

Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land:
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? O *Northumberland*,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? if thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heav'n. —
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself. —
Though some of you with *Pilate* wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my four crosses,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears; I cannot see:
And yet salt-water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent,
T' undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base; a sovereign, a slave;
Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

North. My lord, —

K. Rich. No lord of thine, insulting man;
Nor no man's lord: I have no name, no title;
No, not that name was giv'n me at the font,
But 'tis usurp'd. Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!