WORCESTER Side

THOMAS PERCY, EARL OF WORCESTER
Hear me, my liege.
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag end of my life
With quiet hours; for I protest
I have not sought the day of this dislike.
It pleas’d your Majesty to turn your looks
Of favor from myself and all our house,
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us
That you did nothing purpose ‘gainst the state,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall’n right.
To this we swore our aid, but in short space
It rain’d down fortune show’ring on your head,
And such a flood of greatness fell on you.
You took occasion to be quickly wooed
To gripe the general sway into your hand,
Forgot you oath to us at Doncaster,
We were enforc’d for safety sake to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head,
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg’d against yourself
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.