

Enter two Villains.

But soft, here come my executioners. —
How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates,
Are you now going to despatch this deed?

1 *Vil.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to *Grosby* place.
But, firs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For *Clarence* is well-spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

2. *Vil.* Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears:
I like you, lads; about your business; go. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

The Tower.

Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury.

Brak. WHY looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Cla. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly fights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days:
So full of dismal terrour was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Cla. Methought, that I had broken from the tower,
And was embark'd to cross to *Burgundy*,
And in my company my brother *Gloster*,

Who