

With words of sooth! O that I were as great
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
 Or that I could forget what I have been!
 Or not remember what I must be now!
 Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
 Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? must he submit?
 The king shall do it: must he be depos'd?
 The king shall be contented: must he lose
 The name of king? o' god's name, let it go.
 I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
 My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
 My gay apparel, for an almsman's gown;
 My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
 My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;
 My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
 And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
 A little little grave, an obscure grave.
 Or I'll be bury'd in the king's highway;
 Some way of common tread, where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head.^a
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin,
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears:
 Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
 As thus, to drop them still upon one place,
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves.^b

^a ---- sovereign's head.

For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live:
 And, bury'd once, why not upon my head?

Aumerle, &c.

^b ---- a pair of graves

Within the earth; and therein lay'd, there lies
 Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
 Would not this ill do well? well, well, I see
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.
 Most mighty prince, &c.