Duke of York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath; For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Duke of York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds, As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond, Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound The open ear of youth doth always listen; Report of fashions in proud Italy, Whose manners still our tardy apish nation Limps 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 buzzed into his ears? Then all too late comes counsel to be heard, Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard. Direct not him whose way himself will choose: 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Duke of York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth; For young hot colts being raged do rage the more.

Duke of York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words To wayward sickness and age in him: He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

Duke of York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so! Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

Duke of York. How long shall I be patient? ah, how long Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong? Not Gloucester's death, nor 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 raged 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 will what he did spend and spent not that  
Which his triumphant father's hand had won;  
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,  
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.  
O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between.  

Duke of York. O my liege,  
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleased  
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 thyself; for how art thou a king  
But by fair sequence and succession?  
Now, afore God--God forbid I say true!--  
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,  
Call in the letters patent 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-disposed hearts  
And prick my tender patience, to those thoughts  
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.  

Duke of York. I'll not be by the while: my liege, farewell:  
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;  
But by bad courses may be understood  
That their events can never fall out good.  
Exit  

Duke of York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:  
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,  
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares and grief.  
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,  
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:  
Here am I left to underprop his land,  
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant

Duke of York. He was? Why, so! go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take my ring.

Duke of York. What is't, knave?

Duke of York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to God,
So my untruth had not provoked him to it,
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come, sister,--cousin, I would say--pray, pardon me.
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts
And bring away the armour that is there.

Exit Servant

Duke of York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceiveable and false.

Duke of York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace.'
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more 'why?' why have they dared to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms?
Comest thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then how quickly should this arm of mine.
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee
And minister correction to thy fault!

Duke of York. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Duke of York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs
And laboured all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

Duke of York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms:
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left:
But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle
And there repose you for this night.

Duke of York. It may be I will go with you: but yet I'll pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care.

Exeunt
**Duke of York.** A gentleman of mine I have dispatch’d
With letters of your love to her at large.

**Duke of York.** It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
To say 'King Richard:' alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head.

**Duke of York.** The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

**Duke of York.** Take not, good cousin, further than you should.
Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.

**Duke of York.** Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

**Duke of York.** Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him;
And long live Henry, fourth of that name!

**Duke of York.** I will be his conduct.

*Exit*

**Duke of York.** To do that office of thine own good will
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

**Duke of York.** Where did I leave?

**Duke of York.** Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
Whilst all tongues cried 'God save thee,
Bolingbroke!'
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once
'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'
Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus: 'I thank you, countrymen;'
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duke of York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on gentle Richard; no man cried 'God save him!'
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head:
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Duke of York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Enter DUKE OF AUMERLE

Duke of York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

Duke of York. You will be there, I know.

Duke of York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Duke of York. No matter, then, who see it;
History of Richard II - character extract

I will be satisfied; let me see the writing. 5.2.63

Duke of York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see. 5.2.67
   I fear, I fear,-- 5.2.68

Duke of York. Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond 5.2.72
   That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool. 5.2.73
   Boy, let me see the writing. 5.2.74

Duke of York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say. 5.2.76
   He plucks it out of his bosom and reads it 5.2.77
   Treason! foul treason! Villain! traitor! slave!

Duke of York. Ho! who is within there? 5.2.79
   Enter a Servant 5.2.80
   Saddle my horse. 5.2.81
   God for his mercy, what treachery is here!

Duke of York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse. 5.2.83
   Now, by mine honour, by my life, by my troth, 5.2.84
   I will appeach the villain. 5.2.85

Duke of York. Peace, foolish woman. 5.2.87

Duke of York. Bring me my boots: I will unto the king. 5.2.92
   Re-enter Servant with boots

Duke of York. Give me my boots, I say. 5.2.95

Duke of York. Thou fond mad woman, 5.2.103
   Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy? 5.2.104
   A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament, 5.2.105
   And interchangeably set down their hands, 5.2.106
   To kill the king at Oxford. 5.2.107

Duke of York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son, 5.2.110
   I would appeach him. 5.2.111

Duke of York. Make way, unruly woman! 5.2.121
   Exit
Duke of York. [Within] My liege, beware; look to thyself;  
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there. 5.3.39

Duke of York. [Within] Open the door, secure, foolhardy king: 5.3.43
    Shall I for love speak treason to thy face? 5.3.44
    Open the door, or I will break it open. 5.3.45
Enter DUKE OF YORK

Duke of York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know 5.3.49
    The treason that my haste forbids me show. 5.3.50

Duke of York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down. 5.3.54
    I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king; 5.3.55
    Fear, and not love, begets his penitence: 5.3.56
    Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove 5.3.57
    A serpent that will sting thee to the heart. 5.3.58

Duke of York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd; 5.3.67
    And he shall spend mine honour with his shame, 5.3.68
    As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold. 5.3.69
    Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies, 5.3.70
    Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies: 5.3.71
    Thou kill'st me in his life: giving him breath, 5.3.72
    The traitor lives, the true man's put to death. 5.3.73

Duke of York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray, 5.3.84
    More sins for this forgiveness prosper may. 5.3.85
    This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound; 5.3.86
    This let alone will all the rest confound. 5.3.87
Enter DUCHESS OF YORK

Duke of York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here? 5.3.90
    Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear? 5.3.91

Duke of York. Against them both my true joints bended be. 5.3.100
    Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace! 5.3.101

Duke of York. Speak it in French, king; say, 'pardonne moi.' 5.3.122