

Henry 7th, Part One

Act I, sc. 3 (line 156)

HOTSPUR

Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wished him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king;
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you--God pardon it!--have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
An plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off

By him for whom these shames ye underwent?

No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem

Your banish'd honours and restore yourselves

Into the good thoughts of the world again,

Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt

Of this proud king, who studies day and night

To answer all the debt he owes to you

Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:

Therefore, I say--