

*Boling.* Thanks, gentle uncle: — come, my lords, away;  
A while to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to the Coasts of Wales.*

*Flourish: Drums, and Trumpets.*

*Enter King Richard, Aumerle, Bishop of Carlisle, and Soldiers.*

*K. Rich.* **B**ARKLOUGHLY castle call you this at hand?  
*Aum.* Yea, my good lord: how brooks your grace  
the air,

After your tossing on the breaking seas?

*K. Rich.* Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy  
To stand upon my kingdom once again. —  
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:  
As a long-parted mother with her child  
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;  
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,  
And do thee favour with my royal hands.  
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,  
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:  
But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom,  
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in his way,  
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet  
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.  
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:  
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,  
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;  
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch  
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies. —  
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;  
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones

Prove