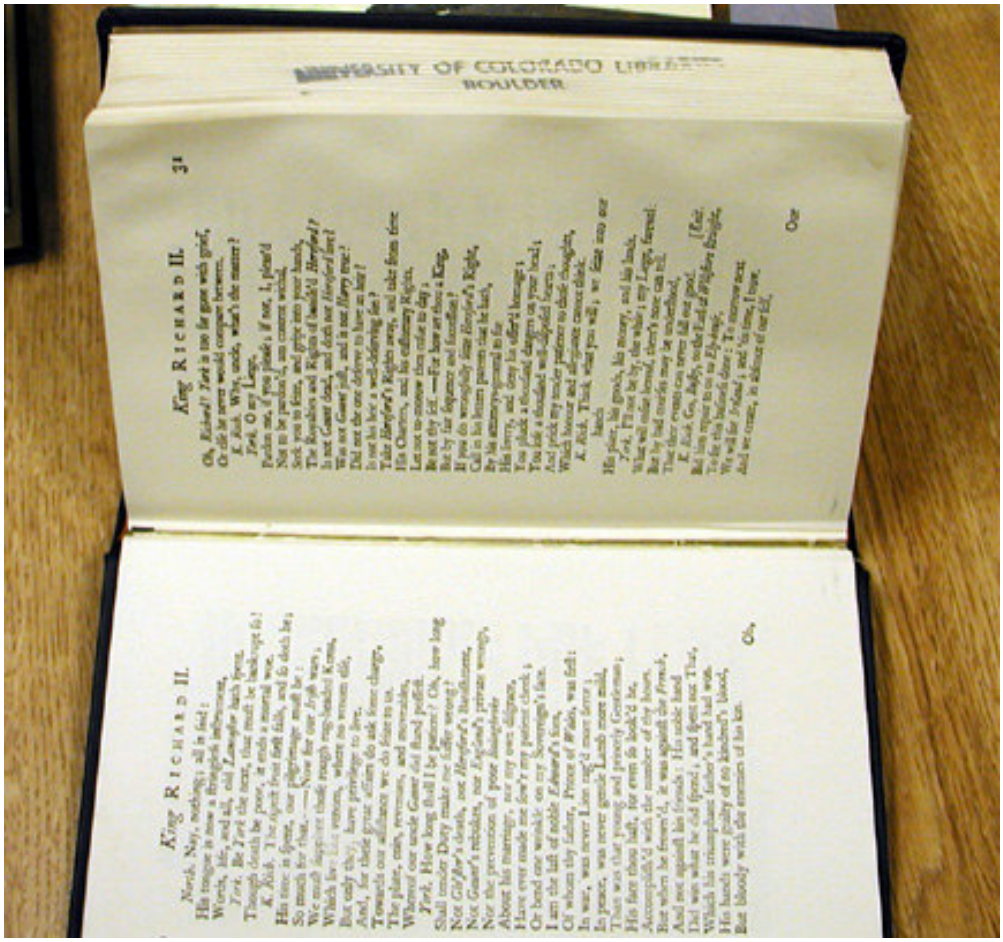
COCKLING



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BOULDER

King RICHARD II. 31

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 Bolingbroke?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not Gaunt just, and doth not *Hereford* love?
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 Chariots, and his rightfully Rights,
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thy ire, — 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's homage;
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
A thousand well-disposed hearts,
Which love thy person, to their duty.
K. Rich. Think what you will, we take no care
heed.
His place, his goods, his money, and his lands,
York. I have be by, do what; my Liege, forend.
Which we will make bow, there's none can tell.
But by bad courses may be understood,
The dire events may be unlooked.
K. Rich. Go, Lords, with all of *Hereford's* Right,
Take this report to *Ely*-house;
We will for *Ireland*; and ere long, I hope,
And we come, in absence of our Lil.

Oh,

King RICHARD II. 32

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument,
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.
York. Be *York* the next, that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
K. Rich. The expect from Irish fish, and so doth he;
So much for that. — Now for our *Irish* war,
We want supplies; that rough rug-headed Kerne,
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 movables,
Which *Gaunt* our uncle *Gaunt* did stand pitiful.
York. How long shall I be patient? Oh, how long
Shall tender Duty make me suffer wrong?
Not *Gaunt'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 sour 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,
That was that young and potent *Cordelia*;
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accompanied 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,