

And, for our coffers with too great a court  
 And liberal largesse are grown somewhat light,  
 We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;  
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us  
 For our affairs in hand: if they came short,  
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters:  
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,  
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,  
 And send them after to supply our wants;  
 For we will make for *Ireland* presently.

*Enter Bushy.*

*K. Rich.* What news?

*Bushy.* Old *John* of *Gaunt* is sick, my lord,  
 Suddenly taken, and hath sent post haste  
 T' entreat your majesty to visit him.

*K. Rich.* Where lies he?

*Bushy.* At *Ely-house*.

*K. Rich.* Now put it, heav'n, in his physician's mind,  
 To help him to his grave immediately!  
 The lining of his coffers shall make coats  
 To deck our soldiers for these *Irish* wars. —  
 Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:  
 Pray heav'n, we may make haste, and come too late! [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Ely-House.*

*Enter Gaunt sick, with the Duke of York.*

GAUNT.

**W**ILL the king come, that I may breathe my last  
 In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth?  
*York.* Vex not yourself, and strive not with your breath;

For