

Carl. The wo's to come: the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.

I see, your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper, and I'll lay
A plot, shall show us all a merry day. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street in London.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

QUEEN.

THIS way the king will come: this is the way
To *Julius Cæsar's* ill-erected tow'r,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner, by proud *Bolingbroke*.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King Richard, and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears. —
O thou, the model where old *Troy* did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou king *Richard's* tomb,
And not king *Richard*; thou most beauteous inn,

[to K. Rich.

Why