

Of that sweete way I was in to dispaire.
 What say you now? what comfort haue we now?
 By heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,
 That bids me be of comfort any more.
 Go to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
 A King woes slaue shall kingly woe obey:
 That power I haue, discharge, and let them goe
 To care the land that hath some hope to grow,
 For I haue none, let no man speake againe,
 To alter this, for counsell is but vaine.

Ann. My Liege, one word.

King He does me double wrong,
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue,
 Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
 From Richards night, to Bullingbrookes faire day.

Enter Bull, Yorke, North.

Bull. So that by this intelligence, we learne
 The Welch men are disperst, and Salisbury
 Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
 With some few priuate friends vpon this coast.

North. The newes is very faire and good my lord,
 Richard not farre from hence hath hid his head.

Yorke It would be seeme the Lord Northumberland
 To say King Richard, alacke the heauy day,
 When such a sacred King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes; onely to be brieft
 Left I his title out.

Yorke The time hath bin, would you haue beene so brieft
 He would haue bin so brieft to shorten you, (with him,
 For taking so the head, your whole heads length.

Bull. Mistake not (vncke) further then you should.

Yorke Take not (good cousin) further then you should,
 Left you mistake the heauens are ouer our heads.

Bull. I know it vncke, and oppose not my selfe,
 Against their will. But, who comes here? *Enter Percie.*

Welcome Harry; what, will not this castle yeelde?

H. Per. The Castle royally is mand my Lord.

Against

Against thy entrance.

Bull. Royally, why it contains no King.

H. Per. Yes (my good Lord),

It doth containe a King, King Richard lies
 Within the limites of you lime and stone,
 And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
 Sir Stephen Scioope, besides a cleargie man
 Of holy reuerence, who I cannot learne.

North. Oh belike it is the bishop of Carleil.

Bull. Noble Lords,

Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Castle,
 Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parlee
 Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer:

H. Bull. on both his knees doth kisse King Richards hand,
 And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
 To his most royall person: hither come

Euen at his feete to lay my armes and power
 Prouided, that my banishment repeald,
 And lands restored againe be freely granted;

If not, Ile vse the aduantage of my power,
 And lay the summers dust with showres of bloud,
 Raine from the wounds of slaughtered English men,

The which, how faire off from the minde of Bulling.
 It is, such crimson tempest should be drench
 The fresh greene lap of faire King Richards land:

My stooping duety tenderly shall shew:
 Go signifie as much while here we march
 Vpon the grasie carpet of this plaine;

Lets march without the noyse of threatening drumme,
 That from this Castels tottered bartlements
 Our faire appointments may be well peruse.

Me thinkes King Richard and my selfe should meete
 With no lesse terrour than the elements
 Of fire and water, when their thundring shocke

At meeting teares the cloudie checkes of heauen.
 Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding water;
 The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigne.

My