

# Richard II

## 3.1

*Enter Bolingbroke Duke of Lancaster and Hereford,  
the Duke of York, the Earl of Northumberland,  
[Lord Ross, Harry Percy, and Lord Willoughby]*

**BOLINGBROKE** Bring forth these men.

*Enter Bushy and Green, guarded as prisoners*

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 'twere no charity. Yet to wash your blood 5  
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 disfigured clean. 10  
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours  
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,  
Broke the possession of a royal bed,  
And stained the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks  
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs. 15  
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 stooped my neck under your injuries,  
And sighed my English breath in foreign clouds, 20  
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,  
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,  
Disparked my parks and felled my forest woods,  
From my own windows torn my household coat,  
Razed out my imprese, leaving me no sign, 25  
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 delivered over  
To execution and the hand of death. 30

**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 dispatched.

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*Exit Northumberland, with Bushy and Green,  
guarded*

Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house.  
For God's sake, fairly let her be intreated.  
Tell her I send to her my kind commends.  
Take special care my greetings be delivered.

**YORK**

A gentleman of mine I have dispatched  
With letters of your love to her at large.

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**BOLINGBROKE**

Thanks, gentle uncle.±±Come, lords, away,  
To fight with Glyndwr and his complices.  
A while to work, and after, holiday.

*Exeunt*