

From out the fiery portal of the east,  
 When he perceives the envious clouds are bent  
 To dim his glory, and to stain the tract  
 Of his bright passage to the occident.  
 Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,  
 As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
 Controlling majesty: alack, for wo,  
 That any harm should stain so fair a show!

*K. Rich.* We are amaz'd, and thus long have we stood  
 To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [to North.  
 Because we thought ourself thy lawful king;  
 And if we be, how dare thy joints forget  
 To pay their awful duty to our presence?  
 If we be not, show us the hand of god,  
 That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship:  
 For well we know, no hand of blood and bone  
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,  
 Unless he do prophane, steal, or usurp.  
 And though you think, that all, as you have done,  
 Have torn their souls by turning them from us,  
 And we are barren, and bereft of friends:  
 Yet know, my master, god omnipotent,  
 Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,  
 Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike  
 Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,  
 That lift your vassal hands against my head,  
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.  
 Tell *Bolingbroke*, (for yond, methinks, he is)  
 That every stride he makes upon the land  
 Is dangerous treason: he is come to ope  
 The purple testament of bleeding war;  
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,  
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons  
 Shall misbecome the flow'ry *England's* face,  
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace  
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew

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