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Richard II

Act II, sc. 2

DUCHESS: Yet one word more: grief boundeth where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:

I take my leave before I have begun,

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.

Lo, this is all:--nay, yet depart not so;

Though this be all, do not so quickly go;

I shall remember more. Bid him--ah, what?--

With all good speed at Plashy visit me.

Alack, and what shall good old York there see

But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,

Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?

And what hear there for welcome but my groans?

Therefore commend me; let him not come there,

To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.

Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die:

The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.