

The king repositeth all his trust in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead: we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heav'n;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap;
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other hope t' enjoy by rage and war:
These boding signs forerun the death of kings.
Farewel; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, *Richard* their king is dead. [Exit.

Sal. Ah, *Richard*, ah! with eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament:
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, wo, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's Camp.

*Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ros, Percy,
Willoughby, with Busby and Green Prisoners.*

BOLINGBROKE.

BRING forth these men. —
Busby, and *Green*, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives;
For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood

From