

O! god forgive my sins, and pardon thee!

[*dies.*

Glo. What! will th' aspiring blood of *Lancaster*
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be alway shed
From those who wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say, I sent thee thither, [*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'tis true that *Henry* told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cry'd,
O, Jesus *bless us, he is born with teeth!*
And so I was; which plainly signify'd
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog:
Then, since, the heav'ns have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word *love* which graybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me! I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light,
But I will fort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That *Edward* shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King *Henry*, and the prince his son, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best. —
I'll throw thy body in another room;
And triumph, *Henry*, in the day of doom.

[*Exit.*

SCENE