

# *Richard III*

Act II, sc. 1 (line 55)

## GLOUCESTER

A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege:  
Amongst this princely heap, if any here,  
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,  
Hold me a foe;  
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,  
Have aught committed that is hardly borne  
By any in this presence, I desire  
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:  
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;  
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.  
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,  
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;  
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,  
If ever any grudge were lodged between us;  
Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you;  
That without desert have frown'd on me;  
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.  
I do not know that Englishman alive  
With whom my soul is any jot at odds  
More than the infant that is born to-night  
I thank my God for my humility.