

Whom god preserve better than you would wish,
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Queen. Brother of *Glo'ster*, you mistake the matter:
The king of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else,
Aiming, belike, at your interiour hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brother, and myself,
Hath sent for you, that he may learn the ground
Of your ill will, and thereby may remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell; the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey, where eagles dare not perch.
Since every jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a jack.

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother *Glo'ster*;
You envy my advancement and my friends:
God grant we never may have need of you!

Glo. Mean time, god grants that we have need of you.
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt, while many fair promotions
Are daily giv'n to ennoble those,
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Queen. By him that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of *Clarence*; but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these wild suspects.

Glo. You may deny too that you were the cause
Of my lord *Hastings*' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for —

Glo. She may, lord *Rivers*? why, who knows not so?
She may do more, fir, than denying that:

She