

Most mighty prince, my lord *Northumberland*,
 What says king *Bolingbroke*? will his majesty
 Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die?
 You make a leg, and *Bolingbroke* says, ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
 To speak with you, may't please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down I come, like glist'ring *Phaeton*,
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades.^a

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow of heart
 Makes him speak fondly, like a frantick man;
 Yet he is come.

Boling. Stand all apart, and show
 Fair duty to his majesty. —
 My gracious lord, —

[kneels.

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
 To make the base earth proud with kissing it.
 Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
 Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.^b

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
 As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserv'd: they well deserve to have,
 That know the strong'st and surest way to get. —
 Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes; [to York.
 Tears show their love, but want their remedies. —
 Cousin, I am too young to be your father, [to Bolingbroke.
 Though you are old enough to be my heir.

^a ---- of unruly jades.

In the base court? base court where kings grow base,
 To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

In the base court come down? down, court, down, king;
 For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.

Boling. What, &c.

^b ---- your courtesy.

Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
 Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Boling. My &c.

What