

**RICHARD II**  
**ACT 1, SCENE 3**

**MOWBRAY**

A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,  
And all unlooked for from your highness' mouth.  
The language I have learnt these forty years,  
My native English, now I must forgo,  
And now my tongue's use is to me no more  
Than an unstringed viol or a harp.  
Within my mouth you have enjailed my tongue,  
Doubly portcullised with my teeth and lips,  
And dull unfeeling barren Ignorance  
Is made my jailor to attend on me.  
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,  
Too far in years to be a pupil now.  
What is thy sentence then but speechless death,  
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?  
Then thus I turn me from my country's light  
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.