

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The king by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossest himself of us;
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours; nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks:
Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief,
Therefore 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pemb. Sir, sir, impatience hath its privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt its master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison: what is he lies here? [*seeing Arthur.*

Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Bigot. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to the glaive,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,
Or do you almost think, although you see,
What you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? 'tis the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever walley'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pemb. All murders past do stand excus'd in this;
And this so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sins of time;

And