|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Act II Sc2: the Traitors**  **KING HENRY**  The mercy that was quick in us but late, By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd: You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;  For your own reasons turn into your bosoms, As dogs upon their masters, worrying you. See you, my princes, and my noble peers, These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here, You know how apt our love was to accord To furnish him with all appertinents Belonging to his honour; and this man Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired, And sworn unto the practises of France, To kill us here in Hampton: to the which This knight, no less for bounty bound to us Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O, What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel, Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature! Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels, That knew'st the very bottom of my soul, That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold, Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use, May it be possible, that foreign hire Could out of thee extract one spark of evil That might annoy my finger? | **Act II Sc2: the Traitors**  **KING HENRY**  The mercy that was quick in us but late, By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd: You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;  For your own reasons turn into your bosoms, As dogs upon their masters, worrying you. See you, my princes, and my noble peers, These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here, You know how apt our love was to accord To furnish him with all appertinents Belonging to his honour; and this man Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired, And sworn unto the practises of France, To kill us here in Hampton: to the which This knight, no less for bounty bound to us Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O, What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel, Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature! Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels, That knew'st the very bottom of my soul, That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold, Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use, May it be possible, that foreign hire Could out of thee extract one spark of evil That might annoy my finger? |
| **Act II Sc2: the Traitors**  **KING HENRY**  The mercy that was quick in us but late, By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd: You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;  For your own reasons turn into your bosoms, As dogs upon their masters, worrying you. See you, my princes, and my noble peers, These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here, You know how apt our love was to accord To furnish him with all appertinents Belonging to his honour; and this man Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired, And sworn unto the practises of France, To kill us here in Hampton: to the which This knight, no less for bounty bound to us Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O, What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel, Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature! Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels, That knew'st the very bottom of my soul, That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold, Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use, May it be possible, that foreign hire Could out of thee extract one spark of evil That might annoy my finger? | **Act II Sc2: the Traitors**  **KING HENRY**  The mercy that was quick in us but late, By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd: You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;  For your own reasons turn into your bosoms, As dogs upon their masters, worrying you. See you, my princes, and my noble peers, These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here, You know how apt our love was to accord To furnish him with all appertinents Belonging to his honour; and this man Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired, And sworn unto the practises of France, To kill us here in Hampton: to the which This knight, no less for bounty bound to us Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O, What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel, Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature! Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels, That knew'st the very bottom of my soul, That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold, Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use, May it be possible, that foreign hire Could out of thee extract one spark of evil That might annoy my finger? |