HOTSPUR SIDE

HOTSPUR
And if the devil come and roar for them
I will not send them. I will after straight
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

NORTHUMBERLAND
What, drunk with choler? Stay and pause awhile.

HOTSPUR
‘Speak of Mortimer’?
Zounds, I will speak of him, and let my soul
Want mercy if I do not join with him.
Yea, on his part I’ll empty all these veins
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke.

NORTHUMBERLAND
I cannot blame him: was not he proclaimed
By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

HOTSPUR
But soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother, Edmund Mortimer, heir to the crown?

NORTHUMBERLAND
He did; myself did hear it.

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
That you are fooled, discarded and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No! Yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banished honours and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering and disdained 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.
HOTSPUR

The King is kind, and well we know the King
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world’s regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster.
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance and performed it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived my father did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than the vow
Made to my father while his blood was poor
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspur.
And now forsooth takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees,
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country’s wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.