

With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,  
Told of a many thousand warlike *French*,  
That were embattled and rank'd in *Kent*.  
Another lean, unwash'd artificer,  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthur's* death.

*K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?  
Why urgest thou so oft young *Arthur's* death?  
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a cause  
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

*Hub.* Had none, my lord? why, did you not provoke me?

*K. John.* It is the curse of kings, to be attended  
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,  
To break into the bloody house of life:  
And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law; to know the meaning  
Of dang'rous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns  
More upon humour, than advis'd respect.

*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

*K. John.* O, when the last account 'twixt heav'n and earth  
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
Witness against us to damnation!  
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Makes deeds ill done! for hadst not thou been by,  
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,  
This murder had not come into my mind:  
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,  
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,  
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,  
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur's* death;  
And thou, to be endeared to a king,  
Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.* My lord —

*K. John.*