

Did not offend, and were not worthy blame,
 If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
 He was a man, this, in respect, a child;
 And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
 What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
 No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak: —
 And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
 Butchers and villains, bloody canibals,
 How sweet a plant have you untimely cropt!
 You have no children, butchers; if you had,
 The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
 But, if you ever chance to have a child,
 Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
 As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince.

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence by force.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;
 Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
 What, wilt thou not? then, *Clarence*, do it thou.

Cla. By heav'n, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good *Clarence*, do; sweet *Clarence*, do thou do it.

Cla. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
 'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What, wilt thou not? where is that devil-butcher,
Richard? hardfavour'd *Richard*, where art thou?

Thou art not here: murder is thy almsdeed.

Petitioner for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince!

[*Exit Q. Margaret.*]

K. Edw. Where's *Richard* gone?

Cla. To *London*, all in post; and, as I guess,
 To make a bloody supper in the tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
 Now march we hence: discharge the common fort
 With pay and thanks, and let's away to *London*,

And