

## EARL OF WORCESTER

Start ————— Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be  
The King should keep his word in loving us.  
He will suspect us still and find a time  
To punish this offence in other faults.  
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes,  
For treason is but trusted like the fox,  
Who, never so tame, so cherished and locked up,  
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.  
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,  
Interpretation will misquote our looks,  
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
The better cherished still the nearer death.  
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;  
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,  
And an adopted name of privilege:  
A hair-brained Hotspur governed by a spleen.  
All his offences live upon my head  
And on his father's. We did train him on,  
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,  
We as the spring of all, shall pay for all.  
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know  
In any case the offer of the King. ————— End

## ~~VERNON~~

Deliver what you will; I'll say 'tis so.  
Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS*

## HOTSPUR

My uncle is returned.