

S C E N E III.

*Enter Northumberland.**North.* My liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your majesty.*K. Rich.* What says old *Gaunt*?*North.* Nay, nothing; all is said:*His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.**York.* Be *York* the next, that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal wo.*K. Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:*So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, have privilege to live.**And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us**The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.**York.* How long shall I be patient? o, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?*Not Glo'ster's death, not 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 rag'd 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.*

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