

Gard. They are ;
 And *Bolingbroke* hath seiz'd the wasteful king.
 What pity is it, that he had not trimm'd
 And dress'd his land, as we this garden dress,
 And wound the bark, the skin, of our fruit-trees,
 Left, being over-proud with sap and blood,
 With too much riches it confound itself?
 Had he done so to great and growing men,
 They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
 Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
 We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
 Had he done so, himself had born the crown,
 Which waste and idle hours have quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already ; and depos'd,
 'Tis doubted, he will be. Letters last night
 Came to a dear friend of the duke of *York*,
 That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking! —
 Thou *Adam's* likeness, set to dress this garden,
 How dares thy tongue sound this unpleasing news?
 What *Eve*, what serpent hath suggested thee,
 To make a second fall of cursed man?
 Why dost thou say, king *Richard* is depos'd?
 Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,
 Divine his downfall? say, where, when, and how,
 Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
 To breathe these news; yet what I say is true:
 King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
 Of *Bolingbroke*; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
 In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
 And some few vanities that make him light;
 But in the balance of great *Bolingbroke*,
 Besides himself, are all the *English* peers,
 And with that odds he weighs king *Richard* down.