

# Richard II

## 2.2

*Enter the Queen, Bushy, and Bagot*

**BUSHY**

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

**QUEEN**

To please the King I did; to please myself 5  
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, 10  
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul  
At nothing trembles. With something it grieves  
More than with parting from my lord the King.

**BUSHY**

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows 15  
Which shows like grief itself but is not so.  
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,  
Divides one thing entire to many objects±±  
Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,  
Show nothing but confusion; eyed awry,  
Distinguish form. So your sweet majesty, 20  
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
Find shapes of grief more than himself to wail,  
Which, looked on as it is, is naught but shadows  
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious Queen,  
More than your lord's departure weep not: more is  
not seen, 25  
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,  
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

**QUEEN**

It may be so, but yet my inward soul  
Persuades me it is otherwise. Howe'er it be,  
I cannot but be sad: so heavy-sad 30

As thought±±on thinking on no thought I think±±  
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

**BUSHY**

'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

**QUEEN**

'Tis nothing less: conceit is still derived  
From some forefather grief; mine is not so; 35  
For nothing hath begot my something grief±±  
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve±±  
'Tis in reversion that I do possess±±  
But what it is that is not yet known what,  
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot. 40

*Enter Green*

**GREEN**

God save your majesty, and well met, gentlemen.  
I hope the King is not yet shipped for Ireland.

**QUEEN**

Why hop'st thou so? 'Tis better hope he is,  
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope.  
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipped? 45

**GREEN**

That he, our hope, might have retired his power,  
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,  
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.  
The banished Bolingbroke repeals himself,  
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived 50  
At Ravenspurgh.

**QUEEN** Now God in heaven forbid!

**GREEN**

Ah madam, 'tis too true! And, that is worse,  
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Harry Percy,  
The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,  
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him. 55

**BUSHY**

Why have you not proclaimed Northumberland,  
And all the rest, revolted faction-traitors?

**GREEN**

We have; whereupon the Earl of Worcester  
Hath broke his staff, resigned his stewardship,  
And all the household servants fled with him 60  
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-delivered mother, 65  
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow joined.

**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, 70  
Who gently would dissolve the bonds of life,  
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

*Enter the Duke of York, [wearing a gorget]*

**GREEN**

Here comes the Duke of York.

**QUEEN**

With signs of war about his age-Ad neck.  
O, full of careful business are his looks! 75  
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, cares, and grief.  
Your husband, he is gone to save far off, 80  
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 flattered him. 85

*Enter a Servingman*

**SERVINGMAN**

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 Pleshey, to my sister Gloucester. 90  
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound±±  
Hold; take my ring.

**SERVINGMAN**

My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,  
Today as I came by I calleAd there±±  
But I shall grieve you to report the rest. 95

**YORK** What is't, knave?

**SERVINGMAN**

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, 100  
So my untruth had not provoked him to it,  
The King had cut off my head with my brother's.  
What, are there no posts dispatched for Ireland?  
How shall we do for money for these wars?

*(To the Queen)* Come, sister±±cousin, I would say; pray  
pardon me. 105

*(To the Servingman)* Go, fellow, get thee home. Provide  
some carts,

And bring away the armour that is there.

*[Exit Servingman]*

Gentlemen, will you go muster men?  
If I know how or which way to order these affairs  
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands, 110  
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen.  
T'one is my sovereign, whom both my oath  
And duty bids defend; t'other again  
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wronged,  
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right. 115  
Well, somewhat we must do. *(To the Queen)* Come,  
cousin,

I'll dispose of you.±±

Gentlemen, go muster up your men,  
And meet me presently at Berkeley Castle.  
I should to Pleshey too, but time will not permit. 120  
All is uneven,  
And everything is left at six and seven.

*Exeunt the Duke of York and the Queen. Bushy,  
Bagot, and Green remain*

**BUSHY**

The wind sits fair for news to go for Ireland,

But none returns. For us to levy power  
Proportionable to the enemy 125  
Is all impossible.

**GREEN**

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

**BAGOT**

And that is the wavering commons; for their love  
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them 130  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

**BUSHY**

Wherein the King stands generally condemned.

**BAGOT**

If judgement 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. 135  
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

**BUSHY**

Thither will I with you; for little office  
Will the hateful commoners perform for us,  
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.  
(To Bagot) Will you go along with us? 140

**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 145  
Is numb'ring 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 [Bushy and Green at one door, and  
Bagot at another door]*