

What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine?

York. My brother general, the commonwealth
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay an heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O my good lord *Mowbray*,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say, indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Or from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd
To all the duke of *Norfolk's* feignories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The king that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him.
And then, when *Henry Bolingbroke* and he
Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing courfers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through fights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of *Bolingbroke*;
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;

Then