

Prove armed foldiers, ere her native king  
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

*Carl.* Fear not, my lord; that pow'r that made you king  
Hath pow'r to keep you king, in spite of all.  
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,  
And not neglected: else, if heaven would  
And we would not, heav'n's offer we refuse,  
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

*Aum.* He means, my lord, that we are too remiss,  
Whilst *Bolingbroke*, through our security,  
Grows strong and great, in substance and in power.

*K. Rich.* Discomfortable cousin, know'st thou not,  
That, when the searching eye of heav'n is hid  
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world;  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
In murders, and in outrage bloody here:  
But when from under this terrestrial ball  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,  
And darts his light through ev'ry guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,  
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?  
So when this thief, this traitor *Bolingbroke*,  
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,  
Whilst we were wand'ring with th' antipodes,  
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east;  
His treasons will set blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of day;  
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.  
Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an annointed king;  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the lord.  
For every man that *Bolingbroke* hath press'd,  
To lift sharp steel against our golden crown,  
Heav'n for his *Richard* hath in heav'nly pay

G g 2

A glorious