

Richard II

4.1

Enter, as to Parliament, Bolingbroke Duke of Lancaster and Hereford, the Duke of Aumerle, the Earl of Northumberland, Harry Percy, Lord Fitzwalter, the Duke of Surrey, the Bishop of Carlisle, and the Abbot of Westminster

BOLINGBROKE

Call forth Bagot.

Enter Bagot, with officers

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind:

What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who performed
The bloody office of his timeless end.

BAGOT

Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

5

BOLINGBROKE *(to Aumerle)*

Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Aumerle stands forth

BAGOT

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

10

15

AUMERLE

Princes and noble lords,

What answer shall I make to this base man?

Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars

20

On equal terms to give him chastisement?

Either I must, or have mine honour soiled

With the attainder of his slanderous lips.

He throws down his gage

There is my gage, the manual seal of death
That marks thee out for hell. I say thou liest, 25
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 30
In all this presence that hath moved me so.

FITZWALTER

If that thy valour stand on sympathy,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.

He throws down his gage

By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it, 35
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest,
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forge'd, with my rapier's point.

AUMERLE

Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day. 40

FITZWALTER

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

AUMERLE

Fitzwalter, thou art damned to hell for this.

HARRY 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 45

He throws down his gage

To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it if thou dar'st.

AUMERLE

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

SURREY

My lord Fitzwalter, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

FITZWALTER

'Tis 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.

55

FITZWALTER

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 my honour's pawn.

60

He thows down his gage

Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st.

FITZWALTER

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

65

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.

70

Besides, I heard the banished 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.

He takes another's gage and throws it down

That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this,

75

If he may be repealed, to try his honour.

BOLINGBROKE

These differences shall all rest under gage

Till Norfolk be repealed. Repealed he shall be,

And, though mine enemy, restored again

To all his lands and signories. When he is returned,

80

Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE

That honourable day shall never be seen.

Many a time hath banished Norfolk fought

For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross 85
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And, toiled with works of war, retired himself
To Italy, and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ, 90
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

BOLINGBROKE

Why, Bishop of Carlisle, is Norfolk dead?

BISHOP OF CARLISLE

As surely as I live, my lord.

BOLINGBROKE

Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants, 95
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter the Duke of York

YORK

Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-plucked Richard, who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields 100
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.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE Marry, God forbid! 105

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeching 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 110
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them; 115
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,

Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
 Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
 And he himself not present? O, forbend it, God, 120
 That in a Christian climate souls refined
 Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks
 Stirred up by God thus boldly for his king.
 My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king, 125
 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, 130
 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 called
 The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls. 135
 O, if you rear this house against this house
 It will the woofullest division prove
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth!
 Prevent, resist it; let it not be so,
 Lest child, child's children, cry against you woe. 140

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? 145

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. 150
 Little are we beholden to your love,
 And little looked for at your helping hands.

Enter Richard and the Duke of York, [with attendants bearing the crown and sceptre]

RICHARD

Alack, why am I sent for to a king
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reigned? I hardly yet have learned 155
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? 160
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. 165
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 170
To Henry Bolingbroke.

RICHARD *(to an attendant)*

Give me the crown. *(To Bolingbroke)* Here, cousin,
seize the crown.
Here, cousin. On this side my hand, on that side thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets filling one another, 175
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. 180

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.

RICHARD

Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down. 185

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? 190

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,

[Bolingbroke accepts the crown]

And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand, 195

[Bolingbroke accepts the sceptre]

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. 200

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. 205

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,

And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved.

Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,

And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit.

'God save King Henry,' unkinged Richard says, 210

'And send him many years of sunshine days.'

What more remains?

NORTHUMBERLAND (*giving Richard papers*) 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, 215

That by confessing them, the souls of men

May deem that you are worthily deposed.

RICHARD

Must I do so? And must I ravel out
My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record, 220
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, 225
Marked with a blot, damned in the book of heaven.
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates 230
Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord, dispatch. Read o'er these articles.

RICHARD

Mine eyes are full of tears; I cannot see.
And yet salt water blinds them not so much 235
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
T'undeck the pompous body of a king, 240
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

NORTHUMBERLAND My lord±±

RICHARD

No lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man,
Nor no man's lord. I have no name, no title, 245
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 'tis 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, 250
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, 255
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 one or more

NORTHUMBERLAND

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

RICHARD

Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell. 260

BOLINGBROKE

Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

NORTHUMBERLAND

The Commons will not then be satisfied.

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. 265

Enter one with a glass

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.

Richard takes the glass and looks in it

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, 270

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?
Is this the face which faced so many follies, 275
That was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?

A brittle glory shineth in this face.

As brittle as the glory is the face,

He shatters the glass

For there it is, cracked in an hundred shivers.

Mark, silent King, the moral of this sport: 280

How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.

BOLINGBROKE

The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed
The shadow of your face.

RICHARD Say that again:
`The shadow of my sorrow'±±ha, let's see.
'Tis very true: my grief lies all within, 285
And these external manner of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul.
There lies the substance, and I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty that not only giv'st 290
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

BOLINGBROKE Name it, fair cousin.

RICHARD
Fair cousin? I am greater than a king; 295
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. 300

RICHARD And shall I have?

BOLINGBROKE You shall.

RICHARD Then give me leave to go.

BOLINGBROKE Whither?

RICHARD
Whither you will, so I were from your sights. 305

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

RICHARD
O good, `convey'! Conveyors are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.
[Exit, guarded]

BOLINGBROKE
On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation. Lords, prepare yourselves. 310
*Exeunt all but the Abbot of Westminster, the
Bishop of Carlisle, and Aumerle*

ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER

A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE

The woe's to come, the children yet unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

AUMERLE

You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot? 315

ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER

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, 320
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