

5.1

QUEEN

Enter Richard [and guard]

RICHARD

QUEEN

What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transformed and weakeneÁd? Hath Bolingbroke
Deposed thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage 30
To be o'erpowed; and wilt thou, pupil-like,

Take the correction, mildly kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and the king of beasts?

RICHARD

A king of beasts indeed! If aught but beasts, 35
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometimes Queen, prepare thee hence for
France.

Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire 40
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;
And ere thou bid goodnight, to quit their griefs
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds; 45
For why the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal black,
For the deposing of a rightful king. 50

Enter the Earl of Northumberland

NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed.
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.

RICHARD

Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal 55
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm and give thee half, 60
It is too little helping him to all.
He shall think that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urged another way,
To pluck him headlong from the usurper's throne. 65
The love of wicked friends converts to fear,

That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserveÁd death.

NORTHUMBERLAND

My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave and part, for you must part forthwith. 70

RICHARD

Doubly divorced! Bad men, you violate
A twofold marriage: 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
(*To the Queen*) Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and
me±±

And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made. 75
Part us, Northumberland: I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My queen to France, from whence set forth in pomp
She came adorneÁd hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day. 80

QUEEN

And must we be divided? Must we part?

RICHARD

Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

QUEEN

Banish us both, and send the King with me.

[NORTHUMBERLAND]

That were some love, but little policy.

QUEEN

Then whither he goes, thither let me go. 85

RICHARD

So two together weeping make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here.
Better far off than, near, be ne'er the nea'er.
Go count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.

QUEEN

So longest way shall have the longest moans. 90

RICHARD

Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part. 95
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

They kiss

QUEEN

Give me mine own again. 'Twere no good part
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.

They kiss

So now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan. 100

RICHARD

We make woe wanton with this fond delay.
Once more, adieu. The rest let sorrow say.
Exeunt [Richard, guarded, and Northumberland
at one door, the Queen and her Ladies at
another door]