

## SCENE VI.

*Enter Green.*

*Green.* Heav'n save your majesty! —and well met, gentlemen:  
I hope, the king is not yet ship'd for *Ireland*.

*Queen.* Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is;  
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:  
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not ship'd?

*Green.* That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,  
And driv'n into despair an enemy  
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.  
The banish'd *Bolingbroke* repeals himself;  
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd  
At *Ravenespurg*.

*Queen.* Now god in heav'n forbid!

*Green.* O, madam, 'tis too true; and what is worse,  
The lord *Northumberland*, his young son *Percy*,  
The lords of *Rofs*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughby*,  
With all their pow'rful friends, are fled to him.

*Bushy.* Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland*,  
And all of that revolted faction, traitors?

*Green.* We have: whereon the earl of *Worcester*  
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,  
And all the household servants fled with him  
To *Bolingbroke*.

*Queen.* So, *Green*, thou art the midwife of my wo,  
And *Bolingbroke* my sorrow's dismal heir:  
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;  
And I, a gasping new-delivered mother,  
Have wo to wo, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

*Bushy.* Despair not, madam.

*Queen.* Who shall hinder me?  
I will despair, and be at enmity  
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,  
A parasite, a keeper back of death;

Who