

Richard III

Act II, sc. 3 (line 95)

JOHN OF GAUNT

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:

I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace.'

In an ungracious mouth is but profane.

Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs

Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?

But then more 'why?' why have they dared to march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,

Frighting her pale-faced villages with war

And ostentation of despised arms?

Comest thou because the anointed king is hence?

Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,

And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth

As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself

Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,

From forth the ranks of many thousand French,

O, then how quickly should this arm of mine.

Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee

And minister correction to thy fault!