

**УИЛЬЯМ
ШЕКСПИР**

RICHARD II

Уильям Шекспир

Richard II

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William Shakespeare

Richard II

Actus Primus, Scaena Prima

Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard. Old Iohn of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou according to thy oath and band
Brought hither Henry Herford thy bold son:
Heere to make good y boistrous late appeale,
Which then our leysure would not let vs heare,
Against the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray?
Gaunt. I haue my Liege

King. Tell me moreouer, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good subiect should
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him

Gaunt. As neere as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparant danger seene in him,
Aym'd at your Highnesse, no inueterate malice

Kin. Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our selues will heare
Th' accuser, and the accused, freely speake;
High stomack'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the sea; hastie as fire.
Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bul. Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege

Mow. Each day still better others happinesse,
Vntill the heauens enuying earths good hap,
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne

King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cause you come,
Namely, to appeale each other of high treason.
Coosin of Hereford, what dost thou obiect
Against the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray?

Bul. First, heauen be the record to my speech,
In the deuotion of a subiects loue,
Tendering the precious safetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,

Come I appealant to this Princely presence.
Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,
My body shall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine soule answer it in heauen.
Thou art a Traitor, and a Miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to liue,
Since the more faire and christall is the skie,
The vglie seeme the cloudes that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
With a foule Traitors name stuffe I thy throte,
And wish (so please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong speaks, my right drawn sword may proue
Mow. Let not my cold words heere accuse my zeale:
'Tis not the triall of a Womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be husht, and nought at all to say.
First the faire reuerence of your Highnesse curbes mee,
From giuing reines and spurres to my free speech,
Which else would post, vntill it had return'd
These tearmes of treason, doubly downe his throat.
Setting aside his high bloods royalty,
And let him be no Kinsman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him odde,
And meete him, were I tide to runne afoote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Englishman durst set his foote.
Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie

Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming heere the kindred of a King,
And lay aside my high bloods Royalty,
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then stoope.
By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood else,
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
What I haue spoken, or thou canst deuise

Mow. I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare,
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my shoulder,
Ile answer thee in any faire degree,

Or Chiualous designe of knightly triall:
And when I mount, aliue may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or vniustly fight

King. What doth our Cosin lay to Mowbraies charge?
It must be great that can inherite vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him

Bul. Looke what I said, my life shall proue it true,
That Mowbray hath receiu'd eight thousand Nobles,
In name of lendings for your Highnesse Soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false Traitor, and iniurious Villaine.
Besides I say, and will in battaile proue,
Or heere, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge
That euer was suruey'd by English eye,
That all the Treasons for these eighteene yeeres
Complotted, and contriued in this Land,
Fetch'd from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life, to make all this good.
That he did plot the Duke of Glousters death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent soule through streames of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abels cries,
(Euen from the toonglesse cauernes of the earth)
To me for iustice, and rough chasticement:
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares:
Thomas of Norfolke, what sayest thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foule a lyar

King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares,
Were he my brother, nay our kingdomes heyre,
As he is but my fathers brothers sonne;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neerenesse to our sacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vn-stooping firmenesse of my vpriht soule.
He is our subiect (Mowbray) so art thou,
Free speech, and fearelesse, I to thee allow

Mow. Then Bullingbrooke, as low as to thy heart,

Through the false passage of thy throat; thou lvest:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his Highnesse souldiers;
The other part reseru'd I by consent,
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere Accompt,
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that Lye. For Glousters death,
I slew him not; but (to mine owne disgrace)
Neglected my sworne duty in that case:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable Father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trespasse that doth vex my greeued soule:
But ere I last receiu'd the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant, and most degenerate Traitor,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
Vpon this ouer-weening Traitors foote,
To proue my selfe a loyall Gentleman,
Euen in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome.
In hast whereof, most heartily I pray
Your Highnesse to assigne our Triall day

King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no Physition,
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.
Forget, forgiue, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.
Good Vnckle, let this end where it begun,
Wee'l calme the Duke of Norfolke; you, your son

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age,
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage

King. And Norfolke, throw downe his

Gaunt. When Harrie when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid agen

King. Norfolke, throw downe, we bidde; there is
no boote

Mow. My selfe I throw (dread Soueraigne) at thy foot.

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
The one my dutie owes, but my faire name
Despight of death, that liues vpon my graue
To darke dishonours vse, thou shalt not haue.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd heere,
Pierc'd to the soule with slanders venom'd speare:
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyson

King. Rage must be withstood:
Giue me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame

Mo. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,
The purest treasure mortall times afford
Is spotlesse reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A Iewell in a ten times barr'd vp Chest,
Is a bold spirit, in a loyall brest.
Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one:
Take Honor from me, and my life is done.
Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trie,
In that I liue; and for that will I die

King. Coosin, throw downe your gage,
Do you begin

Bul. Oh heauen defend my soule from such foule sin.
Shall I seeme Crest-falne in my fathers sight,
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my hight
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my toong,
Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong;
Or sound so base a parle: my teeth shall teare
The slauish motiue of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, euen in Mowbrayes face.

Exit Gaunt.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be readie, (as your liues shall answer it)
At Couentree, vpon S[aint]. Lamberts day:
There shall your swords and Lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your setled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Iustice designe the Victors Chiualrie.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct these home Alarmes.

Exeunt.

Scaena Secunda

Enter Gaunt, and Dutchesse of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Glousters blood,
Doth more sollicite me then your exclames,
To stirre against the Butchers of his life.
But since correction lyeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,
Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads

Dut. Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?
Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards seuen sonnes (whereof thy selfe art one)
Were as seuen violles of his Sacred blood,
Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of those seuen are dride by natures course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But Thomas, my deere Lord, my life, my Glouster,
One Violl full of Edwards Sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most Royall roote
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hactt downe, and his summer leafes all vaded
By Enuies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.
Ah Gaunt! His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettle, that selfe-mould that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liu'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou slaine in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother dye,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.
Call it not patience (Gaunt) it is dispaire,
In suffring thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching sterne murther how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitile patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts:
What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,
The best way is to venge my Glousters death

Gaunt. Heauens is the quarrell: for heauens substitute
His Deputy annointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heauen reuenge: for I may neuer lift
An angry arme against his Minister

Dut. Where then (alas may I) complaint my selfe?

Gau. To heauen, the widdowes Champion to defence

Dut. Why then I will: farewell old Gaunt.

Thou go'st to Couentrie, there to behold

Our Cosine Herford, and fell Mowbray fight:

O sit my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,

That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes brest:

Or if misfortune misse the first carreere,

Be Mowbrayes sinnes so heauy in his bosome,

That they may breake his foaming Coursers backe,

And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,

A Caytiffe recreant to my Cosine Herford:

Farewell old Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wife

With her companion Greefe, must end her life

Gau. Sister farewell: I must to Couentree,

As much good stay with thee, as go with mee

Dut. Yet one word more: Greefe boundeth where it falls,

Not with the emptie hollownes, but weight:

I take my leaue, before I haue begun,

For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.

Commend me to my brother Edmund Yorke.

Loe, this is all: nay, yet depart not so,

Though this be all, do not so quickly go,

I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?

With all good speed at Plashie visit mee.

Alacke, and what shall good old Yorke there see

But empty lodgings, and vnfurnish'd walles,

Vn-peopel'd Offices, vntroden stones?

And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?

Therefore commend me, let him not come there,

To seeke out sorrow, that dwels euery where:

Desolate, desolate will I hence, and dye,

The last leaue of thee, takes my weeping eye.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia

Enter Marshall, and Aumerle.

Mar. My L[ord]. Aumerle, is Harry Herford arm'd

Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the Appealants Trumpet

Au. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Maiesties approach.

Flourish.

Enter King, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Greene, & others: Then Mowbray in Armor, and Harrold.

Rich. Marshall, demand of yonder Champion
The cause of his arriuell heere in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause

Mar. In Gods name, and the Kings say who y art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in Armes?
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As so defend thee heauen, and thy valour

Mow. My name is Tho[mas]. Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither comes engaged by my oath
(Which heauen defend a knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Herford, that appeales me:
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To proue him (in defending of my selfe)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.

Rich. Marshall: Aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And formerly according to our Law
Depose him in the iustice of his cause

Mar. What is thy name? and wherfore comst y hither
Before King Richard in his Royall Lists?
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heauen

Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I: who ready heere do stand in Armes,
To proue by heauens grace, and my bodies valour,
In Lists, on Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolke,
That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King Richard, and to me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen

Mar. On paine of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardie as to touch the Listes,
Except the Marshall, and such Officers
Appointed to direct these faire designes

Bul. Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Soueraigns hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiestie:
For Mowbray and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue
And louing farwell of our seuerall friends

Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craues to kisse your hand, and take his leaue

Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our armes.
Cosin of Herford, as thy cause is iust,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead

Bull. Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbrayes speare:
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you,
Of you (my Noble Cosin) Lord Aumerle;
Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,
But lustie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at English Feasts, so I regreete
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold rigor lift mee vp
To reach at victory aboue my head,
Adde prooffe vnto mine Armour with thy prayres,

And with thy blessings steele my Lances point,
That it may enter Mowbrayes waxen Coate,
And furnish new the name of Iohn a Gaunt,
Euen in the lusty hauour of his sonne

Gaunt. Heauen in thy good cause make thee prosp'rous
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.
Rouze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue

Bul. Mine innocence, and S[aint]. George to thriue

Mow. How euer heauen or fortune cast my lot,
There liues, or dies, true to Kings Richards Throne,
A loyall, iust, and vpriht Gentleman:
Neuer did Captiue with a freer heart,
Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontroul'd enfranchisement,
More then my dancing soule doth celebrate
This Feast of Battell, with mine Aduersarie.
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as iocond, as to iest,
Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet brest

Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I espy
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the triall Marshall, and begin

Mar. Harrie of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receiue thy Launce, and heauen defend thy right

Bul. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen

Mar. Go beare this Lance to Thomas D[uke]. of Norfolke

1.Har. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false, and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forwards to the fight

2.Har. Here standeth Tho[mas]: Mowbray Duke of Norfolk
On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approue
Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,

To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall:
Couragiously, and with a free desire
Attending but the signall to begin.

A charge sounded

Mar. Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe
Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets & their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we returne these Dukes what we decree.

A long Flourish.

Draw neere and list
What with our Councell we haue done.
For that our kingdomes earth should not be soyl'd
With that deere blood which it hath fostered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of ciuill wounds plowgh'd vp with neighbors swords,
Which so rouz'd vp with boystrous vntun'd drummes,
With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You Cosin Herford, vpon paine of death,
Till twice fiue Summers haue enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regret our faire dominions,
But treade the stranger pathes of banishment

Bul. Your will be done: This must my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, shall shine on me:
And those his golden beames to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment

Rich. Norfolke: for thee remaines a heauier dombe,
Which I with some vnwillingnesse pronounce,
The slye slow houres shall not determinate
The datelesse limit of thy deere exile:
The hopelesse word, of Neuer to returne,
Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life

Mow. A heauy sentence, my most Soueraigne Liege,
And all vnlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth:
A deerer merit, not so deepe a maim,
As to be cast forth in the common ayre
Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands.

The Language I haue learn'd these forty yeares
(My natiue English) now I must forgo,
And now my tongues vse is to me no more,
Then an vnstringed Vyall, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you haue engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly percullist with my teeth and lippes,
And dull, vnfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurse,
Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now:
What is thy sentence then, but speechlesse death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing natiue breath?
Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate,
After our sentence, plaining comes too late

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light
To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night

Ric. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall sword, your banisht hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heauen
(Our part therein we banish with your selues)
To keepe the Oath that we administer:
You neuer shall (so helpe you Truth, and Heauen)
Embrace each others loue in banishment,
Nor euer looke vpon each others face,
Nor euer write, regreete, or reconcile
This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor euer by aduised purpose meete,
To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,
'Gainst Vs, our State, our Subiects, or our Land

Bull. I sweare

Mow. And I, to keepe all this

Bul. Norfolke, so fare, as to mineemie,
By this time (had the King permitted vs)
One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,
Banish'd this fraile sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this Land.
Confesse thy Treasons, ere thou flye this Realme,
Since thou hast farre to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soule

Mow. No Bullingbroke: If euer I were Traitor,

My name be blotted from the booke of Life,
And I from heauen banish'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,
And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,
Saue backe to England, all the worlds my way.
Enter.

Rich. Vncle, euen in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy greeued heart: thy sad aspect,
Hath from the number of his banish'd yeares
Pluck'd foure away: Six frozen Winters spent,
Returne with welcome home, from banishment

Bul. How long a time lyes in one little word:
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton springs
End in a word, such is the breath of Kings

Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me
He shortens foure yeares of my sonnes exile:
But little vantage shall I reape thereby.
For ere the sixe yeares that he hath to spend
Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age, and endlesse night:
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me see my sonne

Rich. Why Vncle, thou hast many yeeres to liue

Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canst giue;
Shorten my dayes thou canst with sudden sorow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath

Ric. Thy sonne is banish'd vpon good aduice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gaue,
Why at our Iustice seem'st thou then to lowre?

Gau. Things sweet to tast, proue in digestion sowre:
You vrg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather
You would haue bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tong,
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong

Rich. Cosine farewell: and Vncle bid him so:
Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go.

Enter.

Flourish.

Au. Cosine farewell: what presence must not know
From where you do remaine, let paper show

Mar. My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your side

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose dost thou hord thy words,
That thou returnst no greeting to thy friends?

Bull. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath th' abundant dolour of the heart

Gau. Thy greefe is but thy absence for a time

Bull. Ioy absent, greefe is present for that time

Gau. What is sixe Winters, they are quickly gone?

Bul. To men in ioy, but greefe makes one houre ten

Gau. Call it a trauell that thou tak'st for pleasure

Bul. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which findes it an inforced Pilgrimage

Gau. The sullen passage of thy weary steppes
Esteeme a soyle, wherein thou art to set
The precious Iewell of thy home returne

Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frostie Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a Feast?
Or Wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantasticke summers heate?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good
Giues but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrowes tooth, doth euer ranckle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore

Gau. Come, come (my son) Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay

Bul. Then Englands ground farewell: sweet soil adieu,
My Mother, and my Nurse, which beares me yet:
Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-borne Englishman.

Scoena Quarta

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.

Rich. We did obserue. Cosine Aumerle,
How far brought you high Herford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Herford (if you call him so)
But to the next high way, and there I left him

Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. Faith none for me: except the Northeast wind
Which then grew bitterly against our face,
Awak'd the sleepe rhowme, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare

Rich. What said our Cosin when you parted with him?

Au. Farewell: and for my hart disdain'd y my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such greefe,
That word seem'd buried in my sorrowes graue.
Marry, would the word Farwell, haue lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his short banishment,
He should haue had a volume of Farwels,
But since it would not, he had none of me

Rich. He is our Cosin (Cosin) but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,
Our selfe, and Bushy: heere Bagot and Greene
Obseru'd his Courtship to the common people:
How he did seeme to diue into their hearts,
With humble, and familiar courtesie,
What reuerence he did throw away on slaues;
Wooring poore Craftes-men, with the craft of soules,
And patient vnder-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyster-wench,
A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks my Countrimen, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuersion his,
And he our subjects next degree in hope

Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made my Liege
Ere further leysure, yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your Highnesse losse

Ric. We will our selfe in person to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largesse, are growne somewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farme our royall Realme,
The Reuennue whereof shall furnish vs
For our affayres in hand: if that come short
Our Substitutes at home shall haue Blanke-charters:
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,
And send them after to supply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland presently.
Enter Bushy.

Bushy, what newes?

Bu. Old Iohn of Gaunt is verie sicke my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath sent post haste
To entreat your Maiesty to visit him

Ric. Where lyes he?

Bu. At Ely house

Ric. Now put it (heauen) in his Physitians minde,
To helpe him to his graue immediately:
The lining of his coffers shall make Coates
To decke our souldiers for these Irish warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray heauen we may make hast, and come too late.

Enter.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima

Enter Gaunt, sicke with Yorke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my last
In wholesome counsell to his vnstaid youth?

Yor. Vex not your selfe, nor striue not with your breth,
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare

Gau. Oh but (they say) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deepe harmony;
Where words are scarce, they are seldome spent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more must say, is listen'd more,
Then they whom youth and ease haue taught to glose,
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before,
The setting Sun, and Musicke in the close
As the last taste of sweetes, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long past;
Though Richard my liues counsell would not heare,
My deaths sad tale, may yet vndeafe his eare

Yor. No, it is stopt with other flatt'ring sounds
As praises of his state: then there are found
Lasciuious Meeters, to whose venom sound
The open eare of youth doth alwayes listen.
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardie apish Nation
Limpes after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into his eares?
That all too late comes counsell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direct not him, whose way himselfe will choose,
Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose

Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inspir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His rash fierce blaze of Ryot cannot last,
For violent fires soone burne out themselues,
Small showres last long, but sodaine stormes are short,
He tyres betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming meanes soone preyes vpon it selfe.
This royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Isle,
This earth of Maiesty, this seate of Mars,

This other Eden, demy paradise,
This Fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,
Against infection, and the hand of warre:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone, set in the siluer sea,
Which serues it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defensiue to a house,
Against the enuy of lesse happier Lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurse, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Christian seruice, and true Chiualrie,
As is the sepulcher in stubborne Iury
Of the Worlds ransome, blessed Maries Sonne.
This Land of such deere soules, this deere-deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beates backe the enuious siedge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.
Ah! would the scandall vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death?
Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Bushy, Greene, Bagot, Ros, and
Willoughby.

Yor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more

Qu. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?

Ri. What comfort man? How ist with aged Gaunt?

Ga. Oh how that name befits my composition:

Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:

Within me greefe hath kept a tedious fast,

And who abstaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?

For sleeping England long time haue I watcht,

Watching breeds leannesse, leannesse is all gaunt.

The pleasure that some Fathers feede vpon,

Is my strict fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,

And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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