

テキストが語る創作の軌跡～シェイクスピア複数テキスト劇の読解～

1. 『ロミオとジュリエット』～劇作家の迷い
2. 『ヘンリー五世』～創作か材源の踏襲か
3. 『ハムレット』～改訂のストラテジー
4. 『リチャード二世』～検閲？改訂？

『ロミオとジュリエット』～劇作家の迷い

Q1 (1597), Q2 (1599), Q3 1609, Q4 (1622)

(1)



AN
EXCELLENT
conceited Tragedie
OF
Romeo and Iuliet.

As it hath been often (with great applause)
plaid publicely, by the right Ho-
nourable the L. of Hunston
his Seruants.



LONDON,
Printed by Iohn Danter.
1597.

Photo. of H. B. 69301

THE
MOST EX-
cellent and lamentable
Tragedie, of Romeo
and Iuliet.

Newly corrected, augmented, and
amended:

As it hath bene sundry times publicely acted, by the
right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine
his Seruants.



LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to
be sold at his shop neare the Exchange.
1599.

(2) V. iii. 102-20.

Q2
102 1) I will beleeeue,
1') Shall I beleeeue that vnsubstantiall death is amorous,
And that the leane abhorred monfter keepes
105 Thee here in darke to be his paramour?
For feare of that I still will stay with thee,
107 And neuer from this pallat of dim night.
2) Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,
3) Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiffe I die.
108 2') Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,
With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O, here
110 Will I set vp my euerlasting reft:
And fhake the yoke of inauspicious starres,
From this world-wearied flefh, eyes looke your laft:
Armes take your laft embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kiffe
115 A dateleffe bargaine to ingroffing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnfaouory guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dafhing Rocks, thy feafick weary barke:
3') Heeres to my Loue, O true Appothecary:
120 Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiffe I die.

(3) V. iii. 102-20.

Q1
O I beleeeue that vnsubstantiall death,
Is amorous, and court my loue.

Therefore will, O heere, O euer heere,
Set vp my euerlasting reft
With wormes, that are thy chambermayds.

Come desperate Pilot at once rune on
The dafhing rockes thy fea-sicke weary barge.
Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary:
Thy drugs are swift; Thus with a kiffe I dye.

	Oxford	
102		Shall I believe
	That unsubstantial death is amorous,	
	And that the lean abhorred monster keeps	
105	Thee here in dark to be his paramour?	
	For fear of that I still will stay with thee;	
107	And never from this pallet of dim night	
108	Depart again: here, here will I remain	
	With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here	
110	Will I set up my everlasting rest,	
	And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars	
	From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last.	
	Arms, take your last embrace. And lips, O you	
	The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss	
115	A dateless bargain to engrossing death.	
	Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide,	
	Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on	
	The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark.	
	Here's to my love!	
	<i>He drinks the poison</i>	
		O true Apotheary,
120	Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.	<i>He falls</i>

102	Shall I believe
	That unsubstantial death is amorous,
	And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
105	Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
	For fear of that I still will stay with thee;
107	And never from this pallet of dim night

108 Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here
110 Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last.
Arms, take your last embrace. And lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
115 A dateless bargain to engrossing death.
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide,
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark.
Here's to my love!

He drinks the poison

120 O true Apotheary,
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. *He falls*

Q2

1) I will beleeeue,
 1') Shall I beleeeue that vnsubstantiall death is amorous,
 And that the leane abhorred monfter keeps
 Thee here in darke to be his paramour?
 For feare of that I ftill will ftay with thee,
 And neuer from this pallat of dim night.

2) Depart again, come lye thou in my arme,
3) Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.

O true Appothecarie!

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

2') Depart again, here, here, will I remaine,
With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O, here
Will I set vp my euerlasting rest:

And flake the yoke of inauspicious starres,
From this world-wearied flesh eyes, looke your last:
Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kiffe
A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:

Come bitter conduct, come vnfauloury guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dafhing Rocks, thy feafick weary barke:
3') Here's to my Loue. O true Apothecary:

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

(4) V. iii. 102-20.

Mr. *Pope's*, and some other of the worser editions acknowledge absurdly the lines which I have put into parenthesis here; and which I have expung'd from the text, for this reason: *Romeo* is made to confess the effect of the poison ['O true Apothecary! / Thy druggs are quick'.] before ever he has tasted it. . . . Though the first *quarto* in 1599 [i.e. Q2], and the two old *folios* acknowledge this absurd stuff, I find it left out in several later quarto impressions (Q4 & Q5 [1637]). (Johnson, VIII, 117)

(5) V. iii. 102-20.

Q2

1) I will beleeeue,

1') Shall I beleeeue that vnsubstantiall death is amorous,

And that the leane abhorred monfter keepes

Thee here in darke to be his paramour?

For feare of that I ftill will ftay with thee,

And neuer from this pallat of dim night.

2) Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,

3) Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.

O true Appothecarie!

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiffe I die.

2') Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,

With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O, here

Will I set vp my euerlafting reft:

And fhake the yoke of inauspicious ftarres,

From this world-wearied flefh eyes, looke your laft:

Armes take your laft embrace: And lips, O you

The doores of breath, feale with a righteous kiffe

A dateleffe bargain to ingroffing death:

Come bitter conduct, come vnfaoury guide,

Q4

I will beleeeue,

Shall I beleeeue that vnsubstantiall death is amorous?

And that the leane abhorred Monfter keepes

Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?

For feare of that, I ftill will ftay with thee,

And neuer from this pallat of dim night

Depart againe; here, here will I remayne,

With wormes that are thy Chambermaides: O, here

Will I set vp my euerlafting reft:

And fhake the yoke of inauspicious ftarres

From this World-wearied flefh, eyes looke your laft:

Armes take your laft embrace: And lips, O you

The doores of breath, feale with a righteous kiffe

A dateleffe bargain to ingroffing death:

Come bitter conduct, come vnfaoury guide,

Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing Rocks, thy feafick weary barke:
 3') Here's to my Loue. O true Apothecary:
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiffe I die.

Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing Rockes, thy Sea-ficke weary Barke:
 Here's to my Loue. O true Apothecary:
 Thy Drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiffe I dye.

(6) II. i. 232-II. ii. 4

II.i Q2

232 *Iul.* Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy breaft.

233 *Ro.* Would I were sleepe and peace fo fweet to rest

The grey-eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,

Chekring the Eafterne Clouds with streaks of light,

And darkneffe fleckted like a drunkard reeles,

From forth daies pathway, made by *Tyrants* wheelles.

234 Hence will I to my ghoftly Friers close cell,

235 His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

II.ii *Enter Frier alone with a basket.*

1 *Fri.* The grey-eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,

Cheking the Easfterne cloudes with streaks of light:

And flekeld darkneffe like a drunkard reeles,

4 From forth daies path, made by *Tirants* burning wheelles.

Q1

Rom. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy breaft.

I would that I were fleep and peace of fweet to rest.

Now I will to my Ghoftly fahters Cell,

His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.

Enter Frier Francis.

Frier: The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,

Checkring the Eafterne cloudes with streaks of light,


And flecked darknes like a drunkard reeles,

From forth daies path, made by *Tirants* fierie wheelles:

『ヘンリー五世』～創作か材源の踏襲か

(Q1 (1600), Q2 (1608), Q3 (1619))

(7)

flowing **THE** *collected*
CRONICLE *Perfect.*
History of Henry the fift, *1564*
With his battell fought at Agin Court in
France. Together with Auntiens *1695*
Pistol. *my d. found n. 7*
As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable
the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. *1704*
First Edition. *Recovers.*

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and John Busby. And are to be
sold at his house in Carter Lane, next
the Powle head. 1600.

69

The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

O For a *Life of Time*, that would offend
The brightest *Honour of* *Imagination* :
A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to *Act*,
And Monarchs to behold the *swelling Scene*.
Then should the *Warlike Henry*, like himselfe,
Affirme the *Port of Mars*, and sit his *throne*;
(*Loe* in, the *Hand*) should *Famine*, *Sword*, and *Tyre*
Crouch for employment. But *pardon*, *Graces* all :
The *flaw* *unhappy* *Spirits*, that *hath* *dar'd*,
On this *unhappy* *Stage*, to *bring* *forth*
So *great* an *Obiect*. Can this *Cock* *the* *field*
The *valley* *fields* of *France* ? Or may we *examine*
within this *stradden* *O*, the *very* *Cock* ?
That did *offend* the *Ayre* at *Agincourt* ?
O *pardon* : *Since* a *cringed* *Figure* may
Asse in *little* *place* a *Million*,
And *lee* us, *Cyphers* to this *great* *Account*,

On your *imaginative* *Forces* *work*,
Suppose *within* the *Grate* of *this* *is* *all* :
As *now* *confer* it *two* *mighty* *Monarches*,
whose *high*, *up-reared*, and *shining* *fronts*,
The *perillous* *narrow* *Ocean* *parts* *afunder* :
Dress out our *imperfect* *with* your *thoughts* :
Into *action* and *party* *divide* our *Men*,
And *make* *imaginary* *Disputes*.
Think when we *talke* of *Horses*, that you *see* *them*.
Printing their *proud* *Horses* *in* the *rearing* *Eare* :
For *in* your *thoughts* that *now* *may* *deck* our *Kings*,
Carry *them* *here* and *there* : *Leaping* *eye* *Times* :
Turning the *accomplishment* of *many* *years*
Into an *Instant* : *for* the *which* *supple*,
Amis me *Chorus* to this *History* :
Who *Prologue* like, your *humile* *patience* *prays*,
Comly to *heare*, *kindly* to *iudge* our *Play*. Exit.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

Bish. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.
Bish. Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.
Bish. Cant. The courtes of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildnesse mortifi'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too : yea at that very moment,
Consideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him ;
Leaving his body as a Paralytie,
T'inculpe and containe Celestiall Spirits.
Newer was such a godaine Scholler made :
Newer came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heady currence flowing faulst :
Newer neuer *Wilde*-headed Willfulnesse
So soone did loose his Seate ; and all at once ;
As in this King.
Bish. Ely. We are blessed in the Change.
Bish. Cant. Heare him but reason in Diuinitie ;
And all admiring, with an inward wish,
You would desire the King were made a Prelate :
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires ;
You would saye, he hath beene all in all his study :
Lift his discourse of Warres ; and you shall heare
A fearefull Battaille rendered you in Matheque.

(8)

4 August 1600

4 Augusti

As yo ^w like yt: / a booke	}	to be staied
Henry the fifth: / a booke		
Euery man in his Humo ^r . / a booke		
The comedie of muche		
A doo about nothinge. / a booke		(Stationers' Register, III. 37)

(9)

	14 August [1600]	
Thomas	Entred for his Copyes by direction	
Pavyer	of m ^r white warden vnder his	
	hand wryting. These Copyes	
	folowinge beinge thinges formelye	
	printed & sett over to the sayd Thomas	
	Pavyer: viz . . .	
	
	<i>The historye of HENRY the Vth with the battell</i>	
	<i>of Agenrourt</i> vj ^d	(III. 169)

(10) III. v. 61-68

	F		Q1	
61		<i>King.</i> Therefore Lord Conftable, hast on <i>Montioy</i> ,		<i>King.</i> Constable dispatch, send Montioy forth,
		And let him faye to England, that we fend,		
		To know what willing Ranfome he will giue.		To know what willing ranfome he will giue?
		<u>Prince <i>Dolphin</i>, you fhall ftay with vs in Roan.</u>		<u>Sonne <i>Dolphin</i>, you fhall ftay in Rone with me.</u>
65		<i>Dolph.</i> Not so, I doe befeech your Maieftie.		<i>Dol.</i> Not so I do befeech your Maieftie.

68 | *King.* Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs,
 Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,
 And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall._ *Exeunt.*

| *King.* Well, I fay it shalbe so.
Exeunt omnes.

(11) III.vii. 0.1-2, 11-40

F
 0.1 | *Enter the Constable of France, Lord Ramburs,*
Orleance, Dolphin, with others.

Q1
Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleance, Gebon.

7 | *Dolph. My lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Con-*
stable, you talke of Horse and Armour?

| *Bourbon. Now you talke of a horse, I haue a steed*
like the
Palfrey of the sun nothing but pure ayre and fire. 5
And hath none of this dull elment of earth within
him.

11 | *Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change*
my Horse with any that treades but on foure postures:
ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were
*hayres: *le Cheual volante*, the Pegasus, *ches les narines de**
**feu*. When I bestryde him, I soare, I am a Hawke: he trots*
 15 | *the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the basest*
horne of his hoofe, is more Musically then the Pipe of
Hermes.

| *Orleance.* Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.
 20 | *Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast*
*for *Perseus*: He is pure Ayre and Fire: and the dull Ele-*
ments of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but on-

| *Orleance.* He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.
Bur. And of the heate, a the Ginger.

	ly in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him: hee is indeede a Horse, and all other Iades you may call Beasts.
25	<u>Const.</u> Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and ex- cellent Horse.
	<u>Dolph.</u> It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.
	<u>Orleance.</u> No more Cousin.
30	<u>Dolph.</u> Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deserued prayse on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subiect for a Soueraigne to reason on, and for a Souereignes So- ueraigne to ride on: and for the World, familiar to vs 35 and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in <u>his</u> prayse, and began thus, <i>Wonder of Nature</i> .
40	<u>Orleance.</u> I haue heard a Sonnet begin so <u>to</u> ones Mi- stresse.

Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,
And my horse is argument for them all:

I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,
And began thus. Wonder of nature.

Const. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so
In the praise of ones Mistresse.

Burb. Why then did they imitate that

(12) IV. v. 0.1-2, 3-8, after 8

0.1	<u>Enter Constable, Orleance, Burbon, Dolphin,</u> <u>and Ramburs.</u>
-----	---

Enter the foure French Lords.

3	<u>Dol.</u> <u>Mor dieu ma vie,</u> <u>all is confounded all,</u>
---	---

<u>Con.</u> <u>Mor du ma vie.</u>

5	<u>Reproach, and euerlasting shame</u>	<u>Or. O what a day is this!</u>	
6	<u>Sits mocking in our Plumes.</u> <i>A short Alarum.</i>	<u>Bur. O Iour dei houre all is gone, all is lost.</u>	
	<u>O meschante Fortune, do not runne away.</u>	<u>Con. We are inough yet liuing in the field,</u>	5
8	<u>Dol. Or perdurable shame, lets stab our selues:</u>		
	<u>Be these the wreches that we plaid at dice for?</u>		

(13)

All Artes to them are vanitie: and, if you tell them what a glorious thing it is to haue *Henrie* the fith represented on the Stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin to sweare fealty, I, but (will they say) what do we get by it? (Thomas Nashe, *Pierce Penillesse His Supplication to the Devil*: I. 213)

(14)

The Dolphin sore desired to haue béene at the battell, but he was prohibited by his father. (Holinshed, 552)

『ハムレット』～改訂のストラテジー

(16) テクスト折衷の伝統

William Davenant, ‘Players’ Quarto’ (1676)

Nicolas Rowe, ed., The works of Mr. William Shakespear in Six Volumes (1676, 1683, 1695, 1710)

Lewis Theobald, ed., *The Works of Shakespeare in Seven Volumes* (1733)

(15)

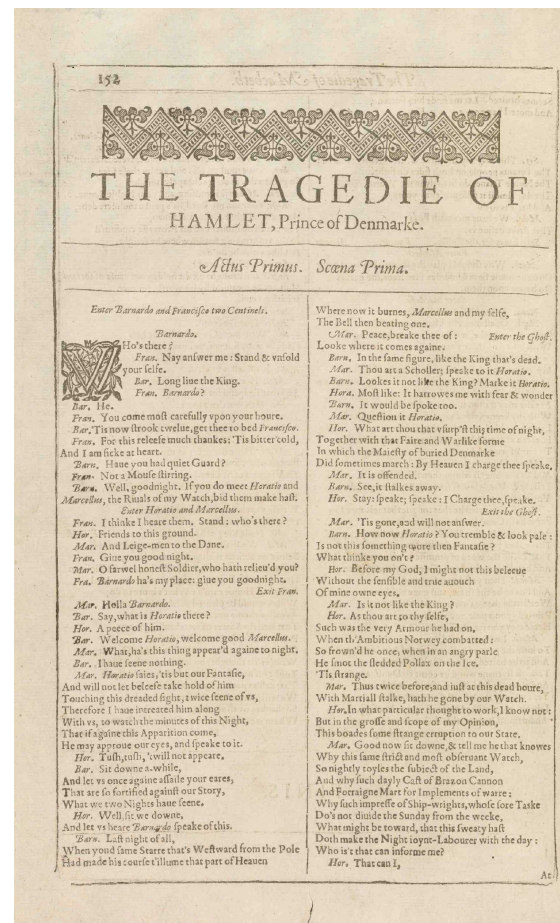
THE
Tragicall Historie of
HAMLET,
Prince of Denmarke.

By William Shakespeare.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much
again as it was, according to the true and perfect
Copie.



AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his
shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in
Fleetstreet. 1604.



(17) III. ii. 18-23

Q2

For any thing so ore-doon, is frō the purpose of playing,
whose end both at the first, and novve, was and is, to holde as twere
the Mirrour vp to nature; to shew vertue her feature; scorne her own

F

for any
thing so ouer-done, is frō the purpose of Playing, whose
end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere

Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and preffure:

なにごとであってもやり過ぎは、演じることの目的からかけ離れている。というのも演技の目的は、かつていまでも、自然に鏡をかかげ、美德にはその造作を蔑むべきものにはその姿を、時勢にはその刻みこまれた形を見せることなのだから。

the Mirroure vp to Nature; to fthew Vertue her owne
Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and
Bodie of the Time his forme and preffure.

(18) III. iv. 20-21 「あなたが自分の おおよその姿 を見ることのできる鏡をかかげて見せる」が「あなたが自分の 心の奥 を見ることがで
きる鏡をかかげて見せる」に

Q2

20 You goe not till I fet you vp a glaffe
Where you may fee the moft part of you.

F

You go not till I fet you vp a glaffe
Where you may fee the inmoft part of you?

(19) III. iv. 66-80

haue you eyes?

Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batten on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
70 The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits vppon the iudgement, and what iudgement
72 Would ftep from this to this, fence fure you haue
Els could you not haue motion; but fure that fence
Is appoplext, for madneffe would not erre
Nor fence to ecstacie was nere so thral'd
But it referu'd some quantity of choife
To ferue in such a difference, what deuil waft
73 That thus hath cofund you at hodman blind;
Eyes without feeling, feeling without fight,

Haue you eyes?

Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feede,
And batten on this Moore? Ha, haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue, for at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits vpon the Iudgement, and what Iudgement
Would ftep from this, to this? what diuell was't

That thus hath coufend you at hoodman-blinde?

	Ears without hands, or eyes, smelling fans all, Or but a fickle part of one true fence		
74	<u>Could not so mope:</u> ô shame, where is thy blufh? Rebellious hell, If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones, To flaming youth let vertue be as wax And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge, Since froth it selfe as actiue doth burne,		O Shame! where is thy Blufh? Rebellious Hell, If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones, To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame When the compulsiue Ardure giues the charge, Since Froth it self as actiue doth burne, And Reason panders will.
80	And reason pardons will.		
「たしかにあなたには感覚があるけれども、その感覚が麻痺している…」と「触れなくても目があれば、見ることができなくても触れれば、手や目がなくても耳があれば、すべてがなくても臭いをかければ、それどころか弱っていてもどれかの感覚が部分的にでもあれば、こんな誤りはしないはずだ」			

(20) III. iv. 80-83. 「ほかならぬ目を魂に向けさせた」が「目をほかならぬ魂に向けさせた」に

	<i>Ger.</i> O <i>Hamlet</i> speake no more, Thou turnst <u>my very eyes into my foule</u> ,		<i>Qu.</i> O <i>Hamlet</i> , speake no more. Thou turn'ft <u>mine eyes into my very foule</u> ,
85	And there I see such blacke and <u>greened</u> spots As <u>will</u> leaue there their tin'ct.		And there I see such blacke and <u>grained</u> spots, As <u>will not</u> leaue their Tinct.

(21)
For Princes are the glasse, the schoole, the booke,
VWhere subiects eies do learn, do read, do looke.
And wilt thou be the schoole where lust shall learne?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
VVilt thou be glasse wherein it shall discern
Authoritie for sinne, warrant for blame? (*The Rape of Lucrece*, 615-20)

(22)

The well-fkil'd workman this milde Image drew
For periur'd SINON, whose inchaunting storie
The credulous old PRIAM after slew.
VVhose words like wild fire burnt the fhining glorie
Of rich-built ILLION, that the fkies were forie,
And little ftars shot from their fixed places,
VVhē their glaf fel, wherein they view'd their faces. (1520-26)

(23)

Poore broken glaffe, I often did behold
In thy fweet femblance, my old age new borne,
But now that faire fresh mirror dim and old
Shewes me a bare bon'd death by time out-worne,
O from thy cheekes my image thou hast torne,
And fhiuerd all the beautie of my glaffe,
That I no more can see what once I was. (1763-69)

IV. i. 155-318 「廃位の場面 deposition scene)」／「退位のエピソード (abdication episode)」 Q4, Q5, F
(24)

L O N D O N
Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and
are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at
the *signe* of the Angel.
1 5 9 7.

AT LONDON,
Printed by W. W. for *Mathew Law*, and are to
be sold at his shop in *Paules Church-yard*,
at the *sign of the Fox*,
1692.



155 My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely till his day of triall.

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163

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Bull. Let it be so, and loe on wednesday next,
We solemnly proclaime our Coronation,
Lords be ready all. *Exeunt.*
Manent West. Caleil, Aumerle.

Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we heere beheld.

My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall.
May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?

Bull. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may surrender: so we shall proceede
Without suspition.

Yorke. I will be his Conduct. *Exit.*

Bull. Lords, you that here are vnder our Arrest,
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Answer:
Little are we beholding to your Loue,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter Richard and Yorke.

Bull. Yet aske.

Rich. And shall I haue?

Bull. You shall.

Rich. Then giue me leaue to goe.

Bull. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your fights.

Bull. Goe some of you, conuey him to the Tower.

Rich. Oh good: conuey: Conueyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.

Bull. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set downe
Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your selues. *Exeunt.*

Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.

324	<i>Car.</i> The woe's to come, the children yet vnborne, Shall feele this day as fharpto them as thorne.
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<i>Carl.</i> The Woes to come, the Children yet vnborne, Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as Thorne.

(26) Q1 IV. i. 151-54, 319-323

151	<i>North.</i> Well haue you argued sir, and for your paines, Of Capitall treason, we arrest you heere: My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
154	To keepe him safely till his day of triall.
319	<i>Bull.</i> Let it be so, and loe on wednesday next,
320	We solemnly proclaime our Coronation, Lords be ready all. <i>Exeunt.</i>
	<i>Abbot.</i> A wofull Pageant haue we heere beheld.
	<i>Car.</i> The woe's to come, the children yet vnborne,
323	Shall feele this day as sharpto them as thorne.

(27) IV. i. 149-50

Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
Least Child, Childs Children cry against you, Woe.

(28)

Upon the morrow after being tuesdaie, and the last daie of September, all the lords spirituall and temporall, with the commons of the said parlement, assembled at Westminster, where, in the presence of them, the archbishop of Yorke, and the bishop of Hereford, according to the kings request, shewed vnto them the voluntarie renouncing of the king, with the fauour also which he bare to his cousine of Lancaster to haue him his successour. (Holinshed, 504)

(29) IV. i. 263-86

263	Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good, And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
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265 Let it command a Mirror hither straight,
 That it may shew me what a Face I haue,
 Since it is Bankrupt of his Maiestie.
Bull. Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse.
North. Read o're this Paper, while ye Glasse doth come.
 270 *Rich.* Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell.
Bull. Vrge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland*.
North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.
Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: Ile reade enough,
When I doe see the very Booke indeede,
 275 Where all my sinnes are writ, and that's my selfe.
Enter one with a Glasse.
 Giue me that Glasse, and therein will I reade.
 No deeper wrinckles yet? hath Sorrow stricke
 So many Blowes vpon this Face of mine,
 And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatt'ring Glasse,
 280 Like to my followers in prosperitie,
Thou do'st beguile me. Was this Face, the Face
 That euery day, vnder his House-hold Roofe,
 Did keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Face,
 That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?
 285 Is this the Face, which fac'd so many follyes,
 That was at last out-fac'd by *Bullingbrooke*?
 A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,
 As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,
 For there it is, crackt in an hundred shiuers.
 290 Marke silent King, the Morall of this sport,
 How soone my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face.

(30)			
	Q4		F
182	Rich. Sease the Crowne. Heere Cousin, on this side my hand, on that side <u>yours</u> :		Rich. <u>Giue me the Crown.</u> <u>Here Cousin,</u> seize y° Crown: Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on that side <u>thine</u> .
282	Was this the face that euery day vnder his Househould roofe did keepe ten thousand men?		<u>Thou do'st beguile me.</u> Was this Face, the Face That euery day, vnder his House-hold Roofe, Did keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Face, <u>That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?</u>
285	Was this the face that faast so many follies, <u>And</u> was at last outfaast by <i>Bullingbrooke</i> ?		<u>Is this the Face,</u> which fac'd so many follyes, <u>That</u> was at last out-fac'd by <i>Bullingbrooke</i> ?

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