

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of *Mars*,  
 This other *Eden*, demy *Paradise*,  
 This fortress built by nature for herself,  
 Against infection, and the hand of war;  
 This happy breed of men, this little world,  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happy lands;  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
 Fear'd for their breed, and famous for their birth,  
 Renowned for their deeds, as far from home,  
 For christian service and true chivalry,  
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn *Jury*  
 Of the world's ransom, blessed *Mary's* son;  
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
 Dear for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now leas'd out, (I die pronouncing it)  
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.  
*England*, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
 Of watry *Neptune*, is bound in with shame,  
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:  
 That *England*, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.  
 Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,  
 How happy then were my ensuing death!

## S C E N E II.

*Enter King Richard, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot,  
 Ross, and Willoughby.*

*York.* The king is come, deal mildly with his youth;  
 For young hot colts, being 'rag'd, do rage the more.

*Queen.* How fares our noble uncle *Lancaster*?

*K. Rich.*