SHAKESPEARE'S
KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY

OF

KING RICHARD II.


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SHAKESPEARE'S

TRAGEDY OF

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

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WITH ENGRAVINGS.

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BEFORE FLINT CASTLE (iii. 3).

RICHARD II.

INTRODUCTION

TO

RICHARD THE SECOND.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

Richard the Second was entered on the Register of the Stationers' Company, in 1597, as follows:

"29 Aug. 1597

"Andrew Wise.] The Tragedye of Richard the Seconde."

It was first published in quarto, the same year, with the following title-page:

"The Tragedie of King Richard the second. *As it hath beene publikely acted by the right Honourable the Lorde Chamberlaine his Seruants.* LONDON Printed by Valentine Simmes for Androw Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at the signe of the Angel. 1597."

A second edition in quarto, with the addition of the author's name—"*By William Shake-speare*"—on the title-page, was published by Wise in 1598.

In 1608 a third quarto edition appeared, the title-page of which reads as follows:

"The Tragedie of King Richard the Second: With new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard, As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Maiesties seruantes, at the Globe. *By William Shake-speare.* At London, Printed by W. W. for *Mathew Law*, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608."

This edition was reprinted in 1615, with the same title-page.

In the folio of 1623 *Richard II.* occupies pages 23–45 inclusive, in the division of "Histories."

A fifth quarto edition, "printed by Iohn Norton," apparently from the text of the second folio, was issued in 1634.

The "new additions" in the third quarto, which appear also in the succeeding editions, occur in act iv., scene 1, lines 154–318 inclusive. Though not printed during the life of Elizabeth, there can be little doubt that they formed part of the play as originally written; for they agree with the act in style and rhythm, and are the natural introduction to the Abbot's speech (line 321): "A woeful pageant have we here beheld." Their suppression in the earlier editions was probably for fear of offending Elizabeth, who was very sensitive upon the subject of the deposition of an English sovereign.

It had been often attempted in her own case, and she did not like to be reminded that it had been accomplished in Richard's. It is said that once when Lambarde, the keeper of the records in the Tower, in showing her a portion of the rolls he had prepared, came to the reign of Richard II., she exclaimed, "I am Richard the Second; know ye not that?" In 1599, Sir John Haywarde was severely censured in the Star Chamber, and committed to prison, for his "History of the First Part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV.," which contained an account of the deposition of Richard.

The date of the composition of *Richard II.* is uncertain. Malone assigns it to the year 1593, but does not tell us why. Knight, from some similarities of expression in this play and in the story of Richard as given by Daniel* in the portion of his *Civil Warres* published in 1595, argues that either Daniel drew from Shakespeare or Shakespeare from Daniel, and that the latter is the more probable supposition. White, from a close comparison of the second edition of Daniel's poem (also published in 1595) with the first, comes to the conclusion that certain changes in the former were suggested by Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, which had been brought out after Daniel published his first edition. This would place the composition of the play "in the latter part of the year 1594 or the beginning of 1595." The editors of the Clarendon Press edition consider that the coincidences between Daniel and Shakespeare pointed out by White "are too indecisive to found any positive conclusions upon." From internal evidence, however, we should fix the date of the play at about this time, when, as White remarks, "Shakespeare had not yet attained the fulness of his powers either as a dramatist or a poet, and yet was rapidly approaching that rich middle period

* Staunton, in his edition of Shakespeare (vol. i. p. 502), referring to these criticisms of Knight's, inadvertently gives Drayton's name several times in place of Daniel's.

of his productive life which gave us the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, *As You Like It*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Hamlet*, and *Troilus and Cressida*."

For the text of *Richard II.*, the quarto of 1597 and the folio of 1623 are the best authorities. In the latter the play appears to have been printed from a copy of the quarto of 1615, corrected with much care, and possibly (as White suggests) the stage copy of the Globe Theatre; but, like the rest of the folio, it is marred by many errors of the type, and also by sundry omissions, amounting to about forty-five lines in all. Some of these may have been made intentionally in revising the quarto for the printers of the folio; but there can be no question that some are accidental, and perhaps all of them are. For supplying these deficiencies, and for the correction of typographical and other errors, the quarto is invaluable. On the other hand, in the "new additions" first printed in the quarto of 1608, the imperfect text of that edition appears to have been corrected for the folio from the author's manuscript. For this part of the play, therefore, we must depend on the folio, as well as for the corrections of the 1615 quarto already mentioned. There are but few difficulties in the text that are not removed by a careful collation of the two authorities.

II. THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF THE PLAY.

There was another play, and not improbably two other plays, on the same subject, extant in Shakespeare's time, but now lost. On the afternoon of the day preceding the insurrection of the Earl of Essex in 1601, Sir Gilly Merrick, one of his friends, had a play acted before a company of his fellow-conspirators, the subject of which was "deposing Richard II." It could scarcely have been Shakespeare's, for it is described as an "obsolete tragedy," and the players are said to have complained "that the play was old, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it."

Merrick accordingly gave them forty shillings to make up the expected deficiency.*

In the Bodleian Library at Oxford there is a manuscript diary by Dr. Simon Forman, in which allusion is made to a play of Richard II. acted at the Globe Theatre, April 30, 1611. This play, however, began with Wat Tyler's rebellion, and seems to have differed in other respects from Shake-

* In Attorney-General Bacon's speech at the trial of the conspirators (*State Trials*, p. 1445, ed. of 1809) the following passage occurs:

"And the story of Henry the Fourth being set forth in a play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of a king upon the stage, the Friday before, Sir Gilly and some others of the Earl's train having the humour to see a play, they must needs have the play of 'Henry the Fourth.' The players told them that was stale, they should get nothing by playing of that; but no play else would serve, and Sir Gilly gives forty shillings to Phillips the player to play this, besides whatever he could get."

Here, it will be noticed, the play is called "Henry the Fourth," but in Bacon's "Declaration of the Practices and Treasons attempted and committed by Robert late Earl of Essex and his complices against her Majesty and her Kingdoms," we are told that "it was given in evidence . . . that the afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them *the play of deposing King Richard the Second.* Neither was it casual, but a play bespoken by Merick."

And again, in the "Examination of Augustine Philipps, servant to the Lord Chamberlain and one of his Players, before Lord Chief Justice Popham and Edward Fenner" (printed in the *Calendar of State Papers*, Domestic Series, 1598–1601, p. 578), we read:

"On Thursday or Friday sevennight Sir Charles Percy, Sir Josceline Percy, Lord Monteagle, and several others spoke to some of our players to play the deposing and killing of Richard II., and promised to give them forty shillings more than their ordinary to do so. Examinate and his fellows had determined to play some other play, holding that of King Richard as being so old and so long out of use that they should have a small company of it; but at this request they were content to play it."

As we can hardly doubt that this Philipps was the Augustine Philipps of the Globe Theatre, one of Shakespeare's "fellows," Mr. J. W. Hales (*The Academy*, Nov. 20, 1875) argues that the play was Shakespeare's, notwithstanding it was called an old play and one that it would not pay to act; but the weight of probabilities seems to us to be on the other side.

speare's. Collier and Staunton think it may have been the same as the "obsolete tragedy" just mentioned; Knight, the Cambridge editors, and White believe it was a different play, and this on the whole seems more probable. However that may have been, we have no reason for supposing that Shakespeare was indebted to any earlier play or plays on the same subject. His principal authority for the historical facts he has used was Holinshed's "Chronicles of Englande, Scotlande, and Ireland," the first edition of which was published in 1577. The poet used the second edition (1586–87), as the withering of the bay-trees (ii. 4. 8) is not found in the first. The extracts from Holinshed in our notes will show how closely Shakespeare followed him, sometimes borrowing his very words.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Coleridge's "Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare."**]

I have stated that the transitional link between the epic poem and the drama is the historic drama; that in the epic poem a pre-announced fate gradually adjusts and employs the will and the events as its instruments, whilst the drama, on the other hand, places fate and will in opposition to each other, and is then most perfect, when the victory of fate is obtained in consequence of imperfections in the opposing will, so as to leave a final impression that the fate itself is but a higher and a more intelligent will.

From the length of the speeches, and the circumstance that, with one exception, the events are all historical, and presented in their results, not produced by acts seen by, or taking place before, the audience, this tragedy is ill suited to our present large theatres. But in itself, and for the closet, I feel no hesitation in placing it as the first and most admirable of all Shakespeare's purely historical plays. For the two parts of Henry IV. form a species for themselves, which

* Coleridge's Works (Harper's edition), vol. iv. p. 119 foll.

BOLINGBROKE.

may be named the mixed drama. The distinction does not depend on the mere quality of historical events in the play compared with the fictions—for there is as much history in Macbeth as in Richard—but in the relation of the history to the plot. In the purely historical plays, the history forms the plot; in the mixed, it directs it; in the rest, as Macbeth, Hamlet, Cymbeline, Lear, it subserves it. But, however unsuited to the stage this drama may be, God forbid that even there it should fall dead on the hearts of jacobinized Englishmen! Then, indeed, we might say—*præteriit gloria mundi!* For the spirit of patriotic reminiscence is the all-permeating

soul of this noble work. It is, perhaps, the most purely historical of Shakespeare's dramas. There are not in it, as in the others, characters introduced merely for the purpose of giving a greater individuality and realness, as in the comic parts of Henry IV., by presenting, as it were, our very selves. Shakespeare avails himself of every opportunity to effect the great object of the historic drama, that, namely, of familiarizing the people to the great names of their country, and thereby of exciting a steady patriotism, a love of just liberty, and a respect for all those fundamental institutions of social life which bind men together:

> "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 home,
> Against the envy of less happier lands;
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
> This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
> Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth," etc.

Add the famous passage in King John:

> "This England never did, nor ever shall,
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
> But when it first did help to wound itself.
> Now these her princes are come home again,
> Come the three corners of the world in arms,
> And we shall shock them: nought shall make us ru
> If England to itself do rest but true."

And it certainly seems that Shakespeare's historic dramas produced a very deep effect on the minds of the English people, and in earlier times they were familiar even to the least informed of all ranks, according to the relation of Bishop Corbett. Marlborough, we know, was not ashamed to con-

fess that his principal acquaintance with English history was derived from them; and I believe that a large part of the information as to our old names and achievements even now abroad is due, directly or indirectly, to Shakespeare.

Admirable is the judgment with which Shakespeare always in the first scene prepares, yet how naturally, and with what concealment of art, for the catastrophe. Observe how he here presents the germ of all the after-events in Richard's insincerity, partiality, arbitrariness, and favoritism, and in the proud, tempestuous temperament of his barons. In the very beginning, also, is displayed that feature in Richard's character which is never forgotten throughout the play—his attention to decorum and high feeling of the kingly dignity. These anticipations show with what judgment Shakespeare wrote, and illustrate his care to connect the past and future, and unify them with the present by forecast and reminiscence. . . .

In the closing scene of act i. a new light is thrown on Richard's character. Until now he has appeared in all the beauty of royalty; but here, as soon as he is left to himself, the inherent weakness of his character is immediately shown. It is a weakness, however, of a peculiar kind, not arising from want of personal courage, or any specific defect of faculty, but rather an intellectual femininenes, which feels a necessity of ever leaning on the breasts of others, and of reclining on those who are all the while known to be inferiors. To this must be attributed as its consequences all Richard's vices, his tendency to concealment, and his cunning, the whole operation of which is directed to the getting rid of present difficulties. Richard is not meant to be a debauchee; but we see in him that sophistry which is common to man, by which we can deceive our own hearts, and at one and the same time apologize for and yet commit the error. Shakespeare has represented this character in a very peculiar manner. He has not made him amiable with counterbalancing faults; but

has openly and broadly drawn those faults without reserve, relying on Richard's disproportionate sufferings and gradually emergent good qualities for our sympathy; and this was possible, because his faults are not positive vice, but spring entirely from defect of character. . . .

The amiable part of Richard's character is brought full upon us by his queen's few words—

> . . . "so sweet a guest
> As my sweet Richard;"

and Shakespeare has carefully shown in him an intense love of his country, well knowing how that feeling would, in a pure historic drama, redeem him in the hearts of the audience. Yet even in this love there is something feminine and personal:

> "Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand, . . .
> As a long-parted mother with her child
> Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
> So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
> And do thee favour with my royal hands."

With this is combined a constant overflow of emotions from a total incapability of controlling them, and thence a waste of that energy which should have been reserved for actions, in the passion and effort of mere resolves and menaces. The consequence is moral exhaustion, and rapid alternations of unmanly despair and ungrounded hope—every feeling being abandoned for its direct opposite upon the pressure of external accident. And yet when Richard's inward weakness appears to seek refuge in his despair, and his exhaustion counterfeits repose, the old habit of kingliness, the effect of flatterers from his infancy, is ever and anon producing in him a sort of wordy courage which only serves to betray more clearly his internal impotence.

[*From Ulrici's "Shakespeare's Dramatic Art."**]

Richard the Second may for many reasons be regarded as

* Morrison's trans., London, 1846, p. 365 foll. Some errors are corrected.

the companion of *King John.* While John employs every evil means to maintain his usurped dignity, Richard forfeits his just right by a weak use of it. The vitality of history endures no abstract, dead notion. The fixed formula of an outward, legal, and conventional right is as nothing in the sight of history, for which nothing is right but what is truly so, as having its foundation in *morality.* This Richard has forfeited before the eyes of men by treading it himself under foot. The highest earthly power is not exempt from the eternal laws of the universe; the majesty which is by the *grace of God* loses its title as soon as it abandons its only foundation in the grace of God, whose justice acknowledges no jurisprudence, no rights of family and inheritance, as against the immutable rights of truth and reason. Richard urges in vain his legal title and the sacred name of majesty; to no purpose does he invoke the angels of Him who set him on the throne; the rights and title of a king avail not to move a straw, because they are devoid of the mighty force of inward rectitude; God will send no angel to protect him who has rejected his grace. The people, too, in turn abandon him who had first abandoned them. The injustice of rebellion prevails. The truly noble but spoiled and corrupted nature of Richard wanes before the prudence and moderation of Bolingbroke. However little of true moral power Henry the Fourth subsequently exhibits, nevertheless, as contrasted with the unworthy and most unkingly conduct of Richard, he looks a model of virtue, and designed by nature for a throne. In the doubtful scale a grain of sand turns the balance.

Under such an unkingly sovereign the people are of necessity plunged in dissension and misery. At the very opening of the piece we behold the nobility divided by party feuds, the people in Ireland in revolt against their lords, and the royal family itself distracted with hatred and dissension. The Duchess of Gloster bewails her husband's unjust fate, while Richard's arbitrary termination of the quarrel between

Norfolk and Bolingbroke throws the aged Gaunt upon his death-bed with sorrow for his banished son. In vain does he warn the king; truth dies away on the ear which flattery has stopped. Caprice follows upon caprice, accumulating infamy upon infamy. Richard farms out his kingdom, and rapaciously confiscates the property of the House of Lancaster to furnish the money necessary for putting down the rebellion in Ireland. While he trusts to his hereditary claims and to the divine right of kings, he nevertheless violates all the right of family and inheritance; and, by putting his divine office out to hire, he becomes, with suicidal inconsistency, the first rebel, and with his own hands sows the seed of the revolution which eventually robs him of his life and crown. By disregarding in his own person the rights of the historical past—which is the true meaning of the so-called principle of stability—he places himself on an unsubstantial future. None but the more aged of his subjects —those who live on in a better past, who still see in him his heroic and noble-minded father, such as the old York with his son, the Bishop of Carlisle, and Salisbury—remain faithful to him; all the vigour of youth and manhood, on the other hand, that from its very nature is engrossed by the present and future—which, undermined by Richard, wavers and threatens to fall—likewise wavers, and at last goes over to the rebel Bolingbroke. Here, too, the guiding hand of God is discernible. Had Richard returned *one* day sooner from Ireland, he would have found an army ready equipped for battle; but deceived by the accidental delay, and a rumour of the death of the king, it had dispersed or gone over to Henry. His resources being thus cut off, lost to himself and powerless, he yields himself into the hands of his enemy; his spirit, like a rotten stem, is broken by the storm which he himself had raised. His creatures, Bushy, Bagot, Green, and Wiltshire—the wicked instruments of a wicked master, who did but confirm him in his injustice—had previously

fallen like the branches before the stem. His queen—even in prosperity oppressed with a nameless pang, and looking into the future with a foreboding fear and assured feeling that nothing but misfortune could be the issue of Richard's unrighteous deeds, but who yet could be the partner of her husband's unkingly dissipation, and who at the death-bed of the old Gaunt could listen *in silence* to his fruitless exhortations, and hear without remonstrance the insults of Richard, and his unjust order for the spoliation of the House of Lancaster—she naturally, and with justice, shares her consort's fate. Both, however, alike make misfortune great; the way in which they meet their fate reconciles them both to God and man, and the close of the tragedy is at once truly tragic and profoundly poetical.

A single idea, it is plain, runs through the whole piece and its several parts. The poet has here laboured to illustrate the high historical significance of the kingly dignity in the light that it appears to the Christian view of things, as the most exalted, but at the same time the most responsible vocation that heaven imposes upon man. Absolutely speaking, every man has no doubt his vocation from God; but whereas the duties and office of every individual member of the state are more or less modified by the governing power, the dignity of the sovereign stands in an immediate relation to God and his all-ruling grace. It pre-eminently is "by the grace of God." And, both on this account, and because, as Shakespeare shows, the happiness of the whole people depends on the sovereign, he ought to be only the more mindful of divine grace, and the greater is his guilt, whenever, forgetting his true dignity, he acts unkingly, and contrary to justice and to grace. When he contradicts his high vocation, he will call in vain upon its divinity to protect him. In being called to it, he was *called* to do justice; and it is only by obeying its call that he can maintain his own right. While, then, the poet has thus attempted to elucidate the true rela-

tion both of man to his own historical position, and of his vocation in life to God, and while he thus places the essence of the kingly dignity in its observance of its relation to God and the world, he has successfully illustrated modern political history under one of its most essential aspects, and in one of its principal ideas. This is the ground idea of the whole drama.

[*From Gervinus's "Shakespeare Commentaries."**]

Richard II. was the son of the Black Prince, Edward III.'s brave eldest son. According to historical tradition, he was most beautiful, and Shakespeare also, in contrasting him with Richard III., who is urged by his deformity to avenge himself on nature, has not without intention invested him with the beautiful form, which, according to Bacon, renders "him generally light-minded, whom it adorns and whom it moves;" he calls him in the lips of Percy "a sweet lovely rose." He gives him the outward features of his father, and allows us occasionally to perceive a mental likeness also; the mild nature of the lamb and the violence of the lion, which the poet speaks of as combined in the Black Prince, are both exhibited in him. The first is scarcely to be mistaken; it becomes visible even at the last moment in the many tokens of attachment which he receives at a time when it is dangerous to manifest it, and after his death in the longing for him which is aroused in the adversaries who had conspired against him. The other quality is more hidden in single scattered traits. He appears throughout like a "young hot colt," easily provoked, like a violent flame consuming itself quickly; he compares himself to the brilliant Phaeton, who, incapable and daring, would manage his refractory steeds; in the moment of misfortune the defiance of an innate nobility is aroused in the midst of his sorrow, and in his death he appears as "full of valour as of royal blood." But this fine

* Bunnett's translation, 1863, vol. i. p. 391 foll.

disposition is wholly obliterated; in the early season of his life and rule he has lost his reputation; he is surrounded by a troop of creatures and favourites, parasites and men who preyed on the kingdom, who stop his ear with flatteries, and poison it with wanton imaginations, who make him tyrannical and imperious, incapable of hearing a word of blame and admonition, even from the lips of his dying uncle; men who made him shallow with Italian fashions, surrounded him with every low vanity, and enticed him into ostentation and extravagance. . . . Impoverished by his companions, Richard sees his coffers empty; he has recourse to forced loans, to extortion of taxes and fines, and at last lets the English kingdom as a tenure to his parasites, no longer a king, only a landlord of England. A traitor to this unsubdued land, he has by his contracts resigned the conquests of his father. At length he lays hands on private property, and seizes the possessions of the late old Lancaster and of his banished son, thus depriving himself of the hearts of the people and of the nobles. The ruin of the impoverished land, the subversion of right, the danger of property, a revolt in Ireland, the arming of the nobles in self-defence—all these indications allow us to observe in the first two acts the growing seed of revolution which the misled king had scattered. The prognostication of the fall of Richard II. is read by the voice of the people in the common signs of all revolutionary periods (act ii. sc. 4):

> "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."

Besides the scattered touches and the insinuations which denote the inability of the king, and his wavering between unseasonable power and weakness, the poet has chosen only one event for a closer dramatic prominence to which the catastrophe of Richard's fate is united—the knightly quarrel between Bolingbroke and Norfolk, with which the piece

begins. Coleridge said of this scene that it appears introduced in order beforehand to depict the characters of Richard and Bolingbroke; and Courtenay was even bold enough to think it was just introduced because Shakespeare found it in the chronicle. But this was not the method of Shakespeare's writing. Later in Henry IV. (II. act iv. sc. 1) he has abundantly said in the plainest language that he began with this scene because it was just the beginning of all the sufferings which fell upon King Richard and afterwards upon his dethroners. Norfolk's son there says:

> "O, when the king did throw his warder down,
> His *own* life hung upon the staff he threw:
> Then threw he down himself, and all their lives
> That by indictment and by dint of sword
> Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke."

The scene then, however necessary in itself, certainly serves essentially to place in opposition to each other, in their first decisive collision, the two main characters, Richard and Bolingbroke, the declining king yet in his power and glory, and the rising one in his misfortune and banishment. In his accusation of Norfolk, Bolingbroke besets the king remotely with hostile designs. The guilt of Gloster's death rests in the public opinion upon the king and his associates; subsequently Aumerle emerges as the immediate instrument; the guilt of having known it and concealed it falls upon Norfolk alone, a guilt of which he accuses himself; but the popular hatred turns upon him as upon the king. Bolingbroke, as we learn expressly in the second part of Henry IV. (act iv. sc. 1), uses this circumstance to nourish the hatred and to draw upon himself the favour of the people, while he exhibits the Lancastrians honourably solicitous about a sacred family matter. He knows that Norfolk is not guilty of the death of Gloster; but, just as brave as he is politic, he freely ventures to propose the judgment of God, for he removes in him the single powerful support of the king, and at the same

time the enemy of his own family. The survivors of the murdered Gloster spur on the Lancastrians to revenge, their own security being concerned; the old Gaunt indeed commits vengeance to God, but his son Bolingbroke believes it more certain if it is in his own human hand. The venerable old man, whom Shakespeare invests with riper years than history does, has transmitted to his son the elements out of which his deeply concealed character is blended. The hoary hero has borne in his heart the welfare of his fatherland, and his patriotic feelings obtain so much in his dying hour over his fidelity as a subject, that in words of the greatest enthusiasm for his glorious country he cuttingly reproaches the sinful Richard with what he has done with this "demi-Paradise." Sorrow for the country and sorrow for his banished son hurried him to the grave. With his patriotic feeling is mingled, we see, family-feeling and self-love; both are also strong in the son. The son's far-stretching domestic policy accompanies and determines his whole life; his patriotic feeling breaks forth in the touching lament on his banishment, which justly has been called not only very beautiful, but very English. To both these traits is joined that diplomatic cunning which lies in the very recesses of his nature, and is, therefore, concealed without difficulty. This too the son appears to have inherited from his father; for a shrewd design cannot be more delicately coupled with generosity than in the old Gaunt, when in the council of state he gives his vote for the banishment of his son, which subsequently breaks his heart, in the idea of moving the rest by his too severe sentence to a milder judgment. With just such a deeply concealed policy Shakespeare has drawn the son, who in one touch alone, in Richard II., appears without a mask, but in all others, throughout the three pieces, remains a riddle even to the attentive reader, until at length the last hour of life elicits a confession to his son. In this same mysterious obscurity even the opening scene between Bolingbroke and Norfolk is maintained.

The designs and motives which actuate the former we have just intimated, but we have gathered them from subsequent disclosures; in the moment of action it is not clear at what he aims, and Norfolk's bearing increases the obscurity. The voice of innocence and honour speaks in him, mostly in his voluntary confessions, and no less so in his strong appeal to his fidelity towards the king. It goes so far that he raises not the veil from the misdeed of which he is accused, not even after the king's sentence of a dateless banishment has fallen on him "all unlooked for," when he hoped for other reward than this disgrace. The king too condemns him, we likewise learn at the end of Henry IV. (II. act iv. sc. 1), against his will, because the general anger discharged itself on him; but the enthusiasm of popular favour was already directed to Bolingbroke, who at his departure behaves to the multitude like a condescending prince. The weak Richard, who Norfolk predicts will rue this deed, ignobly banishes for a lifetime the man whom he loves and who would have been his most faithful support, and for a few years the other whom he hates, whose ambitious thoughts he fears, and whose banishment he has in his heart faithlessly resolved as limitless. He disturbs the combat between the two, whose peace he fears still more: he strikes his enemy and provokes him, without making him harmless; the helplessness of a man of a troubled conscience, who knows not the right occasion for mildness or severity, is displayed in this one case. The chronicle sums up the faults of his government in these words: He showed too great kindness to his friends, too great favour to his enemies. Both are just. But in this case he shows in his severity towards his friend that he is inconsistent moreover, and allows himself to be influenced by the power of opinion in an unessential point, when he neglected to attend to it in an essential one.

Quite in the sense of the sentence quoted from the chronicle, Shakespeare draws the political moral from Richard's

rule in the garden scene (act iii. sc. 4), and its simple allegory. The wise gardener cares to give "supportance to the bending twigs, which like unruly children make their sire stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;" he cuts off the heads of too fast growing sprays, that look too lofty on the commonwealth; he roots away the noisome weed. Richard, who had not observed the first of these rules in his jealousy of Gloster, who had neglected the second in his too great favour to Bolingbroke, and the third in his too great kindness to his parasites, Bagot and Bushy, now sees the fall of the leaves; another roots away the weeds "that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter, that seemed in eating him to hold him up." Had he cherished and nurtured his kingdom as the gardeners their garden, he would have done to the great as they to their trees; wounding the bark at times to prevent its too luxuriant growth, he would have lopped away the superfluous branches, and thus he might have tasted and enjoyed their fruits and retained his crown.

Instead of this he did everything which could forfeit his crown. We have seen the king's unadvised conduct in the quarrel between Bolingbroke and Norfolk. Hardly is this dispute settled, than the old Gaunt dies; the Irish revolt demands a remedy; the extravagant prince has no money; he now seizes the Lancastrian property, which kindles even the good-natured York, indolent and rest-loving as he is. Richard goes in person to Ireland, and leaves behind him the irritated York, the weakest whom he could choose, as governor of England. Instantly the banished Bolingbroke seizes the occasion to return to the kingdom thus vacated, under the pretext of taking possession of his lawful inheritance. The apprehensive nobles, the Percies, join themselves to him; the miserable friends of the king give up their cause at once as lost; the helpless York goes over. When Richard returns from Ireland, he possesses no more of the kingdom than his right to it. He persuades himself, rather than that he is

convinced of it, that with this right he has everything. He comes back from Ireland conscience-stricken, foreboding, paralyzed, and inactive. With wonted enthusiasm, when he again sets foot on English ground, he hopes that the "earth shall have a feeling, and the stones prove armed soldiers, ere her native king shall falter under foul rebellious arms." He buries himself in poetical and religious consolation, and intrenches himself behind his divine right and authority: "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. He builds upon this, that God and heaven, who guard the right, have, for every man of Bolingbroke's, "in heavenly pay a glorious angel" for him. He compares his kingly dignity to the sun, in whose absence robbers range abroad, but before his fiery rise in the east they tremblingly escape. But soon the poet, glancing silently back upon this image, exhibits him in opposition to the robber Bolingbroke, and this latter himself compares him just so to the sun emerging from the east (act iii. sc. 3: in many editions the passage is placed in the lips of York); but the envious clouds dim the kingly aspect, block up his track, and are not so quickly dispersed as Richard imagined. Just while he boasts so warmly of the assistance of heaven, the tidings come that not alone no angels stand in readiness for him, but that even men are deserting him. Then suddenly his confidence in his good right forsakes him. He calls upon his name and his majesty, but on a new message of misfortune his courage breaks down even to abdication. Once more, later, he asserts to Northumberland his divine right, and that no human hand can seize his sacred sceptre without robbery and violence. But the blessing of heaven is now visibly on the side of power; he whom the people uphold stands more surely than the anointed of God.

Shakespeare writes here an immortal lesson upon the royalty of God's grace and the law of inviolability. His ground

is here also that two-sided one of entire impartiality and candour, to which we unweariedly point, as to the greatest characteristic of his extraordinary mental superiority. He places his opinion chiefly in the mouth of the Bishop of Carlisle, the grand type of genuine loyalty, who stands faithfully by the side of the lawful king, without concealing from him the stern voice of truth; who defies the unlawful usurper in the public assembly, but still elicits even from the latter true honour, favour, and esteem. Absorbed in his meditations upon show and reality, over which we see Shakespeare brooding throughout this period of his life, he cannot regard the halo of divine right as the reality of royalty. No inviolability can protect the anointed head, if it render itself unworthy of the divine possession; no legitimacy and no balm can absolve the ruler from his duties to the land of his care. Every vocation would appear to our poet of God, and with the vocation every duty. The fulfilment of duty is even the king's first condition of stability; by his neglect of it he forfeits possession and right, by this he loses himself, his inner dignity, his consecration, and his power. Thus Henry IV. says to his son in these plain words, that, unbridled and self-forgetful as he then was, he was only "the shadow of succession;" the honourable Percy, though a rebel, deserved rather to be the heir. The dutiful illegality is compared with the duty-forgetting legitimacy; it is placed before it by the man who had once elevated himself by it, and who would now secure his legality by the fulfilment of duty. It is full of information upon Shakespeare's true intention, if we carefully compare this piece with his *King John*. The usurper John maintains the crown by good and bad means, so long as he does not lose his power and confidence, so long as he abstains from wicked deeds and useless cruelty, and is thoroughly English-minded; as soon as he descends from his royal duty and sells England, he loses himself and his crown. He, the usurper, differs not from the lawful Richard, who in the same

way let the land by lease, and giving up his duty, gave up himself also. It belongs essentially to this kingly duty that the prince, if he will secure his own right, must defend and protect the right of others. The peculiar right of the king is not esteemed by Shakespeare more sacred than any other; these views have taken deeper root in England from the times of Shakespeare and the Dutch Republic, until Milton, in his *Defensio pro Populo*, enforced them with marked emphasis. As soon as Richard had touched the inheritance of Lancaster, he had placed in his hands as it were the right of retaliation. The indolent York says immediately:

> "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?"

He tells him that he "plucks a thousand dangers on his head," that he loses "a thousand well-disposed hearts," and that he "pricks his tender patience to those thoughts which honour and allegiance cannot think." To this kingly duty there belongs, moreover, not alone the absence of all those vices of a weak love of pleasure, by which Richard is ruined, but in their place the virtue of energy, which is the first honour even of the common man. Heaven alone helps us, says Carlisle to Richard, when we embrace his means. And Salisbury enforces upon Richard the great experience taken from the precipitation of revolutionary times:

> "One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
> Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
> To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
> O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state."

Upon this warning he rises, when now even the rising is too late. Before, every claim from Aumerle and Carlisle upon his manliness, every reproach of his tardiness, was in vain; he was absorbed in himself, and revelled in his mis-

fortune as before in his prosperity. And so at last his wife must shame him when she finds him also deposed in intellect: she would see him like a lion, dying, that with rage "thrusteth forth his paw, and wounds the earth;" but he, pupil-like, takes his correction mildly, and teaches resignation to his wife, whose lips this lesson would have better suited. The weakness and guilt, which cause revolutions unexpectedly to prosper, are depicted by the poet in a masterly manner; and in this piece he draws up before us in succession the spectacle of the powers at work at such a period of revolution, a picture of a grandeur and depth scarcely to be fathomed. For no piece must be read so often as this, and in such close connection with the succeeding, that it may be thoroughly understood. Unadorned and without brilliancy of matter, it yet rewards patient industry all the more richly. To analyze the contents of the whole four pieces in a narrative, where the underlying motive should be seen entirely in Shakespeare's sense, would be a comprehensive work, and one of extraordinary fulness. Whoever has read them from the beginning of this Richard to the close of Henry V., with conscientious reflection upon every single point, appears to himself truly to have passed through an entire world.

The poet, who has not allowed us fully to know the young king in his prosperity, unfolds his character the more fascinatingly and minutely in his misfortune. As soon as with Bolingbroke's landing the turning-point in his fortune is arrived, just where we should have wished to see the powerful ruler, there stands conspicuously before us the kindly human nature, which was before obscured in prosperity and mirth, but even now is accompanied by weakness and want of stability, the distinguishing feature of his character. He has always needed props, and strong props he has not endured; he had sought them in climbing plants, which have pulled himself to the ground; Gaunt and Norfolk he had alienated. For this reason, at the first moment of misfortune he falls

past recovery. As soon as the first intelligence of the defection of his people arrives, he is pale and disheartened; at the second message, which only threatens him with a new evil, he is submissive and ready for abdication and death. When Aumerle reminds him of his father York, he rouses himself once more, but as soon as he hears that even this last prop is broken, he curses his cousin for having led him forth "of that sweet way he was in to despair;" he renounces every comfort, every act; he orders his troops to be discharged; capable of no further effort, he will be reminded of none, and himself removes every temptation to it. A highly poetic brilliancy is cast upon the scenes of the humiliation and ruin of the romantic youth, whose fancy rises in sorrow and misfortune to a height which allows us to infer the strength of the intoxication with which he had before plunged into pleasure. The power which at that time had carried him beyond himself turns now with fearful force within, and the pleasure-loving man now finds enjoyment in suffering and sorrow, and a sweetness in despair. He calls himself at first the slave of a "kingly woe;" subsequently, on the contrary, deprived of his throne, he will remain king of his griefs. The words and predictions of the basely injured Gaunt are now to be fulfilled upon the insulter of the dying man. That sentence finds its truth in Richard:

> "Woe doth the heavier sit
> Where it perceives it is but faintly borne."

True in him is the word:

> "Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
> Consuming means, soon preys upon itself."

Richard marvelled in Gaunt's dying scene (act ii. sc. 1) how the lips of the sick can play with words, but in the deathly sickness of his *own* misery he learns how to fall still deeper into this play of words and speculative thought. At the very first, in the beginning of his sufferings, he broods upon

thoughts of graves and death; he wishes to let the fate of all fallen kings pass before his mind, and then (as if the words of the dying Gaunt were in his thoughts, when he said to him that a thousand flatterers sit within the small compass of his crown, wasting the land) he pictures to himself the image of the crown in sad contrast to his present position, as if within its hollow temples the antic death keeps his court, allowing the wearer of the crown "a breath, a little scene to monarchize." When he afterwards appears before his enemies (act iii. sc. 3) a paroxysm of his kingly fancy exhibits him to the sneaking Northumberland with a show of power; indeed this was now the moment for arresting with dignity and courage the yet undefined plot. But before Bolingbroke had declared any part, at a time when even in the presence of the weak York no one might omit the royal title before Richard's name without apology, suddenly and without any cause his wings hang wearied, he speaks himself of the subjection of the king; and as he sees Aumerle weep, his lively fancy at once runs away with him to the borders of insanity: his words remind us in these scenes of the passionate melancholy of Lear, which is the prelude to his madness. He asks whether they shall "play the wantons with their woes, and make some pretty match with shedding tears? as thus; —to drop them still upon one place, till they have fretted a pair of graves." Even here, it seems, we look back shudderingly from the midst of wretchedness and misery to that vain intercourse and waste of time in which Richard formerly lived with his companions. The play on words and the conceits in these scenes have been censured as inappropriate, but nowhere are they placed with so deep and true a purpose; those whose whole intercourse consisted formerly in raillery and quibbling, speculate most naturally in such a position in an immoderate manner, and delight in exhausting an idea brought about by the force of circumstances. Richard remembers that he is talking but idly, and remarks that

they mock at him; the worst is that Northumberland has heard his foolish words, and designates him to Bolingbroke as a frantic man. That which the rebels would not have ventured, the childish man, whom the feeling of being forsaken has quite cast down, offers of himself to them; he himself designates first the danger which surrounds him, when in his half-insane words he calls Northumberland prince and Bolingbroke king; in the ears of all, he gives himself and his inheritance into Bolingbroke's hands, even before any one had demanded it. In the scene also of the deposition, which accords excellently with the nature of the king and crowns the characteristic touches, we hear him rapt in the beautiful poetic images upon his misfortune, we see him burying himself in his sorrow with a kind of pleasure. He pictures to himself as in a drama the scene over which another would have passed quickly. Only when it shames him to read his own indictment, his proud nature breaks out yet once again; and he perceives too late how miserably he had become a traitor to himself. Later, too, when we see Richard on the way to prison and in prison, even in his resignation, he is ever employed in picturing his painful condition to himself as still more painful, revelling, as it were, in his sorrow, and emptying the cup to the very dregs. He peoples the little space of his prison with his wild fancy, he studies how he may compare it to the world. An air of music drives him to reflect how he has here "the daintiness of ear to hear time broke in a disordered string," whilst "for the concord of his state and time he had no ear to hear his true time broke." He wasted time, which now wastes him; and thus again in another melancholy simile he pictures himself as a clock, which time had made out of himself. It is wise of the poet that, out of the different stories of Richard's death, he chose that which exhibits him to us at the end in honourable strength, after he has allowed us also to perceive the attractive power of his amiability; it is therefore

not without esteem that we take our leave of the commiserated man. . . .

But in what does the poet exhibit that good use of the crown which we extol in Bolingbroke? The whole of Henry IV. must give an answer to this question; but even in Richard II. the reply is found. His whole path to the kingdom is a royal path, and scarcely has he reached it than he shows by the most striking contrast the difference between the king by nature and the king by mere inheritance. Before, when, banished by Richard, he left the country, he left it like a king. After the death of his father and the plunder of his house, he returns unhesitatingly back from banishment, in defiance of his sentence, and lands poor and helpless on the forbidden shore. The discontented Percies, in league with him before his landing, hasten to him; the steward of Worcester does so, not out of love for him, but for his outlawed brother. On the journey which Bolingbroke has to make with his friends, he flatters them with fair words and entertains them with sweet discourse, but not so as to sell himself to these helpers upon whom at the time he wholly depends, as Richard did to his favourites, who even wholly depended upon *him*. The possessionless man, who at the time has only thanks and promises for the future to give, is in earnest in his gratitude, without intending subsequently when he is king to concede to the helpers to the throne a position above the throne. The arrogance with which Northumberland, "the ladder wherewithal the mounting Bolingbroke ascended the throne," is on a future day to appear against him, is fully foretold in that with which he prepared the way for him to the throne. He and his followers, in their active eagerness, alertness, and officiousness, form a contrast to Richard's for the most part inactive faint-hearted flatterers: they are the willing myrmidons of the rebellion who urge Bolingbroke as quickly forward as the followers of Richard check his better nature. It is the now smooth and flexible, now rough and

unfeeling Northumberland, who first speaks of Richard with the omission of his title; it is he who repeats more solemnly and forcibly the oath of Bolingbroke that "his coming is but for his own;" it is he who in the scene of deposition maliciously torments King Richard with the reading of his accusation; it is he who would arbitrarily arrest the noble Carlisle for high-treason after the outbreak of his feelings of right and his civic fidelity. But how noble throughout does Bolingbroke appear compared to this base instrument of his plans: he still humbly kneels to the poor Richard, and at least preserves the show of decorum, while Northumberland must be reminded of his bending knee by his excited king; he forbids the malicious tormentor, in the deposition scene, any further urging; he pardons the arrested Carlisle, whose invectives had been hurled in his very presence. He came before Richard prepared for a stormy scene, ready for a part of feigned humility; but when Richard himself gives him the crown, it is perhaps only another kingly trait in his nature, it is certainly the act of a statesman, contrasting him far more advantageously than detrimentally with the tardy, self-forgetful king, that he lays hold of the occasion so readily. No less skilfully had he, it must be admitted, prepared for it. Even before it becomes a personal question between him and Richard, he had begun, according to Percy's account, in the *feeling of his greatness*, to step somewhat higher than his original vow. He began to reform edicts and decrees, to abolish abuses, to win men by good measures and actions; he eradicated those hated favourites, he assumed to himself a protectorate, and accustomed the people to see kingly acts emanating from him before he was a king. In this manner, when wish and capacity, desire and endowments for ruling, were evidenced in him, the insurrection had already burst forth before it showed itself in its true aspect. Cold and considerate compared to the fanciful, a profound statesman compared to the romanticist and the poet, a quick horseman

spurring the heavy overburdened Richard, bearing the misfortune of banishment with manly composure, and easing his nature by immediate search for redress, whilst Richard at the mere approach of misfortune immediately sinks, this man appears throughout as too unequal an adversary to the other for the good right on the one side to stand its ground against his superior gifts. If, intoxicated by his first success, he had not so far lost himself as to tread the path of John and Richard III., and give the hints for the murder of the king (though only remote and indirect ones, which he endeavoured subsequently to atone for by earnest repentance), we should consider Bolingbroke's path to the throne not guiltless, but much justified. His first appearance on the throne, in any case, casts Richard's knightly endowments deeply into the shade. The poet has here made excellent use of the corresponding history. The opening scene, which essentially exhibits to us Richard's conduct as a ruler, has in the fourth act a counterpart, which Shakespeare uses to exemplify Bolingbroke's dissimilar conduct in a similar position. Aumerle is accused by four nobles of the murder of Gloster, as once Bolingbroke himself had accused Norfolk, whom he wishes now honourably to recall and to reinstate in his possessions. Only one takes the side of Aumerle, and this is the half-brother of King Richard, a suspicious security. Bolingbroke could have suffered Aumerle, the most avowed favourite of Richard, to fall by the sword of the four accusers, and could thus have removed an enemy, but he does it not. Yet more: a newly projected plot of Aumerle's is discovered to the king; the father himself is the accuser of the son; the father himself protests earnestly against his pardon; but the yet unconfirmed, illegitimate ruler scorns to shed the blood of relatives, a deed which cost Richard nothing. He pardons him; not out of weakness, for he punishes the other conspirators with death; he pardons him from humane and familiar motives, and schools him into a hero and a patriot. He does

as that gardener would have had the lawful king do; with wise discretion, he rules with mercy and justice, mildness and severity. And at the same time he behaves with that sure power and superiority which permits him to jest in that very scene, and to act with easy humour towards the zealous mother of York, when he has just discovered a conspiracy against his life.

The group of characters in *Richard II.* is arranged very simply in harmony with the suggestions given. In contrast to the incapable legitimate king and his helpless inactive followers stands the rising star of the thorough statesmanlike and royal usurper and his over-active adherents. In the struggle between right and merit stands Carlisle as the man of genuine loyalty, who knows no motive but fidelity and duty, who conceals not the truth from the lawful king, who ruins himself, and opposes unsparingly the shield of right to the usurper, who raises himself to power. Contrasted with him is the old York, whom Coleridge, in consequence of an incorrect apprehension of the character, has placed in a false opposition to Richard.* The true picture of such an agitated age would be missed if this character were wanting in it. He is the type of all political faint-heartedness, of neutrality, in times when partisanship is a duty, of that cowardly loyalty which turns to the strong and powerful. When Richard is

* This is what Coleridge says of York: "There is 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."

still in his full power, he considers he has gone too far when he extols to the young king the virtues of his father. When Richard seizes the Lancastrian lands, his natural sense of right and his anxiety respecting his own property urges him to utter impressive warnings, but when the king makes him, the inoffensive one, his governor in England, he allows himself to be appeased. Bolingbroke lands, and York sees through his project, and warns him not to take what he should not; his integrity even here shows him the path which his weakness suffers him not to follow. He would like to serve the king and to discharge his duty to his lord, but he thinks also to have a duty of kinship and conscience respecting Bolingbroke's lawful claims to his inheritance. That he stood for the moment in the place of the king, he heeds not. Helpless what to do, he loses his head in unutterable perplexity, but not his character. He will remain neutral. He sees the finger of God in the desertion of the people, and lets it be; for Richard he has tears, few words, and no deeds. With loyalty such as this countries go to ruin, while they prosper at usurpations such as Bolingbroke's. But that this weakness of the weak can amount to a degree in which it becomes the most natural obduracy, and in which the cruelty of the usurper is guiltless when compared with it, Shakespeare has displayed in a truly masterly manner, when he suffers York to accuse his own son of high-treason, and to urge his death with pertinacity. He goes so far as to wish that the king may ill thrive if he grant any grace. In this trait conscientiousness and fidelity intermingle undistinguishably with the fear of seeing himself exposed and suspected. Such is servile loyalty; under the rule of the weak it is weak and but a frail support, under that of the strong it is strong and an efficient trustworthy power.

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear!
(iii. 3. 62.)

King Richard II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

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

HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, Son to JOHN OF GAUNT, afterwards KING HENRY IV.

DUKE OF AUMERLE, Son to the Duke of York.

THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.

DUKE OF SURREY.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

LORD BERKELEY.

BUSHY, }
BAGOT, } Servants to KING RICHARD.
GREEN, }

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his Son.

LORD ROSS.

LORD WILLOUGHBY.

LORD FITZWATER.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.

Lord Marshal.

SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

Captain of a Band of Welshmen.

QUEEN to KING RICHARD.

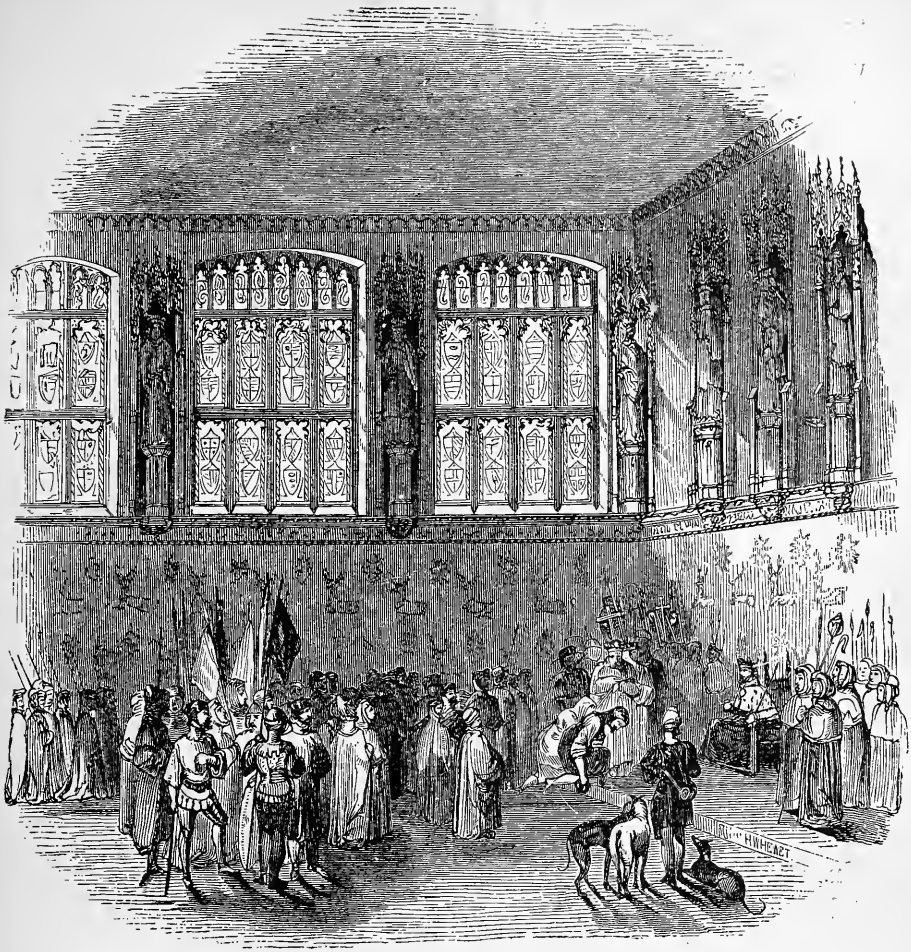
DUCHESS OF YORK.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Lady attending on the Queen.

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

SCENE: *Dispersedly in England and Wales.*



ACT I.

SCENE I. *Windsor. A Room in the Castle.*

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

King Richard. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,

Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

King Richard. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he 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 danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

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

Enter Attendants, *with* BOLINGBROKE *and* NORFOLK.

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

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

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

Bolingbroke. First,—heaven be the record to my speech!—
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,

And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish,—so please my sovereign,—ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

Norfolk. 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 until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain;
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty.—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Bolingbroke. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of the king,
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop:
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.

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

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

Bolingbroke. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true:—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,
Or here or elsewhere to the farthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived 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 death,
Suggest 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 for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

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

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

King Richard. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, our 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
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Norfolk. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloster's death,
I slew him not, but to mine own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,

A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:
But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor;
Which in myself I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

King Richard. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let 's purge this choler without letting blood.
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

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

King Richard. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

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

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

Norfolk. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,

Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

King Richard. Rage must be withstood.
Give me his gage :—lions make leopards tame.

Norfolk. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
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.

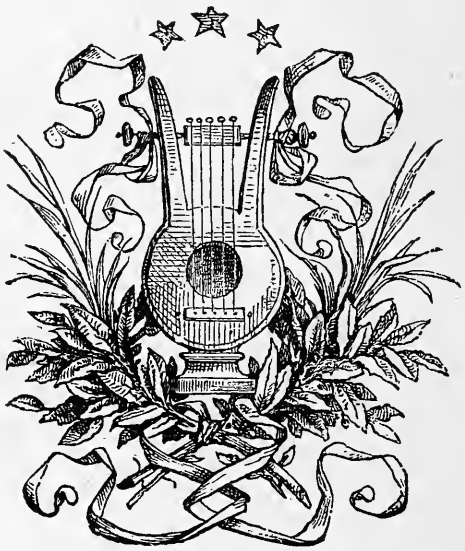
King Richard. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

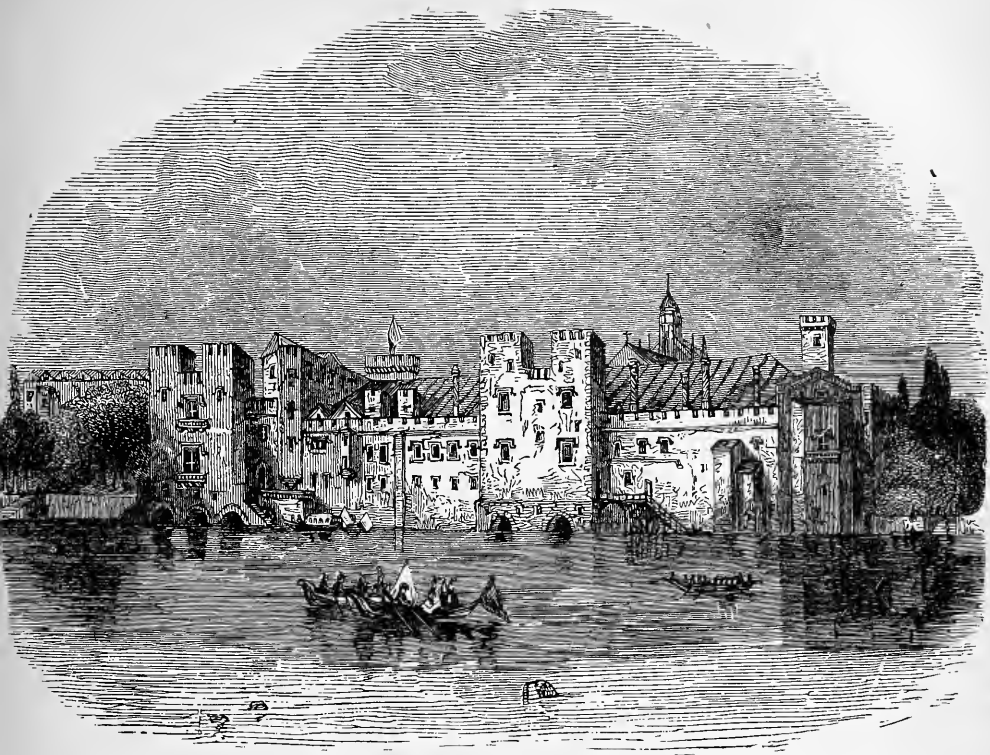
Bolingbroke. O, God defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive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

[*Exit Gaunt.*

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

Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.—
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home alarms. [*Exeunt*





THE SAVOY, THE DUKE OF LANCASTER'S PALACE.

SCENE II. *London. A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace.*

Enter GAUNT *and* DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven,
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duchess. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?

Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
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 hand and murther's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that womb,
That metal, that self mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murther how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in nobler breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.

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

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

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

Duchess. 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,
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 brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.

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

Duchess. Yet one word more. — Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
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—O, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack! and what shall good old York there see
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there
To seek our sorrow that dwells every where.
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Gosford Green, near Coventry.*

Lists set out, and a throne. Heralds, *etc.*, *attending.* *Enter the* Lord Marshal *and* Aumerle.

Marshal. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aumerle. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Marshal. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
Aumerle. Why, then, the champions are prepar'd, 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.

King Richard. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
Marshal. In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms;
Against what man thou com'st, and what 's thy quarrel.
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thine oath;
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!
Norfolk. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,—
Which God defend a knight should violate!—
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE *in armour, preceded by a* Herald.

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

Marshal. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st 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!

Bolingbroke. 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!

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

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

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

King Richard. We will descend and fold him in our arms.—
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.
Bolingbroke. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear:
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;—
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end more sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,— [*To Gaunt.*
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John o' Gaunt,
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.
Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.
Bolingbroke. Mine innocence and Saint George to thrive!
Norfolk. 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,

More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund as to jest
Go I to fight; truth hath a quiet breast.

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

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

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

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

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

Marshal. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.
[*A charge sounded.*
Stay! the king hath thrown his warder down.

King Richard. 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

While we return these dukes what we decree.—
[*A long flourish.*
Draw near, [*To the combatants.*
And list what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords,
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
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;—
Therefore, we banish you our territories.—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

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

King Richard. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—
The hopeless word of 'never to return'
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Norfolk. A heavy sentence, my most gracious liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:

A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now:
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

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

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

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

Bolingbroke. I swear.
Norfolk. And I, to keep all this.
Bolingbroke. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy ;—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm ;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.
Norfolk. No, Bolingbroke : if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence !
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know,
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray :
Save back to England, all the world 's my way. [*Exit.*
King Richard. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart : thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away.—[*To Bolingbroke*] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.
Bolingbroke. How long a time lies in one little word !
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word : such is the breath of kings.
Gaunt. I thank my liege that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile :
But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night ;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

King Richard. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sudden 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,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

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

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

King Richard. Cousin, farewell;—and, uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King Richard and train.*

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

Marshal. 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?

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

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

Bolingbroke. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.
Bolingbroke. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.
Bolingbroke. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.
Bolingbroke. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus:
There is no virtue like necessity;
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king; woe doth the heavier sit
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 com'st:
Suppose the singing-birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Bolingbroke. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
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.

Bolingbroke. Then, England's ground, farewell: sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,—
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Court.*

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

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

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

King Richard. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aumerle. Faith, none for me; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

King Richard. What said our cousin when you parted with him?

Aumerle. 'Farewell:'

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

King Richard. He is our cousin, cousin; but 't is doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd 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 't were to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With, 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;'
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland;
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage and your highness' loss.

King Richard. We will ourself in person to this war:
And, for our coffers, with too great a court
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us

For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.—

Enter BUSHY.

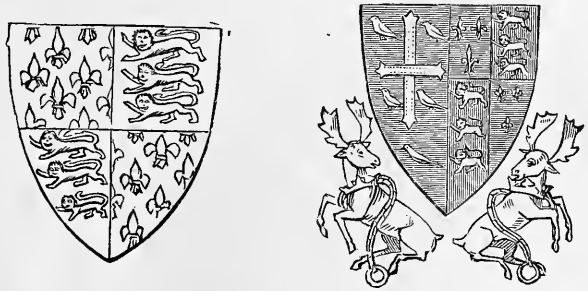
Bushy, what news?

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

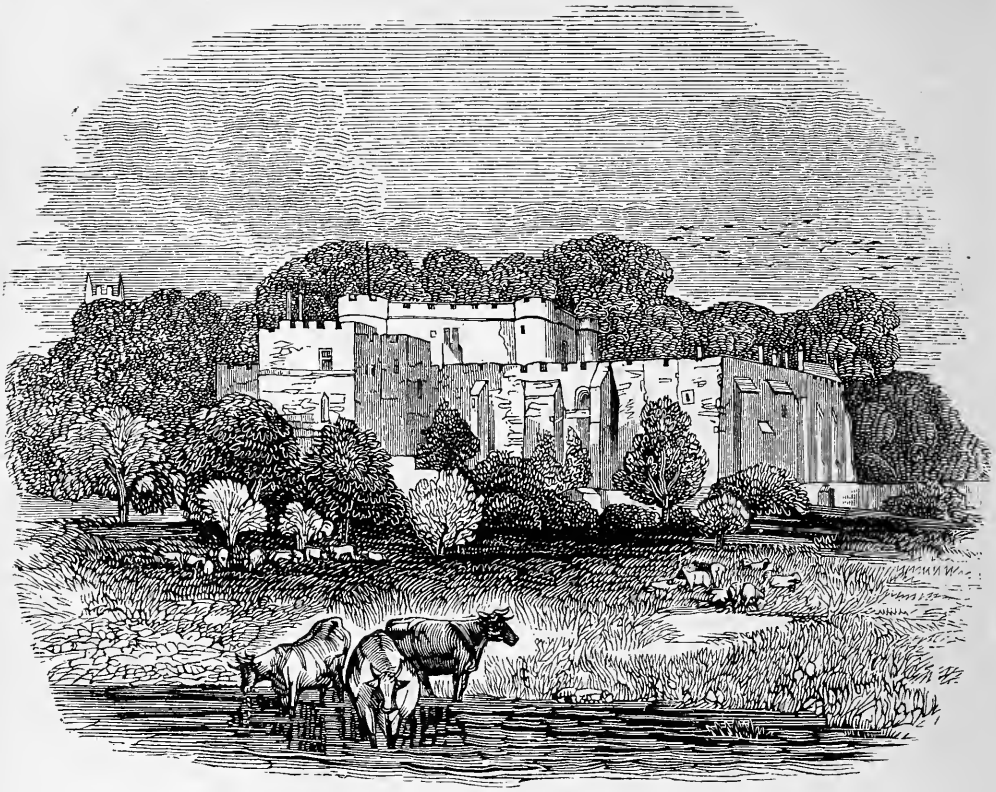
King Richard. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely House.

King Richard. Now put it, God, in 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.*



ARMS OF RICHARD II.



BERKELEY CASTLE (SCENE III.)

ACT II.

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

GAUNT *on a couch; the* DUKE OF YORK *and others standin by him.*

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

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

Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to gloze;
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before.
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises of his state; then, there are found
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—
So it be new, there 's no respect how vile—
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him whose way himself will choose:
'T is breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this 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 of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out—I die pronouncing it—
Like to a tenement or pelting farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

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

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

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

King Richard. What comfort, man? How is 't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!

Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast,—I mean my children's looks;
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

King Richard. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

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

King Richard. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

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

King Richard. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.

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

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

Gaunt. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy anointed 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, encaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
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 bondslave to the law;
And——

King Richard. And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd.
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 crooked age,
To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*

King Richard. And let them die that age and sullens have ;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.
York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him :
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry, Duke of Hereford, were he here.
King Richard. Right, you say true : as Hereford's love, so his ;
As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Northumberland. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.
King Richard. What says he?
Northumberland. Nay, nothing ; all is said.
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.
York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
King Richard. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he ;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be :
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars :
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, have privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, 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, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,

Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first:
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
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.

King Richard. Why, uncle, what 's the matter?

York. O my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
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 that he hath

By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

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

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

King Richard. 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 't is time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England;
For he is just, and always lov'd 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.*

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

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

Willoughby. Barely in title, not in revenue.

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

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

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

Willoughby. Tends that thou'dst speak to the Duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Ross. No good at all that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
Northumberland. Now, afore God, 't is shame such wrongs are borne
In him, a royal prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And lost their hearts; the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Willoughby. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?
Northumberland. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.
Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.
Willoughby. The king 's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
Northumberland. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.
Northumberland. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

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

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

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

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

Northumberland. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Renald Lord Cobham,

. . . . . .

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,—
All these, well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If, then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,

And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurg;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

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

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

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

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which 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 gaz'd upon
Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry
Distinguish form: 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,

More than your lord's departure weep not: more 's not seen;
Or if it be, 't is 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,—though, on thinking, on no thought I think,—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.
Bushy. 'T is nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.
Queen. 'T is nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief,
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve.
'T is in reversion that I do possess,
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 't is 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 hop'st thou so? 't is 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 retir'd his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.
Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!
Green. O madam, 't is too true: and that is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumond, 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
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,

And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir;
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.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.

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

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

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

York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!—
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
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.

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

York. What is 't, knave?

Servant. 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 had not provok'd him to it—
The king had cut off my head with my brother's!—
What, are there no posts despatch'd for Ireland?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say; pray pardon me.—
Go, fellow [*to the Servant*], get thee home, provide some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.—

[*Exit Servant.*

Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I know
How or which way to order these affairs,
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:
The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other, again,
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—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.

[*Exeunt York and Queen*

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,

But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all unpossible.

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

Bagot. And that 's the wavering commons ; for their love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them
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 will for refuge straight to Bristol Castle :
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

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

Bagot. No ; I will to Ireland to his majesty.

Farewell : if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

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

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

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

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt*

"There stands the castle."

Scene III. *The Wilds in Glostershire.*

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Northumberland, *with* Forces.

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

Northumberland. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draws out our miles, and makes them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But I bethink me what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

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 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.

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

Enter HARRY PERCY.

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

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

Northumberland. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

Northumberland. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd when last we spake together.

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

Northumberland. 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.

Northumberland. 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 shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

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

Northumberland. 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 of York, Berkeley, and Seymour;
None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter Ross *and* Willoughby.

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

Bolingbroke. 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.

Willoughby. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

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

Enter Berkeley.

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

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

Bolingbroke. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;

And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

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

Enter YORK, *attended.*

Bolingbroke. I shall not need transport my words by you·
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle! [*Kneels.*

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

Bolingbroke. My gracious uncle!—

York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace'
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But, then, more why,—why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,

Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!
Bolingbroke. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition stands it, and wherein?
York. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.
Bolingbroke. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive: O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold;
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.
Northumberland. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him right.
Willoughby. 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.
Northumberland. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid,
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!
York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms.
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left;
But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king:
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.
Bolingbroke. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your grace to go with us
To 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 loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *A Camp in Wales.*

Enter Salisbury *and a* Captain.

Captain. 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.

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

Captain. 'T is thought the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd 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:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*

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

BRISTOL.

ACT III.

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

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS, *with* BUSHY *and* GREEN *prisoners.*

Bolingbroke. Bring forth these men.—
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—
Since presently your souls must part your bodies—
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 't were 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 disfigur'd clean;
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest-woods,
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my impress, 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.

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

Bolingbroke. My Lord Northumberland, see them despatch'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:
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

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

Bolingbroke. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, 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.

King Richard. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?
Aumerle. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?
King Richard. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee 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 touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms!
Carlisle. Fear not, my lord; that Power that made you king

Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.
Aumerle. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.
King Richard. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murthers 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 murthers, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
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 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?

Salisbury. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, 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, dispers'd, and fled.

Aumerle. Comfort, my liege! why looks your grace so pale?

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

Aumerle. Comfort, my liege! remember who you are.

King Richard. 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?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

King Richard. Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 't was 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 dissolv'd to tears,
So high above his 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 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 learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

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

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

King Richard. 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, 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 in the hollow ground.

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

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

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

King Richard. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:

Let 's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let 's choose executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murther'd: for within the hollow crown

That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends:—subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

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

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

King Richard. Thou chid'st me well.—Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is 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
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke; 200
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.

King Richard. Thou hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth [*To Aumerle.*
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven, I 'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint Castle: there I 'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey. 210
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none.—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aumerle. My liege, one word.

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

SCENE III. *Wales. Before Flint Castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE *and Forces;* YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and others.*

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

Northumberland. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.
York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
To say 'King Richard.'—Alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head!
Northumberland. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.
Bolingbroke. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake: the heavens are o'er your head.
Bolingbroke. I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself
Against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Bolingbroke. 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.
Northumberland. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.
Bolingbroke. Noble lord, [*To Northumberland.*
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,
Provided that my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted.
If not, I 'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rain'd from the wounds of 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.—

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

Let 's march without the noise of threatening drum,
That from the castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
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,
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!

King Richard. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood [*To Northumberland.*
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 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, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends,
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke—for 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;
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,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace

To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.
Northumberland. The King of Heaven forbid our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods—
Currents that spring from one most gracious head—
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.
King Richard. Northumberland, say thus the king returns:
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not, [*To Aumerle.*
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?
Aumerle. No, good my lord; let 's fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

King Richard. O God, O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! O that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I 'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aumerle. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

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

As thus;—to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid, there lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
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, and Bolingbroke says ay.

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

King Richard. Down, down I come; like glistering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*Northumberland retires to Bolingbroke.*

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.*

Bolingbroke. What says his majesty?

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

Enter KING RICHARD *and his* Attendants *below.*

Bolingbroke. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,— [*Kneeling.*

King Richard. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.

Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

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

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

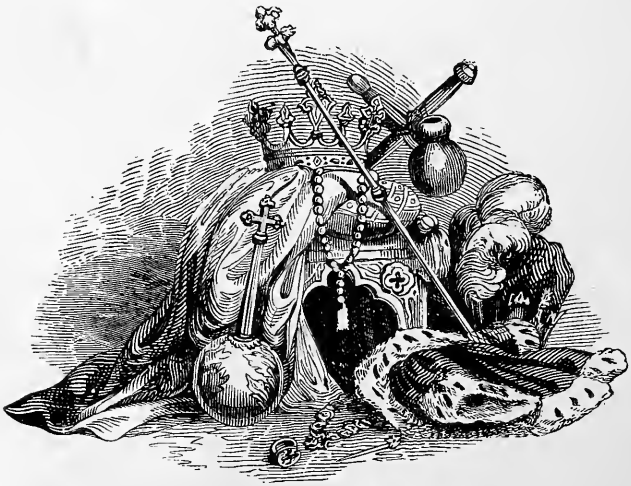
Bolingbroke. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

King Richard. Well you deserve: they well deserve to have
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—
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.
What you will have, I 'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London;—cousin, is it so?

Bolingbroke. Yea, my good lord.

King Richard. Then I must not say no.

[*Flourish. Exeunt*



I 'll give my jewels for a set of beads.

LANGLEY.

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.

Queen. 'T will make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

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

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1 *Lady.* Madam, we 'll tell tales. 10

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.

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

Queen. 'T is well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep.

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

Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.—
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let 's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They 'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: woe is forerun with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*

Enter a Gardener *and two* Servants.

Gardener. 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.

1 *Servant.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law and form and due proportion,

Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gardener. 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.

1 *Servant.* What, are they dead?

Gardener. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—O, what pity is it
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 *Servant.* What! think you, then, the king shall be depos'd?

Gardener. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd
'T is doubt he will be: letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking!— [*Coming forward.*]

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gardener. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe this news; yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are 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,
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.*

Gardener. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she fall a tear; here, in this place.

I 'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

Within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.
(iii. 2. 160.)

EXTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER HALL.

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.

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

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

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

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
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 English Court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?'
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.
Aumerle. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.
Bolingbroke. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.
Aumerle. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.
Fitzwater. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
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 spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deni'st it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.
Aumerle. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

Fitzwater. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.
Aumerle. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
In this appeal as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing: seize it, if thou dar'st.
Aumerle. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun. There is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Aumerle. Who sets me else? by heaven, I 'll throw at all!
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitzwater. My lord, 't is very true; you were in presence then,
And you can witness with me this is true.
Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.
Fitzwater. Surrey, thou liest.
Surrey. 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 dar'st.
Fitzwater. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,

And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies; there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke at Calais.
Aumerle. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.
Bolingbroke. These differences shall all rest under gage
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his lands and signories. When he 's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.
Carlisle. 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, retir'd 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.
Bolingbroke. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Carlisle. As surely as I live, my lord.
Bolingbroke. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

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!

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

Carlisle. Marry, God forbid!—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best 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 judg'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene 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
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest children's children cry against you woe!

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

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

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

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

Re-enter YORK, *with* KING RICHARD, *and* Officers *bearing the crown, etc.*

King Richard. Alack! why am I sent for to a king
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All hail! to me?

So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? Well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

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

King Richard. Give me the crown.—Here, cousin, seize the crown;
On this side my hand, and on that side thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Bolingbroke. I thought you had been willing to resign.

King Richard. My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine.
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

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

King Richard. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Bolingbroke. Are you contented to resign the crown?

King Richard. Ay, no;— no, ay; for I must nothing be;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me, how I will undo myself.—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
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,
And send him many years of sunshine days!—
What more remains?

Northumberland. No more, but that you read
[*Offering a paper.*
These accusations, and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

King Richard. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-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 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 myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

Northumberland. My lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

King Richard. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king,
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a servant, state a peasant.

Northumberland. My lord,——

King Richard. 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 't is usurped.—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water drops!—
Good king,—great king,—and yet not greatly good,—
And if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Bolingbroke. Go, some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

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

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

Bolingbroke. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

Northumberland. The commons will not then be satisfied.

King Richard. They shall be satisfied; I 'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that 's myself.

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? Was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd 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.

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

King Richard. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let 's see:—
'T is 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 tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I 'll beg one boon,
And then begone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Bolingbroke. Name it, fair cousin.

King Richard. Fair cousin! I am greater than a king:
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Bolingbroke. Yet ask.

King Richard. And shall I have?

Bolingbroke. You shall.

King Richard. Then give me leave to go.

Bolingbroke. Whither?

King Richard. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

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

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

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

Bolingbroke. 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.

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

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

Abbot. My lord,
Before I freely speak my mind herein,

You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
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.*

GREAT SEAL OF RICHARD II.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN *and* Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.

Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting 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;
Thou map of honour; thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

King Richard. 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 awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What! is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd 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; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

King Richard. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
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 grief
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND *attended.*

Northumberland. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

King Richard. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
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 urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death.

Northumberland. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.
King Richard. Doubly divorc'd!—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made.—
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France, from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.
Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?
King Richard. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.
Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.
Northumberland. That were some love, but little policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes thither let me go.
King Richard. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off than near be, ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.
King Richard. 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.
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; 't were no good part
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.—[*They kiss again.*
So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

King Richard. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *London. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.*

Enter YORK *and his* DUCHESS.

Duchess. 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?

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

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider 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
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once,
'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—'I thank you, countrymen:'
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duchess. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the whilst?

York. As in a theatre the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd 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.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Duchess. Here comes my son Aumerle.

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

Enter AUMERLE.

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

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

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

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

York. You will be there, I know.

Aumerle. If God prevent it not, I purpose so.

York. What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aumerle. My lord, 't is nothing.

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

Aumerle. I do beseech your grace to pardon me.
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—
Duchess. What should you fear?
'T is 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.
Aumerle. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.
York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say. 71
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!
Duchess. What 's the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who 's within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy, what treachery is here!
Duchess. 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,
I will appeach the villain. [*Exit Servant.*
Duchess. What 's the matter? 80
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duchess. I will not peace.—What is the matter, son?
Aumerle. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
Duchess. Thy life answer!
York. Bring me my boots:—I will unto the king.

Re-enter Servant *with boots.*

Duchess. Strike him, Aumerle. — Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.—
Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.
[*To the Servant.*

York. Give me my boots, I say.
Duchess. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons, or are we like to have?
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 mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Duchess. He shall be none;
We 'll keep him here: then what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son
I would appeach him.
Duchess. Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman! [*Exit.*
Duchess. 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.
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, begone!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Windsor. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE *as King*, PERCY, *and other* Lords.

Bolingbroke. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'T is full three months since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 't is he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found.
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
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 these triumphs held at Oxford.

Bolingbroke. 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.

Bolingbroke. As dissolute as desperate: yet through both
I see some sparks of better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.—
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE *hastily.*

Aumerle. Where is the king?

Bolingbroke. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

Aumerle. God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

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

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aumerle. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [*Kneels.*

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

Bolingbroke. Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after love I pardon thee.
Aumerle. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
Bolingbroke. Have thy desire. [*Aumerle locks the door.*
York [*within*]. My liege, beware! look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Bolingbroke. Villain, I 'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*
Aumerle. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause to fear.
York [*within*]. Open the door, secure 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 locks it again.*

Enter YORK.

Bolingbroke. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aumerle. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd.
I do repent me; read not my name there:
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
Bolingbroke. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current and defil'd himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.
York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man 's put to death.
Duchess [*within*]. What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let me in.
Bolingbroke. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?
Duchess. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 't is I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.
Bolingbroke. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King.*—
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 rests sound;
This let alone will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duchess. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man!
Love, loving not itself, none other can.
York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
Duchess. Sweet York, be patient.—Hear me, gentle liege.
[*Kneels.*
Bolingbroke. Rise up, good aunt.
Duchess. Not yet, I thee beseech:

For ever will I kneel 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.

Aumerle. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.
[*Kneels.*

York. Against them both my true joints bended be.
[*Kneels.*

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duchess. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul, and all beside:
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 ought to have.

Bolingbroke. Good aunt, stand up.

Duchess. Nay, do not say 'stand up;'
But 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up.'
And if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say 'pardon,' king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; say *pardonnez-moi.*

Duchess. 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 't is current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there;
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee 'pardon' to rehearse.
Bolingbroke. Good aunt, stand up.
Duchess. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.
Bolingbroke. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.
Duchess. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.
Bolingbroke. With all my heart
I pardon him.
Duchess. A god on earth thou art.
Bolingbroke. But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and, cousin mine, adieu;
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Duchess. Come, my old son:—I pray God make thee new.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *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?

Servant. Those were his very words.

Exton. 'Have I no friend?' quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together, did he not?

Servant. He did.

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

SCENE V. *Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.*

Enter KING RICHARD.

King Richard. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I 'll hammer it out.
My brain I 'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:
As thus,—'Come, little ones;' and then again,—
'It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.'
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;

And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
That many have, and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd 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,
And straight am nothing.—But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Music do I hear? [*Music.*
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 hear time broke in a disorder'd string,
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth Time waste me;
For now hath Time made me his numbering clock:
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, for 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,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This music mads me: let it sound no more;
For though it have holp madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 't is a sign of love, and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

King Richard. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how com'st thou hither,
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 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!

King Richard. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proud as if he had disdain'd the ground.

King Richard. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,—

Since pride must have a fall,—and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be awed by man,

Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper *with a dish.*

Keeper. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
[*To the Groom.*

King Richard. If thou love me, 't is 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?

King Richard. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keeper. My lord, I dare not. Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

King Richard. 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.*

King Richard. How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thine 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-quenching 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.

Bolingbroke. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

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

[*Presenting a paper.*

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

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitzwater. 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.

Bolingbroke. 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;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.
Bolingbroke. 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 liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, *with* 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 Bordeaux, by me hither brought.
Bolingbroke. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head and all this famous land.
Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.
Bolingbroke. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murtherer, love him murthered.
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.
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.*

You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
(iv. 1. 323.)

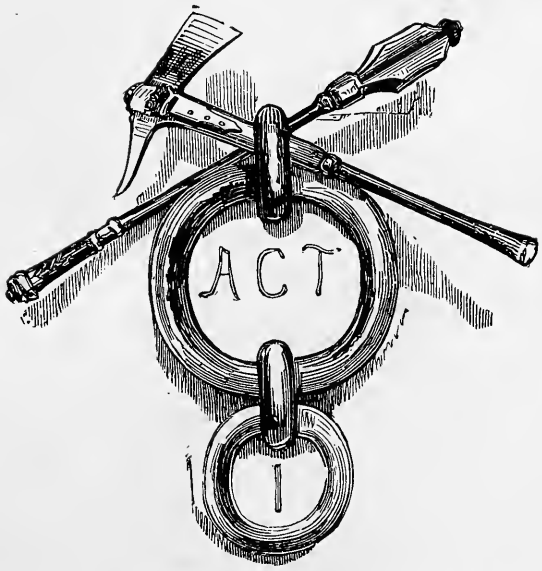
NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
Adv. of L., Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*.
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
C., Craik's *English of Shakespeare* (Rolfe's edition).
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of *Shakespeare*, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Coll., Collier.
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
C. P. ed., "Clarendon Press" edition of *Richard II.*
D., Dyce.
F., Fowler's *English Language* (8vo edition).
F. Q., Spenser's *Faërie Queene*.
Foll., following.
H., Hudson.
Hen. VIII. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Henry VIII.*
Id. (*idem*), the same.
Ind., Induction.
J., Johnson.
J. C. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Julius Cæsar*.
K., Knight.
Mätzner, *English Grammar*, trans. by Grece (London, 1874).
Mer., Rolfe's edition of *The Merchant of Venice*.
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
P. L., Milton's *Paradise Lost*.
Prol., Prologue.
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Shep. Kal., Spenser's *Shepherd's Kalendar*.
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Temp. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *The Tempest*.
Theo., Theobald.
V., Verplanck.
Var. ed., the *Variorum* edition of Shakespeare (1821).
W., White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1864).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *A Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

NOTES.



SCENE I.—Most of the editors place the scene in London, but according to Holinshed (see extract below) it occurred "within the castle of Windsor." The early quartos and folios do not indicate where the scene is laid.

The following is Holinshed's account of the events referred to in this scene, the spelling being modernized:

"It fell forth that in this parliament holden at Shrewsbury, Henry, Duke of Hereford, accused Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, of certain words which he should utter in talk had betwixt them, as they rode together lately before betwixt London and Brainford, sounding highly to the King's dishonour. And for further proof thereof, he presented a supplication to the King, wherein he appealed the Duke of Norfolk in field of battle for a traitor, false and disloyal to the King, and enemy unto the realm. This supplication was read before both the dukes in presence of the King: which done, the Duke of Norfolk took upon him to answer it,

declaring that whatsoever the Duke of Hereford had said against him other than well he lied falsely, like an untrue knight as he was: and when the King asked of the Duke of Hereford what he said to it, he, taking his hood off his head, said: 'My sovereign lord, even as a supplication which I took you importeth, right so I say for truth, that Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, is a traitor, false and disloyal to your Royal Majesty, your crown, and to all the states of your realm.'

"Then the Duke of Norfolk being asked what he said to this, he answered: 'Right dear lord, with your favour that I make answer into your cousin here, I say (your reverence saved) that Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, like a false and disloyal traitor as he is, doth lie in that he hath or shall say of me otherwise than well.' 'No more,' said the King; 'we have heard enough:' and herewith commanded the Duke of Surrey, for that turn Marshal of England, to arrest, in his name, the two dukes."

The narrative proceeds to state that Norfolk was imprisoned in Windsor Castle, while the Duke of Lancaster and others became sureties for the appearance of Hereford.

The play opens with the facts described as follows: "Now, after the dissolving of the parliament at Shrewsbury, there was a day appointed, about six weeks after, for the King to come unto Windsor to hear and to take some order betwixt the two dukes which had thus appealed each other. There was a great scaffold erected within the Castle of Windsor for the King to sit with the lords and prelates of his realm; and so, at the day appointed, he, with the said lords and prelates, being come thither and set in their places, the Duke of Hereford, appellant, and the Duke of Norfolk, defendant, were sent for to come and appear before the King sitting there in his seat of justice. . . . The King commanded the Dukes of Aumerle and Surrey, the one being constable and the other marshal, to go unto the two dukes, appellant and defendant, requiring them, on his behalf, to grow to some agreement, and, for his part, he would be ready to pardon all that had been said or done amiss betwixt them touching any harm or dishonour to him or his realm; but they answered both assuredly that it was not possible to have any peace or agreement made betwixt them. When he heard what they had answered, he commanded that they should be brought forthwith before his presence, to hear what they would say. . . . When they were come before the King and lords, the King spake himself to them, willing them to agree and make peace together, 'for it is,' said he, 'the best way ye can take.'

"The Duke of Norfolk, with due reverence, hereunto answered that it could not be so brought to pass, his honour saved. Then the King asked of the Duke of Hereford what it was that he demanded of the Duke of Norfolk, and what is the matter that ye cannot make peace together, and become friends?

"Then stood forth a knight, that asking and obtaining a license to speak for the Duke of Hereford, said: 'Right dear and sovereign lord, here is Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford and Earl of Derby, who saith, and I for him likewise say, that Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, is a false and disloyal traitor to you and your Royal Majesty, and to

your whole realm: and likewise the Duke of Hereford saith, and I for him, that Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, hath received 8000 nobles to pay the soldiers that keep your town of Calais, which he hath not done as he ought: and furthermore, the said Duke of Norfolk hath been the occasion of all the treason that hath been contrived in your realm for the space of these eighteen years, and by his false suggestions and malicious counsel hath caused to die and to be murdered your right dear uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, son to King Edward. Moreover, the Duke of Hereford saith, and I for him, that he will prove this with his body, against the body of the said Duke of Norfolk, within lists.'

"The King herewith waxed angry, and asked the Duke of Hereford if these were his words, who answered: 'Right dear lord, they are my words, and hereof I require right and the battle against him.'

"There was a knight also that asked license to speak for the Duke of Norfolk, and obtaining it, began to answer thus: 'Right dear sovereign lord, here is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, who answereth and saith, and I for him, that all that Henry of Lancaster hath said and declared (saving the reverence due to the King and his council) is a lie, and the said Henry of Lancaster hath falsely and wickedly lied, as a false and disloyal knight, and both hath been and is a traitor against you, your crown, Royal Majesty, and realm. This will I prove and defend as becometh a loyal knight to do, with my body against his.' . . .

"The King then demanded of the Duke of Norfolk if these were his words, and whether he had any more to say. The Duke of Norfolk then answered for himself: 'Right dear sir, true it is that I have received so much gold to pay your people of the town of Calais, which I have done; and I do avouch that your town of Calais is as well kept at your commandment as ever it was at any time before, and that there never hath been by any of Calais any complaint made unto you of me. Right dear and my sovereign lord, for the voyage that I made into France about your marriage I never received either gold or silver of you, nor yet for the voyage that the Duke of Aumerle and I made into Almaigne, where we spent great treasure. Marry, true it is that once I laid an ambush to have slain the Duke of Lancaster that there sitteth; but, nevertheless, he hath pardoned me thereof, and there was good peace made betwixt us, for the which I yield him hearty thanks. This is that which I have to answer, and am ready to defend myself against mine adversary. I beseech you, therefore, of right, and to have the battle against him in upright judgment.'

"After this, when the King had communed with his council a little, he commanded the two dukes to stand forth, that their answers might be heard. The King then caused them once again to be asked if they would agree and make peace together, and they both flatly answered that they would not; and withal the Duke of Hereford cast down his gage, and the Duke of Norfolk took it up. The King, perceiving this demeanour betwixt them, swore by St. John Baptist that he would never seek to make peace betwixt them again. And therewith Sir John Bushy, in name of the King and his council, declared that the King and his council had commanded and ordained that they should have a day of battle ap-

pointed them at Coventry. Here writers disagree about the day that was appointed; for some say it was upon a Monday in August; others upon St. Lambert's Day, being the 17th of September; others on the 11th of September. But true it is that the King assigned them not only the day, but also appointed them lists and place for the combat; and thereupon great preparation was made, as to such a matter appertained."

1. *Old John of Gaunt.* John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the fourth son of Edward III., was born at Ghent in Flanders; whence his surname. As he was born in 1340, he was only fifty-eight years of age at the time when the play opens. Some of the editors seem to think that it is for poetical effect that S. represents Gaunt as a very old man; but he speaks in accordance with the common estimate of age in that day, when the average duration of life was considerably less than now. Malone remarks that Daniel, in his poem of *Rosamond*, describes King Henry as extremely old, though he was only fifty-six when he died. Spenser calls Robert, Earl of Leicester, an old man in 1582, but he was not then fifty; and Coligny is represented by his biographer, Lord Huntington, as an aged man, though he died at fifty-three. Many other examples of the kind might be given.

2. *Band.* That is, *bond*, the words being formerly interchangeable. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 2. 49: "Tell me, was he arrested on a band?" and again *Id.* iv. 3. 32: "he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band." The reference here is to the pledges that Gaunt had given for his son's appearance. See extract from Holinshed above.

3. *Herefo^rd.* The word is generally spelled *Herford* or *Harford* in the early eds. Henry was called *Bolingbroke* from his birthplace in Lincolnshire.

4. *The boisterous late appeal.* The violent accusation at Shrewsbury six weeks before. See Holinshed above. *Appeal*=impeachment. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 5. 12: "upon his own appeal." The verb is used in a similar sense, as below in lines 9 and 27; also in i. 3. 21: "the Duke of Hereford that appeals me."

12. *Argument.* Matter, subject; as often.

13. *Apparent.* Evident, manifest. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 198: "these apparent prodigies," and see note in our ed. It is used in the same sense in iv. 1. 124: "apparent guilt."

16. *Ourselves.* S. uses *ourselves* and *ourself* interchangeably in this "regal" sense. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 8: "What touches us ourself," etc. In iii. 3. 127, below, the quartos have *our selves*, the folio *our selfe.*

18. *High-stomach'd.* High-tempered, proud. Cf. *stomach*=pride, in *Hen. VIII.* iv. 2. 34: "Of an unbounded stomach." In *Temp.* i. 2. 157 (see our note) it means courage, as in *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 35: "He which hath no stomach to this fight," etc.

20. *Many years*, etc. Pope suggested "May many," which D. adopts. The Coll. MS. has "Full many." Abbott (Gr. 480) thinks that "years" may perhaps be read as a dissyllable.

22. *Other's.* On the omission of the article cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 230: "every

time gentler than other;" *Oth.* ii. 3. 183: "tilting one at other's breast;" *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 239: "Wink each at other," etc. Gr. 12.

23. *Envying.* Accent on second syllable, as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 18: "Is it for him you do envy me so?" Gr. 490. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 1, 13:

"Let later age that noble use envy;"

and *Id.* iv. 4, 44:

"Which Cambell seeing much the same envyde."

26. *The cause you come.* That is, *on* or *for which* you come. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 55:

"Declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head;"

and see Gr. 244.

28. *Object.* Used transitively and in a stronger sense than now. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 116: "This blot that they object against your house." The preposition *to* is used after it in *Rich. III.* ii. 4. 17: "In him that did object the same to thee."

32. *Tendering.* Cherishing, holding dear; as often in S. Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 4 72:

"and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours!"

Hen. V. ii. 2. 175: "But we our kingdom's safety must so tender;" *R. and J.* iii. 1. 74: "which name I tender As dearly as my own;" etc.

33. *And free from other misbegotten hate.* This is the reading of all the early eds. The Coll. MS. has "wrath or misbegotten hate," but Coll. does not adopt it in his 2d ed.

Misbegotten = "of a bad origin" (Schmidt).

34. *Appellant.* The modern spelling of *appealant* = impeacher, accuser. See on 4.

38. *Divine.* Partaking of the nature of God, proceeding from God. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 6. 33: "the divine forfeit of his soul" = the forfeit of his divine soul (C. P. ed.).

43. *To aggravate the note.* To intensify the stigma. Cf. *R. of L.* 208:

"That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones;"

and *L. L. L.* v. 2. 75:

"Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote."

46. *Right-drawn.* "Drawn in a right or just cause" (Johnson).

49. *Eager.* Sharp. Cf. *Ham.* i. 4. 2: "a nipping and an eager air;" 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 6. 68: "vex him with eager swords." The word is the French *aigre*, Latin *acer*, sharp, sour. It means sour in *Ham.* i. 5. 69 "like eager droppings into milk;" and in *Sonn.* 118. 2:

"Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;"

that is, with piquant or "bitter sauces," as explained in the context.

50. *Can arbitrate.* *That* can decide. Gr. 244.

54. *Fair reverence.* Just or becoming reverence. Cf. below, iii. 3. 188: "fair duty to his majesty."

56. *Post.* Speed, hasten. Cf. iii. 4. 90, and v. 2. 112.

57. *Doubled.* The folio has "doubly."

63. *Tied.* Bound, obliged. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 217: "And I am tied to be obedient."

65. *Inhabitable.* Not habitable. Steevens quotes B. J., *Catiline*, v. 1. 54: "And pour'd on some inhabitable place." Cf. T. Heywood's *Gen. Hist. 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." S. uses the word nowhere else.

On the passage cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 104: "dare me to the desert with thy sword."

67. *This.* That is, this protest.

70. *The king.* The reading of the quarto of 1597. The other quartos and the folio have "a king," which W. prefers, as it makes Bolingbroke "disclaim not only the protection and alliance of his particular sovereign, but all immunity of royal blood."

72. *Except.* St. says the word is used in "the old sense of to put a bar to, or stay action." Schmidt makes it=to object to. Cf. *T. N.* i. 3. 7: "Let her except before excepted." We find "except against" in *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 83, and ii. 4. 155.

74. *Honour's pawn.* The gage thrown down. The expression is used in the same sense in iv. 1. 55 and 70.

75. *Else.* Other, besides this. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 26: "putting all affairs else in oblivion," etc.

77. This is the reading of the folio. The 1st quarto has "What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise;" the 2d, "What I have spoke, or thou canst devise;" the 3d and 4th, "What I have spoke, or what thou canst devise."

80, 81. "The general sense of these somewhat obscure lines seems to be: 'I will meet you on any fair terms, or in any form of combat prescribed by the laws of chivalry'" (C. P. ed.).

82. *Light.* Alight, dismount. Cf. *J. C.* v. 3. 31: "Now some light. O, he lights too;" also *Gen.* xxiv. 64; 2 *Kings*, v. 21, etc.

85. *Inherit us.* Put us in possession; the only instance of this use of the word in S. For *inherit*=possess, see below, ii. 1. 83; also *R. and J.* i. 2. 30; *T. A.* ii. 3. 3; *Cymb.* iii. 2. 63; etc. Gr. 290.

88. *Nobles.* A gold coin, worth 6*s.* 8*d.* See below, on v. 5. 67.

89. *Lendings.* Money in trust. It should have been used for paying the garrison of Calais. The word is used by S. nowhere else except in *Lear*, iii. 4. 113: "Off, off, you lendings!" that is, the clothes which the mad king throws away.

90. *The which.* See Gr. 270.

Lewd. Base, wicked. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 13: "Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts!" See also Milton, *P. L.* 192:

> "So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
> So since into his church lewd hirelings climb."

The word (see Wb.) first meant laical as opposed to clerical; thence,

unlearned, ignorant; thence, mean, vile; and at last it got its present restricted meaning.

91. *Injurious.* Insolent in wrong-doing. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 86: "Thou injurious thief!"

95. *Eighteen years.* That is, since the insurrection of Wat Tyler, in 1381.

96. *Complotted.* Plotted. So below, i. 3. 189: "To plot, contrive, or complot any ill." The noun *complot* is similarly used; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 147: "Their complot is to have my life;" *T. of A.* ii. 3. 265: "the complot of this timeless tragedy;" *Id.* v. 1. 65: "complots of mischief," etc.

97. *Fetch'd.* The folio reading. The 1st quarto has "Fetch."

100. *The Duke of Gloster.* Thomas of Woodstock, seventh son of Edward III., one of the leaders in the opposition to Richard's favourites. He was accused of treason by the Duke of Norfolk, then Earl of Nottingham, and the Duke of Aumerle, and was put to death at Calais in 1397.

101. *Suggest his soon-believing adversaries.* Secretly incite his enemies ready to believe anything against him. Cf. *Sonn.* 144:

> "Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
> Which like two spirits do suggest me still."

The noun *suggestion* is used in the sense of prompting to evil, temptation, in *Temp.* ii. 1. 288; *Id.* iv. 1. 26, etc.

104. *Which blood.* For the repetition of the antecedent, see Gr. 269. Cf. *Gen.* iv. 10.

106. *To me.* As the son of his eldest surviving brother.

107. *Worth.* Excellence, dignity. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 56:

> "I know the gentleman
> To be of worth and worthy estimation;"

Id. iii. 1. 107: "a youthful gentleman of worth."

109. *How high a pitch*, etc. The expression is taken from the language of falconry. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 11: "Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;" *J. C.* i. 1. 78:

> "These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
> Will make him fly an ordinary pitch."

113. *Slander of his blood.* "This reproach to his ancestry" (Steevens). "This disgrace of his race" (Schmidt). Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 84: "Such slanders of the age;" *Rich. III.* i. 3. 231, etc.

116. *Our kingdom's heir.* The folio reading; the 1st quarto has "my kingdom's."

119. *Neighbour.* An adjective, as in *V. and A.* 830; *L. L. L.* v. 2. 94; *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 79; *R. and J.* ii. 6. 27, and other passages. The word is also used as a verb; as in *V. and A.* 259; *W. T.* i. 2. 449, etc.

120. *Partialize.* To make partial; found nowhere else in S. Cotgrave gives it as a translation of the French *partialiser* (C. P. ed.).

126. *Receipt.* The money received (88). Cf. *Cor.* i. 1. 116, where it is used of the food received by the stomach: "the mutinous parts That envied his receipt." See also *R. of L.* 703.

127. *Duly.* The word is found only in the 1st quarto.

129. *For that.* See Gr. 151.

130. *Upon remainder of a dear account.* On account of the balance of a heavy debt still due. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 337: "Claudio shall render me a dear account." The Coll. MS. has "clear account," which Sr. adopts.

131. He went to France in 1395 to arrange a marriage between Richard and Isabel, the daughter of Charles VI., then only eight years old.

133. Holinshed says that Mowbray offended the king by taking too much time for the business.

140. *Exactly.* Schmidt is doubtful whether this means "earnestly" or "expressly." The C. P. ed. explains it, "in precise and distinct terms, without the omission of any detail."

142. *Appeal'd.* Charged against me. See on 4 above.

144. *Recreant.* An adjective here = cowardly or faithless. The primitive meaning (from Lat. *recredere*) is apostate.

145. *In myself.* In my own person. Gr. 162.

149. *Overweening.* Arrogant, presumptuous. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 34: "Here 's an overweening rogue!"

150. *In haste whereof.* To expedite which. Gr. 174.

152. *Wrath-kindled gentlemen.* So in folio; the 1st quarto has "gentleman." Coll. defends the latter on the ground that the king was addressing Norfolk, who had just concluded his angry speech. Bolingbroke, he says, was not so properly angry, and moreover had had time to cool. But line 156 ("conclude, and be agreed") shows that both are addressed.

153. *Choler.* There is a play upon the two meanings of the word, wrath and bile.

154. *Physician.* Four syllables, like the rhyming word *incision.* See Gr. 479.

156. *Conclude.* Come to terms, agree. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 145:

> "where gentry, title, wisdom
> Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
> Of general ignorance."

157. *No time to bleed.* The folio reading; the 1st quarto has "no month." Bleeding was then considered advisable only at certain seasons, as spring and autumn.

160. On *shall* for *will* see Gr. 315.

162. *When, Harry, when?* An expression of impatience. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 5: "When, Lucius, when?" See *Temp.* p. 119, and Gr. 73*a*.

164. *There is no boot.* As we say, "It 's of no use." Cf. *T. of S.* v. 2. 176: "Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;" 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 6. 52: "Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot." Cf. also the use of the verb (=avail) in iii. 4. 18 below: "And what I want it boots not to complain;" Milton, *Lyc.* 64: "Alas, what boots it," etc.

168. The antecedent of *that* is *name.* For the transposition cf. iii. 2. 38.

170. *Baffled.* "Originally a punishment of infamy, inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was hanging them up by the heels" Nares). Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 7, 27:

"And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,
And baffuld so, that all which passed by
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like ensample warned bee,
How ever they through treason doe trespasse."

Hence the word came to mean, to use contemptuously in any manner; as in *T. N.* v. 1. 377: "Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!" The present meaning (to balk, frustrate) is not found in S.

171. On the metaphor, see Gr. 529(5).

172. *The which.* See Gr. 270. On *heart-blood*, see Gr. 22.

173. *Which.* The antecedent is implied in the preceding *his.* Gr. 218; and for *which*=who, Gr. 265.

174. Malone says that "the Norfolk crest was a golden leopard;" but it was and is a golden lion. The leopard seems to be mentioned here merely as an inferior animal.

175. *His spots.* Pope changed "his" to "their;" but the former is the word in *Jer.* xiii. 23, which Norfolk has in mind.

180. On the metaphor, see Gr. 522.

184. *Dear my liege.* See Gr. 13.

186. *Throw down.* The folio reading; the 1st quarto has "throw up."

187. In the folio *God* is changed to "Heaven," in accordance with an Act of Parliament (3 James I. cap. 21) entitled "An Act to restrain the abuses of Players," in which the name of God was forbidden to be used in stage-plays, etc.

The quartos have "deep sin."

189. *Beggar-fear.* The reading of the 1st quarto and 1st and 2d folios. The 2d, 3d, and 4th quartos have "begger-face;" the 3d and 4th folios, "beggar'd fear."

Impeach my height. Detract from my dignity. *Impeach* (Fr. *empêcher*) at first meant to hinder; as in Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 3, 53: "That therefore nought our passage may empeach;" *Id.* iii. 11, 11: "and swelling throbs empeach His strugling toung." Then it got the meaning "to accuse"—perhaps, as has been suggested, because an accused person is held for trial, and his free action thus *hindered.* Here perhaps the two meanings are blended.

190. *Outdar'd.* Defied. Some take it as=outdaring, audacious. Cf. *outspoken*=outspeaking, *lean-look'd* (ii. 4. 11 below)=lean-looking, etc. See Gr. 294.

Ere my tongue, etc. On the figure, see Gr. 529(5).

192. *Parle.* Parley, or the trumpet-call for one; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 16: "Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle."

193. *Motive.* Moving power, instrument; that is, the tongue. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 4. 20:

"As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband;"

T. and C. iv. 5. 57: "every joint and motive of her body."

194. "It may be doubted whether *his* refers to the tongue (used for the modern *its*) or to Mowbray. Either yields a reasonable sense" (C. P. ed.).

199. *St. Lambert's day.* September 17th.

201. *Difference.* Quarrel, contention. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 171:

> "Are you acquainted with the difference
> That holds this present question in the court?"

202. *Atone.* Reconcile, make *at one.* Cf. *Oth.* iv. 1. 244: "I would do much To atone them." It is also used intransitively (=agree) as in *Cor.* iv. 6. 72:

> "He and Aufidius can no more atone
> Than violentest contrariety."

You shall see. The reading of all the early eds. except 1st quarto, which has "we shall see."

203. *Design the victor's chivalry.* "Designate, by the result of the contest, the true knight." *Design* is used in its etymological sense, to point out (Lat. *designare*). Schmidt makes *justice* the object of *design.*

204. *Lord marshal.* D. (following Capell) omits *Lord*, and refers to i. 3. 10: "Marshal, demand," etc. See also i. 3. 26 and 99. Abbott (Gr. 489) thinks that *marshal* may be a "quasi-monosyllable" here. It would be better perhaps to consider it a trisyllable (Delius conjectures "Lord marishal"), as it seems to be in 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 70 and 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 2. The line would then be an Alexandrine.

As Norfolk was himself Earl Marshal of England, a deputy was appointed for this occasion. This, as Holinshed informs us, was Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey.

205. *Be ready.* Abbott (Gr. 311) remarks that it is doubtful whether *be* is the subjunctive or the infinitive with *to* omitted. He prefers (as we do) the former, supplying *that* after *command.* Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 539:

> "Some one take order Buckingham be brought
> To Salisbury."

SCENE II.—The Duke of Lancaster's palace, where the scene is laid, was situated on the banks of the Thames. It was known as "the Savoy," having anciently been the seat of Peter, Earl of Savoy, uncle to Eleanor, queen of Henry III. Upon his death it devolved to the queen, who gave it to her second son, Edmund, afterwards Earl of Lancaster. From that time it was used as the London palace of the earls and dukes of that house. John of Gaunt married Blanche, the daughter of Henry, the first *duke* of Lancaster. Blanche was co-heiress with her sister Matilda to the vast estates of this duchy; and on the death of Matilda, without issue, John of Gaunt became possessed of all the property, in right of his wife, and was himself made Duke of Lancaster.

The Savoy was burnt by the rebels, June 13, 1381, and rebuilt in the time of Henry VII. as the Hospital of St. John the Baptist. The only remnant of the edifice that has come down to our day is the chapel, which was restored by Queen Victoria in 1865, after a fire in 1864, which destroyed everything but the walls. The new wood ceiling is a copy of the old, its 138 compartments being filled with sacred devices and arms of the Dukes of Lancaster.

The Duchess of Gloucester was Eleanor Bohun, daughter of Hum-

phrey, Earl of Hereford. Her only sister was Mary, the wife of Henry, the Bolingbroke of this play, who was created Duke of Hereford in 1397.

1. *The part I had in Gloster's blood.* My relationship to Gloster.

Gloster's is the reading of the folio; the quartos have "Woodstock's," which is adopted by St. and some other modern editors.

2. *Exclaims.* Exclamations; as in *Rich. III.* i. 2. 52: "deep exclaims." Cf. *commends*=commendations, iii. 1. 38 and iii. 3. 126 below, and in *M. of V.* ii. 1. 90; *accuse*=accusation, 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 160; *impose*=imposition, *T. G. of V.* iv. 3. 8, etc. See Gr. 451.

5. *Which made the fault*, etc. "Which ordained the incapacity, that we subjects cannot inflict punishment on the king." *That we cannot correct* is explanatory of *fault.*

6. *Put we.* A 1st person imperative not unusual in S. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 8. 118: "Come, go we in procession to the village;" and just below (127): "Do we all holy rites." Abbott calls it the "subjunctive used optatively or imperatively." See Gr. 364.

7. *They see.* Pope reads "it sees," and Steevens "he sees." But S. elsewhere uses "Heaven" as a plural. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 173: "But Heaven hath pleas'd it so . . . That I must be their scourge and minister;" *Oth.* iv. 2. 47: "Had it pleas'd Heaven To try me with affliction, had they rain'd," etc.; *Per.* i. 4. 16: "if Heaven slumber while their creatures want, They may awake their helps to comfort them." In *R. of L.* 345, "the eternal power" is similarly followed by a plural pronoun; and the C. P. ed. points out that in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 71, "hell" is used in the same way.

In the present passage, however, "they" may possibly refer to "hands," as W. and Sr. explain it.

Hours. A dissyllable here, as often. See Gr. 480.

11. *Edward's seven sons.* The sons of Edward III. were—1. Edward the Black Prince (1330–1376); 2. William of Hatfield (1336–1344); 3. Lionel of Antwerp, Duke of Clarence (1338–1368); 4. John of Gaunt (1340–1399); 5. Edmund of Langley, Earl of Cambridge and Duke of York (1341–1402); 6. William of Windsor (died young); 7. Thomas of Woodstock, Earl of Buckingham and Duke of Gloucester (1355–1397).

14, 15. "A natural death, which the destinies had brought to Edward, the two Williams, and Lionel, is contrasted with the violent death which befel Gloucester" (C. P. ed.).

Destinies. A dissyllable, like *flourishing* in 18. See Gr. 467.

20. *Faded.* The folio has "vaded," which is only another form of the same word. Cf. *P. P.* 131: "Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded;" *Id.* 170: "A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;" *Id.* 174: "Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour," etc.

23. *That metal.* The quartos have "mettall" or "mettal;" the folio "mettle." The early eds. make no distinction between *metal* and *mettle*, using either for the literal or the metaphorical meaning.

Self mould. Self-same mould. Gr. 20.

28. *Model.* Copy, image. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iv. 2. 132: "The model of

our chaste loves, his young daughter;" *Per.* ii. 2. 10: "for princes are A model which heaven makes like itself," etc.

30. *In suffering.* For the construction, see Gr. 164.

32. *Murther.* The old spelling, used as late as the last century. Cf. Gray, *The Bard*, 88: "With many a foul and midnight murther fed." But *murder* was also used in the time of S. The folio has "murther" here, but "Murders" in 21 above.

33. *Safeguard.* Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 176: "Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries." Cf. Gr. 290.

36. *Venge.* Not to be printed *'venge*, as by most of the editors, and by Abbott in Gr. 460. It is the Fr. *venger* (Lat. *vindicare*), but has now given place to *avenge* and *revenge*. Cf. *vengeance* and *vengeful*.

39. *The which.* See Gr. 270.

40. *I may never lift.* See Gr. 307, 310.

42. *Complain myself.* Reflexive, like the Fr. *se complaindre*. Gr. 296.

44. The measure is complete if we divide *will* and *fare* (in *farewell*) into two syllables each, as Abbott does. See Gr. 483, 480. The Coll. MS. repeats *farewell*.

46. *Cousin.* Hereford was both the nephew and brother-in-law of the Duchess; but *cousin* was very loosely used in that day. Schmidt defines it as="any kinsman or kinswoman," and gives examples of its use for nephew, niece, uncle, brother-in-law, and grandchild. It was sometimes a mere complimentary title given by one prince to another or to distinguished noblemen; as in *M. for M.* v. 1. 165, 246; *Hen. V.* v. 2. 4; *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 37; etc.

47. *Sit.* For this imperative, or "optative use of the subjunctive," see Gr. 365. There are other instances of it in 50 and 57 just below.

49. *If misfortune*, etc. If disaster fails to attend the first onset.

53. *Caitiff.* The word has here, as Johnson suggests, something of its original meaning of *prisoner*, from the Latin *captivus*. Tyrwhitt says: "I do not believe that *caitiff* in our language ever signified a prisoner; I take it to be derived, not from *captif*, but from *chétif*, Fr. poor, miserable." But *chétif*, like *captif*, is from the Latin *captivus;* being one of the many instances in French (as in English) in which a Latin word has been twice taken into the language. Cf. *meuble* and *mobile* from Lat. *mobilis*, *porche* and *portique* (so our *porch* and *portico*) from *porticus*, *hôtel* and *hôpital* (our *hotel* and *hospital*) from *hospitale*, *frèle* and *fragile* (our *frail* and *fragile*) from *fragilis*, *Août* and *auguste* from *augustus*, etc.

54. *Sometimes.* Used by S. interchangeably with *sometime*=former (or formerly), once, late. See Gr. 68*a*. Cf. *Col.* i. 21, iii. 7 with *Eph.* ii. 13.

58. *Grief boundeth*, etc. She compares her reiterated complaints to the bounding of a ball.

66. *Plashy.* The seat of Thomas of Woodstock, as Lord High Constable, near Dunmow, Essex.

68. *Lodgings.* Apartments, chambers. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. i. 49: "And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet;" *Lear*, i. 2. 184: "retire with me to my lodging;" *Per.* ii. 3. 110: "their several lodgings."

Unfurnish'd walls. Cf. Percy, preface to *Northumberland Household Book:* "The usual manner of hanging the rooms in the old castles was

only to cover the naked stone walls with tapestry or arras, hung upon tenter-hooks, from which they were easily taken down upon every removal."

69. *Offices.* The offices of an old English mansion, as Malone remarks, were the rooms for keeping the various stores of provisions and for culinary purposes; that is, the butler's pantry, cellars, and kitchen. They were all within the house, on the ground floor (there were no underground rooms until the time of Charles I.), and adjoining each other. When dinner had been set on the board, the proper officers attended in each of these offices. . Sometimes, on occasions of great festivity, the offices were all thrown open, and full license given to all comers to eat and drink at their pleasure. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 2. 9, where this is done on account of the destruction of the Turkish fleet, and in honour of the general's nuptials: "All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven." See also *T. of A.* ii. 2. 167.

70. *Hear.* The 1st quarto has "cheere."

73. *Desolate, desolate.* The Coll. MS. has "Desolate, desperate." On *will I hence* see Gr. 475.

The Duchess died the next year (1399), from grief at the death of her son Humphrey.

SCENE III.—Holinshed's account of the events in this scene is as follows:

"At the time appointed, the King came to Coventry, where the two dukes were ready, according to the order prescribed therein, coming thither in great array, accompanied with the lords and gentlemen of their lineages. The King had caused a sumptuous scaffold or theatre and royal lists there to be erected and prepared. . . . The Duke of Hereford armed him in his tent, that was set up near to the lists; and the Duke of Norfolk put on his armour betwixt the gate and the barrier of the town, in a beautiful house, having a fair perclois of wood towards the gate, that none might see what was done within the house.

"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 silver both richly and curiously, every man having a tipped staff to keep the field in order.

"About the hour of prime, came to the barriers of the lists the Duke of Hereford, mounted on a white courser barded with green and blue velvet, embroidered sumptuously with swans and antelopes of goldsmith's work, armed at all points. The Constable and Marshal came to the barriers, demanding of him what he was; he answered, 'I am Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, which am come hither to do my endeavour against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, as a traitor untrue to God, the King, his realm, and me.' Then incontinently he sware upon the holy Evangelists that his quarrel was true and just, and upon that point he required to enter the lists.

"Then he put up his sword, which before he held naked in his hand, and putting down his vizor, made a cross on his horse, and with spear in hand entered into the lists, and descended from his horse, and set him down in a chair of green velvet at the one end of the lists, and there reposed himself, abiding the coming of his adversary. Soon after him entered into the field with great triumph King Richard, accompanied with all the peers of the realm. The King had there above ten thousand men in armour, lest some fray or tumult might arise among his nobles by quarrelling or partaking. When the King was set in his seat, which was richly hanged and adorned, a king-at-arms made open proclamation, prohibiting all men, in the name of the King, and of the High Constable and Marshal, to enterprise or attempt to approach or touch any part of the lists on pain of death, except such as were appointed to order or marshal the field. The proclamation ended, another herald cried: 'Behold here Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, appellant, which is entered into the lists royal to do his endeavour against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, defendant, upon pain to be found false and recreant.'

"The Duke of Norfolk hovered on horseback at the entry of the lists, his horse being barded with crimson velvet, embroidered richly with lions of silver and mulberry trees; and when he had made his oath before the Constable and Marshal that his quarrel was just and true, he entered the field manfully, saying aloud, God aid him that hath the right; and then he departed from his horse, and sat him down in his chair, which was crimson velvet, curtained about with white and red damask. The Lord Marshal viewed their spears, to see that they were of equal length, and delivered the one spear himself to the Duke of Hereford, and sent the other unto the Duke of Norfolk by a knight. Then the herald proclaimed that the traverses and chairs of the champions should be removed, commanding them, on the King's behalf, to mount on horseback, and address themselves to the battle and combat. The Duke of Hereford was quickly horsed, and cast his spear into the rest, and when the trumpet sounded, set forward courageously towards his enemy six or seven paces. The Duke of Norfolk was not fully set forward when the King cast down his warder, and the heralds cried, 'Ho, ho!' Then the King caused their spears to be taken from them, and commanded them to repair again to their chairs, where they remained two long hours, while the King and his council deliberately consulted what order was best to be had in so weighty a cause. Finally, after they had devised and fully determined what should be done therein, the heralds cried silence; and Sir John Bushy, the King's secretary, read the sentence and determination of the King and his council, in a long roll, the effect whereof was that Henry, Duke of Hereford, should, within fifteen days, depart out of the realm, and not to return before the term of ten years were expired, except by the King he should be repealed again, and this upon pain of death; and that Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, because he had sown sedition in the realm by his words, should likewise avoid the realm, and never to return again into England, nor approach the borders or confines thereof, upon pain of death; and that the King

would stay the profits of his lands till he had levied thereof such sums of money as the Duke had taken up of the King's treasurer for the wages of the garrison of Calais, which were still unpaid. When these judgments were once read, the King called before him both the parties, and made them to swear that the one should never come in place where the other was, willingly, nor keep any company together in any foreign region; which oath they both received humbly, and so went their ways. The Duke of Norfolk departed sorrowfully out of the realm into Almaine, and at the last came to Venice, where he, for thought and melancholy, deceased. . . . The Duke of Hereford took his leave of the King at Eltham, which there released four years of his banishment. So he took his journey over into Calais, and from thence into France, where he remained."

Enter the Lord Marshal. See on i. 1. 204. As W. remarks, "this designation by his office in one place of a character who is designated by his name in another is not uncommon in our old dramatic literature."

1. *Aumerle.* He officiated as Lord High Constable on this occasion.

2. *At all points.* Completely. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 1, 16: "Armed to point;" *Id.* i. 2, 12: "all armde to point."

3. *Sprightfully and bold.* Sprightfully and boldly. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 50: "His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning." See Gr. 397.

9. *Orderly.* Cf. "knightly" in 12 below; also "cheerly," 66 below, and *Temp.* i. 1. 6; "angerly," *Macb.* iii. 5. 1; etc. See Gr. 447.

15. *As so.* On this anomalous combination see Gr. 110.

17. *Who.* On *who*=and I, etc., see Gr. 263.

18. *Defend.* Forbid, like the Fr. *défendre.* Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 267: "And heaven defend your good souls that you think;" *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 98: "God defend the lute should be like the case!" Cf. its use=ward off, as in Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 12, 63:

> "And all the margent round about was sett
> With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend
> The sunny beames."

20. *His succeeding issue.* The folio reading; the quartos have "my," which Johnson adopted, as "Mowbray's issue was in danger of an attainder, and therefore he might come, among other reasons, for their sake." The Camb. ed. and the C. P. ed. accept this explanation; but, as W. remarks, the other reading "more appropriately refers Norfolk's loyalty to the royal family, not to his own." D., St., and Sr. also have "his."

23. *Defending of myself.* See Gr. 178.

25. In the folio the stage direction that follows is "*Tucket. Enter Hereford and Harold.*" A *tucket* (Ital. *toccata*) was a flourish of trumpets used as a signal for a march. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 35:

> "Then let the trumpets sound
> The tucket-sonance and the note to mount."

26. On the measure see Gr. 505.

28. *Plated.* Cf. *A. and C.* i. 1. 4: "like plated Mars;" *Lear*, iv. 6. 169:

> "Plate sin with gold,
> And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks."

30. *Depose him.* Take his deposition, or statement upon oath; the only instance of this meaning in S.

34. *So defend thee heaven.* See Gr. 133.

42. *No person be so bold.* See Gr. 364, 365.

43. *Daring hardy.* Commonly printed "daring-hardy," but the hyphen is not in the old eds. The quartos have "daring, hardy" or "daring, hardie;" the folio "daring hardie." Abbott refers it to Gr. 2, but it may better be put under 1. The difference is often one of punctuation rather than of meaning. In most of the compound adjectives given in Gr. 2, the first part is virtually an adverb modifying the second; as "crafty-sick," "childish-foolish," "senseless-obstinate," etc.

45. *These fair designs.* See on i. 1. 80, 81.

55. *Right.* The reading of the quartos; the folio has "just."

58. *Thee dead.* The 1st and 2d quartos have "the dead."

57. *Profane a tear.* The meaning is, "If I am slain by Mowbray, I am an unworthy knight for whom it would be profanation to shed a tear."

66. *Cheerly.* See on 9 above.

67. *Regreet.* Salute; as below in 186. In 142 it may mean salute again. Cf. the use of the noun (=greetings) in *M. of V.* ii. 9. 89: "sensible regreets;" and *K. John*, iii. 1. 241: "this kind regreet."

The reference is to the English custom of making sweets the last course of a banquet. The C. P. ed. quotes Bacon: "Let not this Parliament end, like a Dutch feast, in salt meats; but, like an English feast, in sweet meats."

69. *Earthly.* The folio has "earthy."

70. *Spirit.* As often, a monosyllable. See Gr. 463. On *regenerate* cf. Gr. 342.

73. *Proof.* Impenetrability, resisting power; a technical term with reference to armour. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 512: "Mars's armour forg'd for proof eterne;" *T. of A.* iv. 3. 123:

> "Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,
> Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
> Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
> Shall pierce a jot."

75. *Waxen.* "Soft and penetrable, as if made of wax" (D.).

76. *Furbish new.* Polish or burnish anew. The folio has "furnish." Cf. *Macb.* i. 2. 32: "With furbish'd arms."

77. *Haviour.* Not "'haviour," as often printed. See Wb. s. v. It means bearing or behaviour. *Lusty* here, as Schmidt suggests, "comes near the sense of *gallant*." So also in v. 3. 19 below: "He would unhorse the lustiest challenger." There, however, it might have its ordinary meaning of stout, vigourous.

80. *Redoubled.* A quadrisyllable here. See Gr. 476. The same expression occurs in *Macb.* i. 2. 38: "Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe."

81. *Amazing.* Bewildering; as in v. 2. 85: "thou art amaz'd."

82. *Adverse.* The quarto reading; the folio has "amaz'd," which W. defends as a repetition quite in S.'s manner, and as preferable to the tautology of "adverse enemy." D., St., Sr., K., and Coll. have "adverse." Elsewhere S. accents *adverse* on the first syllable. See Gr. 490.

84. *Innocence.* The reading of all the early eds. Capell changed it to *innocency*, which was very likely S.'s word. He uses it sometimes; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 2. 39: "If truth and upright innocency fail me." In *Rich. III.* iii. 5. 20 ("God and our innocency defend and guard us!") it may be a misprint for *innocence*, which is found in the 1st quarto.

St. George was the patron saint of England. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 270: "God and Saint George!" *Hen. V.* iii. 1. 34: "Cry, God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"

To thrive. That is, help me to thrive, or succeed. Cf. Gr. 382.

91. *More.* Superfluous after "freer."

95. *As to jest.* As if going to take part in a play. See Gr. 107. The noun *jest* was also used in the sense of a play, or masque. Nares quotes *Spanish Tragedy:*

> "He promis'd us, in honour of our guest,
> To grace our banquet with some pompous jest;"

where the word refers to a masque that follows. Schmidt makes it a noun in the present passage, = "the contrary to earnest."

97. *Securely.* Confidently or surely (which is etymologically the same word). In ii. 1. 266 it means too confidently, carelessly.

112. *Approve.* Prove. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 1. 35: "And that my sword upon thee shall approve;" *Sonn.* 70. 5:

> "So thou be good, slander doth but approve
> Thy worth the greater."

116. *Attending.* Awaiting. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 145: "He attendeth here hard by, To know your answer;" *M. W.* i. 1. 279: "The dinner attends you, sir."

118. *Stay.* A dissyllable here. Gr. 482. Pope altered it to "But stay;" D. adopts Walker's conjecture, "Stay, stay."

Warder. The truncheon, or staff of command. Steevens quotes Daniel's *Civil Wars*, i. 63:

> "When lo! the King, chang'd suddenly his mind,
> Casts down his warder, and so stays them there."

Cf. the reference to this same incident in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 125:

> "O, when the King did throw his warder down
> His own life hung upon the staff he threw."

121. *Withdraw with us.* Spoken to the members of the King's council.

122. *While we return these dukes.* Until we report to these dukes. Cf. iv. 1. 269 below: "Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come." So *whiles* in *T. N.* iv. 3. 29:

> "He shall conceal it
> Whiles you are willing it shall come to note."

123. On the measure, see Gr. 512.

125. *For that.* Because. See Gr. 151.

127. *Aspect.* Accented on last syllable, as in 209 below. See Gr. 40.

128. *Civil.* The 1st quarto has "cruell."

129–133. These five lines are omitted in the folio. It was no doubt an accident, as the context requires them.

Set on you. "Set you on" (Pope's reading), incited you.

134. *Untun'd.* Discordant, inharmonious. Cf. *R. of L.* 1214: "With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her maid."

136. *Wrathful iron.* The 1st quarto has "harsh resounding."

140. *Pain of life.* The quarto reading; in the folio "pain of death," which W. prefers. "Pain of life" is the king's expression in 153, just below.

142. *Regreet.* See on 67 above.

143. *Stranger.* Foreign. See Gr. 22.

150. *The fly-slow hours.* The quartos have "slie slow;" the 1st, 3d, and 4th folios, "slye slow;" the 2d folio "flye slow," whence Pope read "fly-slow," which is adopted by D., W., Sr., and Coll. K., H., the Camb. ed., and some others have "sly, slow." It is curious that Pope himself, in his *Essay on Man* (iv. 226), has

"All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes."

W. says: "*Sly-slow* is not an objectionable compound in itself; but here it is without meaning." On the other hand, the C. P. ed. remarks: "*Sly* is an epithet suitable enough to the hours that pass with stealthy and noiseless step, and to the exile they would be *slow* also."

Determinate. Bring to an end; a legal term. Cf. *Sonn.* 87. 4: "My bonds in thee are all determinate."

151. *Dear.* "Sad, grieving the heart" (Schmidt). The word often means "heartfelt," and is used of both agreeable and disagreeable affections. See *Temp.* p. 124, C. p. 292, and D. (*Glossary*).

Exile. Accent on last syllable. See Gr. 490.

156. *A dearer merit.* A more agreeable reward. There is probably a reference to the "dear exile" of the King. S. here uses *merit* for *meed*, as elsewhere *meed* for *merit*. See *T. of A.* i. 1. 288: "no meed, but he repays Sevenfold above itself;" *Ham.* v. 2. 149: "in his meed he's unfellowed."

159. *These forty years.* Norfolk was not much more than thirty years old at this time. His elder brother John was born in 1365.

162. *Viol.* "A six-stringed guitar."

163. *Cunning.* Cunningly or skilfully constructed. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 11: "Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature."

164. *His.* See Gr. 218.

166. *Engaol'd.* Imprisoned. See Gr. 440.

174. *Compassionate.* Perhaps = passionate, excited; or, as Schmidt explains it, "pitiful, moving pity." There is no other example of this use of the word. Sr. reads "be so passionate;" and Theo. suggested "become passionate," which W. adopts.

175. *Plaining.* Complaining. *Plaint* is still in use, at least in poetry.

Cf. *Lear*, iii. 1. 39: "The king hath cause to plain." In *Per.* iii. pro1. 14 ("What 's dumb in show I'll plain with speech") it means explain, or make plain.

176. *Turn me.* Reflexive. See Gr. 296, 223.

179. *On our royal sword.* The guard of the sword, being at right angles to the blade, formed a cross, so that swearing upon the sword was swearing by the cross. Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 160: "Swear by my sword." See also *W. T.* iii. 2. 125; *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 105; etc.

181. The king releases them from their allegiance during their exile. It was a disputed question in law "whether a banished man was tied in his allegiance to the state which exiled him."

183. *Shall.* For the use of the word, see Gr. 315.

185. *Nor ever.* So in folio; the quartos have "Nor never," and also in 186 and 188. The double negative was common enough in that day. See Gr. 406.

186. *Regreet.* See on 67 above.

188. *Advised.* Deliberate. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 142: "more advised watch;" *Id.* ii. 1. 42: "be advis'd." So *advisedly* = deliberately in *Id.* v. 1. 253: "Will never more break faith advisedly."

189. *Plot, contrive, or complot.* Legal tautology. On *complot* see above, i. 1. 96.

192. *And I*, etc. Coll. MS. has here the stage direction "[*Kissing the King's sword.*"

193. *So far*, etc. The quartos and the 1st folio have "so fare." The other folios have "farre" or "far." Coll. retains *fare*, and says, "The clear meaning is (if commentators would but allow themselves to see it), 'Norfolk, so fare, as I wish to mine enemy.'" But "the commentators" refuse to see it, and prefer *far*. W. explains it, "so far *I speak* as to my enemy;" D., "so far as a man may speak to his enemy;" St., "so far as I am now permitted to address my enemy;" etc.

196. *Sepulchre.* Accent on second syllable here, but elsewhere on the first, as below in ii. 1. 55. As a *verb* S. accents it on second syllable. Cf. *R. of L.* 805: "May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade;" *T. G. of V.* iv. 2. 118: "Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine." See Gr. 490.

201. *Traitor.* On the omission of the article see Gr. 84.

203. *Heaven.* A dissyllable here, but a monosyllable in the next line

205. *All too soon.* On this use of *all* see Gr. 28.

Rue. That is, rue his knowledge.

207. Johnson says: "Perhaps Milton had this in his mind when he wrote these lines:

> "The world was all before them, where to choose
> Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

208. For the measure, see Gr. 465 or 466.

209. *Aspect.* Accent on last syllable, as in 127 above. Cf. *exile* in 217 below (and *exiled* in 283), and see Gr. 490.

211. *Spent.* On the construction, see Gr. 377.

218. *Vantage.* Advantage. Still in use, especially in the compound "vantage-ground."

222. *Extinct.* "Used by S. only here and in *Ham.* i. 3. 118; in both places in its literal sense. *Extinguished* does not occur in his plays at all" (C. P. ed.).

227. *Sudden.* The folio reading; the quartos have "sullen," which Coll. and St. adopt.

228. "It is matter of very melancholy consideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good" (Johnson).

231. *Current.* Like a coin made current by royal authority. Cf. *sterling* in iv. 1. 264 below.

232. *Dead.* For the construction, see Gr. 380.

233. *Upon good advice.* After due deliberation. On *upon* see Gr. 190. For *advice* cf. *advised* in 188 above.

234. *A party-verdict.* Implying that Gaunt, as a member of the council, had assented to his son's banishment; but Holinshed does not say so.

239–242. These lines are not in the folio.

A partial slander. "The reproach of partiality" (St.).

244. *I was too strict,* etc. "I was too severe to myself in sacrificing my son" (Gr. 356).

247. *Bid him so.* For *so* see Gr. 65.

249. *Presence.* Personal interview.

250. *Paper.* That is, letters. W. has "do you remain," which is evidently a misprint.

251. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 2. 117: "I will run as far as God has any ground."

259. *Joy absent.* See Gr. 380.

260. *What is six winters?* On the number of the verb, see Gr. 333.

262. *A travel.* A journey. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 59: "after a demure travel of regard;" but the word in this sense is not often found with the article. We may remark that down to the end of the 17th century *travel* and *travail* were used interchangeably without regard to the meaning.

264. *Which finds.* Since it finds. Cf. Gr. 263.

266. *A foil.* The reading of the 2d quarto. The 1st has "as foyle;" the other early eds. "a soyle" or "a soyl."

Foil in this sense is the Fr. *feuille* (Lat. *folium*), leaf, and refers to the use of gold or silver leaf as a background for transparent gems. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 239:

> "And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
> My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
> Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
> Than that which hath no foil to set it off."

268–293. These twenty-six lines are omitted in the folio.

269. *Remember me.* Remind me. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 243: "Let me remember thee what thou hast promised." See Gr. 291.

272. *Foreign passages.* Wanderings in foreign lands.

274. *But that I was.* Only that I had become. *Journeyman* was originally a workman by the day (Fr. *journée*).

275. *The eye of heaven.* Cf. *R. of L.* 356: "the eye of heaven is out;" *Sonn.* 18. 5: "the eye of heaven shines;" Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 3, 4:

> "Her angel face
> As the great eye of heaven shyned bright."

Malone suggests that in this passage S. had in mind that part of Lyly's *Euphues* in which Euphues exhorts Botonio to bear his exile patiently. "Nature," he says, "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 every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind. When it was cast in Diogenes' teeth that the Sinoponetes had banished him Pontus, yea, said he, I them of Diogenes."

279. For the measure, see Gr. 505.

282. *Purchase.* Gain, win. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 14:

> "Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
> Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter."

283. *Exil'd.* Often accented as here (see Gr. 490), but sometimes on the first syllable, as in *Macb.* v. 8. 66: "As calling home our exil'd friends abroad."

286. *What.* See Gr. 252.

289. *The presence strew'd.* The royal presence-chamber strewn with rushes, according to the ancient usage. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 17: "The two great cardinals Wait in the presence;" and *T. of S.* iv. 1. 48: "Is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept?" See also *R. of L.* 316:

> "And being lighted, by the light he spies
> Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
> He takes it from the rushes where it lies."

Sweet-smelling herbs were sometimes mixed with these rushes, which ordinarily were allowed to remain several days, or even weeks, and often became very dirty and unsavoury. It was thought to be a piece of unnecessary luxury, on the part of Wolsey, when he wisely caused the rushes of Hampton Court to be changed every day. We have frequent allusions to them in the writings of the period. Froissart says, "The Count de St. Foix went to his chamber, which he found ready strewed with rushes and green leaves, and the walls hung with boughs newly cut for perfume." Sir Thomas More (1483) describes Elizabeth, the widowed Queen of Edward IV., when in the sanctuary at Westminster, as "sitting alone amongst the rushes in her grief and distress." Bradshaw, in the *Lyfe of Saynt Werburge* (1500), writes:

> "All herbes and flowres fragrant, fayre, and sweete,
> Were strewed in halls, and layd under theyr feet."

In a description of Draper's Hall (1495), mats are said to be in the "Checker chamber," and rushes in the hall; and, in the records of the Merchant Taylors' Hall, we find that "Guy Robinson, rush strewer, was suspended for using indecent language whilst strewing rushes." The last monarch whose presence-chamber was thus carpeted was Queen Elizabeth.

291. *Measure.* "A formal court dance" (Steevens). Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 80: "mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry."

292. *Gnarling.* Snarling, growling. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 192: "And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first." *Gnarled* is used in the modern sense in *M. for M.* ii. 2. 116: "the unwedgeable and gnarled oak."

293. *Sets it light.* Sets light by it, esteems it lightly.

295. *Fire.* A dissyllable here, as often. See Gr. 480.

Malone quotes here from Lyly's *Euphues* (see on 275 above) the following: "I speak this to this end, that though thy exile seem grievous to thee, yet guiding thy selfe with rules of philosophie it shall be more tolerable: he that is colde doth not cover himselfe with care but with clothes; he that is washed in the rayne drieth himself by the fire, not by his fancie; and thou which art banished," etc.

299. *Fantastic.* Imaginary. Cf. *Macb.* i. 3. 139: "whose murder yet is but fantastical."

300. *Apprehension.* Imagination, conception. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 1. 11: "in this brainish apprehension;" *Oth.* iii. 3. 139: "uncleanly apprehensions."

302. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 291: "His venom tooth will rankle to the death;" the only other instance in which S. uses the word *rankle.*

304. *Bring.* Accompany. Cf. the 2d line of next scene, and *J. C.* i. 3. 1: "Brought you Cæsar home?"

309. Dr. Johnson remarks that the act ought to end here. "As the play is now divided," he says, "more time passes between the last two scenes of the first act than between the first act and the second."

SCENE IV.—1. *We did observe.* This is spoken to Bagot and Green, and is explained by line 24.

6. *None for me.* None on my part. Gr. 149. *Except*=except that.

7. *Blew.* The folio has "grew," and "face" for *faces;* and in the next line "sleepie" for *sleeping.*

11. *Farewell.* For the "interjectional line," see Gr. 512.

12. *And for.* And because. Gr. 151. Cf. 43 below.

13. *That taught.* That fact (of disdaining to profane the word *farewell*) taught me craft to pretend to be so oppressed by sorrow that I could not utter that word.

16. *Marry.* Probably a corruption of *Mary*, and originally a mode of swearing by the Virgin. The word is often a monosyllable in the measure. See Gr. 463.

19. *None of me.* None from me. Gr. 166.

20. *Doubt.* Matter of doubt, doubtful. Cf. iii. 4. 69. We still use the word in a similar way in *no doubt*=undoubtedly.

22. *Come.* Will come. See Gr. 368. *His friends* refers to the King and his other relatives, not, as some editors make it, to the "common people."

23. *Bagot here, and Green.* Omitted in the quartos, which have "Our selfe and Bushie." The folio reads, "friends, Our selfe and Bushy: heere Bagot and Greene." The 5th quarto has "friends, Our selfe, and Bushy, Bagot here and Greene."

28. *Smiles.* The folio misprints "soules."

29. *Underbearing.* Enduring, supporting (to which, as to *suffering*, it is etymologically analogous); as in *K. John*, iii. 1. 65:

> "And leave those woes alone which I alone
> Am bound to underbear."

30. *As 't were.* See Gr. 107. Cf. line 35 below. *Affects* = affections. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 264: "the young affects;" *L. L. L.* i. 1. 152: "For every man with his affects is born."

31. *Bonnet.* Hat. Cf. *V. and A.* 339: "And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;" and *Id.* 351: "With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat." The word is used as a verb (= take *off* the bonnet) in *Cor.* ii. 2. 30: "those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted," etc.

32. *The tribute of his supple knee.* "To illustrate this phrase, it should be remembered that *courtesying* (the act of reverence now confined to women) was anciently practised by men" (Steevens).

35. *Reversion.* In the legal sense of "right of future possession."

36. *Next degree in hope.* Malone quotes Virgil, *Æn.* xii. 168: "Spes altera Romae."

39. *Expedient manage.* Expeditious preparation. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 60: "His marches are expedient to this town;" *Id.* ii. 1. 223: "with much expedient march." For *manage* see *M. of V.* iii. 4. 25: "the husbandry and manage of my house;" *Temp.* i. 2. 70: "the manage of my state."

42. *Ourself.* See Gr. 20. Cf. i. 1. 16 above, and see note. For the omission of *go* after *will*, see Gr. 405.

43. *And for.* See on 12 above.

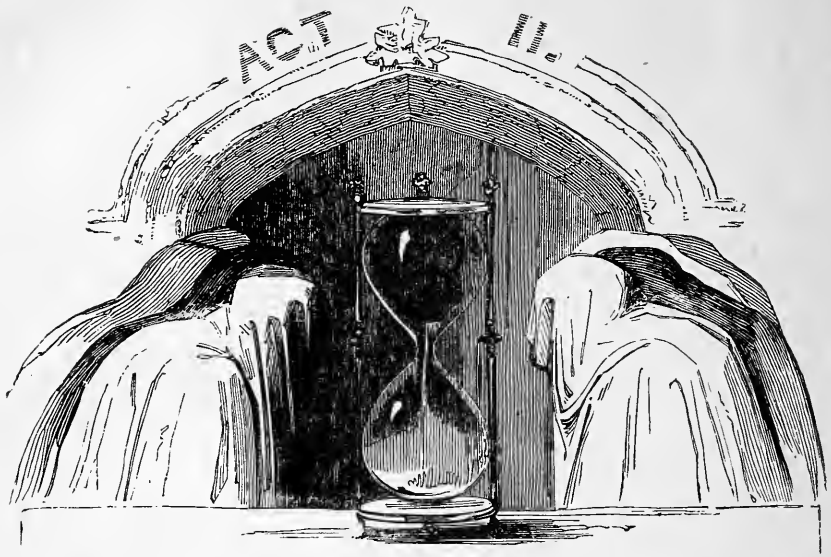
48. *Blank charters.* Blank drafts or "promissory notes," which (as explained in the following lines) rich men were compelled to sign, and which the royal officers afterwards filled out with what sums they pleased.

54. *Very sick.* The folio reading; the quartos have "grievous sick."

58. *Ely House.* The palace of the Bishop of Ely, in Holborn, London. The Savoy had been burned before this. See introduction to notes on the second scene of this act. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 33.

The only existing remnant of Ely House is the Chapel, still known as Ely Chapel. It is now (1876) undergoing restoration. The oak timbers of the roof are as sound as when first put up, five centuries ago; and the same may be said of the floor and the wooden columns by which it is supported in the crypt below. This crypt, long filled up with rubbish, is a spacious apartment, partly lighted by side windows, and is also to be restored.

63. *Go visit.* See Gr. 349.



SCENE I.—Holinshed's account of the events in this scene is as follows:

"In the mean time the Duke of Lancaster departed out of this life at the Bishop of Ely's place in Holborn, and lieth buried in the cathedral church of Saint Paul in London, on the north side of the high altar, by the Lady Blanche his first wife. The death of this duke gave occasion of increasing more hatred in the people of this realm towards the King; for he seized into his hands all the goods that belonged to him, and also received all the rents and revenues of his lands, which ought to have descended unto the Duke of Hereford by lawful inheritance, in revoking his letters patent which he had granted to him before, by virtue whereof he might make his attorneys-general to sue livery for him of any manner of inheritances or possessions that might from thenceforth fall unto him and that his homage might be respited, with making reasonable fine: whereby it was evident that the King meant his utter undoing.

"This hard dealing was much misliked of all the nobility, and cried out against of the meaner sort. But, namely, the Duke of York was therefore sore amoved, who before this time had borne things with so patient a mind as he could, though the same touched him very near, as the death of his brother the Duke of Gloucester, the banishment of his nephew the said Duke of Hereford, and other more injuries in great number, which, for the slippery youth of the King, he passed over for the time, and did forget as well as he might."

2. *Unstaid.* Thoughtless. Elsewhere the accent is on the second syllable; as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 60: "For undertaking so unstaid a journey."

3. *Nor strive not.* Cf. i. 3. 185 above, and see Gr. 305.

9. *Listen'd.* Cf. *J. C.* iv. 1. 41: "Listen great things." Gr. 199.

10. *Whom.* For the change of the relative from *that* in the preceding line, see Gr. 260.

Gloze. Also written *glose.* D. and others explain it here as=flatter. Schmidt defines it "to make mere words." Cf. Wb. It is also used as a noun, as in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 370: "Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by."

12. Some eds. point the passage thus:

> "The setting sun, and music at the close,
> As the last taste of sweets is sweetest, last
> Writ in remembrance more than things long past."

D., K. (2*d* ed.), W., and the Camb. ed. have the reading in the text.

14. *Writ.* For the form, see Gr. 343.

16. *Undeaf.* See Gr. 290. S. uses the word nowhere else. He has *deaf* as a verb in *K. John*, ii. 1. 147: "What cracker is this same that deafs our ears?"

18. On the use of *as*, see Gr. 113. The reading is that of the 3d and 4th quartos. The folio has the same, according to both Coll. and the Camb. ed., but they appear to mistake "sound" (with the old style *s*) for "found." The 1st quarto has "of whose taste the wise are found;" the 2d quarto, "of whose state the wise are found." Pope reads, "of his state; there are beside." Coll. proposed "As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond," which the Camb. ed. adopts.

19. *Venom.* See Gr. 22.

21. In Shakespeare's time, and perhaps as early as the reign of Richard II., Italian fashions were much imitated in England. The Italian courts, especially that of Milan (whence, by the way, our *milliner*), were then the most luxurious in Europe. On the English habit of aping foreign fashions, cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 80. See also *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 33: "Look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country," etc.

22. *Still.* Ever, always; as often in S. The word is even used as an adjective (=*constant*), as in *T. A.* iii. 2. 45: "And by still practice learn to know thy meaning." See also *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 229.

23. The measure is complete if *imitation* be reckoned as five syllables. Cf. *separation* in quotation in note on 26 below, and Gr. 479. Pope inserted "awkward" before *imitation.*

25. *So it be new.* If it be new. Gr. 133.

There 's no respect. There 's no thought, no one considers. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 2. 15: "Have respect to my honour;" that is, look to it, consider it.

26. *Buzz'd.* Whispered. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 1. 148:

> "did you not of late days hear
> A buzzing of a separation
> Between the king and Katherine?"

27. *All too late.* For this adverbial use of *all*, see Gr. 28.

28. *Where will*, etc. "Where the will rebels against what the understanding sees to be right" (C. P. ed.). *Regard* in S. often means view,

estimation, etc. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 62: "Your worth is very dear in my regard;" *T. and C.* iii. 3. 128: "Most abject in regard, and dear in use," etc.

29. *Himself.* See Gr. 20.

31. *Methinks.* See *Mer.* p. 135, and Gr. 297.

40–55. This splendid passage is given in *England's Parnassus*, a collection of poetical extracts from various authors, printed in 1600. It is there by mistake attributed to Michael Drayton (C. P. ed.).

44. *Infection.* It is "intestion" in *England's Parnassus.* Johnson says: "I once suspected that for *infection* we might read *invasion;* but the copies all agree, and I suppose S. meant to say that islanders are secured by their situation both from *war* and *pestilence.*" Sr. remarks: "The poet may allude to the *infection* of vicious manners and customs."

49. *Envy.* Malice, hatred; as often in S. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 164: "Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards," etc.

50. *Less happier.* S. often uses the double comparative with *more* (and the superlative with *most*), but that with *less* only in this instance. See Gr. 11.

52. *Feared by their breed.* For *by*=on account of, see Gr. 146. The folio has "for their birth."

55. *Sepulchre.* See on i. 3. 196. For *Jewry*=Judea, cf. *John*, vii. 1.

59. *Is now leas'd out.* Cf. i. 4. 45.

60. *Pelting.* Petty, paltry. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 3. 18: "poor, pelting villages;" *M. for M.* ii. 2. 112: "every pelting petty officer," etc.

62. Cf. i. 4. 48, and see note. For *blots* Steevens conjectured *bolts*, explaining "inky bolts" as "written restrictions;" but, as Boswell suggests, "inky blots" is simply "a contemptuous term for writings."

68. *Ensuing.* Coming, approaching. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 1. 140: "I can give you inkling Of an ensuing evil;" *Per.* ii. 1. 7: "Nothing to think on but ensuing death."

70. *Being rag'd.* Abbott (Gr. 460) gives *rag'd* as an example of "prefixes dropped." Ritson conjectured "rein'd," which Sr. approves. The Coll. MS. has "urg'd." "Chaf'd" and "curb'd" have also been suggested.

71. S. has deviated from historical truth in introducing the Queen here. Anne, Richard's first wife, was dead; and Isabel of France, his second wife, was at this time only nine years old. They were married Nov. 1, 1396.

73. This and the twenty succeeding lines were put in the margin by Pope as being either spurious or unworthy of Shakespeare. But, as the C. P. ed. remarks, "such playing upon words in a time of the deepest affliction is quite in accordance with truth and nature, and therefore really pathetic." Coleridge has answered the king's question in line 84 ("Can sick men play so nicely with their names?") as follows:

"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. This belongs to human nature as such, independently of associations and habits

from any particular rank of life or mode of employment; and in this consists Shakespeare's vulgarisms, as in Macbeth's

'The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!' etc.

This is (to equivocate on Dante's words) in truth the *nobile volgare eloquenza.* Indeed, it is profoundly true that there is a natural, an almost irresistible, tendency in the mind, when immersed in one strong feeling, to connect that feeling with every sight and object around it; especially if there be opposition, and the words addressed to it are in any way repugnant to the feeling itself, as here in the instance of Richard's unkind language:

'Misery makes sport to mock itself.'

"No doubt, something of Shakespeare's punning must be attributed to his age, in which direct and formal combats of wit were a favourite pastime of the courtly and accomplished. It was an age more favourable, upon the whole, to vigour of intellect than the present, in which a dread of being thought pedantic dispirits and flattens the energies of original minds. But independently of this, I have no hesitation in saying that a pun, if it be congruous with the feeling of the scene, is not only allowable in the dramatic dialogue, but oftentimes one of the most effectual intensives of passion."

Composition. Bodily state.

83. *Inherits.* Possesses. See on i. 1. 85.

84. *Nicely.* Fancifully. Schmidt defines it "sophistically, subtilely," and compares *T. N.* iii. 1. 17: "they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton."

86. *To kill my name in me.* That is, by banishing my heir Bolingbroke.

88. *Flatter with.* The folio omits *with.* The C. P. ed. refers to *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 193: "Unless I flatter with myself too much."

90. *A-dying.* See Gr. 24.

91. *The sicker.* On this demonstrative *the*, see Gr. 94.

94. *Ill in myself to see.* "I that see being myself ill." Steevens thought that *to see* should be omitted. On the metre, see Gr. 470.

95. *Lesser.* A double comparative sometimes used by good writers even now. *Worser*, which is common in S., is now obsolete.

101. *Head.* The folio has "hand."

102. *Encaged.* See Gr. 440.

Verge. An allusion to the legal term *verge*=the compass of the King's court, or the jurisdiction of the lord steward of the royal household, which extended for twelve miles round.

103. *The waste.* That is, the waste made by the flatterers.

106. *From forth.* See Gr. 156.

107. *Possess'd.* For the play on the word, see Gr. 295. On *which* in next line, see Gr. 265.

110. *This land.* The folio has "his land."

113. The folio reading. The first three quartos have "art thou now not, not king." Theo. reads "art thou now, not king," which is adopted by Coll., Sr., St., and the Camb. ed.

114. *Thy state of law*, etc. Thy legal state (as landlord, and no longer king) is subject to the law; or, as Malone states it, "subject to the same legal restrictions as every ordinary pelting farm that has been let on lease."

115. *And*—. We follow the folio here, as do D., K., Sr., and W. The 1st quarto reads thus:

> "And thou—
> *K. Rich.* A lunatic lean-witted fool," etc.,

which Coll., St., and the Camb. ed. adopt. D. calls attention to the fact that this makes *thou* (referring to Richard) the subject of *dar'st*.

118. *Chasing*. The folio has the misprint "chafing."

119. *His*. For *his*=*its*, see Gr. 228 or C. pp. 160–171.

121. *Great Edward's son*. The son of Edward III.—that is, Edward the Black Prince, Richard's father.

122. *Roundly*. Unrestrainedly, unreservedly. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 59:

> "Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
> And wish thee to a shrewd, ill-favour'd wife?"

A. Y. L. v. 3. 11: "Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse?"

The adjective *round* is similarly used; as in *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 216: "Your reproof is something too round;" *T. N.* ii. 3. 102: "I must be round with you."

123. *Unreverent*. Irreverent, disrespectful. Theo. substituted *unreverend*, which W. adopts.

125. *For that*. Because. See Gr. 151, 287.

126. *Like the pelican*. Alluding to the fable that the young of the pelican were fed with blood from its own breast. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 146:

> "And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
> Repast them with my blood."

See also *Lear*, iii. 4. 77.

127. *Hast thou tapp'd out*. By shedding the Duke of Gloster's blood.

129. *Whom fair befall*. To whom may it happen auspiciously! Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 282: "Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!" See also *Id.* iii. 5. 47; *T. of S.* v. 2. 111; *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 124.

131. *Respect'st not*. Heedest not, carest not for. Cf. *T. G. of V.* v. 4. 20: "Though you respect not aught your servant doth;" *J. C.* iv. 3. 72: "the idle wind, Which I respect not;" *Cymb.* i. 6. 155:

> "he hath a court
> He little cares for, and a daughter who
> He not respects at all."

133. *Crooked*. "S. had probably two different but kindred ideas in his mind—the bend of age, and the sickle of time" (Mason). Steevens quotes the tragedy of *Locrine* (which has been attributed to S.): "Now yield to death o'erlaid by crooked age." Malone cites several other instances of the expression.

134. *A too long wither'd flower*. On "phrase compounds" in S., see Gr. 434.

138. *Love they to live*. Let them love to live. See Gr. 364.

139. *Sullens.* Used nowhere else as a noun by S. Dyce (*Glossary*) quotes Lyly's *Sapho and Phao*, ed. 1591: "Like you, Pandion, who being sick of the sullens, will seeke no friend."

141. For the measure (and also for 147), see Gr. 468. D. omits "I do," following Steevens.

145. "The king chooses to misunderstand York's meaning, by taking *Harry duke of Hereford* as nominative, not accusative" (C. P. ed.).

148. On the measure, see Gr. 482. Capell and Steevens read "What says he now?" and Pope, "What says old Gaunt?"

156. *Rug-headed kerns.* A *kern* was an Irish light-armed foot-soldier. They are called *rug-headed* because their heads were "like the rugs which the peasants wore as outer garments" (Coll.). Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 367: "Full often like a shag-hair'd crafty kern." See also *Macb.* i. 2. 13, 30; *Id.* v. 7. 17; *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 56.

157. *Which live*, etc. For *which*, see Gr. 268. The allusion to the absence of snakes in Ireland is obvious. Steevens quotes Decker, *H. W.* (1630):

> "that Irish Judas,
> Bred in a country where no venom prospers
> But in his blood."

158. *But only.* See Gr. 130; and on *for* in next line, Gr. 151.

159. *Ask some charge.* Call for some expense, require some outlay. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 2. 27: "that will ask some tears;" *T. of S.* ii. 1. 115: "my business asketh haste." On *charge*, cf. *J. C.* iv. 1. 9: "How to cut off some charge in legacies;" *K. John*, i. 1. 49:

> "Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
> This expedition's charge."

166. *Gaunt's rebukes.* The rebukes given to Gaunt.

167. Bolingbroke, when exiled, went to France, and obtained in marriage the only daughter of the Duke of Berry, uncle to the French king; but Richard sent the Earl of Salisbury to France to calumniate his cousin, and thus prevented the match.

169. *Have ever made.* For the plural verb, see Gr. 408.

171. *The last.* That is, the last surviving.

173. *Rag'd.* That is, *that* raged. See Gr. 244; and for the omission of the article before *lamb* and *lion*, Gr. 84. Schmidt makes *rag'd* here = enraged, as in 70 above.

177. *Accomplish'd*, etc. When he had reached thy age. *Accomplish* means to make complete. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. chorus, 12: "The armourers accomplishing the knights;" that is, completely equipping them.

Richard was at this time thirty-two years old. His father, who died at the age of forty-six, was sixteen when he fought at Crecy in 1346, and twenty-six at Poictiers.

185. *Compare between.* We do not now say *to compare between*, though *to make comparison between* is allowable.

197. *Ensue.* Not now used transitively. Cf. *R. of L.* 502: "I know repentant tears ensue the deed." See also 1 *Peter*, iii. 11.

199. *Succession.* Four syllables. See on 23 above.

200. *Afore.* Before; used of both place and time. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 32: "Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes;" *Temp.* iv. 1. 7: "Here, afore heaven," etc. S. also uses the word as an adverb (*Temp.* ii. 2. 78) and as a conjunction (2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 220). We find also *aforehand* (=beforehand) in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 461: "Knowing aforehand of our merriment." *Tofore* occurs in *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 83 and *T. A.* iii. 1. 294.

202. *Letters-patents.* The double plural is found also in Holinshed. See Gr. 338, 433. D. remarks that even Pope, writing to Craggs in 1712, uses the expression, "letters-patents."

203. *Attorneys general.* An *attorney general* is "he that by general authority is appointed to act in all our affairs or suits" (Cowel's *Law Interpreter*, quoted in C. P. ed.). To *sue livery* was to claim delivery to him, as lawful heir, of all property and rights of which Gaunt, his predecessor, had feudal tenure. "In feudal times, when a vassal died, the heir, if under age, became a ward of the king; but if he was of full age, he had the right to sue out a writ of *ouster-le-main*—that is, his *livery*—that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land *delivered* to him" (Malone).

207. *Prick.* Spur, incite. Cf. ii. 3. 78 below. See also *T. of S.* iii. 2. 75: "'T is some odd humour pricks him to this fashion," etc.

211. *The while.* See Gr. 137.

213. *By bad courses.* For *by*=concerning, with reference to, see Gr. 145. As Schmidt remarks, this sense of *by* is found only with "verbs of speaking and thinking."

214. *Events.* Issues, results. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 1. 69: "And crown what I profess with kind event," etc.

215. *The Earl of Wiltshire.* Sir William Scrope, created Earl in 1397. He was treasurer of England, and one of those to whom the realm was farmed. See 256 below.

217. *To see this business.* See to it, attend to it. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 147: "see that at any hand," etc. *Business* is here a trisyllable, as in *J. C.* iv. 1. 22: "To groan and sweat under the business," etc. See Gr. 479.

To-morrow next. "A pleonasm not elsewhere used by S." (C. P. ed.).

218. *We will for Ireland.* See Gr. 405.

222. *Our queen.* See Gr. 13.

226. *Barely.* Merely, only. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 342: "Shall I not have barely my principal?"

228. *Great.* Teeming (with indignation). Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 159: "But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue."

229. *Liberal tongue.* Free speech. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 220: "No, I will speak as liberal as the north."

232. *Tends that,* etc. Does that which you would say tend, etc. Gr. 244.

239. *Moe.* More. See *Mer.* p. 129, or Gr. 17.

242. *What they will inform.* Whatever accusations they may bring. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 4. 32: "How all occasions do inform against me;" *Lear*, iv. 2. 93: "he informed against him." It is used transitively, as here, in *A. W.* iv. 1. 91: "haply thou mayst inform Something to save thy life."

245. *Our lives.* The Coll. MS. has "our wives;" but, as D. remarks, it is strongly opposed, if not absolutely forbidden, by *Hen. V.* i. 2. 34:

> "That owe yourselves, your lives, and services
> To this imperial throne."

246. *Pill'd.* Stripped, plundered. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 159: "In sharing that which you have pill'd from me." For *pill*=peel, see *M. of V.* i. 3. 85: "The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain wands." The two words are probably the same etymologically. See Wb. under *peel*. *Peel*=pillage, rob, is found in Milton, *P. R.* iv. 136: "Peeling their provinces;" and in *Isa.* xviii. 2, 7; *Ezra*, xxix. 18.

247. *And lost their hearts.* The early eds. all have "And quite lost their hearts." Pope was the first to drop "quite." See Gr. 480.

250. *Blanks.* The "blank charters" of i. 4. 48. See note. *Benevolences*=forced loans. According to Holinshed, the word was first used in this sense by Edward IV. in 1473. If so, it is here an anachronism. On the measure, see Gr. 471.

251. *O' God's name.* The quartos have "a God's name." See Gr. 24.

254. The folio reading. The quartos have "That which his noble ancestors," etc.

258. *Hangeth.* For the number, see Gr. 336; and for the measure of the line, Gr. 466.

263. *Sing.* Cf. *Temp.* ii. 2. 20: "Another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind." See also *M. W.* iii. 2. 38.

265. *Sit sore.* Press heavily. Cf. below, ii. 2. 123: "The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland."

266. *Strike not.* Do not strike our sails. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 2. 18: "That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort."

Securely. Carelessly. See on i. 3. 97. Cf. Gr. p. 12.

267. *Wrack.* Wreck. The invariable form of the word in S. In *R. of L.* 841 and 966 it rhymes with *back*.

268. *Unavoided.* Pope changed the word to *unavoidable*, which is of course its meaning here. But *unavoided* occurs in the same sense in 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 5. 8, *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 56, and iv. 4. 217. Cf. *imagined*=imaginable, in *M. of V.* iii. 4. 52; *unvalued*=invaluable, in *Rich. III.* i. 4. 27; etc. See Gr. 375.

272. *Tidings.* Here singular, as in iii. 4. 80; but generally plural in S., as in *J. C.* v. 3. 54: "These tidings will well comfort Cassius."

275, 276. St. explains the passage thus: "We are all leagued together, and whatever you speak will be as safe in our keeping as if you had only thought it." D. quotes a writer in *Blackwood's Mag.* (Sept. 1853) who renders it: "We three are but yourself, and in these circumstances your words are but as thoughts—that is, you are as safe in uttering them as if you uttered them not, inasmuch as you will be merely speaking to yourself." The Coll. MS. reads "our thoughts," which Sr. adopts.

279. *Renald.* That is, Reginald. The early eds. read *Rainold*, *Raynold*, *Rainald*, and *Raynald*, which indicate the pronunciation of the name.

There is evidently some omission or corruption at this point in the text, as it was not Reginald Lord Cobham who escaped from the custody

of the Duke of Exeter; neither was he the brother of the Archbishop of Canterbury. According to Holinshed, it was "Thomas (not Richard, as the C. P. ed. accidentally gives it) Arundel, son and heir to the late Earl of Arundel." Malone therefore inserted here, in brackets, the line

"The son of Richard Earl of Arundel."

This is consistent with the historical facts and with the context. "His brother," in line 282, then refers, as it should, to the brother of Richard Earl of Arundel.

282. *Sir John Ramston.* "Sir Thomas Ramston," according to Holinshed.

285. *Tall ships.* Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 1. 6; *Oth.* ii. 1. 79, etc.

286. *Expedience.* Expedition. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 70: "And will with all expedience charge on us." See also *expedient* in i. 4. 39 above.

288. *Stay.* Stay for, await. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 2. 13; "My father stays my coming;" *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 221: "let me stay the growth of his beard," etc.

291. *Imp out.* Repair, strengthen. *To imp* originally meant to graft, To imp out the wing of a hawk was to supply new feathers in place of lost or broken ones. Turbervile, in his *Booke of Faulconrie*, has a whole chapter on "The Way and Manner howe to ympe a Hawke's Feather, how-soever it be broken or broosed." Cf. Massinger, *Renegado*, v. 8:

"Strive to imp
New feathers to the broken wings of Time;"

Milton, *Sonn.* x. 8:

"and the false North displays
Her broken league to imp their serpent wings;"

Dryden, *Ann. Mirab.* st. 143:

"His navy's moulted wings he imps once more."

See also examples in Wb. s. v.

292. *From broking pawn.* That is, from the pawnbroker. The verb *to broke* is rare. S. uses it only here and in *A. W.* iii. 5. 74. Nares quotes examples from B. and F. and Daniel. See also Wb. s. v.

295. *In post.* "In haste," as it reads in 3d and 4th folios. Cf. *C. of E.* i. 2. 63: "I from my mistress come to you in post;" *R. and J.* v. 3. 273: "And then in post he came from Mantua," etc. We find "in all post" in *Rich. III.* iii. 5. 73; and "all in post" in *R. of L.* 1.

Ravenspurg (also called *Ravensburg*, *Ravenspurn*, etc.) was an important port at the mouth of the Humber, sheltered from the sea by the point now known as Spurn Head. In 1346 it had suffered so much from the inroads of the sea that the merchants residing there removed to Hull. The high tides of 1357 and subsequent years swept away nearly all that remained of the town, and but few vestiges of the ancient port could have been left at the time of Bolingbroke's landing. In 1471, Edward IV. also landed here, after his brief exile in Holland. In the town of Hedon, a few miles distant, there still stands a beautiful old cross, which is believed to have been erected at Ravenspurg in memory of the landing of Bolingbroke. To prevent its destruction by the sea, it was first removed

to Kilnsea, and again in 1818 to Burton Constable, whence it was in 1832 taken to Hedon.

297. *Be secret.* Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 60: "wherein thou must be secret;" *Much Ado*, i. 1. 212: "I can be secret as a dumb man," etc.

299. *Hold out my horse.* Let my horse hold out. See Gr. 361.

SCENE II.—The events in scenes ii. and iv. are thus related by Holinshed:

"It fortuned at the same time in which the Duke of Hereford or Lancaster, whether ye list to call him, arrived thus in England, the seas were so troubled by tempests, and the winds blew so contrary for any passage to come over forth of England to the King, remaining still in Ireland, that for the space of six weeks he received no advertisements from thence: yet at length, when the seas became calm, and the wind once turned anything favourable, there came over a ship, whereby the King understood the manner of the Duke's arrival; whereupon he meant forthwith to have returned over into England, to make resistance against the Duke; but through persuasion of the Duke of Aumerle (as was thought) he stayed till he might have all his ships and other provision fully ready for his passage.

"In the meantime he sent the Earl of Salisbury over into England to gather a power together, by help of the King's friends in Wales and Cheshire, with all speed possible, that they might be ready to assist him against the Duke upon his arrival, for he meant himself to follow the Earl within six days after. The Earl, passing over into Wales, landed at Conway, and sent forth letters to the King's friends, both in Wales and Cheshire, to levy their people and to come with all speed to assist the King, whose request, with great desire and very willing minds, they did, hoping to have found the King himself at Conway, insomuch that, within four days' space, there were to the number of forty thousand men assembled, ready to march with the King against his enemies if he had been there himself in person. But when they missed the King, there was a bruit spread among them that the King was surely dead, which wrought such an impression and evil disposition in the minds of the Welshmen and others, that, for any persuasion which the Earl of Salisbury might use, they would not go forth with him till they saw the King; only they were contented to stay fourteen days to see if he should come or not; but when he came not within that term, they would no longer abide, but scaled and departed away."

1. *Too much sad.* Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 53: "Our too much memorable shame." Gr. 51.

2. *With.* See Gr. 194.

3. *Life-harming.* The reading of the 1st and 2d quartos. The 3d and 4th quartos have "halfe-harming," and the folio "selfe-harming."

4. *Entertain.* Maintain. Cf. *R. of L.* 1514: "He entertain'd a show so seeming just;" *M. of V.* i. 1. 90: "And do a wilful stillness entertain."

9. *Again.* See Gr. 27.

12. On *with* in this line and the next, see Gr. 193.

"The queen's melancholy, for which there is no sufficient cause apparent, may be compared with that of Antonio at the beginning of the *M. of V.* In both cases the poet wishes to convey a presentiment of approaching disaster" (C. P. ed.).

"Mark in this scene Shakespeare's gentleness in touching the tender superstitions, the *terræ incognitæ* of presentiments, in the human mind; and how sharp a line of distinction 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" (Coleridge).

15. *Which shows.* On the number, see Gr. 247; on *shows*, Gr. 293.

18. *Perspectives.* These were pictures which were produced by cutting the surface or edge of a board, so that it should present a number of sides or flats when looked at obliquely. To these sides a print or drawing, cut into parts, was affixed, so that when viewed obliquely, or "awry," the whole picture was seen; but, looked at directly, or "rightly," nothing appeared but confusion.

Staunton quotes Plot's *Natural Hist. of Staffordshire:* "At the right Honourable the Lord Gerard's at Gerards Bromley, there are the pictures of Henry the Great of France and his Queen, both upon the same indented board, which if beheld directly, you only perceive a confused piece of work; but if obliquely, of one side you see the king's and on the other the queen's picture."

Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 224:

> "One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
> A natural perspective, that is and is not!"

Hen. V. v. 2. 447: "Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid."

Perspective also meant a kind of glass by which optical illusions were produced. Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 48:

> "Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
> Which warp'd the line of every other favour."

See also *Sonnet* 24.

D. quotes Baxter's *Sir P. Sydney's Ourania* (1606):

> "Glasses perspective,
> Composed by Arte Geometricall,
> Whereby beene wrought thinges Supernaturall;
> Men with halfe bodies, men going in th' Ayre,
> Men all deformed, men as angels fayre,
> Besides other thinges of great admiration,
> Wrought by this Glasses Fabrication."

Scot, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584), mentions several kinds of perspective glasses, one of which is thus described: "There be glasses also wherein one man may see another man's image, and not his own." Hobbes also, in a letter to Davenant, printed in the 1651 ed. of *Gondibert*, speaks of "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 there painted, but some one person made up of their parts, conveyed to the eye by the artificial cutting of a glass."

On the accent of *perspectives*, see Gr. 492.

20. *Distinguish form.* Make the form distinct.

25. The line is an Alexandrine. See Gr. 498.

29. On the measure, see Gr. 494; and for line 29, Gr. 497.

30. *Heavy.* See Gr. 1 (Abbott refers to Gr. 2).

31. Johnson suggested "in thinking," which is adopted by Coll., St., D., and others. The sense is the same either way. The queen means that she can fix her thoughts on nothing.

On the use of *as* and the construction of *makes*, see Gr. 280.

33. *Conceit.* Fancy, or "fanciful conception" (Malone). Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 145: "with mere conceit and fear;" *T. of A.* v. 4. 14: "When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit." On the various uses of *conceit* in S., see Schmidt or C., p. 202. He never uses it in its modern sense.

34. *'T is nothing less.* Nothing can be less so; it is anything but fancy. Cf. Latimer, *Sermons:* "Many things were taken for prayer, when they were nothing less."

Still. Always. See Gr. 69. The conception of grief, she says, is always derived from some actual grief.

36–38. The sense is obscured by the play upon words, and some of the commentators, like Johnson, have been puzzled to make it out. Collier suggests that "either nothing hath begotten the queen's grief, or there really is something in the nothing that she grieves about;" and this something, we may add, she *possesses in reversion* because she must wait for the future to reveal it to her—"what it *is*, that is not yet known."

41. On the measure, cf. ii. 1. 141, 147 above. Gr. 468.

43. *'T is better hope.* Cf. Gr. 351.

46. *Retir'd his power.* Withdrawn his forces. On the transitive use of *retire*, see Gr. 291; and cf. *R. of L.* 303: "Each one by him enforc'd retires his ward." On *power* = armed force, cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 110:

> "Never such a power
> For any foreign preparation
> Was levied in the body of a land."

See also iii. 2. 63 below. S. often uses both the singular and the plural in this sense. For the latter see below, v. 3. 140; *J. C.* iv. 1. 42; *Id.* iv. 3. 308, etc.

49. *Repeals.* Recalls from exile. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 51: "For the repealing of my banish'd brother." See also iv. 1. 87 below.

50. *Uplifted arms.* Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 68:

> "Your swords are now too massy for your strength,
> And will not be uplifted."

52. *And that is worse.* And what (that *which*) is worse. Rowe (followed by W.) changed *that* to *what*, but the omission of the relative is common enough. See Gr. 244.

53. *His son young Henry Percy.* The reading of the 1st quarto. The other early eds. have "His young son," etc.

57. The 1st quarto has, "And all the rest revolted faction traitors;" the 2d quarto and the folio, "And the rest of the revolted faction traitors;" the 3d and 4th quartos, "And the rest of the revolting faction traitors." Abbott ("quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus") interprets the line thus, in Gr. 246:

"And all the rest (that are) revolted, faction-traitors."

58. *The Earl of Worcester.* Thomas Percy, lord steward of the king's household, and brother of the Earl of Northumberland. For the measure of the line, see Gr. 487, 497.

59. *Hath broke his staff.* Holinshed calls it "his white staff, which is the representing sign and token of his office." On *broke*, see Gr. 343.

61. For the short line, see Gr. 511.

71. *Dissolve.* In its etymological sense of loosen, undo. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 2. 156: "The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd."

72. *Lingers in extremity.* Causes to linger in extreme misery. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 4: "She lingers my desires."

74. *Signs of war.* Armour; the military gorget. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 174.

75. *Careful.* Full of care, anxious. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 298:

"And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face."

See Gr. 3.

76. On the measure, see Gr. 497.

77. This line is not in the folio.

80. *Your husband he.* Cf. "The nobles they" in 88 below, and see Gr. 243.

84. Cf. *Lear*, i. 2. 129: "when we are sick in fortune—often the surfeit of our own behaviour."

87. *Why, so.* Well, be it so. This use of *so* to express "acquiescence or approbation" (Schmidt) is common in S., though we believe Abbott does not mention it in his Gr. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 107: "Why, so;" *M. of V.* i. 3. 170: "If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;" *Temp.* i. 2. 24; *M. for M.* ii. 4. 84; *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 137; etc.

88. For the measure, see Gr. 465. Pope (followed by D.) reads "the commons cold."

90. *Get thee.* A common reflexive form. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 4. 37: "I 'll get me to a place more void;" *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 287: "gets him to rest," etc. Gr. 296. On the measure, see Gr. 512.

91. *Presently.* Immediately; as very often in S. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 42: '*Ariel.* Presently? *Prospero.* Ay, with a twink." See *Mer.* p. 131.

A thousand pound. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 60: "seven hundred pound;" *W. T.* iv. 3. 40: "Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants;" *T. and C.* i. 2. 126: "within three pound;" and so frequently, of pounds both sterling and avoirdupois. On the other hand, cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 204: "fourscore pounds a year;" *T. of S.* v. 1. 23: "Keep your hundred pounds," etc. So S. sometimes uses *shilling*, *mile*, *year*, etc. in the plural. See Mätzner, vol. i. pp. 230, 240.

On the measure, see Gr. 497.

92. *Hold, take my ring.* On this interjectional use of *hold*, see *J. C.* p. 140.

95. *To report.* For the infinitive, see Gr. 356.

98. *God for his mercy.* That is, I pray God for his mercy. Gr. 155.

101. *So my untruth*, etc. Provided no disloyalty in me had provoked him to it. On *so*, see Gr. 133.

102. *My brother's.* That is, Gloucester's.

103. The reading of 1st quarto. The folio omits *no*. For the measure, see Gr. 512.

105. *Come, sister—cousin I would say.* "This is one of Shakespeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the queen, his cousin, but the recent death of his sister is uppermost in his mind" (Steevens).

108. On the measure of this line and 111, see Gr. 507. Collier suggests that the irregularity of the metre here is meant to accord with York's perturbed state of mind.

113. *Bids.* On the number here and in 115, see Gr. 336.

119. *Berkeley Castle.* The quartos omit *castle*. *Berkeley* is "Barkly," "Barckly," or "Barkley" in the old copies, indicating the pronunciation. The castle is on the southeast side of the town of Berkeley, on a height commanding a fine view of the Severn, and is in perfect preservation in our day. It was here that Edward II. was murdered, Sept. 21, 1327. Cf. Gray, *The Bard*, 53:

> "Mark the year, and mark the night,
> When Severn shall reëcho with affright
> The shrieks of death thro' Berkeley's roofs that ring,
> Shrieks of an agonizing king!"

121. *At six and seven.* The earlier form of the phrase "at sixes and sevens," which is still in colloquial use. Its origin is not known. Bacon speaks of Pope Sixtus V. as "a fierce thundering friar that would set all at six and seven; or at six and five, if you allude to his name." See Nares.

122. *The wind sits fair.* See on ii. 1. 265.

123. *Power.* See on 46 above.

125. *Is all unpossible.* See Gr. 28, 442. The folio has "impossible."

127. *Those love not.* Those *who* love not. Gr. 244.

128. *That's the wavering commons.* See Gr. 335.

132. *If judgment*, etc. "If the power of condemnation lie in the Commons, then so do we stand condemned."

136. *Office.* Service. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 1. 129: "I will no more enforce my office on you."

137. *Hateful.* Full of hate, malignant. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 23: "hide thee from their hateful looks."

141. *Presages.* In the only other metrical passages in which S. uses the word as a noun (*K. John*, i. 1. 28 and iii. 4. 158) the accent is on the first syllable. Cf. Gr. 490.

147. *Farewell*, etc. The folio gives this line to Bushy, as does St. In the quartos it is joined to Green's preceding speech. D. and W. give it to Bagot.

148. *I fear me.* Often used reflexively by S. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 283;

T. G. of V. ii. 7. 61, 67; etc. See also iii. 2. 67 below. Cf. its transitive use in *M. of V.* ii. 1. 9: "this aspect of mine Hath fear'd the valiant;" *T. of S.* i. 2. 211: "fear boys with bugs," etc.

SCENE III.—5. On the number of *draws* and *makes*, see Gr. 333. Rowe changed them to the plural.

7. *Delectable.* For the accent, see Gr. 492.

9. *Cotswold.* Cotswold Downs in Gloucestershire, a famous hunting-ground. The quartos spell the word here "Cotshall," and the folio "Coltshold." Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 92: "How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall."

10. *In.* In the case of. Gr. 162.

12. *Process.* "Long course." The C. P. ed. remarks that "the word seems always to be used as connoting 'tediousness' and 'weariness';" but that is hardly the case in 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 36:

> "For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
> Finish the process of his sandy hour."

Cf. also *Sonn.* 104. 6.

15. *To joy.* To enjoy. Cf. v. 3. 95 below; and for its transitive use, v. 6. 26.

18. For the measure, see Gr. 494; and on line 20, Gr. 506.

21. *Percy* is metrically a trisyllable. Gr. 478.

23. For the measure here and in 25 and 26, see Gr. 512, 513. For line 24, see Gr. 497; for line 29, Gr. 497 or 501.

27. See ii. 2. 58 above.

41. *Tender.* Perhaps used carelessly, as the C. P. ed. suggests; though if it be a pun it could hardly be worse than the one in *Cymb.* iii. 4. 11:

> "Why tender'st thou that paper to me with
> A look untender?"

51. *Stir.* "The state of being in motion or action" (Schmidt). Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 127: "There is no stir or walking in the streets;" *Macb.* i. 3. 144: "Chance may crown me Without my stir."

55. For the measure, see Gr. 456.

61. *Unfelt.* Expressed in words only, and not in a palpable or substantial way. *Treasury* is the antecedent of *which.*

62. *Love and labour's recompense.* Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 4. 30: "Until her husband and my lord's return;" *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 16: "As soul and body's severing." Gr. 397.

67. For the measure, see Gr. 506.

70. *To Lancaster.* That is, I answer to the name of Lancaster, not Hereford.

77. The reading of the 1st quarto. The folio has "the most glorious of this Land."

78. *Pricks.* See on ii. 1. 207.

79. *The absent time.* "The time of the king's absence" (Johnson).

80. *Self-born.* "Native, home-sprung." Abbott (Gr. 20) explains it as "divided against themselves." Schmidt takes the word to be *self-borne* (it is so spelled in all the early eds., but no argument can be based

on that fact), and defines it "borne for one's self (not for the king)." W. and H. have *self-borne;* most other eds. *self-born*. The only other instance of the compound in S. is in *W. T.* iv. 1. 8 ("in one self-born hour"), where no one, so far as we are aware, has attempted to define it. Schmidt considers it "quite unintelligible."

81. *Need transport.* On the omission of *to*, see Gr. 349.

84. *Deceivable.* Deceptive, treacherous. Cf. *T. N.* iv. 3. 21: "There's something in it That is deceivable."

87. *Grace me no grace*, etc. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 5. 153: "Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds." Malone cites *Solyman and Perseda* (1599): "Typhon me no Typhons, but swear," etc.; Peele, *Edward I.*: "Ease me no easings," etc.; Copley, *Love's Owle* (1595): "All me no alls, for all is nought," etc.

The folio omits "no uncle."

90. *A dust.* Cf. *K. John*, iv. 1. 93: "A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair." In *Id.* iii. 4. 128, we have "each dust."

91. *But then, more why.* But then, still more; "but, to add more questions" (Malone). We follow the 1st quarto with Coll., St., Sr., W., *et al.* The other early eds. have "But more then (than) why."

93. *Pale-fac'd.* "Proleptic," the effect of the fright being anticipated.

94. *Despised.* Despicable. Schmidt suggests that it may mean "creating despite, hateful." The Coll. MS. has "despoiling." Other conjectures are "despiteful," "disposed," "despited," and "displayed;" but, as the C. P. ed. remarks, *despised* is required as antithetical to *ostentation*. Cf. in 109 below *detested*=detestable, and in ii. 1. 26 *unavoided*=unavoidable.

99. "It does not appear that S. had any historical authority for this statement. No such incident is recorded of the battle of Navarette, at which the Black Prince and John of Gaunt were present in 1367. Gaunt was not with the Prince at Poictiers in 1356, nor did the Prince accompany him in his expedition to France in 1372; and there is no mention of the Duke of York on any of these occasions" (C. P. ed.).

103. *Chastise.* Accent on the first syllable, as elsewhere in S. except in *Temp.* v. 1. 263. Gr. 471.

106. *On what condition.* For *on*, see Gr. 181. Johnson suggested *In*, which D. adopts. Cf. next line.

111. *Braving.* "Ostentatiously defiant" (C. P. ed.). Cf. 143 below. It seems to be used in a similar sense in *A. W.* i. 2. 3: "A braving war" (Schmidt).

113. *For Lancaster.* As Lancaster. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 182: "Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?" *A. and C.* i. 2. 198: "For the main soldier." Cf. Gr. 148.

115. *Indifferent.* Impartial. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 17: "No judge indifferent."

120. *Perforce.* By force. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 3. 95: "took perforce my ring away," etc.

121. *Unthrifts.* Prodigals. Cf. *Sonn.* 9. 9: "Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend;" *Sonn.* 13. 13: "O, none but unthrifts." The word is used as an adjective in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 311 and *M. of V.* v. 1. 16.

122. *If that.* See Gr. 287.

123. For the measure, see Gr. 469.

126. *Should.* Used where we should use *would.* Gr. 322.

127. To *rouse* a wild beast was to drive him from his lair. Cf. *V. and A.* 240; *T. A.* ii. 2. 21, etc. A stag was said to be *at bay*, or *bayed* (cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 204: "Here wast thou bayed, brave hart") or *driven to bay*, when tired out or desperate he turned upon his pursuers. Cf. *V. and A.* 877; *T. of S.* v. 2. 56; 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 52, etc.

128, 129. See on ii. 1. 202, 203.

133. *Challenge law.* Demand justice, claim my legal rights. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 188: "So much I challenge;" 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 6. 6: "Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;" *C. of E.* iv. 1. 83: "I shall have law in Ephesus;" *M. of V.* iv. 1. 142: "I stand here for law."

135. *Free.* "Unimpeachable, direct" (C. P. ed.).

137. *It stands your grace upon.* It is incumbent on your grace. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 63: "Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon;" *A. and C.* ii. 1. 50:

> "It only stands
> Our lives upon to use our strongest hands."

142. *In this kind.* In this manner. So in 146 below.

143. *Be.* On the omission and insertion of the infinitive *to* in the same sentence, see Gr. 349, 350.

144. *It may not be.* See Gr. 310.

153. *Ill left.* Left by the king in bad condition. On *power*=army, see on ii. 2. 46.

155. *Attach.* Arrest; a law term. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 1. 6 (see also 73): "I'll attach you by this officer."

159. *In.* Into. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 56:

> "Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
> Creep in our ears;"

Ham. v. 1. 301: "leaping in her grave." Gr. 159.

160. *Repose you.* See Gr. 296.

163. *Bristol.* "Bristow" in all the early eds. except 5th quarto, which has "Bristoll."

164. *Complices.* Accomplices. Cf. iii. 1. 43; 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 163, etc.

166. *Weed.* To *weed caterpillars* is to mix metaphors. See Gr. 529 (4).

167. On the measure, see Gr. 497.

168. *I'll pause.* Cf. 158: "I do remain as neuter."

170. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 28: "Past cure is still past cure;" *Macb.* iii. 2. 11:

> "Things without all remedy
> Should be without regard."

SCENE IV.—See introduction to scene ii. above.

Johnson suggested that this scene had been accidentally misplaced, and that it should have been the second of the next act.

8. Holinshed says: "In this year [1399], in a manner throughout all the realm of England, old bay-trees withered, and afterwards, contrary to

all men's thinking, grew green again; a strange sight, and supposed to import some unknown event."

This was reckoned a bad omen because of the sacred estimation in which the bay-tree was held. Lupton, in his *Syxt Booke of Notable Thinges*, says: "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 angell."

Evelyn says in his *Sylva:* "Amongst other things, it has of old been observed that the bay is ominous of some funest accident, if that be so accounted which Suetonius (in *Galba*) affirms to have happened before the death of the monster Nero, when these trees generally withered to the very roots in a very mild winter; and much later, that in the year 1629, when at Padua, preceding a great pestilence, almost all the bay trees about that famous university grew sick and perished: 'Certo quasi praesagio (says my author) Apollinem Musasque subsequenti anno urbe illa bonarum literarum domicilio excessuras.'"

Johnson remarks: "This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking." Cf. *J. C.* ii. 2. 13 fol.

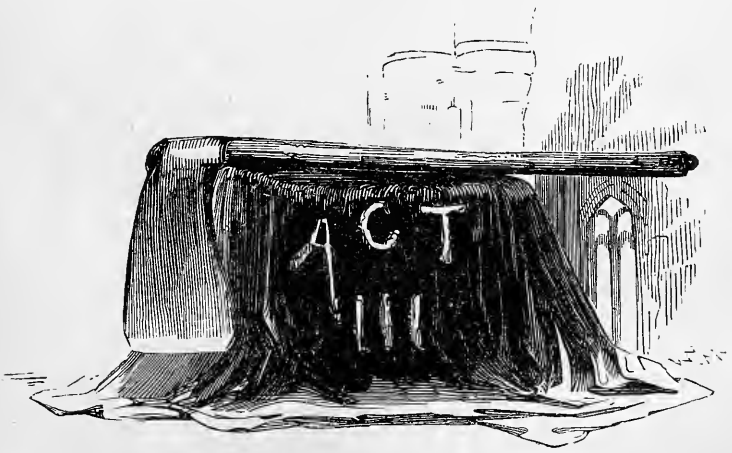
11. *Lean-look'd.* Lean-looking. For similar examples, see Gr. 294, 374.

15. *Or fall.* These words are found only in the 1st quarto; and the same is true of *the* in 18 below.

18. *Of heavy mind.* On the omission of *my* or *the*, see Gr. 82.

20. *Base.* Low. Cf. "base court" in iii. 3. 176, 180 below.

24. *Crossly.* Adversely.



SCENE I.—3. *Part.* Cf. *Per.* v. 3. 38: "We with tears parted Pentapolis." We still say, "departed this life." Gr. 198.

4. *Urging.* Laying stress upon, dwelling upon. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 144: "I urge this childhood proof," etc.

9. *Happy.* Fortunate. Cf. *Macb.* i. 3. 66: "Not so happy, yet much happier" (that is, not so fortunate, yet much more blessed). Gr. 419*a*.

10. *Unhappied.* Made unhappy. Used nowhere else by S.

Clean. Completely. Cf. *Sonn.* 75. 10: "Clean starv'd;" *J. C.* i. 3. 35: "Clean from the purpose," etc. See also *Joshua*, iii. 17; *Ps.* lxxvii. 8; *Isa.* xxiv. 19, etc.

11. *In manner.* In *a* manner (*K. John*, v. 7. 89: "it is in a manner done already"), as it were.

As the queen was only nine years old, and the former queen had died five years before, there is no historical ground for the charge which S. puts into Bolingbroke's mouth (C.P. ed.).

13. *Broke.* See on ii. 2. 59. Gr. 343.

20. *Foreign clouds.* "That is, clouds of breath exhaled in foreign climes" (Hunter). Cf. *R. and J.* i. 1. 139: "Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs."

22. *Signories.* Estates, manors. Cf. iv. 1. 89 below. In *Temp.* i. 2. 71, it means principalities.

23. *Dispark'd.* To *dispark* is a legal term, meaning to destroy the enclosures of a park and throw it open.

24. *Coat.* That is, coat of arms blazoned in the painted windows.

25. *Impress.* An emblem or device with a motto, which in this instance was "Souveraine."

29. *The death.* Often used in this sense of "the judicial penalty of death." Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 165; *M. N. D.* i. 1. 65, etc.

For the measure, see Gr. 497. Pope omitted *over*.

32. The folio reading. The quartos have, "Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell." As W. suggests, these two words were probably the interpolation of an actor, and were struck out in revising the text for the folio. Coll., St., and some other editors retain them.

37. *Entreated.* Treated; as often in S. and other writers of the time. Cf. *Jer.* xv. 11; *Acts*, vii. 6; 1 *Tim.* v. 1, etc.

38. *Commends.* Commendations, greetings. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 9. 90: "Commends and courteous breath." See also iii. 3. 126 below.

41. *At large.* That is, expressed fully, or at length. Cf. v. 6. 10 below. The phrase occurs often in S.

42. Pope inserted *my* before *lords*, and the Coll. MS. has the same emendation.

44. *After.* Afterwards. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 2. 10: "And after bite me," etc. The word is an adjective in *Oth.* i. 3. 35: "An after fleet;" that is, one sent after.

SCENE II.—1. *Barkloughly.* Holinshed is the only authority for this name, which he spells "Barclowlie" or "Barclowly." It doubtless should be "Hertlowly," which some identify as Harlech in North Wales.

Call you. The reading of all the early eds. except 1st quarto, which "call they."

On the measure, see Gr. 482; and for the next line, Gr. 497.

Brooks, as Schmidt gives it, here "comes near the sense of *likes*." Cf. *T. G. of V.* v. 4. 3 :

> "This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
> I better brook than flourishing peopled towns."

4. *Needs*. Of necessity. Gr. 25.

5. *To stand*. On this "indefinite use of the infinitive," see Gr. 356.

8. *A long-parted mother with her child*. A mother long parted from her child. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 134 : "A constant woman to her husband." See other examples in Gr. 419*a*. On the use of *with*, see Gr. 194.

9. *Smiles*. We prefer to consider this word a noun, but some make it a verb, putting a comma after *tears*.

15. *Their*. The plural pronoun takes the place of the preceding *his;* or, as has been suggested, it may refer by anticipation to *feet*.

19, 20. Cf. *Macb.* i. 5. 66 :

> "look like the innocent flower,
> But be the serpent under 't."

21. *Double*. Forked. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 9 : "You spotted snakes with double tongue."

Mortal. Deadly. Cf. *R. of L.* 364 : "his mortal sting ;" *Rich. III.* i. 2. 146 : "mortal poison ;" Milton, *P. L.* i. 2 : "that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste," etc.

23. *Conjuration*. Adjuration. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 48 : "An earnest conjuration from the king." The verb *conjure* is still used in a similar sense. The conjuration is called *senseless* because addressed to a senseless thing.

25. *Native*. "Hereditary, legitimate" (Schmidt). Richard was born at Bordeaux.

26. *Rebellious*. The reading of the folio and later quartos ; the 1st and 2d quartos have "rebellion's."

29–32. Omitted in the folio.

34. *Security*. Carelessness. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 3. 8 : "security gives way to conspiracy ;" *Macb.* iii. 5. 32 : "Security Is mortals' chiefest enemy." Cf. also the use of *securely* in ii. 1. 266 above.

35. *Friends*. The folio reading ; the quartos have "power."

36. *Discomfortable*. Used by S. nowhere else. Schmidt is doubtful whether it means "wanting hope" or "discouraging."

37, 38. Malone proposed to read,

> "That when the searching eye of heaven, that lights
> The lower world, is hid behind the globe ;"

but such transpositions are not unusual in S. Cf. i. 1. 168 : "Despite of death that lives upon my grave." See Gr. 262, 263. Hanmer and Johnson read "and lights the lower world." Hunter makes the "direct construction" to be "that lights the lower world behind the globe."

40. *Boldly*. The 1st quarto has "bouldy ;" the other early eds. "bloudy," "bloodie," or "bloody." Coll. conjectured *boldly*, and has been followed by D., W., and others.

43. *Light*. The folio has "lightning."

49. Omitted in the folio, "perhaps intentionally" (W.).

55. *The balm.* The consecrated oil. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 17: "The balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed." See also iv. 1. 207 below.

58. *Press'd.* Impressed, forced into military service. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 122: "being press'd to the war;" 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 16, 22, 40, etc.

59. *Shrewd.* "Sharp" (C. P. ed.), or perhaps better, "evil, wicked," as Schmidt explains it. See notes on the word in our *Hen. VIII.* p. 202 and C. pp. 221–224.

64. *Near.* The old form of *nearer.* See Gr. 478, and cf. v. 1. 88 below.

70. *Twelve thousand.* Holinshed makes it forty thousand.

76. *But now.* A moment ago. See Gr. 130.

80. *Will.* See Gr. 319.

84. *Sluggard.* The folio reading; the quartos have "coward."

85. *Forty.* As in folio; the quartos have "twenty."

91. Sir Stephen Scroop, or Scrope, of Masham, elder brother to William, Earl of Wiltshire, was distinguished for his loyalty to Richard.

92. *Deliver.* Cf. iii. 3. 34 and iv. 1. 9 below; also *Temp.* ii. 1. 45: "as he most learnedly delivered."

94. The worst thou canst unfold is worldly loss. See on 37, 38 above.

109. *His.* Its. Gr. 228.

110. *Fearful.* Full of fear. Cf. iii. 3. 73 below; *V. and A.* 677: "these fearful creatures;" that is, "the timorous flying hare" (called "the fearful, flying hare" in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 130), the fox, and the roe. See also *Judges*, vii. 3; *Matt.* viii. 26, etc.

112. *White-beards.* That is, white-bearded men. The folio has "White Beares." *Thin and hairless* means, of course, with thin hair or none.

114. *Clap their female joints.* Hastily thrust their weak, womanish limbs. Pope changed *clap* to "clasp," and the Coll. MS. gives "feeble" for *female.* Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 231: "Clapped under hatches;" 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 25: "a pennyworth of sugar clapped into my hand," etc.

115. *In.* Into. Cf. ii. 3. 160 above. Gr. 159.

116. *Beadsmen.* "Old pensioners, so called because they were bound to pray for those by whose alms they were supported" (C. P. ed.). Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 18: "I will be thy beadsman, Valentine." See also *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 315.

117. *Double-fatal.* Doubly fatal, "because the leaves of the yew are poison, and the wood is employed for instruments of death" (Warburton). *Yew* is spelled "ewe" and "eugh" in the early eds. In the 3d and 4th quartos it is misprinted "woe." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 1, 9: "The Eugh, obedient to the benders will."

118. *Manage.* Handle, wield. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 1. 76:

> "Put up thy sword,
> Or manage it to part these men with me."

Bills were "a kind of pike or halbert, formerly carried by the English infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watchmen" (Nares). Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 44; *R. and J.* i. 1. 80, etc.

Lines 112–120 are thus pointed in the folio:

"White Beares haue arm'd their thin and hairelesse Scalps
Against thy Maiestie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,
Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioints
In stiffe vnwieldie Armes: against thy Crowne
Thy very Beads-men learne to bend their Bowes
Of double fatall Eugh: against thy State
Yea Distaffe-Women manage rustie Bills:
Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,
And all goes worse then I haue power to tell."

St. adopts this division of the sentences.

121. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 174:

"O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!"

125. *Peaceful.* Undisturbed, unresisted.

126. *Heads.* The folio has "hands."

128. *Peace.* Cf. the play on the word in *Macb.* iv. 3. 178, 179.

131. *Heart-blood.* See Gr. 22.

132. *Three Judases.* Four names are mentioned in 122, 123. According to Holinshed, Bagot escaped to Chester, and thence to Ireland. Theo. therefore proposed to read "he got" for "Bagot" in 122.

134. *Offence.* Omitted in quartos.

135. *His property.* Its proper nature. See on 109 above.

139. *Hand.* The quartos have "wound."

140. *Grav'd.* Buried. See Gr. 294.

141. *Is.* See Gr. 335, 336, and cf. iii. 3. 168; iii. 4. 24 (folio, "comes"), etc.

143. *Power.* See on ii. 2. 46.

153. *Model.* Johnson says: "He uses *model* for *mould*; that earth, which, closing upon the body, takes its form." Malone explains it in a similar way. According to Douce, the word here "seems to mean a measure, portion, or quantity." See Trench's *Select Glossary*, s. v.

154. "A metaphor, not of the most sublime kind, taken from a *pie*" (Johnson).

158. *The ghosts they have depos'd.* The ghosts of those whom they have deposed. "The Elizabethan writers objected to scarcely any ellipsis, provided the deficiency could be easily supplied from the context" (Gr. 382).

161. *Rounds.* Surrounds, encircles. Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 56:

"For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.'

Douce suggests that this passage was suggested by one of the illustrations in the *Imagines Mortis*, improperly attributed to Holbein. The picture represents a king on his throne, with courtiers about him, while a grinning skeleton stands behind in the act of removing the crown from his head. Death is not *sitting in* the crown, as S. expresses it, and as the commentators also state it, though any one who looks carefully at the fac-simile of the picture (see Knight's pictorial ed.) will see how the mistake originated. The skeleton, being directly *behind* the king, appears at first glance to be rising from the crown. Some of the editors say that

he is sitting in the crown *and* taking it off—a mechanical impossibility, though we will not assert that a ghost would find it such.

162. *Antic.* Buffoon. Cf. *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 18: "Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn."

163. *Scoffing his state.* That is, *at* his state. Gr. 200.

164. *A breath.* A brief time. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 134: "One minute, nay one quiet breath of rest." See also *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 145.

166. *Self and vain conceit.* Vain self-conceit, or estimate of self. See on ii. 2. 33.

168. *Humour'd.* Abbott (Gr. 378) explains the construction thus:

> "And, (man having been) humour'd thus,
> (Death) comes at the last."

It is doubtful, as Schmidt suggests, whether *humour'd* is to be construed thus, or as = "in this humour," referring to Death.

173. *Tradition.* "Traditional practices; that is, established or customary homage" (Johnson). "Addition" was suggested by Roderick, and D. approves it, but no change seems called for.

174. *Mistook.* Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 48, and see Gr. 343.

175. *With bread.* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 162: "I had rather live With cheese and garlic." Gr. 193. On the measure, see Gr. 510. Perhaps something has dropped out of the text here.

176. *Subjected.* Made a subject; antithetical to *king* in next line.

178. The folio reading. The quartos have "ne'er sit and wail their woes."

179. *Presently.* Immediately. Gr. 59.

182. Omitted in the folio.

183. *To fight.* To fighting; to you if you fight. Gr. 356.

184. "That is, to die fighting is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers" (Johnson).

185. *Where.* Whereas. See Gr. 134.

Fearing dying. Yielding to death through fear.

186. *Of.* About, concerning. See Gr. 174.

190. On the metaphor, see Gr. 529(4).

198. *By small and small.* For the construction, see Gr. 5.

203. *Upon his faction.* Upon his side. This is the folio reading; the quartos have "his party," which means the same.

204. *Beshrew.* A mild form of imprecation. Cf. *Sonn.* 133. 1: "Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan;" *M. of V.* iii. 2. 14: "Beshrew your eyes," etc. See on *shrewd*, 59 above.

On *which*, see Gr. 268; and on *forth*, Gr. 156. *Forth of* = out of, away from. Cf. extract from Holinshed, p. 194, first line.

209. *Flint Castle.* In North Wales, about twelve miles from Chester. It is still standing, though in a very ruinous condition. According to Leland, it was built by Edward I. In the civil wars of Charles I. it was garrisoned by the royal party, but was besieged and taken by the parliamentary forces in 1643.

211. *That power*, etc. Discharge the soldiers that I have.

212. *To ear.* To plough, or till. Cf. *V. and A.* dedication, 5: "never

after ear so barren a land;" *A. W.* i. 3. 47: "He that ears my land spares my team;" *A. and C.* i. 4. 49:

> "Make the sea serve them which they ear and wound
> With keels of every kind."

See also *Deut.* xxi. 4; *Isa.* xxx. 24, etc.

That hath, etc. That promises to be productive. Delius would change *hath* to *have*, making *them* the antecedent of *that;* but this seems unnecessary. The meaning seems to be: Let them go to till the land, from which they may expect a better return than from serving a king whose cause is hopeless.

SCENE III.—The following is Holinshed's account of the events in this scene:

"King Richard being thus come unto the Castle of Flint, and the Duke of Hereford being still advertised from hour to hour by posts how the Earl of Northumberland sped, the morrow following he came thither, and mustered his army before the King's presence, which undoubtedly made a passing fair show, being very well ordered by the Lord Henry Percy, that was appointed general, or rather, as we may call him, master of the camp, under the Duke, of the whole army.

"There were come already to the castle, before the approaching of the main army, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Aumerle, the Earl of Worcester, and divers others. The Archbishop entered first, and then followed the others, coming into the first ward.

"The King, that was walking aloft on the brays of the walls to behold the coming of the Duke afar off, might see that the Archbishop and the others were come, and, as he took it, to talk with him: whereupon he forthwith came down unto them, and beholding that they did their due reverence to him on their knees, he took them up, and drawing the Archbishop aside from the residue, talked with him a good while, and, as it was reported, the Archbishop willed him to be of good comfort, for he should be assured not to have any hurt as touching his person; but he prophesied not as a prelate, but as a Pilate, as by the sequel it well appeared.

"After that the Archbishop had now here at Flint communed with the King, he departed, and taking his horse again, rode back to meet the Duke, who began at that present to approach the castle, and compassed it round about, even down to the sea, with his people arranged in good and seemly order at the foot of the mountains; and then the Earl of Northumberland, passing forth of the castle to the Duke, talked with him awhile in the sight of the King, being again got up to the walls to take a better view of the army, being now advanced within two bowshots of the castle, to the small rejoicing, ye may be sure, of the sorrowful King.

"The Earl of Northumberland, returning to the castle, appointed to the King to be set to dinner (for he was fasting till then), and after he had dined the Duke came down to the castle himself, and entered the same all armed, his bassinet only excepted, and being within the first

gate, he stayed there till the King came forth of the inner part of the castle unto him.

"The King, accompanied with the Bishop of Carlisle, the Earl of Salisbury, and Sir Stephen Scrope, knight, who bare the sword before him, and a few other, came forth into the utter ward, and sat down in a place prepared for him. Forthwith as the Duke got sight of the King, he showed a reverent duty, as became him, in bowing his knee; and coming forward, did so likewise the second and third time, till the King took him by the hand, and lift him up, saying, 'Dear cousin, ye are welcome.' The Duke, humbly thanking him, said, 'My sovereign lord and king, the cause of my coming at this present, is (your honour saved) to have again restitution of my person, my lands, and heritage, through your favourable licence.' The King hereunto answered, 'Dear cousin, I am ready to accomplish your will, so that ye may enjoy all that is yours, without exception.'"

10. *Mistakes.* Rowe added "me" to help out the measure; but see Gr. 487.

12. *Would you have been*, etc. If you should have been, or if you had been disposed to be, etc. Cf. Gr. 322, 331. On *so*, see Gr. 281.

14. *Taking so the head.* Johnson thought this meant "to take undue liberties;" Douce, "to take away the sovereign's chief title." The latter seems the better.

17. *Mistake.* Take wrongly or unjustly. There is a play on the word, which some editors indicate by printing it "mis-take."

O'er your head. So in folio; the 1st and 2d quartos have "over our heads," the 3d and 4th "over your heads."

26. *Yond.* Equivalent to *yon* or *yonder*, but not a contraction of the latter word, as W., H., and other editors who print it *yond'* appear to consider it. Here the folio has "yond," the quartos "yon." See *Temp.* p. 121, note on "What thou seest yond."

30. *Belike.* Probably. Common in S., but now obsolete.

31. On the short line, see Gr. 512.

32. *Ribs.* The C. P. ed. compares *K. John*, ii. 1. 384: "The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city."

33. *Parle.* The quartos have "parlee" (parley). See on i. 1. 192.

34. *His.* Its. See on iii. 2. 109 above; and for *deliver*, on iii. 2. 92.

38. *Hither come.* Having come hither.

41. *Be freely granted.* The subject is the preceding clause, which = my recall from banishment and the restoration of my lands.

52. *Tatter'd.* So in folio and later quartos; "tottered" in 1st and 2d quartos. As Coll. and D. state, this is simply "a variety of spelling." Schmidt also defines the word here as "torn, ragged." In *K. John*, v. 5. 7, the folio has "our tott'ring colours;" and in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 37, "a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls."

53. *Perus'd.* Surveyed, examined. Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 74: "Let me peruse this face;" *C. of E.* i. 2. 13:

> "Till that, I 'll view the manners of this town,
> Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings."

Tennyson (*Princess*, ii.) has

> "At those high words we, conscious of ourselves,
> Perused the matting."

56. *Shock.* Here the 1st quarto furnishes the correct reading. The other early eds. have "smoke," "smoake," or "smoak."

57. *Cheeks of heaven.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 4: "the welkin's cheek."

60. *Not on him.* That is, not to extinguish him.

61. *King Richard how he looks.* See Gr. 414.

62–67. The early eds. give these lines to Bolingbroke; Warburton, Hanmer, K., Sr., and W., to York; D., to Percy. Warburton remarks that they are "absurdly given to Bolingbroke, who is made to condemn his own conduct and disculp the king's." Besides, as W. points out, "Bolingbroke, as will be seen by the last twelve lines previous to the appearance of Richard, has marched away with his army from the castle, to which he afterwards returns and asks Northumberland, 'What says the king?'"

71. *Harm.* The Coll. MS. has "storm," which D. and Sr. adopt.

73. *Fearful.* See on iii. 2. 110.

76. *Awful.* Full of awe, as fearful = full of fear. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 176: "We come within our awful banks again." Hence it comes to mean "filled with reverence for all that deserves it, conscientious" (Schmidt), as in *T. G. of V.* iv. 1. 46: "Thrust from the company of awful men."

81. *Profane.* Commit sacrilege.

83. *Have torn their souls.* Have perjured themselves. The metaphor seems to be taken from the act of tearing a legal document.

89. *That lift.* The antecedent of *that* is implied in *your.* Gr. 218.

90. *Threat.* Threaten. Used only in verse and in the present tense (Schmidt). Cf. *V. and A.* 620: "Of bristly pikes that ever threat his foes;" *Cymb.* iv. 2. 127: "To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us."

94. *To ope the purple testament.* To open and carry into execution the blood-stained will.

96. On the metaphor, see Gr. 529 (5).

97. *The flower of England's face.* The blooming surface of the land. Steevens cites Sidney, *Arcadia:* "the sweet and beautiful flower of her face."

98. *Maid-pale.* White or fair as a maiden. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 47: "this pale and maiden blossom."

102. *Civil and uncivil.* Civil in one sense (as in "civil war"), not civil in another. Or *uncivil* may mean rude, as in *T. G. of V.* v. 4. 17: "uncivil outrages."

105. *Honourable tomb.* That of Edward III. in Westminster Abbey.

109. Holinshed states that John of Gaunt was buried in St. Paul's.

114. *Enfranchisement.* "Restoration to his full rights as a free Englishman" (C. P. ed.).

115. *Party.* Part. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 1. 28:

> "have you nothing said
> Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?"

116. *Commend.* Give up, deliver over. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 4. 28: "I did commend your highness' letters to them;" *Macb.* i. 7. 11: "Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice To our own lips."

117. *Barbed.* Armoured; used only of horses. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 1. 10: "mounting barbed steeds." Not to be confounded with *barb*, a Barbary horse. See Wb. under *barb* and *barded.*

121. *Returns.* Returns answer. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 46:

> "The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
> Returns us that his powers are not yet ready."

See also i. 3. 122 above.

126. *Commends.* See on iii. 1. 38. Gr. 451.

128. *Poorly.* "Without spirit, dejectedly" (Schmidt). Cf. *Macb.* ii. 2. 71: "Be not lost So poorly in your thoughts."

136. *Words of sooth.* Words of concession, or of flattery. Cf. *Per.* i. 2. 44:

> "When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
> He flatters you, makes war upon your life."

So *soothers*=flatterers in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 7:

> "I cannot flatter; I do defy
> The tongues of soothers."

On *sooth*=truth, see *Mer.* p. 127.

137. *Lesser.* See on ii. 1. 95.

146. *O' God's name.* See Gr. 24, 169. The folio has *o'*, the quartos *a.*

154. *Obscure.* Accent on first syllable, as usually in S. when the word is an adjective. See Gr. 492.

156. *Common trade.* Common passage. Lord Surrey, in his translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, book ii., translates "pervius usus" by the same expression:

> "A postern with a blind wicket there was,
> A common trade, to pass through Priam's house."

According to Wedgwood, *trade* is derived from *tread*, meaning literally "a trodden way, a beaten path or course." Wb., on the other hand, makes it from the Latin *tractare*, through the French *traiter.* However that may be, there is an obsolete *trade*, as Wb. states, meaning *tread.* Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 6, 39:

> "As Shepheardes curre, that in darke eveninges shade
> Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes trade."

162. *Lodge.* Throw down, lay. The word is still used by farmers in this sense. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 1. 55: "Though bladed corn be lodg'd."

164. *Wantons.* Triflers.

168. *There lies.* See on iii. 2. 141. Gr. 335.

169. On the omission of the relative, see Gr. 244. The sentence forms the epitaph that Richard proposes for the graves.

175. *Ay.* Always spelled "I" in the early eds. There is a play upon *You* and *ay*, not upon *leg* and *ay* (eye), as some commentators make it. In *R. and J.* (iii. 2. 45), however, there is a play on *ay* and *eye.* See also iv. 1. 201 below.

176. *Base court.* The outer court of the castle, which was usually on a lower level than the inner court; the French *basse cour.*

178. *Glistering. Glisten* is not used by S. See *Mer.* p. 145.

179. *Wanting the manage of.* Unable to control. *Manage* is especially used of horses. See *Mer.* p. 153.

185. *Fondly.* Foolishly. See *Mer.* pp. 146, 152, and cf. iv. 1. 72 below. On *makes*, see Gr. 336. Cf. *V. and A.* 988: "Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous."

191. *To make.* See Gr. 356.

192. *Me rather had.* See Gr. 230.

195. *Thus high.* Here some insert the explanatory stage direction, "*touching his own head.*"

198. *So far be mine.* That is, may they so far be mine.

202. *Uncle.* Addressed to York.

203. *Want their remedies.* Are without their remedies, do not avail.

204. Bolingbroke and Richard were both born in 1366, and were now thirty-three years old.

208. *Set on.* Lead forward, set out. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 14 and v. 2. 3.

SCENE IV.—4. *Rubs.* In bowling the word denoted any impediment that might divert the ball from its course. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 188: "But every rub is smoothed on our way" (see also v. 2. 33); *Cor.* iii. 1. 60:

> "nor has Coriolanus
> Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
> I' the plain way of his merit."

11. *Of sorrow or of joy?* The early eds. read "or of griefe?" St. follows Capell, reading "Of joy or grief?"

14. *Remember.* Remind. Cf. i. 3. 269 above.

15. *Altogether had.* Altogether possessed; wholly occupying my mind.

18. *Complain.* Complain of, bewail. Gr. 291.

20. On the use of *shouldst* and *wouldst* here, cf. Gr. 322 and 326.

22. *And I could sing*, etc. Pope changed *sing* to *weep*, which D. adopts and Sr. approves. W. explains it thus as it stands: "The queen says that, if weeping would do her any good, she has shed tears enough herself to be able to sing;—the emphasis being, 'And I could *sing*,' etc." The Camb. ed. paraphrases it as follows: "And I could even sing for joy if my troubles were only such as weeping could alleviate, and then I would not ask you to weep for me."

26. *My wretchedness.* "I will stake my great wretchedness against the merest trifle" (C. P. ed.).

28. *Against a change.* In anticipation of a change. Gr. 142.

Woe is forerun with woe. That is, *by* woe; "sadness is the harbinger or precursor of disaster." Gr. 193.

29. *Apricocks.* Apricots; the old spelling. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 169: "Feed him with apricocks and dewberries."

32. *Supportance.* Support. Used by S. only here and in *T. N.* iii. 4. 329: "the supportance of his vow."

34. *Too-fast-growing.* See Gr. 434.

38. *Noisome.* Noxious. Cf. *Ps.* xci. 3: "the noisome pestilence."

40. *Pale.* Enclosure. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 45: "How are we park'd and bounded in a pale."

46. *Knots.* Flower-beds laid out in fanciful shapes. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* iv. 242: "In beds and curious knots."

51. *In eating him.* While depriving him of nourishment. The allusion is to the farming of the land to the Earl of Wiltshire, who "seemed to hold him up" by supplying him with money, though really on usurious terms.

56. *Dress'd.* Tilled; as in 73 below. Cf. *Gen.* ii. 15.

57. *We.* Wanting in the early eds.; inserted by Capell. On the omission of the article in *at time of year*, see Gr. 89.

59. *In sap.* The reading of 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "with sap."

60. *It* may refer either to the "bark" or to the "fruit-trees" taken distributively.

63. On the measure, see Gr. 506. The 2d folio has "All superfluous," which D. adopts. W. suggests that *superfluous* is accented on the penult.

66. The folio reading; the quartos have "waste of." Pope changed *hath* to *have;* but see Gr. 334.

67. On the use of *shall*, see Gr. 315. Pope inserted *then*, which is in none of the early eds.

69. *'T is doubt.* 'T is feared or suspected. The folio has "doubted." Cf. Gr. 342, under which this may possibly come. We have "'t is doubt" in another sense in i. 4. 20.

72. *Press'd to death.* An allusion to the old custom of putting a person to death by piling weights upon the chest. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 76: "Press me to death with wit;" *M. for M.* v. 1. 528: "pressing to death." The punishment was known as *peine forte et dure*, and was inflicted on those who when arraigned refused to plead.

74. On the measure, see Gr. 498. Pope omitted *harsh rude.*

75. *Suggested.* Prompted, tempted. See on i. 1. 101. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 164.

76. *Cursed man.* Cf. *Gen.* iii. 17–19.

78. *Thou little better thing than earth.* On the arrangement, see Gr. 419*a*.

79. *Divine.* Prophesy. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 6. 124: "If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so."

80. *By this ill-tidings.* On *by*, see Gr. 145. Pope changed *this* to *these;* but see on ii. 1. 272.

83. *He.* See Gr. 243. *Hold* = grasp.

86. The C. P. ed. cites *M. of V.* iii. 2. 91: "Making them lightest that wear most of it."

89. *Odds.* Used by S. both as singular and plural, like *tidings* and *news.* Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 41: "these odds;" *A. and C.* iv. 15. 66: "the odds is gone," etc.

100. *This news.* The folio reading; the quartos have "these news." As just stated, S. uses both forms.

101. *Pray God.* The folio substitutes "I would."

102. *So.* See Gr. 133.

104. *Fall.* Let fall. All the early eds. except 1st quarto have "drop." S. often uses *fall* transitively. See Gr. 291 and our ed. of *J. C.* p. 169, note on *They fall their crests.*

105. *Rue.* "The plant *Ruta graveolens*, called also *herb of grace*, and used on account of its name as a symbol of sorry remembrance" (Schmidt). This is the most probable of the various explanations of *herb of grace.* Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 181: "There 's rue for you; and here 's some for me: we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays." See also *W. T.* iv. 4. 74.

106. *Ruth.* Pity. Cf. *Sonn.* 132. 4: "Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain;" Milton, *Lyc.* 163: "Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth;" Tennyson, *Enid:* "Had ruth again on Enid."

SCENE I. — Holinshed, after describing Bagot's bill of accusation against Aumerle, continues:

"There was also contained in the said bill, that Bagot had heard the Duke of Aumerle say that he had liefer than twenty thousand pounds that the Duke of Hereford was dead, not for any fear he had of him, but for the trouble and mischief that he was like to procure within the realm.

"After that the bill had been read and heard, the Duke of Aumerle rose up and said, that as touching the points contained in the bill concerning him, they were utterly false and untrue, which he would prove with his body, in what manner soever it should be thought requisite.

"On the Saturday next ensuing, the Lord Fitzwater herewith rose up and said to the King that when the Duke of Aumerle excuseth himself of the Duke of Gloucester's death, I say (quoth he) that he was the very cause of his death; and so he appealed him of treason, offering, by

throwing down his hood as a gage, to prove it with his body. There were twenty other lords also that threw down their hoods, as pledges to prove the like matter against the Duke of Aumerle.

"The Duke of Aumerle threw down his hood, to try it against the Lord Fitzwater, as against him that lied falsely in that he charged him with by that his appeal. These gages were delivered to the Constable and Marshal of England, and the parties put under arrest.

"The Duke of Surrey stood up also against the Lord Fitzwater, avouching that where he had said that the appellants were cause of the Duke of Gloucester's death it was false; for they were constrained to sue the same appeal, in like manner as the said Lord Fitzwater was compelled to give judgment against the Duke of Gloucester and the Earl of Arundel, so that the suing of the appeal was done by coercion; and if he said contrary he lied, and therewith he threw down his hood.

"The Lord Fitzwater answered hereunto, that he was not present in the Parliament House when judgment was given against him; and all the lords bare witness thereof. Moreover, where it was alleged that the Duke of Aumerle should send two of his servants unto Calais to murder the Duke of Gloucester, the said Duke of Aumerle said that if the Duke of Norfolk affirmed it he lied falsely, and that he would prove with his body, throwing down another hood which he had borrowed. The same was likewise delivered to the Constable and Marshal of England, and the King licensed the Duke of Norfolk to return, that he might arraign his appeal."

The speech of the Bishop of Carlisle, when the Commons demanded judgment to be passed on King Richard, is narrated by Holinshed as follows:

"Whereupon the Bishop of Carlisle, a man both learned, wise, and stout of stomach, boldly showed forth his opinion concerning that demand, affirming that there was none amongst them worthy or meet to give judgment upon so noble a prince as King Richard was, whom they had taken for their sovereign and liege lord by the space of twenty-two years and more. 'And I assure you (said he) there is not so rank a traitor, nor so errant a thief, nor yet so cruel a murderer apprehended or detained in prison for his offence, but he shall be brought before the justice to hear his judgment; and ye will proceed to the judgment of an anointed king, hearing neither his answer nor excuse. And I say that the Duke of Lancaster, whom ye call King, hath more trespassed to King Richard and his realm than King Richard hath done either to him or to us; for it is manifest and well known that the Duke was banished the realm by King Richard and his council, and by the judgment of his own father, for the space of ten years, for what cause ye know; and yet, without license of King Richard, he is returned again into the realm, and, that is worse, hath taken upon him the name, title, and pre-eminence of King. And therefore I say that you have done manifest wrong to proceed in anything against King Richard, without calling him openly to his answer and defence.' As soon as the Bishop had ended this tale, he was attached by the Earl Marshal, and committed to ward in the Abbey of St. Albans."

Westminster Hall, where this scene is laid, was built by William Rufus, but was repaired by Richard II., who raised the walls, altered the windows, and added the carved timber roof, which is to this day a marvel of construction. Here in the olden time were held the royal revels at Christmas, and here for centuries the great state trials took place, from that of Sir William Wallace to that of Warren Hastings. Here Cromwell was inaugurated Protector, and Charles I. was condemned to die. No room in England has been the scene of so many events involving the destinies of the nation.

Richard finished the work of reconstruction in 1399, and the first meeting of Parliament in the new building was for the purpose of deposing him.

4. *Wrought it with the king.* Who persuaded the king to it.

5. *Timeless.* Untimely. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 2. 117: "the timeless deaths, Of these Plantagenets;" *T. G.* of *V.* iii. 1. 21: "your timeless grave."

10. *Dead time.* "Dark and dreary time" (C. P. ed.); or, as Schmidt explains it, "bringing death, deadly." In *T. A.* ii. 3. 99, "dead time" means a time "still as death." Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 180; *Ham.* i. 1. 65; *Id.* i. 2. 198. *Dead*=deadly in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 57; *W. T.* iv. 4. 445; *K. John*, v. 7. 65, etc.

11. *Is not my arm of length?* Is not my arm long? The C. P. ed. cites Ovid, *Epist.* xvi. 166: "An nescis longas regibus esse manus?"

12. *Restful.* Quiet, peaceful. Cf. *Sonn.* 66. 1: "Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry." Some explain it here as="stationary," making the passage mean, Can I reach so far without moving from the English court?

15. On the measure, see Gr. 466.

17. *Than Bolingbroke's return.* Than to have him return. On the ellipsis, see Gr. 390. *England* is metrically a trisyllable here. Gr. 477.

19. On the measure, see Gr. 500.

21. *My fair stars.* The dignity assigned me by the propitious stars at my birth. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 172: "The right and fortune of his happy stars."

22. For the omission of *as*, see Gr. 281.

24. *With the attainder*, etc. He means to say that unless he vindicated his honour by wager of battle, he would be as much disgraced as if convicted of felony or treason.

25. *The manual seal of death.* His death-warrant; an allusion to the sign-manual of a sovereign.

28. *Heart-blood.* Cf. i. 1. 172, and Gr. 22. On the adverbial use of *all*, see Gr. 28.

29. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 2. 94: "A sword whose temper I intend to stain," etc.

33. *If that.* See Gr. 287. The quartos have "sympathy;" the 1st folio, "sympathize;" the other folios, "sympathies." *Stand on sympathies* (or *sympathy*) =insist on equality of rank (in your antagonist). Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 94: "When articles too nicely urg'd he stood upon;" *Oth.* ii. 1. 232: "sympathy in years," etc.

38. The pointing of the folio. The quartos put the comma after *it*, making *twenty times* modify *liest*.

40. The *rapier* was a long pointed sword, of Spanish origin. Its introduction here is an anachronism, as it was not known in England in the time of Richard. But, as the C. P. ed. remarks, S. arms Demetrius in *T. A.* (ii. 1. 54 and iv. 2. 85) with a rapier.

49. *And if.* See Gr. 105. The Camb. ed. adopts Capell's "An if."

52–59. These lines were omitted in the folio; perhaps, as W. suggests, "because they were considered superfluous, and because the expression, *I task the earth*, in the quarto of 1597, or *I take the earth*, in that of 1598 and its successors, was found inexplicable," Capell read "I task thee to the like," which D. approves; Johnson conjectured "I take thy oath;" Steevens, "I task thy heart;" S. Walker, "I take oath." St. makes *I task the earth* = "I challenge the whole world." The C. P. ed. explains it, "I lay on the earth the task of bearing the like gage;" and Hunter, "I engage the earth to bear the like trial of battle."

53. *With full as many lies.* By giving you the lie as many times.

55. *Sun to sun.* Capell's emendation of the "sinne to sinne" of the quartos. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 2. 70: "One score 'twixt sun and sun."

56. *Engage it.* Throw down your gage in return. Cf. 71 below.

57. *Who sets me else?* "Who else sets a match with me?" See Gr. 220. The expression was used in playing dice. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 46:

> "Were it good
> To set the exact wealth of all our states
> All at one cast?"

Rich. III. v. 4. 9:

> "Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
> And I will stand the hazard of the dice."

Lear, i. 4. 136: "Set less than thou throwest," etc.

58. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 347: "A thousand hearts are great within my bosom" (C. P. ed.).

62. *My lord.* These words are not in the quartos. They seem to have been added in the folio "as a proper mark of respect from Fitzwater to a prince of the blood royal, and one much his senior" (W.).

In presence. In the presence-chamber. Gr. 90.

65. *Dishonourable boy.* Spoken in contempt, as Fitzwater was now thirty-one years old.

72. *Fondly.* Foolishly. See on iii. 3. 185.

74. *In a wilderness.* "Where no help can be had by me against him" (Johnson). Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 104: "And dare me to the desert with thy sword." Boswell cites B. and F., *Love's Progress:*

> "Maintain thy treason with thy sword? with what
> Contempt I hear it! In a wilderness
> I durst encounter it."

76. *My bond of faith.* Probably he here throws down another gage.

77. *To tie thee.* To bind thee, obligate thee. Cf. i. 1. 63.

78. *This new world.* The new era under Bolingbroke.

84. *Here do I throw down this.* According to Holinshed, he threw down a *hood* that he had borrowed.

85. *Repeal'd.* Recalled from exile. Cf. ii. 2. 49.

89. *Signiories.* Cf. iii. 1. 22. On the measure, see Gr. 495. Pope omitted "land and."

93. *In glorious Christian field.* For the omission of article, see Gr. 82.

94. *Streaming.* For the transitive use, see Gr. 290. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 201: "Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood."

96. *Toil'd.* Wearied. Gr. 290. On the reflexive *retir'd himself*, see Gr. 296. Cf. *Cor.* i. 3. 30.

97. *At Venice.* There Norfolk is said to have died of grief in 1400.

104. Cf. *Luke*, xvi. 22; and *Rich. III.* iv. 3. 38: "The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom."

On the measure, see Gr. 485. Capell inserted "My" before "lords."

112. *Of that name the fourth.* So in folio. The quartos have "fourth of that name," in which *fourth* may be reckoned a dissyllable. Gr. 484.

115. *Worst in this royal presence*, etc. "That is, I may be the meanest and most unfit to speak" (Schmidt). The C. P. ed. makes *worst* an adverb: "Though I may speak the worst, or with the least right to speak," etc.

116. *Yet best beseeming*, etc. That is, it befits me best, as a spiritual peer, to speak the truth.

117. *Would God.* See Gr. 190.

119. *Noblesse.* The reading of the 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "noblenesse." Cf. the Fr. *noblesse oblige.*

120. *Learn.* Teach. Gr. 291. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 365:

> "The red plague rid you
> For learning me your language!"

It is used reflexively in *R. and J.* iv. 2. 17: "I have learned me to repent the sin."

123. *Judg'd.* Condemned; as in 128. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 15: "the law, thou seest, hath judg'd thee." On *but*, see Gr. 120.

124. *Apparent.* Manifest. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 198: "these apparent prodigies;" and see note in our ed., p. 147.

128. *Subject.* An adjective here.

129. *And.* See Gr. 95. For *forbid* the quartos have "forfend," which S. uses in several other places. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 32, 186, etc.

130. *Climate.* Region. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 32:

> "For I believe they are portentous things
> Unto the climate that they point upon."

Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* i. 6. 10: "the southern stars were in that climate unseen." The word is a verb in *W. T.* v. 1. 70: "whilst you Do climate here."

131. *Obscene.* Foul, abominable. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 244: "that obscene and most preposterous event."

139. *Go sleep.* See Gr. 349.

141. "*Kin* refers to blood-relationship; *kind* to our common human nature." Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 65: "A little more than kin, and less than kind" (C. P. ed.).

144. See *Matt.* xxvii. 33.

145. *Rear.* The folio reading; the quartos have "raise." There is an allusion to *Matt.* xii. 25.

146. *Woefullest division.* A prophecy of the Wars of the Roses.

148. *Prevent, resist it.* The early eds. have "Prevent it." Pope omitted *it.* See Gr. 460.

149. *Lest children's children.* The early eds. have "Lest child, child's children." Pope made the change, and has been followed by D., W., and other editors. Coll., K., St., and H. retain the old reading.

151. *Of capital treason.* See Gr. 177, and cf. i. 1. 27.

154. The "new additions" (see Introduction, p. 10) begin here, and continue to line 318 inclusive.

157. *His conduct.* His escort. Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 116: "Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!"

160. *Beholding.* Equivalent to "beholden," which Pope substituted. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 106: "Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?" and see *Mer.* p. 135.

161. *And little look'd for.* The 3d and 4th quartos have "looke," and the Coll. MS. "look for little." Some understand it to mean, and *this* (the fact that we are little beholding to your love) was little looked for.

163. *Shook.* See Gr. 343. S. sometimes uses *shaked*, as in *T. and C.* i. 3. 101: "when degree is shaked."

165. *Knee.* So the folio. The quartos have "limbs" or "limbes."

168. *Favours.* Faces. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 91: "your outward favour;" and see note in our ed., p. 131.

169. *Sometime.* Once, formerly. Cf. *Cor.* v. 1. 2: "sometime his general." See on *sometimes*, i. 2. 54.

170. Cf. *Matt.* xxvi. 49.

171. On the measure, see Gr. 501.

178. *Tired* is a dissyllable. Gr. 480.

181. *Seize the crown.* Coll., Sr., and others consider this a stage direction (*seizes the crown*), which has accidentally got into the text.

182. *Thine.* So in folio; "yours" in 3d and 4th quartos.

184. *Owes.* Owns, has. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 454: "thou dost here usurp The name thou owest not." It is also used in the modern sense, as in i. 3. 180 above. Both meanings occur in *K. John*, ii. 1. 248:

> "Be pleased then
> To pay that duty which you truly owe
> To him that owes it."

194, 195. There is a play on the two senses of *care*, anxiety and sorrow: My sorrow is in having to give up the anxieties of a king, a burden which you have to assume.

198. *Tend.* Attend. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 47: "women that tended me." Sometimes it is = be attentive, as in *Temp.* i. 1. 8: "tend to the master's whistle." It is also used with *on* or *upon*, as in *Macb.* i. v. 42: "Come you spirits, That tend on mortal thoughts;" *Lear*, ii. 1. 97: "the riotous knights, That tend upon my father."

200. *Ay* is printed "I" in the old editions; hence the play on the word. Cf. iii. 3. 175.

201. *No no.* "Since I must be nothing, *no I* is *no no.*" The second *no* is a noun.

204. *Unwieldy.* The Camb. ed. prints "unwieldly" (see Gr. 447), and does not mention the folio reading "vnwieldie."

206. *Balm.* See on iii. 2. 55.

209. *Duteous oaths.* The folio reading. The 3d and 4th quartos have "duties rites." Coll., St., and others read "duties, rites;" the Camb. ed. "duty's rites." "Duteous rites" and "duties, rights" have also been suggested. Perhaps "duty's rites" ("the ceremonious observances which subjects are bound to render to their sovereign," as the C. P. ed. explains it) is to be preferred to "duteous oaths," as the latter are mentioned in 214.

211. *Revenue.* Accented on second syllable, as in *Temp.* i. 2. 98: "Not only with what my revenue yielded." See *Temp.* p. 114, and cf. Gr. 490. In i. 4. 46 and ii. 1. 161, 226 above, the accent is on the first syllable.

214. *That swear.* That is, of those that swear; or, perhaps, that are sworn. The folio has "are made" instead of *that swear.*

216. *And thou.* See Gr. 216.

220. *Sunshine days.* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 187: "a sunshine day;" Milton, *L'All.* 98: "On a sunshine holiday."

224. *State and profit.* "Constitution and prosperity" (Hunter). "Settled order and material progress" (C. P. ed.).

228. *Weav'd up.* See on 163 above.

229. *Record.* S. accents the noun on either syllable, as suits the measure. Cf. i. 1. 30.

231. *Read a lecture of them.* Read them aloud. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 365: "I have heard him read many lectures against it."

If thou wouldst. We should say "If thou *shouldst*," and in the next line "There *wouldst* thou." Cf. iii. 4. 20, and see Gr. 322, 326, 331 for *should* and *would* in conditional sentences.

236. *Look upon me.* So in folio. The quartos omit *me.* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 27:

> "Why stand we like soft-hearted women here
> And look upon, as if," etc.

and *Ham.* i. 2. 179: "Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon." Gr. 192.

237. *Whilst that.* See Gr. 287.

238. See *Matt.* xxvii. 24, 26.

240. *Sour.* Used metaphorically very much as *bitter* is. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 315: "the sour cup of prosperity" (Costard's speech); *Sonn.* 57. 7: "Nor think the *bitterness* of absence *sour*," etc. So we find "sour woe," "sour adversity," "sour affliction," "sour misfortune," and in the present play (iv. 1. 241) "sour cross" and (v. 6. 20) "sour melancholy."

245. *Sort.* Company. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 13: "The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort;" 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 167: "a sort of naughty persons;" *Id.* iii. 2. 277: "Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king."

249. *Pompous.* Used in its original sense of stately, magnificent. Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 188: "the pompous court;" *Per.* iii. prol. 4: "Of this most pompous marriage-feast."

253. *Haught.* Haughty. Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 3. 28: "the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud."

254. *Nor no.* The folio has "No, nor." See Gr. 406.

255. *That name was.* That name *which* was. Gr. 244.

256. *But 't is usurped.* "How Richard's name could be usurped is not clear: perhaps he meant that in surrendering his crown he had given up everything that belonged to him by right of birth, both name and position."

263. *And if.* Theo. changed this to "An if," and Pope to "Ah, if." See Gr. 103.

Word. The quartos have "name." Cf. i. 3. 231.

266. *His.* Its. Cf. i. 1. 194, etc. Gr. 228.

268. *While.* See on i. 3. 122.

269. *Torments.* Gr. 340. Rowe substituted "torment'st," which the modern eds. generally adopt.

274. *Writ.* See on *shook*, 163 above. Cf. ii. 1. 14. In *Lear*, i. 2. 93, we have *wrote* for *written.*

280. *Beguile.* Deceive. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 131: "the better to beguile;" *Sonn.* 3. 4: "Thou dost beguile the world," etc.

282. *Did keep ten thousand men.* Malone says: "Shakespeare is here not quite accurate. Our chronicles only say: 'To his household came every day to meat ten thousand men.'"

291. *The shadow of your sorrow*, etc. The act by which you express your sorrow has destroyed the reflected image of your face.

295. *Lament.* Capell's emendation for the "laments" of the early eds.

298. The quartos omit *There lies the substance;* also *For thy great bounty* in next line, and *Shall I obtain it?* in 303.

307. *To.* See Gr. 189. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 75 and iii. 2. 54. See also *Matt.* iii. 9; *Luke*, iii. 8, etc.

314. *Sights.* Pope changed this to "sight;" but in Elizabethan English such use of the plural was common. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 1. 21: "whose loves;" *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 48:

> "O that our fathers would applaud our loves,
> To seal our happiness with their consents."

See also *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 25; *T. of A.* i. 1. 255; *Per.* i. 1. 74; *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 68; and v. 2. 38 below.

315. *Convey.* Often = steal. Cf. *M. W.* i. 3. 32, where after Nym has used the word *steal*, Pistol says "*Convey* the wise it call." Cf. *Cymb.* i. 1. 63 and 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 6. 81.

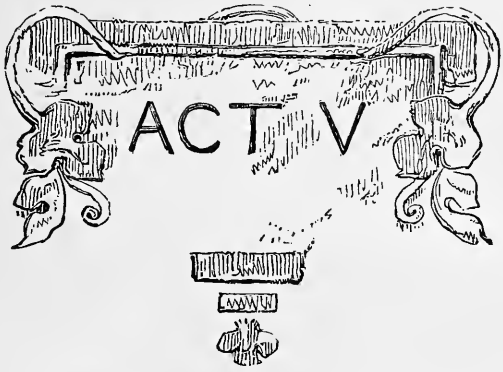
317. *On Wednesday*, etc. The first two quartos read—

> "Let it be so: and lo! on Wednesday next
> We solemnly proclaim our coronation;
> Lords, be ready all."

The change in the text was rendered necessary by the new addition of the "Parliament scene."

325. *My lord.* These words are found only in the first two quartos. Gr. 512.

326. *Take the sacrament.* Take an oath. Cf. v. 2. 97 below.
327. Pope and D. omit *also.* See Gr. 497.
333. *A plot shall show.* That is, *which* shall show. Gr. 244.



SCENE I.—2. *Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower.* That is, erected under evil auspices, or for evil purposes. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 68 fol. Tradition ascribed the first building of the Tower to Cæsar. Hence Gray in *The Bard* apostrophises it thus:

"Ye towers of Julius! London's lasting shame!"

11. *Thou model*, etc. "Thou *picture* of greatness" (Johnson). "Thou ruined majesty that *resemblest* the desolated waste where Troy once stood" (Malone).

12. *Thou map of honour.* "The mere outline, which is all that is left" (C. P. ed.). The expression is used in a somewhat different sense in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 203: "In thy face I see The map of honour;" that is, the outward image of the honour within.

13. *Inn.* A house of entertainment of the better sort, as opposed to *alehouse* in line 15. Cf. B. and F., *Lover's Progress*, v. 3:

"She s a book
To be with care perus'd; and 't is my wonder
If such misshapen guests as lust and murder
At any price should ever find a lodging
In such a beauteous inn."

W. quotes *Optick Glasse of Humours* (1607):

"His comely body is a beauteous Inne
Built fairely to the owner's princely minde,
Where wandring virtues lodge, oft lodg'd with sin;
Such pilgrims kindest entertainement finde.
An Inne said I? O no, that name's unfit,
Sith they stay not a night, but dwell in it."

14. *Hard-favour'd.* Ill-looking, ugly. Cf. *V. and A.* 133: "Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old;" *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 53:

"*Speed.* Is she not hard-favoured, boy?
Valentine. Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured."

20. *Sworn brother.* "Adventurers in travel or war sometimes bound themselves to share each other's fortunes; they were then *fratres jurati*, sworn brothers." Cf. *W. T.* v. 4. 607: "Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman!" *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 107: "and they shook hands, and swore brothers!" *Cor.* iii. 2. 102: "I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people."

23. *Cloister thee.* Shut thyself up. Cf. *R. of L.* 1085: "And therefore still in night would cloister'd be." See Gr. 290, 296.

Religious house. A convent.

25. *Stricken.* The reading of the folio; the quartos have "thrown." Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 192: "The clock hath stricken three."

31. *To be o'erpower'd.* At being overpowered. Gr. 356.

37. *Sometime.* See on iv. 1. 169. Gr. 41.

42. *Long ago betid.* That happened long ago. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 31:

"No, not so much perdition as a hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel."

43. *To quit their griefs.* To requite their mournful tales. The quartos have "quite." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 8, 26:

"How shall I quite the paynes ye suffer for my sake?"

So in *R. and J.* ii. 4. 204: "I'll quit thy pains" ("quite" in early eds.); *T. A.* i. 1. 141: "To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes." The word was spelled either way.

44. *Tale.* The folio has "fall." On *of me*, see Gr. 225.

46. *For why.* Equivalent to "Wherefore? (Because)." See Gr. 75. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 99: "For why, the fools are mad if left alone."

Sympathize. Here used transitively. See Gr. 200.

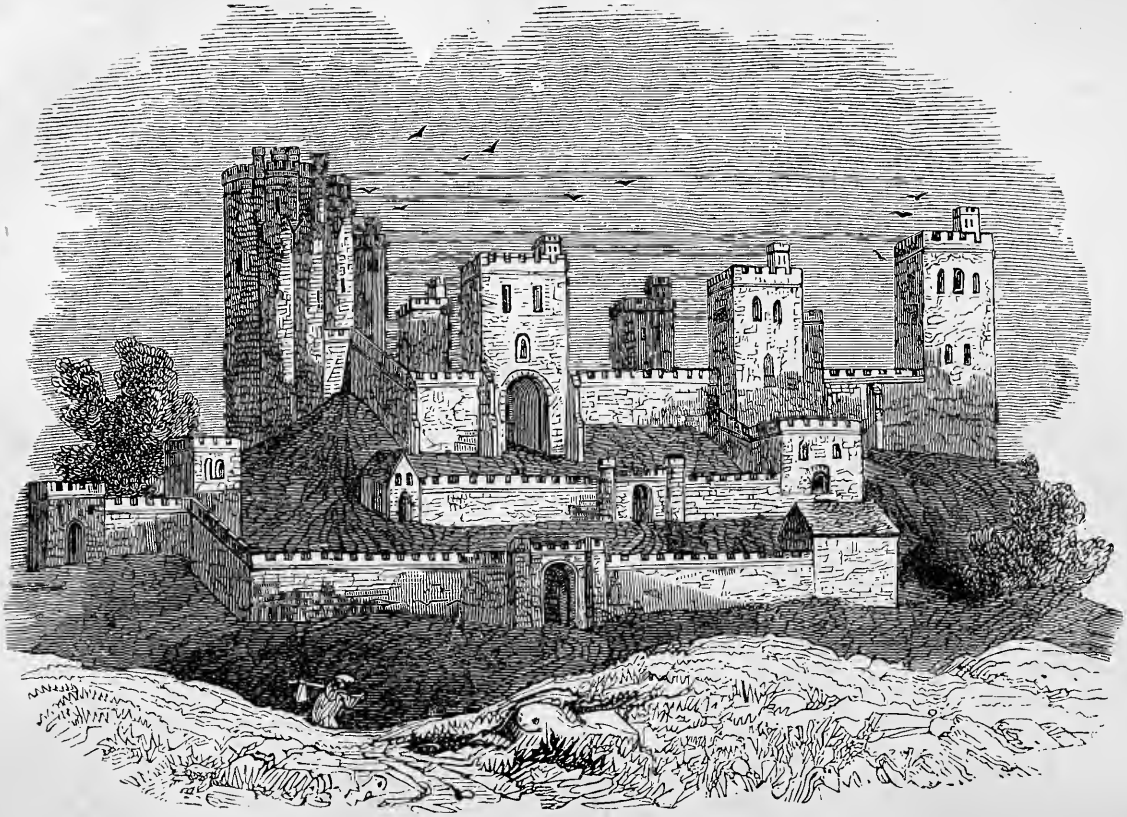
47. *Moving.* Moving the feelings of others.

48. *Fire.* A dissyllable. Cf. i. 3. 294. Gr. 480.

52. *Pomfret.* That is, Pontefract Castle, at the town of the same name in the West Riding of Yorkshire, about twenty-two miles from York. *Pomfret* is the common pronunciation of the name.

This famous castle, the ruins of which still give some idea of its ancient strength and magnificence, was built about 1080 by Hildebert (or Ilbert) de Lacy, one of the followers of William the Conqueror. In 1310 it came into the possession of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, who was beheaded near the castle for a revolt against Edward I., several lords implicated with him being hanged at Pontefract the same day. In 1399 it was the prison of Richard II., and here, according to the account that Shakespeare follows, he was murdered by Sir Pierce of Exton. In 1483, Earl Rivers, Richard Lord Grey, and Sir Thomas Vaughan were executed here, without any legal trial, by the order of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. Shakespeare (*Rich. III.* iii. 3. 9) makes Rivers exclaim:

"O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls



PONTEFRACT CASTLE.

Richard the Second here was hack'd to death;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink."

The castle was four times besieged: in 1536, by Robert Aske, captain general of the Pilgrimage of Grace, to whom it surrendered; and thrice in the time of Charles I. In 1649 it was dismantled by order of Parliament.

The chief remnant of the castle now is a portion of the keep, consisting of the ruins of two massive round towers connected by walls. In one of these walls, which is eighteen feet thick, is a wretched dungeon, in which tradition says Richard was confined, but it is more probable that he occupied one of the large apartments of the keep.

53. *Order ta'en.* Arrangements made. The expression occurs often in S. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 72: "Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't;" *Rich. III.* iv. 2. 53: "I will take order for her keeping close."

55. *Wherewithal.* Cf. Gr. 196.

61. *Helping him.* Thou having helped him.

62. *Which.* See Gr. 268.

64. *Ne'er so little.* See Gr. 52.

66. *Converts.* Is converted, changes. See Gr. 293, and cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 229: "Let grief Convert to anger."

68. *Worthy.* Well-merited. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 2. 87: "For doing worthy vengeance on thyself."

69. *And there an end.* A common phrase in S. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 80; *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 65; *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 2, etc.

70. *You must part.* That is, depart. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 77: "Thus losers part;" *T. of A.* iv. 2. 21: "We must all part Into this sea of air." See also Gray, *Elegy*, 1: "The knell of parting day;" Goldsmith, *D. V.* 171: "parting life," etc.

75. *For with a kiss 't was made.* Steevens says: "A *kiss* appears to have been an established circumstance in our ancient nuptial ceremony. So in Marston's *Insatiate Countess* (1613) the Duke, on parting with his wife, says to her: 'The kiss thou gavest me in the church, here take.'"

77. *Pines.* Makes waste, or "afflicts" (Schmidt). It is=starve in *V. and A.* 602:

"Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw."

78. *Wife.* The folio has "Queene."

80. *Hallowmas.* In the time of S., All Saints' Day, the 1st of November, was ten days nearer the winter solstice than it is now. The calendar was corrected by Gregory XIII. in 1582, but the reform was not adopted in England until 1752.

Short'st of day. See Gr. 473, and cf. *Macb.* iii. 1. 117: "My near'st of life."

84. The quartos give this line to *Richard.*

88. The 1st quarto reads, "off than neere be nere the neare;" the folio, "off, then neere, be ne're the neere." The line is variously pointed by the modern editors, but they agree pretty well in regard to the meaning, which appears to be, "Better to be far off than near, and yet never the

nearer." The second *near*=nearer. See Gr. 478. Malone quotes Churchyard, *Legend of Shore's Wife* (1578): "Your time is lost, and you are never the near." St. cites Ben Jonson, *Tale of a Tub*, epilogue:

> "Wherein the poet's fortune is, I fear,
> Still to be early up, but ne'er the near."

94. *Wedding it.* For the construction, see Gr. 372.

96. *Mine.* That is, my heart.

101. *To make woe wanton.* Cf. iii. 3. 164.

Fond. See on iii. 3. 185. Even when the word means affectionate, it carries with it the sense of foolish, doting.

SCENE II.—Holinshed's account of the conspiracy in the Abbot's house at Westminster, and its discovery, is as follows:

"At length, by the advice of the Earl of Huntington, it was devised that they should take upon them a solemn joust, to be enterprised between him and twenty on his part, and the Earl of Salisbury and twenty with him, at Oxford, to the which triumph King Henry should be desired; and when he should be most busily regarding the martial pastime, he suddenly should be slain and destroyed, and so by that means King Richard, which as yet lived, might be restored to liberty, and to his former estate and dignity.

"This Earl of Rutland, departing before from Westminster to see his father, the Duke of York, as he sat at dinner had his counterpart of the indenture of the confederacy in his bosom. The father, espying it, would needs see what it was; and though the son humbly denied to show it, the father being more earnest to see it, by force took it out of his bosom, and perceiving the contents thereof, in a great rage caused his horses to be saddled out of hand . . . and incontinently mounted on horseback, to ride towards Windsor to the King, to declare to him the malicious intent of his son and his accomplices."

4. *Leave.* Leave off. Cf. *V. and A.* 715: "Where did I leave?"

16. *Painted imagery.* "Our author probably was thinking of the painted cloths that were hung in the streets, in the pageants that were exhibited in his own time; in which the figures sometimes had labels issuing from their mouths, containing sentences of gratulation" (Malone).

22. *Rides.* The 1st quarto has "rode."

23. "The painting of this description is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read anything comparable to it in any other language" (Dryden). We may add that the poet was indebted solely to his imagination for the description. Holinshed simply states that Richard was first taken to Westminster, and the next day "was had to the Tower, and there committed to safe custody." He adds no details, except that "many evil-disposed persons, assembling themselves together in great numbers, intended to have met with him, and to have taken him from such as had the conveying of him, that they might have slain him; but the Mayor and Aldermen gathered to them the worshipful commoners and grave citizens, by whose policy, and not without much ado, the other

were revoked from their evil purpose." According to Stow, Richard was taken by water from Westminster to the Tower.

25. *Idly.* Regardlessly, indifferently. W. prints the word "idlely."

28. The quartos have "gentle Richard."

33. *Patience.* A trisyllable here. See Gr. 479.

38. Capell changed *bound* to "bind;" D., following Lettsom, to "bow." For *contents*, see on iv. 1. 314.

40. *Allow.* Accept, acknowledge. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 4: "And on all sides the authority allow'd."

46, 47. The *spring* is the reign of Bolingbroke; the *violets*, his earliest courtiers. Cf. Milton, *Song on May Morning*, 3:

> "The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
> The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

48. On the double negative, see Gr. 406.

49. *Had as lief.* Like *had rather*, used regularly by S. and all the old writers. *Would as lief* and *would rather* are of comparatively recent introduction, like "being built" and sundry other neologisms which writers of grammars prefer to good old English idioms that cannot be "parsed" so easily.

Lief is the A. S. *leof*, dear. The comparative *liefer* or *lever*, and the superlative *liefest*, are common in the old writers. S. uses the latter in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 164: "my liefest liege."

52. *Hold those justs*, etc. That is, are they really to be held? See extract from Holinshed above.

Triumphs. Tournaments. Cf. v. 3. 14 below. See also 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 5. 31:

> "Or one that at a triumph having vow'd
> To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
> By reason of his adversary's odds;"

Milton, *L'All.* 119:

> "Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
> In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold."

56. *Without.* See Gr. 197. The seal was usually attached to a deed or bond by a loop of parchment.

58. *Sees.* The quartos have "see." Gr. 368.

65. *Bond.* The quartos have "band." See on i. 1. 2.

66. *'Gainst.* See on iii. 4. 28. The folio and the later quartos have "against the triumphs." We follow the 1st quarto.

75. On *for*, see Gr. 155.

79. *Appeach.* Impeach, inform against. Cf. *A. W.* i. 3. 197:

> "Come, come, disclose
> The state of your affection; for your passions
> Have to the full appeach'd;"

that is, informed against you.

81. *I will not peace.* Cf. ii. 3. 87: "Grace me no grace," etc.

85. *Amaz'd.* Confounded, bewildered. Cf. i. 3. 81.

90. *Have we more sons?* There was a younger son, Richard, the "Earl of Cambridge" of *Hen. V.*

Like. Likely; as often. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 237: "you are like to lose your hair," etc.

91. *Is not*, etc. Is not my period of child-bearing past?

98. *Interchangeably.* Mutually. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 62: "Here 's 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably;'" 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 81: "sealed interchangeably." In i. 1. 146, the word = in return.

99. *None.* Not one of them. Gr. 53.

101. For the measure, see Gr. 512.

112. *Spur, post.* The folio has "Spurre post," making *post* an adverb, as in *A. W.* iv. 5. 85: "comes post." See on i. 1. 56.

SCENE III.—Holinshed writes:

"The Earl of Rutland, seeing in what danger he stood, took his horse and rode another way to Windsor, in post, so that he got thither before his father; and when he was alighted at the castle gate, he caused the gates to be shut, saying that he must needs deliver the keys to the King. When he came before the King's presence, he kneeled down on his knees, beseeching him of mercy and forgiveness, and declaring the whole matter unto him in order as everything had passed, obtained pardon; and therewith came his father, and, being let in, delivered the indenture which he had taken from his son unto the King, who, thereby perceiving his son's words to be true, changed his purpose for his going to Oxford."

1. *Unthrifty son.* Afterwards Henry V., at this time only twelve years old. His introduction here is one of the anachronisms which, as Schlegel says, Shakespeare committed purposely and most deliberately (*geflissentlich und mit grossem Bedacht*).

5. *At London.* Abbott (Gr. 144) remarks that London was not so large as it now is when S. wrote this.

6. *Frequent.* See Gr. 293. S. nowhere else uses the verb intransitively.

9. The folio transposes "beat" and "rob." *Passengers* = passers by; as in *T. G. of V.* iv. 1. 1: "I see a passenger;" *Id.* iv. 1. 72: "silly women or poor passengers." S. uses the word in no other sense.

10. *While.* Pope's emendation for the "which" of the early eds. Some editors retain the latter. St. thinks the passage was meant to end at *support*, and that *so dissolute a crew* was to be cancelled or to supply the place of *even such, they say.* The C. P. ed. suggests putting a comma after *support*, making *crew* in apposition with *which.*

Young wanton. So all the early eds. Rowe put a comma after *young*, making *wanton* an adjective. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 310: "you make a wanton of me;" *K. John*, v. 1. 70:

> "Shall a beardless boy,
> A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields?"

14. *Held.* That is, to be held.

16. *He would unto.* See Gr. 405.

17. *Common'st.* See Gr. 473. Cf. *short'st*, v. 1. 80.

18. *Favour.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 130: "this favour thou shalt wear;"

Hen. V. iv. 7. 160: "wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap."

21. *Sparks.* The 2d, 3d, and 4th quartos have "sparkles." Cf. v. 6. 29: "sparks of honour."

22. *Happily.* Haply. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 98: "Happily You something know;" *T. of S.* iv. 4. 54: "happily we might be interrupted." Perhaps in the present passage it is used in its ordinary sense.

27. *To have.* For the infinitive, see Gr. 356.

34. *On.* See Gr. 181.

43. *Secure.* Careless, too confident. See on iii. 2. 34.

44. *Speak treason.* Use language like that of treason; referring to *foolhardy*.

48. *Us.* Used reflexively, as the personal pronouns often are in S. Gr. 223. Cf. *me* in 52 just below.

50. *Forbids me show.* For the omission of *to*, see Gr. 349.

52. *Repent me.* See Gr. 296.

57. *Forget to pity him.* "Forget your promise to have mercy on him" (C. P. ed.).

58. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 343.

61. *Sheer.* Pure. S. uses the word only here and in *T. of S.* induction, 2. 25: "Fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale." There it probably means "nothing but ale;" though Schmidt thinks it may mean "unmixed ale." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 2, 44: "a fountaine shere;" *Id.* iv. 6, 20: "Pactolus with his waters shere;" Golding, *Ovid's Met.* iv.: "The water was so pure and shere."

64. *Converts.* See on v. 1. 66.

66. *Digressing.* "Transgressing" (Schmidt); turning aside from the right path, going astray.

72. *Giving. In* giving. Gr. 372.

80. *The Beggar and the King.* An allusion to the old ballad of *King Cophetua*, which may be found in Percy's *Reliques*. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 2. 114: "Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?"

86. *Confound.* Destroy. Cf. iii. 4. 60.

88. *None other can.* Can love no one else. Gr. 387.

89. *Make.* Do. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 2. 55: "What make you here?" *Oth.* i. 2. 49: "Ancient, what makes he here?" *Id.* iii. 4. 169: "What make you from home?"

93. *Kneel.* The quartos have "walk."

95. *Bid me joy.* See on ii. 3. 15.

97. *Unto.* In addition to. Gr. 190.

99. Omitted in the folio.

101. The C. P. ed. says that this line as it stands is an Alexandrine, and *prayers* a dissyllable. It would be better to make *are in jest* one foot, bringing the line under Gr. 497. D. (following Capell) settles the question by dropping *in*, which is better than Pope's elision of *do*.

103. *Would be.* Wishes to be. See Gr. 329.

109, 110. As these lines both end with *have*, Pope substituted *crave* in the first. S. Walker prefers to make the change in the second. *Prayers* is here a dissyllable.

111. *Good aunt, stand up.* The folio gives this to *Bolingbroke;* the 1st quarto, to *York.*

113. *And if.* Theo. changed this to "An if," which many eds. adopt. See Gr. 103.

118. *Mouths.* The folio has "mouth's."

119. *Pardonnez-moi.* That is, excuse me; a polite way of refusing the request.

121. *My sour husband.* Cf. *V. and A.* 449: "Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest;" *Id.* 655: "This sour informer." See on iv. 1. 240.

122. Cf. v. 5. 13 below.

124. *Chopping.* "Changing, inconstant" (Hunter). Wb. quotes L'Estrange: "We go on chopping and changing our friends." Cotgrave uses the word to define the Fr. *changer.* Schmidt explains it here as "mincing, affected," or "perhaps=the French which hacks or disfigures our words." The word is still used in the sense of "changing suddenly" in the nautical phrase, "a chopping wind." The meaning of the passage seems to be: "The chopping French, which changes one meaning for another, which sets the word itself against the word, we do not understand."

125. *Set thy tongue there.* That is, let it speak the pity that the eye expresses.

132. *Happy vantage.* Lucky advantage. "The Duchess here implies that kneeling was for the suppliant as much a position of vantage as it would be the reverse for a combatant" (C. P. ed.). See on i. 3. 218.

137. On *for,* see Gr. 149; and on the measure, Gr. 466. The *brother-in-law* was John, Duke of Exeter and Earl of Huntingdon, who had married Elizabeth, Bolingbroke's sister. He, together with Aumerle and Surrey, had been deprived of his dukedom in the first Parliament of Henry IV.

138. *Consorted.* Confederated. Cf. v. 6. 15. See also *R. of L.* 1609: "Collatine and his consorted lords."

139. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 4. 15: "Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth;" *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 40: "Death and destruction dog thee at the heels!"

140. *Order several powers.* Marshal separate bodies of troops. On *several,* cf. *Temp.* iii. 1. 42: "For several virtues Have I liked several women;" *A. and C.* i. 5. 62: "Twenty several messengers;" Milton, *Comus,* 25: "commits to several government;" *Hymn on Nativity,* 234: "Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave," etc. On *powers,* cf. ii. 2. 46, etc.

144. *Mine.* Not in the early eds., but found in the Coll. MS. and adopted by D., St., W., and others. The 5th quarto has "cousin too," which the Camb. ed. gives.

SCENE IV.—1. For the "redundant object," see Gr. 414.

2. Holinshed says that Exton overheard these words while waiting upon the king at table. For the omission of the relative, see Gr. 244.

5. *Urg'd.* See on iii. 1. 4.

7. *Wistly.* Wistfully. Cf. *R. of L.* 1355: "wistly on him gaz'd."

8. *As who should say.* Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 45: "He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, 'If you will not have me, choose;'" and see Gr. 257.

11. *Rid.* Make away with, destroy. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 364: "The red plague rid you!"

SCENE V.—Holinshed's account of Richard's death is as follows: "Sir Piers Exton incontinently departed from the court, with eight strong persons in his company, and came to Pomfret, commanding the esquire that was accustomed to sew and take the assay* before King Richard, to do so no more, saying, 'Let him eat now, for he shall not long eat.' King Richard sat down to dinner, and was served without courtesy or assay, whereupon, much marvelling at the sudden change, he demanded of the esquire why he did not his duty: 'Sir (said he), I am otherwise commanded by Sir Piers of Exton, which is newly come from King Henry.' When King Richard heard that word, he took the carving-knife in his hand, and struck the esquire on the head, saying, 'The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee together;' and with that word Sir Piers entered the chamber, well armed, with eight tall men likewise armed, every of them having a bill in his hand. King Richard, perceiving this, put the table from him, and stepping to the foremost man, wrung the bill out of his hands, and so valiantly defended himself that he slew four of those that thus came to assail him. Sir Piers being half dismayed, herewith leapt into the chair where King Richard was wont to sit, while the other four persons fought with him, and chased him about the chamber; and, in conclusion, as King Richard traversed his ground from one side of the chamber to another, and coming by the chair where Sir Piers stood, he was felled with the stroke of a pole-axe which Sir Piers gave him upon the head, and therewith rid him out of life, without giving him respite once to call to God for mercy of his past offences."

1. *How I may compare.* The reading of 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "how to compare."

3. *For because.* See Gr. 151.

8. *Still-breeding.* Ever breeding. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 64: "the still-closing waters;" *Id.* i. 2. 229: "the still-vex'd Bermoothes." See on ii. 2. 34. Gr. 69.

9. *This little world.* Cf. *Lear*, iii. 1. 10: "Strives in his little world of man," etc. The poet here uses the philosophy which is thus described by Sir Walter Raleigh: "Because in the little frame of man's body there is a representation of the universal, and (by allusion) a kind of participation of all the parts there, therefore was man called *microcosmos*, or the little world."

10. *Humours.* Dispositions. The "four humours" in a man, according to the old physicians, were blood, choler, phlegm, and melancholy. If these were all duly mixed, all would be well; but if any of them un-

* That is, to put the dishes on the table, and taste of them before serving them. See on v. 5. 99 below.

duly preponderated, the man became "humourous," one "humour" or another bearing too great a sway in him. See Trench's *Select Glossary*, s. v.

13. *Scruples.* Doubts. The folio has "the Faith it selfe Against the Faith."

15–17. See *Matt.* xi. 28; xix. 14, 24. A *postern* is a small gate. The quartos have "a small needle's eye." *Needle* was often a monosyllable; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 204: "Have with our needles created both one flower;" *R. of L.* 319: "And, griping it, the needle his finger pricks," etc. In these and similar cases the modern eds. often substitute *neeld*, a monosyllabic form which was in use in the time of S. Cf. Fairfax, *Tasso*, xx. 95: "Thy neeld and spindle, not a sword and speare." In *Per.* v. prol. 5 the quartos have "neele," which is frequently found in *Gammer Gurton*, rhyming with "feele." See Gr. 465.

On *thread*, cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 127: "They would not thread the gates;" *Lear*, ii. 1. 121: "threading dark-eyed night." In the latter passage, as Schmidt suggests, the adjective is "evidently formed in allusion to the eye of a needle." Cf. *K. John*, v. 4. 11: "Unthread the rude eye of rebellion." In the present passage, *thread* was doubtless suggested by *eye*.

18. For the redundant *they*, see Gr. 243.

21. *Ragged.* Rugged, rough. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 121: "a ragged, fearful-hanging rock;" *T. A.* v. 3. 133: "the ragged stones;" Milton, *L'All.* 8: "under low-brow'd rocks, As ragged as thy locks;" *Isa.* ii. 21: "the tops of the ragged rocks."

22. *For.* See on 3 above.

25. *Nor shall not.* See Gr. 406. Cf. iv. 1. 254.

Silly. Often = "harmless, innocent, helpless" (Schmidt), and used "as a term of pity." Cf. *V. and A.* 1098: "the silly lamb;" *T. G. of V.* iv. 1. 72: "silly women or poor passengers." See also Milton, *Hymn on Nativity*, 91:

> "Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep
> Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep"

(that is, their *simple* thoughts). It is also used "as a term of contempt;" as in 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 22: "Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!" As Trench remarks (*Select Glossary*, s. v.), the word (identical with the German *selig*) "has successively meant, (1) blessed, (2) innocent, (3) harmless, (4) weakly foolish."

26. *Refuge their shame*, etc. Find refuge for their shame in the fact that, etc. S. nowhere else uses *refuge* as a verb. Cf. Gr. 290.

27. *That many have.* Have sat. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 192: "that am, have, and will be."

31. *Person.* The reading of 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "prison."

36. *King'd.* Made a king. See Gr. 294.

43. *Broke.* See Gr. 343. Cf. iii. 1. 13, etc.

46. *Hear.* The folio reading; the quartos have "check" = rebuke, reprove, as in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 220, etc.

50. Henley explains the passage thus: "There are three ways in

which a clock notices the progress of time, viz., by the libration 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 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, or, to 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."

51. *My thoughts are minutes.* "That is, my mind is never at rest; my thoughts recur in regular time and order" (Morris).

Jar = tick. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 43: "a jar o' the clock."

55. The early eds. have "Now, sir, the sound that tells." Coll. suggested *for* (= instead of); and Pope, *sounds that tell.*

57. *So sighs and tears*, etc. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 321: "Sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock."

60. *Jack o' the clock.* An automaton that struck the hours. Such figures were not unfrequently connected with public clocks in those days, and are still to be seen on the "Clock Tower" in Berne, and on the famous clock in Strasburg Cathedral. There used to be two of them in front of St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, London; and there are still two such (or were when we were last in London) in front of a clock-maker's shop in Cheapside, near Bow Church. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 2. 117:

> "Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
> Betwixt thy begging and my meditation."

T. of A. iii. 6. 107:

> "You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
> Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks;"

that is, "marking every minute, changing with every minute?" (Schmidt). See also B. and F., *Coxcomb*, i. 5:

> "Is this your jack i' th' clock-house?"
> Will you strike, sir?"

Decker, *Lantern and Candlelight:* "The Jacke of a clock-house goes upon screws, and his office is to do nothing but strike;" Flecknoe, *Ænigmat. Char.:* "He scrapes you just such a leg, in answering you, as jack o' th' clock-house agoing about to strike."

61. *Holp.* Found both as imperfect and as past participle of *help.*

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* The expression which Henley mentions occurs in *Il Penseroso*, 13:

> "Or usher'd with a shower still,
> When the gust has blown his fill,
> Ending on the rustling leaves,
> With minute-drops from off the eaves;"

that is, the last drippings from the roof falling at intervals of a minute. Cf. *minute-guns.*

Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 240: "Sir Robert never holp to make this leg;" *Temp.* i. 2. 63: "But blessedly holp hither." S. also uses *helped;* as in *Oth.* ii. 1. 138; *T. G. of V.* iv. 2. 48, etc.

There is perhaps an allusion here to 1 *Samuel*, xvi. 23.

66. *Brooch.* An ornamental buckle for the hat; here probably = ornament (Schmidt). Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 94:

> "he is the brooch indeed
> And gem of all the nation."

Malone explains the passage thus: "As strange and uncommon as a brooch which is now no longer worn;" and he cites *A. W.* i. 1. 171: "just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now."

67. *Thanks, noble peer.* The gold coin called the *noble* was worth 6*s.* 8*d.*, while that known as the *royal* was worth 10*s.* The *groat* was 4*d.;* so that the difference in value between them was ten groats. Richard says: "The cheapest of us (that is, the *noble*, worth twenty groats) is valued at double its worth, or ten groats too dear." This jest is said to have been borrowed from Queen Elizabeth. Mr. John Blower, in a sermon before her Majesty, first said, "My royal Queen," and a little after, "My noble Queen." Upon which says the Queen: "What! am I ten groats worse than I was?" A similar joke may be found in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 317–321.

69. *What.* See Gr. 254.

70. *Sad.* Grave, gloomy. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 2. 205:

> "Like one well studied in a sad ostent
> To please his grandam."

T. N. iii. 4. 5: "he is sad and civil," etc.

Dog has troubled the souls of some of the commentators. Theo., following Warburton, substituted "drudge," and Becket conjectured "Doeg."

75. *Sometimes.* See on i. 2. 54.

76. *It yearn'd.* It grieved. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 26: "It yearns me not;" *M. W.* iii. 5. 45: "it would yearn your heart to see it." See also *J. C.* ii. 2. 129, and note in our ed., p. 153. Gr. 297.

79. *Bestrid.* Mounted. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 15: "When I bestride him, I soar;" 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 183: "And once again bestride our foaming steeds." For the form *bestrid*, cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 192: "When I bestrid thee in the wars and took Deep scars to save thy life" (that is, defended thee when fallen in battle). Cf. *betid*, v. 1. 42.

83. *So proudly as.* See Gr. 275.

85. *Jade.* "A term of contempt or pity for a worthless or wicked or maltreated horse" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 269: "let carman whip his jade," etc. On *eat* = eaten, see Gr. 343.

90. *Rail.* Often followed, as here, by *on* or *upon.* Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 49: "he rails . . . on me, my bargains," etc.

94. *Spur-gall'd.* The folio reading; the quartos have "Spurrde, galld" or "Spurde, galde."

Jauncing. Nares defines the word: "To ride hard; from *jancer*, old French, to work a horse violently."

95. *Here is no longer stay.* That is, for thee. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 75: "No more of stay! to-morrow thou must go."

98. *Fall to.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 171: "Welcome! fall to;" *Hen. V.* v. 1. 38: "I pray you, fall to," etc.

99. *Taste of it first.* See extract from Holinshed above. To *take the assay* (or *say*) or to *give the say*, as it was called, was a regular formality at the royal table. Nares says, "To *give the say*, at court, was for the royal taster to declare the goodness of the wine or dishes." When Charles I. returned for a time to St. James, Herbert says, "At meals he was served with the usual state: the carver, the sewer, cupbearer, and gentleman usher doing their offices respectively; his cup was given on the knee, as were the covered dishes; the say was given, and other accustomed ceremonies of the court observed."

100, 101. Printed as two lines of verse in the early eds. Coll. first gave it as prose, and has been followed by most of the recent editors. Pope changed *lately* to "late."

104. St. suggests "What! mean'st death in this rude assault?"

109. *Staggers.* Makes to reel, strikes down. Used nowhere else by S. in this sense. It is transitive only in one other passage (*Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 212: "The question did at first so stagger me"), where it is metaphorical and = bewilder. Intransitively, it means to waver or hesitate; as in *M. W.* iii. 3. 12: "without any pause or staggering, take this basket," etc.

Pope omits *Exton.*

The story of the murder of Richard by Sir Pierce of Exton, which S. has adopted, was related by Caxton in his addition to Hygden's *Polychronicon*, and was copied by Holinshed, who, however, notices the other stories that he was starved, or starved himself to death. It is supposed that Caxton got his account from a French manuscript in the royal library at Paris, written by a partisan of Richard. Thomas of Walsingham, who was living at the time of the king's death, states that he voluntarily starved himself. In the manifesto of the Percies against Henry IV., issued just before the battle of Shrewsbury, Henry is distinctly charged with having caused Richard to perish from hunger, thirst, and cold, after fifteen days of sufferings unheard of among Christians. Two years later the charge is repeated by Archbishop Scrope, but he adds "ut vulgariter dicitur." This is the version adopted by Gray in *The Bard:*

> "Fill high the sparkling bowl,
> The rich repast prepare;
> Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
> Close by the regal chair
> Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
> A baleful smile upon their baffled guest."

There is yet another story—that Richard escaped from Pontefract, and lived nineteen years in Scotland. This account is supported by Tytler in his *History of Scotland* (vol. ii., Appendix), and it has been proved that such a belief was entertained early in the 15th century. In the records of the Chamberlain of Scotland there are entries of the sums paid for the King's maintenance for eleven years. On the other hand, it is asserted

that the person who was thus taken care of was a pretender, and that no satisfactory evidence can be found that he was the real Richard.

The body of Richard is said to have been brought to London, and publicly exhibited in the Tower. It was buried at Langley, but afterwards transferred by Henry V. to Westminster Abbey. When the tomb was opened, some years ago, no marks of violence were found upon the skull. This would seem to disprove the Exton story, but Tytler maintains that the body was not that of Richard, who, as he affirms, was buried in the Grayfriars' Church, at Stirling in Scotland.

The question will probably have to remain among the unsolved problems of history. On the whole, there can be little doubt that Richard died at Pontefract; but the story of assassination is a mere fable, and that of voluntary starvation very doubtful. More than this the conflicting testimony does not seem to justify us in saying.*

SCENE VI. — 3. *Cicester.* That is, Cirencester, in Gloucestershire. The early eds. have *Ciceter*, which indicates the common pronunciation.

8. The 1st quarto has "Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt." It has been suggested that as the name of Oxford frequently occurs in Holinshed, S. may inadvertently have taken it for the title of one of the conspirators. It is corrected in the folio.

15. *Consorted.* See on v. 3. 138.

19. Shakespeare here follows Holinshed, who says that the Abbot died shortly after the defeat of the conspiracy in 1400. But Dean Stanley, in his *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, says that it was William of Colchester, abbot from 1386 to 1420, "who was sent by Henry IV. with sixty horsemen to the Council of Constance, and died twenty years after Shakespeare reports him to have been hanged for treason."

20. *Sour.* See on iv. 1. 240.

25. *Reverend.* The 1st and 2d quartos have "reverent," but the words seem to be used indifferently. *Room* = place.

26. *Joy.* Enjoy. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 365: "live thou, to joy thy life;" *Id.* iv. 9. 1: "Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne?"

27. *So as.* See Gr. 133.

35. *A deed of slander.* That is, that will be the cause of slander. All the early eds. except 1st quarto have "deed of slaughter."

40. *Him murthered.* "Him who is murdered." Gr. 246.

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* In an interesting Memoir of Bishop Braybroke (1381–1404), printed in the *Transactions of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society* (vol. iii. 1870), Mr. E. W. Braybrook, F.S.A., after remarking that the theory of slow starvation is more probable than that of assassination, adds: "But whether this starvation was an act of murder by Henry's orders, or an act of voluntary suicide, is uncertain. The secrets of the dreadful prison-house at Pomfret have never been revealed; and the documentary evidence, when allowance is made for the partialities of the writers, is about equal on either side. There remains, however, another alternative, for which there is no documentary evidence whatever, but which may after all afford the true explanation—that Richard's death was natural; that the few short steps between the prisons and the graves of princes were traversed the sooner by the natural effect of his recent sad experiences on a constitution weakened by indulgence. Not a single testimony rests upon any personal knowledge, and the tongues of rumour are always busy when the great ones of the earth die suddenly."

43. The 1st quarto has "thorough." See *Mer.* p. 144, note on *Through fires.*

47. *For that.* For that *which.* Gr. 244.

48. *Sullen.* Dark, gloomy. Cf. *Sonn.* 29. 12:

> "Like to the lark at break of day arising
> From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate:"

1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 236: "And like bright metal on a sullen ground."

Incontinent. Forthwith, immediately. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 4. 12: "he will return incontinent." We have *incontinently* in *Oth.* i. 3. 306. Gr. 1. The Coll. MS. puts a period after *black.*

52. *After.* Pope substituted "over."

ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspere's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 269) as follows:

"Time of this play, fourteen days represented on the stage; with intervals, the length of which I cannot attempt to determine.

Day 1. Act I. sc. i.
Interval. About 4½ months?—historic time.
" 2. Act I. sc. ii.
Interval. Gaunt's journey to Coventry.
" 3. Act I. sc. iii.
Interval. Journey from Coventry to London.
" 4. Act I. sc. iv., Act II. sc. i.*
Interval. A day or two.
" 5. Act II. sc. ii.
Interval.
" 6. Act II. sc. iii.
Interval.
" 7. Act II. sc. iv., Act III. sc. i.
" 8. Act III. sc. ii.†
Interval.

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* "The connection of this scene with the preceding one is too close to allow of more than one day for the two: and here we have a singular instance of the manner in which the dramatist annihilates time. It is evident that Bolingbroke cannot yet have quitted the English coast, while at the same time we hear that he is already prepared to return to it; and that, too, before he could possibly have heard of his father's death, the ostensible cause of his return. Some slightly greater degree of *apparent probability* might be given to the plot, in stage performance, by dividing this scene; making a separate scene of the latter half when the King has left the stage. The direction of the Folio, however, is—'*Manet North. Willoughby, and Ross.*' But even with this break in the action we should still have no probable time for the evolution of the story: neither would this arrangement meet the reference to Bolingbroke's sojourn at the French court during his exile contained in York's speech, where he mentions the ill turn the King has done him in the prevention of his marriage with the Duke of Berri's daughter (167, 168)."

† "If Salisbury's 'yesterday' (63) is to be accepted literally, the time of this scene should be the morrow of Act II. sc. iv. For this reason I put Act III. sc. i. with that scene as Day 7, and, setting aside geographical considerations, with which indeed the

Day 9. Act III. sc. iii.
Interval.
" 10. Act III. sc. iv.
Interval.
" 11. Act IV. sc. i., Act V. sc. i.
Interval.
" 12. Act V. sc. ii., iii., and iv.
Interval.
" 13. Act V. sc. v.
Interval.
" 14. Act V. sc. vi.

Historic time, from 29th April, 1398, to the beginning of March, 1400, at which time the body of Richard, or what was declared to be such, was brought to London."

RICHARD AND JAQUES. — Dowden (*Shakspere: his Mind and Art*, Amer. ed. p. 180) says: "The soliloquy of Richard in Pomfret (v. 5) might almost be transferred, as far as tone and manner are concerned, to one other personage in Shakspere's plays—to Jaques. The curious intellect of Jaques 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 or the world of mockery passion."

The same critic remarks (p. 181): "Yet to the last a little of real love is reserved by one heart or two for the shadowy, attractive Richard: the love of a wife who is filled with a piteous sense of her husband's mental and moral effacement, seeing her 'fair rose wither,' and the love of a groom whose loyalty to his master is associated with loyalty to his master's horse, roan Barbary. This incident of roan Barbary is an invention of the poet. Did Shakspere 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 an axe from a servant, and deals about him deadly blows. In another moment he is extinct; the graceful, futile existence has ceased."

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR. — The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

King Richard: i. 1(57), 3(74), 4(40); ii. 1(41); iii. 2(146), 3(104); iv. 1(134); v. 1(63), 5(96). Whole no. 755.

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author does not appear to have concerned himself, we may then with dramatic propriety suppose the journey of Salisbury from North Wales and of Scroop from Bristol to have been simultaneous, bringing them to Richard's presence within a short time of each other."

Gaunt: i. 1(8), 2(16), 3(62); ii. 1(106). Whole no. 192.
York: ii. 1(74), 2(41), 3(49); iii. 1(2), 3(13); iv. 1(11); v. 2(70), 3(28). Whole no. 288.
Bolingbroke: i. 1(59), 3(78); ii. 3(56); iii. 1(38), 3(55); iv. 1(39); v. 3(56), 6(33). Whole no. 414.
Aumerle: i. 3(5), 4(15); iii. 2(12), 3(3); iv. 1(26); v. 2(11), 3(13). Whole no. 85.
Mowbray: i. 1(83), 3(52). Whole no. 135.
Surrey: iv. 1(10). Whole no. 10.
Salisbury: ii. 4(9); iii. 2(11). Whole no. 20.
Berkeley: ii. 3(8). Whole no. 8.
Bushy: i. 4(4); ii. 2(33); iii. 1(2). Whole no. 39.
Bagot: ii. 2(9); iv. 1(13). Whole no. 22.
Green: i. 4(5); ii. 2(25); iii. 1(2). Whole no. 32.
Northumberland: ii. 1(50), 3(35); iii. 3(30); iv. 1(15); v. 1(7), 6(5). Whole no. 142.
Percy: ii. 3(21); iii. 3(8); iv. 1(5); v 3(6), 6(5). Whole no. 45.
Ross: ii. 1(20), 3(2). Whole no. 22.
Willoughby: ii. 1(10), 3(2). Whole no. 12.
Fitzwater: iv. 1(23); v. 6(4). Whole no. 27.
Carlisle: iii. 2(14); iv. 1(49). Whole no. 63.
Abbot: iv. 1(10). Whole no. 10.
Marshal: i. 3(25). Whole no. 25.
Exton: v. 4(10), 5(6), 6(5). Whole no. 21.
Scroop: iii. 2(37). Whole no. 37.
Captain: ii. 4(15). Whole no. 15.
1*st Herald:* i. 3(6). Whole no. 6.
2*d Herald:* i. 3(7). Whole no. 7.
Servant: ii. 2(5); iii. 4(10); v. 4(2). Whole no. 17.
Gardener: iii. 4(52). Whole no. 52.
Lord: iv. 1(5). Whole no. 5.
Groom: v. 5(12). Whole no. 12.
Keeper: v. 5(6). Whole no. 6.
Queen: ii. 1(1), 2(39); iii. 4(43); v. 1(32). Whole no. 115.
Duchess of York: v. 2(45), 3(48). Whole no. 93.
Duchess of Gloster: i. 2(58). Whole no. 58.
Lady: iii. 4(6). Whole no. 6.
"*All*": i. 4(1). Whole no. 1.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: i. 1(205), 2(74), 3(309), 4(65); ii. 1(299), 2(149), 3(171), 4(24); iii. 1(44), 2(218), 3(209), 4(107); iv. 1(334); v. 1(102), 2(117), 3(146), 4(12), 5(119), 6(52). Whole number in the play, 2756.

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