French for *excuse me* ; a polite way of denying a request. A rather poor witticism : Johnson says, " The whole passage is such as I could wish away." But I suspect the Poet meant it as an intimation that York is inwardly glad at the pardon which he sees to be forthcoming.

<sup>11</sup> That is, the *changing* French. Thus "*chopping* churches" is changing one church for another ; and to "*chop* logic" is to discourse or interchange logic with another person. Collier explains thus : " The Duchess calls the language 'the chopping French' on account of the convertibility of such terms as *pardonnez-moi*, which, apparently consenting, means the very reverse.



*Duch.* A god on Earth thou art.

*Boling.* But for our trusty brother-in-law,<sup>12</sup> and th' Abbot,  
With all the rest of that consorted crew,  
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels. —  
Good uncle, help to order several powers  
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are :  
They shall not live within this world, I swear,  
But I will have them, if I once know where.  
Uncle, farewell ;—and, cousin too, adieu :  
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the Same.*

*Enter Sir PIERCE of Exton and a Servant.*

*Exton.* Didst thou not mark the King, what words he  
spake ?—

*Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear ?*

Was it not so ?

*Serv.* Those were his very words.

*Exton.* *Have I no friend ?* quoth he : he spake it twice,  
And urged it twice together, did he not ?

*Serv.* He did.

*Exton.* And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,  
As who should say,<sup>1</sup>— I would thou wert the man  
That would divorce this terror from my heart ;

<sup>12</sup> This was John Holland, Duke of Exeter and Earl of Kent, half-brother to King Richard : he had married the Lady Elizabeth, Bolingbroke's sister.

<sup>1</sup> That is, as *if he were saying*. An old form of speech occurring repeatedly in Shakespeare.

Meaning the King at Pomfret. Come, let's go :

I am the King's friend, and will rid<sup>2</sup> his foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. — *Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.*

*Enter King RICHARD.*

*K. Rich.* I have been studying how I may compare  
This prison where I live unto the world :  
And, for because<sup>1</sup> the world is populous,  
And here is not a creature but myself,  
I cannot do it ; — yet I'll hammer't out.  
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,  
My soul the father : and these two beget  
A generation of still-breeding<sup>2</sup> thoughts,  
And these same thoughts people this little world ;<sup>3</sup>  
In humours<sup>4</sup> like the people of this world,

<sup>2</sup> To take off, to destroy, are among the old meanings of to *rid*. So in *The Tempest*, i. 2: "The red plague *rid* you." And so in Baret's *Alvearie*, 1576: "To *dispatch* or *ridde* one quickly."

<sup>1</sup> For *because* is an old reduplication, and equivalent to *because* simply; just as we have *an if* three times in this play. The words *for* and *because* were often used interchangeably; and both are sometimes found together.

<sup>2</sup> *Still-breeding* is breeding *ever* or *continually*. See page 39, note 8.

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the old Platonic doctrine of man's being a *microcosm* or *universe in miniature*; and that things existing without are made knowable to us by certain things within us corresponding to them or resembling them. So Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Religio Medici*: "That we are the breath and similitude of God, it is indisputable, and upon record of Holy Scripture: but to call ourselves a *microcosm*, or *little world*, I thought it only a pleasant trope of rhetoric, till my near judgment and second thoughts told me there was a real truth therein."

<sup>4</sup> *Humours*, here, is *tempers* or *dispositions*. The radical meaning of *humour* is *moisture*: and it is an ancient doctrine that there are four distinct kinds of moisture in the human body, and that as changes occur among these, so men are rendered *humourous*, that is to say, *capricious*, *fanciful*, or *whimsical*.

For no thought is content. The better sort —  
As thoughts of things divine — are intermix'd  
With scruples, and do set the word itself  
Against the word :<sup>5</sup>

As thus, *Come, little ones* ; and then again,

*It is as hard to come as for a camel*

*To thread the postern of a small needl's eye.*

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
Unlikely wonders ; how these vain weak nails  
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs  
Of this hard world, my ragged prison-walls ;  
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.  
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves  
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,  
Nor shall not<sup>6</sup> be the last ; like silly beggars,  
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,  
That many have, and others must sit there ;<sup>7</sup>  
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
Bearing their own misfortune on the back  
Of such as have before endured the like.

Thus play I, in one person, many people,  
And none contented : sometimes am I king ;  
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,  
And so I am : then crushing penury  
Persuades me I was better when a king ;  
Then am I king'd again : and by-and-by  
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,

<sup>5</sup> Meaning, of course, set one text of Scripture against another.

<sup>6</sup> Negatives, as also comparatives and superlatives, are very often thus doubled in Shakespeare. The usage was common.

<sup>7</sup> The meaning is, "take refuge from their shame *in the thought* that many have sat and others must sit there."

And straight am nothing. But, whate'er I am,  
 Nor I, nor any man that but man is,  
 With nothing shall be pleased till he be eased  
 With being nothing. — [*Music.*] Music do I hear?  
 Ha, ha! keep time: — how sour sweet music is,  
 When time is broke and no proportion kept!  
 So is it in the music of men's lives.  
 And here have I the daintiness of ear  
 To check time broke<sup>8</sup> in a disorder'd string;  
 But, for the concord of my state and time,  
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.  
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;  
 For now hath Time made me his numbering clock:<sup>9</sup>  
 My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar  
 Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch,  
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,  
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears:  
 Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is  
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,  
 Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans  
 Show minutes, times, and hours. But my time  
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,

<sup>8</sup> To "check time broke" is the same as to check, that is, *reprove*, the breaking of time.

<sup>9</sup> There are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time; namely, by the vibration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these the King, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the *jarring* (ticking) of the pendulum, which, at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in the minutes on the dial or outward watch, to which the King compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, as we use an expression of Milton, *minute-drops*; his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the dial-point; his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour. — HENLEY.

While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.<sup>10</sup>  
 This music mads me : let it sound no more ;  
 For, though it have holp<sup>11</sup> madmen to their wits,  
 In me it seems it will make wise men mad.<sup>12</sup>  
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me !  
 For 'tis a sign of love ; and love to Richard  
 Is a strange brooch<sup>13</sup> in this all-hating world.

*Enter a Groom.*

*Groom.* Hail, royal Prince !

*K. Rich.*

Thanks, noble peer ;<sup>14</sup>

<sup>10</sup> In Shakespeare's time, clocks had miniature automatons to strike the hour. This *Jack of the clock*, as it was called, is often referred to by the old writers.

<sup>11</sup> *Holp*, or *holpen*, is the old preterite of *help* : used continually in Shakespeare, as also in the *Psalter*.

<sup>12</sup> Here "*wise men*" is evidently the same as men *in their wits*. So the Poet has many instances of *wit* and *wisdom* used as equivalents, both being indeed from the same original. — Richard doubtless has in mind David's playing and singing the evil spirit out of King Saul. See 1 Samuel, xvi. 23.

<sup>13</sup> *Brooch*, an ornamented buckle, and also a jewel in general, is here put for *ornament* simply. See *Hamlet*, page 193, note 18. — "Richard in prison," says Professor Dowden, "remains the same person as Richard on the throne. Calamity is no more real to him now than prosperity had been in brighter days. The soliloquy of Richard in Pomfret-Castle might almost be transferred, as far as tone and manner are concerned, to one other personage in Shakespeare's plays, — to Jacques. The curious intellect of Jacques gives him his distinction. He plays his parts for the sake of understanding the world in his way of superficial fool's-wisdom. Richard plays his parts, to possess himself of the æsthetic satisfaction of an amateur in life, with a fine feeling for situations. But each lives in the world of shadow, in the world of mockery wisdom, in the world of mockery passion."

<sup>14</sup> *Noble peer* is meant as a sportive rejoinder to the Groom's *royal Prince*, and the humour of the royal sufferer as thus shown is very gentle and graceful. So, in *The Merchant*, ii. 8, a servant, entering, asks, "Where is my *lady*?" and Portia replies, "Here : what would my *lord*?" — In the text, a quibble is also intended on *royal* and *noble*, which were used as names of gold coins. In Elizabeth's time, the royal was 10s., the noble 6s. 8d., the



The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.  
What art thou? and how comest thou hither now,  
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog  
That brings me food to make misfortune live?

*Groom.* I was a poor groom of thy stable, King,  
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,  
With much ado at length have gotten leave  
To look upon my sometimes<sup>15</sup> royal master's face.  
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,  
In London streets, that coronation day,  
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary, —  
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,  
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

*K. Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,  
How went he under him?

*Groom.* So proud as if he had disdain'd the ground.

*K. Rich.* So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!  
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;  
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.  
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down, —  
Since pride must have a fall, — and break the neck  
Of that proud man that did usurp his back? —  
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,  
Since thou, created to be awed by man,

groat *qd.* So that the difference between the royal and the noble was ten groats. And Richard says that the cheapest of them, the noble, worth twenty groats, is rated at double his true worth. — In this passage with the Groom there is enough to prove that Bolingbroke has not deposed Richard's intellect: if his mind is too much framed and filled with moral and sentimental embroidery, here are such flashes of manhood as secure him both our sympathy and our respect.

<sup>15</sup> *Sometimes*, again, for *former*. See page 50, note 9. — *Yearn'd*, next line, is *grieved*; a frequent usage. So in *The Merry Wives*, iii. 5: "Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would *yearn* your heart to see it."

Wast born to bear?<sup>16</sup> I was not made a horse ;  
 And yet I bear a burden like an ass,  
 Spur-gall'd and tired by jauncing<sup>17</sup> Bolingbroke.

*Enter the Keeper with a dish.*

*Keeper.* [*To the Groom.*] Fellow, give place ; here is no longer stay.

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

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

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

*K. Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.<sup>18</sup>

*Keeper.* My lord, I dare not. Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the King, commands the contrary.

*K. Rich.* The Devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee !  
 Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the Keeper.*]

*Keeper.* Help, help, help !

*Enter EXTON and Servants armed.*

*K. Rich.* How now ! what ! mean'st death in this rude assault ?

<sup>16</sup> This incident of roan Barbary is an invention of the Poet. Did Shakespeare intend only a little bit of helpless pathos? Or is there a touch of hidden irony here? A poor spark of affection remains for Richard, but it has been kindled half by Richard, and half by Richard's horse. The fancy of the fallen King disports itself for the last time, and hangs its latest wreath around this incident. Then suddenly comes the darkness. Suddenly the hectic passion of Richard flares; he snatches the axe from a servant, and deals about him deadly blows. In another moment he is extinct; the graceful futile existence has ceased.—DOWDEN.

<sup>17</sup> *Jauncing* is *hard riding*; from the old French *jancer*, which Cotgrave explains, "To stir a horse in the stable till he sweat withal."

<sup>18</sup> It was an old custom for the chief waiters at the tables of kings and other high-seated persons to taste the food when set upon the table as an assurance against poison.

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

[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*

Go thou, and fill another room in Hell. —

[*He kills another; then EXTON strikes him down.*

That hand shall burn in never-queenching fire

That staggers thus my person. — Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the King's blood stain'd the King's own land. —

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

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

*Exton.* As full of valour as of royal blood :

Both have I spilt; — O, would the deed were good!

For now the Devil, that told me I did well,

Says that this deed is chronicled in Hell.

This dead King to the living King I'll bear. —

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. — *Windsor. A Room in the Castle.*

*Flourish.* Enter BOLINGBROKE as King, YORK, Lords, and Attendants.

*Boling.* Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear

Is, that the rebels have consumed with fire

Our town of Cicester<sup>1</sup> in Glostershire;

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

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

*North.* First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

The next news is, I have to London sent

The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:

<sup>1</sup> *Cicester* is merely a shortened form of *Cirencester*.

The manner of their taking may appear  
 At large discoursèd in this paper here. [*Presenting a paper.*  
*Boling.* We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains ;  
 And to thy worth will add right-worthy gains.

*Enter FITZWATER.*

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

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

*Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of CARLISLE.*

*Percy.* The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,  
 With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,  
 Hath yielded up his body to the grave ;<sup>2</sup>  
 But here is Carlisle living, to abide  
 Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

*Boling.* Carlisle, this is your doom :  
 Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,  
 More than thou hast, and with it 'joy thy life ;  
 So, as thou livest in peace, die free from strife :  
 For, though mine enemy thou hast ever been,  
 High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> This Abbot of Westminster was William of Colchester. The representation is taken from Holinshed, but is untrue, as he survived the King many years ; and, though called "the grand conspirator," it is very doubtful whether he had any hand in the conspiracy ; at least nothing was proved against him.

<sup>3</sup> The Bishop of Carlisle was committed to the Tower, but on the intercession of his friends obtained leave to change his prison for Westminster Abbey. In order to deprive him of his See, the Pope, at the King's instance, translated him to a bishopric *in partibus infidelium* ; and the only preferment he got afterwards was a rectory in Glostershire.

*Enter* EXTON, *with* Attendants *bearing a coffin.*

*Exton.* Great King, within this coffin I present  
Thy buried fear : herein all breathless lies  
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,  
Richard of Bourdeaux,<sup>4</sup> by me hither brought.

*Boling.* Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast wrought  
A deed of slander,<sup>5</sup> with thy fatal hand,  
Upon my head and all this famous land.

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

*Boling.* They love not poison that do poison need,  
Nor do I thee : though I did wish him dead,  
I hate the murderer, love him murder'd.  
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,  
But neither my good word nor princely favour :  
With Cain go wander through the shades of night,  
And never show thy head by day nor light. —  
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,  
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow :  
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,  
And put on sullen black incontinent.<sup>6</sup>  
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,  
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand. —  
March sadly after ; grace my mournings here,  
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>4</sup> So called because he was born at Bourdeaux, France, while his father, the Black Prince, was residing there.

<sup>5</sup> "A deed of slander" is a deed that will put slanderous tongues in motion.

<sup>6</sup> *Incontinent* is *immediately* ; a common usage. — Here, again, *sullen* is *gloomy, mournful*. See page 60, note 22.





## CRITICAL NOTES ON RICHARD II.

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### ACT I., SCENE I.

- P. 39. “ *May* many years of happy days befall  
My gracious sovereign !”

Here *May* was supplied by Pope. Walker remarks, “The correction ‘*May* many’ is indisputably right.” Collier’s second folio reads “*Full* many.”

- P. 47. “ Marshal, command our officers-at-arms  
Be ready to direct these home-alarms.”

The old copies read “*Lord* Marshall.” It is impossible that the Poet should have written so in a rhyming couplet. And in the third scene we have the line, “*Marshall*, demand of yonder champion.” Capell’s correction.

### ACT I., SCENE II.

- P. 51. “ Desolate, *desolate*, will I hence and die.”

Collier’s second folio reads “Desolate, *desperate*,” and, I suspect, rightly.

### ACT I., SCENE III.

- P. 53. “ Marshal, *ask* yonder knight in arms.”

Upon this Ritson notes as follows: “Why not, as before, ‘*Marshal*, demand of yonder knight in arms’? The player, who varied the ex-

pression, was probably ignorant that he injured the metre." But there are so many other imperfect lines in this play, that such an answer can hardly pass here. In the preceding scene we have the line, "Why, then I will. Farewell, old Gaunt." Likewise, near the end of this scene, "Think not the King did banish thee."

P. 55. "Mine *innocency* and Saint George to thrive."

So Capell. The old copies have "Mine *innocence*"; which makes an unpleasant hitch in the verse. Though this play has a good many incomplete lines, — too many to be fairly accounted for as corruptions, — still it has few if any such palpable breaches of rhythm.

P. 56. "Stay, *stay*, the King hath thrown his warder down."

The old copies read "Stay, the King," &c. Pope, to complete the verse, read "*But stay*." The repetition of *stay* is Walker's, who says, "The situation itself, surely, demands more than the simple *stay*."

P. 57. "And for we think the eagle-wingèd pride  
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,  
With rival-hating envy, set *on you*  
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle  
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;—  
Therefore we banish you our territories."

In the third of these lines Pope reads "set *you on*," rightly perhaps; though it seems better, on the whole, to give *you* the emphasis which it naturally has from being in the accented part of the verse. — The folio omits the first five of these lines altogether, and has the following five instead: —

"Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,  
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,  
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,  
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,  
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;" &c.

The quartos, on the other hand, contain the whole ten lines. But the latter five, if Shakespeare's at all, were evidently written as an alternative reading: they are a mere repetition, and this too in the most rant-

ing vein of Bombastes Furioso, of what is vastly better expressed in the preceding five : therewithal they totally disorganize the sentence, throwing both sense and grammar into utter confusion. So that, all together, they are nothing less than a vile blot on the page ; I therefore concur with Capell in ejecting them from the place. My own belief is, that the last five were written by some other hand as an improvement on what Shakespeare had written ; that in the quartos both the original five and the substitute got printed together ; and that the editors of the folio, perceiving them to be but alternative readings, preferred the worst.

P. 57. "The *fly*-slow hours shall not determinate  
The dateless limit of thy dear exile."

So the second folio. The earlier editions have "*slie* slow hours." What may be the meaning of *sty slow* is not very evident ; while *fly-slow* gives a very clear and expressive image. Walker says, "Of course, 'The *fly-slow* hours.'"

P. 58. "It boots thee not to be *so passionate* :  
After our sentence plaining comes too late."

Instead of *so passionate*, the old copies have *compassionate*, which is commonly explained *lamenting, complaining* ; but no other instance is produced of *compassionate* so used. Theobald proposed *become passionate*, which is adopted by White. "Be *so passionate*" is Singer's reading ; who aptly quotes from *Titus Andronicus*, iii. 2 : "And cannot *passionate* our tenfold griefs." Also from the *Palace of Pleasure* : "Now leave we this amorous hermit to *passionate* and plague his misfortune."

P. 59. "Return again, and take an oath with *ye*."

So Rowe. The old copies read "an oath with *thee*." But the words are evidently addressed to both Norfolk and Bolingbroke. And we have other instances of *thee* misprinted for *ye*.

## ACT II., SCENE I.

- P. 68. "No ; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,  
As praises, of whose taste the wise are *fond* ;  
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound  
The open ear of youth doth always listen."

So the first two quartos, except that the second substitutes *state* for *taste*, and both have *found* instead of *fond*. The other old copies read "As praises of *his state* : then there are found Lascivious Meeters," &c. The reading in the text was proposed by Collier, and is adopted by the Cambridge Editors. The other old reading seems quite out of joint, and was probably the result of some sophistication growing out of the misprints, *state* and *found*, in the second quarto. Lettsom proposed "of whose taste *th' unwise* are *fond*"; and so I suspect we ought to read. The present reading, however, gives an apt enough sense ; meaning, of course, that if even the wise are fond of praises, much more is Richard.

- P. 69. "This fortress built by Nature for herself  
Against *infection* and the hand of war."

Some have stumbled at the word *infection* here ; and Farmer proposed *infestation*, as a shortened form of *infestation*. But White appositely quotes, in support of the old lection, the following from Daniel's *Civil Wars* :—

"Neptune keepe out from thy imbracèd ile  
The foul *contagion* of iniquitie ;  
Drown all corruptions coming to defile  
Our faire proceedings ordred formally."

- P. 69. "Against the envy of less *happy* lands."

The old copies read "less *happier* lands." As *happy* was commonly spelt *happie*, such a misprint might easily occur. Pope's correction.



- P. 70. "The King is come : deal mildly with his youth ;  
For hot young colts, being *curb'd*, do rage the more."

The old editions read "being *rag'd*, do rage the more." Ritson proposed *rein'd*; and Collier's second folio reads "being *urg'd*."

- P. 71. "Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill ;  
Ill in myself, and in thee seeing ill."

So Capell. The old copies, "Ill in myself *to see*, and in thee seeing ill"; thus sadly obscuring the sense and marring the verse.

- P. 73. "Beseech your Majesty, impute his words  
To wayward sickliness and age in him."

The old copies read "*I do beseech*." Corrected by Steevens.

- P. 74. "*K. Rich.* What says he *now* ?  
*North.* Nay, nothing ; all is said."

So Capell. The old copies lack *now*. I cannot doubt that the two half-lines were meant to form a complete verse.

- P. 78. "That will the King severely prosecute  
'Gainst us, our *lives*, our children, and our heirs."

Collier's second folio substitutes *wives* for *lives*; whereupon White notes as follows: "'Our *wives*' seems a very plausible emendation, until we remember that a prosecution for treason would touch the life, the children, and the heirs of the traitor, but could not touch his wife; and then we see that the change is only ignorant." Dyce also aptly quotes in support of the old reading from *King Henry V.*, i. 2: "That owe *yourselves*, your *lives*, and services to this imperial throne."

- P. 78. "The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,  
And lost their hearts ; the nobles hath he fined  
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts."

The old copies read, in the second line, "And *quite* lost their hearts." Here *quite* defeats the rhythm, and also greatly impairs the

force of *quite* in the next line. Probably it crept in out of place, from its occurrence just after in a similar clause. Pope's correction.

P. 80. "That Harry Duke of Hereford, Renald Lord Cobham,  
     [Thomas, the son and heir to th' Earl of Arundel,]  
 That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,  
 His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury."

The second of these lines is wanting in all the old copies. But it is evident, and is on all hands admitted, that something must have dropped out either in the printing or in the transcribing; for the old text does not tally at all with the passage of Holinshed which the Poet undoubtedly had before him. Malone inserted, in brackets, the line "The son of Richard Earl of Arundel." Ritson proposed to insert the following, which is almost word for word from Holinshed: "The son and heir of the late Earl of Arundel." This, I think, is preferable to Malone's insertion, because more in the words of the historian; but, as *late* occurs in the next line, I think the Poet would have avoided it here. I therefore so far vary from Ritson as to give the man's name, and shorten the line by omitting two other syllables. See foot-note 37.

ACT II., SCENE II.

P. 83. "I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,  
     As — though, in thinking, on no *thing* I think —  
 Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink."

The old copies read "As *though on* thinking on no *thought* I think." Modern editors generally concur in substituting *in* for the first *on*; but they retain *thought*. Lettsom says, "Surely common sense requires us to read *no thing* for *no thought*." I agree with him.

P. 84. "O madam, 'tis too true: and, *what* is worse,  
     The Lord Northumberland," &c.

The old copies have *that* instead of *what*, the reading of Rowe and Collier's second folio.

P. 86. "The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,  
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side."

The old copies read "the commons *they are* cold." Pope's correction.

P. 86. "Bid her send me presently a thousand pound."

I suspect we ought to read "Bid her *to* send." The Poet does indeed sometimes, though rarely, begin a verse with an anapest; but it is hardly possible to make an anapest of "Bid her send." On the other hand, the insertion of *to* makes another verse of six feet, and there are too many such already in this play.

P. 87. "Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I  
Know how or which way t' order these affairs," &c.

The old text ends the first of these lines with *men*, and puts "If—affairs" all into the next line. I suspect we ought to read thus:—

"Now, gentlemen, will you go muster men?  
If I know how to order these affairs," &c.

The time of *Now* is obviously wanted for the verse; and it seems to me that the transitional sense of *now* is fairly required for other cause. In the next line, *or which way* is evidently mere surplusage: accordingly Pope omits it. Probably *how* and *which way* were written as alternative readings, and both got printed together.

P. 87. "Thus *thrust disorderly* into my hands."

In the old copies, "Thus *disorderly thrust*." Corrected by Steevens.

P. 87. "Th' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath  
And duty bids defend; th' other, again,  
Is my *near* kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd."

So Collier's second folio. The old copies lack *near*.

- P. 88. "And that's the wavering commons : for their love  
Lies in their purses ; and *who* empties them  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate."

The old editions have *whoso* instead of *who* ; which hitches the line all out of rhythm. Pope made the change. We might read *purse*' instead of *purses* ; but Pope's change seems the better.

- P. 88. "The hateful commons *will* perform for us."

So Pope. The old copies have "*Will* the hateful commons performe for us."

- P. 88. "*Bagot*. Farewell at once,—for once, for all, and ever."

So White and Dyce. The first four quartos give the line to Green ; the other old copies to Bushy.

#### ACT II., SCENE III.

- P. 91. "And in it are the lords, York, Berkeley, Seymour."

So Pope. The old copies, "And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour." Lettson thinks the *And* were better away, and would print "*In't* are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour." I suspect he is right.

- P. 91. "Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty. — But who *is't* comes here?"

So Capell. In the old copies, "But who comes here?"

- P. 92. "Frighting her pale-faced villages with war  
And ostentation of *despoiling* arms."

So Collier's second folio. Instead of *despoiling*, the old copies have *despised*, which does not cohere at all with *Frighting*. Hanmer substituted *despightful*, and Warburton *disposed*.

- P. 95. "I do remain as neuter. So, *farewell*, —  
Unless you please to enter in the castle,  
And there repose you for this night."

So Pope. The old copies have "So fare *you* well." Upon which Walker notes, "The extra syllable in the body of the line would be in place in *Macbeth* or *King Henry the VIII.*, but is strange here." — In the last line, Capell has "And there repose you for this night, *or so*"; Collier's second folio, "And there, *my lords*, repose you for this night." Of course these additions were made in order to complete the verse; but this play abounds in octo-syllabic verses.

## ACT III., SCENE I.

- P. 99. "Thanks, gentle uncle. — Come, *my lords*, away,  
To fight with Glendower and his complices :  
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday."

In the first of these lines, the old copies are without *my*. Inserted by Pope. The second line was thrown out by Theobald as an interpolation; partly because the other two lines rhyme to each other. On the other hand, Ritson and Heath think it genuine. Walker is for retaining the line, but thinks a line ought to be supplied before it, thus: "And lead me forth our well-appointed powers." He adds, "The awkward vicinity of the final words *away* and *holiday* to each other perhaps demands this."

## ACT III., SCENE II.

- P. 99. "Yea, *my good* lord. How brooks your Grace the  
air,  
After late tossing on the breaking seas?"

In the first line, *good*, wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Pope. In the second, the old copies read "After *your* late tossing"; *your* having probably been repeated by mistake from the preceding line.



- P. 100. "The means that *Heaven yields* must be embraced,  
And not neglected ; else, *if* Heaven would,  
And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse."

In the first of these lines, the old copies have *heavens yield*, and in the second omit *if*, needful alike to sense and metre.

- P. 101. "Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou not  
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid  
Behind the globe, *and* lights the lower world."

So Hanmer. Instead of *and*, the old copies have *that*, which is commonly explained as referring, not to *globe*, the nearest antecedent, but to *eye of heaven*. But where is the sense of saying "the eye of heaven, which lights the lower world, is hid behind the globe"? as if the same eye of heaven did not light the upper world also.

- P. 102. "For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,  
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed, *or* fled."

So Collier's second folio. The old copies have *and* instead of *or*.

- P. 103. "Boys, with women's voices,  
Strive to speak big, and *clap* their *female* joints  
In stiff, unwieldy arms against thy crown."

Here Pope substituted *clasp* for *clap*, and Collier's second folio changes *female* to *feeble*. But *clap* may well have the same meaning as *clasp*. The other change is plausible indeed; yet why not "*female* joints," as well as "*women's* voices"? And Dyce aptly quotes from Cowley's *Garden*,—

"The earth itself breathes better perfumes here  
Than all the *female* men or women there."

- P. 105. "How some have been *deposed*; some slain in war;  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have *deposed*."

Walker, referring to *deposed* and *deposed*, says, "One of these is wrong. Possibly *deprived* in the latter place." And he rightly adds

that the Poet has *deprive* in the sense of *depose* in *Hamlet*, i. 4: "Which might *deprive* your sovereignty of reason." But, if any change were to be made, I should prefer Pope's "by the ghosts they *dispossess'd*."

P. 106. "Throw away respect,  
*Tradition*, form, and ceremonious duty."

Instead of *Tradition*, Roderick proposed *Addition*; and rightly, I have little doubt. *Addition* was continually used for *title*, or *mark of honour*. See, however, foot-note 20.

P. 106. "I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,  
Need friends: — subjected thus,  
How can you say to me, I am a king?"

Upon this, Walker notes, "I feel almost assured that Shakespeare wrote, 'Need friends, *fear enemies*: — Subjected thus,' &c." I have very little doubt that Walker is right, and find it not easy to refrain from adopting his reading.

#### ACT III., SCENE III.

P. 108. "Your Grace mistakes *me*; only to be brief,  
Left I his title out."

So Rowe. The old copies omit *me*.

P. 109. "I know it, uncle; and *I not oppose*  
Myself against their will."

The old copies read "and *oppose not*," thus making a bad hitch in the metre. Corrected by Seymour.

P. 109. "Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?"

There is surely something wrong here: it is hardly credible that Shakespeare could have fallen into so gross a breach of prosody. Hanmer substituted *Well* for *Welcome*; but neither does that seem right; though, to be sure, it rectifies the metre.

P. 110. "York. See, see, King Richard doth himself appear," &c.

The first six lines of this speech are without any prefix in the old copies, and York's speech is there made to begin with "Yet looks he like a king." Most of the modern editions assign them to York; and with good reason, I think, as the four lines which the old copies assign to York are strictly continuous with them. Dyce gives the first six lines to Percy; rather strangely, I think, for they seem little in keeping with the reserved and modest bearing of Percy in this play.

P. 111. "Alack, alack, for woe,  
That any *harm* should stain so fair a show."

Instead of *harm*, Collier's and Singer's second folios have *storm*, which Dyce adopts; much to my surprise, I must confess, for I fail to perceive how any thing is gained by the change. Williams proposed to read *shame*.

P. 112. "The King of Heaven forbid our lord the King  
Should so with civil and uncivil arms  
Be rush'd upon! *No*; thy thrice-noble cousin,  
Harry *of* Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand."

So Pope. The old editions are without *No* in the third of these lines, and also without *of* in the fourth. Walker would read "*This* thy thrice-noble," &c.; which would rectify the metre indeed, but not so well, I think, as Pope's reading. Several ways have been proposed for rectifying the metre of the last line; but Pope's *of* is the simplest.

P. 113. "We do debase ourself, *cousin*, do we not?"

Walker says, "Perhaps, *coz*." But I suspect *cousin* was in this instance meant to be pronounced as one syllable, as *even*, *given*, *heaven*, &c., often are.

## ACT III., SCENE IV.

P. 117. "Of sorrow or of *joy*."

The old copies have *griefe* instead of *joy*. A palpable misprint, which the context readily corrects.

P. 118. "And I could *weep*, would weeping do me good,  
And never borrow any tear of thee."

So Pope. The old copies read "And I could *sing*." Some have tried to maintain the old reading, using an over-subtilty of argument that may indeed amuse, but not convince. Dyce aptly quotes from the Poet's *Lucrece*:—

"If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:  
*If tears could help, mine own would do me good.*"

P. 118. "Showing, as in a model, *a firm state*."

So Walker, and with evident propriety. The old text reads "*our firme estate*."

P. 119.

"O, what pity is it  
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land  
As we this garden! *We* at time of year  
Do wound the bark," &c.

The necessary word *We* is wanting in the old editions. Supplied by Capell.

P. 119. "They might have lived to bear, and he to taste  
Their fruits of duty. *All* superfluous branches  
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live."

So the second folio. The other old copies omit *All*.

P. 119. "What, think you, *then*, the King shall be deposed?"

So Pope. The old copies lack *then*.

P. 120. "Old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,  
How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this un-  
pleasing news?"

The old copies read "*Thou* old Adams likeness." Pope struck out *old* as he did also *harsh-rude* in the next line. But *harsh-rude* only makes that line an Alexandrine, just as many others are in this play; whereas *Thou old* makes the line neither an Alexandrine nor a pentameter; in fact, defeats the metre of it altogether. The Poet probably first wrote *Thou*, and then substituted *Old*, and both words got printed together.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 124. "I task *thee* to the like, forsworn Aumerle."

So Capell and Walker. The old copies read "I task *the earth* to the like," and "I *take the earth* to the like"; both of which are at odds alike with sense and with metre. Much ingenuity has been exercised to make sense out of "task *the earth*," but it is all a mere waste of labour.

P. 124. "And spur thee on with full as many lies  
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear  
From *sun* to *sun*."

The old copies read "As *it* may be holla'd," and "From *sinne* to *sinne*." Hardly worth noting, perhaps. Corrected by Capell.

P. 126. "Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom  
Of good old Abraham! — *My* lords appellants."

So Capell. The old copies lack *My*.



- P. 128. "Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,  
Lest *children's* children cry against you *Woe!*"

The old copies read "Prevent *it*, resist it," and also "Least *Child*, *Childs* Children." Corrected by Pope.

- P. 129. "Give me the crown. [*The crown is brought to him, and he seizes it.*] — Here, cousin,  
On this side my hand, and on that side yours."

The quarto of 1608, where this speech first appeared, reads thus:—

"Seize the crown.

Here, cousin, on this side my hand, and on that side yours."

In the folio this is altered so as to read thus:—

"Give me the Crown. Here, Cousin, seize the Crown.

Here, Cousin, on this side my Hand, and on that side thine."

The words *seize the crown* were no doubt intended as a stage-direction, and got printed as part of the text,—a thing that often happened. The correction is Singer's.

- P. 130. "With mine own breath release all *duty's rites.*"

So the quartos. The folio has "all *dutious oathes*," which I am apt to think the better reading, although the learned Editors of the "Clarendon Press Series" observe that it "seems like the substitution of a commonplace for a difficult reading." I do not quite take it that a reading is any the better for being difficult. See, however, foot-note 22.

- P. 134. "And these external manners of *lament*  
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief," &c.

The old copies have "manners of *laments.*" Of course *lament* is for *lamentation*, as the Poet has *dispose* for *disposition*; and it is clear that the plural has no business there. But the misprinting of singulars and plurals for each other is one of the commonest. Corrected by Capell.

- P. 134. "Name it, *my* fair cousin."

Here, again, *my* is wanting in the old copies. Supplied by Hanmer.

## ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 139.

“Thou shalt think,  
 Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,  
 It is too little, helping him to all ;  
*And* he shall think that thou, which know'st the  
     way  
 To plant unrightful kings,” &c.

The old copies are without *And* at the beginning of the fourth line. Supplied by Rowe.

## ACT V., SCENE II.

P. 141. “Where rude misgovern'd hands from *window*-tops  
 Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.”

The old editions have “*windowes* tops.” Corrected by Pope.

P. 142. “But Heaven hath a hand in these events,  
 To whose high will we *bow* our calm contents.”

So Lettsom. Instead of *bow*, the old copies have *bound*, which was changed by Capell to *bind*. Lettsom is probably right in thinking *bound* a misprint for *bowe*, as the confounding of *d* and *e* final is very frequent. — Milton has a like use of *bow* in *Paradise Regained*, i. 498: “And Satan, *bowing* low his gray dissimulation.”

P. 143. “If God prevent *it* not, I purpose so.”

Here *it*, needful to the metre, is wanting in the old copies. Supplied by Capell.

P. 143. “Yea, look'st thou pale, *sir*? let me see the writing.”

So Capell. The old copies are without *sir*. Hanmer, to fill up the verse, printed, “*come*, let me see the writing.”

P. 144. "Beseech you, pardon me ; I may not show it."

The old copies read "*I do* beseech you." Yet so many lines in this play overrun, that I am doubtful whether this line ought to be thus reduced to a pentameter.

P. 144. "Ho ! who's within there? *ho!*"

The last *ho!* is wanting in the old copies. The addition is Dyce's, who says, "I prefer making this addition, instead of printing in the next portion of the line, 'Saddle *me* my horse,' which was given by Hanmer, and is recommended by Walker."

ACT V., SCENE III.

P. 146. "*While* he, young wanton and effeminate boy,  
Takes on the point of honour to support  
So dissolute a crew."

The old editions have *Which* instead of *While*. Corrected by Pope.

P. 147. "For ever may my knees grow to the earth,  
My tongue cleave to *the* roof within my mouth."

The old copies read "cleave to *my* roof," *my* being no doubt accidentally repeated in advance. Corrected by Lettsom.

P. 147. "Intended or committed was this fault?  
If *but* the first, how heinous e'er it be,  
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee."

So Pope. The old copies read "If *on* the first."

P. 150. "His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are jest."

So Capell. The old text reads "his prayers are *in* jest."

P. 151. "But makes one pardon strong.

*Boling.*

*With all my heart*

*I pardon him.*

*Duch.*

A God on Earth thou art."

So Pope. The old text has Bolingbroke's speech inverted, "I pardon him with all my heart." But *heart* and *art* were evidently meant as the endings of a couplet.

P. 152. "Uncle, farewell ; — and, cousin *too*, adieu."

So the fifth quarto. The other old copies omit *too*. Collier's second folio fills the gap in the verse with *mine*.

ACT V., SCENE V.

P. 154. "For no thought is *content*. The better sort —  
As thoughts of things divine — are intermix'd  
With scruples," &c.

So Hanmer and Walker. The old copies have *contented*.

P. 154. "To thread the postern of a small *neeld's* eye."

The old copies have "needle's eye." The folio saves the metre by omitting *small*. *Neeld* was a common form of *needle*, especially in poetry.

P. 155. "My thoughts are minutes ; and with sighs they jar  
Their watches *to* mine eyes, the outward watch,  
Whereto my finger, like the dial's point," &c.

So the second folio. The earlier editions have "Their watches *on unto* mine eyes." The meaning is the same either way, the difference being merely in the metre. Keightley would substitute *motions* for *watches* ; and rightly, I suspect.

- P. 155. "Now, *sir*, the *sounds* that *tell* what hour it is  
Are clamorous groans," &c.

So Pope. The old copies read "the *sound* that *tells*." — Instead of *sir*, Collier's second folio has *for*, which Walker recommends on the ground of the speech being a soliloquy. But we have many like instances of soliloquy spoken as if addressed to a second person.

- P. 157. "What art thou? and how comest thou hither *now*,  
Where no man ever comes," &c.

So Dyce. The old copies are without *now*. Capell supplied *man*.

- P. 157. "So *proud* as if he had disdain'd the ground."

"So *proudly*" in the old copies. Corrected in Collier's second folio.

- P. 158. "How now! what! *mean'st* death in this rude as-  
sault?"

The old text reads "what *meanes* Death," &c.; out of which it is hardly possible to make any sense. The correction is Staunton's.

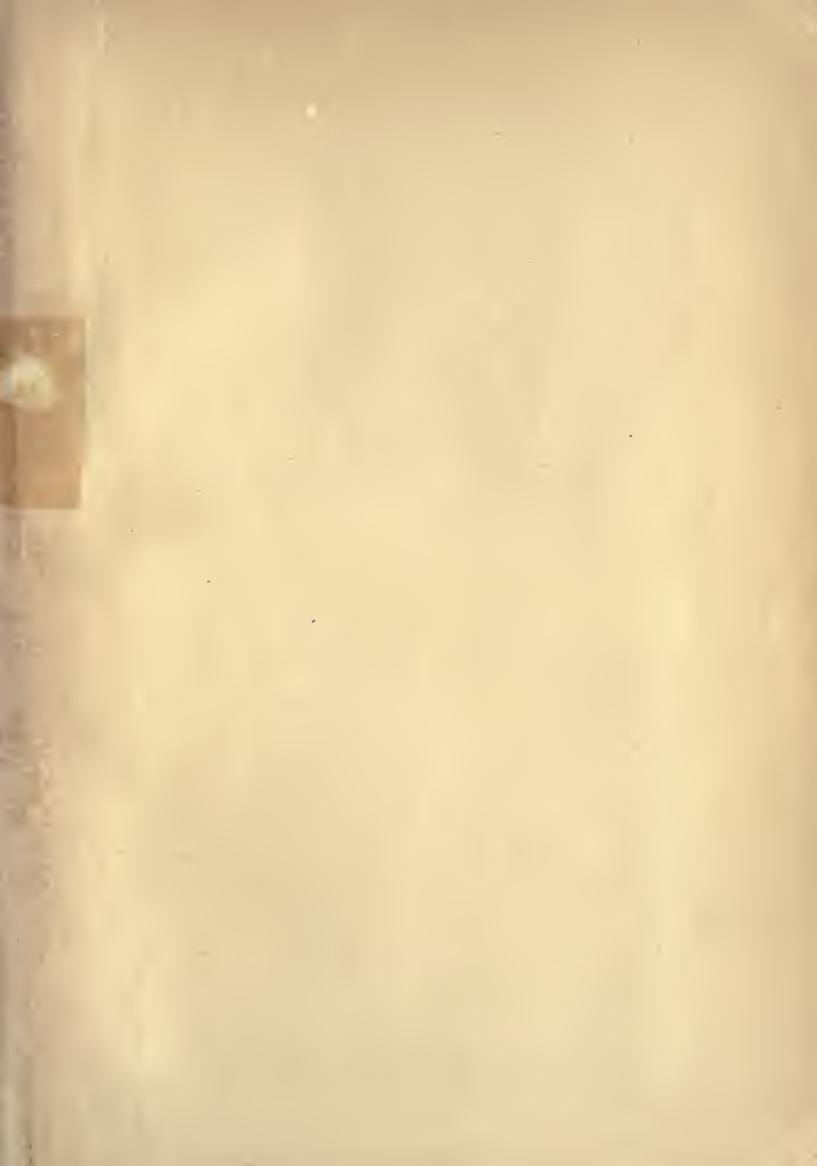
ACT V., SCENE VI.

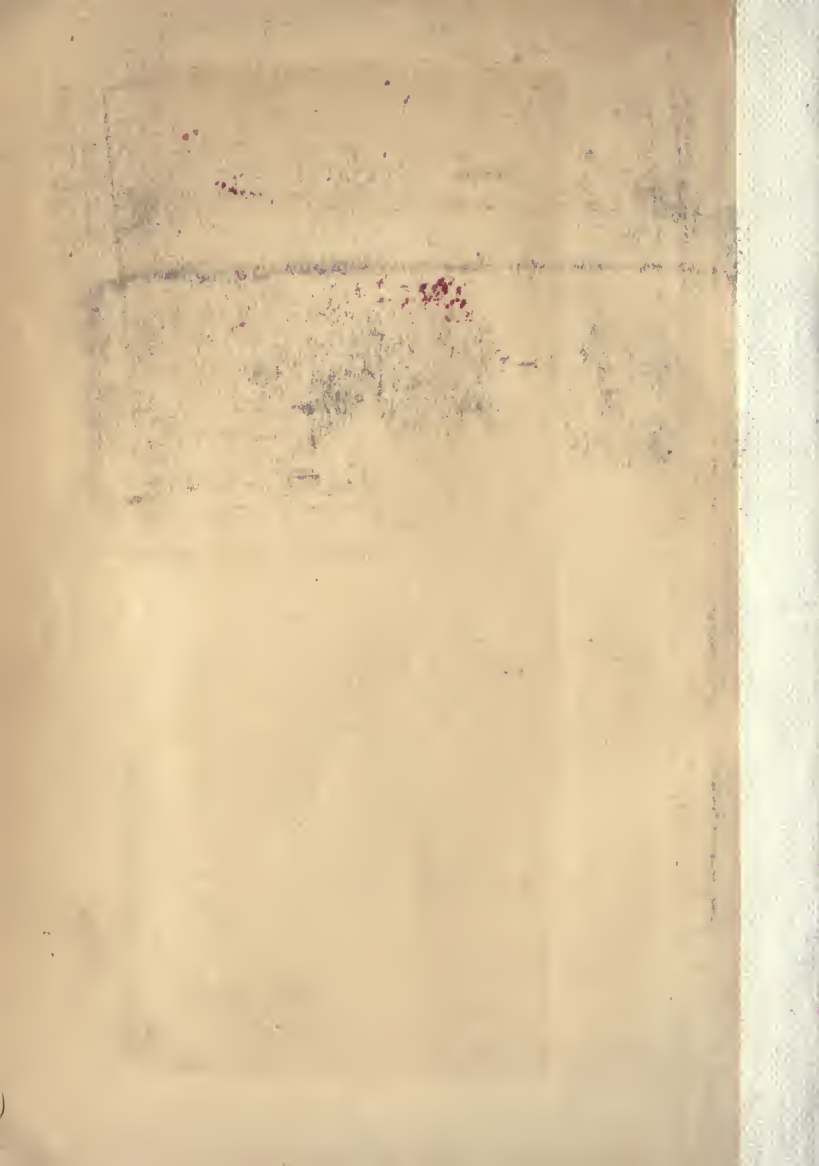
- P. 161. "The mightiest of thy *greatest* enemies."

Capell proposed "thy *mighty* enemies"; which, if not written by Shakespeare, surely ought to have been.









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