

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Scroop.*

*Scroop.* More health and happiness betide my liege,  
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

*K. Rich.* Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:  
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care:  
And what loss is it to be rid of care?

Strives *Bolingbroke* to be as great as we?

Greater he shall not be; if he serve god,

We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.

Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;

They break their faith to god as well as us.

Cry wo, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;

The worst is death, and death will have his day.

*Scroop.* Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd  
To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,

Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,

As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;

So high above his limits swells the rage

Of *Bolingbroke*, cov'ring your fearful land

With hard bright steel, and hearts more hard than steel.

White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps

Against thy majesty; boys with women's voices

Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints

In stiff unwieldy arms, against thy crown:

The very beadsmen learn to bend their bows

Of doubly-fatal yew<sup>a</sup>, against thy state:

Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills.

Against thy seat both young and old rebel,

And all goes worse than I have pow'r to tell.

<sup>a</sup> The Yew is said to be doubly fatal, from a poisonous quality in it, and from affording instruments of death in war.

*K. Rich.*