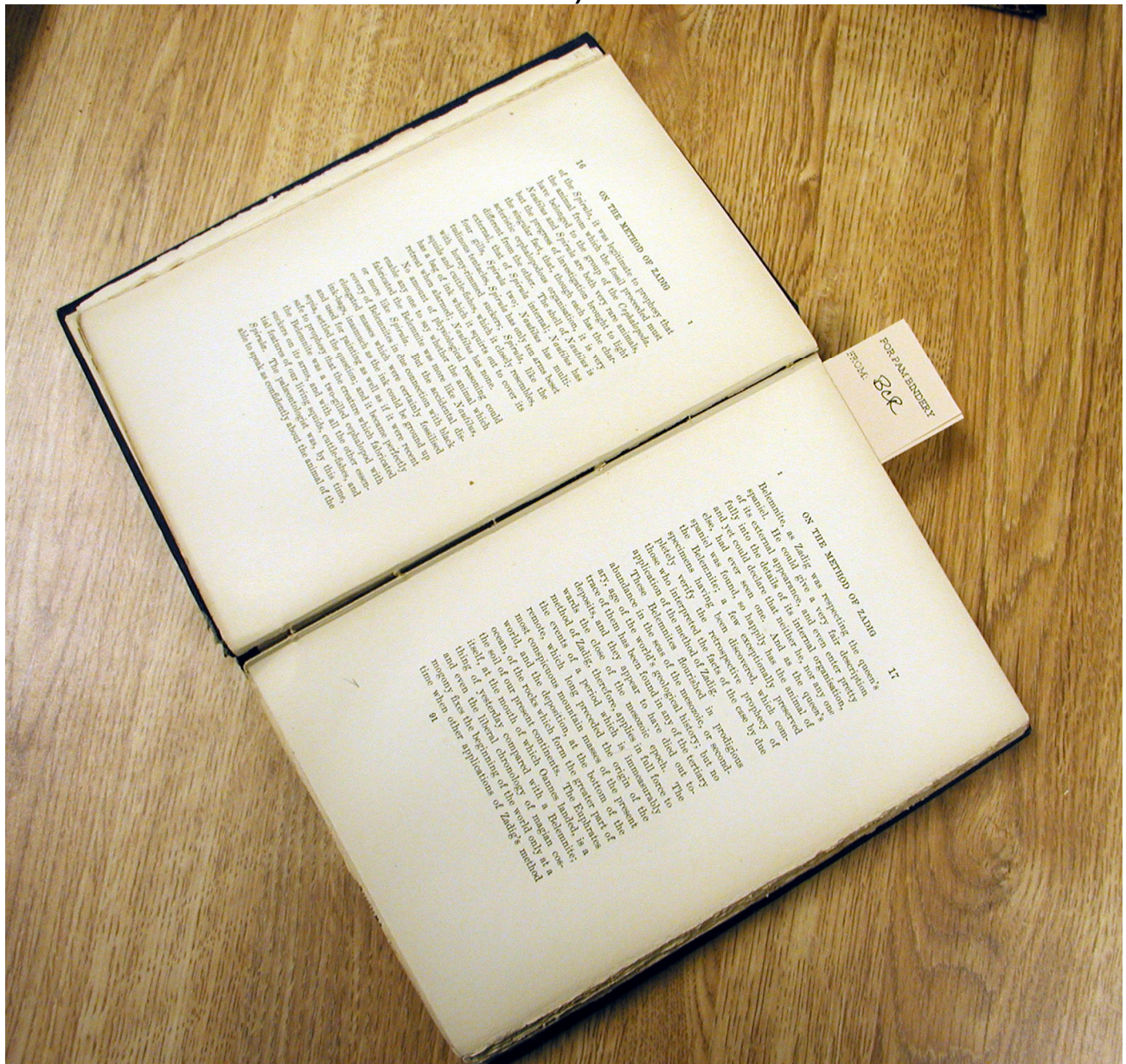


Broken Text Blocks (scroll down for  
more)



## King RICHARD II.

*North.* Nay, nothing; all is said:  
His tongue is now a stringless instrument,  
Words, life, and all, old *Langshir* hath spent.  
*York.* Be *York* the next, that must be bankrupt so!  
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.  
*K. Rich.* The nextt fruit first falls, and so doth he;  
His time is spent, — Now for our *Irish* wars;  
So much for that. — Now for our *Irish* wars;  
We must suppress those rough rug-headed Kerns,  
Which live like venom, where no venom else,  
But only they, have privilege to live.  
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,  
Towards our assistance we do seize to us.  
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,  
Whereof our uncle *Gaunt* did stand possessor.  
*York.* How long shall I be patient? Oh, how long  
Shall tender Duty make me suffer wrong?  
Not *Glester's* death, not *Hereford's* Banishment,  
Not *Gaunt's* rebukes, nor *England's* private wrongs,  
Nor the prevention of poor *Bolingbroke*  
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,  
Have ever made me fow'r my patient cheek;  
Or bend one wrinkle on my Sovereign's face.  
I am the last of noble *Edward's* sons,  
Of whom thy father, Prince of *Wales*, was first:  
In war, was never Lion rag'd more fierce;  
In peace, was never gentle Lamb more mild,  
Than was that young and princely Gentleman;  
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,  
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours.  
But when he frown'd, it was against the *French*,  
And not against his friends: His noble hand  
Did win what he did spend; and spent not That,  
Which his triumphant father's hand had won.  
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,  
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.

Oh,

## King RICHARD II.

Oh, *Richard!* *York* is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between.  
*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter?  
*York.* O my Liege,  
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd  
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.  
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,  
The Royalties and Rights of banish'd *Hereford*?  
Is not *Gaunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?  
Was not *Gaunt* just, and is not *Harry* true?  
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?  
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?  
Take *Hereford's* Rights away, and take from time  
His Charters, and his customary Rights.  
Let not to-morrow then ensue to day;  
Be not thy self. — For how art thou a King,  
But by fair sequence and succession?  
If you do wrongfully seize *Hereford's* Right,  
Call in his letters patents that he hath,  
By his attorneys-general to sue  
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage;  
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head;  
You lose a thousand well-dispos'd hearts;  
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts,  
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.  
*K. Rich.* Think what you will; we seize into our  
hands  
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.  
*York.* I'll not be by, the while; my Liege, farewell:  
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell.  
But by bad counsels may be understood,  
That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.  
*K. Rich.* Go, *Bulby*, to the Earl of *Wiltshire* straight,  
Bid him repair to us to *Ely-house*,  
To see this business done: To-morrow next  
We will for *Ireland*; and 'tis time, I trow,  
And we create, in absence of our self,

Our

Completely broken. . . .

