

Briefly, to this end: we are all diseas'd,
 And, with our surfeiting and wanton hours,
 Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
 And we must bleed for it: of which disease
 Our late king *Richard* being infected, dy'd.
 But, my most noble lord of *Westmorland*,
 I take not on me here as a physician:
 Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
 Troop in the throngs of military men:
 But, rather, shew a while like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds, sick of happiness,
 And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
 And find our griefs heavier than our offences,
 We see which way the stream of time doth run,
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere,
 By the rough torrent of occasion:
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to show in articles;
 Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
 And might by no suit gain our audience.
 When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
 We are deny'd access unto his person,
 Ev'n by those men that most have done us wrong.
 The danger of the day's but newly gone,
 Whose memory is written on the earth
 With yet-appearing blood; and the examples
 Of every minute's instance, present now,
 Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms:
 Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
 But to establish here a peace indeed,
 Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
 Wherein have you been galled by the king?

H h h 2

What