

Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.

Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words ;

My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,

Than can my ears that tragick history.

But wherefore dost thou come ? is't for my life ?

Glo. Think'st thou, I am an executioner ?

K. Henry. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art ;

If murd'ring innocents be executing,

Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.

And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand

Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,

And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye,

Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,

And orphans for their parents' timeless death,

Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign ;

The nightcrow cry'd, a boding luckless tune ;

Dogs howl'd, an hideous tempest shook down trees ;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,

And chattering pies in dismal discords sung :

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,

And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,

To wit, an indigested deform'd lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,

To signify thou cam'st to bite the world :

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,

Thou cam'st into the world with thy legs forward.

Glo. I'll hear no more : die, prophet, in thy speech ;

[*stabs him.*]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Henry. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O ! god