

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver :
Henry of Bolingbroke upon his knees
 Doth kiss King *Richard's* hand, and sends allegiance
 And faith of heart unto his royal person :
 Ev'n at his feet I lay my arms and pow'r,
 Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
 And lands restor'd again, be freely granted ;
 If not, I'll use th' advantage of my pow'r,
 And lay the summer's dust with show'rs of blood,
 Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd *Englishmen* :
 The which, how far off from the mind of *Bolingbroke*
 It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
 The fresh green lap of fair king *Richard's* land,
 My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
 Go, signify as much, while here we march
 Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
 Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
 That from this castle's tatter'd battlements
 Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
 Methinks, king *Richard* and myself should meet
 With no less terrour than the elements
 Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heav'n :^a
 March on, and mark king *Richard* how he looks.

S C E N E VI.

Parle without, and answer within ; then a flourish. Enter on the walls, King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.

York. See, see, king *Richard* doth himself appear,
 As doth the blushing discontented fun

^a ----- cheeks of heav'n :

Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :
 The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
 My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.
 March on, &c.