

K. *Rich.* Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill,  
Where is the earl of *Wiltshire*?  
What is become of *Busby*? where is *Green*?  
That they have let the dang'rous enemy  
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?  
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.  
I warrant, they've made peace with *Bolingbroke*.

*Scroop.* Peace they have made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. *Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!  
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!  
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!  
Three *Judasses*, each one thrice worse than *Judas*!  
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war  
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

*Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his property,  
Turns to the fourest and most deadly hate:  
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made  
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse  
Have felt the worst of death's destroying hand,  
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

*Aum.* Is *Busby*, *Green*, and th' earl of *Wiltshire* dead?

*Scroop.* Yea, all of them at *Bristol* lost their heads.

*Aum.* Where is the duke my father, with his power?

K. *Rich.* No matter where; of comfort no man speak:  
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow in the bosom of the earth!  
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;  
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,  
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?  
Our lands, our lives, and all are *Bolingbroke's*,  
And nothing can we call our own, but death;  
And that small model of the barren earth,  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
For heav'n's sake, let us sit upon the ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:

How