

Here, on this side my hand, on that side thine.^a
 Now, mark me how I will undo myself:
 I give this heavy weight from off my head,
 And this unweildy sceptre from my hand,
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
 With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
 All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
 My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
 My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
 God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
 God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
 And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchiev'd!^b
 What more remains?

North. No more; but that you read
 These accusations, and these grievous crimes

^a ----- on that side thine.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
 That owes two buckets, filling one another;
 The emptier ever dancing in the air,
 The other down, unseen, and full of water:
 That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine:
 You may my glories, and my state depose,
 But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
 My care, is loss of care, by old care done;
 Your care, is gain of care, by new care won.
 The cares I give, I have, though given away;
 They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no; no, ay; for I must nothing be:
 Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now, mark me, &c.

^b ----- that hast all atchiev'd!

Long may'st thou live in *Richard's* seat to sit,
 And soon lie *Richard* in an earthy pit!
 God save king *Henry*, unking'd *Richard* says,
 And send him many years of sun-shine days!
 What more, &c.

Committed