

Say, *Scroop*, where lies our uncle with his power?<sup>a</sup>

*Scroop*. I play the torturer, by small and small  
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.  
Your uncle *York* is join'd with *Bolingbroke*;  
And all your northern castles yielded up,  
And all your southern gentlemen in arms  
Upon his faction.

*K. Rich.* Thou hast said enough.  
Beswore thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth  
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!  
What say you now? what comfort have we now?  
By heav'n, I'll hate him everlastingly  
That bids me be of comfort any more.  
Go to *Flint* castle, there I'll pine away;  
A king, wo's slave, shall kingly wo obey:  
That pow'r I have, discharge, and let 'em go  
To ear the land, that hath some hope to grow;  
For I have none. Let no man speak again  
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

*Aum.* My liege, one word.

*K. Rich.* He does me double wrong,  
That wounds me with the flatt'ries of his tongue.  
Discharge my followers: let them away,  
From *Richard's* night to *Bolingbroke's* fair day. [Exeunt.

# SCENE V.

*Bolingbroke's Camp, near Flint.*

*Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York,  
Northumberland, and Attendants.*

*Boling.* SO that by this intelligence we learn,  
The *Welshmen* are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*  
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed

<sup>a</sup> ----- his power?

Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.