

ARCHBISHOP

Wherefore do I this ? So the question stands.
 Briefly to this end : we are all diseased,
 [And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
 Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
 And we must bleed for it. Of which disease
 Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
 But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
 I take not on me here as a physician,
 Nor do I as an enemy to peace
 Troop in the throngs of military men,
 But rather show awhile like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds sick of happiness
 And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
 I have in equal balance justly weighed
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
 And find our griefs heavier than our offenses.
 We see which way the stream of time doth run,
 And are enforced from our most quiet there
 By the rough torrent of occasion,
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to show in articles ;
 Which long ere this we offered to the king,
 And might by no suit gain our audience.
 When we are wronged and would unfold our griefs,
 We are denied access unto his person
 Even by those men that most have done us wrong.]
 The dangers of the days but newly gone,
 Whose memory is written on the earth
 With yet appearing blood, and the examples
 Of every minute's instance, present now,
 Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,
 Not to break peace or any branch of it,
 But to establish here a peace indeed,
 Concurring both in name and quality.

(IV, i : 53 - 87)

MOWBRAY

Yea, but our valuation shall be such
 That every slight and false-derived cause,
 Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason
 Shall to the king taste of this action,
 That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
 We shall be winnowed with so rough a wind
 That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff
 And good from bad find no partition.

ARCHBISHOP

No, no, my lord. Note this. The king is weary
 Of dainty and such picking grievances.
 For he hath found to end one doubt by death
 Revives two greater in the heirs of life,
 And therefore will he wipe his tables clean
 And keep no tell-tale to his memory
 That may repeat and history his loss
 To new remembrance. For full well he knows
 He cannot so precisely weed this land
 As his misdoubts present occasion.
 His foes are so enrooted with his friends
 That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
 He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
 So that this land, like an offensive wife
 That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
 As he is striking, holds his infant up
 And hangs resolved correction in the arm
 That was upreared to execution.

(IV, i : 189 - 214)