Henry VI, Part One

Act III, sc. 1 (line 110)

GLOUCESTER

Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,

Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.

Think not, although in writing I preferr'd

The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,

That therefore I have forged, or am not able

Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:

No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,

Thy lewd, pestiferous and dissentious pranks,

As very infants prattle of thy pride.

Thou art a most pernicious usurer,

Forward by nature, enemy to peace;

Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems

A man of thy profession and degree;

And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?

In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,

As well at London bridge as at the Tower.

Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,

The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt

From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

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