

Richard III

Act I, sc. 1 (line 50)

THOMAS MOWBRAY

Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,

The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,

Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;

The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:

Yet can I not of such tame patience boast

As to be hush'd and nought at all to say:

First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me

From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;

Which else would post until it had return'd

These terms of treason doubled down his throat.

Setting aside his high blood's royalty,

And let him be no kinsman to my liege,

I do defy him, and I spit at him;

Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:

Which to maintain I would allow him odds,

And meet him, were I tied to run afoot

Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,

Or any other ground inhabitable,

Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.

Mean time let this defend my loyalty,

By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.