

Carl. Marry, heav'n forbid!
Worst in this royal presence may I speak?
Yet best befitting me to speak the truth.
Would god, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble *Richard*; then true nobleness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not *Richard's* subject?
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
And shall the figure of god's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferiour breath,
And he himself not present? o, forbid it,
That, in a christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heav'n, thus boldly for his king.
My lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud *Hereford's* king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,
The blood of *English* shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with *Turks* and infidels,
And in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of *Golgotha*, and dead men's skulls.
O, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the wofullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest children's children cry against you, wo!

North.