

Thy state o'er law is bondslave to the law,  
And —

*K. Rich.* And thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool,  
Presuming on an ague's privilege,  
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
Make pale our cheek, chafing the royal blood  
With fury from his native residence.  
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,  
Wert thou not brother to great *Edward's* son,  
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head  
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

*Gaunt.* O, spare me not, my brother *Edward's* son,  
For that I was his father *Edward's* son:  
That blood already, like the pelican,  
Hast thou tap'd out, and drunkenly carows'd.  
My brother *Glo'ster*, plain well-meaning soul,  
(Whom fair befall in heav'n 'mongst happy souls!)  
May be a precedent and witness good,  
That thou respect'st not spilling *Edward's* blood.  
Join with the present sickness that I have;  
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,  
To crop at once a too-long-wither'd flower.  
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!  
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!  
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:  
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit.*

*K. Rich.* And let them die, that age and fullens have;  
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

*York.* I do beseech your majesty, impute  
His words to wayward sickness, and age:  
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear  
As *Harry* duke of *Hereford*, were he here.

*K. Rich.* Right, you say true: as *Hereford's* love, so his;  
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is!

SCENE