

My part thereof, that I have done to her.

*Dorset*. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

*Glo.* Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:  
I was too hot to do some body good,  
That is too cold in thinking of it now.  
Marry, for *Clarence*, he is well repay'd;  
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains,  
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

*Riv.* A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,  
To pray for them that have done scath to us.

*Glo.* So do I ever, being well advis'd; —  
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [aside.]

*Enter Catesby.*

*Catesby*. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,  
And for your grace, and you, my noble lord.

*Queen*. *Catesby*, we come: — lords, will you go with us?

*Riv.* Madam, we will attend your grace.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.]

*Glo.* I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.

The secret mischiefs that I set abroad

I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

*Clarence*, whom I, indeed, have lay'd in darkness,

I do beweepe to many simple gulls,

Namely, to *Stanley*, *Hastings*, *Buckingham*;

And tell them, 'tis the queen and her allies

That stir the king against the duke my brother.

Now they believe it; and, withal, whet me

To be reveng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorset*, *Gray*.

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,

Tell them, that god bids us do good for evil:

And thus I clothe my naked villany

With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ,

And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.