

# Richard II

## 1.4

*Enter King Richard with [Green and Bagot] at one door, and the Lord Aumerle at another*

**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?

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**AUMERLE**

Faith, none for me, except the north-east wind,  
Which then grew bitterly against our faces,  
Awaked 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?

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**AUMERLE**

`Farewell.' And for my heart disdain'd that my tongue  
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft  
To counterfeit oppression of such grief  
That words seemed buried in my sorrow's grave.  
Marry, would the word `farewell' have lengthened  
hours

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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 'tis doubt,  
When time shall call him home from banishment,  
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.  
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green  
Observed his courtship to the common people,  
How he did seem to dive into their hearts  
With humble and familiar courtesy,  
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,  
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles

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And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.  
Off goes his bonnet to an oysterwench. 30  
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. 35

**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. 40

**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 enforced to farm our royal realm,  
The revenue whereof shall furnish us 45  
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; 50  
For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter Bushy*

Bushy, what news?

**BUSHY**

Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,  
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste  
To entreat your majesty to visit him. 55

**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 60  
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*