Henry VI Part 3 Act 1 Scene 3

Edmund Earl of Rutland: Joseph Harvey

Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?

Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch

That trembles under his devouring paws;

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,

And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,

And not with such a cruel threatening look.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath:

Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

Then let my father's blood open it again:

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

O, let me pray before I take my death!

To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?

Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me,

Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,

He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days;

And when I give occasion of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuae!