

Living Shakespeare

THE TRAGEDY OF
KING RICHARD II

by

William Shakespeare

edited under the supervision of

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With Notes and Glossary

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THE TRAGEDY OF
KING RICHARD II

CAST OF CHARACTERS

<p>KING RICHARD <i>the Second.</i> JOHN OF GAUNT, <i>Duke of Lancaster,</i> } EDMUND OF LANGLEY, } <i>uncles to the King.</i> <i>Duke of York,</i> } HENRY, <i>surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of</i> <i>Hereford, son to John of Gaunt, afterwards</i> KING HENRY IV. DUKE OF AUMERLE, <i>son to the Duke of York.</i> THOMAS MOWBRAY, <i>Duke of Norfolk.</i> EARL OF SALISBURY.</p>	<p>BUSHY, } BAGOT, } <i>favourites of King Richard.</i> GREEN, } EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND. Bishop of Carlisle. Lord Marshal. SIR STEPHEN SCROOP. SIR PIERCE of Exton. QUEEN <i>to King Richard.</i> Ladies attending on the Queen.</p>
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Keeper, and other attendants.

SCENE: *England and Wales.*

ACT ONE

Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants

K. R. 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 boist'rous late appeal,
 Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
 Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Lan. I have, my liege.

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

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray

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

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

K. R. 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?

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

Bol. Pale, trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
He casts it at Mowbray's feet
 Disclaiming here the kindred of the king,
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty.

Mow. I take it up, and by that sword I swear,
 Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial.

K. R. Wrath-kindled gentleman, be rul'd by me,
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood.
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun;

We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.
 Lan. To be a make-peace shall become my age;
 Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.
 K. R. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
 Mow. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot;
 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame.
 K. R. Cousin, take up your gage, do you begin.
 Bol. O, God defend my soul from such deep sin!

Exit Lancaster

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

Exeunt

*Enter the Lord Marshal; King Richard and his
 Nobles; Bolingbroke and Mowbray in armour*

K. R. Order the trial, marshal, and begin.
 Bol. 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.
 Mow. 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.
 Mar. Sound, trumpets, and set forward, combatants.

A charge sounded

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.
 K. R. 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
 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 neighbour's sword,
 Therefore we banish you our territories;
 You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
 Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
 Shall not regret our fair dominions,
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.
 Bol. Your will be done; this must my comfort be,
 That sun that warms you here shall shine on me,
 And those his golden beams to you here lent,
 Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. R. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce.
 The sly, 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.
 Mow. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
 And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth.
 A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
 As to be cast forth in the common air,
 Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
 K. R. It boots thee not to be compassionate;
 After our sentence plaining comes too late.
 Mow. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
 To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

Exeunt

*Enter the King, with Bagot and Green at one
 door; and the Duke of Aumerle at another*

K. R. Cousin Aumerle,
 How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
 Au. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
 But to the next highway, and there I left him.
 K. R. Ourselves 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 'twere to banish their affects with him.
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench,
 A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
 And had the tribute of his supple knee,
 With "Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends"--
 As were our England in reversion his,
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope.
 Gr. 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.

Enter Bushy

K. R. What news?
 Bus. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
 Suddenly taken, and hath sent post haste
 To entreat your majesty to visit him.
 K. R. Where lies he?
 Bus. At Ely House.
 K. R. 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!
 All. Amen.

Exeunt

ACT TWO

*Enter John of Gaunt sick, with the
Duke of York*

- Lan. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaied youth?
- Yor. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath,
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
- Lan. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
- Yor. No, it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds.
- Lan. 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 scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
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 wat'ry 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, and Green*

- Yor. The king is come, deal mildly with his youth,
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
- K. R. What comfort, man? how is 't with aged Gaunt?

- Lan. 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.
- K. R. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?
- Lan. No, misery makes sport to mock itself;
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.
- K. R. Should dying men flatter with those that live?
- Lan. No, no, men living flatter those that die.
- K. R. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatterest me.
- Lan. O, no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.
- K. R. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.
- Lan. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick,
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land:
Landlord of England art thou now, not king,
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law,
And thou—
- K. R. 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.
- Lan. 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 Gloucester, 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 tormenters be!
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave—
Love they to live that love and honour have.

Exit, borne out by Attendants

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

Enter Northumberland

- Nor. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.
- K. R. What says he?
- Nor. Nay, nothing, all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument,
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.
- K. R. 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:
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.
- Yor. How long shall I be patient? ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
- K. R. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

- Yor. 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 grip 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;
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts.
- K. R. Think what you will, we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money and his lands.
- Yor. I'll not be the while; my liege, farewell.

Exit

- K. R. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight,
Bid him repair to us to Ely House
To see this business. Tomorrow next
We will for Ireland, and 'tis time, I trow.
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England;
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.

Exeunt

ACT THREE

- Nar. While the king is in Ireland, Bolingbroke returns from
exile and raises a rebellion. The king, accompanied by
Aumerle and the Bishop of Carlisle, lands in Wales.

*Enter King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle,
Aumerle, and Soldiers*

- K. R. Barkloughly castle call they this at hand?
- Au. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?
- K. R. 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 favours with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense,
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

- Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords,
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.
- Car. Fear not, my lord. That Power that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be 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.
- Au. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss,
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in power.
- K. R. 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 murders and in outrage, boldly here,
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
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 wand'ring in 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 men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury

Sal. Welcome, Salisbury, how far off lies your power?
 Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,
 Than this weak arm; discomfort guides my tongue
 And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
 One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
 O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
 Today, today, 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.
 Au. Comfort, my liege; why looks your grace so pale?
 K. R. 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.
 Au. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.
 K. R. I had forgot myself: am I not king?
 Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.
 Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?
 Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
 At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
 Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
 High be our thoughts. I know my uncle York
 Hath power enough to serve our turn: but who comes
 here? Scroop?

Enter Scroop

Scr. More health and happiness betide my liege
 Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!
 K. R. Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd,
 The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
 Cry woe, destruction, ruin and decay,
 The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scr. 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: boys, with women's voices,
 Strive to speak big and clap their female joints
 In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown;
 Both young and old rebel,
 And all goes worse than I have power to tell.
 K. R. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
 Au. Where is the duke my father with his power?
 K. R. 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 murder'd—for within the hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
 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 walls, 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?
 Car. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.
 K. R. 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.

Scr. Your uncle York is joined with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

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

Au. My liege, one word.

K. R. 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

Nar. The king is at Flint castle. Bolingbroke arrives outside
the walls.

*Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland,
Attendants, and forces
Enter on the walls King Richard, the Bishop of
Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury*

K. R. 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? a' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads:
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage:
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown:
My 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 laugh at me.
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says "ay."

Nor. My lord, in the base court he doth attend,
To speak with you; may it please you to come down?
K. R. Down, down I come, like glist'ring Phaëthon,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' call, 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

Enter King Richard and his Attendants below

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

K. R. 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.

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

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

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

K. R. Well you deserve: they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hands; nay, dry your eyes,
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
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?

Bol. Yea, my good lord.

K. R. Then I must not say no.

Exeunt

Nar. The queen walks in the Duke of York's garden.

Enter the Queen and two Ladies

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

Lad. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Qu. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lad. Madam, we'll dance.

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

Lad. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Qu. Of sorrow or of joy?

Lad. Of either, madam.

Qu. 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:
But stay, here come the gardeners.
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

They will talk of state, for every one doth so
Against a change; woe is forerun with woe.

Exeunt

ACT FOUR

Nar. The queen overhears news of the king's surrender. King Richard is brought before Bolingbroke in Westminster Hall.

Enter, to Bolingbroke and Lords, York, with Richard, and Officers bearing the regalia

K. R. 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.

Yor. To do what service am I sent for hither?
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.

K. R. Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown:
Here, cousin.
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.

Bol. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. R. 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.

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

K. R. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
The cares I give, I have, though given away,
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Bol. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. R. 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 forgo;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke are made 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?

Nor. No more, but that you read
These accusations and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. R. 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.

Nor. My lord, dispatch, read o'er these articles.

K. R. 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 subject; state, a peasant.
 Nor. My lord, read—
 K. R. No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man;
 Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title;
 No, not that name was given me at the font,
 But 'tis usurp'd: alack, the heavy day,
 That I have worn so many winters out,
 And know not now what name to call myself!
 O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
 To melt myself away in water-drops!
 Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,
 An if 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.
 Bol. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.
Exit an Attendant
 Nor. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.
 K. R. Fiend, thou torments me ere I come to hell.
 Bol. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.
 Nor. The commons will not then be satisfied.
 K. R. 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 that 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 flatt'ring 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.

He dashes the glass to 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.
 Bol. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
 The shadow of your face.
 K. R. I'll beg one boon,
 And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
 Shall I obtain it?
 Bol. Name it, fair cousin.
 K. R. "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.
 Bol. Yet ask.
 K. R. And shall I have?
 Bol. You shall.
 K. R. Then give me leave to go.
 Bol. Whither?
 K. R. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.
 Bol. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.
 K. R. O, good! convey? conveyors are you all,
 That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.
Exeunt King Richard, some Lords, and a Guard
 Bol. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
 Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

Exeunt

ACT FIVE

- Nar. The queen waits for King Richard in a street leading to
 the Tower.

Enter Queen and Ladies

- Qu. This way the king will come, this is the way
 To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,
 To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
 Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
 Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
 Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter Richard with 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, then, 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?
 K. R. 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 thrown down.
 Qu. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
 Transform'd and weak'ned? hath Bolingbroke depos'd
 Thine intellect?

Enter Northumberland

- Nor. 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.
- K. R. Part us, Northumberland, I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France, from whence, set forth to Pomfret,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.
- Qu. And must we be divided? must we part?
- K. R. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.
- Qu. Banish us both, and send the king with me.
- Nor. That were some love, but little policy.
- Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
- K. R. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.
We make woe wanton with this fond delay,
Once more, adieu, the rest let sorrow say.

*Exeunt**Enter King Richard*

- K. R. 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 small 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 misfortunes 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 treasons make me wish myself a beggar,

And so I am: then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again, and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing. But whate'er I be,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be 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 proportions kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives:
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check 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 numb'ring clock;
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans which strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell; so sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours: but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack of the clock.
This music mads me; let it sound no more,
For though it have help madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad:
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Keeper, with a dish

- Keep. (*placing the dish upon the table*) My lord, will 't please
you to fall to?
- K. R. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.
- Keep. My lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came
from the king, commands the contrary.
- K. R. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

Beats the Keeper

- Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton and other Murderers

- K. R. How now! what means death in this rude assault?
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

Ex. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spill'd. O, would the deed were good!
For now the devil that told me I did well
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell:
This dead king to the living king I'll bear.

Exeunt

*Enter Bolingbroke, with Lords and Attendants;
to them, Exton, with persons bearing a coffin*

Ex. 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.
Bol. 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.

Ex. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.
Bol. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered:
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 what 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 by mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier.

Exeunt

While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock,
 This music mads me, let it sound no more;
 For though it have help madmen to their wits,
 In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me,
 For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
 Is a strange brooch in this all-bating world.
Enter a Groom of the Stable
 Gro. Hail, royal prince!
 K.R. Thanks, noble peer;
 The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
 What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
 Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog
 That brings me food to make misfortune live?
 Gro. 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!
 K.R. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
 How went he under him?
 Gro. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.
 K.R. 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 be 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 aw'd by man,
 Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse,
 And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
 Spurr'd, gall'd, and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.
Enter Keeper, with a dish
 Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
 K.R. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.
 Gro. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.
Exit
 Keep. My lord, will 't please you to fall to?
 K.R. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately
 came from the king, commands the contrary.
 K.R. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!
 Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
Beats the Keeper
 Keep. Help, help, help!
Enter Exton and Servants, armed
 K.R. How now, what means death in this rude assault?
 Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.
Snatching an axe from a servant and killing him
 Go thou and fill another room in hell.
He kills another. Then Exton strikes him down
 That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
 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
 Pie. As full of valour as of royal blood:
 Both have I spill'd; O would the deed were good!
 For now the devil, that told me I did well,
 Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
 This dead king to the living king I'll bear:
 Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
Exeunt

SCENE VI

Windsor Castle

Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other Lords, and Attendants

Bol. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
 Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
 Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;
 But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.
Enter Northumberland
 Welcome, my lord: what is the news?
 Nor. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
 The next news is, I have to London sent
 The heads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent;
 The manner of their taking may appear
 At large discours'd in this paper here.
 Bol. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains

And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.
Enter Fitzwater
 Fit. 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.
 Bol. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
 Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.
Enter Percy, and the Bishop of Carlisle
 Hot. 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.
 Bol. Carlisle, this is your doom:
 Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
 More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
 So as thou livest in peace, die free from strife:
 For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
 High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.
Enter Exton, with persons bearing a coffin
 Pie. 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.
 Bol. 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.
 Pie. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.
 Bol. They love not poison that do poison need,
 Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
 I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
 The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
 But neither my good word nor princely favour:
 With Cain go wander thorough shades of night,
 And never show thy head by day nor light.
 Lords, I protest my soul is full of woe,
 That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
 Come, mourn with me for what 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

Notes

I. i. 20. It is tempting to cure the metre by inserting *May* at the beginning of the line.
 I. ii. 1. *Woodstock*; i.e. Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, John of Gaunt's younger brother.
 I. iii. 75. *waxen*; N.E.D. quotes several instances of the use of this word in the sense of 'with properties other than what one would expect'; cf. *waxen epitaph* in Henry V. i.ii. 233 where we should expect *marble*; here it means 'penetrable'.
 I. iii. 84. *innocent*; so both Q and F. But perhaps we should read with Capell *innocency* (i.e. *innocentia*).
 I. iii. 151. *dear*; a characteristic use of this word, such a favourite of Shakespeare's and often so elusive in meaning. The nearest one can get to a general meaning is perhaps 'what touches one nearly.' Here it is almost 'bitter'.
 I. iii. 274. *journeyman*; it rather looks as though there was some confusion in either the metaphors or the tenses. The journeyman was a free day-labourer; no longer the bound apprentice, and the sense should therefore be 'when I have completed my apprenticeship to exiled travel, I shall still have grief as my master'; but the *was* makes this interpretation awkward grammatically. However, this awkwardness seems more probable than that Shakespeare confused a journeyman with an apprentice.
 I. iii. 299. *fantastic summer's best*; the natural meaning would be 'the heat of the elaborately adorned summer'; but a more

pointed sense here would be 'the imagined heat of summer.'
 I. iv. *farm*; to put the right of taxation up to auction, so that the highest bidder paid cash down, and then made what he could from the taxes.
 II. i. 18. *As praiser . . . found*. This is Collier's reading, and usually adopted. It is the reading of Q 1, except that that text reads *found*; Q 2 reads of whose state the wise are found; Q 3, 4 of his state: then there are found; F 1 of his state: then there are found. I think that the trouble goes a good deal deeper than to be cured by Collier's facile emendation. The sense given by it is not satisfactory, since we have to understand awkwardly 'even the wise.' And the *nation-imitation* rhyme suggests that the whole passage either was or was being intended to be a continuation of the rhymes of the preceding speech, as does the very ugly *sounds-found* (or *sound-sound*) jingle in the lines before us.
 II. i. 93. *see thee ill . . .*; John of Gaunt does not get any less complicated in his puns as he goes on. He means 'see thee dimly (because my sight is failing),' and 'see thee to be ill (because of the way you are behaving)'; 'I see ill myself, and see evil in thee.'
 II. i. 103. *waste*; 'injury done to a landlord's property by a tenant.'
 II. i. 114. *Thy state of law . . .*; as you are now only landlord, not king, your tenure of your property is subject to the law.
 II. i. 141-42. Here again it is clear that something has gone wrong.

The metre halts, and the two lines interrupt a flow of couplets.
 II. i. 154. *our pilgrimages must be*; either 'must also, in time, be spent (i.e. come to an end),' or perhaps 'must be gone on with.'
 II. i. 157. *venom*; practically equals 'snakes' with reference to the expulsion of snakes by St Patrick.
 II. i. 168. *about his marriage*; Bolingbroke was to marry the daughter of the Duc de Berry with the consent of Charles VI. Richard persuaded Charles to withdraw his consent.
 II. i. 201-4. Bolingbroke had been allowed by letters patent to have agents (attorneys-general) looking after his interests during his banishment. On John of Gaunt's death his estate first reverted to the Crown, and the heir had then to prove his title, 'sue his livery.' This suing would be done by his attorney-general in his own absence.
 II. i. 254. *That which . . . blows*; we can regularise the metre by omission of either *noble* or *with blows*; but either omission weakens the contrast.
 II. ii. 18. *perspectives*; there is a good deal of trouble as to what Shakespeare means by various of his uses of this word. Sometimes it clearly means some sort of optical instrument, but there can be little doubt that here it means a piece of 'trick' drawing, as, for example, the skull in Holbein's *The Ambassadors*, which has to be looked at obliquely to resemble anything at all.
 III. ii. 58-61. It is no doubt unnecessary to find any more point

here than the contrast between *man* and *angel*, and possibly between *press'd* and *in pay*; but it is hard not to suspect some not very fully worked out pun on the coin senses of *crown* and *angel*.

III. ii. 133. *terrible bell . . . this*; so Q, with this lineation; and I think that it is more vigorous than F's regularised *terrible bell make war Upon their spotted souls for this offence*.

III. ii. 175-76. Here again the metre halts. I feel that the first of the two lines at least might without improbability be cured by reading *I live with bread like you, like you feel want*, but the insertion of another *like you* in the next line is less happy.

III. iii. 59. *on the earth . . . waters*; this is F's reading; Q has the oddity:

*The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rains.
My water's on the earth, and not on him.*

III. iii. 178. *Phaeton*; the son of Apollo who tried to drive the horses of the sun, failed to control them, was hurled from the

chariot, and killed.

III. iv. 22. *And I could sing . . .*; the only extractable sense appears to be: 'If my grief were such that weeping could help it, I should sing for joy (but it is too profound for that)'; but this is not satisfactory. Perhaps read *weep* for *sing*, with emphasis on *I*.

IV. i. 12. *restful*; no explanations of this word seem to be satisfactory, and the suggested emendation *jealous* does not seem to help matters.

IV. i. 196. *by old care done*; all the rest of the elaborate play on the various senses of *care* is clear enough, but this particular phrase is thoroughly obscure. The first half of the line clearly means that Richard's trouble is that he has lost the responsibilities of kingship, and the following line means that what you are caring about is an increase of anxieties caused by your new position, and the phrase under discussion should somehow fit into this balance; but I have to confess that I do not see how it does fit in.

IV. i. 201. Here again the play on words is highly complicated, and depends mainly on the fact that *I* and *ay* were pronounced alike and that our '*Ay*' was normally written simply *I*.

V. i. 88. *be ne'er the mar*; i.e. 'if never the nearer, if we cannot meet.'

V. v. 17. *small needle's eye*; F omits *small*; if with Q we retain it it would be probably better to read the old *needle* for *needle*.

V. v. 51, 52. *with sighs they jar Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch*; the rest of this extremely elaborate conceit of Richard's requires no more than a little patience to work it out (though whether it is worth the pains may be disputed). This phrase is less clear. It must, I think, mean that his sighs are like the ticks of the pendulum, actuating the internal machinery which moves in a series of jars or jerks, and registers the time upon the *outward watch*, i.e. the clock face. But there is, of course, an additional play on the eyes being the organs which keep watch outwards.

MANY words and phrases in Shakespeare require glossing, not because they are in themselves unfamiliar, but for the opposite reason, that Shakespeare uses in their Elizabethan and unfamiliar sense a large number of words which seem so familiar that there is no incentive to look for them in the glossary. It is hoped that a glossary arranged as below will make it easy to see at a glance what words and phrases in any particular scene require elucidation. A number of phrases are glossed by what seems to be, in their context, the modern equivalent rather than by lexicographical glosses on the words which compose them.

Act First

SCENE I

<i>line</i>	<i>line</i>
2 BAND, bond	118 AWE, majesty
9 APPEAL, impeach	126 RECEIPT, money received
13 APPARENT, clear	130 DEAR, important
26 YOU COME, i.e. on which you come	140 EXACTLY, on every count
32 TENDRING, watching over	150 IN HASTE WHEREOF, to bring this to trial quickly
43 NOTE, brand of disgrace	164 SOOT, use in it
65 INHABITABLE, not habitable	170 BAPLED, insulted
80 DEGREE, manner	177 MORTAL TIMES, the life of man
81 INHERIT OF, possess of	189 IMPROACH MY HEIGHT, discredit my reputation
88 NOBLE, gold coin	193 MOTIVE, organ
90 LEWD, base	194 IN, to cause
91 INJURIOUS, insulting	202 ATONE, reconcile
101 SUGGEST, prompt	203 DESIGN, mark out
109 FITCH, highest point in hawk's flight	

SCENE II

2 EXCLAIMS, exclamations	38 BOUNDETH, rebounds
28 MODEL OF, copy moulded from	70 OFFICES, premises
48 COMPLAIN MYSELF, make complaints	

SCENE III

3 SPRIGHTFULLY, spiritedly	174 COMPASSIONATE, self-pitying
21 APPEALS, impeaches	175 PLAINING, complaining
30 DEPOSE, take deposition of	186 REGREET, greet
43 LISTS, i.e. barriers of the lists	188 ADVISED, deliberate
67 REGREET, welcome	241 PARTIAL SLANDER, charge of partiality
81 AMAZING, dumbfounding	266 POIL, setting
118 WARDEN, staff of office	269 REMEMBER, remind
122 WHILE, until	272 PASSAGES, travels
RETURN, tell	281 FAINTLY, with exhaustion
156 MERIT, reward	292 GABLING, scuffling
174 ROOTS, profits	

SCENE IV

6 FOR ME, on my side	50 SUBSCRIBE, list
39 EXPEDIENT MANAGE, prompt action	52 PRESENTLY, immediately

Act Second

SCENE I

10 GLOSS, gloss things over	52 BY, because of
25 THERE'S NO RESPECT HOW, no matter how	60 TENEMENT, holding
28 WIT'S REGARD, the perception of the understanding	65 PELTING, trifling
39 MEANS, external supply	80 PART, i.e. what I first from
	84 NICELY, elaborately

<i>line</i>	<i>line</i>
102 VERGE, compass	228 WITH, in
109 REGENT, ruler (not <i>ric</i> -gerent)	239 LIBERAL, over-free
122 ROUNDLY, bluntly	246 PELL'D, stripped
139 SULLERS, sullen fits	250 BLANKS, blank charters
140 BECOMES, are fitting for	BENEVOLENCES, forced loans
156 RUG-HEADED, shaggy-haired	266 STRIKE, fur
KERN, light-armed Irish soldier	SECURELY, without taking measures
177 ACCOMPLISH'D WITH THIS NUMBER OF THY HOURS, i.e. the same age as you	287 EXPERIENCE, haste
213 BY, with regard to	289 HAD, <i>sc.</i> touched
214 EVENTS, outcome	292 IMP, repair
228 GREAT, bursting	296 IN POST, in haste
	300 HOLD OUT, if it holds out

Glossary

SCENE II

18 RIGHTLY, straight	76 COMFORTABLE, comforting
35 CONCEIT, fancy	91 PRESENTLY, immediately
49 REPEALS, recalls	103 POSTS, messengers
69 COZENING, cheating	115 KINDRED, kinship
73 CAREFUL, full of care	119 PRESENTLY, immediately

SCENE III

12 PROCESS, slow progress	137 ABUS'D, wronged
61 UNFELT, which you cannot feel in tangible form	138 STANDS . . . UPON, is incumbent on
79 ABSENT TIMES, time of king's absence	139 ENDOWMENTS, inheritance
80 SELF-BORNE, borne by a citizen	143 KIND, fashion
95 DESPISED, despicable	159 NEUTER, neutral
112 BRAVING, flaunting	166 CATERPILLARS, as destroyers (<i>cf.</i> Joel i. 4, 'that which the caterpillar eateth')
114 FOR, as	
116 INDIFFERENT, impartial	
128 BAY, standing at bay	

SCENE IV

2 HARDLY, with effort	24 CROSSLY, contrary
20 BASE, low	

Act Third

SCENE I

3 PRESENTLY, immediately	23 DISPAKE, throat open
4 URGING, insisting on	24 COAT, coat-of-arms
9 BLOODY, descent	25 IMPRESS, device
22 SIGNORIES, domains	

SCENE II

25 SENSELESS CONJURATION, appeal to things without feeling	118 BILL, curved blade on shaft
34 SECURITY, carelessness	162 ANTIC, clown
110 FEARFUL, terrified	163 SCOFFING, scoffing at
116 HEADSMEN, slimmers	179 PRESENTLY, straightway
117 DOUBLE-FATAL, <i>because (a) poisoners (b) used for bows</i>	204 WHICH, who
	212 EAR, plough

SCENE III

33 PARLE, parley	156 TRADE, traffic
73 FEARFUL, respectful	162 LODGE, lay low
136 SOOTHY, flattery	164 PLAY THE WATONS WITH, trifle with
150 FIGUR'D, chased	167 PRETTED, worn
151 PALMER, pilgrim	

<i>line</i>	<i>line</i>
175 MAKE A LEG, bow	MANAGE, control
176 BASE COURT, outer (lower) court-yard	185 FONDLY, foolishly
179 WANTING, lacking	192 ME RATHER MAD, I had rather

SCENE IV

4 RUBS, unevennesses	47 CATERPILLARS, see gloss on II. iii. 166
5 BIAS, <i>sc.</i> of the bowl	59 OVER-PROUD, over-rich
7 MEASURE, dance (with <i>pun</i> in next <i>line</i> on sense of <i>limit</i>)	75 SUGGESTED, tempted
28 AGAINST, before	79 DIVINE, foretell
36 EVEN, equal	106 RUTH, pity
40 PALE, enclosure	

Act Fourth

SCENE I

4 TIMELESS, untimely	130 REFIN'D, pure
10 DEAD TIME, dark hour	141 KIND, nicé
25 MARSHAL SEAL OF DEATH, death warrant from my hand	185 OWES, owns
72 FONDLY, foolishly	228 RAVEL OUT, unravel
79 APPEAL, impeachment	246 SORT, company
94 STREAMING, flying (<i>active</i>)	250 POMPOUS, full of pomp
120 LEARN, teach	254 HAUGHT, haughty
123 BUT, unless	284 WINK, close the eyes
124 APPARENT, manifest	293 SHADOW, reflection
	317 CONVEYERS, chests

Act Fifth

SCENE I

2 ILL-ERECTED, erected for evil ends	77 PINES, shrive
42 BEYID, happened	80 SHORT'ST OF DAY, shortest day
43 QUIT, requite	101 MAKE WOE WANTON, trifle with woe
46 SENSELESS, inanimate	FOND, foolish

SCENE II

52 HOLD THOSE JUSTS, <i>sic</i> those jousts coming off?	91 TREEMING DATE, bearing time
65 BAND, contract	95 FOND, foolish
85 AMAZ'D, dumbfounded	112 POST, in haste

SCENE III

16 STEWS, brothels	124 CHOPPING, quibbling
61 SHEER, pure	128 BHBHARIE, utter
66 DISCRESSING, transgressing	

SCENE IV

7 WISTLY, attentively	
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SCENE V

10 HUMOURS, moods	61 MADS, maddens
25 SILLY, simple	66 BROOCH, jewel
26 REFUGE, find refuge from	68 GROATS, small coins
60 JACK O' THE CLOCK, a figure in some old clocks which struck a bell for the quarters	